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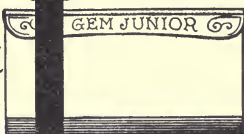
Overland Monthly



A Bitter Root Valley (Montana) Belle.

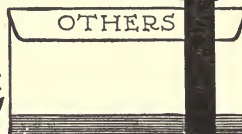
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

JANUARY, 1909

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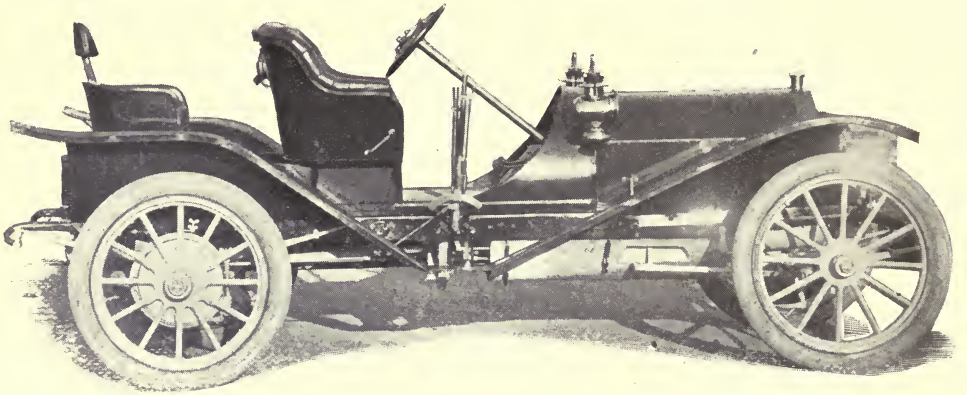
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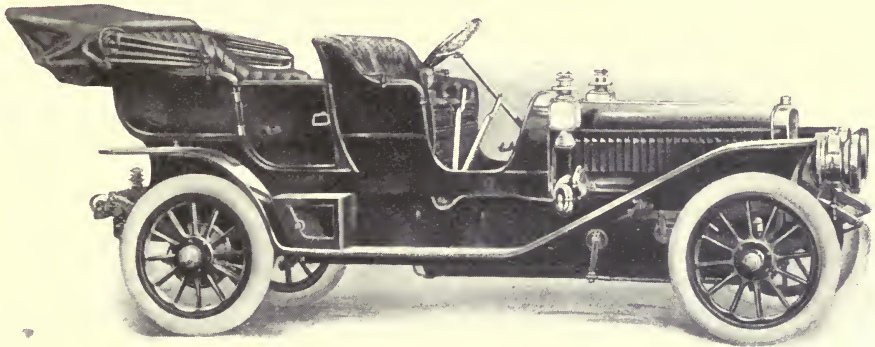
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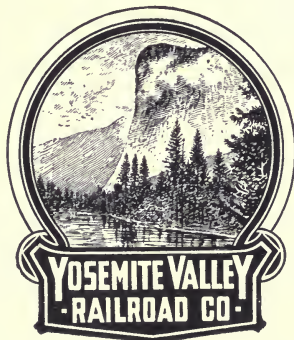
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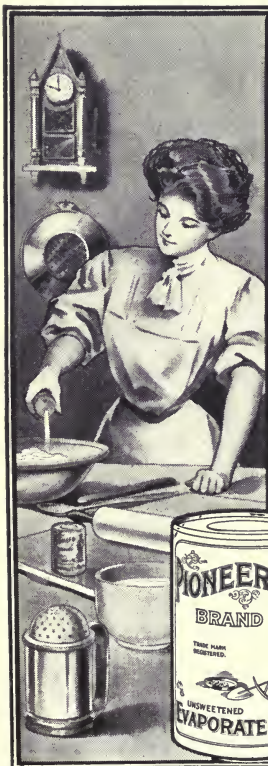
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Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.



MARVELOUS MEXICO—Old stone sails, remarkable structure in Old Mexico. In the foreground is a century plant in bloom. The dome of the chapel of the Holy Well, left center. Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.

JANUARY, 1909

No. 1

OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIII
Founded 1868 Bret Harte
San Francisco

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

In pursuance of the policy of the Overland Monthly to always keep abreast of the times, it was arranged with Mr. M. Grier Kidder to furnish for this issue an article on Woman's Suffrage. Mr. Kidder is well known to the readers of the Overland Monthly as a pungent writer, and his epigrammatic style has won him many friends among the reading public generally. Woman Suffrage is bound to be one of the big questions of the day, looming larger with every succeeding month and year, and it is safe to say that woman will eventually accomplish her object, providing that it is undeniably proven that it is woman's object to vote. The editor of Overland Monthly agrees with the President that there are at the present time some questions of larger vital importance before the nation, but, with the President, he is in favor of woman's suffrage. He has no desire to be called a green tree-toad, and he submits that it has not been shown to his satisfaction that woman does want the ballot. When this is done, it will be time for man to lay all other questions aside and settle it then and there IN FAVOR OF WOMAN because there will be no evading the issue and no denying the request. The question is not "Is woman's suffrage right?" but "Is woman craving for the ballot?" The editor, at the risk of being called a green tree-toad, says he knows the women he knows do not want the ballot, and while they are not averse to it, they simply cannot see any accruing advantages, and they are the kind of women who are in the majority. Here is a vast field for missionary work on the part of the woman advocates of woman suffrage! Oh, long suffering man! Here is your revenge at last! Just imagine a woman trying to convince another woman of anything on which the other woman has a fixed opinion!—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEDICATION.

To my old but unseen Friend, that highest type of Southern Womanhood, Josephine K. Henry, of Kentucky, this exotic is affectionately dedicated.



IT'S AS EASY for those in power to believe God put them in it, as for those out of it to believe God had mighty little to do if he did. Nobody bosses long without thinking he bosses by divine right. Ar-

rogance's first conviction is, that what is gained by force is sanctioned by justice. There's but a step from sublime insolence to ridiculous inspiration. Every tyrant is satisfied of his infinite usefulness. All of this fits woman as well as man. His insolence is no more the result of his arrogated importance than her innocence the consequence of her actual impotence. But what she doesn't because she can't doesn't justify what he does because he can. No one should have much power because no conscience can withstand the sophistry of much self-interest. Excessive power is the lullaby of conscience; absolutism the nar-

thinking he bosses

cotic of principle. Justification is never wanting for the possible perpetration of profitable wickedness. Inclination is curbed rather by inability than by the sense of right and wrong. The powerful are just only when they are not powerful enough or haven't been powerful long enough. Familiarity with might breeds contempt for right. There's nothing more monotonous than behaving when you know you can misbehave. We allow to others not what we know they should have, but what we know they know they can get. In the cause of liberty, murder is virtue; homicide, benevolence; assassination, a beatitude. Turn me loose!

Woman Suffrage means as much for man as for woman, as much for husband, father, son, as for wife, mother, daughter; as much socially, morally, matrimonially as politically; as much as the minority knows it means and the majority thinks it doesn't. Then why is woman denied the franchise? Because it takes a man of much sense to see that a woman of more sense has any sense. Catch on? Besides, it is feared that if she begins to improve things, she will improve them as unpleasantly as suddenly. Few like change, fewer being yanked into respectability. The unknown must look very pleasant to invite an abrupt introduction. Most of us like to "taper off." When a conviction arrives butt end first, its target is generally a crank.

Man's brutality to woman is so old that it is a precedent. Which goes to show that age, rather than justice, makes precedents; that any old monotony sprouting moss is a model. Until lately, no woman could claim her rights and man's respect, find what belongs to her without losing what he owes to her. She could own nothing. Her fate was robbery, piety, patience, submission and motherhood. Her husband stole everything she had but her children and her God, everything, in short, worth stealing. As my old nurse said of her son-in-law's treatment of her daughter: "He ain't gin her nottin' but a baby." The old, old story, human "mercy" with no police in sight.

I thought Susan B. Anthony as bad as a homely woman can be; moral because she wasn't good looking enough to be anything else; disagreeable, sour, hateful,

everything but married. I've always held that plainness is a greater protection than a sense of propriety. Now I recall her devotion, determination, moral courage, unselfishness and suffering, finding no parallel short of Calvary. If ever virgin brought forth political, social and intellectual redemption she did. The divinity of the child isn't generally recognized, but recognition is coming. Why did I think so ill of her? Fashion said: "I am the Lord thy God!" and all the people said: "Amen!" I was one of the people. That settled it! Then I thought I thought. Now I know I think and think I know. The minority must walk mighty straight to get what little reputation it can or keep what little it has. Did you ever hear of blaspheming the weak, sacrilege against the defenseless? disrespect to the new?

At last woman began to *think*. How did she do it? Don't ask me! To wonder why, if worth robbing, she isn't worth as much at the polls as those of the robbers who are not worth robbing. Why, if she helps pay for running the country, she can't help run it. Why a lady, white as snow, educated and wealthy, whose son can be President, should be politically beneath an ourang-outang, black as man's future before the Atonement, ignorant as a mule and aromatic as a Billy goat. But she is rising; she's almost up to the negro, above all has triumphed to the extent that her cause has ceased to be ridiculous—a no small triumph! "He laughs best who laughs last!" So does she!

Her opponents cite "our grandmothers" for doing what they had to; for not doing—what they couldn't. "Our grandmothers" did what they were told, our grandfathers told them; simply a division of labor. Their example is worthless, only the contrast they afford worth resurrection. However, they are gone and their going is the only thing they were guilty of that meets my approval. I hate to abuse the past, but my memory is too good to compliment it. During that epoch, every boy was "a child of the devil," had several fathers, in fact, the substantial one on earth, another in heaven and the inevitable one in hell—the most indulgent parent of the three. In those halcyon days a boy was "seen and not heard," unless he drifted into a misunderstanding with the

most tangible of his triad of daddies, when he was heard all right. I attribute my longevity solely to "natural selection"—the "survival of the fittest." Women were not beaten, except out of what they had. But if a girl was rich or good looking, she went into the "multiplying and replenishing" business when she should have been in school. If she was plain and poor, she was said to be "not pretty but good," which meant she was going to be an old maid. And, girls, an old maid during my incipency was a heroic specimen. All the other women laughed at her, said she "didn't get married because she couldn't," an excellent reason; nobody called on her but the preacher; nobody loved her but God. But time has brought revenge. The average old maid is prouder now than the married woman who is divorced. Perhaps she lacks the latter's sense of relief. But she is satisfied.

When I think of man's treatment of woman, I wonder he is no worse. What can be expected from a neglected mother but a son who neglects his wife? Why are most divorce applicants women? Because in many cases "incompatibility," truthfully translated would make the doom of the Athenian virgins offered to the minature a honeymoon by comparison. Don't you know half the men escape zoology by only two legs? The ordinary courtships remind me of the picture of Christ and Satan standing on a pinnacle of the temple. The old real estate agent is offering all the country in sight for a little devotion; everything he didn't have for something he wanted. What protection has an abused wife? Divorce? Is anything more combatted? Any step more unpopular? As to "the stigma resting on the children," what kind of children are bred from a couple that should be divorced?

Woman suffrage means, among other blessings, smaller families. And the reverend blackguard who called Mrs. Henry a "limit hen" stumbled on more truth out of his pulpit than Ananias ever inspired in it. The world would be cleaner if his mother had been actuated by the statute of limitation. Mrs. Henry's tender heart, clear brain and silvery tongue enjoy a harmonious co-ordination. To her cool,

dispassionate logic I owe my position as a man. Woman Suffragist, if a fellow can be such without shocking natural laws. Evolution that modified the anthropoid ape into a Shakespeare may have saved me without her aid. But as time was pressing, she stimulated the metamorphosis. I have been made a variety of fools by a variety of women. But she cured me of being more fool than I had been made by the efforts of the whole combination.

Of what account is the average baby? Is he welcome? Is he uncommonly "blessed who hath his quiver full of them?" How much wiser to regulate the contents of the quiver by the prospects of the liver. Why not show less zeal in increasing and more in improving. I charge two-thirds of the crime and insanity to being born wrong, three-thirds of the poverty to being born at all. I believe in welcoming the arrived, not in making a specialty of arrivals. Nor do I believe malformed or rickety infants should be reared. The Greeks reared neither. Nothing survived but the useful. Every Greek cat caught rats. Think of relying on natural death to curtail the invalid and fool crop! Every marriage under present conditions suggests the penitentiary, lunatic asylum and poor house. For this reason, every old maid and her example are worth ten funerals to her community. And the old bachelor, well, the less said of him and his example the better.

Born and bred in that nursery of conservative chivalry, the South, I thought woman was created to grace the home and ornament society. It didn't occur to me she could do both without remaining a petticoated vermiform appendix, a social rudimentary organ. We call her "impulsive." Is there anything about pots, pans and children conducive to profound contemplation? Most people think because woman is the house-keeper she should keep in the house; as she is the only one who can have a baby, she should do nothing but have it. Perhaps these are her specialties, but must she be chained to her specialties, shackled to her hobbies? Variety is as much the spice of woman's life as of man's. She has been developing her mind by thinking of nothing, perfecting her conversational powers by talking of what she is thinking, accentuating her

liberty by cringing to a husband and groveling to a priest. No wonder, when a mother-in-law, she is "more terrible than an army with banners."

"She talks too much" because she hasn't been allowed to *do* enough. Her tongue is the only thing that does justice to her mind; abnormal development advertising atrophy. Suppose she was silent till she had something to say! I am not telling you what you don't know, only what everybody knows and almost everybody has forgotten. Even Shakespeare asks: "Who is't can read a woman?" I understand some of the translations, but have despaired of the original long ago. If she knows little of the world, the world knows less of her. Why? Because, forbidden to use her faculties, she has surrendered to her intuition. When she "feels," as she generally does, that her "impression" is true, she is, perhaps, the most certain thing on earth. In love, her most convincing "impression" is that her lover can not lie; married, her most pronounced "conviction" that her husband shows a marked improvement on her lover. Whether this change is to be attributed to experience or inspiration must be left to the National Woman Suffrage Executive Committee. Of course, there are happy couples, several heavens we don't have to die to reach, not to mention a few hells we are sorry we didn't die before reaching. But the happiest marriage would be unhappy to me without the possibility of divorce, in case the felicity evaporated. Give me the hottest corner of Tophet with the chance of falling temperature, rather than wings, harp and no outlook for variety. It will be suspected that I am nothing if not various.

All this being true, why let woman vote? Because she will be all this until we do, and for some time after. And because, while thinking her mentally unfit, we herd and drive to the polls myriads of dirt encrusted, rum soaked, vote selling ragamuffin ignoramuses we know to be mentally, morally and socially more unfit and as much below her as a dunghill below the Mount of Transfiguration. The change, of course, will be no panacea. But like Luther's Reformation, it will necessarily be an improvement because it will *be* a change; something better because some-

thing else. If ever tune needed variation, it is the one string fiddle filthy old political ragtime we are dancing to. Why should voting "lessen woman's charms" more than supporting a no 'count husband lessen them? Did you ever notice that no matter how much a woman "usurps man's place," no matter how much she does man's work, she is never "unwomanly" until she claims man's privileges? There is no disgrace in self-defense, no degradation in claiming your own. I should prefer undisputed ownership of a pig-stye to a clouded title to a mansion in the skies, to be wholly a slave than half free, to serve voluntarily than reign compulsorily.

If anything appeals to me, it is minority fighting majority. I have never been with the winner because I am constitutionally opposed to the strong. To me victory would be useless, triumph a white elephant. I often wonder what the successful do with their success. I'm opposed to idle capital. I am for woman in this fight because she stands for weakness, justice, womanhood and decency. Disinfectants are one of my strong points. Isn't she, who is willingly taxed without representation, as much disgraced as she who is unwillingly taxed lest she can help spend her taxes? Nothing more irritates arrogance than long suffering humility's suddenly claiming its rights; exhausted patience showing impatience. Nor, as I hinted above, is tyranny regulated by sex; woman is naturally as tyrannical as man. Ask an old time negro owned by a "widder 'oman," a horse driven by a woman, or a dry-goods clerk. She is lenient with her children because ruling them is no novelty. One who makes his own money knows how to take care of it. But what is more irritating to children than being kept straight by an old maid aunt? In a few words, we are all, men and women, as arbitrary as we *can* be.

The leaders of this cause are women of sense, education and refinement, ladies. And that isn't the worst of it. They have made a specialty of man; ever have a woman make a specialty of you? No? Married? Dying sinner, when she drops sentiment and runs you through the laboratory of her "intuition," she has you "down fine," or "feels" that she has, which is practically the same thing. The late

Woman Suffrage Reception at the Chutes impressed me politically, socially and, pardon me, sentimentally. There was one speaker who erudition swore to forty-five, whose personal appearance to twenty-five. I do protest I ne'er did hear juster cause pleaded with sweeter voice. Every word was plaintive logic, each smile more convincing than Holy Writ. Who is she? Never mind! Never mind! "I come to bring peace, not a sword!" The old belief that a sensible woman must be older than Methusaleh and uglier than the devil's grandmother is exploded. Antiquity has more or less affinity with piety; lack of personal pulchritude, some relation to godliness. "A woman rarely takes up the Lord before the men drop her." But, beshrew me, if such hold good in Woman Suffrage. And I am happy to know that our sisters are "onto" the politician. Ah, but are they "onto" the priest? Will their triumph be an invitation to him to share it?

But the fight rages; victory is inevitable. And the result of that victory! Every old cess-pool will be stirred to its bottom. Blessed are they who have catarrh in those days, and whose smellers are out of order. The purging will be characteristic of the purger, and for this reason. Did you ever know a negative woman? The most inane of her sex is as enthusiastic on the little she knows as enthusiastic on knowing little. Ever see a woman in doubt, unless about some other woman? Consequently there will be no half measures; plenty blunders, enough mistakes, but *relatively* no rascality. I know of nothing greater since the Crucifixion. If the Sor of Man died to free man from sin, the Daughter of Woman has lived to free woman from man.

Perhaps a well-raised dog might escape morally unscathed from a womanless community. But after his escape, I'd prefer that he shouldn't associate with my dogs. Now, if her example be socially purifying, why shouldn't it be politically so? We know that immorality is as constitutionally attractive to man as revolting to woman. While he runs naturally and willingly into it, she rarely does unless he has her in tow. Do you know any fourteen year old boy who doesn't know as much deviltry as any old he-sinner? Compare the young probrate

with almost any girl of the same age. Hear me—I'm not such a fool as to believe every woman is an angel. Nor infected with sufficient insanity to believe any man is. I heard of such a man once, but he died before he was caught; died young. Few even depraved women are totally depraved. Ninety-nine per cent of the women who fall are lured into shame through love or driven into it by poverty and hunger.

Some of these outcasts, bankrupt in character and ragged in reputation, are charitable as angels. If I be accosted by one, whose moral breath would poison the sigh from a fermenting sewer, I lift my hat and answer her civilly. Why? Bless your soul, low as she is, she is no lower than I or any other man, and not half so low as the scoundrel who lowered her. I'd rather associate with a ruined woman I hadn't ruined than ruin a woman and associate with an unruined woman.

If Jesus Christ didn't establish his divine pedigree, he settled his divine character to my satisfaction when "he placed her in their midst and asked him who was without sin to cast the first stone." Dear old Major—looking at that superb painting, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, exclaimed: "G—d d—n 'em, there wasn't one who dared to throw a *pebble!*" Where did I pick up my views? Most of them at my mother's knee, a few additional ones across my father's. The rest I inherited; the only thing, except a second-hand trunk and a pew in the Presbyterian Church I ever inherited without a row. The first I presented to a nigger. The second I returned to God who gave it.

Satisfied of woman's inclination for good, why not afford her more chance to indulge her inclination? "Man's political example would corrupt her!" What solicitude! I think, if her character has withstood his social example, she might escape the taint of his political association. "It would impair her femininity!" I wish they would let up on her "femininity." I am sick of it! Is she doing man's work on beggar wages to intensify her "femininity?" Driven like a drudge in a department store to prevent the inroads of masculinity? I don't want woman to rule man, only fixed so man can't rule her. Why should a petticoat be the badge of servitude? A pair of breeches the ori-

flame of divine right? I'm not trying to canonize her. But I demand her equality. She has posed as man's scape-goat long enough. Vicarious Nanny for vicious Billy! Oh, I forgot the man who "was ruined by his wife's extravagance." Of course some men are. About seventy-five out of a hundred failures claim that honor. From this seventy-five I deduct seventy-four liars.

Yet women have their peculiarities. One asked me lately why "men who would scorn to prevaricate to men will lie to women till they are black in the face." And when I told her I was above such a thing, she said: "You are mighty conceited!" Conceited because I disclaimed being an apoplectic liar! And she isn't married either. Perhaps matrimony will mitigate her views.

Ante woman laws are remnants of the period when she was "soulless," "unclean," "couldn't go to heaven," etc.—everything the weak are whose only protection is the conscience of the strong. A Mohammedan told me in India that he knew most women went to hell because Mohammed vis-

ited that Presbyterian winter resort and found it full of them. I told him that if I had been Mohammed I'd have prolonged my visit indefinitely. This low estimate is owing to the fact that moral defects, so common in man, are advertised in woman by their scarcity. The pure must be very pure to pass the inspection of the impure. The majority of the best people don't want Woman Suffrage because the majority of the best people don't know what's good. Morality is no guarantee against mistake. The pious are in a chronic state of repentance for following heart instead of mind. Even "God repented him of the evil he had done."

It's difficult to rise above your age, outrun your generation, throw away the inherited—unless it's money. We frown upon the entrance of a new truth as we discourage the presumption of a precocious child. The taste for truth is acquired. First, the introduction; second, the apprenticeship; third, the appreciation. And Woman Suffrage is truth. My sister, I have kept my word. I have spoken. So there!

A MELODY

BY MYRTLE CONGER

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 dim forecast of God's own repletteness,
 Out in the silent night, under the stars.



MARVELOUS MEXICO.—The great tree of Tule, 154 feet in circumference, Oaxaca, Mexico. Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.



MAXINE ELLIOTT .

Universally considered the most beautiful woman on the stage, who has just erected a new theatre East, baptized in her own name.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

A FEW FIRST AIDS TO DISILLUSION IN THE THEATRE

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

Mr. Barnett Franklin's article in the December Overland Monthly created quite a stir, not only among the laity, but among the histrions and vocalizers of the Opera and Musical Comedy stage, as well. Mr. Franklin's sharp sallies have met with a ready response from the long-suffering public, and this month the second article of his series is devoted to showing up some of the idiosyncracies, not only of the business men who control the artistic destinies of the stage, but of the audiences who are satisfied with the mental pap that is ladled out to them, much on the style of potatoes in the vegetable stores. Sometimes they are wormy, and at others not, but most of the time they are not above suspicion. The article is short and snappy and to the point, and the illustrations are by Mr. Arnold Genthe, the eminent art photographer, and they are published simply as studies of footlight celebrities, and have no particular connection with the text, except that they are of the stage.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IT IS ESSENTIALLY the purpose of the actor to create illusion; in so far as his talents permit, he simulates to a more or less perfect degree the attributes of the character that has fallen to his lot. Now it is a curious thing that, after he has made use of all his abilities to attain this end, he will often by a single action deliberately destroy the atmosphere that has been so carefully built up, and for no better purpose than the gratification of his own vanity. Referring to the curtain call, one of the main things that makes for disillusion in the playhouse.

The curtain-call habit is almost a universal one throughout the country nowadays. Actors of the first rank, whose work is stamped throughout with the imprint of genuine art, are as susceptible to this disease as the members of the twenty-third aggregations playing "Zaza" through the backwoods. The interpreter of Ibsen and the sartorially-perfect gentleman with the violet eyes and raven locks who acts in the ain't-he-cute dram-

mers are equally vulnerable. The curtain-call habit plays no favorites.

The act ends, and the curtain drops upon the climax that the playwright has contrived. The audience expresses its appreciation by the conventional applause, and the curtain is raised again at once. However, it does not rise upon the characters in the play seen but a moment before, but upon a collection of smirking, self-conscious personages who proceed to behave like a collection of goats at a formal reception. If the applause be prolonged, the curtain is raised again; in fact, it goes up quite as often as the enthusiasm of the plauditors seems to warrant—and often a deal longer than that. If there is a "star" in the cast, or if one of the members of the company has done some particularly strong work in that act, the others gradually disappear with each curtain-call, and leave the final series of acknowledgments to this lone person, who grudgingly and with well-simulated modesty accepts them.

It may be that the audience's tempestuous hand-clapping has been inspired by a histrion who has met his Waterloo through a well-directed thrust of his ad-



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

A beautiful descendant of a family famous in American stage annals,
and who has a greater social following than any other of our actresses.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

An actress whose exact histrionic standing is a matter of disagreement among critics, but whose intellectual force is ever a compelling factor in her work.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



JULIA MARLOWE.

Another of our beautiful women of the stage who ranks high among emotional actresses and whose work is ever dominated by a fine sense of the artistic and picturesque.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

versary in a duel over the love of the sweet young ingenue; or, perhaps, he has gambled away all of his chee-ild's fortune in Wall street, and so, with disgrace and ruin looming ominously before him, he flops out of his dramatic vale of tears by the power of a convenient six-shooter. But whatever the cause of his demise, he is nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, very dead. And his final sufferings have been rendered so realistically that the palm-beating brigade in its enthusiasm proceeds to give a correct and authentic imitation of a boiler factory. So the curtain is lifted, and our lately deceased friend is found standing erect with an 18-carat blandishment on his countenance—a little disheveled, perhaps, a great clot of gore upon his otherwise immaculate buzzum, perchance, but otherwise he appears anything but a fit candidate for the autopsy table, thank you. And, in adopting this cheap method of gratifying his ego, he has with one swoop deliberately wiped away in a moment the effect that his talents have so successfully produced. He has stepped out of his character for the sole purpose of projecting his own personality over the footlights, and the result of it has been the delivery of a solar-plexus blow to the craft of the dramatist and himself.

It is not uncommon to see some thespian stop the action of the play in order to audibly acknowledge the audience's greeting upon his first entrance. Even on occasion, an actor who has been applauded upon his exit, after a telling scene during the action of an act, will return to the stage and gleefully bow his thanks while the other participants in the tense situation stand around motionless until the "function" is over.

It somehow does not seem to matter that a moment before he has made mention of the fact that time is precious, and that a human life-ah depends upon his seeing the king within the hourr-r-r. He returns just the same, and only hastens upon his life-and-death errand after having, in true Chesterfieldian manner, expressed his gratitude to the audience for its appreciation of his histrionic worth.

The curtain-call habit is most efficiently backed in this little game of disillusion by the exceedingly appropriate musical offer-

ings that the theatre orchestra chooses to beguile the intermissions with. If something like "Magda" or "Rosmersholm" or something similarly morbid and melancholy happens to be the bill, the functionary with the baton, ninety-eight chances to one, has selected a pot-pourri of airs from the "Belle of New York" or a few classical ditties concerning a certain Darktown lady named Dinah for rendition. In the event that something in the comedy line is being staged, the orchestra-leader proceeds to exhibit his sense of consistency by having his bandsmen play the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and such-like things. Thus is the atmosphere created behind the footlights kept up adroitly between acts.

The theatre programme in general use is another disrupter of atmosphere. The programme properly should solely officiate as an index to the characters and scenes in the play. But your modern manager has ingenious commercial ideas. The programme is designed after the fashion of a Sunday newspaper supplement as regards size, and it is issued mainly for the purpose of acquainting its readers with the knowledge that certain physicians, barbers, tobacconists, haberdashers, tailors, furriers, milliners, beauty specialists, restaurateurs and others desire their valuable patronage. If you are of a very patient nature, you will be able, after a little practice, to pick out the names of the characters appearing in the play, which are scattered ingeniously through the pamphlet so that you will by no chance overlook the announcement card affirming that "Zamboola is the drink of the town," or the carefully disguised "reading notice" which proclaims this choice bit of confidential information: "Your Uncle Sossky loans money to the nobbiest people in town. Why don't you hang up your watch with me?" No sound is so pleasing to the ear as the crackling of hundreds of programme leaves when, in the midst of some particularly absorbing situation, a new character appears, and the audience feels the immediate necessity of discovering his identity.

Twin-sister to the theatre programme is the advertising curtain. Ever and again we hear of some feeble attempt at relegating this awful eye-sore to the oblivion



MARGARET ANGLIN.

One of the best emotional actresses on the American stage, who leapt into histrionic fame through her successes achieved in San Francisco.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



MRS. FISKE.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

where it rightfully belongs, but at the moment of writing it is still on deck, and strenuously attempting to boost the sale of peerless soaps and soups in the same lurid old way. Why is it that theatres of the better type, those that go in for the exploitation of the higher drama, are almost universally possessed of an advertising curtain in all its hideousness? The theatre in other ways may be appointed with some evidence of taste, and there is generally a disposition in these days to give the play-goer something of his money's worth as regards the upholstery of his seat, and in other ways. (This apart from the merits or demerits of the attraction itself.) But the seat-purchaser who goes to the theatre essentially to get away from mundane things is forced between acts to not alone listen to the music before touched upon, but to regale himself by feasting his eyes upon a weird melange of worse than inartistically painted announcements masquerading as a mural decoration.

The individual holding down a seat in the parquet is thrilled, awed, impressed, or entertained as the playwright has willed and as the mummies have interpreted. The curtain drops upon a situation tense or intense. Some of the spectators start immediately upon a still hunt for cloves, but the great majority remains and puts in the time to the beginning of the next act in contemplation or argument on what has gone before. Unless one turns his back to the footlights, which is not a particularly comfortable operation, there is no getting away from the advertising curtain. It is persistently, insistently among those present, officiating as a spreader of disillusion. The atmosphere of the drawing room or mountain-cabin or what not,

simulated but a moment before, has given way to a broad expanse of canvas, an exquisite example of the sign-painter's noble art, which informs the audience that "Dress suits can be hired for genteel affairs from Flamm for a V," or that "Pazzazzo will take away that dark sienna taste in the morning after a bat with the boys," or that "Googoo's corsets will give portly people that sinewy figure." The poor, helpless spectator cannot escape his fate; he is both theoretically and literally up against it. And the illusion which the combined arts of playwright, actor and stage director have endeavored to create has been very appreciably weakened. It seems to me that it would be quite as consistent to placard the portieres leading to a drawing room *not* in stageland with paid eulogies on steam beer and union underwear as it is to so decorate the drop curtain that similarly screens the drawing room behind the footlights.

We have the reputation of being a commercially progressive nation, but sometimes this progress is saturated with a form of hysteria. If the advertising curtain were not such a serious theatrical factor it might be catalogued with the jokes of the comic papers, but its influence is of a nature that precludes that. Undignified, snidely commercial, let us breathe a reverent prayer to our guiding planets that at least this particular aid to disillusion in the playhouse will soon make its farewell exit. Its abolishment would be the biggest sort of a gain for art and the public, or at least that portion of the public that planks down its shekels at the box-office wicket, and is of right entitled to witness an exhibition of histrionics in an environment that does not suggest the billboard around an empty lot.





MOONLIGHT ON MONTEREY BAY.

LITERARY MONTEREY

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND, AUTHOR OF "A SONG
OF AUTUMN "

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARE.

Literary Monterey is a study of the past and present conditions at one of the centers of culture of California—Monterey. Mr. Henry Meade Bland is fully equipped by an intimate acquaintanceship with the characters he describes to give our readers more than an introduction to some of the men and women who have made the literature of California by Californians famous the world over. Monterey is fast becoming a large artistic and literary rendezvous, and as such should be of much interest to the world at large.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



THIS A second-story bay-window overlooking Montereyan waters. In it is the grizzled figure of one who has beat about the world in more than three-score years of travel.

Around him are books, pictures, autographs, manuscripts—souvenirs from the four ends of earth. He appears intent on

the writing before him; but he pauses every now and then to listen—he catches the harmony of the "rhythmic roll and thunder" of the sea, and lo! he is weaving it mystically into the music of thought, even as he once wove the melody of south seas with visions of Tahiti or Samoa.

"Did you hear it, boy?" he questions, and turns to his companion; and together the two look over the waves; and the odor of fish-nets and far-away islands, and the

ever-changeeful colors of ocean swell and rolling breaker fill the senses; and again the tang and glory of the sea are trailed on the page.

Old Monterey, the Monterey of California Mission days, of Simoneau's Inn of the Padres, of Robert Louis Stevenson, is the town Charles Warren Stoddard sees under the veneer of business and modern buildings brought in by the modern trader. It is in the Old Town he lives—back in the fringe of crumbling adobe walls and ancient one-story Spanish villas. So when he takes you by the arm and bids you look through his eyes at his sacred altars, passing disdainfully the modern show-window, he takes you first where the genial Jules

nature standing beside you turns once and again as you move on, to take a last glance at the broken shrine.

The first streets of Monterey followed the cotton-tail trails, so your famous guide is useful in piloting you through the maze till you stand before what is now placarded as the R. Stevenson house. Here was the novelist's studio. Monterey tradition has, however, lost the exact location of the room. The landlady of the place will point out an apartment at the head of the stairs in the second story, but, disregarding her, even as Dante followed Virgil, you follow your guide till you look square at the south corner. Then your Virgil says: "The first window to the left of



IN THE OLD TOWN. THE ROSE TREE TO THE RIGHT GENERAL SHERMAN IS SAID TO HAVE PLANTED IN THE FORTIES.

served tamales and enchilladas to Robert Louis, when Stevenson began the climb to fame. The old room is used as a bakery now. And the commonplace fittings ill-mark the interesting haunt of the novelist.

It was in the little white-washed room of Simoneau's restaurant that Stevenson and his friends, Francois the baker, the Italian fisherman, and Jules, broke bread and made merry. Ah, yes! and how much of human nature did Stevenson get in these goodly friendships with those of the old town who frequented the house or loitered on its verandas. It is no wonder that that other rich impressionist of human

the corner in the second story belongs to the famous room." The whole building is rapidly falling into decay, and unless Monterey takes pains soon to preserve the relic, it must give way to the invasion of stern civic improvement.

One gazes long at the crumbling walls in which the young author feverishly worked artistic touches into his style, for here it was that he put vigorously into operation the scheme of studying carefully a number of famous models, imitating each in turn till he finally built a style, the composite of all, but assuredly original.

Your pilgrimage now takes you up and

back toward the hills. You pass the City Hall, California's first State Capitol; then you see Governor Alvarado's home, with its kitchen iron-latticed like a jail. In the olden day the kitchen was the storehouse of groceries—perhaps enough to last the Rooseveltian families of the time for a half year. These supplies must above all be carefully guarded. Hence, not only the iron gratings, but also a square hole in the ceiling of the kitchen through which the householder may peer at a robber and perchance fill him with buck-shot. On up the rise is Fuchsia Lodge, the home of good Jules Simoneau, the friendly host of Stevenson. He is more than eighty-five now, but he looks upon life with as much optimism as a Ulysses beginning a first

to cast away the sharp stone and encourage on the way up the height.

Stoddard's chief joy on one of these afternoons in Stevenson's haunts is the hour spent at Fuchsia Lodge on Van Buren street. Great-grandfather Simoneau greets the Idyllist with all the enthusiasm of younger days. It isn't long before he begins to touch his practical philosophy. "Don't fret, don't worry, and pray God for good health," he says, and then he wobbles across the room, chattering like a school-boy, and totally oblivious to the age that has made many inroads upon his wiry frame.

Then come the letters and autographed books, for after Stevenson became famous, correspondence with Simoneau continued,



THE STEVENSON HOUSE AS IT IS TODAY.

sea-voyage. The friendship of Jules and Robert Louis was genuine. Jules had enough of sound common sense to whet the mind of the young Scotchman, while Robert Louis's literary ideals stirred the intellect of the Frenchman, who might have been a younger Montaigne had he lived anywhere than in sleepy old Monterey.

When the novelist's funds were low, Jules forgot to hand in bills, and when the boy was down-spirited, it was Jules's roseate view of life that uplifted him. In sooth, whenever Stevenson's path was rough, it was Simoneau who was at hand

and Jules was remembered whenever Stevenson issued a new volume. The lines in the autographed copies flowed from Robert Louis's heart, and showed how close the friendship was. Thus in "Underwoods" we find: "If ever there was a man who was a good man to me it was Jules Simoneau.—Robert Louis Stevenson."

The "Child's Garden of Verses" has "To my good old Simoneau," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau—if the one forgot the other—would be stranger still."

And so Charles Warren and Jules go

tenderly over the relics, for Stoddard caresses a book much as a maid fondles the first letters from her best-beloved.

The casual visitor, especially the journalist, rarely gets a peep into the letters written by the novelist, for Simoneau considers them too close to his heart to be given to the world. It was thus like going into the holy of holies when Simoneau brought a bundle of the epistles.

The missives generally contain a remnant of some philosophical discussion, for Jules never loses sight of his theory of life. Sometimes the extracts were serious only on the face, sometimes openly humorous, but always interesting. For example, Stevenson says:

ternoon, and the conversation turned on tales of Stevenson days. Now it is of the lampooning of the good padre Cassanova, who should, so Stevenson thought, have been more generous to a wandering Swiss boy. The Padre was very poor, and so gave the boy but a quarter. Stevenson, Jules, the Garibaldian, and the editor of the "Californian" took up the boy's case and raised fifty dollars. Then they secretly had a poster printed in which it was proposed to make the nickname "Two Bits" stick to the priest. The quartette worked all night posting the cards, which were up only to be torn down early next morning by the padre's faithful parishioners, and so the questionable joke lost its



THE QUIET SEA.

"How about a law condemning the people of every country to be educated in another—to change sons in short? Should we not gain all around? Would not the Englishman unlearn hypocrisy? Would not the Frenchman learn to put some beauty in his friendships?" Then follows an elaborate half-humorous classification of changes that Stevenson thinks ought to take place in the minds of Englishmen and Frenchmen, in case this scheme of education were adopted.

And so the afternoon goes by with the poet, Jules and I reclining on the porch of the Lodge, with the drooping fuchsias in strange harmony with the dreamy af-

point. Another Stevenson escapade was more exciting all around.

Apparently out of pure love of excitement he set the pine forest back of town a-fire. It took all his cunning to hide this deviltry from the excited Montereyans; yet even as the fire raged in one place he suddenly, wishing to test the burning qualities of the long tree-moss, again started the blaze. "I should have been hung," he says, "out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person here away. You should have seen my retreat (which was for strategical purposes.) I ran like h——l. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a

good fire, though I say it who should not. I have run repeatedly, but never as I ran that day."

As we leave the lodge and wander back towards the ever-shifting sands, and admire the ever-changing glories of the sea, the talk is yet of Robert Louis, how he worked as a reporter, at two dollars a week, on "The Californian," how he chummed with everybody in town, and boasted every advertiser of the "Californian" his friend; how he dug in Bancroft's eight-volume History of California, and how he came to the conclusion that the Pacific "licked" all the other oceans out of hand.

And now we come to the real Monterey

ferent kinds of fuchsias at one time grew in her bowers. His present corner in the home of Mike Noon is "Casa Verde."

It was to Casa Verde we repaired after that pleasant hour at Fuchsia Lodge. There was a tinkle of miniature Mission bells, as the landlady, a dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter of old Monterey, met us, and we wound around the stairway up to the room overlooking the sea. The poet was immediately seated at his desk. Before him loomed a crucifix, a relic of St. Anthony, the patron saint of messages, missives and sweet conveyances. Now he takes a pen loaded with purple ink, addresses a letter. In the envelope corner is a mysterious emblem, "S. A. G.," and



JULES SIMONEAU AT FUCHSIA LODGE.

Tucker Photo.

home of our Charles Warren Stoddard. It is in the large green house owned by Mike Noon, and is midway on the left-hand side of the short street that leads from the Customs House to the Presidio entrance. Stoddard has a fair knack of naming the numerous places that have seen his sojourning during the years of travel. The many-windowed house at Congress Springs, Santa Clara County, was to him Pink Gables. He it was who gave to Simoneau's Monterey cottage the name Fuchsia Lodge, for great-grandmother Simoneau used to boast that fifty-four dif-

to your inquiring look, he tells you the symbol means "Saint Anthony Guide," and that any letter or package thus committed to the care of the saint never goes astray. The crucifix before him is centuries old, and comes from the monastery of St. Anthony of Padua; and he further reverently informs you that his bungalow in Washington, D. C., occupied for a time when he was professor of English literature in the Catholic University of Washington, was named St. Anthony's Rest. All this time I can but notice his strongly individualized appearance—a forehead that



ANOTHER CORNER OF
THE OLD TOWN.



AN ANCIENT ADOBE.

betokened the brain of lyric Apollo, light, bluish-hazel eyes, thin gray hair, with only now and then in his close-cut, carefully-trimmed beard a stray dark line to indicate the old-time tint; on his face an invasion of wrinkles, the outcome of matchless grievings and perturbations, the overflowings of a supersensitive soul. And this is Stoddard—the realization of the boy whose prose and poetry still sings to us over the lapse of a half century of California literature. Strange, too, that, since that first book of poetry in 1868, his muse should only just now be awakened, for we may soon have the pleasure of reading his second volume of verse. Two years ago, on returning to California, he wrote me: “Thrice have I listened to the voice of the charmer. It remains to be seen if I turn these fledglings loose, or wring their necks and bury them in the waste-basket.” In the same letter, he also said: “The muse, if you please, walked and turned my head to such a degree that I fell to stringing verses. It isn’t often I so far forget myself nowadays. Indeed, though I began my career with a mania for making verses, I reformed long years ago. You see, I am growing younger since my return to the coast. You know its sands are caressed by the waters of eternal youth; and though I cannot swim, I can at least wade in them.”

Stoddard probably has as large a correspondence as any other author of the country, and a wonderful correspondence it is—running from a letter of encouragement, written him while he was yet a boy, and signed “A. Tennyson,” to one from the most modern of novelists, Jack London. He believes that the practice of letter-writing gives naturalness and facility—write as you talk, he says. More than that,

he is always absorbing the many points of view of his friends as seen in their letters, thus getting grain-secretions at first hand. To the facility which has come from long practice, he adds an unexcelled memory. As a child, he drank deep of the lore of holy writ. It was the Puritan environment of his ancestors that put him, when a child, in touch with literature.

It was the fire of the Hebrew prophet he first absorbed. When but a mere boy he read himself to dreamland with his Bible, and slept with it under his pillow. It alone could pluck from his mind the childish sorrow rooted there; for already an attempt to solve a few of the simple mysteries of life had involved him in heart-pain. The whole Bible he conned a dozen times, and one of the easiest dollars he says he ever earned was given by an uncle for reading the volume through. Thus the deep imagination of the scriptures gave his style the permanent cast that is evident in the multitudinous beautiful scripture-phrase running through his pages.

In prose Stoddard is an impressionist, and so very sensitive is his muse that he must await her command to write. Thus many a good magazine fee goes by unearned because the topic suggested by the editor does not attract him. When, however, a theme pleases, he turns out the work rapidly, and with such perfection that he seldom recasts. When the spell is on, fifteen hundred words is a day’s work.

Stoddard is again feeling the restless spirit of the world-wanderer upon him. He wants the perspective a distant scene will give his beloved California town. Then, too, he knows that *his* Monterey is rapidly passing. The generation to which the Simoneaus, the brave dons and fair

senoritas belong, is rapidly giving way to a race they are powerless to resist. Therefore, before he would commit to paper the final impression, he would look upon the town from the chambers of memory, and amid scenes that give strong contrast to the story.

This does not mean that "Casa Verde" is less dear. He will still be charmed by the infinite variety of shore and wave. In his imagination he will again and again stand on the hills among the pines, and listen to the boom and murmur of the rolling surf which resounds from romantic Carmel to the shining sands of the Salinas, or he will loiter on the shore and watch the seagulls and the kelp as they swing idly with the roll of the tide; or he will wander as a wraith along yellow sands, or upon the low, grassy cliffs lining the shore, till odors from rare compositae or languorous poppies overflow the senses, or he will, as in a dream, trail the graceful curves of the Seventeen-Mile drive and sniff the pines till he dwells in the richness of the primeval, or he will saunter past adobe walls, down by the old Customs House, out on the primitive wharf where the busy coaster unloads her miscellaneous cargo, or he will watch the fisherman land golden salmon, or the sardine-catchers dump tons of silvery pilchard into the cannery-tanks; he will still watch the Whitehall row gently out to where a million gulls swim and dart and scream and rival the human in catching the sardine; or he will listen to the solemn "whang, whang" of the bell-buoy, while he loiters under cypresses that were young when the Pacific was a primeval ocean; or he will gaze at night over the bay and up into the rich moonlight that breaks into cataracts through the clouds; or he will wade through the visions of forests of pine and fern that might have graced the slopes of Eden, and in the poetry of his soul will convince you that the Pacific and its marvelous Montereyan sands are all that both he and Stevenson claim it to be.

At six p. m. you go to dine—not to the stylish hotel—but to the little Dalmatian restaurant, The Eagle, on California street. Here, as always, when one is with the Poet, the reality fades into the vision. The soft strains of a phonograph from a music store across the street lend har-

mony to music of thought, and we sit in silence, save for that other music, the gentle voices of the Dalmatian restaurateurs, whose language is to Stoddard a



THE HOME OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, MONTEREY.
A SECTION OF THE OLD TOWN.
CRUMBLING ADOBE WALLS.
THE MONTEREY CUSTOM HOUSE.
(UNRESTORED.)

combination of classical Greek and Latin. The poet muses and tells of a time when, in old Dalmatia, fair colonists from Rome and Athens made their home on the islands, and how their descendants are the gentle Dalmatians of to-day. No harsh word is heard among the workers of kitchen or table while they serve you from pantry and range on dishes burnished

bright, and at your request for olives, olive oil, or spices, assure you that they give the best from their own matchless Mediterranean shore.

Dear old Eagle! You can never again drop into the common place, even when your beloved guest has rung down the curtain of his sojourn on the yellow sands and gone afar to his sacred isle!

ABREVIATED UTILITARIAN STUDIES

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

The Overland Monthly will publish from month to month a department devoted to the diffusion of utilitarian knowledge in the agricultural sections of California and the West generally. Short studies or news items along this line are invited from our contributors.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Scale on Orange and Lemon Trees.



THE AGRICULTURAL Department of the United States is conducting on the experiment farm at Los Angeles a series of investigations of the insects that form scale

on orange and lemon trees. The investigations will continue for two years, and are being conducted by two experts from Washington, D. C. The chief of these, Mr. M. C. Marlatt, spent some time in Florida studying the various insects that feed on the leaves of fruit trees. The experiments will be conducted at nearly a score of places in California, so as to learn in what manner climate, altitude, etc., affect the pests. Tests of various methods of fumigation will be made, so as to determine the most effective way of destroying the insects, which have caused the loss of millions of dollars to the growers of citrus fruits.

* * *

The Sugar Beet Industry.

The German Agricultural Association has 35,000 members, with headquarters in Berlin, and each year sends representa-

tives to various countries to examine foreign methods. A representative of this Association recently visited California, and said that the sugar-beet industry has made great advances during the last year. Though the industry is only a few years old in the United States, it will attain great importance if the present rate of progress is kept up. In Germany, beet-farming has been going on for more than a century, but has been carried on in practically the same manner all that time. The German Government, like other governments of Europe, subsidizes the sugar-beet farmers. The production of beets in Germany is the greatest in Europe, and is three times as large as is required for domestic consumption. Much of the surplus sugar is exported to Great Britain, Japan and the Orient. Russia produces much beet sugar, as also do France and Austria, in which countries methods similar to those of Germany are in vogue. Great progress in sugar-beet farming has been made in Idaho and Colorado. The machinery used in the United States for the production of beet sugar is more advanced in some respects than that employed in Germany, but the conditions of beet-farming in the two countries are so different that the best American machinery would not always be of service in Europe.

GUNGA DIN

BY MARJORIE C. DRISCOLL



THE YOUNG superintendent in charge of the railway construction gang had a sense of humor; also he was extremely well read in Kipling.

Therefore Pedro Juan Antonio y Valdez had not heard his real name for so long that if remembering it depended on hearing, he would have forgotten it long before. The first day that the superintendent had seen Pedro Juan Antonio y Valdez, he was plodding down the line of unfinished track, staggering under the weight of a brimming pail of tepid, muddy water, with a large and extremely shiny tin dipper attached. For it pleased the Powers That Be to order a road constructed through this hot, sandy waste where it was quite probable, as old Francisco said, that the devil hunted when he felt the need of a little exercise. Also there was very little water, and that little was carefully hoarded in wells and springs, leaving wide stretches of barren, waterless desert. And because men grew thirsty and choked with fine gritty dust, as they worked on the railroad, Pedro Juan Antonio y Valdez plodded up and down all day with his water pail and the shiny tin dipper.

Douglas, the young superintendent, stood beside the track on the day of his arrival, and whistled long and thoughtfully as he regarded the small, toiling figure. Then because he knew his Kipling, and because he preferred to call a thing by any name in heaven or earth rather than its own proper name, he quoted poetry:

“Now in Injia’s sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin’ of ’Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew,
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.”

“See him?” he completed, nodding toward Pedro Juan Antonio y Valdez. The big Irish assistant, Flannigan, grunted scornfully.

“Phwat’s got ye?” he inquired. “An’ phwat kind av unholy thing’s a bhisti?”

Douglas regarded the assistant leisurely. Then he removed his pipe to facilitate explanations. “Now don’t you see?” he began as one might address a very small child, “it’s just the eternal fitness of things. You don’t know why I call you Mulvaney, do you? Reprehensible ignorance, but I’ll try to enlighten you. Ever meet Terrence Mulvaney? No! Too bad. He’s a fine man, and he’s Irish, too. You had better read Kipling, and meet my friend Terrence.”

“Huh!” grunted Flannigan, scornfully. “Some more o’ them dom story books the boss wastes his time on.”

Douglas was entirely undisturbed. “So you see,” he went on placidly, “I call you Mulvaney because you remind me very strongly of my old friend. Likewise that infant personification of a water wagon makes me think of Gunga Din who carried water for some British soldiers in India. Very interesting gentleman, Gunga Din. Wonder if I can teach that youngster to answer to Gunga. It would be a refreshing change here where every other man answers to Pedro or Juan, and the odd ones didn’t hear or they would have answered too. It’s worth trying, at all events.”

Suddenly discovering that he was wasting his eloquence on the desert air, Douglas replaced his pipe, and leisurely turned his attention to his work. For the time being, Gunga Din was forgotten.

Later, Douglas, to while away a leisure hour, told Pedro Juan Antonio y Valdez the story of Gunga Din with whatever embellishments his active imagination could suggest. Pedro, squatted on the ground, listened with unblinking eyes and accepted stoically the nickname bestowed

upon him. And inasmuch as the camp already boasted three Pedros, four Juans and an Antonio, the men adopted the new name as a welcome distinction. So it happened that when the shout of "Hey, Gunga Din!" arose, the large water pail and the clattering tin dipper answered the call.

Gradually Douglas fell into the habit of calling Gunga Din for an hour's chat in the evening after the day's work was over. The conversation was rather one-sided, but Gunga Din had all the qualities of a good listener; he never argued, he never went to sleep, and he never began on his own adventures. One night Douglas brought out a large book full of brilliantly colored plates of strange and uncanny insects. Douglas's friends had laughed at him when he insisted on including this heavy book among his necessarily scanty baggage, but he, being an ardent entomologist, had turned a deaf ear. Many times he had pored over this book, over one plate in particular, a representation of an extremely ugly and uninteresting lizard. Uninteresting only to the layman, however, for this especial beast was unusually rare, fortunately, perhaps, thought people whose esthetic sense was more highly developed than their entomological.

Under the picture, Douglas read: "This species is found occasionally in the desert region of North America, especially in Arizona and New Mexico." He knew the legend by heart already, but he repeated it, glancing up as he spoke. His eyes met Gunga Din's impassive and impersonal gaze, and an idea flashed into Douglas's mind. "It's worth trying," he said to himself. "The kid ought to be able to find it if anybody could." Then aloud: "Gunga Din, do you see that picture?"

"Si, senor," gravely.

"Did you ever see a lizard like that?"

"Si, senor," with a trifle of wonderment.

"Where? When? Great cats, speak up, kid!"

Gunga Din raised slightly astonished eyes. The senor's interest in lizards was incomprehensible.

"Often. In many places," he answered, sweeping an arm in a vague circle.

"Could you catch one?" breathlessly.

"Ola, si. It is easy, senor."

Douglas leaned forward and spoke im-

pressively. "Gunga Din," he said, "if you bring me a lizard just like that picture, I'll give you ten pesos. Remember, just like the picture. Can you do it?"

A flicker of excitement passed over Gunga Din's usually imperturbable brown countenance. He answered as gravely as ever.

"Si, senor. I will do it."

Douglas clapped the boy on the shoulder. "Gunga Din!" he exclaimed. "You're a lallapaloosa!" Gunga Din looked slightly alarmed. That word was not contained in his meagre English vocabulary. Douglas translated.

"Oh, it's all right. I mean you're muy bueno, muy grande, escelentisimo!"

Gunga Din arose and bowed gravely. "No, senor," he replied. "But I will bring the lizard."

Outside the circle of light from the tent his impassive expression dropped like a mask. "Ten pesos!" he murmured. "Ten pesos! The little sister may have her new dress for her first communion. But what can the senor desire of a lizard of such ugliness?"

So Gunga Din began his search for the lizard, and Douglas waited impatiently. As the days went on, the hope of finding the much-desired creature dwindled and almost failed. Gunga Din dreamed lizards. Many and many a night he woke just as he was handing the Senor, not one lizard, but hundreds. Indeed, so engrossed did he become in his search that it was often necessary to shout twice and more before he heard. Old Francisco poured forth volumes of weird oaths at Gunga Din's negligence, but all to no avail. "It is the senor's business," replied the culprit loftily, "I work for him."

"Great work it is," grumbled Francisco. "Doing nothing but stare at the sand and wander off when one calls. What can the senor want of such work? Idleness, I call it."

Gunga Din did not answer. He was too discouraged to reply as usual to Francisco's taunts. Indeed, it seemed as if all the lizards knew of his search and had fled to unknown regions. But the thought of the little sister and her joy over the new dress urged him on despite the many days of failure.

Heavy of heart, and almost ready to

give up the search altogether, Gunga Din wandered despairingly away from the camp one Sunday afternoon. It happened to be a feast day as well, and the men were celebrating it with much revelry, and incidentally some smuggled pulque. Gunga Din had no heart for the merriment. The ten pesos that had seemed so near were growing more and more impossible of attainment. Hardly seeing where he was going, he reached a clump of dry and withered cactus stretching skinny arms to the sky. There was a little shade under the cactus, and Gunga Din threw himself down on the hot sands and buried his head in his folded arms. For a long time he lay still, as still as the cactus above him, so still in fact, that a little handful of sand sliding down the side of a wind-drifted dune made a large and startling noise in the silence. Gunga Din slowly raised his head. Suddenly he trembled all over his little body and stared with all his eyes at the sand heap a few feet from him. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. Cautiously he pinched himself to see if it were real, or if it would vanish into quivering air like so many other dreams. The pinch was hard, but the vision remained. Only, the lizard sunning himself on the sand seemed a thousand times uglier than the picture in the Senor's book. Gunga Din inspected him again. All the proper spots and wrinkles were there, down to the knobs on the tail. It was IT and no other.

Carefully, carefully and noiselessly, Gunga Din pulled out the strong bag and the slender noose that never left him. Slowly he thrust out the long stick with the noose at the end until it hovered over the lizard's head. The unsuspecting reptile dozed on. Suddenly he was awakened with unpleasant suddenness by the jerk of a tightening noose, and found himself unceremoniously thrust into a bag and firmly tied in. His struggles were of no avail. Gunga Din had planned too long for this supreme moment. He knew just how to hold the bag, and the lizard, like a philosophical reptile, soon gave up the struggle.

Gunga Din stood up, just a little shaky about the knees and white around the mouth. He had waited so long and been so discouraged that he could not quite real-

ize that his search was over. He picked up the bag to make sure, and the lizard, rudely disturbed, began to wriggle violently. He was really a very large and heavy lizard, and Gunga Din was a very small boy. The captive's plunges nearly tore the bag from the boy's hands, but he gripped it tight and refused to let go. He knew that he must hurry and get back to camp before the lizard managed to escape, but he hated to leave the cactus shade. He had not realized before that it was so hot even under the cactus. The way back seemed very long and terrifying, even when he thought of the little sister's new dress and the senor's joy.

He knew that nothing was to be gained by waiting, and so he bravely struck out. The sand burned his feet, and the lizard grew heavier and heavier. Gunga Din shifted his burden from shoulder to shoulder, but gained no relief. The heat waves danced before his eyes, and the line of the horizon quivered. The glare from the hot sand was intense and burning, but Gunga Din plodded on. He had not watched the landmarks when he wandered away from camp, and so he was not at all sure of his position. He might, for all he knew, be wandering farther and farther away from safety. The lizard lay quiet in his bag.

Suddenly the golden sand seemed to turn to golden coins, lying piled and heaped in prodigal confusion. Gunga Din felt a curious feeling of lightness in his head. He seemed to be somewhere very far away, watching a little figure toiling along, weighted down with a heavy bag. The pesos lay shining just before him. He tried very hard to reach them and pick them up, but something held him back. Dimly he remembered that he must keep hold of the bag, that he must not lose it. How the pesos glittered and danced in the sunshine! The bag was growing heavier and heavier. It pulled him back from the bright coins, but he remembered that he must not let go, must keep it safe, must—

Douglas rose lazily from his camp stool in front of his tent. He had been dozing lightly, and as usual had dreamed of lizards. He always dreamed of lizards nowadays. Lizards, by a natural transition of thought, suggested Gunga Din. "Where's

the kid?" he wondered. "I haven't seen him all day. Guess I'll go down to the camp and get him. He's an interesting little beggar to talk to."

Gunga Din was not at the camp. Those of the men who had looked least often on the pulque remembered that he had left them about noon and gone off into the desert. About noon, and it was nearly sunset then. Douglas became worried.

"Which way did he go?" he demanded. The men did not remember. They had been too busy with the celebration. Perhaps Francisco might know. He had not tarried as long at the feast as the rest, and he was now in his tent asleep.

Douglas roused the old man from his heavy slumber. Francisco was very sound asleep indeed, but Douglas's repeated efforts finally awakened him. Yes, he had seen Gunga Din when he went. He had called out to know why the boy did not join the merry-makings, but he had not heard the answer. Gunga Din had gone toward the east. By this time the men were rather more sober and alarmed. Douglas's excitement was proving contagious. Under the leadership of Douglas and Francisco a searching party left the camp, and the rest, soon forgetting the excitement, returned to their pulque.

It was a terrible search over scorching sands under the pitiless sun. Even the stolid Mexicans, usually impervious to heat, began to complain and to lag behind. Douglas and Francisco kept them up, but it was heart-breaking work.

After all, Gunga Din had not been so

very far from camp when the sand turned to golden coins. Only Francisco had made a mistake, and it was not until the party turned to the north that they stumbled on the lost boy. He lay very still on the hot sand, face downward. His outstretched hand clutched firmly the top of a bag which wriggled feebly when they picked up the boy. His fingers were rigid about his treasure. Douglas divined the contents of the precious bag, and his voice was very unsteady as he directed the return. He carried the boy himself, and watched the drawn little face and the tightly closed eyes every step of the way.

Gently he laid the boy on his own blankets and began his work. It seemed hopeless, but Douglas was skilled in such aid and the boy was strong. Suddenly and without warning the big black eyes opened. For just a minute they remained blank and unseeing, and then somewhere in their depths comprehension began to dawn. Gunga Din motioned toward his precious bag. "Senor," he whispered, "I bring—the lizard."

Following the question in the boy's eyes, Douglas brought the box with the wire front and introduced the lizard into his new home. He took to it as if his whole life had been spent behind a wire screen, and proceeded to retire into a corner and indulge in a siesta. Douglas leaned over the boy on the blankets. "Gunga Din," he said. "You're all right."

But Gunga Din only clutched a bright ten dollar gold piece a little tighter and smiled happily.



THE HOW AND WHY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY GEORGE AMOS MILLER

Mr. George Amos Miller is one of the best writers on the Pacific Coast, and his handling of the subject of Christian Science is from the broad standpoint of a tolerant Christianity of the old school. He handles his subject in a dignified manner, and in no wise follows the trend of thought of his predecessor, on the same subject, the brilliant and epigrammatic Mr. M. Grier Kidder. Mr. Kidder, in his contribution to the bibliography on this subject, in answer to Mr. Gale's defense of his church and creed, threw off the mantle and displayed the rugged, and to some, unattractive, features of the militant agnostic. In the February number will appear Monthly on this subject. It is from the pen of Mr. Frank P. Medina, a man of keen judicial mind, a student of men and an admirer of Herbert Spencer and his philosophy. Mr. Medina's article will follow along the lines of the origin or genesis of facts and dreams and the potency of both.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



EN HAVE always been curious about the subconscious layer or personality, and that curiosity is exceedingly active to-day. There have always been ghosts and mar-

vvels and cures and now we have a score or so of new and more or less fantastic cults devoted to the practice of some form of faith in something for the ends of immediate personal benefit. Certain it is that we still know more about the world outside of us than the universe within, and the less we know the more we are sure of.

Christian Science stands high up in the list of these cure systems. It has been ridiculed, denounced, exposed and exploited, with no effect other than that of advertising its absurdities. The more unscientific its metaphysical foundation, the greater its hold on people who adopt it, not for its metaphysics, but because sometimes it helps. Rational consistency is of no consequence so long as relief comes from trouble. Most people will soon find a reason for belief in any absurdity if it will improve their tempers, stop their

complaints (and those of their neighbors), cure their vices and make them happier.

Deplore, recoil and retort as we may, the evidence of occasional but real benefit remains. Even when founded on a principle that makes every man a liar by compelling him to straighten his face and say that he has no pain when he knows that it hurts, the evidence of some cases helped must be met.

The how and why of these quondam cures of Christian Science and other systems of mental healing are of interest to all investigators of the phenomena of life. The rival claims and clashes of the friends and enemies of the systems are unimportant. Here is something that works sometimes and somehow. It is not a question of metaphysics but of experience. Whatever our metaphysics, we all eat and walk and have to meet our bills in much the same way.

Calling strychnine white, or calling it black, or calling it nothing, does not change it; it still works like poison if it is swallowed, and no metaphysics on earth ever did or ever will save the man who takes enough of it.

If these results were some new thing

in human experience, we might listen with more patience to the claims of their beneficiaries. There is nothing new about the whole phenomena but the name. The results can be matched anywhere in any time. The bones of the saints, the brew of the medicine man, the tears of a wooden "virgin," the miracle spring, the slivers from the cross, the journey to Mecca or Rome or Benares or Boston, have all wrought real cures and brought real blessings to those that have believed in them. Buddhist fakirs, magicians, fortune tellers and priests, from Bimon the Sorcerer to Father Mathew, have littered their dooryards with canes and cast-off crutches of their restored cripples. The remedies of ancient physicians were often as absurd as those of Oriental astronomers who cured an eclipse by scaring away the dragon that was swallowing the moon, but some of the sick got well, and the moon was saved. Some of these forms of belief have been so bad as to leave the patient the option of remaining sick or going crazy, with the probability of becoming both.

But how are these cures wrought and by what power do they operate?

Any disease caused by the imagination may be treated through the imagination, though many of the diseases so caused become very real diseases. The vast range and scope of hysteria is only just beginning to be understood, and the best medical authorities affirm that a host of complaints diagnosed under every name, from neuralgia to cancer and tumor, in many cases may be resolved into hysteria in some of its myriad forms. The most interesting thing about it is that the thoughts of the victims create morbid physical conditions ranging from violent suffering of every known form, to advanced paralysis. If every case of hysteria could be located with a microscope or test tube, some of these unusual sufferers would suffer no more, but so long as the major symptom of this very real malady is utter inconsistency, it is not strange that its victims do not trouble themselves about rational metaphysics, nor inquire whether the vanished swelling in the side were a real growth or only a phantom tumor. One thing only he knows, that whereas he was sick, now he is well, or claims that he is well, which often answers the purpose.

Here is the stronghold of Christian Science. The cures of its devotees are cures of various forms of functional diseases more or less due to mental conditions or habits. If indigestion is caused by general depression resulting from constant brooding over real or supposed troubles, then a change of mind will result in a cure of the stomach. Nervous prostration, neurasthenia in all its forms, and "nerves" of every variety, may be affected by states of mind, and are usually caused by mental maladjustments. That nothing out of a bottle ever reached the cause, except as the patient's mind is affected by his faith in the contents of the bottle, has been established beyond question.

The last ten years has witnessed a new emphasis on the long neglected truth that the state of mind has great significance for health or disease, and that people who would be well should cultivate cheerfulness and hopefulness and courage.

Fat folks are better natured on the average than thin people, and when we stop telling our troubles, most of them disappear.

The kink in the whole claim of Christian Science is that it won't work in cases of organic disease. Neither did the relics or miracles or prayers of the saints, of dupes of the dark or any other age ever heal a broken leg or cure a cancer, or restore one that was born without eyes, or fill a decayed tooth. There is not a single authenticated case of cure of any organic disease on record anywhere, despite the loose claims of untrained "practitioners" to that effect. The one legitimate field of mental theraphy is that of functional derangement of vital processes, and beyond this, such methods, be they sane or senseless, can never go.

The reality and potency of the "sub-conscious mind" may be said to be the greatest discovery of the last generation of psychologists. Hysteria is distinctively a disease of the subconscious mind. Hysteria owes its very baffling and little understood nature to its location below, or beyond the realm of conscious volition, and for that reason is to be treated by methods that reach its peculiar region of activity. The major channel of approach to the "sub-conscious mind" is that of suggestion, and by suggestion are wrought all the

cures and treatments that arise from this sub-stratum of life. The bones and slivers and tears and holy water and "thoughts" and absent treatment are simply suggestions and nothing more, and their effects are all produced by their penetration as suggestions, to the lower consciousness. The one treatment found efficacious in hysteria is that of suggestion, and by this key we locate the why and how of Christian Science.

The therapeutic power of suggestion rests on faith. Faith will cure anything that can be cured by the action of the "subconscious mind." The denial of pain acts as a suggestion to the inner mind, and tends to lessen the pain, *if* the cause of the pain originates in that place. The giving of mental treatment helps the sufferer by suggestion to the "subconscious self" that he is being beneficially treated and that therefore he will get well. The testimony of people who have been "cured," and the sight of discarded crutches and bandages are all powerful suggestions.

But it is claimed that broken bones are cured by the Christian Scientist in time. Certainly! Given time enough, broken bones have been known to knit since man inhabited the globe; also fevers have ceased, wounds healed and measles recovered. If only given a chance, nature will do a lot of good things, and after all, it is on the lap of old Mother Nature that we pour out our sorrows and tell our aches and pains and have our troubles kissed away. If we will only give the old lady a chance, she will treat us pretty well most of the time. Then if we are Christian Scientists, we complacently swallow the plum, and say: "What a big boy am I?"

But a good disposition helps even nature. Of course it does. So do common sense and living faith in God. Christianity is probably the best prescription for successful living that has yet been found, and certainly it is possible to live without beginning the day with a lie to one's-self and finishing by lying to every one else. Facts are stubborn things and have a way of coming home to roost, and I have noticed that the death rate is about one each, including Christian Scientists.

Now there is a sane method of getting all the results reached by the insane methods of Christian Science. No man

need abandon his reason in order to be well. "If I am sick enough to say that I am well when I am sick, I am sick indeed." There are intelligent and earnest men to-day working on this problem from a scientific standpoint, and they are surpassing the results of the mixed truth and error of the Christian Scientist, with this great difference: no attempt is made to treat by suggestion any case of organic disease that may not be affected by such methods. The befuddled "healer" attempts to cure every disease that crosses his path. If he succeeds, he publishes it abroad; if he fails, he maintains a politic silence. With his liberty of denying facts, this is always easy to do. If, in the course of time the sufferer improves, his cure is credited to the methods used, no matter whether nature was assisted or not. The sufferer from incipient tuberculosis resorts to mental treatment; his malady swings back on one of its periodical waves of improvement, and he is pronounced cured. The next dip of the wave finds him consulting some other system of healing, and he is again cured. The last cure is followed by a funeral. They cured him alright, but the poor fellow died.

There are strong indications of the rise of a new school of mental therapathy that will sift out the truth from the chaff of absurdities and place the whole subject of the relation of the subconscious mind to disease on a scientific basis. The work of the clinic of the Emanuel Church in Boston has already shed a great light on the pathway toward better and saner things. Such institutions may be expected to arise all over the country and will prove an incalculable blessing to the millions of sufferers from various forms of nervous and functional disorder.

In the mean time, people like to be humbugged, and the love of the mysterious is still prevalent. The unintelligible gibberish of these healing cults will continue so long as they serve to cure some cases, and their operators are able to reap a golden harvest from their deluded but sometimes helped followers. Christian Science is a good thing, for those whom it helps, but it is a doubly good thing for Mrs. Eddy and her partners in wealth amassed from the gains of the profession of curing, through delusion.



Where the road winds through the solid granite. The edge of the precipice is always guarded by gas-pipe railing and when there is a crossing over canyons it is made in solid masonry. It will be noted that this is not an exceedingly difficult grade and the road is as smooth as a table.

ROAD MAKING IN THE PHILIPPINES

CONSTRUCTION OF THE BENGUET MOUNTAIN ROAD

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

Miss Grace Helen Bailey is not unknown to the readers of the Overland Monthly. She has, in past years, been a frequent contributor to its pages, and her light fiction and charming descriptive articles will be remembered by our subscribers. Miss Bailey has returned to the United States after a tour in the Philippines, Japan and the Orient in general. Much of her time was spent in the American dependencies, and in this issue of the Overland Monthly she gives us an account of the building of the Benguet Mountain road. Miss Bailey has an unusually broad grasp of any subject she takes up, and she has given our readers a very graceful account of experiences in the mountains of Luzon.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



ONE OF the first acts of the Philippine Commission was the appropriation of one million dollars for the construction of roads and bridges, thus emphasizing the fact that

good roads are essential to the material prosperity of any country.

The construction of a thousand miles of up-to-date railroads, of electric lines and the hewing of splendid boulevards out of solid rock are a few of the innovations introduced in our far away possessions since the American occupation. The most stupendous feat of engineering in the Philippines, of labor triumphing over the grim resistance of adamantine steeps and precipitous mountain sides, is that of the Ben-

guet mountain road in Northern Luzon, twisting and turning its twenty-four miles of tortuous length in amazing grandeur until it lays its smooth roadways at the feet of Baguio, the summer capital.

Down in the dead flats of Manila, the visitor listens incredulously to descriptions of a cool retreat, of breezes which come as wafts from Araby the blest, laden with the breath of aromatic pines, standing in brave phalanx on the slopes of the unseen ranges rising from the levels. And it is the Benguet road which has brought the mirage to be an actual fact, which has opened up the beauties of a sparsely populated interior for the benefit of American and native alike. During the Spanish regime, a horse trail led up into the mountain fastness, and even the hardy native penetrated the wilderness of vegetation with much difficulty. But the energy and commercial enterprise of the American has to-day broken solitudes and transformed nature's impregnability into yielding passes carved from the granite flanks of the crouching hills.

In December, 1900, the American Government made an appropriation of \$75,000 for the purpose of opening up a way into Benguet province, but the tremendous obstacles in the shape of physical difficulties and inadequate labor left but nineteen miles completed by the end of June, 1903. In the same year, the commission directed changes in the specifications and location

of the road to allow for the construction of an electric railroad with a 14 ft. road-bed. Major L. W. V. Kennon, U. S. A., was put in command, and under his direction, surveys were made which showed that much of the road was unfavorable to new conditions. The labor force was swelled in numbers from 200 to 4,000, and the region became a center of activity that drew its energies from far distant sources. Tien-das (small shops) sprang up like mushrooms, and legion of families established their Lares and Penates, which in a Filipino domicile are very portable gods, in a surprisingly short time, and native life with all of its ramifications held sway along the highway. Brown babies, thick as bees about a honey-pot, toddled in the dust in front of the nipa huts, rising frail but substantial on their slender bamboo poles; goats and mongrel dogs, pitifully lean, disputed supremacy with pigs and fowl running distractedly before the vanguard of civilization.

The first policy of labor by force was a failure. Conciliatory measures proved more successful, for no power can induce or compel the Filipino to work beyond a certain period, and without a certain amount of pleasure thrown into the scale of toil. Saturday night entertainments were arranged, and bailes (balls) were a shining feature of the hours of relaxation.

At this particular stage of the district's development, the situation became more



The approach to the hill country. The Twin Peaks in the distance.



The women fish venders of Dagupan. Dagupan is the terminus of the Manila Dagupan Railroad and point of departure for the Benguet country.

complex and took on a shade that had a moral and spiritual significance. White men and youths, who had enlisted at the call to arms, fought in Cuba and the Philippines, and then drifted from the ranks of soldier and officer down the idle current of a dissolute existence peculiar to the tropics, reached up to the level of men once more, moved to the virile impulse, to new ambitions by the bracing air and play of muscles as pick rang out to pick in swing and strengthening of brawn. More than one American has confessed to redemption because of the God-sent labor on the Benguet road, when, side by side with the little brown brother he toiled for the first time in months or years.

In most cases the superintendents were white men, but in some instances Japanese were chosen on account of their ability, amounting almost to genius, in road building.

The work began to assume a permanent character, and bridges and culverts were made of masonry and concrete, ample drainage was provided and curves and grades were left in a state practicable for future railroading. The total length of road is 49.5 miles. The maximum grade is 9 per cent, and the maximum curvature, which occurs in only one place, corresponds to a radius of 82 feet. Spiral easements were used. The plan was to keep the road on solid rock, owing to the torrential rains which sweep even well-built roads into the river beds, making of months of toil a chaos of indistinguishable trails without any hint of systematized construction when the dry season shows up in the baking, steaming earth

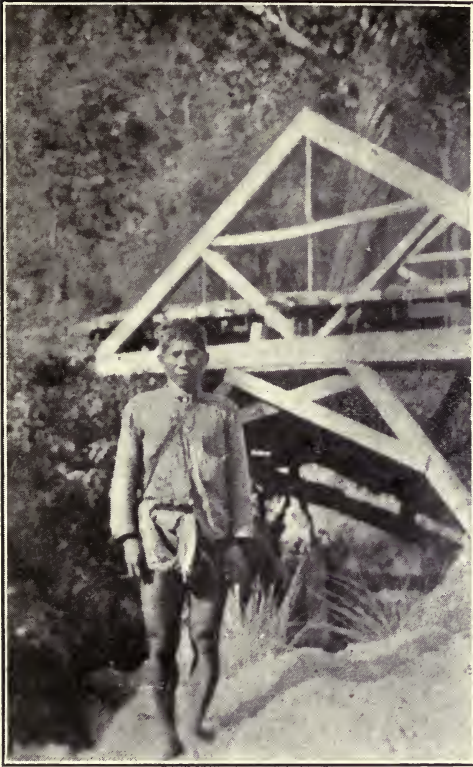
the destruction caused by the floods.

Because of the treacherous earth, the road was in one instance stripped and cut back for a length of 800 feet above the grade line. The normal width of roadway is 14 feet. The slope of the surface is 1 to 24, and toward the uphill side, ditches are provided paved with stone.

The distance from Manila to Baguio, in a straight line, would be about 130 miles. By this route—that is to say, by railway to Dagupan, where one takes either stage or automobile, 120 miles, and then by the 55-mile road (opened in the spring of 1905) the traveling distance is 175 miles.

The native never seemed to feel the need of a change of climate, and either through ignorance or indolence, failed to enjoy the refreshments of nature's sanatorium. It remained for us to create for the Philippines what Simla is to India, a refuge from the exhaustion and deadening heat of the lowlands. An altitude of five thousand feet gives the tonic of cool, bracing air, and it was the Insular Government's wise move to establish a health resort for the members of the Civil Commission and of Uncle Sam to make of a casual station a beautiful brigade post. Here the soldiers recruit strength and vigor after service in the Southern Islands.

But even if no such benefits were to accrue from a visit to Baguio, the delightful resort where log fires and a good warm blanket bring dreams of home to the alien, the unique scenery of the Benguet road would repay any one for a protracted stay in the islands, for, until the present mode of travel, the distance, expense and general inconvenience hindered many from taking



This picture shows one of the wooden temporary bridges in use over the smaller streams. This will be replaced later by a more substantially constructed bridge. The man in the foreground is a native overseer.

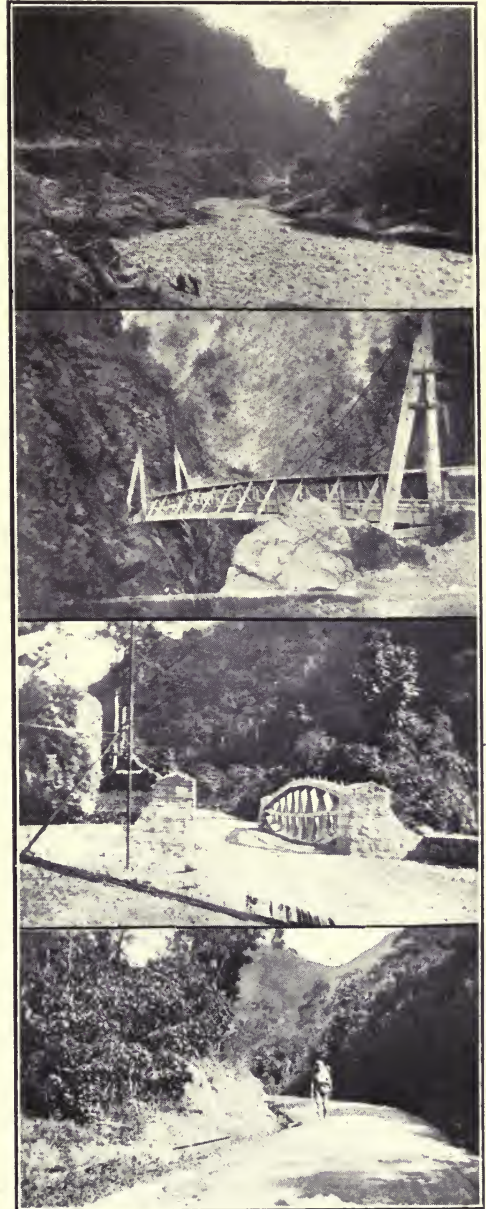
Photos by the author.

a journey to the plateaus hidden on the mountain tops.

Crossing the Carabello Pass from Manila to interior Luzon in the winter months (November, December, January, February) one dips into the clouds which hang above and on the east side of the summit of the range; in the spring the hillsides are covered with the exquisite Benguet lily, which corresponds to our St. Joseph emblem. For miles, they stretch a carpet of pure bloom rooting into a soil rich and dark as that of Canaan. Far below are the grassy hills and the groves and forests of pine, while ages of decayed vegetation have taken away the sharpness of the country's contour, except where the swiftly rushing Bued cuts precipitous clefts in the rocks or works into gorges. The interior of Northern Luzon, especially along the Benguet road, resembles the coast range of the Sierra Nevadas, suggesting at times

the Cumberland Mountains, although the latter cannot boast of the wonderful fertility of this tropical range.

Countless flowering orchids, frequently



Riverbed of the turbulent Bued on the Benguet Road.

One of the many bridges on the Benguet Road. A stone, steel and wood structure. These bridges and roads are constructed very solidly and with the idea of permanence.

The smooth roadway and culvert construction is as good as any in this country.

of great size, and innumerable parasitic plants, cling to almost every tree, or swing like hanging baskets from thick vines that wind, python-like, to huge tree limbs. From the road, one gazes into mysterious jungle depths, fecund with the quick-bearing richness of the tropics, and strange foreign sounds beat from the green density onto ears unfamiliar with the myriad and languorous life. Strange tales of the half-million head-hunters secreted in the great unmapped Northern Bontoc, come to one either as dawn glides out of the lavender East or as the short tropical sunset palpitates into the purple velvet of the transparent nights. Some of the 203 bridges are fifty feet long, and must be crossed slowly with frequent rests. As the grade rises and pauses are made on

these airy structures, swung, as it were, in space, from chasm to chasm, weird fancies, born of the vast silences and the occasional hoot of the great mountain owl come to the stranger, with a thousand suggestions of unknown things, of creatures feathered and of humans never seen on shores other than those where the sun of the Orient drops its flame of scarlet and gold.

But whether seen by the first glint of daylight or at the blaze of noon or the swift transition of dusk, the Benguet road will remain through the centuries to come a magnificent triumph of engineering wrested from the stubborn heart of an unyielding land where the American has not only planted his country's flag, but dug his brother's grave in the unresponding solitudes of its wildernesses.

THE GOD

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Is thine the call for some near Deity,
 To flash the orb and scepter of domain
 Above your unbelief of heart and brain?—
 Look up unto the sun—and bend the knee!
 The eternal resurrectionist is he;
 Prophet and Savior. Kernel, corn and grain,
 That wither in his worship, rise again
 To preach the proof of his divinity.
 The priestly rose and sensor-swinging pine,
 Twilight and star and radiant raindrop wear
 Away in adoration of his grace;
 And lo, the brightest eyes of doubt that shine
 Are stricken sudden dark, if they but dare
 Look up into the glory of his face!

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM

BY T. M. GILMORE

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL MODEL LICENSE LEAGUE.

In the December issue Mr. Francis H. Robinson, a layman, gave his views to the readers of the Overland Monthly on the subject of the Liquor Problem in an article entitled "In the Wake of the Fanatic." Mr. Robinson's work has apparently stirred the public to the dangers of the advancing wave of Prohibition. Apparently this wave has been met and partially deflected or weakened, and it seems that the people have given a verdict that all liquor questions must be settled outside of the political arena. The vote for the Prohibition Presidential candidate shows this to be true. Nevertheless, it behooves all Californians to take the words of Mr. Robinson to heart. California's welfare as a vine-growing, grain producing State is endangered. Mr. T. M. Gilmore, the writer of "The Liquor Problem", is the President of the National Model License League, and his appreciation of the very difficult situation that faces the liquor dealers and the prohibitionists, as well as the hosts of other people of the country, is novel and practical. We commend it to the readers of the Overland Monthly as an instructive and entertaining handling of the liquor problem.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



AFTER STUDYING the liquor problem for twenty years, I have reached the conclusion that the solution absolutely depends upon proper regulation of the manufacture

and sale, and upon education in so far as the use of alcoholic beverages is concerned. Mere ability to obtain drink does not make drunkards. I am fully convinced that Bob Ingersoll was right when he said that if the Mississippi River were flowing with whisky instead of water, there would be less intemperance along its shores than was the case at that time when there were so many saloons, and there would certainly be less intemperance, I think, than is the case now that most of this territory is under local option or prohibition.

It is pretty generally admitted that "stolen fruit is the sweetest," and I am sure that a boy is more apt to go wrong in so far as drinking is concerned, if his father tries to hide liquor from him than would be the case if his father kept liquor

open in the house and taught him either to use it in moderation or else not to use it at all. An exhibition of confidence on the part of the father develops character usually in the son, and what is true of the family I think is largely true of society; at any rate, prohibitory laws have never prevented the use of wine, beer or whisky.

There is not in America to-day a prohibitory law that prevents any one from securing alcoholic beverages. These laws, in fact, are not intended to prohibit either the purchase or the use of alcoholic beverages, and the Anti-Saloon League objects strenuously to the suggestion of the National Model License League that if prohibition is to be made effective, the law must prohibit, not only the manufacture and sale, but also the purchase and the use.

In so-called dry territory, liquor is obtained from wet territory, and this through the medium of bootleggers or through the rapidly developing channels known as the mail order houses, and very largely it is obtained from moonshiners, who may be located either in wet or dry territory. Before the advent of prohibition in the South

the mountains of Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia were honeycombed with moonshine stills, and there are far more of these stills to-day, doubtless, than there were when the license system was in vogue. •

The moonshiner is not afraid of Uncle Sam, and certainly he is not afraid of the State authorities, and where prohibition prevails he runs no more risk than he does where the license system prevails, but he can sell far more goods, and he can charge much higher prices, when the legalized competition has been destroyed.

It may be that humanity would be better off if there were no artificial stimulants, but there are artificial stimulants, and our artificial mode of life seems to demand them in one form or another. Perhaps if mankind were wiser, perhaps if men were more just, perhaps if the "golden rule" were universally observed, we should have no great depth of poverty, we should have no fear of want, perchance we would have but little crime, perhaps there would be more of love and less of hate, and it may be that we would be healthier, and we certainly would be happier, and, doubtless, we would feel no great desire for oblivion, or for undue exaltation, or even for a mild artificial stimulant, such as a drink of whisky, a glass of wine or beer, or a cup of coffee or tea.

One of these days, we will educate ourselves up to a proper standard of living, and we will try to be fair one with the other, and then, I imagine, there will be no desire on the part of any one to violate law or to keep a disorderly, indecent resort, or to be intemperate in any way.

Why should we permit ourselves to deal in deceptive phrases? We hear all of this talk about the temperance movement, and I know of nothing more intemperate than this Anti-Saloon League with its doctrine of hate and of intolerance, with its marchings through the streets, with its assaults upon legislative bodies, with its attempts to dictate and to catechize all men in public life.

One of the most conspicuous temperance workers in this country can give fifty-seven varieties of excuses for hating the liquor business and the men connected with it, but so far has failed to give one reason for

opposing the proper regulation. Now, the great majority of the people use alcoholic beverages in one form or another, either for drinking, pure and simple, or for cooking, or rubbing, or as a medicine or tonic. Many of these people consider themselves sincere prohibitionists, and with tears and prayers they vote against the manufacture and sale of "the demon rum," but they insist upon retaining the right to purchase this "demon rum" and using it as they may see fit.

The Anti-Saloon League says it does not want to interfere with a man's personal liberty to drink if he sees fit to drink, and yet the Anti-Saloon League knows that as long as the demand for an article exists, and is not interfered with, the article will be supplied, and, therefore, the laws merely prohibiting the manufacture or the sale of alcoholic beverages are certain to be nullified by the very people who vote for them.

The National Model License League does not believe in Prohibition because it believes that the principle of prohibition is contrary to the spirit of our liberties and contrary to common sense in Government, but it does believe that if the liquor business is responsible for one-half of what the Anti-Saloon League charges against it, it should be stamped out, root and branch, and this can only be done by the passage of a law, not by a legislature, but by the people, prohibiting the manufacture, sale, purchase and use.

It believes further that all prohibitory laws now on the statute books should be amended so as to prohibit the purchase and the use of alcoholic beverages, as well as the sale. The laws now in existence simply destroy private property, throw people out of employment and do away with vast revenues, but they do not interfere with the consumption of alcoholic beverages, as any one can readily see by consulting the records of the Internal Revenue Department for the last fifteen years.

Prohibition in Georgia did destroy the property of many distillers, brewers, wholesalers and retailers, and it destroyed a big revenue to that State, but the people in Georgia are not prohibited from buying liquor or from using it, and the mail order houses in other States are deluging them with propositions similar to the following:

"We would like to send you a case containing four bottles of very fine old whisky. - Each of these bottles holds a quart, and at retail would sell for \$1.25. This whisky was made years ago, and it has been thoroughly ripened in the wood. It is rich and fragrant, and we insure its giving satisfaction. We will send you a case, with all charges prepaid, and you can open one of the bottles and sample the goods. If they are not satisfactory, send them back to us at our expense, and if they are satisfactory, send us a check or Post-Office Money Order for \$3.50."

Every man who uses whisky will naturally send for one of these cases, and men who do not use whisky as a beverage send each for a case because they fear they may require it in an emergency—that is, in a case of sickness, heart-failure or accident, or where a man might be disposed to entertain his friends.

Of course, we all know that if a State were to prohibit the manufacture and sale of cigars, the law would not interfere with the consumption of cigars, but would increase their consumption. Where the law does not forbid the use of an article, there is no reason why any one disposed to use it should not continue to use it, and the mail order houses are sufficiently industrious to give each individual an opportunity. If such a law were passed, therefore, in regard to cigars, every smoker would order his cigars by the box, and if he bought them in this way, he would certainly smoke more cigars and give more away than would be the case where the demand is supplied by retail from cigar stores.

Our idea of regulation has been expressed in the model license law which the National Model License League advocates. We take the ground that a license to retail liquors should renew itself year after year so long as the business is permitted in a community or in a State; that it should be transferable from one individual to another at the will of the man who owns it; that the number of licenses should be limited to not more than one for each five hundred of population; that the cost of the license should not be excessive, as an excessive price for a license would destroy its value; and that for the first conviction of the violation of law by the holder or

his agents in the conduct of the business, the license should be suspended for thirty days, and for the second conviction the license should be canceled.

Our idea is that a license should be made very valuable, so that the holder will try to preserve it from cancellation, and then we think the penalty should be mandatory, so that no political boss or judge could minimize it and render it profitable for the holder of the license to violate law.

Local option would not be so objectionable to us if it were properly submitted to the people. A local option vote is nothing more than a referendum of the question from the legislature to the people in general, and the people should be given an opportunity of saying just what they want. Furthermore, the people in one locality should not be allowed to impose local option on another locality that does not want it. To compel the people to vote either for the saloon or for prohibition is unfair, as the majority of the people might be opposed both to the saloon and to prohibition, and might be compelled in this way to vote for what they deem to be the lesser of two evils.

A proper ballot should ask at least four questions of the voter, the first being "Shall we issue saloon licenses?" to which he could vote "yes" or "no." The same ballot should ask: "Shall we issue tavern licenses?" The third question should be "Shall we issue merchants' licenses?" and the fourth question, "Shall we issue druggists' licenses?"

A merchant's license provides for the sale of alcoholic beverages in original packages not to be drunk on the premises, and thousands of people who vote against the saloon and for prohibition would greatly prefer to vote in favor of the sale of alcoholic beverages by a local grocer, provided these beverages could not be consumed on the premises.

I submit that the best way to bring about obedience to law is to have laws that meet the approval of the people. It is axiomatic that unenforceable laws do more harm than good. The present prohibitory laws in many states fail of enforcement because of the fact that they offer large prizes to violators of the local and State laws, and are nullified anyway by the laws of the nation. Agitation is a profitable

business. Crowds will flock to hear abusive language from the rostrum, and will pay liberally if the orator has ability to work on the emotions. But when the prohibitionists have won their victories, what do we find? More than half of the country has been voted dry in the fifteen years last past, and yet the uncontrovertible figures of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that the yearly use of alcoholic beverages has increased five

and one-half gallons for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Let us have proper regulation in place of criminal destruction. Let us have model laws that will take the liquor question out of politics and the law breakers out of the liquor business. Let us teach self-control and be active in forwarding an altruistic feeling that will give a fair chance to the poor devils who give way to drink because of their poverty.

GOD'S 'PLAINT

BY JOSEPH NOEL

They build Me a temple at Delhi;
 They raise Me a city called Rome;
 They filch from my heart its dread secret
 And waft it again to My throne
 In incense that deadens My senses
 And prayers that are dull and profane—
 They stifle My impulse to love them
 With crimes they commit in My name.

They gird on the sword of dishonor,
 They fight and they war, as in hell
 The demons that spawned them are warring,
 And none but the demons may quell
 The noise of their greedy encounters,
 Encounters that bring naught but shame
 To the cheeks of these heaven dispensers
 Who paradise sell in My name.

The poor and the lowly among them
 Are cursed and condemned, as of old
 I was cursed in My hour of sorrow
 Then brought to the market and sold
 For thirty small pieces of silver—
 To-day that old price is the same—
 They barter their Christ for a living
 And barter Him still in my name.

THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BY JOANNA NICHOLS KYLE

In his great Columbian poem, read at the opening of the World's Fair in 1893, Dr. W. A. Croffut represented a prophetic vision as cheering on the discoverer of America when his heart was oppressed by the manifold discouragements of his daring enterprise. "The Prophecy" is a vivid description of what the United States was destined to become under the magic wand of invention. Columbus is imaged as gazing sadly, almost hopelessly, upon "the luminous waves astern," when, as if pictures were formed by the opalescent hues:

*"He saw the lightning run an elfin race
Where trade and love and pleasure interlace,
And severed friends, in Ariel's embrace,
Communing face to face.*

*"He saw an iron dragon dashing forth
On pathways East and West and South and North,
Its bonds uniting in beneficent girth
Remotest ends of earth.*

*"He saw the myriad spindles flutter round,
The myriad mill wheels shake the solid ground,
The myriad homes where jocund joy is found
And love is throned and crowned.*

*"He saw celestial peace in mortal guise,
And, filled with hope and thrilled with high emprise,
Lifting its tranquil forehead to the skies,
A vast Republic rise."*



PERHAPS a similar vision vaguely dawned upon the framers of our federal constitution when, at the suggestion of James Madison and Charles Pinckney, they inserted in that document a clause empowering Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries"—the foundation of both our copyright and patent laws. Perhaps a vision of himself as a special benefactor of the people of his own State

was present with Benj. Huntington, of Connecticut, when, soon after the first convening of the general legislature, he moved that the constitutional powers of that body be exercised for the advantage of inventors and authors. At least it is noteworthy in this connection that Connecticut has taken out more patents than any other State. That Mr. Huntington's bill ever became a law was perhaps due to a timely word from General Washington himself, who, in his first address to the assembled Houses of Congress, called attention to "the expediency of giving effectual encouragement as well to the introduction of new and useful inventions from abroad as to the exertions of skill



THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE. NOTE THE SIMILARITY OF THIS BUILDING WITH THE U. S. MINT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

and genius at home." Thus the importance of monopolies of this class was recognized in the earliest days of Government, for the infant nation, weaned from its parent State, had need of all the helps available. The records of the world's history show the benefits of wise, just and limited monopolies, and President Washington judiciously laid stress upon imitating the example of other nations in this respect. His signature is attached to our first patent law, which was entitled "An Act to Promote the Progress of the Useful Arts."

It has been matter of considerable controversy between many distinguished practitioners and writers upon patent law as to whether or not a patent is a monopoly. Prof. Wm. C. Robinson, of Yale College, in his learned work, throws the light of a keen, discriminating mind upon the subject. As a primary basis, he shows the word monopoly to be derived from two Greek words signifying *alone* and *to sell*, the privilege which it describes having been exercised by the merchants of ancient Greece, though not as grants from their Government.

Neither did the Roman Emperors exercise any such patronage towards those of their subjects who manifested extraordinary inventive talents. On the contrary, it is alleged that Tiberius, on

learning that a skilled workman had discovered the art of making glass malleable, asked if he was the only person who knew the secret, and being answered in the affirmative, ordered the head of the presumptuous genius to be struck off, lest he should injure the trade of the workers in gold and silver. But in all European nations, where the germ of commercial progress was latent, even in their barbarous days, a friendly hand was extended by the rulers of the people to all who introduced new or improved comforts to physical existence. Inducements, such as political immunities and commercial franchises, were offered by the sovereigns to their subjects to enter into the then perilous mercantile business. Importation of novelties from abroad is frequently a stimulus to invention at home. Merchant guilds were formed under the patronage of Governments which, as trade increased, grew into those mighty federations of commercial cities that made even monarchs tremble on their thrones. Yes, it was in the looms of Spain's Netherland provinces that the flag of the free Dutch Republic was woven. One of the strongest combinations in ancient days for mutual protection and common interests was the Hanseatic League, originated by the towns of Northern Germany, which existed for centuries, and whose diet of man-

agement at one time received delegates from eighty-five cities. It was allied by treaty with the chief towns of France, Spain, Italy, and Holland, besides conducting all the foreign trade of England.

The first merchant guilds in England sprang up soon after the invasion of William the Conqueror, but these were entirely of a domestic nature. Among the curious privileges bestowed by the early English monarchs was that for the sole manufacture of playing cards, and a grant of the exclusive right to make the Philosopher's Stone was actually given to a select number of persons. But the country did not assume control of its foreign commerce until the middle of the sixteenth century, when Edward VI withdrew his royal favor from the Hanse factories in London and bestowed their privileges upon his own subjects. As the native associations grew in wealth and influence, various abuses crept into the system, such as securing the protection of the crown by loans of money and other services. People who had no intention of entering the mercantile field bought these rights and sold them again at a profit—a species of speculation which attained its height of corruption during the reign of Elizabeth, and brought all kinds of monopolies into great disfavor. The exclusive privileges granted upon the commonest articles by this

Queen to her favorites actually raised the price of salt until it ranked as a luxury, and the poorer classes were deprived of its use. But a reaction from this unjust species of taxation took place during the succeeding reign. James I, in his Magna Charta of 1623, voluntarily abolished the power of the crown to grant monopolies, except to inventors of new manufactures, and even these were restricted to a limited exercise of the novel art (namely, fourteen years) during which time they were required to instruct apprentices in its familiar use, and to file a written description of the same in Chancery.

This was the first great era in Patent Legislation. As Hon. Charles Eliot Mitchell, Commissioner of Patents in 1890, says somewhat paradoxically: "The patent system had its birth in a statute against monopolies." But the English people had suffered so long under unjust grants of protection that their eyes were jaundiced beyond the power of discrimination, and they regarded with jealousy even the deserving class favored under the new law, viz., inventors. The man who ventured to disclose a new discovery and asked permission to reap the fruits of his mental labor was treated in a most exacting manner and subjected to numerous harassing obligations and penalties in connection with making good his claim. Only when



THE MODEL ROOM AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

time had dulled the public sense of injury and memory presented the commercial atrocities of the past in a dim perspective, did the creative workman become appreciated, and popular sentiment recognize his claim to remuneration. It was necessary that this remuneration should be conferred by law as humanity is prone to accept acts of beneficence without even verbal thanks. From the time that the nine ungrateful lepers were cleansed to the present day this mournful fact is evidenced. As no natural obligation compels the ingenious thinker to divulge his scheme for advancing human comfort to a selfish community, enlightened Governments deem it right to interpose arbitrarily and secure some emolument as a reward to the public benefactor, if for no other reason, for the interested motive of stimulating renewed exertions on the part of men of inventive genius. According to a decision rendered by Lord Eldon, letters patent create a bargain between the inventor and the community, by which he enjoys for a few years the profits of his brain labor in finding out and perfecting something advantageous on condition that he relinquishes to the people those privileges at the expiration of the period agreed upon. There are only a few individuals who are filled with a burning zeal to help their fellow men gratuitously, sacrificing time and money to their Quixotic scheme of amelioration, and these are ordinarily characterized by the colloquial epithet of "cranks." But the promise of pecuniary gain has unlocked the treasure houses of science and men, who might have remained inventive dreamers, have become practical experimenters whose successes have given an immense impulse to the advancement of the industrial arts, hence to national prosperity.

Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, Commissioner of Patents from 1883 to 1885, in his admirable argument against those who urged that the grant of exclusive property in a patent imposes burdens upon our people, says with keen irony:

"One important fact in the matter of using articles and machines which have been patented seems to be generally overlooked, and that is that no one is compelled to use any patented invention. The blessed privilege of sticking to the old

way abides with all of us, notwithstanding the patent system. Farmers are under no obligation whatever to lay aside the sickle, scythe or cradle, and use the reaper and mower. They may still, if they will, rake and bind wheat and oats with their hands instead of doing it by machinery. There does not rest upon them the slightest obligation to use the thrasher or separator, since they are at perfect liberty to swing the flail or use the tramping floor. The hand loom may still be used, notwithstanding the inventions of Jacquard and Arkwright, which are supplemented and improved by modern inventions. The old spinning wheel need not be thrown aside because the inventive genius of man has given us the spinning jenny and its kindred aids in that art. There rests no obligation upon any of us to use the telephone, the telegraph, the locomotive, or the engine. In fact, in all things we may stick absolutely to the old way and submit ourselves to all the inconveniences and discomforts of the olden time."

Well did the framers of our constitution foresee the sound policy of offering a reward for inventions. That the United States ranks as she does to-day among the civilized nations of the earth is due to the vital pulse of invention which is throbbing in her veins. There is no "dog in the manger" reserve among our gifted citizens, but, in accordance with the terms of the Lord Eldon compromise, each inventor publishes an accurate description of his device and its use, while the community protect him temporarily in the exclusive gains of his invention with the understanding that he will eventually surrender it to them. A primary condition upon which patent issues in the United States is the filing among public records complete specifications of the article to be patented, and, in case of simultaneous inventions, so liable to occur in this land of busy, nervous, competitive thinkers, the first claimant who files such specifications ranks with him who first actually practices the invention, and either must stand or fall by the order in which the one step or the other has been taken.

The first national patent law of the United States was a very simple one. No discrimination was made between alien applicants and those who were citizens; no

oath was required, but it was deemed essential that a drawing or model of the thing invented should be filed. England, meanwhile, had again changed her attitude toward inventive talent, and was treating this class of claimants for her bounty with undue consideration. Amendments to patents and extensions of rights were granted upon very trivial pretexts. A radical difference between the new, or *American* system, and the old English one was the examination into the novelty and utility of the object prescribed by Congress as a preliminary to every grant. A board of examination, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Attorney General, was appointed to investigate the claims of inventors and decide if the discovery was sufficiently useful to justify the issuing of a patent. In July, 1790, the first application of this character was considered by Jefferson, Knox and Randolph, in solemn conclave, who adjudged Samuel Hopkins worthy to receive a patent for his new method of making pot and pearl ashes, the document securing to him for fourteen years the exclusive profits accruing therefrom. The signing of this pioneer patent has been aptly termed "an act of historic grandeur." It was the precursor of some five hundred thousand similar documents. About fifty-seven patents were granted under the original law, when, in 1793, an amendment was made to the act, the chief features of which were that the duty of issuing patents was imposed solely upon the Secretary of State, subject to the approval of the Attorney General; an oath was required from the claimant, the fees were increased to the amount of \$30, and aliens were excluded from the privilege of taking out patents. But in the course of time, the claims of a multiplicity of inventors surpassed the capacity of the State Department, and it was determined by Congress to create a new bureau, investing it with judicial as well as executive functions in relation to all questions of patents and patentees. The building of the Patent Office was an era in the history of our patent system, as it was an epoch in the architecture of our public buildings. The new edifice in its massive Doric simplicity has often been characterized as the most beautiful public building in Washington.

It was commenced in 1836, during the administration of Andrew Jackson.

In 1849, the patent bureau was incorporated under the jurisdiction of the Interior Department, it being fully organized and in excellent working order. Its functions consisted of determining the validity of each application for a patent, adjudicating between rival claims, and publishing all available information concerning the existing condition of the various industrial arts. The first Commissioner of Patents was Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who was provided with a force of experts in law and mechanics to assist in the thorough investigation of every claim. Under the English system many invalid patents are issued, the adjustment of which has to be relegated to the courts, all for lack of that thorough investigation which, under the American plan, is made to precede the grant. It is alleged that Sir William Thompson was so impressed by what he saw while visiting our Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia that he said: "If England does not amend her patent laws, America will speedily become the nursery of useful inventions for the world"—a prophecy which is being fulfilled. The patent office exhibit at that Centennial in 1875 was indeed an object lesson which was studied abroad to some profit. England, who had been seriously contemplating the propriety of abrogating her patent laws, instituted new legislation in that direction in 1883, upon a more liberal and popular basis. Germany revised and improved her patent laws, and Switzerland, which had long been cited as "a State prospering without a patent system," changed her attitude in this respect and passed her first act in behalf of inventors.

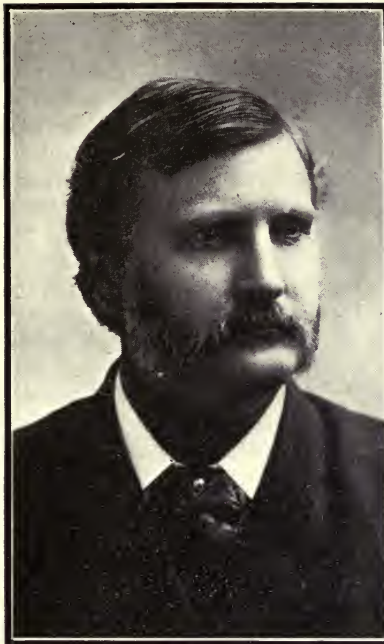
By our patent system, it becomes possible for an inventor to learn the status of each art to which his invention relates to an extent entirely beyond any information attainable by his unaided efforts. Skilled examiners perform the task of search and investigation far beyond the attainment of any individual, and in a short time inform him if any probability exists of a subsequent defeat of his patent by evidence being brought forward of the use or knowledge of his invention in past years. The verdict of the patent office gives a

market value at once to his conception; fear of future litigation is lessened, and people who have capital are more willing to assist the impecunious thinker in reducing his airy fancy to a tangible reality. The amount of delay and expense which is saved by the admirably systematic arrangement of our Patent Office cannot be over-estimated. To determine whether an alleged invention is really patentable or not involves a careful scrutiny of every article of the same species used or already patented in this country or described in a foreign publication. The Scientific Library belonging to the bureau furnishes extensive assistance for the study of industrial development at home and abroad. Being purely technical in its character, it is not a circulating library, but it is open for consultation by the general public, and as a source of information upon its particular lines of investigation, it is unsurpassed by any collection of books in the world.

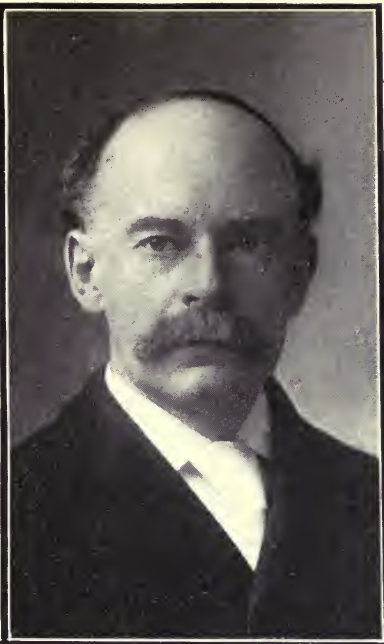
For the more convenient and efficient handling of the vast number of claims which are received each year, the work is assigned to more than thirty divisions, representing the various industries, and is again divided into over two hundred classes and over four thousand subclasses. Rival applications for patent on the same invention are dealt with by an Interference Division, both parties being required to file, in sealed envelopes, papers duly certified to stating the date of their conception of the invention and the date upon which it was perfected by them. Upon opening these sealed statements, the question of priority is often absolutely settled. When a patent issues to a contestant with a patentee, both claimants, having become holders of patents, the quarrel must be decided in a court of justice, where both parties are only applicants, the issue of patent to one is a denial of it to the other. An Appellate Tribunal composed of three examiners in chief is provided, to which either party may appeal, as may also any applicant who has been disappointed by the rejection of his petition for patent on the grounds that his invention has already been patented. A further appeal in either interference or *ex parte* cases lies to the Commissioner, and from him to the Court of Appeals of

the District of Columbia. Under our system, also, the inventor has the additional opportunity of filing a caveat to secure a hearing in case some other person should conceive the identical idea and perfect it while he was still struggling with the problem of reducing it to practical utility. The persistent diligence of each becomes an item of consideration in adjudicating their claims. In contrast with the encouraging attitude of the United States towards its men of talent is the "bleeding system" of Great Britain, as described by Charles Reade. One sadly comical chapter in the novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," portrays the intricate maze of proceedings, to each of which a fee is attached, that must be traversed in order to procure a patent for anything in England. The old country clings with conservative reverence to its primitive institutions. English law makes no distinction between the man who has the progressive ingenuity to introduce some novel manufacture from abroad and the man who possesses a creative gift. But America places a premium upon new ideas. She does not reward borrowed or imitated conceptions.

The Model Room of the U. S. Patent Office was called into existence by the act of 1836, and the long gallery appropriated to this purpose is filled with cases of models arranged according to subjects. This room is accessible to the public each day during the hours of business. The publication of an annual list of patents which was ordered at the time of organizing the bureau has developed during the past 72 years into an Official Gazette, which is issued weekly, and contains not only the list of patents, but a description of each, as well as the names and addresses of all patentees, beside a digest of decisions rendered by the commissioner. These pamphlets, when bound, form a volume covering annually 2,000 pages, with 13,000 illustrations. The Official Gazette has a wide circulation, and if every inventor, manufacturer and capitalist does not have full information upon what has been achieved in the realm of invention, it is his own fault. Since the year 1871, provision has further been made for supplying bound volumes, containing full copies of specifications and drawings of each



The Honorable Benjamin Butterworth.



The Honorable C. H. Duell,
Commissioner of Patents 1898.

patented invention, to the capital of every State and territory, to the clerk's office of each Judicial District, and to the Congressional Library.

The Commissioner of Patents is a Presidential appointee, and receives a remuneration of \$5,000 per annum. The Assistant Commissioner's salary is \$3,000, that of the Examiners in Chief is \$2,500, while the compensation of subordinate clerks and draughtsmen is graded according to the importance of the work they perform. All promotions are made after competitive examinations. Since 1852, each successive commissioner has made urgent recommendation for an increase in the salaries of those officials under his direction, whose duties require a high order of legal and scientific knowledge because the force is often crippled by the resignation of principal examiners who, having found the Patent Office a valuable training school for the practice of patent law, after a few years of this experience are able to command outside an income three or four times the salary paid them under the Government.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Bureau is entirely self-supporting, all of its ex-

penses being paid from the fees received, while each of the past seventy years, with only a few exceptions, shows a surplus of several hundred thousand dollars. The total balance in the U. S. Treasury to the credit of the Patent Office amounts to nearly six millions, yet not one penny can be paid out except by act of Congress. However large the receipts for work, or how important it may be for the interests of inventors and of the general public that the action of the office should not be dilatory, the Commissioner of Patents is powerless to secure additional assistance, even from a messenger boy, without special legislation. Inventors would gladly pay more than the present amply sufficient fees if they could receive prompt attention. but under the circumstances. this would effect no redress of grievances. The work is frequently six months in arrears from lack of a competent force to handle it, notwithstanding the fact that the hours of business are prolonged. Space is also badly needed to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing business. The model hall has been steadily encroached upon, and the beauty of its architecture eliminated by partitions to furnish rooms for

the clerks. To quote from the report of Hon. Benj. Butterworth upon the official status in 1884: "When the advantages which our country derives from the patent system are considered, in connection with the fact that it does not cost the Government a farthing, the whole expense being paid by those having business with the office, either as applicants for patents or otherwise, it would seem that there should be no hesitation in appropriating at least the money paid in and received by the Government in trust for the purpose of promptly and efficiently conducting the business of the bureau."

More than a century has elapsed since the adoption of our Federal Constitution, and the whole period of a hundred and twenty years is a record of the improved conditions brought about by invention. The United States is founded upon an invention, for as Lord Bacon wisely said: "The West Indies would never have been discovered without the discovery of the mariner's compass." In 1890, the centennial of the American patent system was celebrated, an event without a precedent in history. Distinguished personages from all parts of the country participated in this honorary gathering at Washington City, and addresses were delivered which pointed out emphatically the tremendous importance of the Patent Office, commercially, mechanically, artistically, politically. The contract between the commencement and the close of that creative century was overwhelming. In 1790 three patents were taken out, the aggregate fees for which amounted to \$15; in 1890 these figures were exchanged for 26,292 patents, and a sum of \$1,340,372.60, showing an excess over all expenses of maintaining the office of \$241,094.72.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that Americans have presented to the world all of the greatest inventions—the cotton gin, the planing machine, the sewing machine, the perfected steam engine and locomotive, the air brake and automatic couplers, the palace and sleeping car, the street car, the steam boat, the modern plow, the harvester and automatic binder, the elevator, the typewriter, the friction match, the perfected printing press, vulcanized rubber in its myriad applications, boot and shoe machinery, wood and metal working ma-

chines of all kinds, the revolver, the machine gun, the Monitor, with its revolving turret, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the electric motor, and the insulation of electric conductors, without which the ocean cable were an impossibility.

Speaking of the last wonderful achievements of human genius, Hon. Robert S. Taylor of Indiana says very beautifully: "Electricity had had the faculty of speech in a thundering, unintelligible way, but to Morse was reserved the task of teaching it to write." The first test of the telegraph was appropriately held at the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, in 1838, through a circuit of ten miles. Six years later, after a convincing exhibit of the miraculous capacity of the invention before the House of Representatives, a line was constructed between Washington and Baltimore, the nucleus of that great ganglia of what has been poetically termed "the nerves of the body politic." "By these organs of sensation (telegraph wires) society feels the shock of a massacre."

Some of the most humorous verses of Oliver Wendell Holmes were provoked by the alternate failures and successes which attended the laying of the first ocean cable. He attempts, in Hiawathian strain, to chemically analyze the mysterious voice which, out of dim distance, thrilled the nation with its "All right, De Sauty." Dear old Dr. Holmes lived to see the complete revolutionizing of our social conditions. Not only were written words transmitted, but the very speech of absent friends had become audible. When we contemplate the new industries which have been created since 1880, in which millions of money are invested and many hundreds of men employed, it seems hard to believe that the electric light was first regarded as an impracticable dream. Yet as late as 1880, there were only three light and power establishments in the United States. The electric street railway also met with strong opposition when it made its appearance about twenty years ago; to-day the mileage of electric railways is estimated in the thousands, affording to those of our citizens who are employed in cities a rapid transit to the purer air of suburban homes after the business of the day. The telephone, which was long regarded,

except by enthusiasts, as a mere toy, has grown to be a necessity of commercial and social life. Space will not permit me to trace the unparalleled rapid growth of the bicycle industry since 1890, the result of the invention of pneumatic tires, or the development of the type-writer, also of recent birth; the manufacture of kodaks which has resulted from the craze for amateur photographs, or the cash carrier industry which has almost eliminated the epithet of "Cash" as applied to little boys and girls employed in stores. Aluminum, which was once a mere product of the laboratory, obtained at a cost of \$10 or \$15 a pound, is now produced by a patented process, and put upon the market in large quantities, where its practical utility is being fully appreciated. A new declaration of our independence of Great Britain was Henry Bessemer's modern process of making steel. In 1865 the rolling mills of Chicago produced the first supply of steel rails by the Bessemer method and the consequent wealth accruing to the

United States from the use of this cheaper material cannot be over-estimated when we consider that the United States is the greatest steel consuming nation on the globe.

Among the marvels of the present generation may be registered the graphophone, the kinetoscope, acetylene gas, smokeless powder and wireless telegraphy, but perhaps the most imposing invention which has been perfected during the past century is the Mergenthaler type-setting machine.

In watching the linotype's wonderful operation one feels in the presence of an intelligent creature. The great arm reaching over with accurate regularity to grasp each array of the tiny symbols, seems truly human, or rather superhuman. As one of the operators in a big newspaper office said recently to a visitor, "That machine has more sense than a man—if *it* makes a mistake, it stops working at once till the error is corrected, but a man will keep right on."

THE ANGELUS

BY CHARLES HAMMOND

These two, with bowed heads they stand,
 While o'er the fields the silvery bells
 Chime forth the Angelus.
 Long was the day and weary, yet their toil
 Brings recompense in garnered sheaves.
 E'en though they cannot clearly read
 The deeper messages our Mother Earth
 Gives all her children who will clasp her close,
 They feel its thrill and live content,
 Together in their labor and their love,
 And with the eventide comes rest.



BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

San Francisco's Old Chinatown has been wiped away, and the quaint, picturesque little city that has been replaced by a new Chinatown as unlike its predecessor as it is possible to imagine. The supremely artistic colony that antedated the great disaster has given way to an intensely commercialistic, ugly, modernized Chinatown blazing with the White Devil's incandescent lights and hideous with the downtown, glazed-brick style of architecture. In "Pictures of Old Chinatown," a volume fresh from the presses of Moffatt, Yard & Co., Arnold Genthe, well known for his supremely artistic work in photography, gives us again the old colony as it existed before that eventful April of 1906. For a number of years previous to that time Dr. Genthe had been at his task of recording the Celestial depicting him as he lived in the little city of his own by the Golden Gate, registering upon his films and plates the rare life of a rare community.

In doing this, Dr. Genthe, unbeknown to himself, was becoming Chinatown's recorder, and his eloquent picturings of that which has passed away is fraught with a great historical interest. The Chinatown that we have today is an eminently more healthful affair than the one before the fire, but it is woefully far from being as artistic and interesting, and many picturesque elements of the former life are gone unquestionably forever. This wonder city of yesteryear is what Dr. Genthe has given us. We are once more beholden to the stolid pipe-bowl mender of the street, to the Pekin Two Knife Man who used to play the mountebank in the public highway, to the "hop" fiend, to all the weird people of that strange city that was the

wonder of the tourist and the globe trotter. The children in rags and in brilliant finery, the marketman and highbinder, the toy-vendor and consulate, are shown to us amid their environs of another day. The joss-house with its streaming banners and curious beflowered balconies, uncemented, unglazed, un-Americanized; the dingy alleys that reeked of mystery and crime; "The Devil's Kitchen"—all are seen again.

What Dr. Genthe stands for in photography is generally known, and it is useless to touch here upon the quality of the pictures, the charm of composition, and the unstilted unphotographic sense of naturalness that pervades them all. The book is admirable in every sense of the word. An illuminative text has been written by Will Irwin, formerly of San Francisco, which as he says himself, is intended but as "a frame for the pictures." It is handled in Irwin's happiest vein. Those that loved the Chinatown of old for its mystery, its beauty, its art, and its endless interest, will want this book once they have seen it. It radiates the spirit of the past.

—Barnett Franklin.

* * *

"Little Letters to Boys Grown Tall" is one of the very best of the gift books of the year. It is an exceedingly practical work, and deals with questions on which a boy should be sure of himself. Letters written in such a practical and attractive manner should be sure guides to success. The book is a fine accessory, where other books are given the graduate from the high school or the young man in college. It is a key to the secret of how to succeed, and any man should be proud of giving this

book to a boy. No one can come to harm who follows its advice, and while it is a clean, healthy book, it is not one of the distasteful psalm-singing sort of books that scare the boy from the path of duty.

The Abbey Press, Chicago.

* * *

"The Psychology of Advertising," by Walter Dill Scott, is a book that will make an acceptable gift to any business man at any time. Mr. Scott has studied his subject from every angle, and his deductions are strong, and lucidly given. The book is an actual necessity to every man who is in business, for it must be admitted that the man of business of to-day who does not advertise is a *rara avis*, obtaining his success by other methods and generally they are dishonest ones; otherwise he is a failure. The book is full of excellent illustrations, and in make-up is fine. The author has hit the nail on the head in his introductory, which reads as follows: "The author dedicates this volume to that increasing number of American business men who successfully apply science where their predecessors were confined to custom."

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

* * *

"The Voice of the City," with a subtitle of "Further Stories of the Four Million," is a continuation of the "Four Million Book." It is a strange compound of hodge-podge of the good and the bad. Some of the characterizations are better than is usually met with in the books of the day, and then again one comes across an introduction to a chapter that is crude enough to bark the literary shins. Take this, for instance: "The Shoeks of Doom." This is so sonorous and weighty. Let us see some of the things that follow almost immediately, in the first paragraph. Here is a peach of a description: "Raw and austere astringent as a school girl." Now, let the reader imagine an "astringent school-girl." And "May breathed austere among the budding trees." "For three minutes he mildly regretted the last hundred of the last thousand that it had cost him when the bicycle cop put an end to his last automobile ride." Just a little farther on we read: "And Valance fell grandly, as Lucifer to the lowest pit, joining the tattered ghosts in the little park." The whole chap-

ter reeks with impossible conversations on possible conditions. There are innumerable sentences in the book that begin with the word "And," a recurrence that is annoying. Otherwise the book is interesting but not compelling in its intensity. Mechanically, it is only a fair production, from cover to cover.

The McClure Co., New York.

* * *

The historical novel is always interesting if the story be simply and well told. Mabel Wagnalls tells us of "The Palace of Danger," and in and around the story of the first years of the loves of Louis and the Pompadour, she has woven a very clever story of the loves of a gentleman of the court, one "de Vrie," and "Destine," a lady-in-waiting to the Pompadour. It would seem that we had been surfeited with court stories, but this one is an exception, and the language is well chosen, while the story itself is most interesting. An insight into the character of the great royal prostitute is given that is at once interesting and educating, but she is simply accessory to the drama, and gives the atmosphere. The story would make a good play, especially the scene where De Vrie lies dying of starvation in an underground chamber at Bellevue. Here he is discovered by the King, who accuses his mistress of faithlessness, and who is brought back to the feet of the Pompadour by a set of strange and interesting circumstances.

Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, New York and London.

* * *

A New Book.

Mrs. Edith Ogden Harrison, wife of Mr. Carter H. Harrison, the former Mayor of Chicago, whose charming fairy tales have delighted the English-speaking juvenile world for the past three or four years, has recently finished a new book entitled "The Flaming Sword and Other Legends of the Earth and Sky." Unlike its predecessors, "Prince Silverwings," "The Star Fairies" and the "Moon Princess," all fairy tales told with rare grace, the present volume consists, in part, of stories adapted from the Bible, and of others based on natural phenomena.

There is freshness in the sources of the author's inspiration, and she handles her

mediums with loving and with reverent care. Mrs. Harrison has a style peculiarly pleasing, and even children of an older growth cannot fail to note the charm of this latest work from the facile pen of one of America's most fascinating women. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, are the publishers of Mrs. Harrison's latest literary success. The book is beautifully illustrated by Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins, with many plates in color and black and white drawings, introducing the tales, of which there are fourteen. The dedication reads: "To the Right Reverend Thomas J. Conally, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, as a token of the respect and esteem of the author." Mrs. Harrison is spending the winter in Pasadena.

* * *

Helen Rowland has written a book that will be relished by all men and women who have a taste for the *sauce piquante* of life. She has a most intimate knowledge on many subjects, men, women, marriage and the game of love. Really, what this little woman, the widow, I mean, doesn't know isn't worth knowing. Bernard Shaw is not in it with her. He is practically out-Shawed, and her sayings are on the lips of the reader for days after finishing the book; indeed, they haunt one with an insistence that is annoying. Here are a few of her milder sayings:

A widow is like an heirloom, only parted with at death; a grass widow is like second hand goods, which somebody else has gotten rid of.

As far as men are concerned, a woman's morals may be as crooked as a dark lane at midnight, providing her manners are light and smooth and gentle and guileless and tender.

There is some glory in giving up a big vice, but the trouble is that most of us haven't any great criminal tendencies, but just a heap of little follies and weaknesses.

A man hates being pinned down; but a woman doesn't want anything around that she can't pin down, from her belt and her theories to her hat and her husband.

The lover who promises all things is like the man who disputes the price—because he has no intention of paying the bill.

"The Widow (To say Nothing of the Man)" by Helen Rowland.

Dodge Publishing Co., New York.

"A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems" captions a daintily gotten-up volume of verse by Lyman Whitney Allen. Mr. Allen deals with some exquisite fancies, and shows quite an understanding of different forms of verse. Several of the smaller poems are quite charming in their delicacy and simplicity, but there is too great a tendency in the longer ones toward the seeking of strange words and eccentric methods of expression. There is, too, quite a touch of Oscar Wilde influence to be discerned here and there. This is especially marked in the title poem.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25 net.

Tom McInnes in "A Romance of the Lost" has a little volume of verse that shows quite a poetic insight and feeling, but his poems are often mechanically imperfect. Much of this slurring in verse-manufacture of these days is to be laid, no doubt, at Mr. Kipling's door, and it is called to mind particularly in this case because the author of the instance is evidently a native of Canada. In his narrative verse of the Northern country, Mr. McInnes pleases most.

Desbarats & Co., Montreal, Canada.

In "The Minstrel with the Selfsame Song and Other Poems" is to be found a bundle of verse on every conceivable subject under the sun—and some besides. In addition to this, there are a number of translations thrown in for good measure. Charles A. Fisher is the bard, and he informs a tolerant public by way of introduction:

"Some in earnest, some in jest;
Choose whichever you like best!
Judge it ill or judge it well—
Do but buy! 'Twas made to sell."

Which is hardly the manner in which the sincere poet prefaces effusions to "Remorse," "Heliotrope," "Regret" and "Blindness." It must be said, however, that this volume offers a wonderful range of poem-topics—a gamut has been run from an "Ode to Passion" to a eulogy of "The Great Salt Lake."

Frank Fisher, Baltimore, Publisher.

The Century Company has issued from its presses one of the very best of all the Christmas books to come to my table. Anne Douglas Sedgwick has an accepted audience who delight in her character delineations, and who find that in this new novel she has touched the high water mark in the tale of a rare woman who has married early a man whom she could not love. She has a brief, mad infatuation for a young artist, and the facts connected with this incident have clouded her life.

It is a fine story this of a woman's lonely existence away off on a country place, where her husband appears only on occasional visits, and Miss Channice's ability as a writer comes in when she tells of the husband's late appreciation of the wife's virtues and his attempt to make love to her when he is at last surfeited with all the pleasures of a riotous and sinful existence. Her son comes to know the mother's story, and it is with the unselfish devotion of this youth

that much of the story has to do. The plot is a good one, the tale is well told, there are no illustrations.

The Century Co., New York.

I firmly believe that no publisher would ever consent to print the hodge-podge called "The Realm of Light" unless he were paid for doing so. Of course, it may be that I am wrong, but the story bears all the ear-marks of being a thing that has passed through the hands of many publishers. It is of the type of the Great Refused.

The author has shown a marked ability in the line of nomenclature discovery. He has invented more new and wonderful names in his "realm" than ever were known to literature before, and his imagination is always working overtime, but, unfortunately, his literary ability does not keep with his flight of fancy. 'Tis a common disease, this itch for writing, and Mr. Frank Hatfields is sorely afflicted.

Reid Publishing Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

Ralph Waldo Trine has done a good work in his "Life Books." One of these was "In Tune With the Infinite." You will probably remember it. Mr. Trine has the happy faculty of saying things epigrammatic and good, without the usual tone of vulgarity that accompanies the epigram. The maker of epigram is, as a rule, careless as to whether his coinage is of spurious moral tone or not. He does not care whether his bell rings true or not, so long as it rings loudest in the market place. Mr. Trine's latest work is the booklet called "On the Open Road." It is a creed of wholesome living, and brilliancy is without the cant that nearly always accompanies the rules laid down by the teacher. It is practical, and it illustrates fully the first text which reads: "To live our highest in all things that pertain to us; and to lend a hand as best we can to all others for this same end." It is a good book to give to the man who runs and reads, or to the woman, for the matter o' that.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"The Russian Bastille" is a small volume by Simon O. Pollock, published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago. The book is an account of the prison of Petropavloska, near St. Petersburg, and it purports to be a truthful account of the sufferings of the political prisoners and terrorists who have been incarcerated within its walls. It is a gruesome tale of suffering and martyrdom, and of some very deserved punishments meted out to those who belong to the class of half-insane protestants against existing order in Russia. Incidentally to the tale, it is recorded here that the rulers of Russia have shown a wonderful degree of patience in most trying circumstances, and that executive clemency has been extended in instances of murder which would not have met with the slightest consideration in the United States or England.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

The reviewer is in receipt of an advance copy of the work by Professor A. C. Coolidge, from

the presses of the MacMillan Company. The work is a comprehensive one, and the author is certainly a scholar, but he has some strange notions as regards the condition obtaining in the Philippines, and in our relations with Canada. He seems to have imbibed beliefs from the tourist or traveler, or from other books by people who have just as slight a knowledge of conditions as he has himself on certain subjects. His general learning and grasp is wonderful, and it is only in these mentioned instances that the Reviewer, from the modest standpoint of the layman who has traveled and who really knows, differs in opinion. Professor Coolidge's work is indispensable to the student. It is the very latest on the subject, and by far the most exhaustive study of existing conditions.

The MacMillan Company, New York.

H. A. Mitchell Keays has another book that will do quite well for the holiday season. It is quite as good as his "The Road to Damascus." It has a very good title. It is called "I and My True Love." The story is one of great interest, and it is needless to say that love plays a great part in the life of Gregory, Christine and Madame Kitty. Read the story and you will agree with me that it is quite a good one, though at times it is entirely too conversational. The winning of Christine by Benny and Sargent's final happiness in Madame Kitty, do not admit of serious criticism. It is all light and airy, with a leaven of occasional pathos. There is not enough to it to make you weep, and there is much to keep you feverishly interested to the end, and that's all modern fiction is intended to do. The illustrations are by Lester Ralph. They are in two colors, and they are well done.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

Old Virginia has furnished so much to American literature in its early history that we are apt to look forward to anything coming from that historic soil with feelings of anticipatory appreciation.

We are not wrong when it comes to the work of Mary Johnston. The author of "To Have and To Hold" has lived up to the repute of her former work in "Lewis Rand." The title is not so alluring as "The Prisoners of Hope," "The Goddess of Reason," and "Audrey," and there is certainly much in a title. It is an exciting tale of the early days of the Republic. Miss Johnston is more than herself in her account of the trial of Aaron Burr and her portrayal of Jefferson is masterly. The background to the love story—the motif of the tale—is "Old Virginy" 'way back in the earliest days of the American Republic, and there is no writer of historical novels of to-day who is capable of using such a background to such splendid advantage.

The illustrations are paintings in full color reproduction, and are splendidly done by the well-known artist, F. C. Yohn.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston.

Arthur Brisbane has written a most curious

monograph on Mary Baker Eddy; in fact, this is the title of the book. Except for the italics and patent capitals the style is the same as that employed in the yellow Hearst papers. It is a most singular logic, and the book begins thus: "Where there is a big effect there is a big cause." Polonius could not have done better. The rest of the work is on a par with the first sentence, and yet there be people in the world who will gladly welcome this really pretty volume as a Christmas gift. It is nicely bound and well illustrated, and will be prized as a gift by any follower of Mrs. Eddy.

The Ball Publishing Company, Colonial Press, Boston.

Once in a while the reviewer comes up bump against the distasteful task of saying pretty hard things about books. I have one in mind just now. It is "That Man from Wall Street." It is written by Ruth Everett, and is about the worst mingling of hodge-podge nonsense it has ever been my misfortune to read. The last paragraph in the book is the only one I would commend, and that it is the last is the reason for the praise bestowed. It would have been better had no one ever suggested to the author that pens were made to write.

George Thiel Long, New York, N. Y.

"Dame Curtsey's Book of Guessing Contests," by Ellye Howell Glover, is a book that will be found useful in every household in the land. In this little volume will be found contests, old and new and contests easy and difficult. No evening can possibly be dull with this book in the house; it is a fine book for the rainy day and the vacation time may be made cheerful by it. It is the volume to fill in the hour that lags.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Boyhood of Lincoln" is a small volume devoted to the story of the early life of the martyr president. As years advance, we find all the homely attributes of this wonderful character appeal more and more strongly to us. It is the youth of this quaint and good man that appeals to the children, and Eleanor Atkinson has written a story that endears Lincoln, the boy, to hearts of all readers, old or young. The main charm of the boy, as well as the man, was his absolute human feelings, and this is the dominant note of his boy-life. This is a fine gift book for the young boy.

The McClure Company.

"The History of California" is a volume just issued by the American Book Company, from the pen of Helen Elliott Bandini. Mrs. Bandini is an old and valued contributor to the Overland Monthly. Her work on this history is a painstaking one, and she has been in a splendid position, because of her family affiliations, to give the world a true and an unbiased account of the earlier events in the history of California. Many parchments and other data have been at her disposal, through her family connections, and she has thus been enabled to set straight some of the misconceptions of other writers on the subject that is the burden of her work. We

cannot say anything complimentary as to the illustrations. How any publishing house, making the pretensions of the American Book Co., could possibly bring itself to illustrate so valuable a work with such miserable attempts at illustration is beyond conception. A noble work, such as this is, should have compelled the employment of the very best artists obtainable. Roy J. Warren is a mere dabster, and the grammar school student who could do no better would be drummed from his class in disgrace. Our sympathies are with Mrs. Bandini.

The American Book Company.

"The Grand Army Man" is one of the prettiest of the gift books of the year. An old man who loves his adopted son, a lad who is loved by a lassie. The boy goes astray. A foolish but not intentional act. The woes, emotions and experiences of these three, and others, form a most interesting story.

Because Wes' is a Grand Army man, and his love for the flag is second only to his love for his boy, the book makes special appeal to Grand Army men, perhaps; but the theme of the book, the mingling of gentle humor and pathos in the telling, these things are of world-wide appeal; and the dramatic quality of David Belasco's plot has lost nothing in Harvey J. O. Higgins's re-acting.

The Century Co., New York.

"Though Life Us Do Part" is the rather extraordinary title of a very interesting novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Ward.) A husband and wife; the husband is his wife's inferior in a social sense. They are wealthy. He drinks. He makes love to the other woman; she is a brainless wealthy woman; she has no sense of discretion, and she and he bring the family relations of the pair of married ones almost to the breaking point. Dr. Chanceford Dane, the drinking husband and hero, joins the army, and is reported among the killed in the charge up San Juan Hill. The plot is a fine one, and calls for Mrs. Ward's undoubted skill in bringing it to a happy denouement.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Ida D. Bennett has given the world a good book in "The Vegetable Garden." The dweller in the suburbs, and indeed the dweller in the cities, will find this book one of the most useful of all the practical, sound and scientific expositions of vegetable gardening published. Besides dwelling at length on all the vegetables which form the staples of the small garden, Miss Bennett has dwelt on insecticides, fertilizers and garden tools. All of the information is practical and up to date.

The McClure Company.

As it is announced that Mr. William Jennings Bryan will run again for President, it is perhaps a good idea to forget that Richard L. Metcalf's book, "The Real Bryan," is printed on poor paper, and that the whole volume has rather a cheap appearance.

On the title page we find this selection:

"They call a man a statesman whose ear is turned to catch the slightest pulsation of the pocket book, and denounce as a demagogue any one who dares listen to the heart beat of humanity." It is more than probable that the compiler of these "extracts from the speeches and writings of a 'Well-Rounded Man'" had a spell of uncontrollable laughter after he finished this title page. There is nothing in literature so sarcastic as the words of the Commoner Sage when adapted to himself. Mr. Bryan is a good politician; he is a good parent, and he is the peripatetic presidential possibility, but it is as a press agent that he shines most refulgently. There are some good things in this book, but the one thought that surges into the reviewer's brain after a perusal is that the man himself is lamentably deficient in all that goes to make a statesman, and that he does not know it, which is unfortunate for the American public.

Personal Help Publishing Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

Have you read "The Riverman," by Stewart Edward White. Well, it may not suit your particular taste, but to me it is the best of all the stories written by that exceedingly clever author. It's a wonderful thing, this story of Orde and his struggles, and his strong character stands out as the embodiment of the West and Western ideas, while Newmark represents the culture and the business cruelty of the East, and Orde the wide, honest horizons of the West. The girl Carrol is one of the loveliest and sweetest minor chords that ever ran through a novel. The book is virile, full of strong business combinations and heart interest. It is, best of all, an American book through and through. It should interest all men and women who have human feelings and hearts susceptible of being made to stir the faster for stirring words and situations full of action and passion. The illustrations are good, and are by N. C. Wyeth and Clarence Underwood.

The McClure Co., New York.

One of the best Christmas brochures of the booklet by David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., University on "The Higher Sacrifice." It is short and to the point, and to illustrate the text, many modern instances are quoted. It is one of the very best and most useful of the things penned by David Starr Jordan, and would make an acceptable present for young or old. It is beautifully bound and is printed on special paper.

The American Unitarian Association.

"Aunt Maud" is a deliciously entertaining volume Aunt Maude gets into the most intricate tangles in trying to make a match for her beautiful niece, Irene. Breaking into the thread of the general story is the affections and tribulations of another pair of lovers. The story is an ingenious and entertaining one.

The McClure Co., New York.

Anthony Hope has given us a most fascinating story in "The Great Miss Driver." This healthy

young Englishwoman is surely a wonder, and her conquests, social and otherwise, stir your pulses. The advance notice told us that she was the modern female embodiment of Rupert of Hentzau, and we wondered wherein the resemblance could be shown. We are not quite ready to admit that the simile was a good one, but we will admit that "The Great Miss Driver" is more than usually fascinating, that she is dazzling, that she is witty, and withal a most interesting personage.

The McClure Co., New York.

"The Gentle Grafter" is full of rollicking good humor, and consists of a series of tales about an interesting number of personages, all related to one another, and as whimsical and droll as anything ever told in Twain's wittiest vein. Mr. O. Henry has shown us a most extravagant humor, and we have enjoyed it to the full. You will laugh till your sides ache at the adventures of Jeff Peters and his side partner, Andy. A quiver goes over you when you read that Peter says he could "never hold Andy down to the legitimate ethics of pure swindling."

The McClure Company.

When Hans Christian Andersen told us his fairy tales we vowed no other writer and no other land could furnish us with anything to equal his collection. From the other side of this great globe we call a world William Elliott Griffis has collected a bunch of fairy tales. "The Fire Fly's Lovers" tells fairy tales of Old Japan.

This is a book for the young folks and all who love to travel in the land where the fairies live. It tells of children born out of the clouds; of tea-kettles that turn into badgers and make fortunes for their owners; of the Fire Fly princess who holds court in a lotus-lily; and of a creature ready to call to eat up bad dreams. It explains just how and why the jelly-fish has no shell, and other mysteries. The monkeys, frogs, cuttle-fishes and whales in fairy geography are all highly accomplished, while their pranks and achievements explain many things too wonderful for science to account for. Japanese giants like Benkei and splendid heroes like Raiko equal, if not surpass, anything known in European wonder lore. As for Lord Long Legs and his procession of insect nobility, nothing in the Lord Mayor's show in London can beat it. Of course, there are at least two dragons in this book. One is well utilized to burn up a naughty priest, and the other spurs on ambitious boys to rise in life, even as the carp leaps the waterfall. How the finest brocade ever made came to be woven from love and the down on a crane's breast, and why the "whale foot" measure is two inches longer than the "metal foot," can only be known when one learns what cranes can do in fairyland and how funny whale behave when they become jealous.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Old Man Coyote" will please the young. It is one of the Christmas books, and it is of the "old man" coyote it treats. The coyote is made to talk and do things that are clever and other-

wise, and this clever old skulker of the plains and the uplands becomes quite a character. Clara Kern Bayliss, the author, has studied the characteristics of her hero thoroughly, and she has given us a book that, in its way, is quite as interesting as "Br'er Rabbit." The volume is illustrated in color by Edward Blaisdell in a very artistic manner.

The stories are all of them laughable and wholesome, and cannot fail to please the children.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

The great question that comes to every parent is what shall I get for the boy? The boy must not be given trash. He must not be fed on literature that will have a bad effect on him, and yet his mind will not assimilate the poetic works of Browning and he cannot be expected to enjoy Yogi philosophy. Marion Crawford would put him to sleep while Howells would induce nervousness that would be incurably chronic. Dime novels stir the blood overmuch and heat the brain. There remains to the parent a choice of a very few writers. Everett McNeil is one of these and in "The Boy Forty-Niners" he has given us a fine sample of his conscientious and stirring style. I cannot say too much for this book as a Christmas volume for boys and, although it is dedicated by the author to the boys and girls of America, it is such an enjoyable volume that the Reviewer hied himself to a quiet corner of the Muir woods to revel in its details. It is full of red blood of stir and adventure, and it is recommended to the boys and girls who would not grow up into woolly molly-coddles and to the molly-coddles who would be live ones again.

The McClure Company.

"Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candlestick-Maker" is a snip of a volume the responsibility for which is traced to Robert Seaver, by means

of the title page. Mr. Seaver is just a mite worse than many perpetrators of feeble-minded books of alleged humorous verse, for he has not alone produced the "pomes," but the pictures as well. The pictures aforesaid are supposed to be drawn after the manner of ye old tyme wood cut, I suppose, but they are more than suggestive of the art work of the kindergarten, and the pomes abound with cheap puns and forced attempts at wit, of the garden variety.

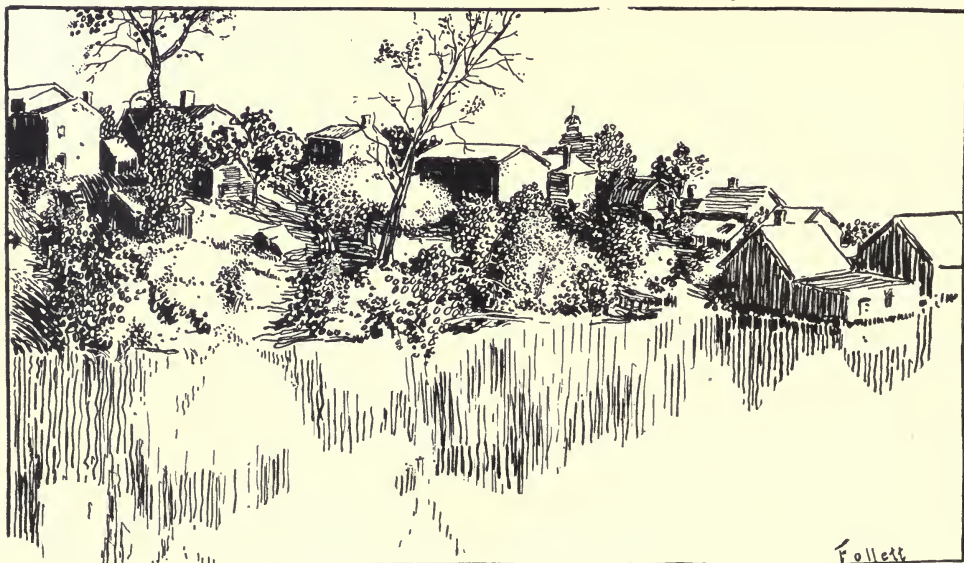
Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. 50 cents.

"Three Years Behind the Guns" is a book that may be recommended to boys. It deals with the life of a youth in the United States Navy, and it takes in the stirring times of the war with Spain and the capture of the Philippines. It is full of interest from start to finish. The illustrations, those that are not taken from photographs, are of the crudest variety, and send chills up the spine of the man who knows. The hero of this chronicle ran away from his home in San Francisco and enlisted just in time to cross the Pacific on the Olympia. The lad found himself part of the machinery of an engine of war at the time of the Battle of Manila Bay, and he tells his tale well. It is an anonymous work, and is only initialed by the author—one L. G. T. The illustrations are not particularly good, although made by a San Franciscan, some of them by Chris Jorgenson.

The Century Company.

"The Spring Cleaning" is a fairy tale by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and it is one of the best of the holiday booklets yet come to hand. The illustrations are perfectly beautiful pieces of dainty color work. The book is for the child—and you may bank on it that the child will be frantically in love with it.

The Century Co., New York.



Follett



Como Lake, head of B. R. V. I. Co. canal, before work began on the dam, which will raise level over seventy feet when finished.



There are miles of these drives in the Bitter Root Valley. The county spends thousands every year in keeping them in shape.

THE BITTER ROOT VALLEY

BY GEORGE M. TEALE



THE BITTER ROOT Valley is practically Ravalli County, Montana, lying in the southwestern corner of that State, hemmed in on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and

the west by the Bitter Root range. The valley is about 80 miles long by 15 miles wide at extreme points. The entrance is at Missoula Pass, where the Bitter Root river leaves the valley through an opening a few hundred yards wide.

The valley has an average altitude of about 3,500 feet, and is bisected by the Bitter Root river, carrying water sufficient to irrigate every acre in the valley and leave plenty to do it all over again. The river has a fall of about 15 feet to the mile, abounds in red throat, trout, and other game fish, and the banks are lined with trees and bushes of all the varieties to be found in the Western woods.

A great many people, "when they think of Montana think of zero weather," which is far from the truth. The western portion of the State is really part of the Pacific Slope, and enjoys the benefit of the warm winds blowing from the sea. The Bitter Root Valley being the southwestern

corner, and protected as it is by the Rocky Mountains from the breath of Boreas, has all the possible good to be derived from that fact. The Bitter Root range on the west is peculiar, being of the saw-tooth formation, more like a series of ranges ending at the valley, with beautiful valleys or gulches reaching back for miles, which, in addition to furnishing abundant water for irrigation, allows the soft western winds entrance to the valley, thus giving them a climate similar in many respects to central Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. Though owing to its protected position free from severe winds, tornadoes, cyclones and hurricanes being unknown, the winters are never severe. One old farmer I was talking to the other day pointed to a bob-sleigh he had and stated that in eighteen years he had only been able to use it twice. The summers are delightful, and have made the valley quite a summer resort, as many of the leading families of Butte, Anaconda, Missoula and other cities have found it an ideal place to spend the hot months. Beautiful evenings, with wonderful cloud pictures and the multi-tinted mountains, with the rays of the setting sun lighting up the crags and peaks, give a glory seen only in few places on this old world of ours. The

nights are always cool, and to sleep is as natural as to eat. There are many people who have come to the valley broken in health and dispirited. It took only a few weeks to make them pictures of health, and they are now land-owners and permanent residents and boosters.

The county has the best roads I have seen in many a long day. The automobile is getting to be quite common, and the Board of County Commissioners are to be congratulated on the roads and bridges.

The market for the Bitter Root Valley is second to none. There are the cities of Missoula, Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Wallace and numberless mining towns and camps within two hundred miles of the valley whose demands are always greater than the supply. In fact, the statistics show that thousands of dollars are annually sent from this State to supply produce that the Bitter Root Valley can and will get as their production increases. So that they have at their very door an unlimited market not to mention the Eastern demand which will develop beyond their wildest hopes as soon as the Eastern buyers find out the greatly superior quality of their product.

Fruit of all kinds does well here, but the great producer, the one on which the valley bases its reputation, is apples—apples of all sorts and kinds. However, plums, cherries, pears, peaches, strawberries, currants and small fruits have given returns quite remarkable.

Of all the apples I have ever seen and tasted, there is none that in my opinion equals the one grown in this valley and known as the McIntosh Red. In the first place, it is, when properly ripened and colored, a most beautiful deep red, and easily takes on a polish superior to any apple I ever saw. Then the size is good, as is the shape. It has excellent keeping qualities, and the flavor is fine, not only for eating raw, but it is a first class cooking apple. It is also fine grained and juicy, possessing all the qualities needed to make an A No. 1 commercial apple. In addition to which it has a good shaped tree, and bears full crops every year. The his-



1. Marcus Daly home.
2. Oat field on Ward estate. Crop 1908 was 94 bushels to the acre.
3. Valley of Bitter Root. Ward flumes.
4. Valley of Bitter Root. N. P. Ry.



One of the beautiful McIntosh Red Apple trees on the ranch of D. C. Grays— \$1,000 an acre refused.



Head gate on Ward Ditch.



Ranch House of J. O. Read, Pres. Fruit Growers' Association and proprietor Hamilton Hotel, 2 miles from Hamilton, Montana.

tory of the McIntosh dates back over one hundred years, when an old pioneer, Mr. McIntosh, in clearing part of his homestead, near Dundela, Canada, discovered about six young seedling apple trees. At that time they were valuable, so he saved them, but the only one that turned out to amount to anything was the one illustrated and became famous as the McIntosh Red. I am indebted to Mr. George Blair of Victor for the history, as well as the photo, which he secured in person on a visit to the old place, and, by the way, he has the model apple storage house of the valley where he can store twenty cars of apples. His orchard is very good and well kept, also.

The Alexander is another very popular apple, larger than the McIntosh, but not quite so excellent. The Wealthy, the Snow, Wolf River, Jonathan, Senator and many others might be mentioned, as they all do well and have their points of quality, and good ones. The transcendent crab is an apple that always commands a good price and is easily handled, and when one remembers that there is absolutely no worm or pest or disease among the apples in this valley, it is easy to understand the great demand there is for them. Just think what

that means. There has never been known to be a worm in any fruit in the Bitter Root Valley. It is not only true now, but will, according to experts, always be so, for the codlin moth flies only at night, and then only on warm ones, and the nights here are always too cold for them, being hemmed in by the mountains.

The pear does excellently here, and quite a number of orchards have given good results. I might mention the one of Mr. Gibford, near Darby, who has 1400 trees of Flemish Beauties and Bartletts. Off of one tree he packed 18 boxes, which, if you figure at \$2 per box, equals \$36, which is not so bad. Strawberries yield at the rate of \$500 per acre, and cherries from \$2 to \$6 per tree. Prunes often run as high as \$8 and \$10 per tree.

The vegetables grown in the valley are of exceptionally fine flavor and large size. Hundred pound pumpkins and cabbages too large for the largest sized water buckets are common. Onions, carrots, parsnips, etc., and the potatoes are superior to any I ever saw. No matter how large they may be, and they often weigh as high as five pounds, they never have hollow centers nor black rot, and cook up mealy and fine, and I predict that within



MAIN STREET, HAMILTON, MONTANA.

a few years they will be leading in the potato markets of the world. Their celery is equal, if not superior, to the famous Michigan brands.

Right here is a good place to tell how Mr. Thomas Holloway of Florence gets such results. He has the finest apples I have ever seen. They are McIntosh Reds, and to see is the only way to appreciate the wonderfully perfect apple he got, and his whole crop was A No. 1. He claims that the color and size and quality are on account of cultivation and the distance between trees. He raises apples only on a given piece of ground, and does not try to work it too hard. He irrigates very little. He begins early in the spring, and turns the moisture under and keeps it there by constant cultivation. By this treatment the trees harden up, and he keeps up this treatment till the apples are half grown. He then fills in the ditch, leaving ground level, so the water will not flood the trees too much.

Grain and hay are excellent crops in this valley, and some wonderful returns are recorded in that line. Mr. John F. Woods, who has the name of being one of the best farmers in the valley, planted 31 pounds of oats from which he threshed 186 bushels and 21 pounds, or, in other words, he got 6 bushels for every pound of seed he sowed, and had within 10 pounds of his seed left over. He also had a field of 40 acres, which averaged 119 bushels per acre. W. P. Hall got 103 bushels of wheat from one and a half acres. May Brothers' ranch near the town of Stevensville, has yielded two heavy crops of alfalfa per year for fourteen years, while timothy and clover are always sure, and, in fact, crop failures are unknown. All the meat sold in the valley is killed here, and the consequence is, that one has such meat as is seldom found in packing houses.

There are several creameries, the most prominent and best known being the one on the Bitter Root stock farm, whose product has a market all over Montana. There is always room for good dairy men, and a demand for dairy produce.

There is a fine market for all poultry produce, eggs bringing from 30 to 60 cents per dozen, and a demand that is never satisfied. I find that all fowls and even turkeys thrive wonderfully.



Como Peaks on left. Ward's Mountain in middle. Ward estate lands on far side of river. "Big ditch" of B. R. Irrigation project in the foreground. Daly Ditch Flume on hillside at right.

Hamilton is the county-seat and largest city in the valley. It is beautifully situated in the center of it on the Bitter Root river, and Northern Pacific Railway 47 miles from Missoula. There are 3,000 or more inhabitants, and it is an up to date, modern place, with two good schools, seven churches, a fine brick city hall, electric lights, water works and is kept clean, neat and attractive. The streets are broad and lined with good brick stores and beautiful homes. Here is located the main offices of the Bitter Root Irrigation Co.—known popularly as “The Big Ditch”—the Daly estate and the Ward estate, also the big lumber mills of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. and the Big Blackfoot Lumber Company. The public schools are well managed, and they have an excellent corps of teachers. The county court house is a fine large brick structure, with every modern convenience, and the jail is likewise modern in every way, but very seldom occupied, as crime is scarce in the valley.

Hamilton is experiencing great prosperity right now, one merchant remarking

to me lately that his business has increased seventy-five per cent this year over last year. New buildings are going up on all sides, both stores and dwellings, and there are not enough houses to supply the demand. There is an excellent opportunity for a man with some capital, say a contractor or good builder, to come in and build houses to rent. Every building in town is rented and full.

There is need for canneries, and fruit dryers. It also seems quite strange to me that some big preserving house has not a branch factory here. The fruit is all good, and the vegetables exceptional in quality and yield. In the line of business houses this city is very fortunate, as there are some very representative houses here, also two banks. The Ravalli County Bank and Citizens' State, excellent institutions with the best men in this part of the valley on the directory, and ample capital to take care of their customers' needs. The confidence of the community is expressed by the large line of deposits carried.

The Hamilton Hotel is the best man-



MAY BROTHERS, LEADING MERCHANTS OF STEVENSVILLE, MONTANA.



McIntosh Red Apple ranch of Geo. A. Blair, near Victor, Montana—43 acres—Owns largest apple house in valley, 20 car capacity.



Stevensville Hotel, Stevensville, Montana.

aged and most popular hotel in Ravalli County. There is very seldom a night in which they have a vacant room, and they have a large line of city boarders. All of which is due to the excellent management and painstaking care of mine hosts Mr. and Mrs. James O. Read. It is managed in a most ideal manner, and the fact that Mr. Reed has been for years a hotel man of some reputation in the West before taking up this hotel may account to some extent for his success. The table is one of the best I have ever seen at a hotel, and is always kept up to a high standard. They have a fine model farm about two miles out of the city, where all their produce for the hotel is raised.

The proprietor, Mr. Read, is not only the leading hotel man, but one of the leading ranchers and president of the fruit growers' association, which has branches in every town in the valley, and is doing a good work in showing the fruit ranchers how to pack their apples and market them. The association is composed of most of the best ranchers, and is gaining strength every year.

The Ravalli Hotel was built by the late Marcus Daly to accommodate his friends and visitors. It is a building more like a club house than hotel, set in a square, surrounded by trees. The accommodations are very good, and it is managed by Mr. Thomas C. Riley. Hamilton is fortunate in having such excellent hotels.

The May Brothers may be mentioned as types of the modern, pushing, energetic boosting business men. There are five of them in Stevensville, and it is good for any town to be able to name such men among its citizens. Mr. George May is

very prominent in every movement looking to the betterment of the city and surrounding country, and is ably assisted by his brothers. They are doing much toward the advancement of the valley.

Stevensville is the second city in the county, situated about 20 miles north of Hamilton in a broad part of the valley. It is the oldest city in the valley, has between 800 and 1000 inhabitants, and it is here that old Ravalli Mission Church is situated, also Fort Owens, where the Government had their headquarters for years before the Flathead Indians were moved to their reservations. There are several old pioneers living there among whom may be mentioned Mr. Whaley, who was Indian agent for years, and whose sons now run the Hotel Stevensville, which is an excellent place to stop when visiting the city, having recently been thoroughly renovated and fixed up in first-class shape. The table is excellent. Among the business houses may be mentioned Stevensville Mercantile Co., owned and run by May



RAVALLI HOTEL, HAMILTON, MONTANA.

Bros. They occupy a new building erected at a cost of \$50,000, and one that would look at home in a city of 25,000 people. They have the leading business, and it is growing fast. Next is the Amos Buck Mercantile Co., which is also a very large concern, doing a growing business, carrying all lines, including implements. Then Henry Bucq & Co., J. Fousts jewelry store and the Stevensville Drug Co. The livery business, run by Evans & Davis, is much such a one as you would expect in a much larger place. In fact, the city is full of good boosters, and on the verge of a good boom, for the Bitter Root Irrigation Co. own several thousand acres not far from the city limits, which they expect to have water on in the immediate future, and when they are sold it will make Stevensville a place of several times its present size. The land above referred to is excellent for orchards and diversified farming,

such a line as the Northern Pacific has to run extra trains to handle the traffic.

One of the model ranches near Stevensville is the Mountain View, owned by Carroll & Plummer, and managed by Ben Plummer. The value of farming on scientific principles and careful attention to detail is here shown by the results obtained. Their Percheron horses and Poland China hogs have a name in the valley second to none.

One of the oldest and best known ranches in the valley is the D. C. Bass ranch, lately bought by Mr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich., of Corn Flake fame. It has nearly every known variety of fruit on it, and is one of the show places of the valley.

Mr. Lewis of the bank will gladly answer any inquiries from any one.

Victor is the third town in the valley, has 500 inhabitants, and like every other



BUSINESS SECTION, HAMILTON, MONTANA.

and will be sold in various sized tracts. Lewis's private bank enjoys a good patronage.

The public school is deservedly a source of pride to the community, and the churches of the leading denominations are very much in evidence. Among the orchards near Stevensville none deserve mention more than that of Henry Buck, with 3,000 trees of the leading varieties. One very noticeable thing is the streams of crystal clear water flowing through the city. The city owns good water rights out of Burnt Fork, which gives the citizens an opportunity to irrigate their gardens—which they do, with the result that the city is beautiful with trees and flowers and grass.

Stevensville is on the direct line of the electric railroad, which will be built next year, and there certainly is a demand for

one, enjoys a beautiful location. It is surrounded by good lands, and while it has not received the publicity that others have, it will soon receive more attention on account of its location near some good lands which can be had at reasonable figures. There are two very good general stores there. Appolonio, Waters & Co. and a branch of the Missoula Mercantile Co., under the able management of Mr. Wiles. Mr. Joseph Appolonio is a great booster for Victor, and being one of the board of county commissioners, is in a position to do a great deal of good for his community. Victor has excellent schools, churches and a large public hall. The bank here is well patronized, and a strong institution. They have lately installed an electric light plant so that the city is well lighted.

Mr. St. John, vice-president of the bank, and druggist, is an example of what a

man can do in the valley. He came here with practically nothing a few years ago, and now is one of the leading men.

The Victor Hotel lately bought by Mr. McNair, has undergone complete renovation, and in the spring he expects to erect a new brick structure which will be an honor to the town.

One of the most beautiful ranches in the valley is that of C. H. McLeod, about 3 miles from Victor. Mr. McLeod is one of the leading business men and foremost citizens of Missoula, and through his many interests in various lines of business, especially the Missoula Mercantile Co., of which he is president and manager, is doing a great deal to build up the city and country.

Corvallis, seven miles from Hamilton, on the line of the proposed electric rail-

Northern Pacific Railway, though it is expected to be extended several miles within the year.

It has a very large territory to draw from, and the new Como orchards and University orchard tracts are very close, which will bring a great many of the very best people in the East out here, as it is a high-class proposition. A sort of restricted orchard farms which are sold only to carefully selected parties, and will be turned over to them in bearing orchards with homes and buildings complete. Among those who have bought tracts in the University and Como tracts are many of the foremost educators in the country. Among them is Professor Harry Pratt Jordan, also Professors Hale, Miller, Lovett, Schwill, Salisbury, Gale, Blackburn and Hobbs, of the Chicago Univer-



Representative ranch home in Bitter Root Valley on Bitter Root stock farm.

Steam shovel at work in Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Company's canal.

Beautiful apple orchard in bloom near Stevensville.

road, is a very picturesque little burg, surrounded by orchards.

The leading business man is Dr. Thornton, who owns the drug store, and is one of the most popular men in the valley. The general stores of Mr. Bowden and Mr. Slack are doing a good business, and with the advent of the electric road, the city will experience a boom, as they have every requisite except the focusing of public attention to its attractions.

A model ranch near Corvallis is that of M. G. Kern. Mr. Kern, unlike many others, confines his work to only 80 acres, though he owns some more land. But he has brought his home ranch up to a state where it makes him more than many others get from twice as much land. His home and barns are models of convenience, and are lighted throughout with gas.

Darby is the terminal at present of the

city; Professor Northrup of Minnesota, and Professors Coffin and Smith of Madison, Wis., and others. It will, in fact, be a summer resort for university men, where they can meet and enjoy their vacation, and at the same time make a nice little bundle of money off their orchards.

The Sleeping Child Hot Springs are located about fifteen miles south and east of Hamilton, and may be reached by horse-back or buggy. Their principal attraction is the last five miles of road up the canyon, which is one of the most beautiful drives in the world.

The Medicine Springs are hot water, also. They are situated about eighteen miles south of Darby, and there is a fine automobile road to the hotel door. The scenery is very beautiful all the way, and the hotel is a large three story structure. The accommodations are very good. The

baths are very invigorating, being medicated and excellent for rheumatism. There are cabins and tents. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the owners, are fine hosts, and one certainly likes to stay there.

In the year 1881 there came to the valley a man who was destined to have a great deal to do with its development. Geo. W. Ward is his name, and the first thing he did was to recognize the great possibilities in irrigating the bench lands, which he proceeded to prove by building the ditch from the Skalkaho to water some 4,000 acres which he in 1892 sold to Marcus Daly, and which land is now the best part of the famous Daly farm. In 1893 he moved up the river and settled at what is now known as Ward's Cove, a beautiful location some eight miles south of Hamilton, where he acquired about 3,000 acres of as fine bench land as is in the valley.

Mr. Ward has had many years' experience in irrigation and ditch work, as well as farming, and in fact has been identified to some extent in nearly every ditch project of any size in the valley. For seventeen years he has been clearing up and farming this immense tract, and now has it all in excellent shape for use. In the center of the tract is located the townsite of Ward, where there is a good school and a store carrying a full general stock will be opened the first of the year. The land has just the slope for properly irrigating it, and has been proven by actual crops to be equal to the best. The Northern Pacific runs through the center of the tract, and there is R. F. D. mail service and telephone connections with all points. In addition to all these advantages, Mr. Ward has just finished building a ditch which irrigates these lands, and which he is extending to cover others to the north. When completed, it will water over 15,000 acres, and as it gets its supply from the Bitter Root river by a large canal (together with their rights from Lost Horse, Comos and Gold creeks), there is an absolute certainty of sufficient water at all times.

Mr. Ward is the ideal type of pioneer, tall, blue-grey eyed, slightly grey, but not showing his years, the kind of man who looks far ahead into the future and reads it as a book. A man of few words but of accomplishment. He saw the great future

that lay here, and with no capital save energy and grit, he started his first project. The old Skalkaho ditch, which he completed after seven long and arduous years. The Republican ditch was his next one, which proved a great success, and the one he is now building is larger than either of the others, being 15 feet wide and carrying four and one-half feet of water, being as far as I know the largest individual irrigation project ever undertaken in the West. For years Mr. Ward has given an annual barbecue to both union and confederate veterans, which is one of the events of the valley. Often as many as 2,500 attend and hear speeches by some of the most prominent men of the country.

Another agency of great strength in developing the valley has been the "A. C. M.," or to be more specific, the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., which has immense lumber reserves in the valley and two large mills. It is a very far-sighted corporation, and is now working on lines which means the rapid increase of the valley's population and output. It was through his connection with the A. C. M. that Mr. Daly first had his attention directed to it, and it was owing to his great ability that they now have such immense interests.

Mr. Daly came to the valley some 20 years ago, and recognizing it as one of the most beautiful places in the West, decided to build up an ideal stock farm. He was so successful that tourists have come from the whole world to see it, and it is well worth it, for there are 26,000 acres of it all fenced.



RESIDENCE OF C. H. McLEOD, NEAR VICTOR.



HOME OF M. G. KERN, NEAR CORVALLIS, MONTANA.

There are all the necessary buildings for taking care of the various breeds of stock, and for convenience the farm is divided into a number of ranches, each with its manager, who has for his use a good home and all the necessary outbuildings, with every convenience, and in several cases city light and water. The Daly horses of the Hamiltonian breed are well known and very much in evidence in the valley, as are the sheep, cattle, hogs, etc. The Daly home is an ideal one.

In November, 1900 Mr. Daly died in New York City, after a long illness, and the valley, as well as Montana, lost its best friend. However, he had lived long enough to establish his position so strongly that he will never be forgotten, and to give the development of the B. R. Valley such an impetus that it has kept growing and improving until now it is without a doubt the ideal valley of the Northwest, without a peer in climate, location, production, attraction, population and possibilities, and a monument to Mr. Daly that a king might envy.

Under the management of Mr. Shannon, the B. R. S. F. is holding its position as a model to the world.

The greatest improvement ever undertaken for the Bitter Root Valley was started a year ago last April. While the bottom lands and west benches have been under cultivation for years, owing to the water they received through the many streams issuing from the Bitter Root Mountains, and from the unlimited supply of the river, there are thousands of

acres of just as good land on the east benches which have not been cultivated, owing to lack of water, as the streams on that side of the valley are not so numerous.

That this land is very rich has been proven by some farmers raising crops under the "dry farming" process, which would not be considered poor on some of the best lands in the Central and Eastern States, and by tests taken by experts, so that all that has been needed to add many thousands of fertile acres to the tillable land of the valley has been water.

The Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co. has undertaken to supply this want, and like all large projects have gone at it in a very thorough manner. About fifteen miles south of Hamilton, in the Bitter Root mountains, is situated Lake Comos, covering one thousand acres, 464 feet above the level of the valley, one of the most beautiful lakes in the northwest. This lake is in the National Forest Reserve, and has been granted to the company as a reservoir site by the department of the Interior. The company is now building an immense dam to impound the spring flood waters for use during the summer. This supply, together with some large rights they have in Lost Horse Creek, insure them sufficient water to irrigate all the land that may come under their ditch, which is to be over 80 miles long and irrigate 50,000 acres. The water will leave the lake by a long canal, and crosses the Bitter Root river by a siphon steel pipe a mile in length.

There are now several large crews of men and seven big steam shovels at work rush-



HOTEL HAMILTON, HAMILTON, MONTANA.

ing it to completion, so that they can turn the water in by spring.

Mr. W. I. Moody financed this whole proposition through the Assets Realization Co., of Chicago, perhaps the largest concern of its kind west of New York, who own all the bonds and stocks of the company.

They have spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars on the project, and have ample capital to complete it in every detail, and as it is being built under State supervision, there is no doubt of its being properly constructed and being all that could be desired. The original idea of this immense project was the late Marcus Daly's, but his untimely death put a stop to it until Mr. Moody came on the scene, and at once grasped the immense possibilities, and by his untiring energy and financial ability organized and floated the proposition. He has an excellent corps of assistants, who each does his part toward the ultimate success, and some day the inhabitants will look back to these days and bless the day that the B. R. V. I. Co. was organized.

A few instances of what has been done in the Bitter Root Valley may not be out of place. One reading them may say: "Oh, yes. But those are exceptional instances." But you must remember that the land is still here, just as good as ever, and what man has done other men can do, and these are all true. Every one are cases

that are absolutely true, and can be sworn to.

D. C. Bass has netted from \$1,000 to \$2,100 a year for several years from 200 transcendent crab apple trees. This is the ranch at Stevensville lately sold for \$50,000 to Mr. Kellog of Battle Creek, Mich.

J. O. Reed, of Hamilton, President of the Fruit Growers' Association, got as high as 1,000 boxes per acre of apples. E. W. O'Dell, of Corvallis, netted \$300 per acre on potatoes.

O. V. Blood averages better than \$200 per acre on mixed vegetables.

Not only is the valley absolutely free from all fruit pests and worms, but also from all diseases of animals.

Mr. Noonan, of Stevensville, picked 5420 boxes of strawberries from one-quarter acre, netting him \$300 above expenses, or at \$1200 per acre.

D. C. Gray, who owns one of the model orchards near Hamilton, recently refused \$1,000 per acre for the same.

Mr. Snel, near Corvallis, sold \$1800 worth of apples from his small orchard, and has \$450 worth left.

Mr. Skelton, above Hamilton, had 12 acres of potatoes, and got \$2,000 cash for the crop.

Any number of good records might be given, but this will do to give an idea of what can be done. All one needs is perseverance and common sense to make good in this valley.

RETROSPECTION

BY MABEL PUTNAM CHILSON

Dearest, the world seemed fair indeed today,
As arm-in-arm we wandered through the park,
'Mid shady nooks and beds of flow'ring shrubs,
By flowing stream and trees with shaggy bark.

My silken gown shone brightly in the sun,
My feathers waved approval in the breeze;
The rosebud in your coat bloomed happily,
While song-birds greeted us from out the trees.

But now the sky is changed to darkest hue,
I meditate and chew my pencil point;
For once again I am a nursery maid,
And you are waiter in a coffee joint!



East Front St., Missoula, Montana.

Entrance to Greercough Park, Missoula, Montana.

North Higgins Avenue Missoula, Montana.

MISSOULA, MONTANA

BY GEORGE M. TEALE

Missoula, Montana, is the county seat of Missoula County, and it is through Missoula that you get to the Bitter Root Valley, so as the gateway of the valley, as well as for its own importance as a city it deserves a more extended write-up than will be possible to give it in the limited space available in this article.

In the first place, Missoula is on the main line of the Northern Pacific and Chicago and St. Paul Railways, and owing to its splendid strategic situation, is certain to be a place of growing importance as the various tributary territories develop. It now has about 18,000 inhabitants, and there is not a house to rent in the city, and not only that, but they are now erecting buildings to the value of two and one-half million dollars, with more in contemplation.

Missoula is known as the Garden City on account of the number of orchard homes surrounding it.

It would be hard—yes, impossible, to give her too much publicity. There are so many good points to tell of—so many good opportunities to be grasped. In the first place, she is situated in a broad, level, fertile valley on the Missoula river. It is an ideal location for a city of 100,000 people, which I verily believe it will be within ten or fifteen years.

Missoula has over 18,000 inhabitants, all good boosters. The nearest large city is Butte, 125 miles, and Spokane is 250 miles. They have here the United States Land Office, where you will have to register for the Flathead Indian Reservation opening, Forest Reserve Headquarters, No. 1, a new \$175,000 court house, a new \$75,000 theatre, a new \$225,000 Federal Building, and over \$2,500,000 worth more of buildings, all in course of construction

and not a house or business block to rent.

Mr. Greenwood, President of the Garden City Brewing Company, is going to erect a large building, and ever since it got noised abroad he has been besieged with applicants to lease it.

The Missoula Mercantile Company, with nearly a million dollars capital, do an immense wholesale and retail business throughout the surrounding territory. The Missoula Nursery Company are the headquarters for nursery stock which they supply to the valleys and orchard homes, which latter are becoming so popular, not only for the home part, but with the five or ten acres surrounding the home, the owner secures an income up to \$10,000 per year with as little work as, say, from four to eight months in the year. Missoula is the center of the immense lumber industries of this territory, and headquarters for the A. C. M. Co. Lumber Department, which means a large source of wealth to the community.

The Garden City Brewery is a magnificent plant.

C. H. Spencer's ladies and gent's furnishing establishment has just finished extensive alterations and enlargement to accommodate their fast growing business, and carries an up-to-date stock.

There are located here three large banks, First National Bank, Western Montana, National and Missoula Trust and Security Bank, with deposits in excess of \$5,000,000, and still growing. They have the State University here with five large modern buildings and more coming. They are going to erect a new \$135,000 concrete and steel bridge here in the spring, which will be a model of beauty and strength, and carry the tracks of the new electric car line which W. A. Clark

will build then, and which will be extended for fifty miles up the Bitter Root Valley. The new Clark water power plant at Bonner will furnish all the needed power. They have large educational institutions of the Catholic Church, two high schools and several grammar schools, a large modern business and law college, hospitals and library. Broad, level business streets and shaded residence streets lined with hundreds of beautiful residences, and many handsome business blocks, several five story buildings, including the Lacasse building and First National Bank building, with all modern conveniences including the latest elevators, steam heat, etc. Fort Missoula is situated just south of the city, surrounded by beautiful orchard homes. For a town of this size, they have ample hotel facilities, but owing to its fast growth and the number of people coming and going they are all filled to overflowing. The Florence (American), The Missoula and Shapard (European) are the leading ones.

Until this year, Missoula had to depend on the Northern Pacific Railway, but the Milwaukee have come in there now with their fine trans-continental line to

the coast, and will be running trains by early spring. In addition to that, they will no doubt have another line in here before long, and one running through the Flathead Reservation connecting with the Great Northern Railway on the north, as they are all reaching out for the trade of this rich land of which Missoula is the capital. To the south is the great valley of the Bitter Root. To the east, about 19 miles, is Clinton, with its undeveloped copper deposits, where they have a ledge 65 feet wide, carrying copper, silver and gold in paying quantities. Then there is Frenchtown Valley, with its new and absolutely undeveloped resources. To the west and south over on the other side of the Bitter Root range are the immense territories of the Swiftwater, Elk City, Buffalo Hump and Thunder Mountain districts. There are two good passes direct from Missoula to that territory, one by way of the Bitter Root and Lost Horse, and the other by way of Lo Lo, both of which will be utilized in the near future, and will open up all this to the wholesale and manufacturing trades of Missoula. Now, this alone is sufficient to guarantee a large and thriving metropolis, but there



EAST PINE STREET, MISSOULA, MONTANA.

is still more, and that is the coming opening of the Flathead Indian Reservation, which will take place in 1909, probably early in the spring. The reservation is about forty miles by sixty miles, containing about one and one-half million acres of as good land as is in the United States, and only 10 miles from the city.

The Flatheads enjoy the distinction of always having been friendly with the whites, and being good Indians. The reservation is well watered. It has many valleys both large and small, which have a mean elevation of 3,000 feet.

The largest lake is Flathead, 30 by 18 miles in extent. It is exceptionally clear and beautiful. Next is Lake McDonald, at the foot of Mt. McDonald—10,400 feet high. St. Mary's and others are scarcely less beautiful. In all, there are probably one hundred lakes on the reservation. There are, no doubt, rich mineral deposits, but the United States would not permit prospecting, and the Indians wisely assist the Government in enforcing the rule, as there is not much authentic information obtainable on the subject.

The Pend d'Oreille river drains Flathead Lake, and in addition to being extremely picturesque has thousands of undeveloped electric horse-power. It is possible that nearly half a million acres will be available for farming, hay, grain, fruits, etc., and a large amount of upland and grazing land which will no doubt prove valuable under cultivation. Of this the Indians will have allotment of about 160,000 acres, leaving 340,000 acres of choice land for location. Many of the Indians have already fenced and improved their allotments, which are not really of the best class of land, and others will choose woodland and forest, so that there will no doubt be much more than that amount.

H. E. Chaney, who owns both the Florence and Missoula hotels, is one of the Missoula business men who is doing a great deal for the city. He is now building a \$60,000 structure, which will be a pride to the city. He is also an A No. 1 hotel man, as one can see by stopping at either house. Mr. Chaney is an example of what a man can do by coming to Missoula with only ability and grit for capital. In the hotel line also I must speak

of the Shapard, which is run by H. L. Shapard, who also came here not so very many years ago with a few dollars, and is now one of the big boosters and rated with the wealthy men.

A great many people come out here for the game sport, and have their deer, bear and other hides and heads mounted by M. L. Gulden, and it is worth while to see his excellent collection.

The shoe business is represented well here by J. J. Harker, who has been here nine years, and was formerly with the W. U. Tel. Co. He has just bought the \$30,000 building he occupies, and carries a stock such as you would find in Spokane or a similarly-sized city.

Beeson & Armstrong deserve especial commendation for the large business they have built up in shoes and clothing and furnishing goods in the last year and a half. Their trade has doubled in the last six months.

When one walks into the "Olde Inne," and takes his seat, he imagines he is in New York or Chicago. Everything is beautiful and tasty; the decorations are fine and service unexcelled. You have to see it to know how really metropolitan it is.

A. J. Gibson, the leading architect, has over half a million dollars' worth of work on his books now, including the courthouse, \$175,000; the Kieth-Ross building, \$35,000; Theatre Harnois, \$75,000; University Library, \$60,000; Missoula County High School, \$75,000; Lucy building, \$40,000; Chaney Block, \$60,000; B. R. Stock Farm, \$20,000, and residence of Mrs. Daly, \$60,000, and others.

E. A. Winstanley is one of the leading real estate men and boosters for Missoula, having been here for about 24 years and knowing the city and Bitter Root Valley thoroughly. He was one of those who early saw the coming exploitation and advance in values of land in the valley and bought some large tracts.

In the early days when stock feeding was the only business followed in the valley, several ranchers acquired large tracts of land which they have held onto. But now that the orchards are proving such successes and land values increasing, there are a few who have decided to sell off part

of their holdings and placed them with Mr. Winstanley. To these tracts, together with some of his own holdings, Mr. Winstanley is giving his entire attention, and has a business that taxes both his office here at 134 Higgins avenue and the one he maintains in Hamilton.

Mr. Winstanley makes his headquarters at the Missoula office (taking weekly trips up to the Hamilton office) where he would be pleased to have visitors call or drop him a card if coming out, and he will arrange to meet you and give detailed information and show you lands.

The future of a city depends a great deal on its Government, and the fact that Mr. Keith, vice-president First National

Bank, is Mayor, is one of the best guarantees that Missoula could have that the city will be properly and well governed. He is one of the largest property owners, and has many friends among all classes of people.

There are many business and professional men in this city who deserve personal mention, for there are many good boosters and congenial men—more than is ordinarily found in a city of this size—but our space is limited. All I can say is, come and see for yourself.

In no other section of this whole country will you find greater opportunities than here. All I can say is go and see for yourself.

THE MIST ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Upward, ever upward,
All the sunny morn,
Faint and weary-footed,
I climbed the Silverhorn.

Blinding all the beauty,
Like a maiden's frown,
Lo, a cloud of sombre
Mist had settled down!

Wearily descending
Into the vale below,—
Then I saw the sunset
And the Alpine glow!

How many, fortune-haunted,
Climb her dizzy heights,
And find the golden summit
Clouded with her nights!

While many a lowly brother
Content with day well done,
Looks up, and sees the radiant
Glory of the sun!

HUMBOLDT COUNTY

OVERLAND MONTHLY HISTORICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SERIES

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

In the above series we have had numerous bird's-eye views of middle California cities and counties. Northern California, that is, that section lying north of San Francisco, has been practically unheard from. The Overland Monthly has, in times past, in its history of the development of California, made mention of the Humboldt County country, and it has devoted many pages to the history of the building of the jetty system at that point. In fact, one number of the magazine was devoted almost entirely to the interests of this wonderful county.

In making mention of Humboldt County, one fact is always borne to the front, and that is, that while its agricultural, dairying and mining interest are manifold and of enormous proportions, they are overshadowed always in the layman view by the stupendous lumbering activities.

Lumbering cuts but a small figure in the various interests enumerated in the other counties so far described in this series. That is a distinctive feature of Humboldt County. Another feature that is brought forcibly to mind is the fact that, unlike the middle and southern sections of California, Humboldt has an abundant rainfall. The length of this Northern California empire is 108 miles. The average width is 38 miles. The area is 3507 square miles, or, in acres, 2,244,480.

It is a mountainous district, and it possesses in its boundary the second largest bay and the largest city in California north of San Francisco, Eureka.



HUMBOLDT COUNTY

is a diamond hewn out of the rough by an indomitable people.

When it is taken into consideration that this county has achieved immense re-

sults and placed itself solidly in the commanding position in manufacturing and commerce it occupies, it must be remembered that it has done all this practically without land communication with other parts of the State of California. It is but natural that, as for a long time its only outlet, through its largest city, Eureka, was by sea, it should have established large and successful ship building

plants. From the bay of Humboldt, immense shipments of lumber have been made, not in the rough lumber alone, but in the finished product from its mills. The building of ships has encouraged other industries, until to-day Eureka is a manufacturing center as well as the distributing point for a large and growing agricultural and dairying country. An estimate of the possibilities of this great county, larger than some of the European kingdoms and some of the small American States, is gleaned from the following table showing the area of the lands and classifying them according to their products. Timber, it will be seen, is not the only product from Humboldt County or its only industry.

	Acres.
Timber land area.....	915,000
Denuded forest (stump land)..	62,000
Cultivable land area	500,000
Grazing land area	600,000
Marsh land area	31,285
Mineral land area	125,000
Waste land area	11,195
Total	2,244,480

The redwood forests are estimated to have originally covered 538,000 acres. About 62,000 acres of this have been cut, leaving 476,000 acres still standing. Estimating this timber at 100,000 feet of lumber products per acre, there is still an untouched reserve of 47,600,000,000 feet of redwood lumber. At the present rate of manufacture, about 350,000,000 feet annually, this supply would last considerably more than a century.

Along the streams are considerable bodies of maple, pepperwood (California lau-

rel), alder, cottonwood, etc., all of which possess considerable commercial value.

Humboldt Bay, located at about the center of the coast line of Humboldt County, is a closely land-locked harbor of the shallow, lagoon type common on the Pacific Coast, but is of the deeper class of that type. Its entrance is in North Latitude 40 deg. 45 min., longitude 124 deg. 14 min. West of Greenwich. The harbor has a length of about 14 miles, with a width of from one-half mile to 4 miles, and a tidal area of approximately 28 square miles. Its navigable channels aggregate some 35 lineal miles, and the available frontage for wharves is from 40 to 50 miles. At present, about two and one-half miles of this wharf frontage is made use of. As will be seen, this harbor furnishes abundant accommodation for many times its present commerce, although this commerce is even now extensive; as the number of vessels passing in and out of the harbor is in excess of 2,000 annually, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,200,000 tons net, the annual value of shipments from this port being in excess of ten millions of dollars, while the incoming shipments aggregate from 75 to 80 per cent of that sum.

With the growth of California, and of its appreciation of redwood as a building material, the trade in this lumber soon increased to such proportions that the uncertainties as to depth of water, location of channel, etc., were well nigh unendurable. At one time, forty-one loaded vessels were lying at anchor in Humboldt Bay, awaiting a favorable opportunity to get to sea. These conditions impelled the commercial interests of Humboldt to take action, and an emissary was sent to Washington to ask aid of the powers that be. Finally, emboldened by the success of the Eads system of jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, the Government engineers recommended the building of one jetty on the south side of Humboldt entrance; and in 1889 the work on this jetty was begun. It was soon found that the construction of a single jetty resulted in the washing away of the sand-spit on the opposite shore of the entrance, and the plan was changed to cover two parallel jetties, erected simultaneously on each side of the channel. That this plan was correct in principle was demonstrated long before the jetties were



RESIDENCE OF WM. CARSON, OF DOLBEER CARSON LUMBER COMPANY, EUREKA, CAL.

completed; as the channel began to straighten out and become deeper as soon as the two jetties were fairly started on their slow way into the sea. From a depth of 14 to 18 feet at low tide, it increased steadily until, on the cessation of work in 1899, when over \$2,000,000 had been expended on the jetties, the Government engineers found a "24-foot depth of channel, fully 1350 feet wide on the bar." This improvement in the channel continued for a time, and the survey of 1901 showed a 27-foot depth, while that of 1903 found over 30 feet of water at the shallowest portions of the channel.

But the constant hammering of the waves on jetties, none too high in the first instance, gradually produced its baleful effect. From being above water at high tide, the jetties gradually settled or were dispersed by the wave action, until a considerable portion of the end of each jetty is below water even at low tides; and the tides and currents, instead of being held tightly in the channel marked out by the jetties, pass and re-pass over the submerged sections, and fail to perform the duty to secure which the immense sum of Government money was expended. The survey of 1905 showed the channel depth decreased to 27 feet, while its permanency was beginning to be seriously impaired. By 1907 the water depth had decreased to twenty-two and one-half feet, and the practicable channel had become tortuous and difficult of navigation. Meanwhile the size of vessels engaged in the lumber trade was rapidly increasing. As the information regarding this harbor was disseminated among shipping interests, the foreign "tramp" steamer of from 2,000 to 3,000 net tons began to be an ever increasing factor in the lumber trade, and the size of these vessels stirred up the lumber interests of Humboldt to take action to secure further Government improvement of the entrance. The survey and examination of 1905 admitted the serious impairment of the usefulness of the jetties, but the magnitude of the work necessary to restore them to their better condition prevented the engineers from recommending their restoration. But by 1907, the deterioration had become so patent that it was evident that something would have to be done if Humboldt entrance was to

be kept up to its standard of usefulness, and as the result of the examination of September, 1907, the engineers reported favorably towards rebuilding the jetties up to their original height, and extending the north jetty further out to sea, the entire work to cost approximately \$1,500,-



1. SECOND ST., FROM H, EUREKA, CAL.
2. CENTRAL CREAMERIE, EUREKA, CAL.
3. HUMBOLDT COUNTY JAIL BUILDING AT EUREKA, CAL. CLASS "A" REINFORCED CONCRETE BUILDING, BUILT IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT BY PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION CO., NUMBER SIXTEEN CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

000. The Board of Engineers have approved this report of the district engineer so far as it applies to rebuilding of the present jetties, and recommend that the further extension of the north jetty be held in abeyance until the effect of the rebuilding can be determined. The sum needed to rebuild the jetties is placed at \$1,037,400. And to induce Congress to put its seal of approval on this work, and make the necessary appropriation is now the chief task of the commercial interests of Humboldt.

Glancing for the moment at some of the reasons given, we will begin with the initial proposition, which is: The Government has heretofore expended over two million dollars on this work, and the results in increase of trade are all that could be expected. But the jetties are now seriously deteriorated by the action of the elements, and if additional work is not done, the amount expended is lost. Meanwhile the trade is increasing. A curious feature of the commerce over this bar, and especially the foreign shipments, is the fact that the principal increase in number and size of vessels has occurred since the entrance began to deteriorate. And this foreign trade is still increasing in spite of the too evident impairment of the channel. The explanation of this is, that such trade is slow in growth and tenacious in its preconceived ideas. It took a long time to make it known to all the world that the large sized tramp steamers could safely pass over Humboldt Bar and load in its secure haven. But once it was demonstrated that such vessels could arrive, load and depart in safety, the trade has gone on increasing in spite of the too evident decrease of water in the bar channels. To illustrate the increase in size of foreign vessels loading at this port, a few figures are essential. In 1897, when the work on the jetties had established a straight channel of from 21 feet depth and upward, the number of vessels loading for foreign ports was 19, with an aggregate net tonnage of 8,183, making an average net tonnage per vessel of 431. In 1903 when the channel was at its best, the number of vessels loading foreign had increased to 40, of an aggregate net tonnage of 36,097, and an average tonnage for vessel of 902. In 1907, although the bar

channel had now deteriorated appreciably, the number of vessels loading foreign was 31, of an aggregate net tonnage of 60,092, giving an average tonnage per vessel of 1938 tons.

It being admitted that the former work done by the Government has been fully justified by the resulting increase of trade, it remains to ascertain whether this increased volume can be maintained so as to justify the additional expenditure asked for. In viewing this side of the question, it is only necessary to consider the timber resources of Humboldt, as lumber constitutes 90 per cent of the volume and 75 per cent of the value of the shipments out of its harbor. And only considering the redwood forests, it is enough to state that they originally covered about 538,000 acres of the surface of Humboldt County. Some 63,000 acres of this have been cut, leaving 475,000 acres of virgin redwood forest yet to be cut, manufactured and shipped over Humboldt bar. Accepting the commonly used estimate in this section of 100,000 feet of lumber products per acre, there is still to be manufactured and shipped 47,500,000,000 feet of redwood lumber product. The present rate of manufacture is about 350,000,000 feet annually. Assuming that this amount will be increased to approximately 500,000,000 feet annually, there is still enough lumber to keep this trade going at that figure for the next 100 years.

From 1881 to January 1, 1908, about \$147,000 has been expended in deepening the channels, principally along the Eureka waterfront, at the Arcata wharf, and at Field's Landing. During the present year \$83,000 has been expended in dredging the Eureka waterfront channel, from its junction with the channel of the bay to the foot of N street, in Eureka, this work, now finished, making a channel 300 feet wide, 18 feet in depth at low tide, and some 7200 feet in length.

The condition of soil and climate in Humboldt County are favorable to the production of many varieties of fruit. Among these the apple takes first rank. While most of the orchards are comparatively small, the number of those producing on a commercial scale is growing, and the annual shipments out of the county reach a total of about 200 carloads. This

will be materially increased from new bearing trees within the next few years.

Broadly speaking, the area suitable for apple culture may be divided into two sections. One lies within the so-called fog belt; the other beyond it and away from

of greater abundance. In the second belt, besides the above varieties, the following are to be mentioned: Baldwins, Spitzenberg, Jonathan, Ben Davis.

The finest apples as to size and coloring come from the orchards in the Mattole



COURT HOUSE, EUREKA, CAL.

the coast line or under the shelter of the Coast Range. The varieties which have proven best adapted to the first named belt are Rhode Island greenings and bellflower kings. These have the advantage of maturing comparatively late, and keep well, thus reaching the market after the period

section and along Upper Eel river. Farmers as a rule are giving more attention to their orchards, which in many instances have yielded very satisfactory returns. One great advantage has been the comparative freedom from destructive pests. This is no doubt in large measure

due to the combined efforts of the Board of Horticulture.

Next in importance so far as yield and profit are concerned we should mention berries, of which all varieties grow to perfection, especially strawberries and loganberries. The climate is very favorable for the growth of small fruits. Peaches do well in the warmer belts, and more sheltered sections, although frost often affects them and makes the yield uncertain. Certain varieties of pears do well, among these the Bartlett, which in some instances attains unusual size.

In addition to the production of cheese, condensed milk and butter, the creameries of Humboldt County annually make about one million pounds of casein, a skim milk product which finds a ready sale in the markets of the world.

On its cruise around the world the Atlantic fleet is being supplied with the choice product of the Humboldt County creameries, one concern, the Central Creamery Company, of Eureka, having supplied Uncle Sam with 468,000 pounds of butter scoring over 95. This assertion is borne out by the Government records,

which indicate that during the last year the creamy portions of Humboldt County received the highest average price paid in the United States for butter fat, with the exception of one favorably located section of Oregon. There are many instances where dairy herds returned over \$100 per cow.

Humboldt County has considerable area, close to the railroads, which is well adapted for poultry raising. There are a number of highly successful poultry producers who are unable to supply the local demand, thousands of cases of eggs being shipped into Humboldt County every year.

Within the last year a modern, thoroughly equipped cold storage plant has been put in operation in Eureka, by men who are interested in advancing the egg production of their locality, and offer to the egg producers of Humboldt County a good market for their goods at the time when the markets in most farming districts are glutted. Under this stimulus, the egg production is fast becoming an industry of considerable profit and importance.



SEQUOIA CITY PARK.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF EUREKA, CAL. Copyright by J. A. Meiser.

Eureka is situated on the Eastern shore of Humboldt Bay, six miles north of the entrance thereto. It is located so that it will always be a large distributing center. In fact, tributary to, at this time, is an area of productive country comprising nearly five thousand square miles. Humboldt County's resources are so vast that they overshadow the phenomenal figures given. Among these may be mentioned placer and quartz gold, copper, petroleum, chrome, asbestos, lime, etc.

The site of the city of Eureka is simply ideal. There is just sufficient rise to give it the proper drainage, while the porous, sandy soil aids in maintaining healthful, dry conditions. The climate is most equable, and the temperature is the most even of any city or section in the United States. Eureka had a population of 7327

in 1900 and in 1908 it is estimated at nearly 15,000.

In Eureka, real estate has doubled in value, or perhaps a little more, in the last five years. In the outlying additions, made available by the street car lines, the increase has been more. Not in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant has there been any serious decrease in the prices of city real estate. Instead, there has been a steady increase, checked at times for two or three years by periods of general business depression, but no going backward. Prices of Eureka real estate may now be considered fairly high, but it is almost a certainty that they will go steadily higher.

What Supports Eureka?

First, commerce. Humboldt Bay is the only land-locked harbor between San



PART OF TOWN OF ARCATA, CAL.

Francisco and Coos Bay, Oregon, and it is the second port in California in the extent and value of its exports. These are the figures for 1907: Butter and other dairy products, \$1,295,350; live stock, \$212,880; wool, \$154,700; meats, pelts and miscellaneous animal products, \$47,010; fish, \$136,005; fruit, \$54,730; grain, \$9,250; vegetables, \$37,760; manufactures, \$291,470; hardware, merchandise, etc., \$68,560; miscellaneous, \$400,380; lumber, \$7,702,205; total, \$10,410,300.

All this pays tribute to Eureka.

Second, manufactures. There are 4 saw mills, 3 shingle mills, 4 planing and moulding mills, 1 woolen mill, 2 foundries, 4 machine shops, and a great variety of minor manufacturing establishments.

Opportunities for New Manufacturing Plants.

There are abundant opportunities for new manufacturing enterprises. The even climate makes it an ideal place for year round work in factories, and the abundance of wood and water are additional facilities in this direction. Freight for San Francisco is from \$2 to \$4 per ton, and the shipping facilities are extremely good.

Laying aside the question of lumber and shingle mills, there is room and demand here for: Flour and feed mills, woolen mills, shipbuilding yards, boot and shoe factories, paper mills, furniture factories, stave and barrel factories, canning and preserving plants, and a number of other such enterprises.

Eureka has a splendid school system. Its corps of teachers is as highly educated as that of any city in the State. The sturdy citizenship demands a high efficiency from its teaching body. When Captain Ottinger, of the ship *Laura Virginia*, in his enthusiasm and admiration, named the bay after the eminent scientist Alexander von Humboldt, he seems to have imbued the citizens with the attributes of thoroughness that were so distinguishing a feature of the county's namesake. Its schools are like its men and its women—thorough, through and through. This fact should appeal most strongly to the intending settler in the city that may justly be called the Queen of Northern California.

Its largest private school is the Eureka Business College.

The Eureka Business College, established in 1890, and for the past eighteen years under the able management of C. J. Craddock, its present owner, has given the advantages of a commercial education to many of Humboldt County's young people who are now the leading and most substantial men and women of the communities in which they live.

The college is centrally located, equipped with all the modern and up-to-date appliances and evidently keeps abreast of the times in the race for educational supremacy. Banking, experting, short and rapid business methods, plain, easy and rapid penmanship, are a few of the things offered in its course of practical education.

One of the noticeable features of the work in the college is the individual instruction given each and every student. None are held back through lack of ability or application on the part of the others, but each student's progress is wholly dependent on his own quickness of mind and capacity for work.

A visit to the light, airy and thoroughly equipped shorthand and typewriting rooms usually finds the visitor surprised that an hour or more has been spent in the inspection of a modern school under an efficient and skilled corps of instructors.

Among Humboldt County's industries may be noted the following:

The Humboldt Brewing Co., located at Eureka, are brewers and bottlers of strictly high grade beers. The brewery has a capacity of 100,000 barrels per year, while the bottling establishment has a capacity of 100 barrels daily. An ice plant in conjunction has a daily output of 12 tons of ice. The purest water enters into the manufacture of this company's beers.

The M. A. Burns Manufacturing Co. and Eastern Redwood Co. are among the leading lumber interests of Humboldt County. The same firms also own and conduct the Eastern Steamship Company, having general offices at Eureka.

The Eureka Foundry Company, Eureka, situated at the foot of S street, with a frontage of 276 feet on Humboldt Bay, has a plant that comprises brass and iron foundries, pattern, machine, blacksmith

and carpenter shops, and a small marine ways. The company makes shingle and shake machines, logging engines, logging cars, and saw-mill and wood-working machinery.

The firm of McKay & Company has been established since 1868. They are owners of the finest belt of timber land in Humboldt County, and operate the Occidental Shingle Mill, situated at Humboldt Bay, Eureka. The mill is equipped with a dry kiln. The officers are Paul M. Burns, president; Earl T. Riley, vice-president and manager, and C. E. Bland, secretary.

The California Barrel Company, of Arcata, employs 75 men, has a capacity of six thousand cords per year, and occupies an area of two and one-half blocks. They represent the largest industry in Arcata, and have headquarters in San Francisco.

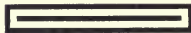
One of the best indications of the prosperity of a county is its banks. The banks of Eureka are a safe indication as to this locality. The Bank of Eureka of which C. P. Soule is President, has capital of \$200,000, its surplus is \$192,568. Mr. C. P. Soule is President of the Savings Bank of Eureka as well and the capital of this bank is \$100,000 with a surplus of \$68,000. The Humboldt County Bank does a large conservative and profitable business. Its capital and surplus is \$1,250,000. F. W. Georgeson, one of the best known and most energetic citizens of Humboldt County, is its President.

In the body of this article we have spoken at length of the dairy interests of Humboldt County and these are splendidly represented in Eureka by the Central Dairy Company, who will be pleased to give information on any subject connected with the dairying industry in this county, to intending settlers.

The Skinner-Deuprey Drug Company are representative business men and this

establishment has offices and branches at Arcata and Fortuna. The Daly Brothers is another representative firm and they are the largest dealers in dry goods in Northern California. The only abstract of title company of Humboldt County is owned by Belcher Brothers, the Searchers of Records. They have a finely equipped force and will attend to any business entrusted to them with promptness and care. The Pacific Lumber Company is one of the largest dealers in raw and finished lumber in the State. They have their own standing timber, their yards, steamers and they maintain their head offices at the point of greatest consumption, San Francisco. Dolbeer, Carson & Co. have been identified with the growth of the City of Eureka ever since the place became known to the outside world. This firm handles a vast output of lumber and it owns and operates mills and yards and maintains offices at San Francisco. It operates its own schooners and steamers and is one of the largest institutions of its kind operating in the waters of the Pacific Coast.

The question of good living is not forgotten in this busy little out of the way principality for the Italian Swiss Colony, the various Eastern beers and even imported wines are to be found in the establishment of Delaney and Young. E. F. Kramer runs one of the most popular hotels, the Revere House, in the northern part of California, and James Meyer regales the inner man with the succulent oyster. Mr. J. K. Coleman is the dealer in tobacco and cigars, while outer adornment, in the way of jewelry, may be found at the big emporium of Mr. S. F. Hollander. This store, heavily stocked with cut glass, clocks, silverware, watches, etc., is so well appointed that it would be difficult to find anything approaching it in many a large Eastern City.



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Eureka California.

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HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK

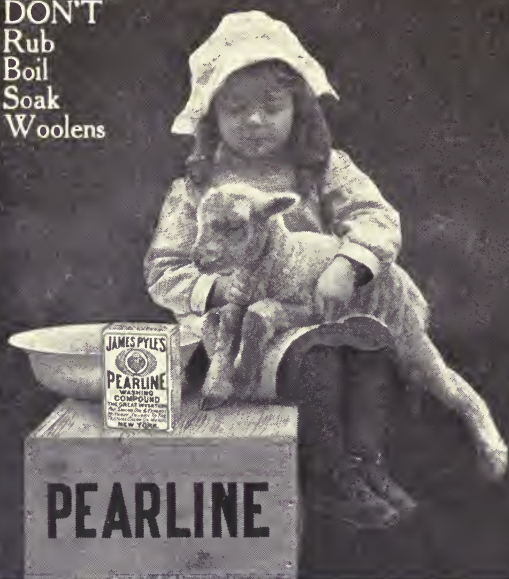
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Occidental Saw Mills, Occidental Shingle
Mills, Eureka, Humboldt Co., Cal.

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On Pacific Slope of Rocky Mountains, Montana

For complete and
reliable information
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signed.

FRUIT LANDS

Improved and Unimproved

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MONTANA

The valley of opportunity—the land of perfect fruit.

50,000 Acres

Irrigated land in the best fruit district in the Northwest. Abundant and perpetual water guaranteed. Prices and terms reasonable. Climate unsurpassed, the winter being mild. No fruit pests, no damage from frosts. Let us send you full particulars.

Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Co.

Land Department

Hamilton, Montana

Irrigated Fruit Land

In the Famous

BITTER ROOT VALLEY

We are Offering For Sale

Ward's Cove

We have platted our beautiful 3000 acre bench farm into small tracts. Read story of Valley in this issue. Send us your name and address and we will send you our beautiful souvenir booklet of the cove—Free.

S. M. WARD

Hamilton, Montana

KLEINOEDER AND HOBBS

SECOND HAND GOODS

We also do Draying

Hamilton, Montana

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Wholesale wines, and liquors. New building. New stock. Everything first class. Call and see us.

HAMILTON, MONT.

Hamilton Book Store

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Stationery, Books, Fine China, Phonographs, etc. Exclusive agency for Overland Monthly containing Bitter Root Valley Write-up.

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Everything to furnish a gentleman's wardrobe in the most complete and up-to-date manner.

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W. Swayzie

"THE LIVERY MAN."

The swellest rigs and most reasonable prices in the valley.

HAMILTON, MONT.

The Corner Drug Store

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This is one of the oldest establishments of this kind in the Bitter Root Valley. Its constantly growing business attests its popularity. Its endeavor being to make permanent friends and customers.

Bitter Root Steam Laundry

C. E. Hartley, Proprietor.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Incorporated 1905.

Carry shoes, Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishing goods and ladies furnishing goods; fancy goods.

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R. M. COBBAN REALTY CO.

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Headquarters for Orchard Home 5 acre tracts. When you come out, drop in and see us. We have the bargains.

If you want a good SIGN Call and see us. We make All Kinds. Our Prices are right.

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Wholesale and Retail
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Studebaker wagons, carriages and harness; horse blankets and robes. Advance Threshers and engines. International Gasoline Engines sweep rakes and stackers. Defiance plows. Van Brunt grain drills; Brown potato diggers; Milwaukee binders and mowers. International automobiles. MISSOULA, MONTANA.

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East Main St., next to Opera House,
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Well acquainted with Flat Head Reservation. Letters of personal experience. Correspondence. Paid in advance, \$1.00. Wholesale Wood, Hay and Grain. Prices of all kind, labor and information given especially.

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Missoula Mercantile Co.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Buy and sell Grain, Hay and Produce.

Branch of house in MISSOULA, MONT.

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Complete Line Edison Goods.

Autopiano, Gabler, Kohler & Campbell, Price & Teeple, Schaff Bros., Oliver, Sheet Music, Small Instruments. Sewing Machines—White, New Home, Standard, Will C. Free.

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Pure Drugs, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Kodak Goods.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

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First Class in Every Respect. Sample room for Commercial Men.

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LIVERY.

Single and double drivers, hacks and carriages. Prices reasonable. Service the best.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Boots, shoes, clothing, groceries, hardware, dry goods, etc.

Stevensville Mercantile Co.

MAY BROS. Prop's.

We carry a large and select stock of

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, FURNITURE, CARRIAGES
WAGONS, HARDWARE, STOVES, MEATS (SALT and FRESH)

and invite you to call and inspect our goods and prices.

Every facility of the large cities

STEVENSVILLE, MONTANA

The Great Flathead Reservation

will soon open for settlement. This great country, rich, productive and beautiful beyond description, will soon be opened to homestead settlement. If you want a home there, write us for particulars.

BOOKLET FREE.

Soldiers may register for land through an agent. We are in position to represent a limited number. Correspondence invited.

W. H. SMEAD COMPANY,
Missoula, Montana.

When you come to Missoula, and walk up Higgins avenue (that's the street leading up from the station), watch out for Main street, and when you come to that, look to your right, and just around the corner you will see a large blue sign reading

Stoddard and Price

That's the place you want to stop and inquire about REAL ESTATE, FARMS AND ORCHARD HOMES. Don't forget the name.

House in
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Stained with
Cabot's
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Stains.

Cabot's Shingle Stains

The Most Artistic, Durable, and Economical Exterior Colorings

They cost one-half less than paint, last as long, preserve the wood better, and their soft, velvety coloring effects are infinitely more artistic and harmonious than paint. Made of the purest pigments, linseed oil and Creosote, "the best wood preservative known." Adapted for shingles and all rough woodwork.

No one who intends to build can afford to overlook them

Stained sample shingles and circulars sent free on request.

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Missoula, Montana

Buy your Bread and Cakes at the Garden City Bakery, the most up to date Bakery in western Montana.

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Corvallis, Mont.

Pure drugs and medicines. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Stationery, Toilet Articles, Gasoline for motor cars.

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A good place to stop when visiting Como Orchards or University Tracts. Best of home cooking. Comfortable beds.

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Contractors, Material Men, Builders, Manufacturers, in fact, anybody interested in construction news of all kinds, obtain from our daily reports quick, reliable information. Our special correspondents all over the country enable us to give our patrons the news in advance of their competitors, and before it has become common property.

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Press Clippings on any subject from all the leading current newspapers, magazines, trade and technical journals of the United States and Canada. Public speakers, writers, students, club women can secure reliable data for speeches, essays, debates, etc. Special facilities for serving trade and class journals, railroads and large industrial corporations.

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A painless home medicine for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

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is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new Vaginal Syringe, Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the **MARVEL**, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co. Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 206 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

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TWENTY EASY LESSONS by our wonderful Simplex System. No previous knowledge of music necessary. Write for **FREE BOOK**. State if you have piano or organ.

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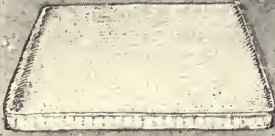
MR. SPORTSMAN: OUR FOLDING BOATS are BEST for HUNTERS, BEST for FISHERMEN, STEADY to SHOOT or CAST from. Will outlast steel or wood and carry more load. Made of BEST CANVAS, galvanized STEEL frame, with flat bottom and rounding sides. Folds compactly for carrying by hand. Checks as baggage. OUR BOATS are absolutely NOISELESS in the WEEDS.



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LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.,
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PALACE HARDWARE CO., 581 Market St., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Agents.

SAN FRANCISCO
NEWS LETTER
California Advertiser.
F. Marriott, Publisher

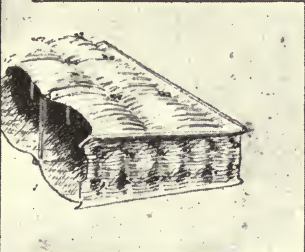
A Journal
for the
Cultured.
Oldest and
Brightest
Weekly Newspaper
on the
Pacific Coast.



Sleep ON A M'ROSKEY INNERLACED MATTRESS

A velvety smooth surface—mighty comfortable to sleep on.

The most comfortable, most durable and most sanitary mattress that is possible to make.



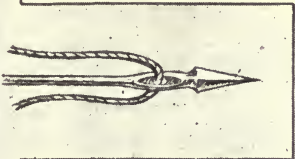
Made of extra quality of pure white cotton sterilized and prepared by special machinery into one thick layer just the size of the mattress incased in an inner cover and laced (not tufted) very closely; this innerlacing making an even, smooth, soft and elastic mattress that will not mat, lump or become uneven. Over this covered and laced but an extra quality of sateen or ACA ticking is sewn and finished with a Roll Edge, preventing the mattress from spreading and giving down on the sides.

You wake up tired in the morning, and wonder why. Try a McRoskey Innerlaced Mattress. We guarantee you the best, most refreshing and comfortable night's rest you ever had, and back it by our written guarantee.

The old style. Every house wife knows that dust collects around the tufts and it's very hard work to brush it out.

MCROSKEY INNERLACED MATTRESS

...Guarantee...



We have this day sold to Mr. Chas. A. Smith
one McRoskey Innerlaced Mattress, No. 10417 Should this mattress, for any reason, prove unsatisfactory, if returned to us within 30 days, we agree to pay the return charges and refund \$ 15.00, the full amount paid us for the mattress.

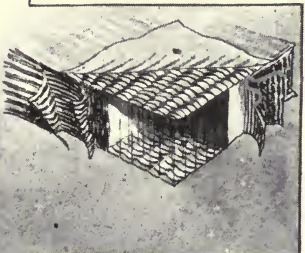
Dated San Francisco, Cal.

McRoskey & Co.

July 10th 1909

L. W. Roskey President.

The Point. A single pair of tufts take four perforations through the ticking. In an ordinary mattress there are over 200 punctures.



If the McRoskey Innerlaced Mattress is not the best and most comfortable mattress you ever slept on, you will not be out a penny. We cannot show greater faith in the McRoskey Innerlaced Mattress than by making this liberal offer.

We deliver this mattress to you through your dealer, or direct charges prepaid upon receipt of Post Office Money Order, Wells, Fargo Express Co.'s Check, or check on any San Francisco bank.

Price Double	4-6x6-2	- -	\$15.00
" three quarter	3-6x6-2	- -	12.25
" Single	3-0x6-2	- -	11.25

The McRoskey Method of Innerlacing.

Ask us for dealer's name.

**M'ROSKEY &
COMPANY**

927 Market St.
San Francisco California

Golden State Limited

1908-09 Season Opened
December 15, 1908.

No better or more direct service between San Francisco, Southern California and Chicago.

Through the Golden Laden Orange Groves. By the wonderful Salton Sea. Mexican Border scenes and the Rio Grande.

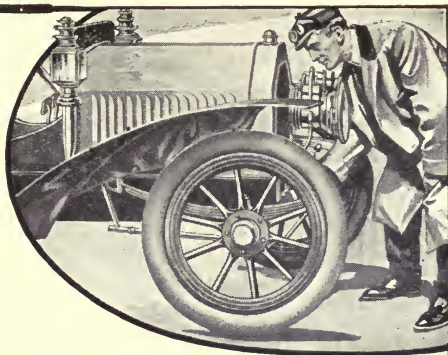
Careful and attentive dining service. Meals a la carte.

Drawing room, state-room, sleeping cars, state-rooms, drawing rooms sections and berths. Observation, Parlor, Library Car. Equipped with latest literature and Magazines. Gentlemen's Smoking room, Ladies' Rest room. Spacious open air rotunda.

Southern Pacific--Rock Island

The Oil You Can Feel At The Crank

The slightest "feel" of the crank proves the perfection of ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil. There is no carbon deposit to foul the cylinders and spark-plugs; no possibility of anything but perfect lubrication in any gasoline engine, regardless of type, temperature or season.



Absolutely free from
all trace of acid.

ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil

differs from all other oils in being non-carbonizing, and in "working" with uniform certainty both in midsummer heat and in zero weather. ZEROLENE is the only oil with these characteristics, and is produced in only one place in the world.

Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY,
(Incorporated)**

TREES

SEASON 1908-9

Order Now For Future Delivery

If your trees are purchased from the FANCHER CREEK NURSERIES, they will be true to name, well-developed, with good roots.

FOR 25 YEARS we have been engaged in growing reliable nursery stock. Last season we did the largest business in our history. This year our stock of DECIDUOUS, CITRUS AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES AND ROSE BUSHES is more complete and better than ever.

We are sole propagators and disseminators of LUTHER BURBANK'S NEW CREATIONS. Illustrated booklet in colors mailed for 25c.

Our new book "California Horticulture, The Fruit Growers' Guide" mailed on receipt of 25c.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$200,000

Fancher Creek Nurseries Inc.

Geo. C. Roeding, Pres. and Mgr.
Box 43, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

FERRY'S SEEDS

There is scarcely any limit to the possible improvement in seeds, but it takes time and money. We have been improving flower and vegetable seeds for over 50 years. More than 2000 people are working to make Ferry's Seeds suit you. Buy the best—Ferry's. For sale everywhere.

**FERRY'S 1909 SEED ANNUAL
FREE ON REQUEST.**

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

|| Reduces inflammation
Removes soreness
Tones the vocal chords
Clears the voice

Helps Speakers and Singers

All Druggists sell it

Pike's Toothache Drops
Cure in one minute

U. S. Trade Mark.

Wherever you see those **THREE BBB**, remember they stand for **ALLEN'S BOSTON BROWN BREAD FLOUR**.

In the early days, this famous brand of flour and the Boston Brown Bread could only be had in Boston and New England, but since the flour has been blended here on the Pacific Coast, thousands of people have been buying it and using it for a number of days each week, and many of them nearly every day in the week.

It is self-rising, and all ready to mix with New Orleans molasses and water, for Boston Brown Bread, and for Plum Pudding, add such fruits and spices as you prefer. Receipt book in each package. All first class grocers sell it. **ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.**

Ladies Look Here

What does the Self-rising Pancake Flour contain? If it is a pure food like ours, the manufacturer will be pleased to tell you so. **ALLEN'S BBB SELF-RISING PANCAKE FLOUR** is made with Pure Cream of Tartar, Bi-carbonate of Soda, and Salt, and the most healthful cereals, all properly weighed and blended.

Manufacturers of adulterated goods who use Alum, Phosphate and other mixtures which the Department of Chemistry has declared adulterations, try to avoid every means of letting the public know that they use these adulterations, and they do not even label their goods as required by law, but in the Eastern States they have already been forced to do so; then the people do not buy them.

When you buy Pancake Flour, call for **ALLEN'S BBB**, and get a Pure Food. It is the most healthful product of its kind.



Allen's B. B. B. Flour Company, San Jose, Cal.



WHEN YOU
APPROACH A
MAN UPON WHOM
YOU WISH TO MAKE AN
IMPRESSION YOU DON YOUR
"GLAD RAGS"

WHEN YOU WISH A GOOD
RECEPTION FOR YOUR
PAPER REPRESENTATIVE
YOU SHOULD BE AS
PARTICULAR ABOUT ITS
RAIMENT

THIS MEANS GOOD DESIGNS,
GOOD CUTS, GOOD PRINTING,
ON GOOD PAPER WITH
GOOD INK AND ALL IN
GOOD TASTE

WE DO THAT KIND

SCHAUM
ENGRAVING & PRINTING
COMPANY

SUCCESSORS TO
CLARK
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DESIGNS PRINTS
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MILWAUKEE



An Unusual and Extraordinary Opportunity!

FREE SAMPLE OFFER
16 DAYS ONLY

Beautiful Bright Sparkling Famous
\$5 Barnatto Diamond Ring Ladies' or Gent's

Approximates genuine in brilliancy, detection almost baffles experts, fills every requirement of the most exacting, pleases the most fastidious, at only one-thirtieth the cost of the real diamond. As a means of introducing this marvelous and wonderful scintillating gem; and securing as many new friends as quickly as possible, we are making a special inducement for the new year. We want you to wear this beautiful Ring, this masterpiece of man's handicraft, this simulation that sparkles with all the beauty, and flashes with all the fire of



A GENUINE DIAMOND

of the first water. We want you to show it to your friends and take orders for it, as it sells itself—sells at eight—and makes 100% Profit for you, absolutely without effort on your part.

We want good, honest representatives everywhere, in every locality, city or country, in fact, in every country throughout the world, both men and women, who will not sell or pawn the Barnatto Simulation Diamonds under the pretense that they are *Genuine Gems*. If you want to wear a simulation diamond, to the ordinary observer almost like unto a gem of the purest ray serene, a fitting substitute for the genuine; or if you want to make money, don't wait—ACT TODAY, as this advertisement may not appear, nor this unusual and extraordinary opportunity occur, again. Fill out the coupon below and send at once—first come, first served.

The Barnatto Diamond Co. Write here name of paper in which you saw this ad.
Girard Bldg., Chicago.

Sirs:—Please send Free, Sample Offer, Ring, Earrings, Stud or Scarf (Stok) Pin, catalogue.

Name.....

R. F. D. R. No..... Street

Town or City.....

P. O. Box..... State.....

Union Square Hotel

Cor. Post and Stockton Streets
San Francisco



Victory Monument,
Union Square.

The hotel overlooks beautiful Union Square, being on the north or sunny side, and in consequence the rooms of the Union Square Hotel have the finest outlook in San Francisco.

Within a few minutes' walk are the principal stores in the down town district.

The hotel is reached from the ferry by the Sutter street cars to Stockton street, and from the coast line depot by the Third street cars, transferring at Kearny and Sutter.

The rooms are elegantly furnished and amply provided with baths; none are inside. Long distance telephone in each room.

RATES—European: Single for one person, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Single room with bath for one person, \$2.50 to \$4 per day.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Marine Trust and Savings Bank of San Francisco.

(Commercial, Savings, Safe Deposit Vaults.)
(Member Associated Savings Banks of S. F.)

For the half year ending December 15, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on savings deposits, free from taxes, payable in gold coin on and after Tuesday, December 15, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from December 15, 1908. Money deposited on or before January 10th will draw interest from January 1, 1909.

C. S. SCOTT, Vice-President and Cashier.
Office—No. 100 Market Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Italian-American Bank.

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

A. SBARBORO, President. A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

Office—Corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets. San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Humboldt Savings Bank.

(Member Associated Savings Banks of S. F.)

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

W. E. PALMER, Secretary.

Office—783 Market St., near Fourth.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mechanics' Savings Bank.

(Member Associated Savings Banks of S. F.)

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal from January 1, 1909.

JOHN U. CALKINS, Cashier.

Office—Corner Market and Mason Streets.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Pacific States Savings and Loan Company.

A dividend for the term ending December 31, 1908, has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

WM. PARDY, Secretary.

Office—569 California Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Mission Savings Bank.

(Member Associated Savings Banks of S. F.)

For the half-year ending December 31, 1908, interest will be paid on all deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after January 2, 1909. Interest not drawn will be added to the principal.

DE WITT C. TREAT, Cashier.

Office—2631 Mission St., between 22d and 23d.

MADE IN CALIFORNIA.

The development of the McRoskey Mattress: Mr. L. H. McRoskey came to California in 1896, representing an Eastern line of bedding supplies, having had over ten years' experience in the bedding line, and being a practical mattress maker, he was astonished that 90 per cent of mattresses sold in California were made of rags, gathered from all sources, full of germs and filth, ground very fine, and sold under the name of "Wool Mattresses." Mr. McRoskey began business manufacturing Sanitary Mattresses under the firm name of the Sanitary Mattress Co., using only Sanitary fillings, building special machinery for preparing the filling in the most scientific way, until he perfected a machine which, after the cotton is taken from the bale and placed in this machine, it is not touched by a human hand until after it is placed into the ticking, not in sheets or layers, but in one large bat just the size of the mattress. This is the McRoskey Innerlaced Mattress.

It is the work of twelve years of development of a small 17x40 foot store and basement as a factory and warehouse to a factory of over 30,000 square feet of floor space and an office and show room building of four stories and basement on Market street. Mr. McRoskey is proud to say that the Innerlaced Mattress is strictly an American product made in California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

[Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco]

At a meeting of the board of directors of this society held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four [4] per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1908, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1909. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositor's accounts and become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from January 1, 1909. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1909, will draw interest from January 1, 1909.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary

Office—Corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets.
San Francisco, December 28, 1908.

Coal

Gallup Southwestern Coal Company

Operating the "Black Diamond" Vein.

Mining and shipping the only genuine Black Diamond Coal in New Mexico to-day. Shall be pleased to quote prices to large consumers and bona-fide dealers f. o. b. our mine. Our product is the best for house and steam purposes, and is never rejected on account of quality.

GALLUP SOUTHWESTERN COAL CO.,

Gallup, New Mexico.

S. DEAN, General Manager.



Illustrated catalogue on application. Office and Factory, 1808 Market St., San Francisco. Branch, 1022 San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
Office—N.W. Cor. California and Montgomery st.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

Office—526 California street, Mission branch
2572 Mission street, near Twenty-second.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association

The Continental Building and Loan Association has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1908, its usual dividend of four per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent on term deposits. Interest on deposits payable on and after January 1, 1909. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

Office—Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Central Trust Company of California.

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of all taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

E. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

Office—Market and Sansome streets; branches
624 Van Ness avenue and 3039 16th street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE Savings and Loan Society

(Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909. Money deposited before January 10th will draw interest from January 1, 1909.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings Department, Mission Branch of the Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited.

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1909. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1909.

W. K. COLE, Branch Manager.

Office—16th and Mission Streets.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Security Savings Bank.

(Member Associated Savings Banks of S. F.)

For the half year ending December 31, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1909.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

Office—316 Montgomery Street.

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During 1909

With the January Number THE ARENA enters upon its forty-first volume, and it is the intention of the management to make it one marked by unusual strength, brilliancy and timeliness in its content-matter. Among the many exceptionally attractive features of the January, as well as recent issues, we mention the following:

THE CAREER OF BERNARD SHAW.. By Prof. Archibald Henderson. Illustrated.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE THE BASIS OF FREEDOM. By David Graham Phillips.

A HIGHLY EFFICIENT STATE RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION. By Carl Vrooman.

THE ATLANTIC DEEP WATERWAY. By Wm. J. Poe. Illustrated with maps.

MEDICINE, HYPNOTISM AND RELIGION. By Hon. John D. Works.

THE RATIONALE OF COMMON OWNERSHIP. By Waldo Pondray Warren.

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SOCIALIST IDEALS. By Eugene V. Debs.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE OF TO-DAY. By Saul Beaumont.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CHURCHES. By Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

THE ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS. By Prof. Edwin Maxey.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND ORGANIC DISEASE. A Reply to Dr. Richard C. Cabot. By B. O. Flower.

CAMPAIGN FOR DIRECT LEGISLATION IN MAINE AND ITS VICTORIOUS OUTCOME. By Kingsbury B. Piper.

OUR RAILROAD RIDDLE. By Carl Vrooman.

In addition to the essays, "The Arena" is illustrated and contains regular departments: The Editor's Quiet Hour, Book Studies, Book Reviews, Editorials, Mirror of the Present, Public Ownership, Direct Legislation and Co-Operative News, as well as a selection of the best current cartoons. 128 Pages, 25c. a copy. \$2.50 a year. 50 cents additional for postage to Canada and foreign countries.

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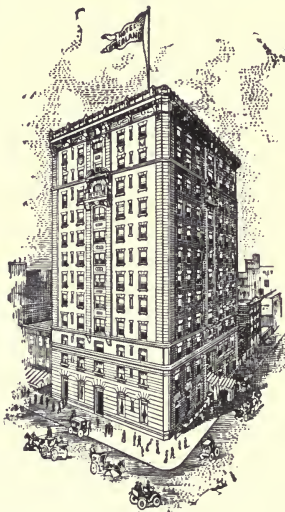
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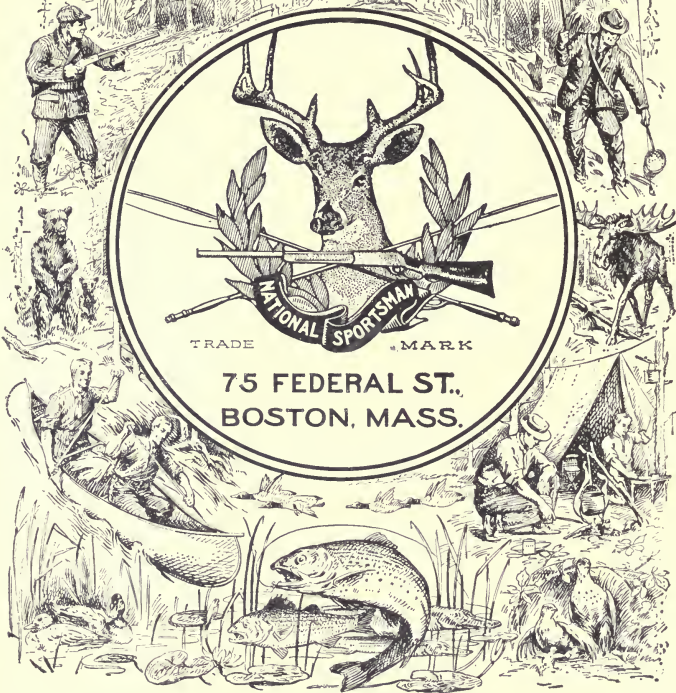
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SUGAR WAFERS.

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Most people say the flavor of pineapple is delicious, BUT

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Yes; all this proves that they have never tasted pineapple.



Hawaiian Pineapple is so different

The best variety of pineapple this earth ever produced raised on a kindly soil which brings it to perfection; picked when perfect (and no fruit is perfect until it is fully ripened), sliced, cored and canned on the plantations almost the next minute and sealed before a tittle of the exquisite aroma has escaped.

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The flesh is tender without a trace of woody fibre; the flavor rich, yet delicate, and without a suggestion of the disagreeable "bite" which makes all the fresh pineapple that comes to our market so disappointing, and all the ordinary canned pineapple so thoroughly execrable.

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delicious than any fresh pineapple that comes to your table, because the fresh pineapple—seldom of the best variety—is picked green, to ripen as it may, while the Hawaiian is fully ripened and canned so quickly that all its luscious flavor is sealed up with it.

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A CORNER IN A PRIVATE GARDEN IN SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA. A MID-
WINTER SCENE. Henderson, Photo.

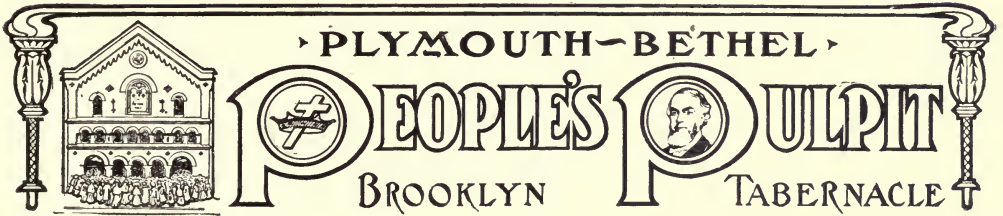


MARVELOUS MEXICO—One of the few of the Cliff Dwellers' houses possessed of a balcony. This house is situated in the Mesa Verde, Colo. Photo. Sumner W. Matteson.

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 2

OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIII
Founded 1868 Bret Korte
San Francisco



THE DIVINE PROGRAM

This article is the first of a series of twelve on a most important theme by Pastor Russell, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Pastor Russell is widely known, both as a writer and speaker on homiletic themes.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

I.—"The Living and True God."



THE STRUCTURE of the brain places veneration at the very top, and thus, by implication, confirms the statement of the catechism that "Man's chief end is to glorify

God, and to enjoy him forever." However great the depravity of our race in the dark places of the earth, this element of veneration, of an instinctive appreciation of a God and a feeling of responsibility toward him constitutes a foundation upon which to build, to reconstruct, to reorganize the depraved elements of character. Without this fulcrum, missionaries and philanthropists might well lose all heart and all hope in respect to the moral and social uplift of the masses and the classes. Whoever, therefore, is intelligently a friend to his race must do everything in his power to maintain this center of mental balance of mind and to utilize it as an essential

feature in the Divine arrangement for human well-being. Whoever in any manner or degree undermines this element of the mind is surely doing a destructive work, instead of a constrictive one, whether he realizes the fact or not.

But, alas, that we must say it! Some of the most intelligent of our most intellectual day are rapidly drifting away from the fundamental truth that there is a living and true God. These intellectuals are accepting the thought of an impersonal God, which, from our standpoint, is tantamount to saying, "There is no living and true God." This is the position taken, not only by theosophists and Christian Scientists, but also by many scientific and professional thinkers. Rarely is an attempt made to define the impersonal God. Rather the term God is used merely as a concession to popular sentiment and the "ignorance of the unlearned." Those who hold this view often use the word nature as a synonym for God. Their thought really seems to be that there is no intelligent creator in the universe; that our sun

and stars and planets are governed by what they term "natural laws," and that humanity prospers and progresses merely as it learns by experience the operation of these laws, and seeks co-operation and avoids conflict with them.

Christian Science, dealing less with the scholastic and more with the ordinary reason, attempts to explain that the word God simply signifies Good. And then, with something of a play upon words, which confounds the reasoning faculties of the untrained mind, they tell us that whatever is useful is good, and therefore is God. Proceeding with the explanation, they declare that every tree and rock have good or usefulness in them, and hence to that extent have God in them. Elaborating further, they say that God is in the air, because of its vitalizing effect; he is in the flower because of its goodness and usefulness for beauty and fragrance; he is in the tea-kettle, because of its usefulness; likewise in the chair, the table, the floor, the ceiling—everything. Whoever entertains such views proportionately destroys his faith in a personal God. "The Living and True God," and in the Bible as his revelation.

How could an impersonal God have a purpose, a will, a plan, a program? And how could he give a revelation of that purpose or program in the Bible or otherwise? "He that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." He shall be found of them. He will reveal his true character to them. "He that seeketh findeth."

But our Christian Science friends meet our objection with the assertion that Buddhists and Theosophists hold the same and represent a large proportion of the human family. Furthermore, they claim that the same thought of an impersonal God is taught in all the principal creeds of Christendom, when they declare faith in an omni-present God! Alas, we must admit that the charge is well founded; that the seed of error on this subject was planted in our minds and confessions of faith long ago. Be it noticed, however, that this inconsistency cannot be charged against the Bible, for, although our confessions of Faith were ostensibly made to be in harmony with the Scriptures, the

truth is, that not one word of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, declares Divine Omni-presence, but every utterance on the subject affirms the personality of the Father, and that our Lord Jesus is the "express image of his person."—Heb. 1:3.

"God is a Spirit," but he is a being, a person. The Scriptures distinctly tell us that a spirit has not flesh and body, as we have, but they as distinctly inform us of the Divine personality and use the members and qualities of the human body to bring the Creator within the range of our apprehension. The Hand of the Lord (his Divine power), and the Eye of the Lord (his Divine wisdom) are in every place. The Ear of the Lord is bowed down to hear the groaning of the prisoner. And the Heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind. Heaven is his Throne and the earth is his footstool. True, these expressions are pictorial, figurative; nevertheless they figure not an impersonal Creator, but a personal one, who feels, who thinks, who exercises his power; who has displeasure with those who are sinful and loves those who seek to do his will; to walk in the paths of righteousness.

Whoever cultivates this thought of a righteous, personal God, assists in establishing his own heart along lines of corresponding character. He seeks a further knowledge of such a Creator; seeks his compassion and his protecting care, and learns to love him, as he could never appreciate nor love Nature nor any disorganized conception of a space-pervading non-entity. He whose mind and heart grasps the Scriptural Personality of the Heavenly Father catches the significance of our Savior's words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Such may worship in spirit and in truth proportionate to their knowledge of the Infinite One, whom they were directed to address, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Thinking of the Almighty as everywhere present is entirely unsatisfactory to our comprehension, which calls for a God whose throne is in heaven. This was

the same thought that our Savior again impressed on the women who met him after his resurrection. To these he said: "I have not yet ascended to my Father, and to your Father; to my God and to your God." Thus the general trend of Scriptural testimony confirms the thought which we receive by nature, and intensifies and elaborates it, by giving location and quality of heart and mind and power. Regardless of the truth of the two theories, the Bible presentation is surely the one most helpful to humanity. To have no personal God must eventually signify to the reasoning mind no Law-Giver, no Judge, no justice, no love, no mercy, no personal relationship, as between father and child. Thus would be lost the very basis of Christian faith and doctrine.

The Scriptural presentation of the Almighty is, therefore, the one most consistent to our reason and most helpful to us, namely, that he is a great God, infinite in his wisdom, his justice, his love and his power. His personality has heaven for his locality, but his influence and powers pervade the universe. We may but imperfectly imagine the various channels of his information and the innumerable agencies through which he can exercise the Almighty Power. But in the light of present day invention, we have at least suggestions of it, for cannot man communicate by wireless telegraphy over hundreds of miles? And not only so, but cannot he use the Hertz-waves for the transmission of power? And can he not with the telescope greatly enlarge his vision, and with the microscope see things otherwise indiscernible?

And if puny man, imperfect and fallen, "Born in sin and shapen in iniquity and of few days and full of trouble," can thus enlarge his natural powers, what limitations might he justly or wisely set upon the intelligence and power of his Creator? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that formed the ear, shall he not hear?" He that gave to humans our sense of justice, shall we not consider him the very Embodiment of Justice? He who gave to us the power of sympathy and compassion and love, shall we not consider him, the Author of our powers, as infinitely superior to the very highest of our human ideals?

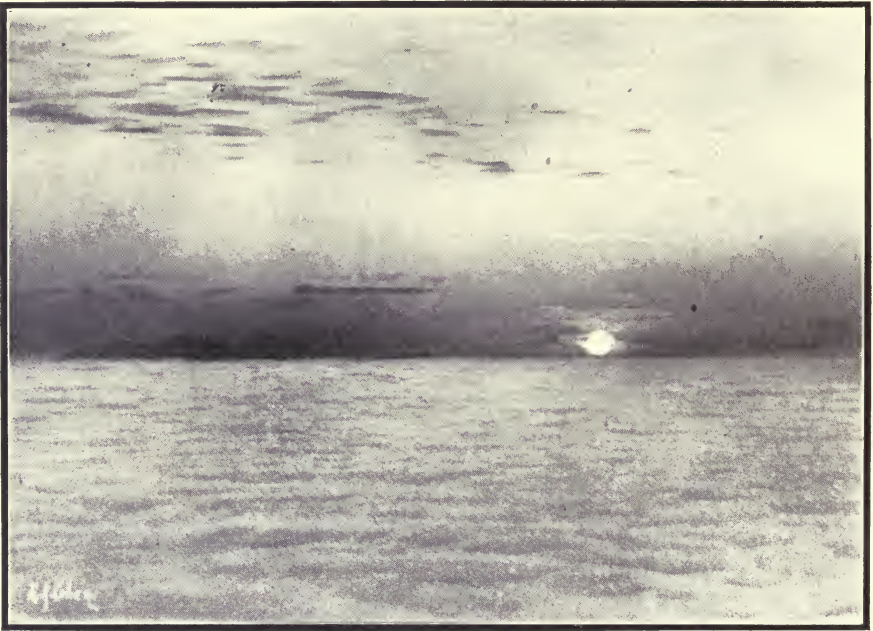
For our present purpose it is not even necessary that we be believers in the Bible in order to formulate before our minds something of the glorious character and attributes of our Maker. True, correct views of the teachings of the Scriptures will surely aid us in our conceptions, but at this time we are addressing not merely believers in the Scripture, but also unbelievers. We urge, then, that rational thought on the subject bids us believe that man is the highest type of earthly intelligence, and this teaches us that there must be an intelligent Creator as much superior to us as we are to the crawling worm. Yea, more than this, that he who gave us our intelligent being must be separated from us by a still wider gulf than that which separates us from the worm, because we cannot even create a worm. And it is but a logical process of reasoning that the noblest of our talents and powers are but feeble reflections of the same qualities in our Creator. From this standpoint, how great is the God which our intelligent reason would picture! How worthy of our reverence, our devotion, our love, our service! The Scriptures assist us by showing that the blemishes which we find in ourselves and others are results of disobedience to the Divine instruction—the results of the fall from the more particular image and likeness of our Creator.

Filled with so noble a conception of Deity, we would naturally hasten to worship and bow down, but are stopped by the voices from the Dark Ages, which misrepresent the Almighty, implying that he is not the embodiment of justice, wisdom, love and power. These voices assure us that, although we are commanded to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate us and persecute us and say all manner of evil against us falsely, nevertheless the Almighty, who gave these commands, does not love or forgive his enemies, and does them good but inadequately, and has made preparation for their eternal torture. There is something wholly inconsistent between these voices from the past and the voice of our reason. It is claimed by many that the Bible substantiates the voices of the Dark Ages, the creeds, but we hold that this is a mistake, partly attributable to poor translation and partly to misunderstood parables. The reasoning mind

surely rebels against the theory which in the Dark Ages held sway and led to the Inquisition and the stake. And it is glad that it has gotten rid of so gross a misconception of the "Father of Lights." A well-balanced and reverential intellect will rejoice to find and to recognize a God that not only is not devoid of justice, wisdom, love and power, and on a plane lower than our own, but who, on the contrary, is infinite in these attributes and worthy of our reverence and worship.

We assent that the Divine Word, the Bible, has been greatly misrepresented by us all in the past, and deserves reconsideration.

If our forefathers read the Bible with smoking lamps and blurred vision, and nevertheless got some blessing, what a power of God it should be to us now, if, in the light of the electric arc, we should find it the store-house of Divine grace and truth, perfectly co-ordinated and surpassing our highest ideals!



RHAPSODY

BY A. C. B.

A silver moon in a sunset sky,
 Where clouds are lazily drifting by:
 A flood of color that throbs and thrills
 As God, for a moment, paints the hills.
 My soul responds with enraptured song;
 My thoughts with celestial measures throng;
 And in melody's madness my senses sink,
 Lured by the tune
 Of a silver moon—
 A silver moon in a theme of pink.

THAT EXTRAORDINARY PERSON- AGE, THE THEATRICAL PRESS AGENT

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

Mr. Barnett Franklin is well known to the readers of the Overland Monthly as a brilliant writer, and many of them, who have not had the pleasure of previous acquaintance through his criticisms of stage doings in San Francisco in the press of this city, have found his picturesque articles in this magazine of more than passing interest. This installment of humorous and epigrammatic theatrical lore treats of the ubiquitous press-agent, the modern adjunct to the theatre, the means by which success is reached, and, in many instances, the only reason for success that exists. It may be assumed that the picture delineated by Mr. Franklin is a very good portraiture of the press-agent, and, although that individual will make strenuous denial, the public will easily identify the original by comparing him with Mr. Franklin's artistic word painting.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HERE BE ALL sorts and kinds of publicity promoters, but the theatrical press-agent occupies a unique position all his own. As a professional booster he stands unquestion-

ably supreme. He is the real, unadulterated "Class A" article, and he pales all other seekers of free advertising into insipid insignificance.

The theatrical press-agent, as you undoubtedly know, is an individual possessed of abnormal imagination who is hired by a theatrical manager for the purpose of calling the playgoing public's attention to that particular manager's theatrical attraction or "star." It is his business to drum up business, to create a general interest in the attraction he represents. The obvious object of all this is, of course, to swell the box-office receipts to such an extent that a post-mortem examination will not find that the production was merely an "artistic, though not a financial, success."

Now some misguided souls may have a

sort of dim, faint notion in their cerebrums that the success of a theatrical venture depends entirely upon the worth of the play, the quality of the acting, and the character of the costumery and scenic investiture. Permit me at once to scatter a few handfuls of disillusion on this notion at once. True, it is advisable ever to have a good play and capable interpreters, and the other details of production should be of the best. But, bless you, it does not much matter with the press-agent what is the merit of the attraction he is delegated to root for. It is the sole object of this conscienceless individual to corral the attention of the public, and you may feel secure that he is going to work his very sturdiest to do it. And it is a matter of record that many a first-rate production has failed absolutely just because it was inefficiently pressaged, while others, barren of excellence, have been floated upon the wave of prosperity solely because of the workings of the publicity man.

'Tis a megaphonic age we live in, and the theatrical press-agent is a necessary



FORBES ROBERTSON.

The distinguished English actor, as Caesar, in Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."
Photo by Sarony.



MARY BOLAND.

A young actress who brings a wealth of pulchritude to John Drew's production of "Jack Straw."
Photo by Sarony.

product of it. A very large percentage of Americans is theatre-going, still there is great competition in the "show business," for playhouses are more than merely numerous. The more skillful the press-agent, the more successfully he kindles interest in the production he represents. And there is no "star" so luminous—even though his name be a "household word"—that can afford to disdain the offices of the press-agent. And, truly, there should be a feeling in every star's heart akin to love for him, for the patient, plodding soul who never has written a word save in praise of the whole guild of actors, and who, in so doing, has antidoted many a vitriolic paragraph emanating from that poor, villified, hunted, haunted analyst of plays termed a dramatic critic.

The dramatic critic and the press-agent are sworn foes. It is the dramatic critic's business to tell the truth about a theatrical performance in the columns of his paper, and it is the endeavor of the press-agent to prevent this as far as possible and, in addition, to see that a few "news" stories of a complimentary nature get into subsequent issues of the paper so as to render the workings of the despised dramatic critic null and void. Ah, I know whereof I speak, good folk, for I, alack-a-day, am an humble chronicler of the drama myself.

And if the critic "turns down" a press-agent's "fake," which happens to be a very thinly disguised eulogy of his show, why, it does not feaze the man of brass for so much as an instant. It may be that he has been currying favor with the managing editor by artful means all these months for just this day of necessity, and so to him he goes with his plaint and a request for the use of his "true story" in the magazine section of the paper. Sometimes this works and sometimes it doesn't, but your real thing in press-agents is never disheartened by non-success. In the bright lexicon of press-agentdom there is no such word as fail. As some distinguished philosopher has, I believe, recommended, he tries, tries again.

George Ade relates the tale of the success of a ruse of this nature when he was dramatic critic on a Chicago paper. The irrepressible press-agent had been with him all morning in an endeavor to get him

to make use of a two-column article saturated with guff and fluff attesting to the supreme excellence of his show. It was so palpable an advertisement, and the disciple of Ananias that had penned it had dragged in so many eulogistic superlatives in an endeavor to entice the people theatrewards, that Ade would have none of it. The next day Ade was astounded to find the rejected "fake" featured on the editorial page, and rushed into the managing editor's room with the paper to solve the mystery.

"That's the sort of theatrical stuff to write," said the editor, before Ade could say a word. "Bright, newsy, readable stuff. And it only cost me twenty dollars, too." !!!!!!!

But the successful handling of a "fake" is getting harder and harder these days. A story must be pretty plausible before it passes muster in the modern newspaper office. The time is gone when so much as an inch notice will be given to an account of the actress who is robbed of her diamonds, even, as sometimes actually happens, the tale is true. The hackneyed, roadworn methods of the press-agent of days gone by will not work. The modern press-agent must be an up-to-the-minute proposition, whose think-factory would make Munchausen himself turn a beautiful emerald tone with envy. The stories circulated several years ago of Anna Held's bathing in milk, and of Mrs. Patrick Campbell having tan bark spread in the street to deaden the rumbling sounds that annoyed her during her performances, are two excellent instances in point which serve to show that the press-agent of today is a consistent and creditable product of the age.

However "bizarre" and attractive he makes his story, the press-agent must never forget that the main object of the yarn is to advertise, and that he must get valuable advertising. And so this professional prevaricator works fundamentally towards the enlargement of audiences. He has to be careful that the newspaperier he secures for his "star" is not equipped with a boomerang. It must be minus the recoil. The press-agent that started the story, during Mrs. Campbell's engagement in New York, that the actress had won a large sum of money from society women



BILLIE BURKE.

Who was "discovered" through her clever ingenue work with John Drew in "My Wife," and who is now being starred. Photo by Sarony.

at bridge-whist, meant well, but he did not figure accurately, for the whole affair brought down on Mrs. Campbell a torrent of such strong denunciation from the pulpit that she was obliged to enter a "denial."

But the man who invented the Anna Held milk bath was a genius. Who he happens to be I do not know, but, according to statistics, he is quite as numerous as the historic folk that claim to have come over in the "Mayflower." And it was a very simple, and comparatively inexpensive, piece of advertising. Every morning a dealer in lacteal fluid drove up to the vivacious Anna's apartments, and carried therein numerous cans of beautiful, white milk. The papers were full of accounts of this proceeding, and people stood around mornings in order to see the milk delivered. The story traveled all over the country, and the good citizens of Kennebec, Ind., and Polunka, Mo., knew quite as much about Anna and her supposed daily ablutions as the frequenters of the Great White Lane. And when Miss Held trailed her way across the country, interrogating people with the great question, "Oh, Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me?" the box-office receipts were of such a character as to cause her manager to perpetually exhibit the brand of blandishment that does not wear off.

When a certain musical comedy was booked in Denver recently—a musical comedy of the conventional order, and not any more risque than the average—the press-agent accidentally overheard a remark in a hotel lobby to the effect that the speaker opined that he didn't "believe that Denver would stand for anything too lively in the show business just now." That little remark started the press-agent. His show had not been dragging in an overplus of coin of the realm, and it was his duty to boom things a little. Upon inquiry he discovered that Denver harbored a Women's Purity League that was arraigned particularly against theatrical performances of such a nature that no self-respecting girl would take her mother to. By fair means and foul, he let it get to the ears of the well-meaning ladies of the league that one of the features of the show would be a day parade along the main street of forty of the young women

of the company attired in bathing-suits. The Women's Purity League accepted the bait with alacrity. It burst forth with an announcement that it had information that a "vile, immoral and indecent" production was billed to appear at one of the principal theatres on the following week, and, proclaiming aloud the name of the play, called upon all decent-minded citizens to suppress the insult to a Christian and law-abiding community.

Then the press-agent went to work with a vengeance. The papers were filled with comments on the controversy, and the press-agent wrote ponderous letters for publication which averred that he was properly horrified at it all, and pleaded with the public to judge of the falseness of the accusation when the show came to town. Which the kindly public proceeded to do, for the records have it that it played to capacity, and that the S. R. O. sign, the actor's joy, was posted each night at the door.

Another artful dodge that secured a goodly quota of advertising was one where the New York papers "bit" for a yarn of a barber delaying the performance of "Taps" until nine o'clock one evening. The only preparation required in that case was to post the man of shears and to hold the curtain at the theatre. Herbert Kelcey, according to the papers the next day, had just been shaved, when he discovered that he was minus anything resembling currency in his pockets.

"I'll pay you tomorrow," he remarked. "I'm Herbert Kelcey, the actor."

"Herbert Kelcey!" the tonsorialist cried. "Nix on the heated ozone. Dat gag won't go. You stay right where you are until you pony up that fifteen cents."

A messenger was hastily summoned, and the papers stated that the actor was released shortly after the usual time for "ringing up." The advertising power of this "fake" lay in the novelty of the idea that a barber could keep a thousand people waiting for their entertainment. The humorous quality in the thing made for the tale being repeated, and, as an attempt at publicity, the affair was an unqualified success.

Some very clever stunts in pressagency are often not fully foreseen. Grace George once in Chicago decided that she would not




ISABEL IRVING,

Who made of the title-role the only redeeming feature in Percy MacKaye's comedy "Mater."
Photo by Sarony.



WILLIAM GILLETTE,

 The playwright-actor-manager, who has done much notable work, and who is now appearing in Henry Bernstein's "Samson." Photo by Sarony.



MARIE DORO.

A dainty young actress who came into prominence through her personation of "Clarice" in Gillette's play of that name.

Photo by Sarony.

open on Sunday night. She had been working hard on the road, and eight performances a week she felt marked the limit of her endurance. The town, however, had been billed, and the press-agent proceeded to have an inspiration. New announcements of the changed date were printed and pasted over the others. He then permitted the newspapers to indulge in a little curiosity as to the reason for the change of dates. The press-agent reluctantly gave forth the information that Miss George did not believe in giving performances on Sunday. Hooray! At least a dozen clergymen told their congregations about it from the pulpit the day before the opening of the play. They unwittingly officiated as admirable assistants to the ingenious, paid publicity man.

Henry Miller was about to produce a new play in New York, and, rehearsals not progressing to his satisfaction, he determined to put off the contemplated opening for a short time. So the press-agent was called in that he might give a waiting world some valid reason for the condition of affairs. What was done was to advertise widely that the reason for the postponement lay in the fact that Mr. Miller had lost the only manuscript of the play, without which no performance could be given, and that he would pay a reward of \$1,000 for its return. And so rehearsals kept right on, the production was put in smooth working order, and public interest was kept up.

Thus does the theatrical press agent earn his weekly stipend. The "profession" believes with a blind sort of faith that productions are successful because they are good productions, but that they fail because the press-agent does not know his business. And the press-agent believes this himself, judging by the strenuousness of his labors. Then, too, he has a rival in the "star" who happens to have something else under his hat besides hair, and who does a little publicity work on his own hook; so jealousy spurs the press-agent on.

George M. Cohan, the playwright and actor, is one "star" who makes a most efficient press-agent for himself. Many and various have been his schemes, and they are nearly always successful. Recently a noted Broadway restaurant received instructions to prepare dinner for a composer, music-publisher, playwright and comedian. Cohan finally arrived singly and alone, and he had such a difficult time in assuring the stewards that he was the quartet expected that the papers gave the story good space the next day.

And who will gainsay the talent of the "Divine Sarah" as a Bernhardt promotion committee? The stories she has had circulated about her lions and peacocks and gorillas and other choice household pets; her continuously-announced "farewell" tour; and her appeal to the French ambassador at Washington protesting against her exclusion from playhouses in this country controlled by the Theatrical Syndicate, as well as her subsequent appearances in a circus tent, are examples of pressagentism that are worthy of any regular member of the guild.

But it is the great American institution, the professional theatrical press-agent, the man *paid* by the theatrical manager to boom productions according to the dictates of an unbridled imagination, to whom I specifically refer as "that extraordinary personage" in the line that captions this article. That genial, gentle, modest, unassuming soul commands my admiration, inspires my wonder, and, in his possession of one particularly noble attribute, secures my respect. For the theatrical press-agent devotes himself exclusively to the boosting of others. He never seeks notoriety for himself, and the mere appearance of his name in an "among those present" list in the papers will cause him to blush for a week. Which decidedly unusual trait leads me to regard the press-agent with something approaching awe. For surely such an individual cannot be of common clay.



THE KILL

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Over the carpet of needles brown,
Ephraim huge came waddling down:
Massive in breadth and vast in length,
Lithe with the rhythm of perfect strength;
Muzzled anon with his piggish nose,
All unconscious of keen, tense foes;
Pausing to sniff with his ears sharp set,
As vague monition his nostrils met.
There as he wavered with swaying head
A bullet into his dazed brain sped.
Cleft with that red-hot, shattering pang
Forth in a blind, mad rush he sprang—
But the nimble venom with ruth and wrack
Tore his vitals and hurled him back,
So he staggered and groaned, in his desp'rate leap;
Crumpled, and sank to a last, sound sleep.
Still were the aisles of pine and fir,
We scanned him close, but he did not stir.
Still, in suspense of fear begot;
Stunned by the word of the rifle shot.
Over the limp, lax bulk we stood,
And none on our circle dared intrude.
We might raise and measure those giant paws,
Armed with their helpless, curving claws;
We might plant rude foot on that monstrous hide—
Deed but a moment before denied;
We might finger at will that grisly jowl,
The great throat ventured never a growl.
Ruffian burly, swaggerer frank,
Bravo, gourmand and mountebank;
Spoiler of ranging flock and herd,
Eater of mouse and grub absurd—
The trails he had traversed o'er and o'er
Would thrill to his shuffling pads no more;
The rock-bound depths of his fetid den
Would pulse to his snoring ne'er again;
The sunny slope and the thicket cool,
The foaming stream and the mirror pool,
The berry patch and the gaunt moraine
Must wait for his shaggy form in vain.
And the forest watched as we plied the knife,
For something was gone of the wild, free life.
Till we onward strode, with the conqueror's air,
And left but a carrion, reeking, there.



MARVELOUS MEXICO—The crater of Popocotapi. This interesting picture shows a derrick over a two hundred foot precipice. Here men are let down to mine sulphur and the product is hauled upward by means of the same gear. Photo. Sumner W. Matteson.

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH IN THE U. S. ARMY FIELD WORK

BY PAUL WARD BECK, FIRST LIEUTENANT SIGNAL
CORPS U. S. A.

The army of the United States is a nucleus around which may at very short notice be rallied an enormous mobile force. The militia system of the United States proved its usefulness in the war with Spain, and while the mobilizing was in some instances slowly and awkwardly done, it served the purpose and placed in the hands of the President in a very short time a large and effective trained force. The regular army is the backbone of any great United States army of the future, and while it is comparatively one of the smallest in the world, it is also the most efficient. In nearly every branch it excels in efficiency those armies under the orders of the other nations swaying the destinies of the world. It is exceedingly flexible in the fact that its men are all of them of more intelligence, man for man, than the men of any other army!

The achievements of the army of the United States in times of peace are greater than any accomplished by any Continental army in a similar period. The army has saved the lives of millions of people from disease, and in Cuba and the Philippines it has been the agency of civilization. It has forced a condition of healthfulness upon the people that would have been impossible of accomplishment by any civilian Government. It is modern and abreast of the times in everything. Paul Ward Beck, First Lieutenant of the Signal Corps, U. S. A., tells Overland Monthly readers the story of intercommunication in the field by means of wireless telegraph and other devices, in this issue. Here the American has again excelled the European, as in all other lines.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



FROM THE torches and rock-walls of Polybius, the Greek, to the wire-telegraphy of to-day is a far cry. Yet, stretching over the two thousand two hundred years of time as it does, uniting the then young world with its present older and wiser self, it embraces no more than does the "intelligence portion" of an army. It is of this "Intelligence" branch I would speak; with us called the Signal Corps.

Since man has been, he has been a trouble finder; not necessarily a trouble-seeker, grant you, yet a trouble finder. Therefore he has had wars. Wars are carried on by armies, and armies are com-

plex in their composition. The Signal Corps is the most complex branch of our army.

We first hear of armies made up of foot soldiers—infantry. Such as they use the towers and torches of Polybius, the Greek. Alexander the Great injected mounted troops, cavalry, into the war game. His armies transmitted information to a distance by a chain of criers and by mounted messengers. To-day we deal with armies transported on railways or swift, steel ships. Nothing short of electrical devices can serve to give them directions or information. It is to these troops that the Signal Corps caters.

Can you imagine a businessman trying to conduct his affairs by messenger boys or his own personal pedestrian efforts?



LIEUT. PAUL WARD BECK, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE SIGNAL CORPS ON THE PACIFIC COAST. HIS CHARGER, "DUSTY."

Can you think of a railroad having its trains despatched by a man with a wig-wag flag? Then forget to think of the United States army as receiving its orders or transmitting its information on the field of battle by means of flag signals or heliographs.

No longer can you expect to read of gallant generals with wildly waving swords, leading armies on to battle. Rather picture to yourself a high-browed, ascetic, scholarly man, sitting calmly and quietly in his tent or in a room of some captured house fifteen to fifty miles in rear of the battle-field dictating orders to a stenographer, while an assistant is busily engaged in moving blocks of wood from place to place on a large scale map. These blocks mean troops. Central sits at his switch-board in an adjoining room or tent, and cuts in General A at the front, or

General B on the right flank, or General C, commanding the artillery—and the assistant—we of the army call him Chief of Staff—moves a few more blocks of wood.

But where did this telephone system come from? How can a moving army have such luxury? *That* is what the Signal Corps is for.

Can it be done? Ask the Russians; they will tell you that the Japanese did it, and that that is one of the main reasons why Nippon won. Ask the Japanese; they will not tell you, because they seldom tell things good for other nations to know. Ask the military observers who were with the Japanese army; they will tell you that at Mukden the General commanding on the Japanese side, from thirty to sixty miles in rear of his forces, kept in constant touch by telephone and telegraph with all parts of it, and that he fought his

fight out on the map, as we might play a game of chess by cable.

To descend from glittering generalities and talk facts, let us discuss the powers and limitations of a Signal Corps Company. That sounds more technical than it is to be made.

To begin with, there are three kinds of Signal Corps Companies. That rather complicates matters, until it is understood that we are discussing the field companies only just at present.

A field company, as now organized, has one hundred men, all mounted or riding on light vehicles; eighty-four miles of wire; sixteen buzzers and telephones combined; two wireless pack sets; and a lot of other junk.

That eighty-four miles of wire is a very particular item of equipment. Fifty-four miles of it is eleven stranded, heavily insulated, specially made field wire. It cannot be bought in open market, but must be specially contracted for ahead of time. It weighs but seventy-five pounds to the mile and is laid from a reel cart that carries

nine miles. There are six of these carts to a company.

As the army advances, this wire is paid out directly on the ground, and all troops are especially enjoined to protect it from injury. At any time a station can be cut in in half a minute, and communication established by either telephone or buzzer.

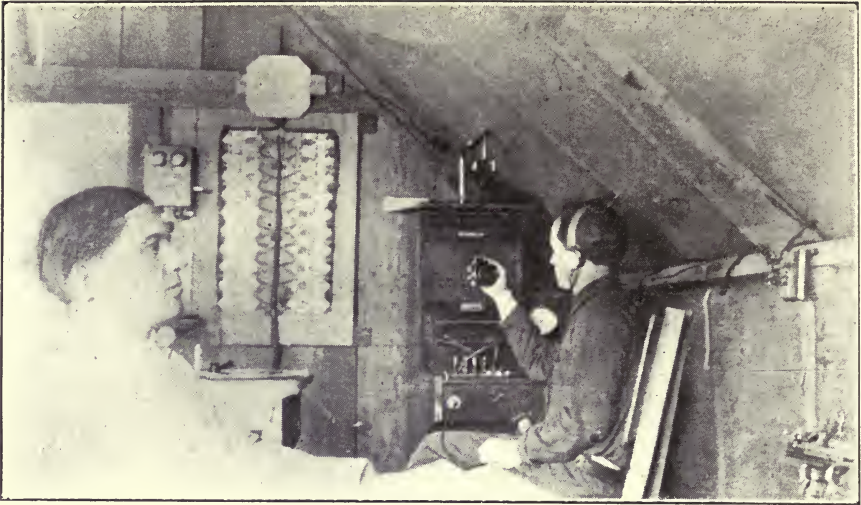
The little instrument that accomplishes this task is called a buzzer. It is a leather case covering and protecting an induction coil with vibrator, sending key, various connecting wires, five dry cells, a telephone receiver, and a telephone transmitter. The entire outfit weighs 11.5 pounds, and is frequently carried by its strap by a man on horseback.

The telephone of this instrument was tested out over a ground line, such as is described above, at Atascadero, Cal., this year. It worked for twenty-seven miles as clear as over a city system. The only reason it didn't work farther was because the time limit for the experiment would not permit of laying more wire.

If the telephone will work so well, why



WIRELESS RECEIVING STATION.



CAMP TELEPHONE CENTRAL.

have a buzzer attachment at all? Two good reasons. First, the electric impulses sent out by the buzzer proper will carry over such poorly insulated lines that even barbed wire fences and railroad rails have successfully been pressed into service. It will even bridge in the line, gaps of twenty yards length. This is a very great advantage in hasty work. The second reason is, that most campaigns are waged in countries where the names are strange and difficult. They can be spelled, but not

pronounced. That enables us to make grand use of the telegraph.

Yes, a buzzer uses Morse characters. We must have at least thirty-two expert telegraphers, among the hundred men of a field company. Now the complexity of the work is beginning to come out.

There are thirty miles of wire yet to be accounted for. This is a very clever invention, this buzzer wire. It has a tensile strength of two hundred pounds, yet weighs only ten pounds to the mile, in-



THE PIKEMAN IN ACTION.

cluding the weight of spools. It comes in half mile lengths. One man frequently carries three miles of it on his horse without inconvenience.

To accompany this lilliputian wire is a baby buzzer. It looks like a folding ko-

spent by Signal Corps officers and men. Three patient mules will carry it complete. One bears the case in which is the sending and receiving apparatus. A second carries the antenna pole and various canvas bags in which are the guy ropes,



KITE AND ANTENNA POLE—A PICTURE THAT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

dak from the outside. It only weighs 4.5 pounds, and is carried as one would carry that same kodak.

The wireless pack set is the result of many days of trial and sleepless nights

pins, etc. The third bears the sending electrical power-producing device. This may be either storage batteries or a hand generator that two men can work.

The set can be taken off the mules, set

up and put in operation in about twenty minutes, and has a working radius of twenty-five miles.

Just what the function of wireless is with an army has not yet been worked out, beyond the fact that it is an auxiliary means of communication. Against a people not using wireless it would be most effective. If the enemy also uses wireless then all messages would have to be coded, and even then to the nation having the strongest sending power would belong the mastery of the ether.

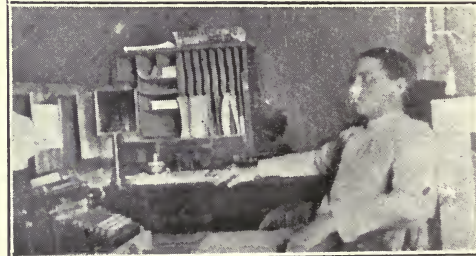
And now we have arrived at the description of the "junk" alluded to above. This it is that unites the past with the present as typified by flags at one end and wireless at the other. Maybe the first statements made herein led you to believe that primitive methods are no longer used by the Signal Corps? If so, it was an error of expression. The key note of modern signal work is certainty. Without certainty the corps would be useless. The main reliance is placed on ground lines for telegraph and telephones; but such cannot be run across the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. In such a case in day time one would use either the flag or heliograph or wireless preferably; at night he would use wireless or an acetylene lantern. There are also rockets, bombs, colored lights and other signalling devices that are used either for preconcerted messages or to spell out what is meant.

So it is really a linking of the days of Polybius, the Greek, with those of Hertz, the German, that one finds in the Signal Corps. It may be a pillar of fire by night, but it will probably be a thin, black, sinusoidal line of insulated wire by day.

Several times in this article, Signal Corps work has been spoken of as complex. It doesn't seem complex to unwind a piece of wire from a large spool, lay it to one side of the road with a long pole, and then, as necessity requires, hook on a buzzer and talk and telegraph over it; yet stop and consider that it takes at least two years to make an infantry soldier and three years to make a cavalry man. Add to this a knowledge of telegraphy and telephony and electricity—for each operator must know enough to be his own repair man—and you have at least four good years of a man's life gone in preparation.

The Signal Corps soldier must be capable of marching and shooting like an infantryman; must handle his horse like a cavalryman, and must do his technical work besides.

But that is merely scratching the surface of his versatility. If the army captures a railroad system, he must be able to act as train-despatcher; if the army captures a city having electric cars or electric lights or both, he must be prepared to



1. SECTION WITH FULL FIELD EQUIPMENT HEADED BY LIEUT. PAUL WARD BECK.
2. WIRELESS SENDING STATION, USING HAND GENERATOR.
3. BUZZER STATION IN EDGE OF WOODS.
4. CAMP TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

operate, and, if need be, repair them; if the army is oversea, he must be able to operate and maintain deep sea cables and high-power wireless plants.

In Cuba, when our army of peaceful occupation entered Havana in October, 1906, the signal corps put its men in the main telegraph offices of the island. They worked land-lines, cables and wireless stations indiscriminately, and then, for good measure, built a hundred and fifty instrument telephone lines in the capitol to insure rapid and certain communication between the American civil and military authorities. Meantime, other men at Camp Columbia were being taught how to ride horses, how to shoot, how to drill, how to climb a telegraph pole, how to distinguish a wireless message from a junction box, and many more things that it was needful they should know.

Another popular fallacy is that soldiers do not work. To-day there can be no greater error made than this one. There is sufficient time for amusement and gymnasium and athletic fields are provided, it is true, yet there are few callings in civil life that make greater demands on a man's time than does Uncle Sam of his men in olive-drab.

And when next we have a war, think of men with orange trimmings to their uniforms, the signalmen. Think of the man perched high up on a lookout station, spy-glass in hand, scouring the front for the first signs of an approaching enemy. Between him and death is only the thin cavalry screen; behind him, through the jungle, across the morass, over the mountain pass, runs the thin, black, snake-like wire, here on tree, there on the ground, straight back to the commander-in-chief, into whose listening ear he pours the first word of the hostile advance.

Think of the immediate springing to action along the whole front when the chief of staff transmits to every listening

brigade, division or corps commander, the news of where, when and how many of the enemy approach, for each and every one of them has his own line direct to headquarters, and each one is thereby made an inseparable unit of the whole army fabric.

Yes, "the man behind the guns" wins battles, but to-day "the man behind the buzzer" makes it possible for him to do so.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The writer of this article, Lieut. Paul Ward Beck, the highest ranking Signal Corps officer in the department of California, is reputed one of the cleverest and most efficient officers of the Signal Corps in the army—and let it be said, it is in this corps particularly that cleverness and efficiency are the test. A son of Brigadier-General Wm. H. Beck, U. S. A., retired, he was born in the army and knows it as few men do. Thirty-one years of age, he has seen almost five years of active service in Cuba and the Philippines, and distinguished himself in both countries. It was in the Philippines that Lieut. Beck, then only a second lieutenant, was put in charge of the building of the road from San Quentin to Banguad, in Abra, and later officered the construction of Camp Gregg at Bayambang, a piece of work ordinarily given to a captain or higher ranking officer of the Quartermaster's Department. He took part in the fight at Parparia and other engagements. It was as a result of his brilliant foreign service and the ability he displayed that when it was decided to organize and equip a field company of the Signal Corps at the Presidio of San Francisco, Lieut. Beck was chosen as the most efficient officer of the Corps available for the duty. As is proven by this article, Lieut. Beck also possesses considerable literary ability, having appeared in some of the best magazines.

C. P. HUNTINGTON'S VIEWS AS TO THE PANAMA CANAL

BY FRANCIS H. ROBINSON

Mr. Robinson gives us the views of C. P. Huntington on the effect of the building of the Panama Canal on the various large cities of the Pacific Coast and the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Huntington gave it out that New Orleans will be the greatest city in the United States as a result of the termination of the work on the canal, and that it would outrank others in point of commerce, manufactures and population. Mr. Huntington argued, not only to Mr. Robinson, but to others, that the canal operation would have a disastrous effect on San Francisco, and would divert all of the Oriental trade to New York or to New Orleans.

It is just barely possible that if Mr. Huntington is able to use his present impartial position in viewing mundane matters, his views would be found to have changed materially. Self-interest often dictates the views of great men. They are essentially one-ideal.

It has been shown that the constant opposition to competition by the managers of railroads and steamships is a most stupid policy, and yet the managers of transportation companies will lie, cheat, cajole and browbeat to prevent any competitor from entering the field.

Had Huntington adopted the policy of welcoming competition in trans-continental railroading, San Francisco would to-day be a city of a million souls; the arid places of the West would all of them long ago have been reclaimed and the business of the Central and Southern Pacific Companies would be ten times as great as it is to-day. Huntington chose to follow the policy of deterring, by the use of his commanding position and his great gift of unscrupulous political management, all opposition, and he and his associates atrophied the commerce of the West. It is just possible, in view of the above, that he was wrong as well in his estimate of the effect of the operation of the canal on the business of the Pacific Coast, the Gulf States and New York. In the face of the fact that it will only be a short span of years before the canal is completed, Mr. Robinson's article is in a measure a prophecy from the lips of the dead magnate. We shall see what we will see.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



WITHIN FOUR years a change will be made in the geography of the world, and commerce will seek re-adjustment. As the Suez waterway eliminated the Cape of

Good Hope from the world's highways, leading to and from the Indies and the wealth of the Orient, the completion of the Panama Canal threatens a transformation in the future trend of commerce. At the present, calculations as to its effect on

the world's interests are purely speculative. The hazards that lurk in the Straits of Magellan and in the tempests off Cape Horn will be blotted out of the calculations of the maritime underwriter. From a month to three months will be subtracted from the time of the steamship and the merchantman between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the American continent. These are self-evident facts, and matters of simple arithmetic. But beyond these are the greater problems which effect the world's commerce and the rise and decline of cities. From France, Germany

and England to the Orient by the way of the canal, whose completion is now approaching, presents more mileage than by the Mediterranean, but it is attended by fewer of the nightmares that haunt the navigator over the De Lesseps route. The Atlantic offers a broad and unobstructed highway, with regular winds, and favoring currents direct to the eastern entrance at the isthmus. From the western exit across the broad and peaceful Pacific, no destructive monsoons or malefic typhoons burden the risks of navigation. The way is clear for steam or sail, and for eleven months of the year the voyage is made upon tranquil seas. Time is a factor in this age, but it does not weigh where certainty is pitted against hazard. The shallow, rock bestrewn Mediterranean offers manifold dangers that find no place in Atlantic and the storm ruled Indian Ocean presents menaces to navigation that are not encountered in the Pacific. The American Canal and the Suez route will be weighed in the balance, and the future trend of Oriental commerce will depend upon the sway of the pendulum. The diversion of this commerce to the Isthmus Canal gives rise to the important question as to what effect such a transition in trade and transportation will have upon the cities of the United States and the transcontinental railways of Canada and America. Coming at this time, when the canal is nearing completion and conjectures are rife as to the bearing it will have on future activities of the world, the opinion of C. P. Huntington as expressed in an interview with the writer on the problems of the Nicaragua route is of significant interest. Mr. Huntington was vigorously opposed to any canal project, whether via Nicaragua or the Isthmus. He was against every measure proposed in Congress favoring such an enterprise, and his stand was not prompted alone by his selfish interests in his transcontinental railways, but from motives of conservatism which caused him to fear the radical readjustment of commercial channels consequent upon completion of the canal, which he apprehended would be a disturbing factor nationally and internationally. It was on the occasion of his visit to the Pacific Coast previous to his death that Mr. Huntington voiced his opposition to the canal in his

interview with the writer, in which he significantly declared: "The building of the canal means the passing of New York as the commercial and financial center of the United States." It means that New Orleans will eventually become the greatest city on the American continent. The great industrial enterprises will locate upon the navigable waterways of the Mississippi Valley. The lesser ones will follow in their train. The far-reaching effects of a canal across the Central American States cannot be conjectured. It means commercial and industrial revolution in this country. Take the Southern Pacific Company, for instance, and consider the influences that result from a temporary reduction of rates, a few years ago when the rate war was on and a cut was made in transcontinental business to nominal figures, tens of thousands of people poured into California. They disturbed local labor conditions, and frantic appeals were made to restore the former and higher rates. The cities of the State were overcrowded with people who could not be employed, yet only a few months before, the reduction of rates, public speakers, some of the papers and a number of commercial bodies urged that it was the railroad rates which stood in the way of the prosperity of the State on account of the high passenger tariff. Then, again, when in face of competition a cut was made in freight rates, the industries of the coast entered vigorous protest that the railroad company was letting in Eastern competitors, who could manufacture more cheaply in certain lines than was possible in the West. This was so, and particularly in the case of iron and steel manufactures, boots and shoes, furniture, wagons, agricultural implements and harness. The canal will have the effect, to a greater extent, upon Californian industries than did low railroad freight rates. The transshipment of Oriental consignments is a factor in San Francisco's trade—but it will pass from here to New Orleans if a canal is built. The West Coast trade of South America, which at present is ours, and which will develop with the years, will be lost, our share of the Mexican trade will go to New Orleans. I am accused of being impelled by a selfish interest in my opposition to the canal project. That

is so, but not on account of my railroad interests. The Oriental and transcontinental freight is not profitable. It is secured in a competitive market, and there is not a dollar in it. There is no money in "long hauls," as I have reiterated time and time again. Railroads are conducted on the lines of other business enterprises—keep your competitor from getting a dollar if you only break even. I would rather haul a carload of freight from San Francisco to Sacramento or Stockton than bill it across the continent—there is a greater per cent of profit in it. It is like when I was in the hardware business in Sacramento. I sold nails below cost, and made that fact a leader against my rivals. Had my stock consisted only of nails, I would have been forced into insolvency in a month, but I happened to have other lines in stock which nail buyers also needed, and on those I made a profit. Selling nails below cost brought me trade from my competitors, which I could not have secured in any other way, and I also got the dollars that would have aided my rivals in their competition against me. So it is with the handling of Oriental and long haul freight. We all strive and fight to get it to prevent the others from making profit out of it. It is a good rule of business to conduct your affairs so as not to give a competitor an opportunity to get a dollar that you can get away from him. I cite this as an illustration to show that the influence of the canal on the Pacific railroads is only an incident, and the loss of freight occasioned by its entering into competition would hardly be worth wasting the time in opposing its construction. The objections I have to the canal project are more far reaching. They are based upon the fact that the canal will be a disturbing factor in commerce and trade for a generation after its completion. It was the Erie Canal that gave New York its prestige over Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and its influence was infinitesimal compared to that which the Nicaragua project will exert in the world's affairs."

A type proof of this remarkable interview was sent to Mr. Huntington for correction, who afterwards returned it with a request not to publish it.

In a subsequent interview had with the famous railroad king he gave as his rea-

sons for not desiring it to be published that it would only serve to aid the canal project. "The entire South, West and Middle West are opposed to the primacy of New York," said Mr. Huntington, "and they would only more vigorously support the measure if they thought it would contribute to the downfall of the present great American metropolis."

Senator Morgan, the veteran Louisiana Senator, who has since passed away, was one of the leaders in championing the canal. His political career was built upon his foresight. Though a Democrat, in a Republican Senate his counsel was courted by his party opponents on all measures not involving political issues. In an address made twelve years ago before a gathering of representative business men in New Orleans, Senator Morgan appealed to his auditors to support any project that had for its purpose the joining of the two oceans at the isthmus. "It means that New Orleans will be the metropolis of the American continent. We are at the mouth of a waterway that extends north to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and east into Pennsylvania. We are at the portals of a territory bordering on 180,000 miles of navigable waters, through which the products of the most fertile and productive territory under God's heavens must pass to find their way to the marts of civilization. Our destiny lies to the south of us. It is centered in the canal."

These are the views of two of the most eminent factors in American public life in the past forty years concerning the important influence the completed canal will have upon the activities of the future. Huntington fought the project with all the vigor for which he was noted, as he viewed with alarm the disturbance it would create upon existing conditions. Senator Morgan espoused the project for the reason that he foresaw in it the growth of conditions which would give pre-eminence to New Orleans, and bring tributary to that city the great industries that spell wealth and progress. The time is near when the completion of the canal will test the realization of their prophecies and give a new angle to the commercial view, and create conditions which may change the existing order of things financial, industrial and commercial.



WILD BUCKWHEAT.



THISTLE SAGE.



Photo M. H. Coates.

SAGE-SCENTED AND HONEY-SWEET

BY MARY H. COATES

It is the honey of the Holy Land, the fabled honey of Canaan, the sweet harvest of the bees of Egypt, all rolled into one. The flowers are the sweetest in any land, and the climate the best on God's footstool. Sicily and its Mount Hybla have furnished the world with the honey of thyme and wild herbs, but no honey is as sweetly scented as the sage-honey of California. Hymetus, in Africa, produces a honey that is similar to the sage honey of California, and is as justly celebrated. Mary H. Coates has supplemented her article in this issue of the Overland with beautiful illustrations of the plants furnishing the California bee her nectar.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



WHEN THE floral bugles of the springtime call, fluting over the land, and your wanderstaff leads you through the wilds of California, your feet will be fairly sure to brush against

some member of a certain plant-family—a meeting that will bring to mind this beautiful and fittingly appropriate line by Jean Ingelow:

“Shaking out honey, treading perfume.”
Starting at the seashore, turn east or

north or south—no matter which point of the compass you face, you may count upon meeting some of the native sages, those bountifully honey-dowered members of the aromatic mint family.

They are flower folk of distinction, are the sages, though inhabitants of untilled acres. “Bee plants,” man writes them in his list of economics, at the top of the page, with a treble X: “Rich, unassisted, available,” beneath their names: *Salvias* (true sages), *Audibertias* (classed as sages, being like them in every way excepting one small feature, the structure of the stamen.) The sages are found al-

most everywhere—lowland beside the sea, midland, rocky outskirts of the desert and along mountain sides; but they have not many representatives; in the two branches probably a dozen all told, including hybrids. The most notable are the red sage,

half-hand mittens, surround the long, slender trumpets tightly packed along the stem-wands of Oriental splendor. The red sage ranks lowest in honey value, but the color!—under the trees, which location it chooses for its home—



BALL-SAGE, A BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM.

Photo M. H. Coates.

the white, the ball sage, the little chia and the big chia.

The red sage, or Humming-bird sage—because of its long red trumpets—is officially known as *Audibertia grandiflora*. John Muir has phrased it the King of the Mints. Its foliage is luxuriant, dusky bronze, and big bronze bracts, like plushy

“A heart-throb of color lit up the dim nook,
A dash of deep scarlet”—

John Burroughs, though writing of another red flower, exactly described it.

The grandest plant among all the sages is the white sage, *Audibertia polystachya*

—stiff, thick, hoary-coated stalks and white velvet foliage topped with straight flower stems covered with buds and white blossoms—dozens of stems, the tallest rising ten feet, all springing from a common center, it is an augustly conspicuous cluster and quite in keeping with the honor of its other botanical name of Ramona. The white sage is native at sea level and inland up to several thousand altitude. In the interior it sometimes covers whole hill-slopes. These fields at flower time wear a majestic appearance, as of some gigantic sort of standing grain. Look through the flowers toward the sun, the lacery of snowy blossoms is alive with industriously active bees.

The flowers of all the sages are high-class folk; and they are discriminating hosts. No promiscuous entertaining for them. A hair-fringe hall-portiere, or some other keep-out device of equally confusing construction, serves to exclude sponging loafers from their nectar wealth; and some conveniently handy doorstep and latchstring welcome awaits preferred guests. These same features also refer to the amenities: or are a sort of admittance card: "Visitors will kindly pay pollination courtesies due pistil and stamens before and after accepting benefits of the nectary."

In this respect the flower of the white sage is freakily unique. It is a truly queer-shaped flower. It has a trap door. It looks as if the flower-maker's thumb had slipped clumsily and smashed the long floral lower lip down on the corolla, or main part of the blossom, thus forming a perfect lid, and so close fitting it would keep out everybody, even the elect. In bee-land gossip the story runs that the ultra-wise, graspingly ambitious hive-bees, ignore the long white latch-string, deftly alight on the doorstep, skillfully open the trap-lid, enter, appropriate all the sweets they wish, and depart without paying any pollination favors; and that necessity compels the heavy, sprawling bumble-bees to pay for the swiped goods. Be that as it may, the white sage yields vast quantities—tons upon tons of honey. The honey is delectably pale and clear, flavored rather like orange blossom, but more delicate, and, as John Muir has said, "Wins every market it has ever reached."

When the white sage is nearing the close of its blossom service, and when coastwise mountains show great areas of lavender-blue (a color as pure as if the landscape were covered by a dense cloud of hovering smoke), then count upon finding the ball-sage, *Audibertia stachyoides*, in bloom and the bees there gathering its nectar. In honey value the ball-sage, also called black sage and button sage, equals the white variety, and by some apiarists it is ranked as higher. The honey flow is so heavy, they say, that the bees will not visit any other flower while the ball-sage season is at its height.

More, the assertion has been made that the ball-sage honey is the finest in the world. An authoritative snapshot estimate of ball-sage value is given: Bees in an apiary of 300 stands in ten-frame Langstroth hives will fill every available space in four days in a good season, and cap it solid; whereas ordinary honey has to stand in the comb a number of days before it is ready to cap; and one-half the entire season's crop of honey will be ball-sage honey. This same honey is so white that you cannot, while standing a few feet away, tell the difference between a tumblerful of honey and one of water. Strained ball-sage honey will keep a number of years, too, without granulating.

The ball-sage is much like garden *Salvia*, and as tall as "greasewood" (white sage), and often associated in tangled thickets, which at flower time, if the rains have been just right, spreads acres of blooms—azure masses made up of little flowers crowded into round heads, the heads on the spike-like beads on a string.

The blossoms of the "little chia"—*Salvia columbriæ*, are arranged in similar fashion—several heads one above another; but the chia is a lowly plant and a flower o' the springtime, one of the earliest, whether along arroyo wash near the ocean or on the hills or up the heights, and it wears an air of greater individuality. The first comers are usually one-story affairs—two or three inches of stem, a few fern-like leaves and a single globe of fragrant blossoms—nectar goblets of blue set in red holders, colors as perkily gay as spring-time flowers may be.

Bright as these little wild blooms are, they stand for a decadent glory. Hundreds

of years ago the chia was a garden plant cultivated for its seed value. Chia seeds possess great nourishing qualities and assuage thirst. A handful of chia seeds on your day a-willing, and you've no need for other lunch. In those by-gone times the chia was even a revered plant; the

airy grace, clear coloring and crisp freshness of the beauty of the floral wilds. The bloom-heads are curious in texture and construction, cobwebby globes more intricate in weave than any spider's spinning, and more dainty than a silk-worm's cocoon, filmy white, studded with purple-



LITTLE CHIA, CHEMISAL, ALPINE FLOWERS.

Photo M. H. Coates.

tribes of the extreme southwest welcomed visitor, friend or stranger, by making an offering of a bowl of chia gruel; and also placed the seeds in their sepulchres.

The flower of the "big chia," *Salvia carduacea*, the other members of this branch of native sages, is the epitome of

edged A's (the buds), here and there adorned with open flowers of fragile, clear toned lavender, each flower frilled with white lace and ornamented with out-standing stamens heavily loaded with brilliant orange pollen.

Edges of grainfields and pasture lanes

are its chosen home; it comes after the great army of spring flowers have gone, and—as is the way in California, all the world is taking on ripening tones of soft gray, cream, ecru, brown. Its olive-gray, wool-veiled foliage spreads a rosette on the ground; its stems are not noticeable among the drying grass and stubble, and therefore the flowers seem to have no support. Rather, as if they were floating, downy feathers dropped by some bird of the azure, for they carry an atmosphere of the sky rather than a thing of the soil. The airy illusion is dispelled the moment you touch the thistle sage. Its name covers the point—covers many points—every tip of its thistle foliage of bract and of calyx is armed with a touch-me-not sharp spine.

One of nature's great secrets, the relation of fragrance to nectar, flavors, is noticeably present in the sages. The red sage has not any odor of sage nor of mint; the big chia has an elusive, haunting perfume of blended musk and sandalwood; the little chia suggests delightfully woody odors with a faint hint of sage; the white sage has a greasy feel, leaf, stem, twig and a powerful odor like garden sage soaked in rancid bacon fat, and it yields a clear, delicately flavored honey; ball-sage combines the aroma of all the herbs of the kitchen garden and produces honey crystal-clear and super-finely flavored.

There are many other native plants which are very rich in nectar. One of the most important is the wild buckwheat—a family of many members, fifty of which are native to California. The best one,

Eriogonum fasciculatum, is large enough to be classed with shrubs. Count upon finding it almost everywhere. Upon warm, rocky slopes it spreads out great patches of cheery green and banks of white blossoms which are extremely sweet in nectar.

Another plant, *Chemisal* (*Adenostoma fasciculatum*), also a hard, woody shrub with small evergreen leaves, loves canyon walls, rocky ridges and bold mountain slopes; and flings out long plumes composed of hundreds of white flowers which are rich in nectar, and it keeps blossoming all summer.

Indeed, it is scarcely possible to obtain any adequate conception of the vast wealth of the honey gardens of the wild unless one go, out and follow the footsteps of the spring time. But fancy your mind's eye stationed on some summit, at, say, 6,000 elevation. Down, far down close to the feathery white of the seashore, or in some sunlit valley there appears a faint film of spring time color; it gradually becomes a tinge; as days go by the color band widens, lengthens, the tint deepens, it shifts, it is a solid tone; it changes—yellow, blue, white, pink, now mottled, now one tint merges into another; new colors appear; the whole broadens, brightens; it is a variegated parquetry, a living wave of splendor which surges onward and upward till it reaches your mountain eyrie; you stand knee deep in *Penstemon*s—indigo, carmine, pink, purple—and then the "Pride of the Mountain" sweeps upward, meeting other alpine blossoms which verge the snowy heights; and ever there is the glint of honey bee-wings telling of well-filled nectar cups.



THE NATIONAL BISON PARK

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

Helen Fitzgerald Sanders tells us about the American bison, the fast disappearing American buffalo. She shows conclusively the necessity of preserving to posterity a noble and most useful animal, and she gives us the history of the efforts that have been made to preserve various herds of these buffalo, through private endeavor. It is high time that the national movement to preserve the buffalo be given a much wider scope. Several large tracts should be laid aside, and in these the increase of this magnificent American animal should be encouraged under the most advantageous condition. There is no reason why the bison should not rank as one of our food producing animals, and, as a fur bearer, he has no equal; while the leather is more tenaciously tough than that of the beeve or the horse. Mrs. Sanders' article will be found most entertaining reading.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



WITHIN THE past few years we have come to the realization that we have been a wasteful people in the past, not wantonly so, perhaps, because the natural resources of the country appear to be practically limitless. More thoughtlessly than viciously, we have denuded the mountains of their timber, squandered the treasure of the earth, and of less economic value, but as of great sentimental interest, we have either deliberately slain the animals of the primeval woods or made impossible the conditions of their existence. The reckless extravagance of waste is having its inevitable reaction in a growing conservatism among thoughtful, far-seeing men and women. With newly awakened sentiment we look about us, feeling a sorrowful sense of loss never to be quite repaired, and seek to preserve that which is still left of Nature's treasure within our keep.

Under a wise administration, timber reserves have been established to save the forests from utter annihilation, various portions of the country possessed of natural grandeur have been set aside as national parks, and now the final step has been taken through an act of Con-

gress for the purchase of Indian lands where a national bison park will be established and a national herd maintained. For this public service the country is indebted to the American Bison Society, an organization which has for its object the preservation of the vanishing "Monarch of the Plains." The honorary president is Theodore Roosevelt, the honorary vice-president is His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, and the active president is William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park.

Often a misfortune begets a benefit. This has been true of the sale of the famous Allard-Pablo herd to the Canadian Government, which aroused our own people through the consciousness of a distinct loss. Indeed, it was the reaction of public sentiment from indifference to interest, caused by this sale of the largest herd in existence, which first agitated the scheme of a bison or buffalo park, stocked with a national herd past the caprice of personal ownership and the chance of range upon Indian lands, the uncertainties of which are manifold.

It is only just to say that the sale of the Pablo herd was forced upon its owner, whose ranges were upon the Flathead Indian Reservation, a district soon to be thrown open to settlement. He tried in

vain to dispose of the animals in the United States, but failing, with the loss of his range reduced merely to the matter of time, and financial ruin threatening him, he sold at last to Canada.

The Pablo herd is estimated to number 628 herd of buffalo, but owing to the great difficulty of bringing the animals in from remote and inaccessible fastnesses, only 400 were delivered across the border, over 200 eluding capture. However, all save ten out of the remaining band belong to the Canadian Government and will be transported as they are caught.

Pablo started his herd in 1880 with about 30 wild buffalo saved from the ravages of slaughter on Wild Horse Island in Flathead Lake. From these, the splendid band of more than 600 was bred. Four years ago in the Yellowstone Park, under a Government warden, 18 buffalo were assembled. Their number has increased to 59, and among them are some of the finest specimens in existence. These figures will give an idea of what results may be expected from a herd living in an ideal environment, under skilled care and the protection of the nation.

It is well to stop for a moment and look back upon the past of the buffalo. Few of us realize the debt that civilization owes to the early hordes which roved the plains, a debt that has been repaid with wanton cruelty and death. These beasts were found roaming the wilderness as early as 1585 by Coronado; they were seen by the first settlers in the Carolinas, and towards the last of the eighteenth century they lived in a wild state in Kentucky. They were encountered by Lewis and Clark and others who blazed the virgin trail. "The number of buffalo in the great West less than half a century ago," writes one of the old chroniclers, "was roughly estimated at from ten to twenty million. Careful authorities put the number at fifteen million." Through the '60's and '70's, enormous herds numbering hundreds of thousands were seen by the gold-seekers crossing the plains. These herds were scattered over a wide area, but the natural home of the buffalo appears to have been between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains.

From days so remote that we have no record of them, the Indians had hunted

buffalo for meat without depleting their numbers, but with the coming of the white man their doom was sounded. Vast as were these primeval herds, they must needs yield to a greed which spared neither sentiment nor life. The slaughter was terrible. Large numbers were killed merely for their tongues, which were considered a great delicacy, and their hides, which served many practical purposes. One house in St. Louis bought 250,000 skins during the year 1871. It remained for the first tide of civilization to sweep the hordes away. From 1872 to 1874 millions of buffalo were killed; some for necessary food; some for commercial purposes, and not a few in the sheer wanton lust to kill—an ugly quality which we too often gloss over with the name of "sport."

The building of the first transcontinental railroad caused the slaughter of approximately 250,000 beasts for the food supply of the working crews. Some authorities have even said that the construction of the line was only made possible through the supply of buffalo meat. Not only did the flesh of the animals sustain life, but their hides protected workers and travelers from the keen winter blast and furnished coats and shoes impervious to the deadening cold. Finally, when trains traversed the wilderness, the tracks were lined with bleaching bones. The great, barren wastes, haunted by spectral coyote and wheeling vulture were one vast graveyard of unburied dead. And still commerce was not done! Even these bones, the last poor reliques of a lordly kind, were shipped east by the trainload for carbon. One writer says: "Allowing forty feet for a car * * * it would make a string of cars 7575 miles long—enough to more than fill two tracks from New York to San Francisco."

Some idea of the terrible swiftness of the decline of the buffalo may be gained by taking the statistics of the Kansas, Pacific and Santa Fe roads, which tell us that in the year 1874 "over ten million pounds of these bones, over one and a quarter million pounds of buffalo hides and over six hundred thousand pounds of buffalo meat" were transported to the Eastern markets.

In pitiful contrast to these enormous figures, we have the following census of

living buffalo prepared by Mr. Hornaday on January 1, 1908. According to him, there are in Montana 320. Two hundred of these are in the Pablo herd at Ronan. The remaining eighty are owned by Mr. C. E. Conrad, at Kalespel. In Alberta, Canada, there are two herds numbering 465 in all. The totals are as follows:

Captive in the United States	1116
Captive in Canada	476
Captive in Europe	130
Wild bison in the United States....	25
Wild bison in Canada	300
—	
Total pure-blooded bison	2047

In addition to these there are in the United States 243 cattaloes or domestic hybrids, and in Canada there are 57.

The American Bison Society generously offered to stock the park with 25 head of buffalo if the Government would buy, fence and keep a tract of land suitable for breeding and maintaining a herd. A bill presented by Senator Dixon of Montana, appropriating \$30,000 for the purchase of Indian lands, and \$10,000 for fencing and other improvements has passed Congress, and it now remains to carry out the plans.

Professor Elrod, a member of the American Bison Society, has made a careful investigation of different sections of the country favorable to the rearing of buffalo, and as a result of his report, a site has been chosen in the southwestern part of the Flathead Indian Reservation, at the junction of the Pend d'Oreille and Jocko rivers, within the bounds of the State of Montana, upon the uplands the final climax of which is the continental divide—indeed, upon the very ground the old-time hordes once roved. A high hill, "Quilseech," the Indian word for "Red Sleep," rises to an imposing height about the center of the park, and thence the land slopes downward in every direction. To the south it extends to the Jocko river; to the west to the Pend d'Oreille river; to the north to Mission creek, and eastward to the Mission valley. The general altitude is high, and the contour of the country is uneven, its surface being cloven by deep ravines. A perpetual water supply is furnished by perennial

springs and streams. The ravines or gulches are well wooded with yellow pine, tamarack and Douglas fir, and within their depths, which hold the moisture, grass grows as high as the waist of a man and "knee high upon the slopes," while springtime weaves into the green warp the gay and multi-colored pattern of wild-flowers. The gulches are not only a fat grazing ground, but in winter, when blizzards drive their white hosts of snow across mountain range and valley, fastening the ground in an armor of pale, slippery ice which takes away at once the footing and the food of animals, the buffalo may find protection in the sheltered recesses.

From these uplands one may see the beautiful Jocko valley billowing away in gentle swells toward the horizon which is barred by the Mission mountains—a castellated range glowing royal blue in the rarified air, until, rising upward its ultimate peaks are transfigured by chastening snow.

Nor is this country without its romance and history. Here the Flathead Indians have dwelt until encroaching civilization has beaten them back once more. Every gulch and ridge bears a name preserving a fragment of fading tradition, and a tongue which reaches our ears in lessening whispers. Thus a ridge and gulch are known as "Inskaltesshin," a dead dragon; another ridge in "Wheewheelchaye," many grizzly bear, named for a chief of the Pend d'Oreille Indians, and so on through all the catalogue of landmarks.

The Indians feel a warm and loving interest in the buffalo. Indeed, the history and the fate of both are strangely akin. Both in their peculiar domain were rulers of the inland continent; both were driven back and conquered by the white man, and both are now existing by the mercy of their old-time foe.

The climate of Western Montana is comparatively temperate. There is a considerable snowfall during the winter weather, but the storms do not rage as fiercely as upon the unprotected slopes of the Rocky mountains, nor are the summers uncomfortably hot. Thus, both the physical features and the climatic conditions should be nearly ideal for the home

of a national herd.

Moreover, the setting aside of this section for a buffalo park in no wise means a loss of agricultural land, for the general elevation and unevenness of the country make it impossible to irrigate, and the slopes are too extreme for what is called "dry farming." The abundance of bunch grass affords excellent grazing, and Prof. Elrod has suggested that horses and cattle may be pastured here to help meet the expenses which the care of the herd will entail. Another advantage is nearness to the railway. Visitors leaving the train at the station of Ravalli will be only two miles from the borders of the park.

The efforts of the American Bison Society deserve the co-operation and sustaining interest of the public. The work is just begun. The Society is now soliciting popular subscriptions to raise \$10,000

for the purchase of forty head of buffalo to form a "nucleus herd," and it remains for the people to respond. The park, compromising as it does some 18,000 acres, will easily sustain 2,000 bison, besides elk, moose, deer and such smaller animals as the nation may wish to shelter and preserve.

The preservation of the buffalo is worthy of more than passing attention, by the State and National Governments, and it is to be hoped that public sentiment will be aroused before it is too late; that within the park may be assembled a band of such size that these ancient lords of the wilderness will survive under the care of those who wrought the destruction of their race before they, with the ghostly Indian and the primeval forests wherein they dwelt, vanish forever beneath the veiled horizon of the Eternal Yesterday.

THE SACRIFICE

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

My love is forfeit to his scorn,
My shame on every tongue—
The covert whispers of the old,
The candor of the young.

To kiss the flame—and burn of it;
To smile—and weep alone;
Water and fire, the themes of wrath,
I took them for my own.

And yet, I kiss the skull of love,
From whose twin sockets came
This bud of life—my little flower—
And his own flower of fame.

For, like a lump of potter's clay,
Or slab of painted delf,
Until I burned him in the kiln,
He never knew himself.

Love was the magic artisan
To lift his hands, and prove
The sunrise on his desert—warm
As fire, I gave him love.

And like a buried urn that saves
A treasure from the rust,
To keep his secret in my heart,
I laid my heart in dust.



MRS. LOVELL WHITE.



MRS. ISOBEL STRONG.
PHOTOS ARNOLD GENTILE.



MISS JOAN BALDWIN, PRESIDENT OF
MANSFIELD CLUB.

THE WOMAN AND THE CLUB IN CALIFORNIA

BY EVELYN CRAWFORD



IF ALL MEN were Pragmatists they would shelve "previous beliefs," enter heart and soul into the "world-adventure," and help the new woman's little flyer into unknown realms. This might expedite matters

somewhat, and we would the sooner know whether the new woman is a menace or a blessing, whether she leads the way to a more glorious future of the race, or is simply side-tracking us over a precipice.

This may sound very "gossipy," but of late there has been nothing quite so absorbing in club circles as the discussions on Robert Herrick's new book, "To-

gether," a book which predicts dire disaster to the race if woman persists in developing her brain instead of confining her horizon to reproduction, in contrast to William James's "Pragmatism," with its unbounded possibilities, for, although James never mentions women, still less women's clubs, there is no earthly reason why the Pragmatic method may not be used to elucidate the mystery of women's particular niche in the scheme of life.

It has been said that "Pragmatism" is the most immoral book of the century, an opinion not shared by the club women, and certainly if so, is too subtly put for the unenlightened to grasp, but if my editor allows me, I shall quote the paragraph on "suppose," from that delicious last chapter in the book. Now, remember, this is "just suppose," and don't for a minute think that the Overland Monthly is advocating any particular religious creed.

This is the paragraph:



MRS. E. L. BALDWIN, PRESIDENT OF CALIFORNIA CLUB.
VAUGHAN & KEITH, PHOTO.



MRS. FRANCIS M. WRIGHT, PRESIDENT OF FORUM CLUB.

"Suppose the world's author put the case to you before creation, saying:

"I am going to make a world not certain to be saved, a world the perfection of which shall be conditioned merely, the condition being that each several agent does its own level best. I offer you the chance of taking part in such a world. Its safety, you see, is unwarranted. It is a real adventure, with a real danger, yet it may win through. It is a social scheme of co-operative work genuinely to be done. Will you join the procession?"

William James thinks that although this belief would not suit the morbid who are not even satisfied with a "sure thing," it would be an inspiration to the healthy-

minded, buoyant person who would take it as a "dare," and proceed to do his "level" best.

If you have not read the book, you may not see the application to woman and her clubs, and I think it is a little far-fetched myself, but anyway, no matter how microscopic woman's share is in this world-adventure she should also have a chance to do *her* level best. There is no doubt of her making the effort. The papers teem with her doings. Scarcely a day passes that her picture is not gracing a page, with accompanying scare-heads, settling forth some achievement of her particular club; until the average man swears softly under his breath and thinks regretfully of the time (not so long ago, either), when it was considered atrociously bad form for a woman to have her portrait in the newspaper, and, to go farther back, a scandal if her name so much as appeared.

"A woman's name should be seen only twice in print. Once when she marries and again when she dies," was a limitation, to go beyond which placed her outside the canons of good taste.

But, after all, though one may deplore so much exploitation of the personal, it is almost always for the purpose of bringing some sunshine into some one's life. The change in women is not so radical as some would have us think. She is still in the service of mankind, with more avenues of helpfulness, a wider scope and greater intelligence, for that word "service" is the big idea back of the working club. Organization has enabled woman to treble her influence, and I suppose the California Club is the most modern and most com-

plete expression of this helpfulness, at least west of Chicago. There are, however, several self-culture clubs in the State which have yielded to the call of the present, and have created civic and social science departments, chief of which is the Corona Club in the city. This club is assisting the Mission Improvement Club, and is doing effectual work. Mrs. Geo. Fredericks is the president of this club, and Mrs. Harold Seager chairman of the civic department.

Club women, often enough, hear adverse criticism to fully appreciate the following entirely unsolicited little "sop." It was told at a club luncheon the other day. A prominent woman had received a postal notifying her to meet with a committee at a certain house on H street. The locality being totally unfamiliar to her, she made inquiries on the street car she boarded, and was instructed to transfer to the Haight street line. After a long trip on that route she was directed to take the Hayes car, and—to make a long story short—she spent the morning on the various street railway routes of the city.

Finally reaching H street, she made a protest to the car conductor in language almost suitable to the occasion, and he answered in a mollifying tone:

"Well, Miss, it's this way. There are Haight street, Hayes street and H street, and when the car is going, they all sound alike. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Go to the California Club and get Mrs. Lovell White to change the name of those streets. The Club can do it, all right, and you will have no further trouble."

The new President of the California



MRS. J. W. ORR, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE STATE FEDERATION.
VAUGHAN & KEITH, PHOTO.

Club, Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, has for years been identified with the civic department and worked very earnestly in the Juvenile Court work. Perhaps no other woman, except Mrs. Lovell White and Dr. Dorothea Moore, has done so much in civic reform work. Of course, Mrs. Lovell White stands par excellence. She it was who organized and carried the club to success, and she is still keeping up her extraordinary activity in the out-door art section of the club. In deed, a chapter might be written on the causes of perennial youth in club women.

A unique organization has been formed in the State Federation, composed of women who have served as officials in that



MRS. A. SCHLOSS, ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE CALIFORNIA CLUB.
BOYE, PHOTO.



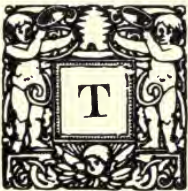
MRS. J. B. HUME, PRESIDENT OF THE STATE FEDERATION.

body. It is called the "Down and Outs." The members intended to meet for social pleasure, to keep green the ties of friendship formed while fulfilling their official tasks, and had a whimsical desire to entertain themselves with reminiscences of past usefulness; but it is needless to add that women who could plan that kind of a club would not stay "down and out" long—so it is not surprising to learn that they have pledged themselves to work for the greater success of the State Federation work. Only those who have served on the board of the Federation are eligible. Miss Kate Bulkley is the president of this strenuous band.

The California Club gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. J. B. Hume, president of the State Federation. Mrs. Hume is, perhaps, the best loved club-woman in the State, and the luncheon was quite as much in honor of the woman as to the office of President. There were many toasts, and a great many pleasant things said, for at these luncheons the women transform themselves into a mutual admiration society and the atmosphere is charged with the spirit of love which is a fine thing in itself, and serves to unite diverse interests into one common purpose for the good of society and the welfare of the public.

ABOUT THE DEVIL FISH

The following short statement gives a few facts concerning the devil-fish, or "great ray," about which very little is generally known. These facts are the result of a study by Dr. Theodore Gill. The devil-fish, or "great ray," twenty to thirty feet across, is not a man-eater, as is sometimes supposed, but it frequently tows boats by their anchor ropes several leagues, and in other ways does damage with its two waving arms or feelers. Its manner of swimming is like submarine flight. Instead of laying thousands of eggs, it has only a single young one at a birth, which is nourished from its mother's "milk." Upon the whole, it is a timid, rather than a ferocious, animal.—EDITOR.



HE BRINGING together of many interesting facts hitherto known only to a few scattered men of science about the generally dreaded devil-fish has been the result of an authoritative study of the subject recently completed by Dr. Theodore Gill, Associate in Zoology in the U. S. National Museum. Doctor Gill has summarized his studies in an official publication just issued by the Smithsonian Institution, of which the National Museum is a branch.

Although the name devil-fish has often been applied to different species of cuttle-

fish, with their eight long, wavy arms, to a kind of shark, and also in California to a gray whale, the giant fish best known as such is technically called the great ray.

Not a Man-Eater.

The devil-fish, or great ray, is flat, said to be sometimes 30 feet across, with two great supple arms or head-fins shaped somewhat like elephants' tusks protruding from the front of its head. Although many thrilling tales of adventure with this fish have from time to time found their way into print, there is not yet on record an authoritative report of a devil-fish having ever eaten a human being.

"The food of the devil-fish," says Dr.

Gill, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans, and young or small fishes, which swarm in certain places near the surface of the water. Rarely does one prey on large fishes."

Submarine Flight.

The devil-fishes are inhabitants of warm water seas, and as a rule do not venture from the shore very far out on the high seas. Once in a while one is seen as far north as New York, or another in the Mediterranean. In United States waters they have been more frequently reported from South Carolina and the Gulf States and from Lower California. They often swim in schools, or shoals, and have a curious habit of turning somersaults near the surface of the water, sometimes leaping as high as ten feet out of the water and churning the sea into foam. If the devil-fishes could live and move in the air, in their mode of progression, they would probably be said to fly, for a sort of submarine flight is really what is accomplished. It is by flaps of the long, wing-like fins that they speed themselves along.

A naturalist who observed devil-fishes in action says that he thought no more diabolical creature could be imagined. They resembled enormous bats, and in following one another around in a circle, raised the outer tip of one of the long wing-like fins high out of the water in a graceful curve, the other being deeply submerged. They might be seen now gliding down with a flying motion of the wings, sweeping, gyrating upward with a twisting, vertical motion marvelous in its perfect grace; now they flashed white, again black, so that one would say they were rolling over and over, turning somersaults.

Towing Vessels.

While swimming along, the two great arms or feelers of the devil-fish are whirled about in constant motion like the tentacles of a squid. When these tentacles come in contact with anything, they close upon it. It is generally believed that this clasping, although at times doing considerable harm to fishermen and their boats, is largely automatic, and that upon the whole the devil-fish is a timid, rather than a fighting animal.

It is hard to believe, however, that the devil-fish is always timid, when it has been known "to weigh a ship's anchor, and run with the vessel a league or two, and bring her back, against tide, to almost the same place," nor can the devil-fish generally be said to be so accommodating. Nevertheless, running off with vessels is not an infrequent occurrence in connection with the devil-fish. One case is on record where a shoal of devil-fish, sweeping by at flood-tide, approached so near the shore as to come in contact with a water fence, the firm posts of which they seized and tried to tear up, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings.

One Fish at a Birth.

It is a peculiarity of the devil-fish that instead of laying many thousands or even millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at birth. It appears, however, that to properly reproduce the species, only a single young one is necessary. For a baby devil-fish, sometimes being as broad as five feet, and weighing twenty pounds or more, is well able to take care of itself. In a number of respects the young fish grows up under nursing and training remarkably like that of a human being. It is nourished, for instance, from its mother's "milk."



INDIANS OF PERU

About one hundred and fifty thousand Indians in fifty or more tribes in the Peruvian region of South America still practice polygamy, slavery—some of them cannibalism—and hold to many strange ancestral customs in spite of the surrounding civilization. Among these customs is that of preparing as trophies the heads of their victims in about one-fifth the natural size, preserving the shape of the features. Through inter-marriage and death these Indians are fast disappearing. This article tells something about them and their customs.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IN THE mountains and other out-of-the-way places of the Peruvian region of South America, an estimated number of about a hundred and fifty thousand wild Indians—in color and many other respects not very unlike the original inhabitants of our North American continent, scour the woods in scanty clothing, occasionally wage tribal wars upon one another, build huts now and then, use stone axes, or bows and arrows and lances, eat queer foods—in one locality, it is said, still practicing cannibalism—and exist according to their standards of living, in great part undisturbed by the civilization that has grown up on many sides of them.

An authoritative account of these Indians transmitted by Mr. Charles C. Eberhardt, formerly American Consul at Iquitos, has just been published by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, in one of its series of official publications for "the diffusion of knowledge among men."

The survivors of aboriginal stock are roughly included in some half a hundred tribes, but subdivisions of these tribes and remnants of families now nearly extinct, could easily swell the number more than ten-fold. While some general characteristics run through the whole race, each tribe retains certain peculiar customs of its own, followed, as ever, with religious diligence.

Peculiar Customs.

The tribe known as the Orejones, for instance, gets its name from the curious habit its members cling to, of enlarging the lower part of the ear by a process begun when they are children, until sometimes the ear hangs down almost to the shoulder. Such was the manner, it seems, in which were tagged the original descendants of the Incas of "royal" blood.

The Nahumedes, now almost extinct, tradition has it, were responsible, on account of their short skirt-like "cushmas" and their long, loose-flowing hair, for the naming of the great Amazon. It was they who, in this garb of women warriors, attacked a river party on the exploring expedition of the Spaniard Pizarro, and were immediately dubbed "amazonas." The great river naturally took its name from them.

Mummified Heads.

Rather gruesome to civilized eyes must be the preparation of human heads practised by the Aguarunas, of the Maranon river district. This tribe, sometimes called "Head-Hunters," has the repulsive custom of treating the heads of their enemies after death in such a manner that, upon meeting some of the native sages, though reduced to about one-fifth their natural size, they retain the same shape throughout that they possessed during life, and in a seemingly mummified, diminutive head thus prepared, can easily be

recognized the features of the individual when alive.

The American Consul says:

"Specimens of these heads became so much in demand a few years ago for museums, etc., that a premium seemed to be thus placed on the heads of persons venturing in the vicinity of this tribe, and many murders resulted. The Peruvian Government has now forbidden the practice, and the specimens, becoming more scarce, are demanding higher prices. I have known of them selling for \$150 to \$200 in gold, and rather a poor specimen was recently sold in Iquitos for \$80. In the Rio Negro and Orinoco regions there is said to exist a tribe which prepares entire bodies in this manner, and in the Putumayo district they are said to retain in natural size, by a system of smoking, the hands of enemies slain in battle. I have seen teeth, shin bones and other parts of skeletons thus treasured."

The U. S. National Museum, which is a branch of the Smithsonian Institution, contains specimens of native heads prepared in this manner.

All the tribes of Peruvian Indians probably possess individual customs of greater or less variety, but, so far as is known, no one has as yet made them the subject of a systematic study. They have in common, however, many practices strange to Americans of the twentieth century.

At least Fifty Languages.

These dark, brownish peoples, though divided naturally into at least fifty main tribes, for the most part speak independent languages with many dialects. Some of the tribes can count as high as five, a very few even to ten, but most of them use only the fingers in expressing numbers greater than one. They live, for shelter from the excessive rains, in rude shacks of poles covered with a thatching of palm leaves, sometimes hastily constructed, but at other times built very cleverly and strongly much in the shape of a small circus tent.

Earth Eaters.

The Indians of Peru subsist entirely on the yucca, bananas, corn, fish and the

flesh of birds and game from the forests. Stones and hardwoods are used for grinding and crushing, and earthenware pots, etc., are used for boiling, roasting and frying. In only a few localities is salt to be found, and even then it is generally used in a mixture with hot wild peppers. Some of the tribes that live on the Amazon and Ucayali eat earth from certain deposits (known by the Inca word *kulpa*) which contains a proportion of salt. This scarcity of salt and the natural craving of the system for this mineral, have been the means of making the eating of this earth a vice similar to the cocaine or opium habit. When taken in such quantities the stomach of the individual becomes much distended, and death eventually results from it.

The rather insignificant looking yucca, a shrub which grows ordinarily to a height of from four to six feet, is probably the most practical and useful of all the vegetal products of this region. The root of this plant, which resembles somewhat our sweet potato, is really the staff of life for the average Indian household. Baked, it serves as a substitute for bread; fried or boiled, it is as good as our potato; kneaded into a dough and baked with minced meats, fruits, etc., it makes a splendid pastry, while the juice, after treatment by certain processes, is made into *masato*, the beverage common to nearly all the tribes of Peru.

These tribes of Indians seem to be aggregations of numerous families with one leader or chief, who is recognized as such by all the tribes. Among the families are sub-tribes, which in turn have their leaders or sub-chiefs, though the members of the entire group in that vicinity are under the head tribe.

Polygamy.

All of the tribes also practice polygamy, a man's standing and wealth being determined by the number of wives he may have, though this number rarely exceeds ten. The wives are taken by the men with little ceremony from members of their own tribe, or captured from other tribes, and one is usually the favorite for a varying length of time. Upon the women, as in all primitive stages of development, falls the burden of the rough daily work

in the yucca fields, where there are any, or around the household. The man does the fighting for the protection of his wives and family, hunts game, and has general direction of his household. There is usually very little jealousy or quarreling among them.

Cannibalism.

About the Putumayo River district there still roam certain tribes who practice cannibalism, not only enjoying the flavor of human flesh, but also believing that they partake of the strength, both physical and intellectual, of their victims. Prisoners of war are almost always disposed of in this manner, amid great festivity, the prisoner being allowed for days previous all the food and delicacies of the village that he can consume, in order that he may become properly fattened. The indifference which these prisoners display toward the fate that awaits them, even when they know the exact time of their doom, is remarkable. They eat great quantities of all that is given them, that they may make the better feast for their captors, and perform duties as slaves, often going unaccompanied for considerable distances from the places of captivity, and returning without attempting to escape.

Slavery.

The average Peruvian would no doubt show resentment at the statement that slavery exists in Peru, yet such is in reality the case with most of the Indians who come in contact with the whites. For the greater part, however, they are not treated harshly, and in their submissive way, with enough to eat and drink, seem

to be contented and probably as well off as when roaming the woods. Their condition might be termed a system of peonage. The Indians enter the employ of some rubber-gatherer, often willingly, though not infrequently by force, and immediately become indebted to him for food, etc. According to Peruvian law, a person so indebted to another can be held and obliged to work till that debt is paid, and in these instances the employer sees to it that the employee never receives sufficient wages to extinguish his indebtedness, and he is therefore always practically a slave. By paying off this indebtedness, a person may obtain a servant, who in this way becomes similarly the slave of him who pays the debt. However, the scarcity of labor and the ease with which the Indians can usually escape and live on the natural products of the forest oblige the owners to treat them with some consideration.

Fast Disappearing.

Through intermarriage with whites, disease and wars, the Indians of Peru are rapidly disappearing, and, it is said, statistics compiled for a given period during recent years shows that their numbers are diminishing at the rate of five per cent per annum; in twenty years the wild Indians of the Upper Amazon will have disappeared almost entirely, and it seems only a question of time when the dying tribes of South American Indians must meet the fate of their brothers of North America, and the two in common, once the rulers of two continents, become only scattered remnants of their former greatness, if not entirely engulfed by the wave which seems sweeping over them.



LA FIESTA DEL SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

BY THALIA WEED NEWCOMB



BY TRAIN, motor car, buggies and even in spacious, rumbling farm teams, the pleasure seekers came to the fiesta at San Juan Bautista on October 31st and November 1st last, pouring into the little town until every house was taxed to its limit to provide accommodation for the influx. Each person with his or her readily accessible purse—that they must have been to have outlasted the fiesta—willingly helped to swell the wave of dollars that will, for the time being, sweep back the encroaching terror that has for the past few years been filling the hearts of the parishioners and the Holy Fathers, as they saw the historic old church crumbling into unchecked decay, the massive walls slowly giving way beneath the devastating touch of Time.

The mission of San Juan Bautista is one of the twenty-one original Missions which marked the progress of the church among the Indians of California in the 18th century. Extending from San Diego north to Sonoma, situated from fifty to sixty miles apart, they offered refuge to the travelers of that danger-ridden highway at the end of each day's journey. Work was commenced on the San Juan Mission in 1797 by the Franciscan Friars, aided by their Indian converts, but it was not until 1812 that the whole structure, comprising the church and some thirty odd cells and dormitories, which extends at right angles from the chapel for 200 feet, was completed. That unceasing perseverance and the hardest kind of labor was necessary to achieve its completion cannot be doubted when one has seen and compared the primitive implements used by the Fathers with the modern ones of today. Many of these antique tools of architectural construction may be seen in

the Relic Room of the Mission. Until quite recently, the original roof support of rough hewn trees fastened together by means of rawhide thongs and the kiln burned tile covering remained, but the earthquake of 1906 so severely wrenched the decaying timbers, broke the tiles and cracked the solid adobe walls that without the means necessary to repair the havoc of that catastrophe and the undermining siege of the years, the historic old Mission seemed doomed to sink once more into the earth from which it was fashioned.

Calls for assistance to all lovers of historic monuments, Catholic or Protestant, loyal Californians, pleasure-seekers, parishioners and Eastern tourists, met with a whole-hearted co-operation in making the fiesta the successful means of raising the money necessary to save the buildings. The crowds that flocked to San Juan for the fete, imbued with the spirit of spontaneous liberality, contributed enough to render the rehabilitation possible.

The local band which, unlike most country bands, observed for the most part the primary rules of harmony, opened the festivities Saturday evening with a concert in Plaza Hall, following which came an all-night ball. Two of the most salient attractions of the night were the Spanish supper cooked and served by ladies of the parish and the fancy dances in the conventional Spanish dancing costume by a young matron whose ancestors were among the first to settle in sunny San Benito County from Spain, and a young Mexican caballero of San Juan.

The mass held in the plaza at eleven o'clock Sunday, which we had anticipated would be one of the most picturesque and touching scenes, was rendered apathetic by the honking of nearby automobiles, loud talking and shouting of disinterested people on the other side of the plaza. Aside from the devout attendance of the regular parishioners, a few pious or rev-

erent visitors, the balance of the small group about the out-door altar, beautiful in its wealth of gold and silver candlesticks, censers and other rare and antique treasures belonging to the church, was composed of the cynically curious. An idea of the ignorance or lack of reverence displayed by some of the male attendance may be derived from the fact that Father Closa, who officiated at mass, was obliged to repeatedly request the removal of masculine headgear.

Father Gleason, President of Santa Clara College, delivered a most appealing little address, describing the immediate needs of the old building, asking for offerings to aid in its restoration and giving a brief glimpse into its most interesting history.

"The attention of the congregation was so transient and inharmonious," he remarked to the writer afterward, "that I could feel the uneasiness with which the majority awaited the conclusion of my talk, fearing that it would be too long, and it is for that reason I doubt my supplication for aid and the description of the very imperative need to repair and save these venerable walls lacked the force I had meant to instill into it.

"The great earthquake of 1906 opened a gigantic crack in the central nave of the church, and Father Closa, who has been the parish priest here for twenty or more years, sorrowfully decided that a small wooden church must be built on the Mission grounds, owing to the insufficient funds on hand wherewith to repair the devastation. It was at that time those most interested in the saving of the Mission brought a ray of hope by suggesting a public appeal for help and the fiesta. Enough cannot be said in appreciation of the generous enthusiasm displayed by the visitors and the painstaking efforts of all who have worked so conscientiously these last few weeks to make the fiesta the success it assuredly is."

The sacred relics of the Mission number, among other interesting things, five masses and chants quill-written on parchment in 1705-7; prayer and sacred books with sheepskin bindings held together with fine rawhide twine; a bass viol, the back and sides of which are fashioned from a single piece of wood; brass censers

made by the Indian converts long ago; the dagger scabbard of General Castro; a wool carder, the teeth of hand-wrought nails made by the Franciscan Friars; a music cabinet upon the doors of which the 'Immaculate Conception' is wonderfully carved; several chairs and a prayer-dieu highly polished by wear and images of saints, paintings, altar cloths and vestments brought from Spain and Rome for the dedication of the church by internuncios. The tripod and one of the primitive trowels used in the construction of the Mission are also among the many interesting objects in the little cell where these treasures are on exhibition. In the nave of the church the tomb of Father Alsair, who died in 1783, but was re-interred at the completion of the chapel, can be seen near that of Superior Tapin, a Franciscan of 1781. Carved on the pulpit is a holy verse, translated into ten Indian dialects and three languages that all who came to the shrine might read.

Immediately after mass, the barbecue was held in the century-gnarled olive orchard. Quartered beef and sheep were spitted in the old Spanish fashion over a pit of coals, real Mexican tamales, enchiladas, home-baked bread, pimientos sauces and coffee were served.

The commencement of the equestrienne sports of the afternoon began with a parade of lady and gentlemen vaqueros, headed by a brass band. Winding through the town, they drew the crowds to the big field where the sports took place. Motor cars loaded to their running boards with enthusiastic visitors lined the western side of the arena, the other two sides being provided with bleachers for the majority.

A bunch of steers were driven in, to be roped, thrown and tied by the feminine contestants. Much amusement was derived from the miscalculated efforts of several of the young ladies when their circling lariats settled over other riders or their mounts instead of the bovine. A ladies' hurdle race, won by Miss Endart, displayed some skilled riding and clean jumping, which put to shame the childishly low hurdles and insecure, ungraceful seat of many of our fashionable devotees of the sport, as displayed at a recent exhibition of the San Francisco Riding Club. Misses French and Grant also

proved themselves expert horsewomen, and the former made by far the best lassoing record.

A vaquero equipment race for men, fancy riding and a Virginia Reel on horseback in which both the ladies and gentlemen participated, followed. Some spectacular work was done by the foreman and cowboys from the Miller & Lux ranch, which is situated five miles from San Juan. A steer was ridden bareback by one of these cowboys, the length of the field, where tired out by the unusual weight, the poor beast unexpectedly fell to its knees, turned a somersault, regained its feet once more, and terrified beyond reason by the persistent vaquero still sticking to his back like the proverbial burr—he dashed madly toward the entrance gate. Eluding the dozen ropes cast in his direction, he gained the street beyond, where he raced out of sight, the redoubtable cowboy still clinging with hands and spurs!

Juan Corona gave a most convincing exhibition of the old-time method of using a prostrate horse as a defense from attack, snatched hats and coins from the ground when riding at full gallop, and rode an unbroken mustang bareback with only a hacquemor as a control over the bucking beast. Two other colts were subjugated, much to the amusement of the crowd.

Some of the nearby ranchers cordially

extended invitations to the visitors of the fiesta, and many enjoyed the privilege of going over the immense chicken ranch of Mr. C. E. Jensen or returned to San Juan laden with souvenir packages of raisins from Mr. George F. Mitchell's vineyard on the Hollister road.

That the fiesta lacked the real atmosphere of early Spanish-California, was perhaps due more largely to the attitude of the visitors than the conscientious and well-meant efforts of the local element. Not for a moment could one imagine himself anywhere but in a country town, noisily tin-paney on a gala day.

San Juan contains, beside the Mission, some fine old specimens of the adobe casa—the Plaza Hotel with its cool, shrubby patio, overhanging balconies and deep-set windows is a splendid example, but the air of mercenary and hurrying modern civilization is too strongly apparent to let one dream themselves back in the halcyon days of the hidalgos, when haste was unknown, bounteous hospitality the keynote of their lives, and all unpleasant tasks were relegated to manana.

The restoration of the San Juan Bautista Mission being assured by the success—pecuniary speaking—of the fiesta, all may rejoice that one of the most beautiful of California's Missions will still stand, peaceful in its many-arched facade and rich in its sacred and historic relics of the past.

THE SULLIED SONG

BY IVY KELLERMAN

A writer wrote a runic rhyme,
 A rondo on a rose,
 In ringing rhapsody it ran,
 To rhythmic rapture rose;
 A ribald rowdy roughly roared
 The rhythmical refrain,
 The rose was reft of redolence,
 The rondo rent in twain.

A GIRL AT THE PL

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



THE STAGE, behind its jaded four horses and bringing along, in superfluous fashion, apparently its own supply of dust, rolled into White River. Not this the stage of history—the strap-hung Concord; but the Concord's successor, a three-seated spring-wagon with a canopy top. It drew up before the station, the terminal point, and from it disembarked a man and a girl who was also a woman. Followed a trunk and a suit-case.

"Travelin' light, this trip, Bill," remarked the agent and store-keeper.

Bill gravely nodded, as gathering the lines he drove on to the barn.

The girl, despite the coating of white dust upon features and garb, blending them, as it were, into one, certainly was attractive, being slender, with dark-piquant eyes and a mass of hair also, presumably, dark. The absence of a veil, and her alert, fearless poise betokened her a young lady of good-humored independence. The man was short and rather stout, smooth-shaven, and under his dust, florid. As both looked about—the girl with a gracious smile—from among the few spectators upon the platform a cow-boy in shaggy angora chaps advanced, diffidently, removing his flapping-brimmed hat.

"I reckon you 'ah the lady and gentleman they 'ah expecting out at the PL ranch," he said.

"Mr. Watkins's ranch? Yes," replied the girl, smiling upon him.

"Are you from there?" demanded the man, her companion.

He had a good face—the cow-boy; tanned, as it was, above the muscular throat rising out from his loose necked shirt and equally loose blue encircling handkerchief. His chaps were clean and white, his shirt and handkerchief were fresh; evidently he had prepared for the

occasion. He had smiled back at the girl, but at the man's words he sobered, and replacing his hat, addressed that personage, gravely.

"Yes, suh. They sent me in foh you. I brought in a couple of hawsses. Mr. Watkins was coming, but he couldn't leave. He was sorry he couldn't send a wagon, but the trail is washed out bad, and he thought hawss-back would be safuh."

The girl glanced at her companion, a little aghast. He frowned, irritated; evidently the stage ride had worn upon him.

"Do you mean to say that we've got to take the trip horse-back?"

"Yes, suh; unless you want to wait heah till the creek goes down," stated the cow-boy, calmly.

"How far is it?"

"Twenty-five miles, about."

The man muttered, annoyed.

"How long before the road would be in shape for a wagon, if we waited?"

"Can't tell." The cow-boy was imperturbable. "Might be two or three days; might be next month. Can't tell."

The man muttered a hot reflection upon such a country, but the girl rallied.

"I don't mind. I'd rather go horse-back," she declared staunchly. "It will be lots more fun, Jack." She spoke to the cow-boy, whose features subtly softened at her decision. "But how about the trunk and the suit-case? You see, we have baggage."

"Mr. Watkins said he thought he could get a wagon in heah in a couple of days; they 'ah breaking a new trail. And you might pack what you need till then on the hawsses, some way."

"My riding things are in the trunk," announced the girl, doubtfully. "I can't ride in these clothes very well. Dick ought to have known that."

"He ought to have known enough to telegraph us not to come," growled the man.

"Telegrams aren't so easy to send as in

a city, I imagine," reproved the girl, gently. Addressing the cow-boy: "Is—is there any place here where I could go and get into my trunk for what I need?" she asked.

"Right ovuh across the road, in that frame building, yonduh. That's the hotel. I reckon ol' woman Cox, who runs it, can help you out."

"I suppose we can wash. I *must* rid myself of some of this dust," she continued appealingly.

"Suah. We'll tote youah trunk ovuh, and Mrs. Cox will see to yuh."

"Are those our horses, tied there?" she queried, as the two men stooped to lift the trunk by the ends.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the cow-boy, simply.

"Aren't they pretty ones!" she praised—although they were *not pretty* at all, being the regulation cow-ponies, somewhat gaunt, standing stolidly. She tripped on ahead. "Isn't the trunk dreadfully heavy?" she commiserated.

"I can carry my end," responded the cow-boy.

The trunk was deposited in the "hotel," and the girl being left to the hospitality of Mrs. Cox, proprietress, the two men emerged.

"Can we take that suit-case with us?" demanded the owner of it, still morose, as they crossed the road to the platform again.

"I reckon we could," answered the cow-boy, coolly, experimentally raising it. "But I don't reckon we will. We'd bettuh leave it foh the wagon."

Accordingly, the other picked up the article in question, and lugging it into the station, there, while the curious minded frankly witnessed, opened it and abstracted particularly necessary belongings.

"Heah's a sack you can put youah stuff in," proffered the cow-boy.

With scant thanks the man accepted the gunny-sack and proceeded with the transfer of personal effects.

Sooner than might naturally have been expected, the girl came from the hotel. She had achieved a change complete—the dust having been removed from her, and a divided skirt now reaching only to her trim ankles. She bore what possibly was a soiled clothes bag, of blue calico, and

extending it, she laughed.

"I thought we could tie this on behind the saddle," she said. "There's nothing in it that can break."

"That's the way to pack youah things—in a sack," approved the cow-boy, taking the bag. "I'll tie it on foh yuh, and then we'll staht. That pinto hawss is youahs, and the gray is foh youah friend. We had to guess at the stirrups."

He attentively watched, while the girl, ceremoniously assisted by her companion, mounted. A smile barely curved the cow-boy's lips as the man himself now climbed aboard.

"How are the stirrups?" asked the cow-boy of the girl.

"All right, thank you," she assented, blithely.

He thoughtfully scanned her.

"I'll let them out a hole, I reckon," he mused. 'Tis he did. "How about that?"

"Perfectly fine."

"Aren't mine too long?" invited the man, shifting from side to side in his saddle, irksomely.

"We ride with a long stirrup out heah," responded the cow-boy. He swung himself easily into his seat. "Any sho-tuh than that will make youh knees ache."

The man grumbled, testily; the little cavalcade started. The trail was long, winding over the hills, skirting steep slants and twice fording the creek. The sun beat down, and around and about the sage and rocks shimmered. The girl's composure and buoyancy remained intact; she took the trail like a thoroughbred Westerner.

"Tiuhd?" queried the cow-boy, who, reining his horse to the edge of the trail, thus kept by her side.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "It's glorious—the sage, and the mountains, and everything. I love the West."

"Maybe you 'ah used to riding," he ventured, honest admiration in his face.

"Of course I've ridden some, back home. But those rides are nothing to a stretch like his—so rough and so far."

"How much farther is that blamed ranch, anyway?" demanded the man, crossly, who was following behind.

"About ten miles," informed the cow-boy casually.

The man groaned, and spoke under his breath. He looked the opposite of com-

fortable, for his trousers were creeping upward to the tops of his hose, and his necktie was awry, beneath his limp collar. His countenance flamed with wrath and distress. The cow-boy, with the tail of his eye, must have noted, for while gravely answering, again his features expressed amusement, even satisfaction.

"Are you tired, Jack?" called back the girl.

"I'd sooner walk it than ride with these confounded stirrups. I can't get any purchase on them. My toes barely touch."

"If you 'd sit a little mo' foward and ride on youah instep, I reckon you'd find those stirrups plenty short," instructed the cow-boy. "The man that uses that saddle is a sawed-off. His pants would come about to youah knees. Stirrups are all right foh *him*."

The girl laughed riotously.

"Oh, Jack, isn't this fun?" she cried. "I'm going to ride all of every day."

Once more from the cow-boy emanated open approval.

"To-morrow you 'ah liable to be right soah," he said. "But just ride you 'ah soahness off; that's the way."

Behind the man grumbled, as vainly he would kick down, now one trouser-leg, now the other.

And finally the PL ranch was reached.

"How did you like your special escort?" asked the girl's brother—head of the PL—that evening as with her he strolled about the yard.

The cow-boys were grouped near their bunk-house, whittling and joking or silent. The man of the disgruntled mien was installed in a chair before the ranch "office," smoking and resting his wearied, stiffened limbs.

"The cow-boy? He was splendid—so nice to me, and so gentlemanly! What's his name?"

"He's Thad Stebbins. A right nice boy, too; one of the best on the ranch."

"Does he come of a good family, Dick?"

"Well——" The cattle-man hesitated. "We don't inquire much regarding anybody's antecedents out here, sis, as long as he keeps straight. But from what I've picked up I have an idea that Thad is a sort of black sheep in a pretty white family, down south. I wouldn't speak to him about it, though, if I were you. How would

you like him for your chaperon around the country while you're here? Would Jack object? He says he has had all the riding he wants—and he'll find out there isn't much walking to be done."

"Give me Thad, then. Jack won't care, of course. He won't be jealous of a cow-boy!"

"I don't know," drawled her brother, shaking his head, as if dubious. "Thad is quite a catch among the ranch girls."

"Jack will have to risk it. Poor Jack. But the ride didn't seem to hurt *me* at all. Don't you need Mr. Stebbins? I'm likely to use him constantly, for I can't go about alone, I suppose."

"Hardly. But Thad was thrown by a hawss (to his sister's secret amusement he had adopted this pronunciation, along with other range traits) five or six weeks ago, and his hip was knocked out; so I don't assign him to rough work at present," explained the brother.

"I never noticed! He rode with us just as if he was well!" exclaimed the girl, conscience-stricken.

"Oh, to town and back, with a rest between, is nothing," asserted her brother—it seemed to her, heartlessly. "And you can depend upon it, he or any other cow-boy wouldn't show what he was suffering, as long as he was in the saddle. But that is another thing I wouldn't speak to him about, if I were you. These cow-boys are not used to being petted, and you'd only make him embarrassed. He'll ride as far as you care to ride, I'll warrant."

"All right," responded the girl. "Shall I call him Thad, or Mr. Stebbins?"

"You'd better try Mr. Stebbins, for a while," again drawled her brother, this time quizzically: "Treat him as you'd treat any man. He'll take to it."

So the girl and the cow-boy rode, as the mood inclined her, covering the country around-about. The other guest, the man, more inert, and no horseman, was content to idle upon the premises—spending much of the day time in a chair in the shade, with a cigar and a magazine, or asleep. In his own way he appeared to be enjoying himself, but he diffused an atmosphere of hearty bulk which precluded saddle-exercise.

* * * *

The girl and the cow-boy were at her

favorite spot—a nook high up on the out-cropping ledge of a mountain, with the world below and only their horses near. She was sitting ensconced in the crook of a prostrate young cedar, and he, in his chaps and checked shirt, with hat removed, was lazily lying by her, whence he could gaze at her profile.

"Seems as though you were hurrying off," he commented, somewhat plaintively.

"I've been at the ranch six weeks, now," she objected. "It's high time that I was flitting back home. And I suspect that you're ready for more exciting work than piloting me about and seeing that I don't get lost or injured."

"The boys say I'm right gentled," he answered soberly. "I've had to be woman-broke all ovuh again. I don't know but I like it—I suah do."

"It's good for you," she asserted. "At least, I hope so."

"Yes—it's good foh me, I reckon," he mused. There was a silence, while the girl surveyed the view and he shot an occasional glance, furtive but longing, at her face. "I've showed you every place I know of, 'round heah," he resumed tentatively.

"You certainly have, Thad," she answered impulsively. "I couldn't have got along without you."

"I'm glad you call me that," he declared. "I've been wanting to heah you call me Thad to my face. It isn't much of a name, but it's been in my family, belonging to somebody, foh I reckon two hundred yeahs, and I like it. Miss Edith, I've showed you every place I know of, but one. And like as not I've showed you that, because I couldn't help it; but I've been saving it, too. So I suppose you can guess."

"What is it, Thad?"

"It's my heath, Miss Edith. It isn't 'specially fine—but you've been theah ever since you got off the stage. You've filled it plumb full—and it is a betuh heath because you've crowded everything else out. Do you reckon you'd just as leave stay theah?"

The girl had colored vividly. Now she paled.

"Thad!" she protested. "You mustn't talk like that. I'm proud to be in your heart, for I think it's an honest one; and

any girl is proud to be in an honest man's heart. But I can't be in it the way you mean, I am sure. Besides, you know, I'm engaged."

"To that man down theah?"

"Yes, Thad; to Mr. Spencer."

"We boys have been discussing that, at odd times. But we've reckoned that it could hardly be, seeing how different you two were. Now, he don't ca'ah for ranching, or anything else in the West, and you do. At least, you act so."

"I love it—all," she exclaimed, emphatically.

"That's why I screwed up courage to say what I did," he explained. "You did not heah all my tell. I was going on to say that I wanted you to—to marry me, Miss Edith. It seems like we could hit it off fine together. I've stahted a little bunch of cows of my own. I needn't be a cow-punchuh. Somebody else can do my punching. And I've got a hundred and sixty acres salted away. Theah's a good house on it; it was improved befoh I filed on it. Othuh man relinquished, and done give it up. You wouldn't have to work, Miss Edith. You could just ride all you pleased, honey. You wouldn't be like those ohdinary rancher women. That pinto hawss you like is mine; it will be youahs. Miss Edith—honey!"

His simple, earnest pleading was far more effective than would have been any impassioned address. Her eyes filled.

"But, Thad, you don't understand. I love the West, the riding and the mountains and the fine air, but I couldn't live out here. I should tire of it. I wasn't brought up to it, Thad. And as for Mr. Spencer, while he doesn't shine in such a place, and it would appear that we aren't congenial in our tastes, at home we are very congenial, and he *does* shine. In his own sphere he accomplishes things, and is highly respected."

"I reckon, then, that settles me. But I made my throw, even if I had to lose for it."

"You don't feel badly about me, Thad?"

"Well, Miss Edith, I may feel bad, but I'm not sorry you came. You mightn't think it, but I was used to youah kind, once. 'foh I drifted into cow-punching. P'raps that's what locos me a little. I got an ol' mammy, down in Dixie; she's not

like these women out heah; like that Mrs. Cox at the hotel. My mothuh 's a lady, and I was bohn and bred decent myself, too."

"I knew you were a gentleman, Thad. Why do you stay in such a life, then?"

"I could go back, Miss Edith, and I de-cla'ah, mammy'd be powerful glad to see me. Sometimes I've thought I would. But I tell yuh, when this view, just what we 'ah lookin' at now, gets into youah blood it sticks. There's something about the life, too, that holds you to youah hawss, and rope, and the ridin in rain and shine and snow and sun, till you get so you ain't good foh anything else. And all foh fohty dollars a month."

"Thad, I want you to go home to your 'old mammy.'"

"I'd like to, mighty well, Miss Edith." His tone was wistful. "I reckon you've made me homesick."

"Listen, Thad, you go. You'll meet other girls like me—your own kind. Isn't there one, down there, now?"

"She's done married, Miss Edith."

"But your 'old mammy,' Thad. Think of her. And there always are girls, Thad."

"I want just you, Miss Edith."

"You do, now, perhaps, Thad. But I have only hypnotized you, because I am different. I wish you would go back. If you go back and just see your mother, that alone would make me feel that my visit out here had done good instead of harm. But if you are going to stay here, you will be unhappy, and I will have made you so. I haven't wanted to make you unhappy, Thad. I'm not around trying to break hearts."

Her voice was gentle, and her face was full of pity; for apparently unheeded by him, the tears were slowly wending down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"I know you ahn't, Miss Edith."

"You go back home to Dixie, to the

'old mammy,' and to your own kind. That will make me feel—oh, ever so much better. And you will feel better, too."

"The range will be mighty lonesome, af-tuh you 'ah gone, Miss Edith," he murmured.

His tone smôte her afresh.

"Will you, Thad?" she pressed. "Try it, for your mother—and to please me. And there *will* be other girls, you'll find."

"All right, Miss Edith." He spoke with calm determination. "I will. Of cohse—I want *you*; and seems like now you've made me want my mammy, too. I reckon I'll be bettuh off with mammy than on the range. Maybe I'll tell her about you, Miss Edith." He spoke almost shyly. "She'll thank you; I shouldn't wonder if she prayed foh yuh."

"I hope she does, Thad. You'll go, then? Shake on it."

She extended her slim hand; his own, singularly white and soft, despite his out-of-door life, from the consistent wearing of gloves, met it. They shook.

"If all girls were like you, Miss Edith," he said, gratefully, "some of us fellows nevuh would have taken to the range, trying to fohget. We would have been glad to remembuh. We can't help loving, Miss Edith."

"Yes, Thad," she answered, quietly. "I know. We women have our responsibilities."

* * *

That evening, after supper, the girl's brother accosted her with face rueful, slightly puzzled.

"You may not be to blame, sis—but Thad's going home to his mammy, he says. I reckon you've spoiled him."

"No, Dick," she replied, slipping her arm through his to pace by his side. "I believe—that—perhaps—I've done the opposite. You didn't think me—that—*other* kind of a girl, did you, Dick?"

A WOMAN'S TRAIL

BY THALIA WEED NEWCOMB

Mrs. Newcomb brings to us the freshness of the Sierra woods. She tells us the story of a pilgrimage of some three hundred miles in the Great Out-of-Doors of California. It is told in simple, unaffected candor; it rings true and healthily, and it tells of red cheeks, smiling lips and pearly teeth, and the winds of the forest blowing through nut-brown hair. It is the story of a California girl told in the care-free California way. To the Eastern reader, this little trip made by the author of "A Woman's Trail" will read like the romancing of some novelist. It is a true story, though, and Mrs. Newcomb does not stand alone in her achievements. There are other charming women 'way out here by the Balboan Seas who do things, and Overland Monthly invites the recital of them.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



AND AIN'T you aferd, ridin' 'round all alone?" questioned the rancher's wife.

My arrival alone on horseback had apparently been taken as an everyday occurrence

by the hospitable rancher and his family; it was not until the man had disappeared, with milk bucket on his arm, toward the corral, and the wife was preparing my belated dinner, that one would have known by her curious questioning that a lone young woman, bespurred and gauntleted, like unto the accepted type of "cow puncher" lady in melodramas, was not a daily visitor at this isolated mountain cabin in the high Sierras.

Barren memories of over-dressed, overcrowded summer resorts of previous vacations, had welded my determination to spend this one in a manner most enjoyable to myself—a month a-horseback through the mountains, alone, except for my dog.

Arriving by train at Auburn, a little mountain town nestling at the feet of the Sierras, I reduced my luggage to a canvas-rolled pack, donned riding clothes, and went out to look for a horse. When it becomes known in a small community that a "city stranger" wants to rent or buy a horse, every owner of an aged, sick, foun-

dered, balky or otherwise undesirable equine, bestirs himself to fevered interest. Summer "trippers" from the city are legitimate prey, and when it became known that the would-be lessee was a woman—that aggregation of live-stock, guaranteed by their owners to be "safe," ranged from burros to oxen! It has always made me furious to observe with what superior placidity the average man will condemn a particular horse as "unsafe for a woman," and it took a demonstration to convince the owner of a black five-year-old mare that I was capable of handling her before we came to terms.

By afternoon I was well on my way to Georgetown, twenty-seven miles distant. Past abandoned placers, through a dead sea of mountain brush, with little of the picturesque to keep one from dropping off to sleep in the saddle; one could readily imagine the scenery to be the bitter outpourings of this once busy and hotly contested county, where every foot of land held, to the prospector with his pick and pan, a possible fruition of the promise of the El Dorado. The majority of these claims are now worthless, abandoned, or the cabins occupied by shiftless half-breeds. Gone are the days of the six-horse stage, with its vigilant shot-gun messenger, carrying its "dust" to the banks at Auburn.



MRS. THALIA WEED NEWCOMB.

Dinner and an hour's rest at Green River, and I rode the remaining nine miles to Georgetown by moonlight, arriving just before the stage, when the whole population was gathered at the post-office to await the daily distribution of the mail. To unconcernedly walk by the battery of the women's stares and the gamut of too audible comments required more bravery than anything I did on the entire trip.

Sunrise next day found me on the Rubicon Road, bound for Lake Tahoe; my collie dog, exuberantly voluble, chasing ground squirrels and chipmunks on ahead. The Rubicon road is the old historic emigrant trail from Nevada, that winds down

into the Sacramento Valley. Some of the majestic patriarchs of the forest, in the sections where the timber has not been cut off, still bear, deep in their sides, the scars of sixty years ago, marking the path of promise to the pioneer into the land of gold.

For a few miles, an occasional ranch roof broke the monotony of silver-green pine trees; finally even these ceased, and it was noon before I came upon a cottage nestling in a grove by the roadside, where a rough board sign nailed to the fence informs the traveler that "Seegars Licqer Hay & Barley Meals 25c. Can Be Had." The sixteen miles already ridden had whetted my appetite to the point where even such a meal would have been palatable!

Afternoon, and the grades became steeper, the white pine giving way to fir and mountain oak. Two crawling six-horse freighters I passed, the leaders' bells jangling sweetly dim, then louder, as they wound along in and out of the little canyons. Their drivers nodded politely to me and stared inquiringly at my horse's brand. The brand and earmarks of cattle and horses is one of the primary lessons of the range.

Sunset, in its awed, long-shadowed stillness, gilded the white pine shanties of a huge, abandoned lumber camp, changing the rails of an unfinished logging road into a path of burnished silver extending far back into the shadow of the timbered hillside.

Thirty miles of mountain travel, mostly at a walk, made me glad to get stiffly down at Pilot Creek House that evening. Nevertheless, I fed my horse before sitting down at the long, oilcloth covered table to the inevitable mountain dinner of potatoes, onions, beans and "meat" (bacon). Now this may not sound tempting to the surfeited epicure, but let him ride through the mountains for a day, and he is ready to pronounce a bowl of bread and milk a feast.

Night in the mountains! Only lovers of the Great Out-of-Doors can appreciate the first night of windless, pine-scented stillness, the purl of the creek over its jagged bed, the silvering of the pine branches against the black shadows of their boles as the moon rises, the occasional soft lowing of the cattle, the dimly sweet

tinkle of a cow bell—away from the clang and honk of the city's dusk.

My rough board bed, with its hay mattress, stuffed to such rotund proportions that I contemplated wearing my spurs to bed as a surety of remaining there, boasted sheets, unironed and unbleached, but, even in that unperfected state, a great rarity in that part of the world, where one rolls up between blankets, as a rule. My dog took up his post outside my door with much banging of leg joints and licking of sore paws, for being but a city-bred puppy dog, the rough road and dust had been a cruel damper to his exuberant delight at starting.

By six the next morning, I was waving to the Swiss family, my hosts of last night, gathered outside the corral. The collie was loth to leave, and it was only at my most imperative summons he came with me. A few miles further on a doe and her fawn jumped across the road from the thick chaparral, and were away so quickly that the tiny cloud of dust in their wake had almost settled on the dull green of the brush before I had quieted my horse to a steady gait.

I overtook two old men, whom I supposed to be tramps, they being burdened with packs and fishing rod. My dog growled warningly, but contradictorily wagged his tail and lay down in the most friendly fashion at the feet of one of them, who remarked he was footsore, and advised me to travel him as little as possible until he became used to the altitude and the rough traveling. So I took him onto the horse with me, much to her annoyance and disgust, riding along beside my new-found traveling companions to Uncle Tom's Cabin, where I lunched and the old gentlemen remaining to fish for a couple of days. They had been boys together, they said, one a cowboy, the other a range rider here in the mountains; they had determined to spend their vacation together tramping over the old familiar roads. The pathetic boyish enthusiasm with which they recalled the memories of old trails or cool mountain springs hidden away by the roadside, made one forget their toil-bent backs, gnarled hands and dimming eyes. Good, kind old gentlemen, may they always be able to take as much innocent pleasure in their simple recreations as they

were getting out of that tramp!

A long, steep climb, and I looked almost straight down into a mile-deep canyon of the South Fork of the American River, winding like a silver snake between mountain sides of feathery tarweed, resembling, at that distance, a well-kept lawn, with fine groups of virgin tamarack and sugar-pine.

I had dismounted by a little brook when my dog, yelping madly, tore up the road at such a gait that, before I could mount and gallop after him, he had disappeared around a turn, waking the canyon to wild, uncanny echoes of his canine woe. I followed his tracks to a point of rock which overhung the canyon, and there whistled and called in vain. The sun was already low, and I knew I had yet some distance to go before I reached the next house, but I tied my horse and clambered down the precipice, beating around in the brush and calling, but without success. Heartsick and grieving, I was obliged to go on, coaxing and calling, until I must have been long out of earshot. When I think of that poor, mad little dog, dashing himself over that dizzy edge to escape the agony of his torturing feet and the pain of every breath of that light mountain air, I wish I had stayed and searched longer, although I would have had to picket my horse to a scanty meal and myself go hungry to a bed of saddle blankets. No trace was ever found of him. Perhaps he fell downward into the rushing river, or mayhap, stunned by his fall into some tree-top, he dragged himself to a rocky cleft to nurse his bruises, afterwards answering a "call of the wild" to join a coyote band.

That was my unlucky day! While watering in a little creek, a near-sighted old lady, driving a single buggy, came so close to me that her front wheel, slipping over a boulder in the creek bottom, locked under my horse's back leg, gashing it nastily.

It was dark when I reached South Fork where I hoped the foreman's family would put me up for the night. I found him quartering a fine five-point buck deer, and my hopes dropped to zero when he told me that none of his family had come up for the logging season from their valley home, except his little ten-year-old daughter. When he saw the lame, tired horse, however, and his daughter offered to share her



"FIRST SIGHT OF LAKE TAHOE FROM THE RUBICON SUMMIT."

bed with me, he insisted that I remain, offering me all the scanty comforts the camp afforded, with numberless apologies. The place boasting no barn, I turned the horse loose in the somewhat dilapidated corral, with a plentiful supply of green timothy. My host led the way to the mess house where I was presented to the "boys." Eight rough, simple men they were, far more abashed and ill at ease by the unexpected advent of a woman among them, I truly believe, than I was. Never during my trip did I receive anything but the most respectful and courteous treatment from the many men I encountered in this primitive realm.

Great chefs might have envied those venison steaks, inimitable biscuit and strong, amber-clear coffee. After dinner, I went to the corral with a feed of barley, leaving the men in bashful silence over their pipes. The horse was gone! A glance at the broken boards opposite confirmed my worst fears. Just enough light remained to trace galloping tracks leading to the road and headed for Lake Tahoe! A pretty quandary! A lone woman stranded in a bachelor logging camp, miles from her destination, burdened with a forty-pound Mexican saddle, and blankets, pack,

revolver, camera, and (worst irony!) twenty feet of useless rope to attach to a half-broken mustang, running over an unfenced expanse of impenetrable brush and rocks!

In the morning, two of the lumbermen and myself followed the night-old tracks several miles over a steep mountain side to Gerle Creek, where we again picked it up on the opposite shore, after wading around for some minutes in the icy waist-high water. By noon we lost it for good in a sandy coulee, obliterated by cattle, and my companions hazarded that we must be on the Miller Range, one of the largest and best improved cattle ranges in the county. One of the men suggested that he might rent me a saddle horse on which to continue in search of my recreant black, so we scrambled up through the chaparral, and were lucky enough, after two hours' hard tramping, to come upon a plainly blazed trail, which led us to the homestead. We were received and dined as welcome guests, Mr. Miller himself volunteering to bring in my wandering horse. Hearing her description and brand, he immediately recognized her as a colt that had formerly run on the range adjoining his property, before she was sold to her present owner,

and he was sure that she had, remembering her work-free colthood, made up her mind to take a little vacation on her own account back in the old haunts. Nor was he wrong. Sunset brought him home on a tired and hot horse, but victoriously leading my reluctant black.

I remained the guest of the Miller family that night, the jolly old gentleman waving away my heartfelt thanks and offer of remuneration with generous and simple grace. One of his cowboys drove the lumbermen back to the mill, returning with my saddle and equipment.

The next noon I ate lunch with an old dairyman and his two sons at Wentworth Springs, a fine old homestead, where the eleven different kinds of natural mineral springs make it a favorite watering place for deer; therefore, the Mecca of mountain campers.

Leaving the shady valley, one climbs up over the roughest imaginable road onto a range of rock-bound mountains, where a panorama of such glittering, white stillness unrolls that one feels oneself the tiniest atom of creation. Nothing but white granite, mountains, peaks, valleys of it, meets your gaze, with here and there a dwarfed pine, as if even the very trees felt

the stony oppressiveness of that cruel white sovereignty. The road, more often mere steps in the boulders, is, in places, almost indistinguishable but for the forethought of former travelers in marking the way with stones. On the very summit of the range, set like sapphires in this unchanging stony vastness, are a string of small lakes.

A paradise is the green of Rubicon Valley, with its cool waters and stately timber, after the glazed and dazzling scenery on Rockbound. It was a temptation to linger and enjoy a day's fishing in the quiet pools or the hurrying rapids of the Rubicon river. The road thus far is impassable for motor cars, and none have been foolhardy enough to ever attempt it. The climb up to the summit range, which divides Rubicon from the Lake, winds tortuously up the mountain side, doubling on itself three times, so that when a thinning of the foliage along the road occurs, you can look down nearly five hundred feet, and see, below you, the road over which you have come a short time before.

In a narrow, rocky pass, known as the "Sluice Box," just wide enough for the passage of one team, I came upon what I supposed to be a dead rattler stretched



"A HOT AND TIRED HORSE."

across the road. My horse, unlike most, would not shy at a snake, and she deliberately put her nose toward this one inquisitively. Just then, a foot further along, on a little projection overhanging the road, about on a level with my shoulder, I heard the dreaded hum of another, and the until now lifeless reptile by my horse's feet slowly began to coil itself. To go ahead would be taking the chance of both of them striking, one at me, the other at the horse, so I ignobly retreated to a safe distance and proceeded to *try* to shoot them. The horse resented the shooting, but I succeeded in killing the one in the road after several shots. The other, not wishing to try conclusions with even so poor a marksman as I, slid into a crevice.

I had almost reached McKinney's, at which point on Lake Tahoe the Rubicon road comes out, when, by an inviting little tump of fir boughs and canvas, we met our first motor car. The horse had never seen one, and her first encounter was not one to endear her to them. The driver obligingly stopped his motor and even offered to lead my horse past, but I was determined that I would make her pass it, unaided, for I knew this would not be the last that we would meet. All the campers and their dogs came out to watch and otherwise further operations, and I spent nearly an hour before I could get the horse into focus, so that one of the campers could take our picture. An invitation to lunch followed, and was gratefully accepted as both the horse and I were hot and tired.

Near sunset I caught my first glimpse of Lake Tahoe, that beautiful, changing expanse of aqua-marine, at its best, with the pink and saffron sunset lights playing on it and its surrounding sentinel mountains. By dark I had stabled my tired little cayuse, giving her an extra forkful of hay. Discarding my faded, khaki riding clothes and high boots to become once more a young woman in long skirts and renewing at the same time my acquaintance with civilization.

The following mornings I spent accustoming my horse to the motor boats, whistles, launches and motor cars about the hotel. I am rather afraid that my equine exploits did not endear me to the numberless old ladies, who are always on the look-

out for the unusual, but they rather enjoyed saying "I told you so," when my horse unexpectedly reared over backwards with me in front of the hotel, and I received a kick in the hip, which put me on the "disabled" list for several days!

Just to prove myself "still in the ring," I started to Tallac, eighteen miles up the lakeshore. There has never been a wagon road, and the range rider and myself were the only ones to ride over the trail that year. The lake was very high this year, and at the head of Emerald Bay I got into mirey places among the willow trees, where my horse sank to her girth. The ascent out of the little rockbound bay is one of the most dangerous bits of riding. There are places where a misguided movement would send horse and rider rolling down the hillside into the green, watery depths below. It was useless to try and lead the horse, for some of the trail was merely jumps from one boulder to another, and I had every confidence in her surefootedness. We finally arrived at the top, breathless and shaking, to look down on pretty Cascade Lake. Some idea of the roughness of the country over which I had come, along the lakeshore, may be gained when I say that I rode from nine in the morning until nearly eight without lunch to cover the eighteen miles.

After a few day's stay at the lower end of the lake, I decided to return by the Placerville Road, via Myers and Strawberry Station, turning off at an abandoned lime kiln, once known as Georgetown Junction, onto an old logging road, which comes out some thirty miles further, on the Rubicon Road above Pilot Creek. This old road proved good traveling, and I enjoyed the fording of the Silver Creeks, three parallel streams, tributaries to the American River. Two of them were so deep, even at the ford, that I was obliged to swim my horse. I camped for lunch, as there was no ranch on my route. In a shady little glen where green feed for the horse was plenty, I spitted my steak on green willow twigs over the coals, and made coffee, as I had seen tramps do many times, in a tin can.

About dusk I lost the road, but, thinking my horse's instinct to find the nearest barn better than my eyes in the waning light, I gave her free rein, and was much

relieved when I found myself on a well-worn path that shortly brought us out by a corral and barn, where some children and a dog were as much surprised to see me as I was to come so unexpectedly upon them. My horse had carried me off the main road, and as it was now quite dark, I was glad to accept their invitation to spend the night there. It was here that I have opened my story, but the question put to me by the kindly housewife I cannot yet answer even to myself. In the mornings, when you ride out into the path of the rising sun amid the freshness of the dewy pines, you feel that there is nothing fearsome in all this bright creation; that you would dare go anywhere, any distance, but when the dusk begins to creep up over the mighty ridges in blue-black shadows, and the weird, far-away call of a coyote or mountain lion comes echoing across the canyons; when you are tired with the long day's ride, and your horse is dragging weary feet unmindful of spur or quirt—it is then you wish for a homely fireside amid friends.

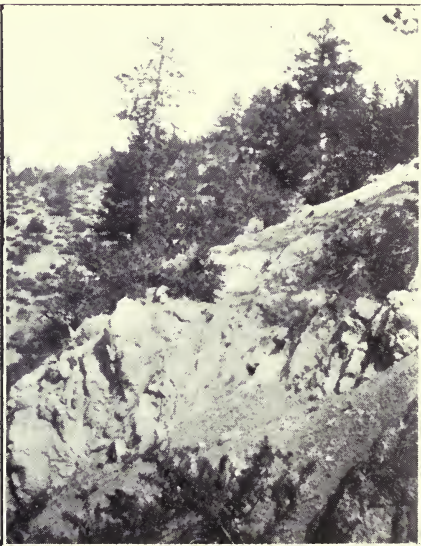
I reached Pilot Creek by noon the next day. When I told the kindly Swiss family that I intended visiting an old school friend, now married and living somewhere between there and Georgetown, they started me on a trail that would consider-

ably shorten the distance to her home. Now a mountain trail is to the uninitiated as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow to the child; it starts plainly, in pleasant places, but about the time the next meal-time arrives and your horse shows signs of tiring, you are stranded on some impassable mountain side; apparently miles from where you ought to be. There and then you resolve never again will you desert the road for the shorter promise of the trail.

Such was my case. After some miles, I found myself lost in a tangle of dead tree forest, the ground covered with tarweed, which conceals all evidence of travel like the shifting sands of the desert. After two hours' fruitless hunt for the lost trail, I attempted to ride across country toward the road. The first obstacle was a creek with precipitate, rocky banks, down which my tired and obstinate steed refused to go. Dismounting, I drove her down by stones and quirt, catching and remounting her in midstream, rode up the opposite bank. Obstacle number two was the ditch which flows from Loon Lake in the Rockbound region to furnish irrigation for the upper Sacramento Valley. Four feet wide, deep and swift, with no suggestion of a foothold on the opposite bank. I followed the path of the ditch inspector, on the lower



"THERE IS NOTHING FEARSOME IN ALL THIS BRIGHT CREATION."



"HE SCRAMBLED UP THROUGH THE CHAPPARAL."



"AN EXTRA FORKFUL OF HAY."



"FIRST GLIMPSE OF LAKE TAHOE."

side, planning to cross as soon as the country opposite leveled down, but it continued to cling to the mountain side, with a precipitate drop below me. Obstacle three, an overflow sluice gate with ten feet of fluming set at right angles to the ditch proper, across which the ditchman had placed a couple of four-inch planks, just sufficient to bear his own weight, but not a horse's. However, feeling in a desperate frame of mind, I piled them on one another for united strength, crossed and led the horse over safely. These sluiceways occurred aggravatingly often, and the planks on the third I crossed gave way when the horse was about half way over. She jumped just in time, landing nearly on top of me.

I estimated that about five miles had been covered, and with the broken crossing behind me, it was impossible to go back; besides, I knew the ditch crossed the road to my friend's homestead. At the head of a canyon I encountered the insurmountable! A spring landslide had carried away the ditch, and a forty foot stretch of trestled flume had been built in its place; this, of course, would not bear the weight of my horse, although I believe that horse could have walked a board fence! I could not ride around the flume, owing to the landslide, and it was a long way back to where a descent of the hill would have

been safe; so nothing was left but look for a possible crossing, and take a chance of a broken leg scrambling up the opposite overhanging bank. A short distance back I located a place I thought would be possible, but the horse refused to go down into the ditch, and no manner of persuasion could make her, so down I got into the cold, icy water and attempted to lead her in, but she only hauled me about, cutting her mouth cruelly. Ignominiously, I clambered out, wringing the water from my skirts. Sleeping in wet clothes, wrapped in saddle blankets on the footpath, was not a pleasant prospect, but I knew if I tried to go back to the road and the longer way, the horse would give out. To return to Pilot Creek meant a half day's ride wasted. The nightmare of that broken plank across the sluice gate rose before me, and I had no desire to have to shoot a horse with a broken leg. The depths of darkest despair seemed reached when I heard below me some one driving cattle and yelling at a dog. I halloed wildly. A voice from the impenetrable roof of tree tops in the canyon below me answered, asking my identity. It was so good to hear a human voice once more that all I could answer was "It's me." My unseen questioner laughed and directed me to ride a zigzag course down the landslide. The loose earth slid us downward

at each step in a stream of sand and tiny rocks, but what a difference when one knows that companionship and safety lie at the bottom of such a precipice! A bunch of solemn, wonder-eyed little steers came out of the band to gaze inquiringly at my somewhat unusual approach, and the young man (one of the cow-boys from my friend's ranch) laughed again as my horse arrived at the bottom tail first!

I learned on recounting my wanderings of the afternoon that the patch of tarweed, where I had abandoned the trail was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the home corral; we were then not more than a mile from the house. It was indeed good to once again be among friends.

I reluctantly took the road for home, after a week's visit, arriving without further adventure, having covered in my

month's absence nearly three hundred miles.

Now I fully understand that an outing of this sort would not appeal to one woman in twenty, but if that twentieth ever contemplate such a trip as I have herein described, let me assure her that she will meet only with the pleasantest hospitality from the people she encounters, and receive the deepest courtesy and protection from the simple mountain men she meets. Some sensitive people may shudder with delicate horror in reading this account of a summer vacation, but let me assure you the woman who rides the mountain trail alone is in no danger at any time if she understands her horse and its care, speaks the language of courtesy, and meets the people of the Sierras on a plane of appreciation.

TO A BROKEN BRIER

BY HERBERT MANNING BRACE

So this, the end, has come; and ne'er again
 Shall I draw solace from thine amber stem.
 It was a grievous thing. Thy kiss was warm
 But now; thy great heart glowed. The blust'ring storm
 Seemed but the shout of wild good-fellowship,
 When thou and I, old pipe, prest lip to lip;
 Yet now thou art a thing of half-charred wood;
 And I—I mourn thee, friend, as true friends should,
 When old and tried companions cease to sing
 The Song of Life. Ah, well, the years must bring
 The tears of parting sometime. Thou and I
 Must bravely bear the pain, nor question why.

DREAMS, BELIEFS, AND FACTS

BY FRANK P. MEDINA

The editor feels like citing a few examples that have come to him of dream performances chronicled in history. The article by Mr. Medina, adapting the theory of Herbert Spencer, is in line with others that have preceded it on "Christian Science," by Mr. M. Grier Kidder, Mr. George Amos Miller and others.

Mr. Medina evolves a new theory in the evolution of religious belief in general, and Christian Science in particular, that will surprise many of our readers. Apologizing for the citations, the editor wishes to call to the readers' attention the fact that dreams are relations of occurrences to which the relator is the only witness, and in the quoted instances of the dreams of great men, it is also necessary to caution the reader to possess himself of an extraordinary amount of credulity in order to avoid difficulty in classifying the dreamer. It sometimes puzzles one whether to say that the relator of dream experiences is a prevaricator or a professor of dreams, emeritus.

Condorcet, unable to finish an operation in differential calculus, "conquers the difficulty in a dream. Condillac, while writing his Cours d'etude, frequently developed and finished a subject in his dreams which he had broken off before retiring to rest. Coleridge says that he wrote his fragment, "Kubla Khan," in his sleep. The impression was that he had composed from two hundred to three hundred lines in the dream. Tartini is said to have composed the "Devil's Sonata" in a dream—the devil having challenged him to a contest in composition. Unfortunately his Satanic Majesty did not have the friendship of an editor or publisher, or we should have been favored with something far superior to the work of the soporific Tartini. In the Homeric age, it was believed that "dreams came from Zeus." Bacon, as earthy a man as history has given us, was a believer in the potency of dreams.

Dreams and events are often coincident, and that is not to be wondered at, considering the vast amount of fancies that crowd our sleeping moments and the fleetness of these thoughts. Mr. Medina has made of the dream a real, tangible thing, something that enters into our every day life, a story that may be understood, a bunch of assimilable facts. He has grasped the genealogy of the dream, beginning at its golden age, when it swayed the destinies of countless small worlds, when from an ever pregnant womb it gave the world its religions, and he has brought it to the present time when the dream sways cults and governs isms.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IF CHRISTIAN Science means anything, it means that by taking an attitude of faith toward God we will be cured of our sins and bodily diseases. Dur-

ing the past half century, such a conception of the Creator of the Universe as the above stated doctrine

implies, is one which has been changing toward a conception more in harmony with the results of human experience. The discovery that the universe itself, and every aggregate of every description in it, be it a star or an animal organism, became what it is through a process of evolution, threw so strong a light on the dark places of knowledge that the doctrine of irregular intervention of the supernatural was seen

to be as untenable there as it had already been seen to be in those places which thorough investigation had illumined.

From the standpoint of evolution, in the opinion of the writer, Christian Science is a movement backward. It is a movement that takes us back to primitive man, back to a state in which all phenomena were supposed to be caused by spirits, to a state in which disease and death were produced by supernatural beings, and in which cures were wrought by the same agencies. It is a cult that tends to retard the natural evolution of religious ideas, which has been and is far away from this primitive theory of things, pointing to a conception of the first cause as something immeasurably more wonderful than any conception hinted at in that theory or in any of the cults derived from it. It is a cult that tends to retard the natural evolution of secular ideas, as it mixes the natural with the supernatural, a state characterizing the primitive theory of things. For in the primitive theory of things there is no separation between those beliefs that deal with things of another world and those that concern things of this world. They were confused just as the Christian Scientists are tending to confuse them to-day. In considering the subject of Christian Science, it will be instructive to glance at the ideas that were held by primitive peoples about the world they lived in. In the first place, the fact that primitive man did not distinguish the natural from the unnatural led him into interpretations of natural phenomena, so long as he interpreted them at all, which involved the irregular interference of what we call supernatural beings. How he came to conceive the existence of supernatural beings will appear later; that he did have ideas of them is admitted even by those opposed to evolutionary explanations of things, and it is supported by evidence furnished by tribes nearest allied to the primitive. Belief in the interference of supernatural agents and their power to affect physical processes, and human affairs at will, left primitive man without a notion of the possible or the impossible. His feeble powers of inference, and the absence of the idea of natural order, induced him to explain everything in terms of spirit agency. Knowing abso-

lutely nothing of cause, he felt no surprise at diseases being created by malevolent spirits, or cured by benevolent ones. Intercession with these spirits for the cure of disease was just as natural to him as modern medical treatment is to us; and no doubt his cures were as numerous as those effected by Christian Science. And this mode of treating disease has come down to us in manifold variations, Christian Science being the latest form. Let it be noted that Christian Science is not unique in this respect; all religious cults have preserved the idea more or less strongly. But this is the indictment against the newest cult: that while other religious systems have been progressively advancing toward a state in which religious ideas are consistent with secular knowledge, Christian Science seeks to throw us backward into the night of ignorance. From this standpoint, there is no difference whatever between the intervention of these primitive spirits in the cure of disease, and the intervention of God, or Christ, or the Holy Ghost. They both involve the idea of irregular interference of supernatural beings at the supplication of human beings; and as this idea was gradually being abandoned in the course of increasing intelligence, its recrudescence is a movement backward. In order to make it appear more consistent with the facts observed, they announce the non-existence of the existent, and explain this by assuming a mortal-mind, and a Divine mind in a way that makes their use of the word science utterly absurd.

Christian Science is a body of beliefs. The word belief means two things; one of them is a state of mind, a state of assent; the other, the thing believed. As a state of mind, belief is susceptible of degrees, as suspicion, its weakest state; and faith or conviction, its strongest. While it is common to speak of belief as a state produced by testimony, and not by direct experience, there is no philosophical ground for making this distinction; because the same state of mind is indicated, no matter how produced.

Turning to the other meaning of the word, it denotes the thing believed. In this sense, it is synonymous with conception, provided the conception is the subject of assent. This is the common mean-

ing of the word belief, when used in the sense of religious beliefs or scientific beliefs. It represents certain conceptions assented to, but it must be remembered that the state of mind called by the name belief is the same whatever its subject matter or however it may have been created, for which reason it is just as proper to speak of scientific belief as of religious belief. Returning to the second meaning of the word, which signifies, not the state of mind, but the object of that state, we find beliefs divisible into two most general classes—natural and supernatural. Natural beliefs are those which relate to things and relations in nature, including the phenomena of life and mind, society, terrestrial and celestial physics. Supernatural beliefs relate exclusively to spirits, gods, ghosts, demons, their abodes and their habits. Both these kinds of beliefs exist, and their effects on the structural and functional growth of society have been each after its own kind. They were merged in an apparently indissoluble mixture in the earliest times, and only began to separate when the idea of natural uniformity began to take hold of men's minds. This idea we have seen was not included in the primitive theory of things. Indeed it can scarcely be said to have arisen before the time of Aristotle. It made slow progress at first, but in modern times it has grown rapidly, with tremendous results for man's good. That natural uniformities exist is a postulate underlying every bit of positive knowledge we have, and science progresses by the discovery and formulation of these uniformities.

• All beliefs are based on experience. Even in the ordinary acceptation of the word's meaning, as something assented to on testimony, experience is still the basis of belief; in that case, though it is some one else's experience. And stronger still, the ground for accepting the belief testified to is always its correspondence or congruity with the other beliefs of him to whom it is presented.

The experiences upon which natural beliefs are founded are not difficult to trace. They comprise the whole of our normal waking observations and experiments. This statement is strictly true for waking states that are normal; for abnormal

experiences such as shown in delirium and ecstasy do not furnish grounds for natural beliefs. They are experiences of a very different kind, and are more closely allied to dreams than to waking experiences.

Supernatural beliefs, no less than the natural, are founded on experiences, it being remembered that we are using the word belief in the sense of the thing believed. But it is not so easy to point out the experiences which produce supernatural beliefs. It is assumed all along that we have only one order of experiences, when in truth we have two. Along with the class of experiences upon which natural beliefs are founded, and which, by way of distinction may be called waking experiences, there is a second order. The experiences of the second order are those which come to us at night when we sleep, experiences which we call dreams. It is this second order of experiences, these dream experiences, not so much of ourselves as of our primitive forefathers, that have produced all supernatural beliefs. At least, that is what the dream-experience theory states, and it is the only rational theory of the origin of such beliefs that has ever been presented to us. It seems to fit all the facts, and explains so much that is obscure about the supernatural that one may safely predict its growing acceptance.

The dream experience theory, briefly stated, is as follows: All beliefs about the supernatural have arisen out of the dream experiences of primitive man, and his simple inferences therefrom.

That primitive man dreamed there can be no doubt. Even animals do that. All of us have seen sleeping dogs go through the incipient movements of a chase, accompanied by faint yelpings, and the unmistakable muscular contractions which would carry them in pursuit of their quarry if exaggerated by the greater vitality of wakefulness. Primitive man dreamed, and he dreamed vividly, because he was subject to long-continued periods of both fasting and repletion. But the significant thing about his dreams is this, that he did not know the difference between his waking experiences and his dream experiences. How could he? We do, of course; we can come pretty near

telling when we are dreaming, or when we are actually seeing or hearing the things that may happen to be in our consciousness. That is because we have learned something about the existence of an inner consciousness—a something we call mind; and have been taught that consciousness may go on working while we sleep, and altogether in the absence of any objective correlates to the ideas in us.

The idea of mind is a condition precedent to the conception of dreams in terms of consciousness, and primitive man had no idea of mind. Not being able to conceive dreams in terms of consciousness, he conceived them in physical terms. In other words, his dreams were real experiences to him. He believed that he actually did the things dreamed about, and that his dream-experiences were real experiences. Whatever doubt may be felt on this point will be considerably lessened when it is considered that, although we adults readily distinguish our dream experiences from our waking, yet there was a time in the lives of every one of us when we did not do so. Very young children believe their dream occurrences to be actual occurrences. It is no doubt within the observation of every one how eagerly very young people recite their dreams, with every mark of belief in their actuality. And the difficulty which we had in getting the idea of a mental self into the baby's mind, and in inducing him to revise his ideas about the reality of his dreams many of us remember. Primitive man, however, was not so well circumstanced; for there was nobody to explain to him that dreams are merely workings of the mind in sleep, and so he kept his physical explanations.

Thus it was with primitive man. The combats that happened in his dreams were quite real to him. To his uncritical mind the inconsistencies of such a belief were of small moment, since unaccountable happenings, appearances and disappearances occurred everywhere in the world about him. To him it was no more wonderful that the bear he killed had disappeared on his awakening than that the pool formed by last night's rain had similarly disappeared before noon, or that the stars which showed themselves in the heavens during the night were not visible in

the daytime. This one thing he knew of his own knowledge: that he had had a combat; that he had done the things dreamed about. He knew that he had departed from his sleeping place and taken certain excursions, had certain adventures, met certain men and animals, and did various things. No one could shake him in this belief, because he knew what he did himself better than any one could tell him.

But now came his companions and announced that he had not departed at all. There was no alternative but to believe them also. Consequently, his primitive mind, unable to conceive the matter in terms of consciousness, drew the inevitable conclusion that there were two of him, one of which departed and had the adventures dreamed about, while the other remained in his sleeping place. All his experience pointed to a duality in the things about him. The cloud in the sky a few moments ago has gradually vanished. Knowing nothing about vapor and its dissolution, he simply regards the cloud not as having been dissipated, but as simply entering into an invisible form. It had two states, one visible, the other not. Similarly interpreted, the appearances and disappearances of sun, moon and stars were simply the entry into one or the other of two states, a notion of duality which was fostered by shadows and reflections. And that he was double like everything else was so natural a belief that he never thought of questioning its validity.

When the long sleep which we call death came, the second self instead of returning soon, remained away for an indefinite period, so long that hope of its ever returning was perhaps abandoned.

This is the belief, drawn from his dream experiences, that primitive man transmitted to us as the root of all belief in the supernatural. With growing intelligence, the second self became less and less material. Critical analysis stripped it of all its physical attributes, and it became a spirit, demon, god or ghost according to the status of the individual in life. Chiefs and kings became gods, who ruled over both this world and the other, interfering in human affairs and directing the course of all phenomena.

Such was the universal process of thought in the old world and in the new. It was the same in China, Persia, India, throughout Europe, in Egypt and Judea. Everywhere spiritual beings were the cause of unexplained phenomena, and everywhere their propitiation formed a large part of conduct. Sickness was attributed to them as its cause, and they had everything to do with the cure of disease, and the experiences from which these beliefs were derived were dream experiences.

Amongst civilized peoples, there appeared about the middle of the last century a strong tendency to abandon these ideas of spirit agency, and this tendency has been growing. The conception of a world of cause wholly inscrutable in its nature became a belief that moved the churches to modify their creeds in a way that looked like an eventual abandonment of their beliefs about the nature of that world, and its spirit agencies. The growing sciences of life and mind have added to this tendency. But now comes Christian Science, and proposes that the world shall return to the dream beliefs of early humanity. It proposes to drive out sin and disease by the intervention of spirit agency. In the way of being abandoned by the growing intelligence of man, belief in the irregular interference of spirit agencies in human affairs of all orders is to be once more adopted; and such a step is a reversion, the consequences of which in retarding human progress are likely to be very important, since the cult is growing rapidly.

The cause of its growth is the great number of cures it is said to be effecting. Its success in curing disease is believed by many to be greater than that of drugs. But the fact is, that neither Christian Science nor drugs ever effected a single cure. Physicians know this well. Every animal organism is endowed with a form of force called vital, and it is in every case this vital force which cures disease. Frequently it cures without medicine of any kind; but it may and must be stimulated and directed to cure certain diseases. The stimulation may be produced by drugs; but it may also be produced and possibly directed mentally. To this inner stimulation of vital force Christian Sci-

ence, Mental Science, and Home of Truth Science, owe their success, just as by its outer stimulation and direction by drugs, medicine succeeds. Where there is insufficient vital force, no drugs and no states of mind can cure.

Physicians know all this. They have used the mind cure successfully for many years, without referring their cures to supernatural intervention, or other dream-derived doctrine. The cures effected by Christian Science are sure enough cures; the explanation of how they are accomplished is all that is wrong about them.

Christian Science also proposes to use its power of invoking the supernatural to dissipate sin. Sin is only a figment of the mortal mind anyway. In the Divine Mind, sin does not exist, because God is perfect and creates no evil, and sin is evil, etc. Using the word sin in the sense of immorality, and it has no other sense outside the realm of dreams, it is to be said that it is a creation of man, not of the Creator. It consists in doing and thinking things out of their proper time and place, or of not doing and thinking things in their proper time and place. But it certainly exists, in or out of mortal mind or Divine mind; and there is no doubt that the world would be better off without it. Still it does not appear that invoking the supernatural is the proper remedy, any more in this matter of ethics than in the matter of disease.

Feelings are the cause of conduct. Reason alone never moves us to do anything. Feelings comprise not only the appetites and desires, but also the sentiments, such as justice and beneficence. Now, feelings grow by exercise, just as muscles do. The sentiment of beneficence grows strong when it is exercised within reasonable limits. Morality consists in controlling the lower feelings by the higher. The resulting conduct is moral conduct. But the control is only exercised when the higher feelings are the stronger. Therefore the world is to be saved morally by exercising the higher feelings, so as to strengthen them, so as to control the lower ones, so as to do and think things at the proper times and places only. But calling for the intervention of the supernatural is not the exercise of the higher feelings. They are exercised only by doing the things they

prompt, or by refraining from doing the things they interdict. And they are not exercised by denying the existence of sin.

For the reasons above outlined, it appears that Christian Science, instead of being a forward movement for the betterment of the race, is a backward movement and detrimental. While the world appeared to be ready to throw off its thrall-

dom to dream-derived beliefs, Christian Science is bent on thrusting it back into its dungeons again, and on re-forging the broken shackles. While the great white sun of science is shining in the outer expanse, the new cult leads the world back into the deserted caves of ignorance, and holding up its glimmering lantern, cries, "Behold the light!"

ALONE

(A COWBOY'S SOLILOQUY)

BY E. A. BRINSTOOL.

The trails are silent since you went away,
 It's lonely here, an' ev'rything looks strange;
 The once-blue skies have turned to ashen-gray,
 An' seem to blot the sunshine from the range.
 I miss the silvery jingle of your spur
 I heard when you was ridin' by my side;
 An' when I think of you, a sudden blurr
 Gits in my eyes an' blinds me as I ride.

The manzanita berries ain't more red
 Than was the roses bloomin' in your cheek;
 When I would watch you lopin' off ahead,
 The thoughts I'd think—but didn't dare to speak!
 An' when I stop to cinch my saddle tight,
 I listen fer your voice to call to me;
 An' when I'm ridin' 'round the herd at night,
 Your sweet face in the jeweled stars I see.

It wa'n't like this before you crossed my trail.
 I rode the silent range, an' didn't mind
 The solitude of canyon, knoll or swale,
 Or deep arroyo that I left behind.
 I didn't see the glory of the hills
 You pictured out to me when first you came;
 But now—why, now my heart pulsates an' thrills,
 When mountain breezes whisper low your name.

The horse-play of the boys is harsh; it jars
 An' grates upon me when I'm in their sight;
 I look to see you at the corral bars,
 But no one's there when I ride up at night.
 I cross the mesa, where the sweet perfume
 Of wildflowers that you loved so fills the air;
 But all their brightness can't drive off the gloom—
 An' it is just because you are not there!

The night-bird's call comes to me through the dark;
 The flickerin' campfire throws a fitful glare,
 An' off across the plain the coyote's bark
 Comes to me on the silent midnight air.
 I hear the bedded cattle by the stream
 Stir, when the grim night-riders pass their view;
 An' then I drowse, an' doze away an' dream,
 An' dreamin', ride the trails ag'in with you.

HENRY MEADE BLAND

A BIOGRAPHICAL APPRECIATION

BY MYRTLE E. AKIN



FROM 1898 to 1908 is a newly rounded decade in the life of Henry Meade Bland. It is the length of his service to date as instructor in literature in the State Normal School, San Jose, Cal. What that service means to the State is being shown in hundreds of schools and homes where preside the graduates of San Jose Normal School. But we need not look so far nor so widely to gather what Mr. Bland's instruction has meant to those graduates as individuals. We may read between the following lines how priceless must be the influences of daily associations with the author:

To My Students.

Though you go and come like the tide
That runs on the rocky shore,
Though you loiter but for a moment
And vanish forevermore;
Yet the rocks of the grim old sea-coast
You mould, and you soften and whirl
Till, clear and white on the wave-line,
Lie the drifts of memory pearl.
And the broken cliffs of endeavor
You heal with the mild sea-cove,
And the gray, bleak crags of the headland
You dash with the snow-surf of love,
And thus in and out forever
You sweep and eddy in glee
Till the rough old granite boulder
Is deep in the calm of the sea.

Not for a moment would we doubt that the tide of student life has indeed moulded him who has so declared. But we must add that, in the process bits of Dr. Bland's own personality have entered into the substance of those shaped and shaping lives. In Memory's casket there are few

literary gems without their setting of recollections of the genial professor. One never forgets those ruddy, jovial features beneath that black skull cap. Almost every difficult reading recalls the slightly dilating nostrils, the keenness of the blue eyes, the finger-tips close pressed, as if thereby to give greater emphasis to words fairly vibrant with desire that the light of poesy be conveyed to minds not yet able to obtain it unaided. Nor is this remembrance of the physical man all of Dr. Bland that literature recalls to those privileged to have been in his classes. There is that indefinable something known as a Philosophy of Life. To analyze it would be impossible. Not to be influenced by its optimism and noble aspirations would be equally impossible. A glimpse of that influence is gained by this picture Dr. Bland gives of his wholesome attitude toward lost treasures, whatever their nature:

"For mind cannot forever hold
The sweet, dim pictures of the past;
And heart would burst and brain would
burn
Could we not turn from them at last!"

Fortunately, *we* can turn to some of those memories of his past, we who have gleaned here and there in his classes some few golden sheaves which he has let fall from the fullness of Memory's store.

There was the early boyhood on the banks of the Sacramento river. Family prayers were held twice a day in that home of which the head was a Methodist itinerant. By far the greatest number of boyhood pictures cluster about the old farm at the foot of the Marysville Buttes, Sutter County, where the father finally placed his family that their home life

Henry Meade Bland is a Native Son. He was born in Suisun, Solano County, April 21, 1863.

might be less nomadic than was usual with families of circuit riders. Farm work, hunting trips, camping out, long circuit rides with his father—such are some of the various experiences responsible for that real and idealistic outlook upon Nature which colors his own poems and his interpretations of other literature. Those vivid impressions of boyhood often creep into verse. Take "The Flight of the Limited," which is here reproduced in full. Only three stanzas, yet they serve to recall the wonder, the boyish appreciation of activity, the surge of forming ambitions, when all the world is a wonder-book!

"O, the dim pale faces whirling past
As I stand breast-high in the waving
grain!
O, the mad wild rush, and the panting
breath,
And the clashing bell of the streaming
train!

A burst of steam, and an iron clang,
And the Titan drive-wheel's filmy
spoke—
A rattle of rails, and a flash of fire—
And the vision's gone in a cloud of
smoke!

How oft I stand as one entranced,
And list to the coming whistle's scream,
And long for the chariot rolling by
To bear me afar to the realms of
dream."

The School of the Open Air played its part. So did the school of books. The public schools of San Luis Obispo, Red Bluff, Indian Springs, Jackson and various Sutter County schools in turn carved their mark. At nineteen, young Bland entered the University of the Pacific. He procured his tuition by teaching at the same time in the Academy.

When he had earned the right to the mystic symbol, M. A., the young professor became principal of the High School at Los Gatos. It was there that he published the small brochure, "Entomological Excursions," which is so well known to California teachers. After two years at Los Gatos he resigned in order to realize another ambition, a Doctor's degree.

That degree was finally conferred in 1890. Five diplomas from his Alma Mater were not enough, however, for Henry Meade Bland. He next registered at Stanford University, in 1891, as a graduate student. Though he was principal of the Grant Grammar School, San Jose, from 1890 to 1896, Dr. Bland, by holiday study, took the master's degree in English philology in 1895, with the "pioneer class" of Stanford.

In this connection, we must mention what Dr. Bland himself never fails to express—his debt of gratitude to the eminent Ewald Flugel for the wonderful impulse received in his lectures, and a similar debt to Professor Melville B. Anderson for a deep interest in the literary efforts of his former student. President Stratton, formerly of the University of the Pacific, is another name often pronounced in Dr. Bland's classes.

High School work again called Dr. Bland in 1896. Then it was to the principalship at Santa Clara. The confidence thus expressed was speedily rewarded. The school became fully accredited to the University of California. It was not to remain long under the able management which had secured for it that honor. In 1898, Dr. Henry Meade Bland began the year of study at Berkeley with which he felt that so responsible a position as his present one should begin.

His classes in English literature opened in 1899 in the San Jose State Normal School. Since then, ambition has bade him look no higher professionally than to do his highest in that work.

But, while thus engaged, Dr. Bland has written much for publication. All of his prose writings concern the achievements of other men of letters. In his poetry, however, he finds greatest delight. And it is there that former pupils like to catch fresh glimpses of the character they so love and revere.

A few citations will show a little of that pleasurable reading between lines. How these two stanzas express the indomitable patient endeavor of this kindly man:

"I only keep a-climbing.
I know the stars of God are overhead;
And, by that far-off streaming spirit-
wand,

The meteor's gleam, I know that I am led,
And so I keep a-climbing.

I only keep a-climbing.
It may be yon blue range will be the last:
It may be many others loom beyond;
And yet I know the summit will be passed,
And so I keep a-climbing.

And how these lines, taken from two poems, suggest the place of the Past in his Present:

"Thy voice across the phantom years
Flows like a far-off silver stream,
I pause—my eyelids fill with tears,
And living's but an idle dream.
* * * *

"Out of the hills of long ago:
I would not bring her again if I could;
For the lily brow and the golden flood
Of curl, and the voice, would be gone,
were she wooed
Out of the hills of long ago."

This "Thanksgiving Prayer" is characteristic of one who himself possesses in a wondrous degree that "wondrous spirit-gift" of which he sings:

"'Tis not alone the grateful word we give,
Spirit divine, for sun, and flower, and rill,
And furry folk, and birds that live
On leafy-mantled hill;

"Nay, not for these, the eye we lift,
And chant the song of praise in solemn part;
But for thy wondrous spirit-gift,
The kindly human heart!"

But perhaps the readers of *Overland Monthly*, who know how inseparably connected with the early fortunes of this magazine is the name of Ina Donna Coolbrith, would find this tribute to her the most appealing poem in Dr. Bland's charming little collection, which he has published under the title, "A Song of Autumn, and Other Poems." For imagery

and rhythm and vivid delineation of character, this poem offers much to the student reader:

Ina Coolbrith.

"Nature took an evening dove's note
With a sigh of Shastan pine,
Robbed a streamlet of its murmur,
From a lark drew song divine.

"These our good fair mother, Nature,
Wrought with rippings of a wave,
Wove with glintings from a sunbeam,
Hung with echoes from a cave.

"Then she sought an orphan's cry,
With an errant height wind's sigh,
With these touched her fair creation.
Then, to make reincarnation

"Of the ancient Sapphic line,
From the far-off island-shrine
Brought the passion of a woman,
Gave the joy of being human."

Indeed it is very evident that Dr. Bland has realized this prettily worded wish of his:

"I only care to troll or lilt,
Or chant a simple strain,
That aching heart or fainting soul
May be itself again."

When the former student of San Jose Normal School has read and re-read until one dear old room, "The Sign of the Skull Cap," with a thronging troop of associations comes vividly to mind, 'tis then that this "Farewell" of the poet-teacher seems to demand another reading ere the volume is laid aside:

"If in the flow of after years
Your heart should chance revert to me,
Let not your dear eyes fill with tears,
But smile or hum a melody,
And say: "He strove with all his might
Upon the task he had to do;
And, failing, took the next in sight;
Unfalt'ring, lived a long life through."

COALINGA

THE GREAT OIL PRODUCING FIELD OF CALIFORNIA.

OVERLAND MONTHLY HISTORICAL AND
INDUSTRIAL SERIES

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

The story of oil is, in the reading, an entrancing romance. The ups and downs of the kings of the big petroleum fields of the world read like fiction. They are princes in the realm called the Kingdom of the People-Who-Do-Things. They have their feuds and their warfares, and they have their sudden conquests and their equally rapid defeats or downfalls, but through all this runs a subtle fascination which is hard to define. The oil industry of California had its beginning in what the respectable old grafters of Pennsylvania would have called "wild-cattin'g," and indeed such it was, with this difference, that in California there were not nearly as many blanks as in the oil lottery of Pennsylvania, for, whatever the experts may say to the contrary, oil is like unto gold in that it is always "where it is found," and that no science may tell us of its whereabouts; whereas—the tenderfoot may stumble into an El Dorado! In California, the latest developments in the oil industry indicate that the State's production has been corraled by State companies, and that the Standard Oil has been almost completely eclipsed. That is another story, however, and our present business is with Coalinga, the great producing section of the big California oil belt, besides which Pennsylvania sinks into insignificance.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



THE FIRST borings for oil took place in Pennsylvania in 1859, in which year 82,000 barrels of 43 gallons each were mined. In 1879 the total product from the above beginning had reached what was estimated as an enormous total. The year's report places the production at 600 million gallons, or 15,000,000 barrels. In 1878 the export from the United States was \$46,000,000—an enormous sum when it is remembered that the first exports took place as late as 1861.

The men of Pennsylvania and in the Eastern oil fields generally, were of the hard-knuckled, hard-headed kind, and it was that lack of breadth of character and

grasp which enabled the big corporations to corral all the producing wells in Pennsylvania and Ohio, or to so control the output as to make it practically an ownership of all this vast territory. The history of the controlling of these fields is an old tale, and it is only mentioned here to call attention to the fact that the operator in the Kern, Coalinga, Ventura or other fields in California is a man of much larger intelligence than the Coal Oil Johnnies of Pennsylvania who were nipped in the bud as millionaires by the smart refiners who were in turn clipped of their wings by the big monopoly, the Standard Oil.

It is more than probable that it was the contempt the big refiners had for the Pennsylvania oil man that prevented the Standard Oil from obtaining anything like a solid foothold in California.



DRAKE WELL, LOS ANGELES.

The agents of the big factors in oil understood how to cheat Pennsylvania Dutchmen into taking a one-tenth royalty instead of an eighth, on the ground that he was getting more money, eight being less than ten, but the same agent pooh-poohed the big pretensions of the big, broad-shouldered ultra-American Californian. The report originally sent East was that the California fields *were much over-rated*. These reports were sent back by the small-calibred gentry sent here as agents, and to whom had been confided the task of corraling the California fields.

Thus the Standard Oil Company has practically been frozen from the Califor-

nia oil producing territory by the ineptitude, narrow-mindedness and general incapacity to understand Western men and Western methods of its agents.

It has been said that the production of the first twenty years, or from 1859 to 1879, in Pennsylvania, increased from 82,000 barrels for the first year to 15,000,000. This was an enormous growth. Let us see what Coalinga has done in ten years. Beginning in 1897, the production was 70,140 barrels, and for the year 1907 the estimated production is 12,000,000 barrels. In eight years the yearly value of the Coalinga oil production increased a little over fifteen-fold. This is a comparison of one district, and an entire State. It is not the intention of the writer of this brief article to compile a history of the oil industry in California. It must not be thought that the Coalinga field was a success in every particular from the very beginning, for just as in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, the "dry hole" was ubiquitous, and there were other factors that con-

duced to bring about hard times and periods of depression and discouragement. Two big men stand out in the Coalinga development, and a score of others crowd these two in celebrity.

There are romantic stories told of Joe Chanslor and Charlie Canfield, the two big intelligences, and we have Doheney, Capt. Barrett, Capt. McClurg, and many others whom the outsider credits with luck. Luck alone would never have succeeded in Coalinga, or in any oil field, had it not been coupled with energy and indomitable pluck and nerve.

In the early days, the Home Oil Company, a Hearst enterprise, was the household word with which the promoter made



THE DEPOT AT COALINGA. A SCENE EVERY TIME A TRAIN COMES IN.

the "wild-cat" concern a successful stock proposition. Mr. U. M. Thomas has covered the period of depression in the Coalinga field so well in a recent newspaper article that I can do no better than quote from his writing:

"The Blue Goose well of the Home Oil Company at Oil City was more famous in those days," speaking of seven years ago, "than any well drilled since then in California.

"But the Home wells were rapidly declining in production, and there were grave doubts whether or not the Coalinga oil field had not seen its best days.

"Abandoned wells were seen on every side. Out on section 2-20-15, now considered the richest territory in the district, the Carmelita had been abandoned and the rig and camp buildings were offered for sale. Not far to the northwest the Star Oil Company had likewise ceased operations. The Investment Company on section 16-19-15 was just the same as shut down. Captain McClurg was vainly striving to get a well just south of the Home. The Aetna was numbered among the lost. The Santa Clara was in the death throes on 25-19-14, while the Roanoke, the Ajax and perhaps a half dozen other companies in the field were waiting for the count. This picture was not an inspiring one for a tenderfoot to gaze at.

Besides the wells we have mentioned,

there were a half-dozen or so on section 31-19-15, known as the Maine State, Confidence and El Capitan respectively. These wells constituted what was then known as the 'West Side.' The Mercantile Crude had oil in its number one, but the well was not finished. The Esperanza was working in a desultory fashion, but its stockholders afterwards despaired of getting oil, and gave up. It was then considered doubtful whether or not the oil sands extended down that far. There was not a well on the West Side then producing over 100 barrels a day, and the operators in the east-end were disposed to poke fun at those on the west-side. All told, there were not over fifty wells in the entire field that would pay to pump, and not a single flowing well. The number of companies that had failed or abandoned the field was in excess of the number actually operating.

"The only outlet for oil then was by rail in tank cars, and the Southern Pacific Company actually treated the district as though it were a joke. Not one word of credit is due the Southern Pacific Company for the development of the Coalinga field, notwithstanding it owned one-half of the territory. All honor to the men loyal and true who faced adversity and discouragement and single-handed and alone, through calm and storm, have survived to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

"In the face of this discouraging condition of things, the California Oilfields Limited was launched by Balfour, Guthrie & Company, with Robertson and Rawlins of Hanford and the Grahams as promoters. This company saved the day for Coalinga and gave an impetus to operations in the field that has not been equaled by anything that has been done since.

"The success of this company was phenomenal from the start.

"The building of the Standard pipe line was the next most important happening in the field. With the stimulus which this gave, development work began on a more extended scale than ever before, and some of these operations were attended with wonderful results. This was notably true on the West side. On section 7-20-15, Smith Bryner met with a success which was a great surprise to every operator in the field, and saved the day for the West Side. Number one well of the Section Seven Oil Company was brought in a gusher, producing as high as 2,000 barrels a day.

"No other field in the State or in the whole world so far as I know can show a record to equal Coalinga in many respects. Outside the light oil pool at Oil City, the older sections of the field are showing up better to-day than when first discovered.

"Many wells in the field (the Lucile, for instance) are producing as much oil

now as when first brought in two, three and even four years ago.

"The oil belt is so well-defined now that a dry hole is not thought of in the proven district, and the district has extended to the north, northwest and south, until the range of vision cannot reach beyond the sight of oil derricks.

"Coalinga is now known the world over as one of the richest oil fields ever discovered. U. S. Geological Survey experts have estimated that, even with part of the field not exploited, the available oil in the ground will reach the enormous total of 2,875,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each. As, up to date, only about 50,000,000 barrels have been taken out, the estimate leaves 2,825,000,000 barrels available.

"At the present rate of production this reserve supply would last over 200 years, but with the rapid rate at which the increase in production is now taking place the time during which the supply will hold out promises to be far less. Moreover, it is not possible to state what percentage of the oil present can ultimately be obtained.

"The estimate is, of course, merely an approximation. It was arrived at by assuming a 10 per cent impregnation of the oil sands and calculating from all the data available the probable thickness of sand under each quarter section.



THE COALINGA PUBLIC SCHOOL.



PROMINENT OIL MEN VIEWING PROPERTY AND LARGELY INTERESTED IN COALINGA OIL FIELD.

“One railroad and two pipe lines comprise the transportation facilities for the oil produced in the Coalinga district. A branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad joins Coalinga with the main branch at Hanford and Goshen Junction, and also

with the main lines of the Santa Fe at Hanford and Visalia. The storage tanks and loading racks for the district are at Ora Station, one and one-half miles north-east of Coalinga. The Associated Oil Co. is erecting loading racks and storage tanks



AN EARTHEN RESERVOIR. FIFTY THOUSAND BARRELS OF CRUDE OIL.

on section eight, about a mile southwest of town.

"A six-inch pipe line of the Coalinga Oil Transportation Company, a subsidiary of the Associated Oil Company, joins Coalinga with the seaboard at Monterey, 110 miles westward. This line was first constructed in 1904 as an independent project, and was generally known, from the name of its projector, as the Coalinga Transportation Company. The route traversed is along Alcalde Canyon, Warthan Valley, Priest Valley, Lewis Creek and the Salinas Valley. Several pumping sta-

The Coalinga district of California has yielded in the last ten years more than 45,000,000 barrels of oil, and it is probable that the production of 1908 will bring the total output to nearly 50,000,000 barrels. In 1907 it ranked third among the oil-producing districts of the State of California.

Geographically, the Coalinga district comprises a strip of land about fifty miles long by fifteen miles wide lying along the northeastern base of the Diablo range in Fresno and Kings Counties; but the proved productive territory within the dis-

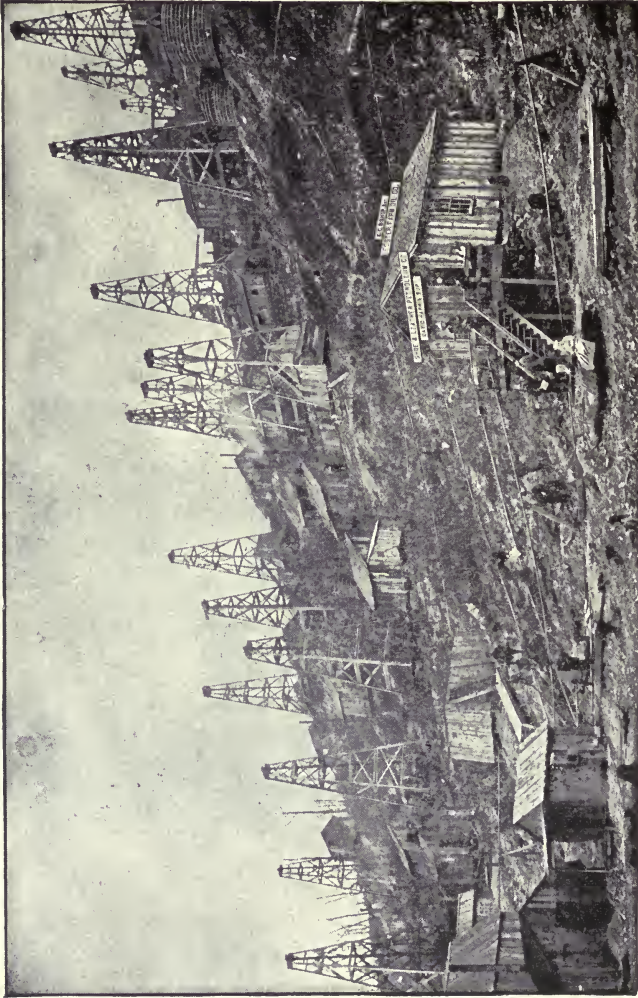


A TYPICAL SCENE. THIS FIELD EXTENDS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN REACH, AND NO DRY HOLES.

tions are situated along the line between Coalinga and Monterey.

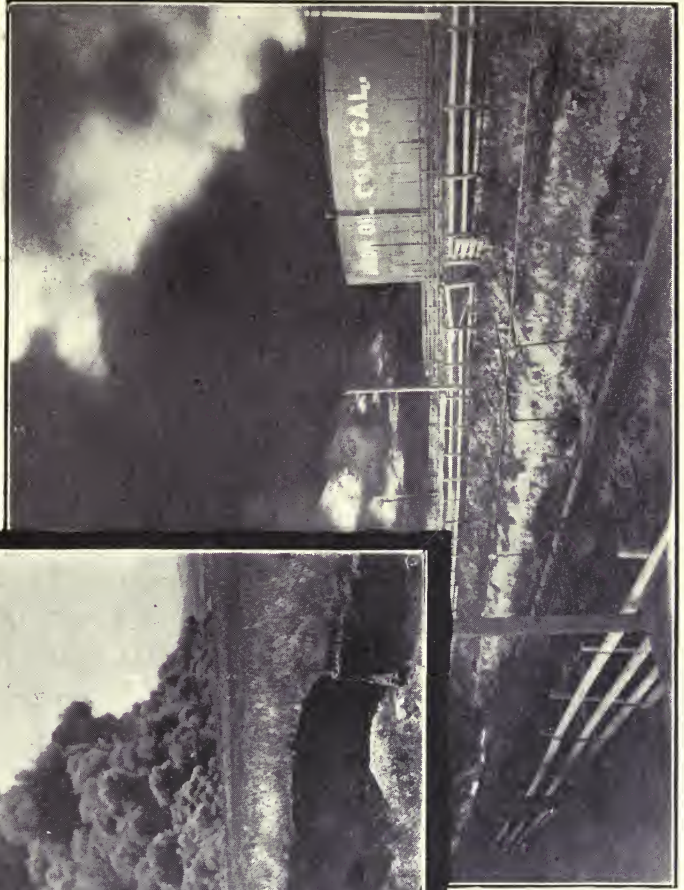
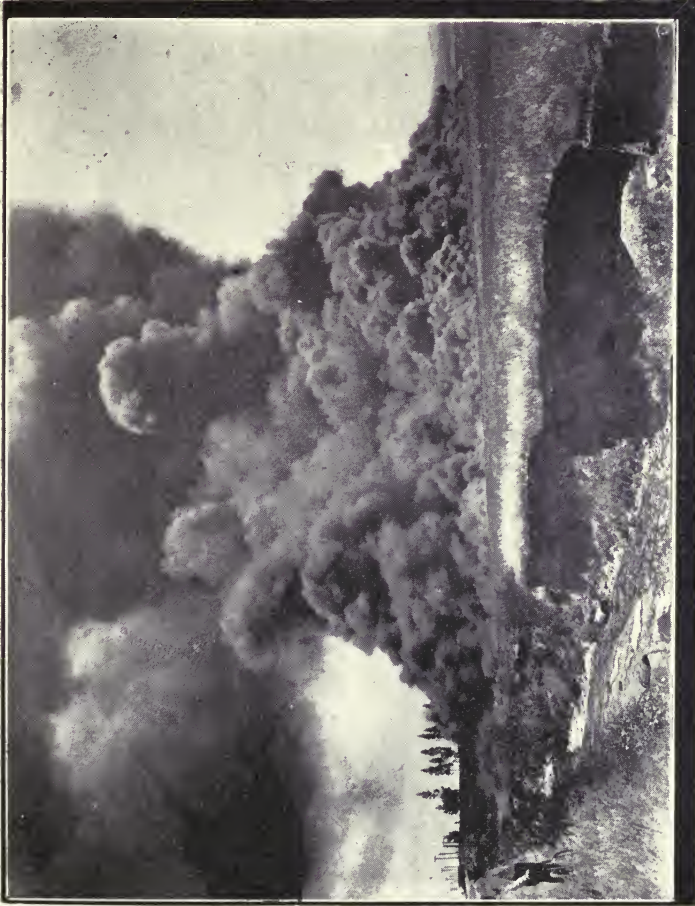
An eight-inch branch line, twenty-eight miles long, joins the Coalinga field with the main Kern River-Point Richmond line of the Standard Oil Company at Mendota. Numerous local pipe lines transport the oil from various parts of the field to the shipping stations. There are now 395 productive wells, 75 abandoned wells, and between 75 and 100 drilling wells in the district.

trict includes a band thirteen miles long by three miles wide at the north-end and a narrow strip along the south-western boundary. The wells range in depth from six hundred to more than 3300 feet, and penetrate from twenty to more than 200 feet of productive sands, and yield from three or four barrels a day, as in individual wells in the Oil City field, to as much as 3,000 barrels a day for the deeper holes in the east-side field. The product varies from a black oil of 14 degrees or 15 de-



A TYPICAL OIL FARM OF THE EARLY DAYS

SAME VIEW FROM SOUTHERN PACIFIC
TRACK.



AN OIL WELL AFLAME.



A COALINGA STREET SCENE.

degrees Baume to a greenish oil of 35 degrees Baume or better.

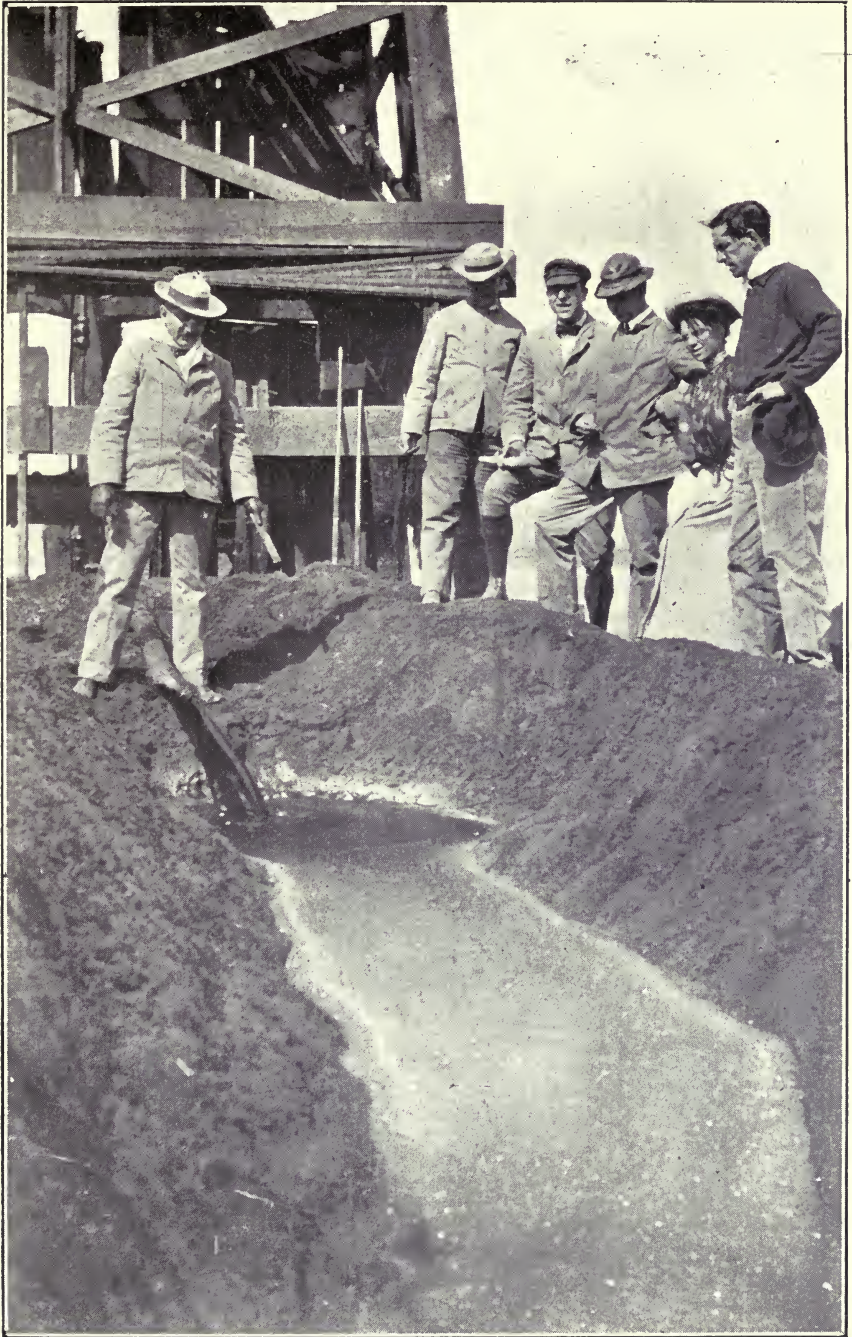
The outlook will continue to be bright for the development at Coalinga of one of the greatest fields in California if each and every operator will conserve to the utmost the wonderful supply of oil stored within the boundaries of the district, and by wise management aid in keeping it available. Contrary to the belief of some people, the underground resources of the earth are not inexhaustible; when the oil in any field is once gone it will not be replaced for many centuries, if ever. It may be true that the processes of oil formation and migration are constantly taking place in some localities, but such processes are so exceedingly slow, if measured in years, that for practical purposes they may be considered as having ceased altogether."

At the present time, the eyes of investors once again turn to oil, and Coalinga is an alluring field. The past history of the California fields is one of achievement, and the production in value of California oils has exceeded its phenomenal record in gold and silver mining, but the future holds much more marvelous figures to astonish the reader than those quoted to date. California and Coalinga are des-

tinued to surprise the world many times, in the future, by a wonderful production of oil.

The great Coalinga oil field is being developed by Californians, and in regular California style, and it is but due to the local companies to state that they are the big factors in this development. Of course there is a chance for much larger operations, and just as this issue of the Overland Monthly goes to press we hear of immense capital seeking investment at Coalinga. The Associated Oil Company of California is an enterprise that, more than any other, has helped in this immense spreading of this productiveness.

The Wabash Oil Company owns 80 acres of land in the Northeast $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 24, Township 20 South, Range 14 East, in the Coalinga Field, Fresno County, on which it has 14 producing wells; one well drilling and derricks and timbers ordered for two more. This company has a capital of 300,000 shares of the par value of \$1 each. Is paying regular monthly dividends of 2 cents per share. Has paid out last year in dividends \$78,000, besides spending \$80,000 in improvements on the property.



EASTERN VISITORS VIEWING THEIR INTERESTS IN THE COALINGA OIL FIELDS.

The head office of the company is at No. 149 California street, in the offices of Barneson-Hibberd Co. Captain John Barneson is the president; Messrs. F. C. Talbot and W. H. Talbot, of Pope & Talbot, Lumber Dealers, and Messrs. Ant. Borel and J. Henry Meyer, of Messrs. Ant. Borel & Co., with Captain Barneson constitute the Board of Directors of the Company.

Captain Barneson has been intimately connected with the Coalinga Field during the last seven years, and was one of the directors of the Coalinga Oil Transportation Co., which company built the first oil pipe line from Coalinga to the Coast, with its ocean terminal at the Bay of Monterey. This line has since been sold to the Associated Oil Co., and constitutes one of its most important branches. He was for some time a director of the Independence Oil Company (since sold to the Standard Oil Company) and the Arline Oil Company (since sold to the California Oil Fields Co., Limited), and is at the present time a director of the Sauer-Dough Oil Co., one of the best dividend-payers in the field, this company having paid 35 dividends of 5 cents per share within the last three years. Is also a director in the El Cerrito Oil Co., now developing 26 miles south of Coalinga, and is a stockholder in several other companies in the Coalinga field, including the W. K. Turner and Nevada Petroleum Oil Companies.

On the Lompoc side of the Santa Maria field, Captain Barneson, as president of the Los Alamos Oil Co., has drilled the deepest well on the Pacific Coast, and probably the deepest producing well in the United States, which was finished at a depth of 4580 feet. In this field, Captain Barneson is also interested in, and is President of, the Federal Oil Company, and basing his opinion on the experience gained in both of these districts, states that the oil industry of California promises a most wonderful development in the near future, and he considers that this industry is yet in its infancy, and that the magnitude and value of it is hardly yet properly understood on the coast, except by the few intimately associated with it.

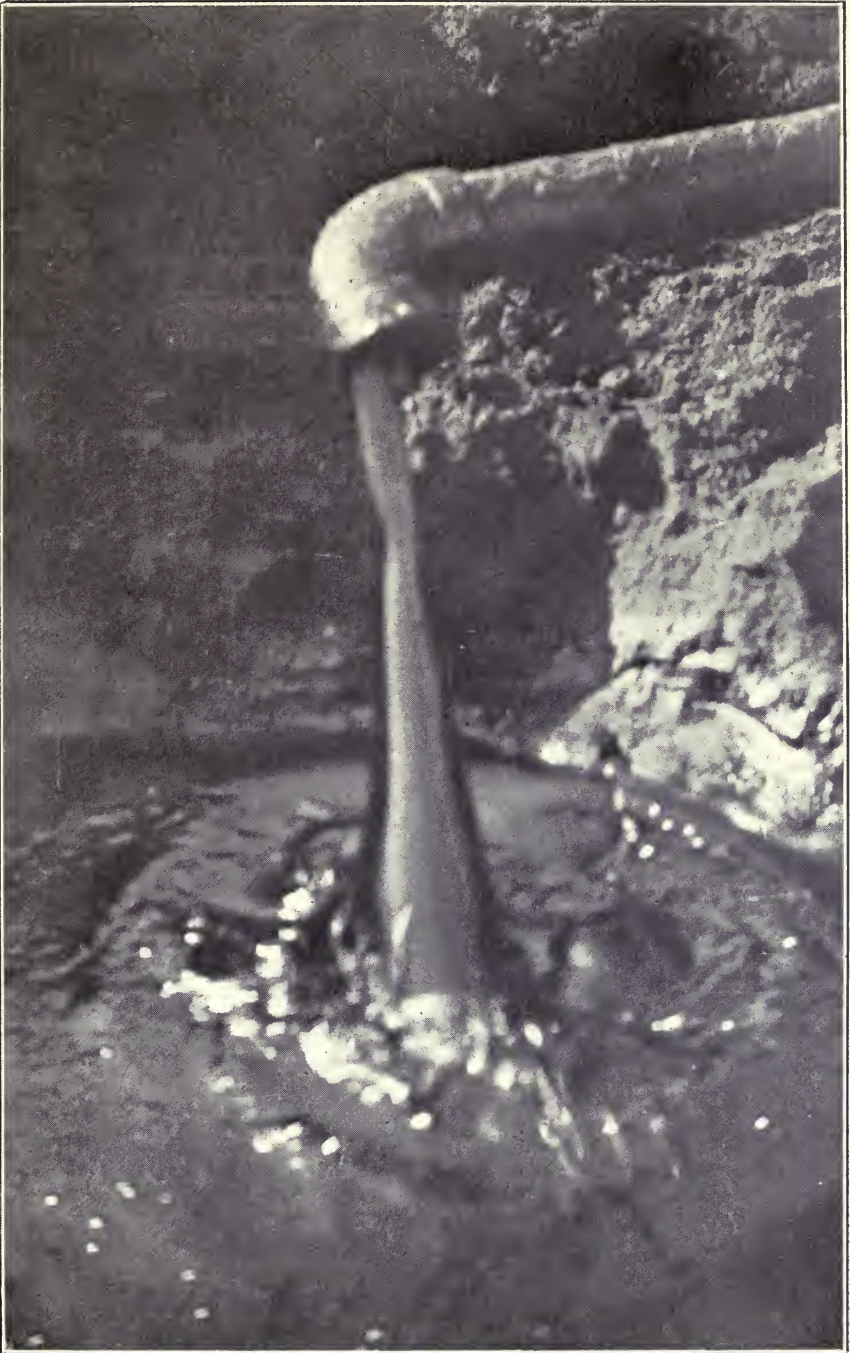
The Associated Supply Company, incorporated in May, 1908, has rapidly completed the arrangement of stores, and will

shortly be in the field with a first class selling organization. They have spared no expense in the erection of their buildings, and have aimed to make them commodious and in every way first class oil well supply stores. They aim to carry nothing but the standard makes of all lines of supplies, and they stand ready to back up any material received from their stores that is given fair treatment in the hands of the operator. Prices are based on a fair margin of profit added to cost. They do not care to cater to irresponsible wild-cat operators, but aim to give the legitimate producer of oil the advantage of the best price they can make, together with the best service they can give.

Their stocks will be maintained at a very high standard, and they will always aim to carry sufficient material to assure operators that they will not be tied up waiting for supplies. Complaints of any description, if rendered direct to Mr. F. E. Clohan, General Manager, at San Francisco, will be given prompt and careful attention. Mr. E. B. Gogerty, who for many years has been connected with H. R. Boynton Co. and J. D. Hooker Co., will enter the services of this company about February 1st as general sales manager, and will have charge of all matters pertaining to the kinds of goods to be carried in stock and the method and manner of selling goods, the treatment of the trade, extensions of credits and the making of prices. In securing the services of Mr. Gogerty, they feel that they have placed a man in charge of this very important position of the work who will in every way meet the demands of the operators, and feel sure that Mr. Gogerty will continue to retain the confidence of the gentlemen with whom he has done business in the past, and with whom he will do business in the future.

Mr. W. S. Chaffee, manager of the Coalinga store, or Mr. W. R. Guiberson, Manager of Coalinga sales, will always be glad to extend any courtesy to all who may care to look over stocks and buildings.

While it has never been authentically stated that the founders of Cross Lumber Company helped steer the Mayflower into Plymouth Rock, yet it is a known fact that they landed in Coalinga sometime af-



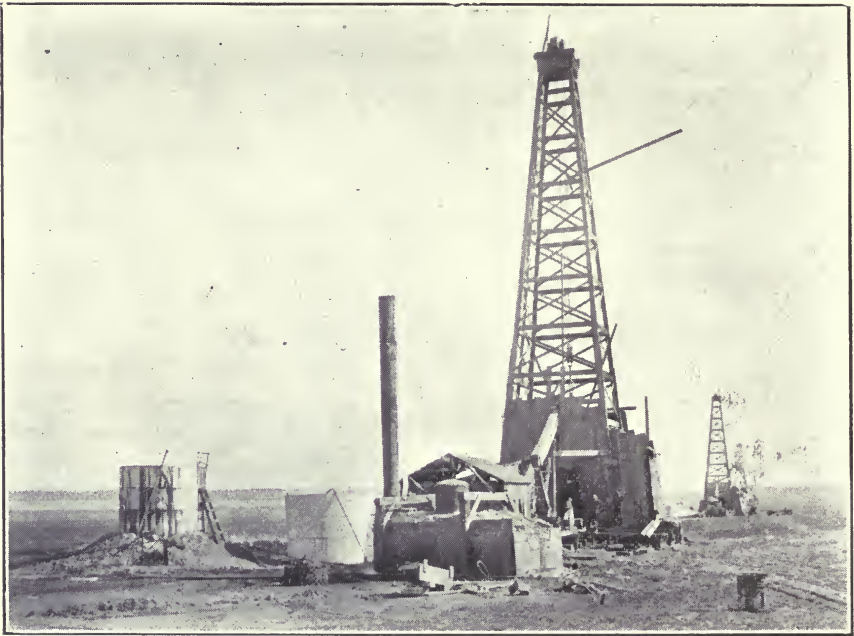
WHERE THE OIL FLOWS AT THE RATE OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED BARRELS EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

terward, and have been there ever since growing up with the town. From the very start they have prospered, sometimes more and sometimes less, but all the while growing, growing, growing until now, at the present time, they are first-class in every respect. Cross Lumber Company believes they have one of the best, if not the best, equipped yards for lumber materials for the oilfields of any yard in the State, and still they are improving all the time, believing there is nothing too good for Coalinga.

The W. K. Oil Company is another of the companies that has recently added to

est producers in the State of California. Mr. John Hinkel is the president of this company, and Mr. J. W. Pauson is the secretary. The office of the company is at 538-539 Pacific Building.

The Coalinga Lumber Company, one of the big concerns in the Coalinga field, opened their yard in November, 1907. They carry all rig timbers and building materials of all kinds. In the yards there is normally three-quarters of a million feet of lumber in stock. This company has felt a strong competition, but despite this fact, they have built up a splendid and continuously increasing business. This



THE W. K. RIG.

the fame of the Coalinga field. Last July this company brought in a gusher which has been flowing continually ever since, and has been flowing at the rate of one thousand barrels a day. The property is located on section 2, 20-15, and comprises 340 acres of land. The company is at this writing putting up many new buildings, and there are three wells in course of drilling. The officials are now contemplating the drilling of the fifth well and other extensive improvements. It is the expectation to make this one of the great-

est producers in the State of California. Mr. John Hinkel is the president of this company, and Mr. J. W. Pauson is the secretary. The office of the company is at 538-539 Pacific Building. The Coalinga Lumber Company, one of the big concerns in the Coalinga field, opened their yard in November, 1907. They carry all rig timbers and building materials of all kinds. In the yards there is normally three-quarters of a million feet of lumber in stock. This company has felt a strong competition, but despite this fact, they have built up a splendid and continuously increasing business. This

has been done by following strictly the principle of serving their customers promptly and honestly. Mr. W. H. Falconbury is the manager and the head of this concern. He is from Oklahoma, where he was in the lumber business for a number of years. Coalinga itself is a wide-awake, up-to-date town, and it is a surprise to all visitors. The stores are metropolitan in appearance and well stocked, and there is a pervading air of independence and patriotism. The merchants are known for their

oneness of purpose and their great pride in the town they have wrested from the desert wastes by dint of unyielding courage and steadfast energy. While devoting their time to business, they have not lost entire sight of those things that make life bearable. There are good restaurants and a \$46,000 modern hotel is now almost completed, and a modern playhouse. New buildings are springing up on all sides, and a recreation park has been made by the citizens. Here public spirited men have built an amphi-theatre that will seat some five hundred people. Base-ball is a

Board of Trustees; President of the Oil Record, a very ably edited and splendid local oil journal. He is President of the Laundry Company of several oil companies, and his sole equipment in starting out to achieve these big results was pluck, capacity and energy.

The Traders Oil Company is one of the distinctive features of the oil field. It has immense holdings operating at the present time some sixty acres, besides being the parent company of the Maringo Oil Co., 40 acres; Norse Oil Company, 40 acres; Euclid Oil Company, 20 acres; Angelus



OIL WELLS OF THE WABASH OIL COMPANY.

popular sport in Coalinga, but the park is used for other purposes as well.

Captain J. F. Lucey came to Coalinga some five years ago, and he is one of the big men of Coalinga. For four years he was the manager of the Bunting Iron Works. He is now in business for himself in the oil machinery and well supply line. He is an instance of what pluck and perseverance will do in the big Western country. He is the President of the Town

Oil Company, 50 acres. All of this property, including that operated by the parent company, sixty acres, is located in the southwest quarter of section 24, 20-15, and in the north-east quarter of 26, 20-15. The company has seventeen producing wells, and they are making 6,000 barrels per month. The remarkable thing about this company is, that all of this work has been accomplished within a year, and the first dividend of \$1 per share was paid on

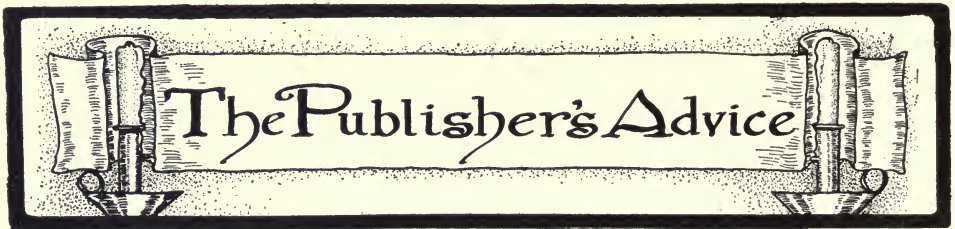
January 10th, 1909. Mr. J. Benson Wrenn is the very active manager. He is running six strings of tools continually, and the work of development, under his capable direction, is being pushed "for all it is worth." Mr. Wrenn is interested in a number of other companies as well.

Among the men who are responsible for the splendid showing made by the little oil metropolis of Coalinga is Mr. Walter W. Ayres, who is the acting Mayor. This man is greatly interested in the progress of the town, and conducts the largest drug business in the place, besides carrying a large line of sundries and supplies and fancy goods. Mr. Ayres is identified in all the work that makes for progress and development.

The Oil Well Company, with offices at Hanford, started in business in 1896. An

agency was established in Coalinga with A. P. May in charge as agent in 1899.

The business was so successful that in 1900 they erected their own building under the superintendence of E. J. Fox. Later they moved into the first brick block built in the town of Coalinga. This was erected in 1908. Until 1903 the Oil Well Supply Company was the only well supply company in Coalinga. The Honorable John Eaton is the President of the Oil Well Supply Company, and he is the pioneer oil well supply man in the United States. This company has eight stores in the State of California, and Mr. Eaton makes it a rule to make an extended visit to every one of these offices at least once in every year. The Coalinga branch is under the very able management of Mr. N. Bowen.



With this number of the Overland Monthly, Mr. Pierre Beringer, who has been the editor for the past year, has resigned his office and has been promoted to the position of Manager of Publicity and Subscriptions for the Magazine. The promotion of Mr. Beringer has made other changes necessary, and Mr. Barnett Franklin, the well-known dramatic critic and satirical versifier, is made editor of the magazine. Mr. Franklin will infuse new ideas in the publication, and it is to be hoped that the continued improvement will find appreciation by our readers. It is the aim of this management to make the Overland Monthly a better magazine with each succeeding issue.

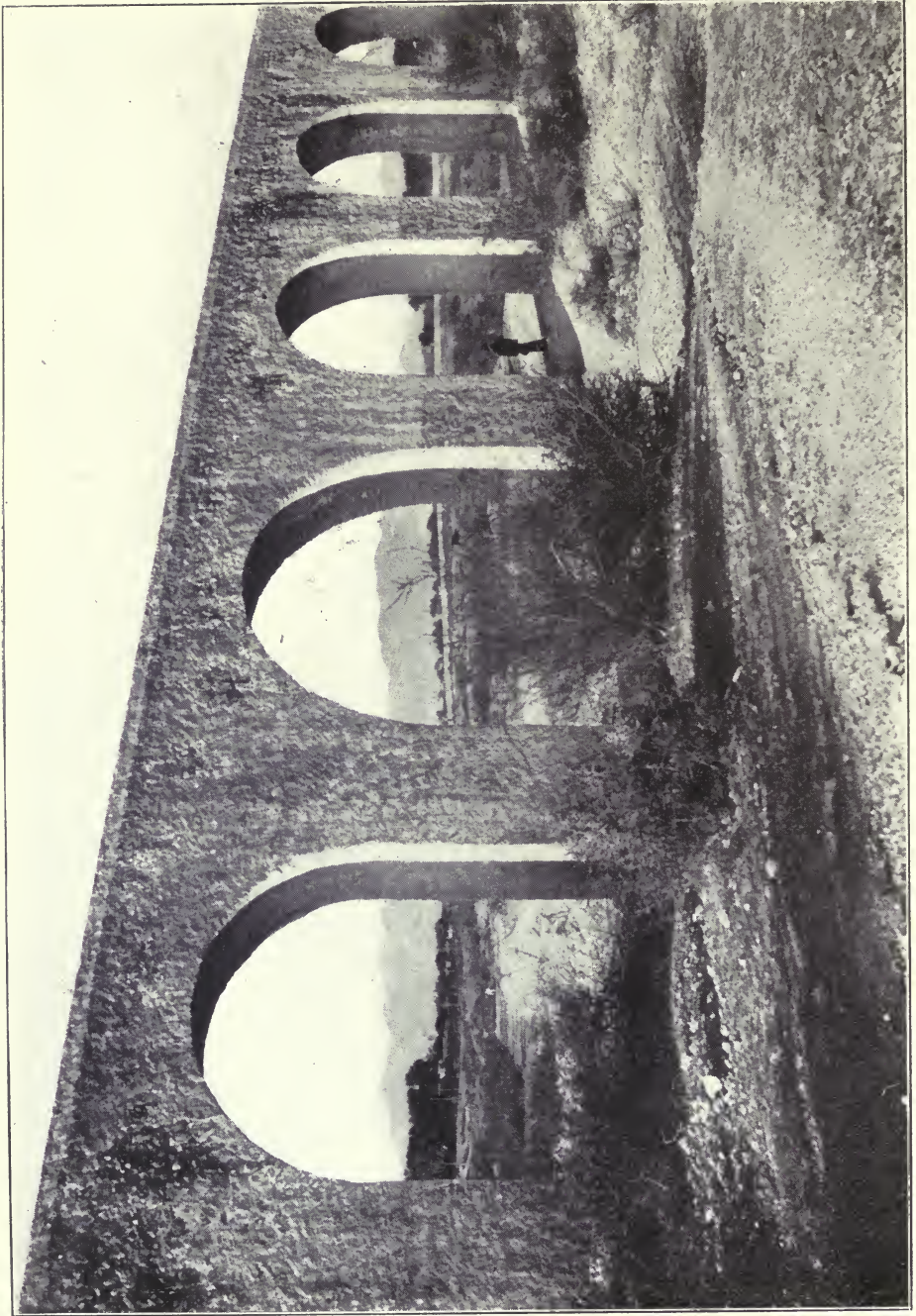
The advertiser will no doubt be pleased to read of Mr. Beringer being placed in charge of the circulation, as that means that the active campaign for subscriptions inaugurated a year ago will be kept up and, if possible, improved upon. The work taken up at that time has borne increase in returns, and the record of the last three weeks, an increase of nearly two thousand names on the lists in the time mentioned, is an evidence of the good work that is being done. The advertisers are the ones who will first feel the benefits accruing from the publicity and subscription campaign.

PUBLISHER OVERLAND MONTHLY.



MARVELOUS MEXICO.—FLOWER FESTIVAL ON VIGA CANAL, MEXICO CITY.

Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.



MARVELOUS MEXICO.—THE GREAT AQUEDUCT OF CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LIII
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San Francisco

AMERICA'S OLDEST AND ODDEST
CAPITAL

BY JOHN L. COWAN

Here is a descriptive article of picturesque, interesting Santa Fe, an American town that somehow has not felt the touch of the fairy wand of Progress. Primitive and supremely artistic, from the artist's standpoint, it remains to-day "literally burdened by the weight of its antiquity," as Mr. Cowan puts it. Mr. Cowan's article is barren of guide-book styles and methods: it gives us strange old Santa Fe in fashion that is, to say the least, intimate and decidedly entertaining.
—THE EDITOR.



MOST PICTURESQUE

and least American of all American capitals is Santa Fe. Its history as an organized city of New Spain dates from 1605, but its existence as a community of Pueblo Indians reaches far back into the mists of that legendary age that antedated the coming of the white man. The old adobe house in which Coronado is said to have lodged, when he passed this way on his unparalleled journey of exploration in 1541, is pointed out as one of the sights of the city. If the common belief be well-founded (which, however, is doubtful), then this venerable dwelling was standing and occupied by man only fifty years after the discovery of America, nearly eighty years before the landing of the Pilgrims.

This, in fact, seems to be the whole trouble with Santa Fe. It is literally burdened by the weight of its antiquity. It reminds one of certain crabs, said to wear

their eyes behind. One may dwell in Santa Fe for many moons, and never hear a word prophetic of the future. Yet this city—or, more properly, this village—might have a glorious destiny did the people but go forth to meet it, instead of dwelling perennially with their idols and living wholly in the past. It seems incredible that in this ancient municipality, that has celebrated its three-hundredth birthday, the capital of a territory imperial in extent and in the magnitude and variety of its undeveloped resources, there is not so much as a horse car; that the only apologies for street lights are a very, very few pale and sickly incandescent lamps; that the streets are as narrow, as dirty, and as uncared for as those of the average village of Old Mexico; that Spanish is the language of the majority of the inhabitants; that American citizens feel at home in adobe dwellings, are perfectly content to ride astride the ungainly burro, burn wood for fuel, and jabber the current Spanish patois like native-born and unwashed Greasers. To these interesting



THE FONDA. TERMINUS OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL AT SANTA FE.

and picturesque elements does Santa Fe owe much of the charm it possesses for tourists and sightseers; but their drawing power for capitalists, investors, and others who might, under different conditions, become permanent residents, is negative.

Climatically, Santa Fe stands upon one of the most favored spots in America. It occupies a spacious plain, rimmed in by mountains, whose peaks tower to a height of from ten thousand to thirteen thousand feet. Extreme heat and extreme cold, therefore, are equally unknown, and the sun shines more than three hundred days in the year. Persons suffering from pulmonary and bronchial affections can find no more perfect natural conditions for the promotion of their recovery. Yet but little effort has been made to advertise Santa Fe's greatest natural asset, its climate, or to tell the hosts of health- and pleasure-seekers of its advantages as an all-year-'round resort. Why? Well, mainly because this is the land of *Poco Tiempo* ("pretty soon"); every one means well, and nearly every one is firmly resolved to get out and hustle *manana* (tomorrow). So it is that, after more than three cen-

turies of municipal existence, "La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco" (The True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis) today holds barely seven thousand inhabitants. Of these, not more than one thousand are Americans, while the rest are "Mexicans" of mixed Spanish and Indian descent.

Probably the most interesting historic structure in the West, if not in the United States, is the Old Palace, built at least as early as 1598, twenty-two years before the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth, and nine years before the settlement of Jamestown, and supposed to have been first occupied by Juan de Onate, the millionaire-colonizer of New Mexico. Eighteen American and seventy-six Spanish and Mexican rulers have occupied it. Here it was that General Lew Wallace, then Governor of the Territory, wrote "Ben Hur." It is merely a low, one-story adobe structure, but it has survived all the changes and mischances of Spanish rule, Pueblo Indian insurrection, Mexican occupation, American control, and Confederate invasion. On the plaza, in front of the Palace, Governor Don Antonio Otermin executed forty-seven copper-colored pris-

oners, and within the palace walls, a few days later, Pope, the Indian Napoleon of the revolt of 1680, established the short-lived Pueblo Empire. Hither Lieutenant Zebulon Pike was conveyed a prisoner, March 3, 1806, consequent upon his mistake in camping upon Mexican soil in the course of his famous expedition. This was the provincial seat of Government during the days of Iturbide's Empire, and of the Republic after his fall. Here came Brigadier-General S. W. Kearney, in August, 1846, leading the hardy American invaders. A year later occurred the Indian and Mexican revolt led by Juan Gonzales, who suffered the usual fate of rebels—execution in the blood-stained plaza. From March 10 to April 8, 1862, the city was occupied by Confederate troops, and the Palace was their headquarters.

But the famous Old Palace is no longer the place of residence of the Territorial Governor. One end is occupied by the post-office, and the other by the Historical Society of New Mexico, while in between are sandwiched the apartments occupied by the Daughters of the Revolution and those used as local headquarters by the Republican party organization. In the

rooms of the Historical Society are priceless relics of the days of the Spanish occupation, and of the shadowy period that preceded the advent of the Conquistadores. Here are faded pictures of the saints, painted upon puma skins; votive offerings in silver, quaintly moulded into the forms of arms, hands, legs, and other organs, brought to the altar of the Holy Virgin by sufferers from wounds or disease; crucifixes and laboriously wrought figures of the disciples; rude stone gods of the heathen; battle-axes, weapons of war and of the chase; household utensils, pottery, and implements of the cave dwellers, the Pueblos, and the nomadic tribes. For the inspection of the bibliomaniac are priceless treasures dealing with the history of the Southwest: maps showing the peninsula of Lower California as an island; and documents of which the historians of the schools seem strangely ignorant.

Across the Plaza from the Old Palace is the Fonda—the terminus of the historic Santa Fe trail. About a mile distant, at the foot of a hill that overlooks the antique town, is the Chapel Rosario. In 1692, Diego de Vargas, marching up from the South, stood upon the summit of the hill



THE OLD PALACE.

with his little army of two hundred men, and viewed the city from which the rebellious Pueblo Indians had driven his countrymen in blood and slaughter twelve years before. The task set for him and his diminutive army was the restoration of Spanish sovereignty. Even to his sanguine soul the issue of the impending conflict seemed doubtful. On the eve before making the attack he knelt at the foot of the hill and vowed to build a chapel upon that spot to the glory of Our Lady of the Rosary should she fight upon his side. Next morning he and his bold cavaliers marched to the attack. To their amaze-

with the celestials, and considering themselves the chosen emissaries of heaven for the conquest and conversion of an empire.

Close by the Chapel Rosario is the National Cemetery, where rest scores of victims of the Indian wars, including the headless body of Governor Charles Bent, slain in the Taos massacre of 1847. A little farther away is the Ramona School for Apache Children, maintained by the Catholic Church. The children themselves are commonplace enough, with clean faces and neat clothing, but the long-haired, turbaned and blanketed warriors, many of



CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL, THE OLDEST HOUSE OF WORSHIP IN AMERICA.

ment they found the city deserted. The savage hosts had fled. Of course, the glory for this bloodless victory was ascribed to the Virgin, who had filled the hearts of the enemy with fear. The chapel was built in accordance with De Vargas's vow, and, every year, at the feast of Corpus Christi, the image of the Virgin is conveyed in stately pomp from the Cathedral to the Rosario Chapel for a brief season. Thus did the old cavaliers of this land of romance mix war and religion, bargaining

whom wielded the spear and scalping knife in days ago, are grim reminders of the days, not far removed in point of time, when New Mexico was on the last frontier and when Geronimo, Victorio, Nana, and other savage chieftains spread the terror of their names over two hundred thousand square miles of territory. The fathers and grandfathers of the pupils are fond of visiting at the schools, and may be seen in their savage finery and theatrical dignity strutting the streets of Santa Fe any day.



VIEWS IN NATIONAL CEMETERY, SANTA FE. THE ONE ON THE LEFT SHOWS THE GRAVE OF GOVERNOR BENT.

Two miles from the town is the United States Industrial Indian School, in which children of many widely scattered tribes are being trained in the arts and crafts of the white conquerors.

In other parts of the town are stored such of the archives of the Spanish regime as have not been destroyed, with numerous paintings and carvings of great antiquity, and interesting relics of the time when the Inquisition was a political institution of the Southwest. The Church of Our Lady of Light, the Cathedral of

San Francisco, and the Church of San Miguel—the oldest house of worship now standing in the United States—each of these possesses its attractions for the devout and the curious.

Surrounding the city are many places of interest to the sight-seer, the lover of nature, the student of history, and the mere idler. One of these is the Tent City, where hundreds of sufferers from the Great White Plague seek relief—and few in vain. Others are the Aztec Spring, the turquoise mines, the salt and alkali



THE ROSARIO CHAPEL.

RUINS OF AN OLD SPANISH FORT.

lakes of the Estancia Valley, the falls of the Nambe, the military reservation and site of old Fort Marcy, the ruins of the old Spanish fortifications, and the thousands of cliff and caveate dwellings of Pajarito Park, in which it is estimated that more than one hundred thousand persons must once have made their homes at a period so remote that not a human trace of them remains, and even tradition is silent as to their origin and their fate. More replete with human interest are the Pueblo communities, populous when Coronado made his first journey of exploration through this region more than three hundred and fifty years ago, and occupied to-day by the fading remnant of the same race. Of these, Tesuque is the closest, only nine miles away. Twenty miles farther is Nambe, and forty miles from the city are San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and San Juan, clustered within a few miles of each other on the Rio Grande. Within easy reach from the city are other Pueblo towns, such as Santo Domingo, Cochiti, Jemez, and Zia. Did but Santa Fe hint to the world at large about these and a score of other attractions, it would become a center of tourist travel second to none in America. Few of the scenic points of the West, in fact, possess so many attractions, and none other possesses so great a

variety, capable of appealing to tastes so widely divergent.

And not the least of Santa Fe's attractions—to those who have wearied of the conventional bills of fare of American hotels, and of the perennial stewed prunes of the city boarding houses—is the peppery charm of Mexican cookery, although this is a constant nightmare to those who shrink from gastronomic experiments. Chili con carne and chili con huevos are old friends masquerading under a thin disguise; frijoles differ but slightly in size and flavor from Boston beans; tamales are acclimated as far East as St. Louis; and tortillas are familiar to all by reputation at least. But posole, menudo and *real* enchilladas must be tasted to be appreciated.

Of course, each succeeding native dish, to the unaccustomed palate, appears just a little hotter than the one before. These warm the inner man, as the constant sunshine warms the outer, to a proper appreciation of the complaisant "Si, Senor" of the easy-going sons of the Southwest; the charm of the hazy atmosphere of the Sunshine Territory steals insensibly over the soul; and even the hustling sojourner from more virile climes soon ceases to care whether school keeps or not.



THE DECLINE OF THE STAGE VILLAIN

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

Since with this issue of the Overland Monthly I succeed Mr. Pierre N. Beringer to its editorship, it would be manifestly indiscreet on my part to preface these theatrical articles of mine in the eulogistic fashion that was the wont of my distinguished predecessor. Wherefore "The Decline of the Stage Villain" goes forth unauthenticated and unvouched for.



HE HAS ALWAYS been swarthy, the stage villain, and he has never been minus a moustache. It may be that somewhere, at some time, there existed for some brief space one of the guild who was smooth-shaven, and whose tresses were blonde in tone, but I never met him. All the stage villains of my acquaintance have been brunettes, and their upper lips boasted ever a generous hirsute decoration. It is not for me here to explain the whyfore of these all-important facts but merely to chronicle them, so the uncontradictable tonsorial truths must be set down accordingly.

In the olden days, the villain could also be distinguished by a huge black cape, the end of which he threw artistically over his left shoulder, and wherewith he would affect to screen his evil countenance from the passer-by. When one of his fellow-characters, against whom he was plotting, did not fully glean his identity from these actions, he would hasten to make himself known in some other and more obvious way. He was afraid, you see, that he might be mistaken for the hero, and this in the villain's eyes was a terrible thing.

The villain in real life is not so zealous in this direction; in fact, he seeks rather to give you the impression that he is an all-right sort of a chap. And a good deal of the time he *does* make you think so, and so you become an easier victim of his wiles. But the stage villain, up to a very short time ago, seemed so proud of his lack of goodness and virtue that he was

constantly advertising the fact from the house-tops. And yet, in spite of the fact that every one in the cast knew he was a villain, who would stop at nothing to gain his ends, they were constantly outwitted. You might think that in being forewarned there lay protection against his machinations, but it didn't. Misery and woe have always followed in the train of the stage villain; the most awful packages of misery and woe that human mind could conceive.

For a long time the stage villain was an uncouth sort of a fellow—generally a brigand—who dressed in the black cloak aforesaid. Also he carried a sword wherewith to rid him of all the objectionable citizens that crossed his path. But this picturesque evil-doer was soon superseded by a villain more debonair. The black cape was discarded for an Inverness coat, and the gory blade at his side gave way to a mere golden-topped cane. We were progressing, you see. Some authorities have claimed that it was a mistake to do away with the black cape, for it was of such admirable use in the strangling of little babies and blind heroines, but evolution demanded its shelving. The villain of this latter period rarely indulged in murderous deeds himself, but hired others to do them. And this villain, he of the Inverness coat, practically held undisputed sway up to within a few years ago. In fact, there are really but two kinds of stage villains: the ones of the Inverness variety—with raven locks and flouncing mustaches—and the ones of the present day—the villains created by the new school of dramatists, who are mustachless, very conventional and un-Invernessed.



EMILY STEVENS, WITH MRS. FISKE.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

How my heart goes out to the villain of yesteryear. With what breathless joy I watched him from my seat at the Sunday matinee. All through the week I hoarded my pennies until I had accumulated the enormous sum of ten. Ten large copper cent-pieces meant a seat with my fellow-gods of the gallery, and there could I watch the object of my admiration to my heart's content. He was my especial pride, the villain. Of all the characters in the drama, my admiration was for him alone. True, I liked the funny man quite a deal, but in somewhat different fashion. The villain I genuinely admired. And I really was quite a good little chap, if I may be pardoned the saying it, and the evil-doer behind the footlights never for an instant sowed in me the seed of emulation. But I admired him because he was the only one in the play who displayed any real horse-sense. He was the only one who did things, for his ingenuity was highly developed even if his soul was warped. The hero and heroine always impressed me as being a pair of milksops who loafed around constantly and bemoaned their fate. My sympathy was assuredly not for them.

But the villain! How he plotted and schemed and plundered and murdered. He was more resourceful than the most ingenious nature-faker who has incurred our President's ire. And when things went against him—as they had a habit of doing at the close of each act—he didn't stand around and mope and weep. Not on your daguerrotype. He just clenched his fists in a fine frenzy, gave one flash of his coal-black orbs, and murmured complacently: "You may have mih now, Roderic Marmaduke, but a time weel come, mih fair young friend, a time weel come." And then he started his thinkery working and sure enough a time *did* come, and, sure enough, too, another diabolical scheme was evolved which thoroughly discomfited the handsome hero for one whole act.

Dressed in his regal Inverness, spotless patent-leathers, puffing calmly at the inevitable cigarette, what a figure the villain was! One would have thought that such a dapper-looking individual would have been a regular devil with the ladies, but he wasn't. The leading woman hated

him and the servant-maids fled from his approaches in sheer terror. To my eyes the heroine would have made a most excellent catch in the villain, for he had plenty of money, and could really do things, while the hero, whom she adored with a terrific ardor, was always, it was palpable to see, a ne'er-do-well of the worst kind.

But the heroine always conceived a most horrible distrust of the villain the first moment she set eyes on him. One glance from her hazel eyes at his smiling countenance would inspire her to say, "Somehow, I don't like that man," and thereafter she spurned his advances with the most awful disdain. If she had accepted the villain in the first act, she might have reformed him and stopped his career of wholesale crime, for he admitted that he was "crushing" everyone solely to gain her. But, with a delightful sneer, she would tell him that she cared just about as much for him as for a boa constrictor or some other dainty reptile at the zoo. "You but inspire me with loathing and disgust-ah," she would say. "Rather would I live in an humble hut-ah with my heero than in a palace-ah studded with diamonds-ah, with you!"

Is it any wonder that the villain continued in his career of crime when he was rejected in such delicate fashion every time he proposed? It is but natural, I contend, that he sought revenge. "You reject me, you poor fool, for that Roderick Marmaduke, do you?" he said, bitterly. "Well, I'll have you yet, mih proud beauty; I'll have you yet. I'll ruin your pretty heero and bend you to the dust where you belong." At which the alpaca-gowned heroine would cringe visibly and afterward confide to Roderic that she "felt that something was going to happen."

And it did. You can wager on that. The villain always made valuable use of his time. Either he saw that the feeble-minded good old man of the play was murdered instanter, or the midnight express was derailed, or the funds of the bank where the hero worked on state occasions as paying teller, were embezzled, or the town hall was set afire, or the paper-rs were stolen, or something else equally foul and dark was committed. Or, occasionally he saw that all of these things came to pass. But always he contrived that the



E. H. SOTHERN AS "HAMLET."

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

blame fell upon the hero. And the hero, who was such an addle-pated sort of a personage that he hadn't sufficient understanding to prove an alibi, went to jail.

Then the villain again proceeded to make love to the heroine. He never seemed to learn by experience. That was the single flaw in his make-up. Once more repulsed, he resolved to embrace her just the same. And she shrieked aloud in horror at the thought of his "reptile touch," and the hero, incarcerated in the county jail three blocks away, tore down the bars of his cell and rushed to the rescue, getting there just in the nick of time. And so all the villain got was an ungentle blow in the solar plexus, yet he slunk off-stage somewhat perturbed but still uncrushed.

And still he plotted and plotted and plotted, but from then on he was doomed to defeat. The dramatist had figured on eleven o'clock for the close of the performance, and it is ordained by all the swords and daggers of dramaturgy that virtue must triumph as the final curtain falls. So, although there was apparently no reason in the world for it, the villain visited the old mill, the scene of one of his nefarious deeds, at 10:45, and the hero, accompanied by a couple of Scotland Yard detectives, overheard the villain recounting his deeds of villainy to himself in a loud tone of voice. Thus cornered, the villain, debonair to the end, murmured something about the game being up, and, with a "Curse yuh! curse yuh all!" he defeated stage justice by boring his temple with a bullet from a cute pearl-handled revolver which he had concealed behind

his left ear.

Such was the villain of the olden time. But his day is almost done, brother, his day is almost done. This man of foul deeds and dark, whose very breath reeked of crime, will soon be no more. I do not mean that villainy is being divorced from the theatre. A judicious dash of villainy in a theatrical performance is as necessary as the seasoning in your favorite dish. But in these days of subtlety and suggestion in the drama, footlight villainy must be sugar-coated. The methods of the play-builders of other days are taboo; your modern school of dramatists has been Ibsenized, and the stage villains that tread the boards now are patterned upon the villains of real life. They are unlabeled; they do not wear the badge of their craft upon their sleeve that those who run may read; they converse conventionally like their brothers, and never indulge in mumbled curses and shifty glances. In fact, the stage villain is now a frank-looking, altogether human sort of a chap, just as the real evil-worker is ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The most casual theatregoer laughs in derision at the merest suggestion of the old-time villain in the theatre of today.

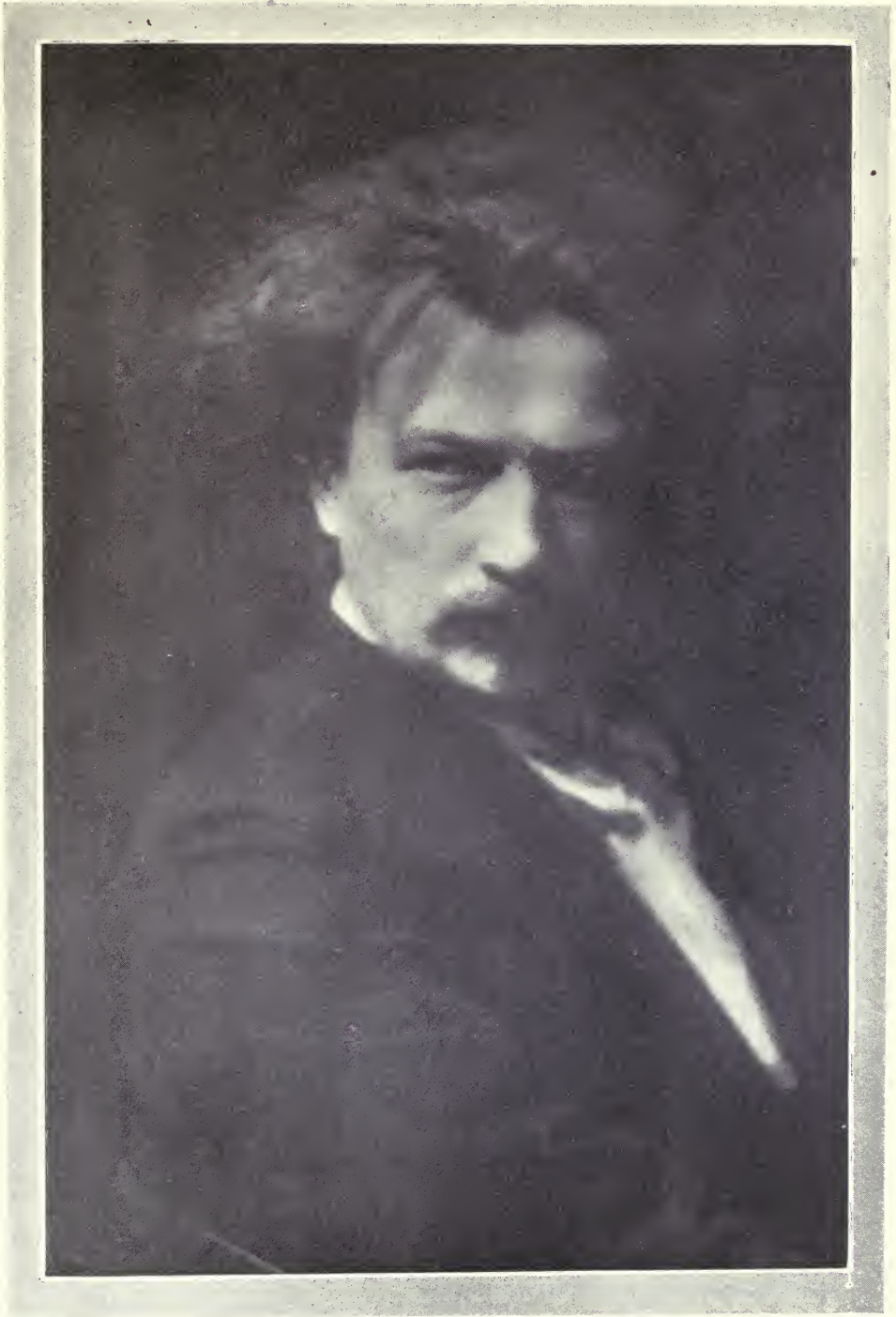
And yet I, derider of the obvious, take myself oftentimes to a ten-twenty-third house of entertainment, where they still dispense melodrammer as of yore, to renew acquaintance with the bad man of my golden days, for even Ibsen will pall and Shaw cloy. And then a sight of the good old-fashioned villain, wallowing in gore and crime, is like unto a mental Martini.





VIRGINIA HAMMOND, WITH E. H. SOTHERN.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



A REMARKABLE STUDY OF PADEREWSKI.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



MAXINE ELLIOTT ON THE STAGE OF HER NEW THEATRE.
Photo by White, New York.



EDDIE FOY AND THE "KIDS" IN "MR. HAMLET OF BROADWAY."

Photo by White, New York.

THE POWER TO THINK

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

I see across the storm-swept seas,
Embowered in familiar trees,
The old log house where I was born,
The long, straight rows of growing corn—
And then I say: "Let's take a drink
And stupefy the power to think."

My father then before me stands
With stooped form and whitening hair,
And calls me home from these cursed lands,
While at my heart a black despair
Strikes dully—till I take a drink
And stupefy the power to think.

Across the intervening space,
Beyond the waste of waters wild,
I see my patient mother's face,
And once again I am a child:
But then I say, "Let's take a drink
And stupefy the power to think."

And She—for whom I've waited, lo,
While days and months lapse into years,
Till Youth's quick pulse begins to slow,
And laughter ends in heart-wrung tears:
Ah, what's the use! "Let's take a drink,
And stupefy the power to think."

Damned by remorse, compelled to roam
In exile lands far, far from home,
At night, amid the haunting gloom,
When soul-distracting memories loom,
The Vision comes—oft and anon—
Sharp and defined, and then—'tis gone.

Phantasm of a tortured brain
Enfeebled by the ceaseless strain
Of exile in this cursed spot,
Forgetting all, by all forgot,
Come weaklings all, "Let's take a drink
And stupefy the power to think!"

AN EXPERIMENT IN THE SULPHITIC THEORY

BY WILL SCARLET

Some time ago the gentleman of "Purple Cow" fame startled the reading public in the publishing of a little volume called "Are You a Bromide?" Therein the author advanced the opinion that people are of two classes: the hopelessly commonplace and the weirdly original. The former he termed Bromides, and the latter he baptized as Sulphites. Mr. Will Scarlet gives us here a tale of some perfectly normal human beings who had been blissfully contented with their normal selves until this book came into their lives. "An Experiment in the Sulphitic Theory" is as delicious a satire as has come under my eye in a long time, and if, in addition to coercing a few expressions of audible mirth from his readers, Mr. Scarlet lures but a bare half-dozen of them from the cult of Sulphitism, he will have conferred something of a boon on humanity.—THE EDITOR.



WAS WADING through the locals in the evening paper when the street door slammed, the stairs creaked, and Hawkins strode into the little sitting room.

"Back again?" I asked by way of greeting.

Hawkins made no reply. He strode over to the mantel-piece and hung his derby on the plaster cast of Mercury.

"Nice evening," I remarked casually.

Hawkins took down his briarwood from the rack above the mantel and blew through it ominously.

"There's nothing like having your pipe handy, is there?" I asked in a conciliatory tone.

Hawkins glared at me and groaned. Then, removing the cranial bone from the plaster-of-paris skull which served us as a tobacco jar, he impetuously filled his pipe.

Next he explored the mantel for matches. He didn't get any. He scattered my stack of souvenir postals, flung aside the photograph of the girl that Carey knows, and upset Kelly's bronze bust of Pope Leo XIII. He slammed open the

glass doors of the bookcase and then slammed them closed. He searched in his vest pockets, his coat pockets, his trouser pockets. Then he glanced at me once more.

"A fellow feels funny when he can't get a match, doesn't he?" I commented with the falling inflection.

Hawkins took up his cold pipe and jammed it between his teeth.

"Somers," he said impressively, "you are a Bromide."

My paper dropped crinkling to the floor.

"Huh?" I gasped.

"I said you are a Bromide."

"A—what?"

"A Bromide."

"A Bromide?"

He nodded sagely.

"What the deuce is a Bromide?"

"An exponent of the commonplace. A protagonist of the evident. A Christopher Columbus of the obvious."

"Hawkins," I murmured compassionately, "I think you are out of your mind."

"You do me honor," replied Hawkins, flourishing his pipe and bowing complacently. "From you that is, must be, the inevitable remark. That is because——"

"Because?"

"You are a Bromide."

A clatter without and Kelly burst into the room.

"Hullo, there!" cried Kelly, making a grab for the evening paper lying unheeded at my feet. "You fellows get home all right?"

Hawkins sighed pityingly.

"Here, Kelly," I directed, "give poor Charlie a match."

"Here you are, old man. Nothing like carrying them around with you, is there, Charlie?"

Charley struck a match and groaned.

"Say, Hawkins, what's wrong with you?" asked Kelly sympathetically.

Hawkins puffed furiously and tore back and forth along the hearth rug. Kelly, puzzled and amazed, strode to the center table.

"Charlie Hawkins, what's the matter with you?"

Hawkins, before the fireplace, turned like a stag at bay. In one hand he held his pipe aloft and pointed scornfully at Kelly with the other.

"What's the matter with me?" he repeated melodramatically. "You are—you! *You!*"

Kelly recoiled a step and looked about helplessly.

"Me?" he gasped.

"Yes, you!" And Hawkins came forward staring like a madman.

"You're just like Somers——"

"Like Somers!"

"Yes, like Somers. Kelly, you are a Bromide!"

Kelly dropped nervelessly into a chair.

"Frank," he moaned across at me, "how long has he been like this?"

"Dinner's ready, young gentlemen," called Mrs. Wells in the corridor. "Will you be coming down?"

A hearty "All right!" was on the tip of my tongue when Hawkins bellowed out:

"Mrs. Wells, enter please."

Mrs. Wells entered. She was surprised and expectant. So was Kelly. So was I.

"Mrs. Wells," said Hawkins gravely, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you recently conveyed to us, your boarders three, information to the effect that the evening repast is open for discussion."

Mrs. Wells blinked and looked at Kelly. Kelly blinked and looked at me. I blinked and looked at Mrs. Wells.

Hawkins blew through his pipe. "Answer, Mrs. Wells," he ordered impressively. "Did you or did you not?"

Mrs. Wells began to fold the corners of her spotless apron.

"Ye-es, sir," she stammered, obviously perplexed.

"Very well," commented Hawkins, leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece and his head on his hand. "You furthermore expressed a desire to learn whether or not we, your boarders three aforesaid, intended to descend to the—the cenaculum."

A light broke over the troubled countenance of Mrs. Wells.

"Please, Mr. Hawkins," she queried, "do you mean the stationary washtubs?"

"Mrs. Wells," retorted Charlie sternly, "I do not mean the stationary washtubs. I mean to know what you mean by your superfluous and tautological invitation."

Mrs. Wells's fat cheeks puckered and tears stood in her mild blue eyes.

"I didn't mean to be impolite, sir," she whispered.

Hawkins strode to the window, faced about and majestically demanded:

"Who accuses you of impoliteness, madam? You are oppressively, pathetically polite. You need not hereafter notify us twice."

"I called but once this evening," remonstrated Mrs. Wells feebly.

"You notified us twice, Mrs. Wells," declared Hawkins rigidly.

"She did nothing of the kind!" Kelly blurted out. "You're making an ass of yourself, Hawkins. Come down and eat."

"One moment!" Hawkins shouted, his right arm up in front and his left arm down behind like John Storm on the billboards.

"Mrs. Wells, you informed us, did you not, that dinner is ready?"

"Yes, Mr. Hawkins."

"Very well. You furthermore expressed a desire to know whether or not we were coming down, did you not?"

"Yes, Mr. Hawkins."

"Ergo, you called us twice. Now, Mrs. Wells, why did you do it?"

Mrs. Wells stood speechless, the embodiment of all the mental and physical agony one suffers while visiting the dentist—or the photographer.

"I will tell you why," resumed Haw-

kins, stepping back to include us all in his field of vision. "You called us twice, Mrs. Wells, because, like Mr. Somers here and Mr. Kelly, you are a Bromide."

Mrs. Wells's rotund face expressed a mingling of awe and expectation.

"Please, sir," she asked timidly, "is it good for a headache, sir?"

Hawkins frowned like Bluebeard.

"Come," he said to Kelly and me, "let's to dinner."

As we filed into the corridor Kelly squeezed my arm.

"Frank, old man," he whispered, "when did Charlie take to drink? Awful! I thought he belonged to the League of the Cross!"

We had finished our soup in strained silence when Carey burst in on us.

"Evening, fellows!" he shouted, cheerily. "A little late, you see, but I'm here."

Hawkins clutched frantically at his napkin and stared abjectly at the ceiling. Carey paused ungracefully in the act of sitting down.

"Anything wrong, Charlie? You look all upset."

"Sit down, Carey," groaned Charlie; "sit down, sit down."

The ensuing silence was broken only by Mrs. Wells as she toddled out with the soup plates and in with the roast. It was altogether too much for Carey.

"Hawkins," he asked tentatively, "are you not taking any salad?"

Hawkins flung down his knife and fork, sat back in his chair and folded his arms.

"Mr. Robert Carey, why are you so annoyingly commonplace? Don't you see that I am not taking any salad! Oh——" and he tossed his head in desperation, "you're all alike, all alike!"

Carey's mobile features contracted into one gigantic question mark.

"All alike!"

"Yes, all alike," reiterated Hawkins, swaying dismally to and fro. "You're just like Somers, just like Kelly, just like Mrs. Wells——"

"Just like Mrs. Wells?" cried Carey in horror-stricken tones. "Why, Hawkins, you must be crazy. I weigh only a hundred and seventy-four."

"That makes no difference, Carey," droned Hawkins in a lugubrious monotone, "that makes no difference. You are

a Bromide."

Carey gulped at his Shasta.

"Hawkins," he queried with suppressed intensity, "what did you say I am?"

"You are a Bromide."

"What is a Bromide?"

Hawkins shifted in his seat and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm bored to death," he said shortly.

"Ask Somers there."

"Somers, what is a Bromide?"

"Kelly is," I responded. "At least Hawkins said so."

"Don't ask me," interposed Kelly, as Carey turned to him questioningly. "Hawkins said Mrs. Wells is one. Better ask her."

"Any more cake, gentlemen?" called Mrs. Wells from the pantry.

Mrs. Wells was economical of her footsteps, and besides didn't encourage a second serve of cake.

"My dear, good woman," answered Carey feelingly, "I want something infinitely more important than cake."

Mrs. Wells shuffled in and stood at the foot of the table.

"Roast, Mr. Carey?"

"No, Mrs. Wells; information."

"Oh, I hope not, sir!" exclaimed the housekeeper earnestly. "It's a bad thing, Mr. Carey, a bad thing. My poor husband died of it."

Carey stared incredulously.

"Died—of information?"

"Yes, Mr. Carey," replied Mrs. Wells, her apron to her eyes, "information of the lungs, sir. It finished him in three weeks, poor soul."

"Mrs. Wells," resumed Carey, "that is not the sort of information I want. What is a Bromide?"

Mrs. Wells dropped her apron and took a step backward.

"A what, Mr. Carey?"

"No, a Bromide. Did you ever hear that word before?"

"Oh, yes, sir, now that I think of it. Mr. Hawkins said that Mr. Somers is one. Hadn't you better ask him, sir?"

"Somers? I did ask him and he doesn't know. Do you, Mrs. Wells?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"That's all, then. Thank you, Mrs. Wells. "Now," Carey continued, as the mystified landlady toddled out of the

room, "you've got to clear this matter up, Hawkins. You've called Somers a Bromide, you've called Kelley a Bromide, you've called Mrs. Wells a Bromide and you've called me a Bromide. Hawkins, are you a Bromide?"

Hawkins haughtily shook his head.

"What are you, then?"

"I am a Sulphite."

"A what?" we cried in chorus.

"A Sulphite."

Kelly spoke for the trio.

"What the mischief is a Sulphite?"

"The antithesis of a Bromide."

"Well, what is a Bromide?"

"The antithesis of a Sulphite."

"Hold on, there!" I cried in desperation, while Kelly said things softly and Carey groaned aloud. "You told me what a Bromide is when you called me one this evening, but I've forgotten it. Let us have it again, Charlie."

Hawkins drew himself up frigidly.

"Sulphites never repeat themselves," he announced pompously. "But——"

"But——" we echoed, catching at the straw.

"But if you are looking for information,"—and he deliberately drew a small gray book from his side pocket—"this volume will probably enlighten you—if you are susceptible to enlightenment."

The thrust went home.

"Me first!" we cried in unison.

Hawkins moaned plaintively.

"Alas!" and he threw his eyes ceilingward. "Isn't it perfectly obvious that I cannot let each of you have it first? Carey, you are the oldest—and in some respects the wisest. You may have the book to-night."

Carey snatched at the small gray volume, turned it over and over curiously, and then dashed for his room.

"Good night, fellows!" he shouted over his shoulder. "I'll wrestle with the Sulphitic Theory till midnight."

Kelley stared vacantly at the doorway.

"What the mischief is the Sulphitic Theory, I wonder," he confided to nobody in particular.

Hawkins rose, yawning.

"The Sulphitic Theory," he explained, wearily, "is the title of that book."

* * * *

Next morning I dropped informally

into Carey's room. Carey was standing semi-decollete before his mirror, flourishing a razor before his lathered face.

"Good morning!" I sang out cheerily.

No response.

"Shaving?"

Carey turned slowly around and looked me sternly in the eyes.

"Somers," he said in tones bespeaking more of sorrow than of anger, "you are a Bromide."

I fell limply into Carey's Morris chair.

"A Bromide?" I repeated weakly.

Carey turned again to his mirror and shaved as he talked.

"You came in here in your usual bromic way, and, employing the universally recognized bromic formula, you bade me good morning. Did it ever occur to you that that greeting is irritating and superfluous?"

Carey wiped his razor on the back of a magazine that lay handy and resumed operations on his angular jaw.

"Furthermore," he continued, twisting his mouth in the direction of his right ear, "you asked me if I am shaving. Now, isn't it perfectly obvious that I *am* shaving? Couldn't the veriest imbecile instantly recognize the fact that I *am* shaving? What possible interpretation could be put upon my actions save that I *am* shaving? Why, therefore, did you ask such an asinine question? Simply because, like the vast majority of the human race, you are a Bromide."

"Carey," I exclaimed, "you are as crazy as Hawkins."

Carey stropped his razor furiously.

"One has to be crazy to be sane, nowadays," he remarked sententiously. "And, incidentally, Somers, will you be good enough to sit on something else besides my boiled shirt?"

"What in thunder did you leave your old shirt in the Morris chair for?" I asked, jumping up in disgust.

Carey threw back his head and scraped industriously under his chin.

"I presume," he said between strokes, "that it is because I am a Sulphite."

"What!" I shouted in consternation.

"Are you a Sulphite, too?"

Carey applied another dose of lather and nodded serenely.

"Since when." I asked, as ironically as

I could, "have you become a Sulphite?"

"I was always a Sulphite," he replied with icy politeness, "but I didn't discover the rather interesting fact until last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes, last night. I finished the Sulphitic Theory before I went to bed."

"Hawkins's book, you mean? Say, Carey, let me have it. Will you, old chap?"

"Can't, Somers," he responded, rubbing his fingers over his shaven chin. "Kelly came in and got it before I was out of bed."

The moment I walked into the dining room that evening I knew something was wrong. Kelly was staring at the gas jet, Hawkins had his hair hanging down over his eyes, and Carey was eating soup with his left hand.

"Well, fellows," I began, with a brave effort at nonchalance, "you got in ahead of me this evening, didn't you?"

All three stirred uneasily. Hawkins looked pityingly at Carey, Carey looked pityingly at Kelly, and Kelly looked pityingly at the gas jet. Then they all sighed simultaneously and looked pityingly at me.

"What in blazes is the matter with you fellows?" I blurted out petulantly, vigorously pounding the pepper-shaker over my soup. "Is there anybody dead in the house?"

"Yes, in a sense," replied Hawkins, after a sombre silence. "You are."

"I am?"

"Yes, you and Mrs. Wells."

My spoon fell into the soup with a splash.

"Don't get excited, Somers," put in Carey soothingly. "He only means that you and Mrs. Wells are Bromides."

"Bromides, Bromides, always Bromides. I'm sick and tired of hearing about Bromides!" I made a vigorous effort at self-control. "Kelly, you're getting dreadfully absent-minded. Where's your necktie?"

Kelly slowly put his hand to his collar. "Forgot it, I guess," he explained calmly.

"Well," I remarked tartly, "you ought to have more sense. What did you forget it for?"

"I dare say it is because I am a Sulphite."

"You, too!" I muttered, totally unnerved.

Kelly raised his eyebrows and regarded me with a look of mild surprise.

"Why, I was always a Sulphite."

"You were?"

"Always. But I didn't know it, really, until I investigated the Sulphitic Theory. The perusal of that book gave me a new insight into life."

I shoved back my chair and rose stiffly.

"Going out?" queried Hawkins.

"Don't you see I'm going out?" And I didn't know till later why Hawkins flushed. "Yes, I'm going out—to the kitchen, to the other dead one. I can talk like a Christian with Mrs. Wells."

Talking like a Christian with Mrs. Wells was not an unmixed delight. I was heartily tired of it before nine o'clock, when, pleading a headache, I went to my room. Kelly was waiting at the door.

"Your turn at the Sulphitic Theory. Let us hear what you think about it tomorrow."

I mumbled my thanks, grabbed the little gray volume and slammed the door in his face. I didn't want to read that book. It seemed to soften the brain of every one that touched it. But what was I to do? Going to bed so early was out of the question, and there was nothing else to read.

The ensuing hour and a half I shall ever regard as a red-letter epoch in my career. I read the Sulphitic Theory from title page to finis and came forth a new man. Now I knew what Hawkins meant when he called me a Christopher Columbus of the obvious. Now I knew why Carey ate soup with his left hand, and why Kelly forgot his necktie.

Clearly and pertinently the volume drew the distinction between the Bromide and the Sulphite. The Bromide is ordinary and commonplace. With him majority rules. He is a slave to convention. His mind keeps regular office hours. He is the apotheosis of the average man.

And the Sulphite? Well, as Hawkins said, he is the antithesis of the Bromide. He says original things and thinks original thoughts. He is always something "different." The commonplace he shudders at and conventionality he loathes. But one thing you may expect from him, and that is the unexpected.

And then a funny thing happened. I realized, after reading that little book, that I was a Sulphite. I had been ever such. My conversation, now that I came to think about it, had always been piquant and unusual. My mode of thought was obviously out of the common groove. I always did shudder at the commonplace, and conventionalities were ever abhorrent to me. So, like a true Sulphite, I flung my collar on the floor and my shoes on the bureau and went to bed.

It was a painfully self-conscious quartet that gathered about the dinner table on the following evening. We were all four self-confessed Sulphites and each of us was keenly cognizant of the necessity of shunning the obvious and voicing the unexpected.

Candidly, it was hard work. Hawkins, heretofore talking incessantly of graft and politics, now professed an all-absorbing interest in sunbeams and the Gaelic revival. Carey who, previous to his exploration of the Sulphitic Theory, did little else than voice his admiration of certain members of the opposite sex, now developed an exasperatingly scientific trend of thought and pointed out the fallacies in Evolution. The great American game used to be Kelly's pet topic, but its place was now usurped by Bernard Shaw and Wagner.

This sort of thing kept up for a week. We said and did and tried to think the unusual, the bizarre, the eccentric. We wore old coats and shaved sporadically and ate lettuce backwards. Kelly let his hair grow down over his ears, Carey wore a hideously unbecoming monocle, and Hawkins discarded his briarwood and bought a gigantic Turkish water-pipe that croaked like a frog on a honeymoon. As for me—but let the curtain fall over my manifestations of the Sulphitic tendency.

One evening the unexpected happened in earnest. Instead of the dainty, eye-pleasing service that Mrs. Wells was wont to arrange, we found nothing on the table but a sadly frayed crimson cloth and a soup-plate heaped with almonds. Hawkins was the first to act.

"Mrs. Wells!" he called at the pantry door. "There's nothing but almonds here! No plates, no knives and forks, no——"

"Mr. Hawkins," came a voice that we

recognized as the landlady's, "that is a bromidiom."

We fell back speechless in our chairs. Hawkins blushed to keep the tablecloth company. Then Kelly concluded that it would be Sulphitic to laugh, and rolled and roared in a paroxysm.

"See here, Kelly," muttered Hawkins, sternly, "this is no laughing matter."

"That's a bromidiom, too!" Kelly retorted between shrieks. And then Carey and I laughed with him. It may have been bromic, but we saw Charlie's face, and couldn't help it.

Hawkins chewed his lower lip, sprang across the floor and swung open the pantry door.

"Mrs. Wells!" he called. "You're wanted instantly."

And Mrs. Wells came in. Her hair was arranged in a Grecian knot and she wore a summer shirt-waist and a brown golf skirt. One glance was enough for Kelly. He tumbled forward on the table and buried his face in his arms.

"Mrs. Wells," demanded Hawkins in his Ciceronian style, "why have you failed to furnish our dinner?"

Hawkins' Ciceronian style was usually impressive. He had won an oratory medal at college and never quite got over it. But this time he made no perceptible impression on Mrs. Wells.

"I suppose," she answered quite calmly, "it is because I am a Sulphite."

We were altogether too much startled to say anything. Mrs. Wells was obviously master of the situation.

"Eat your almonds, gentlemen," she counseled us maternally. "They're very nice for a change."

"I don't like nuts," Carey assured her ruefully. "But when, Mrs. Wells, did you become a Sulphite?"

Mrs. Wells folded her arms and tossed her head.

"Oh, I was always a Sulphite, but I didn't find out for sure till I read that little book you gentlemen had."

"Where did you get it?" I asked. My tongue was thick and my lips dry and burning.

"In your room, sir. It's a very pretty book, indeed. There are some very nice things in it. Some very nice things, sir."

Hawkins strode once more into the lime-light.

"Mrs. Wells," he announced sternly, "this thing has gone far enough. You may be a Sulphite as you think you are, or a Bromide as we know you to be, but—Bromide or Sulphite—it's your business to supply us with a good, square meal and not"—and he leveled a long, quivering finger of scorn at the soup-plate—"with nuts. Tomorrow I get a new boarding place, and, unless my friends have no sense at all, they will do likewise."

Kelly was on his feet like a flash.

"Your friends, Mr. Hawkins, will do nothing of the kind!"

The tears that had rushed to Mrs. Wells's eyes hung there in suspense.

"Mrs. Wells," Kelly proceeded, "has acted very sensibly. She is a true Sulphite. If she hasn't given us the unexpected this evening, I'd like to know what the unexpected is! And, Mr. Hawkins, I believe you are a Bromide at heart. Your talk of getting a new boarding place is nonsense—pure nonsense. A Bromide would do that, just as a Bromide would get mad at the prospect of an almond dinner. But we are Sulphites."

"Maybe we are," I put in tartly, "but Sulphites have to live; and I for one can't subsist on an exclusive diet of almonds—and soup-plate."

Kelly turned on me in mock indignation.

"Who said anything about an exclusive diet of almonds—and soup-plate? If Mrs. Wells were to give us nothing but almonds and soup-plate more than once she would be a Bromide, and she knows it. I'm willing to bet anything against nothing at all that to-morrow evening the unexpected will take the form of a chicken dinner."

"Indeed, gentlemen, you shall have a chicken dinner to-morrow," Mrs. Wells, no longer tearful, earnestly assured us. Her two fat little hands went out beseechingly. "I meant no harm, gentlemen, indeed I didn't. It was just a little joke to show you that I am a Sulphite."

"But you don't need to be a Sulphite," Carey almost moaned, gazing disconsolately at the plate of almonds.

"Of course she doesn't, but she can't help it, you know," said Kelly persuasively. "And now let's tackle the nuts. Come,

Mrs. Wells, and join us for once. Crack almonds and let us have your views on Schopenhauer."

"Please, sir," asked the newest Sulphite, timidly, "is that that new brand of soap?"

* * * *

We didn't linger long over the almonds. But we more than made up for it when—the newest Sulphite excepted—we held a lugubrious conclave in Carey's room. We were a miserable group of Sulphites. Hawkins sucked scowlingly at his new Turkish water-pipe, Carey made ravenous inroads into a box of chocolates he had bought for somebody else, while Kelly and I kicked our heels in opposite corners and frowned at each other and the universe.

Suddenly Carey, muttering unintelligibly, bounded into the middle of the room.

"If you would take that candy out of your mouth," remarked Hawkins with blackest sarcasm, "you might succeed in making yourself understood."

"If you would take that ugly garden hose away from your face," retorted Carey in kind, "you might succeed in looking less like an ourang-outang. But say, fellows, I've got an idea."

Kelly crossed his legs uneasily.

"Ideas'll be the utter ruin of the whole pack of us yet," he growled.

"Keep still a minute," entreated Carey, waving a monitory hand. "This idea is something different. Now listen. We're all tired of being Sulphites. Living up to the unexpected is altogether too strenuous, and when even the housekeeper discovers that she belongs to the elect minority, the thing becomes unbearable."

"You're only stringing off bromidioms," I interposed pettishly. "Say something different."

"In a minute," said Carey, refreshing himself with another chocolate. "It's agreed, isn't it, that we're tired of being Sulphites? Very well. But, since we are Sulphitic by nature, we can't cease to be Sulphites."

Hawkins impatiently blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

"Is that your great idea, Carey?" he snapped.

"Not at all," Carey answered suavely, "merely a prelude. Now, since we want to be Bromides but can't, the best thing we can do, and the most Sulphitic thing

we can do, is to make believe we are Bromides. In other words, let us prove that we are Sulphites by thinking, talking and acting precisely as Bromides think, talk and act—just the way that we would think, talk and act if we were Bromides.”

“Great idea!” cried Kelly and I in a breath.

Hawkins arose, flung open the window, grabbed up his new Turkish water-pipe and sent it, tube and all, hurtling into the night.

“You’re a wonder, Carey,” he shouted rapturously. And then, as he made for the door, “Excuse me while I get my old briar.”

There was actually a quaver in his voice.

* * * *

“It’s a nice evening, isn’t it?” I asked

the world in general.

“Delightful,” replied Kelly promptly. “I hope this good weather keeps up a little longer.”

“There’s nothing like a good smoke,” Hawkins confided, coming in with his first love between his teeth.

“Hang it!” said Carey. “I’m sorry I ate those chocolates. I’ll have to buy her another box now, won’t I?”

“Yes,” I responded, “you certainly will.”

Then Kelly giggled outright.

“What a string of bromidioms we have landed in the last five minutes! We appear to be intensely at home in the realm of the obvious.”

“Sure,” Hawkins assented, with a blissful sigh. “It’s great fun playing Bromide, isn’t it?”



FREAKS OF THE MUSE

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

Beyond mine utmost reach a phantom glides
 With dream-like aspect. As I strive to grasp
 Her white robes she eludes my fingers' clasp
 And mocks me for my pains. Her coyness chides
 My daring hope, and thro' blank hours she hides
 Her face and leaves my straining powers agasp;
 Thus left alone, I feel the fret and rasp
 Of harsh defeat. Joy dies, yet hope abides.
 But when immersed in scenes of time and change,
 And grosser things engage the heart and mind,
 Sometimes that jealous phantom, coy coquette,
 Comes unannounced to tease with splendors strange,
 Till she hath urged my soul to leave behind
 Her past deceit. Then I, poor fool, forget.

SILVERADO TODAY

BY J. EDGAR ROSS

In the most exquisite of word painting, Robert Louis Stevenson pictured the Silverado as he knew it in that charming book, "Silverado Squatters." Some years have passed since the wonderful writer gave that product of his pen to the world, and in that time various changes, of necessity, have come to pass. The Silverado of today is not the Silverado that Stevenson knew and loved, although much of its primitive charm still remains. In the following article, Mr. J. Edgar Ross, in highly readable fashion, tells us of Silverado as it exists in the present. Those that have read "Silverado Squatters" will find in Mr. Ross's story an added pleasure, and those that have not will feel at once the necessity of reading Stevenson's charming sketches of this wonderful country as soon as they have finished what is here.—THE EDITOR.



THE SCENE of this little book," begins Robert Louis Stevenson, "is on a high mountain. There are indeed many higher; there are many of a more noble outline. It

is no place of pilgrimage for the summary globe-trotter; but, to one who lives upon its sides, Mount Saint Helena soon becomes a center of interest. It is the Mount Blanc of one section of the California Coast Range, none of its near neighbors rising to one-half its altitude. It looks down on much green, intricate country. It feeds, in the spring-time, many splashing brooks. From its summit you must have an excellent lesson in geography: seeing, to the south, San Francisco Bay, with Tamalpais on one hand and Mount Diablo on the other; to the west, and thirty miles away, the open ocean; eastward, across the corn-lands and thick tule swamps of Sacramento Valley, to where the Central Pacific Railroad begins to climb the sides of the Sierras; and northward, for what I know, the white head of Shasta looking down on Oregon. Three counties—Napa County, Lake County, and Sonoma County—march across its cliffy shoul-

ders. Its naked peak stands nearly four thousand five hundred feet above the sea; its sides are fringed with forest; and the soil, where it is bare, glows warm with cinnabar.

"Life in its shadow goes rustically forward. Bucks, and bears, and rattlesnakes, and former mining operations, are the staple of men's talk. Agriculture has only begun to mount above the valley. And though in a few years from now the whole district may be smiling with farms, passing trains shaking the mountain to the heart, many windowed hotels lighting up the night like factories, and a prosperous city occupying the site of sleepy Calistoga, yet, in the meantime, around the foot of that mountain the silence of nature reigns in a great measure unbroken, and the people of hill and valley go sauntering about their business as in the days before the flood."

Upon finishing Robert Louis Stevenson's charming little book of sketches, one will almost invariably turn to the opening paragraph, quoted above, and wonder dreamily—for "Silverado Squatters" is sure to set one a-dreaming—whether the prophecies have yet been fulfilled. As fancy leads us in review from one sketch to another, we will ask "What of Kalmer?"—that almost lovable Jewish tyrant.



“THE ONE TALL PINE.”

Does he still lord it over his subjects as of yore? Or has he gone to his final account and left the reins to his son of the “dark, romantic bearing and a love for sentimental music?” Or have his erstwhile subjects, grown more prosperous as their orchards and vineyards have grown older, settled up their accounts and forced him to take his proper place as “your humble servant?” And the hunter’s family? Do the Hansons still “rule in the old Silverado Hotel, among the windy trees, on the mountain shoulder overlooking the whole length of Napa Valley as the man aloft looks down upon the ship’s deck?” Do they still retain their permanent

lodger, Ervine Lovelands, with the soul of a fat sheep and the exterior of a Greek god? Or has the great writer’s wish been gratified and the devil taken his Caliban? One would think that if “Silverado Squatters” had fallen into his hands that it would break through the oak’s armor of conceit and so wound his vanity that he would creep away into the bottom of a canyon to die of mortification—or come forth a changed man. And what of the Calistoga Mine and Stevenson’s “palace?” Do they still stand as of old? Or has the one caved in and the “bores” destroyed the other.

In these days of rapid transit, and almost universal globe-trotting, such questions may be readily answered at first hand. “Silverado Squatters” is the only guide-book needed. One need not, as in Stevenson’s time, twice cross San Francisco Bay to reach Vallejo. If preferred, one may take a steamer from San Francisco direct to that busy little city. But from there the path marked out by the great writer must be followed—across tule marshes and “bald green pastures,” past orchards and orange groves, through vineyards and hop yards—to Calistoga at the head of the valley, still the terminus of the railroad, still the same sleepy little village stretching between it and the wagon road, and now so hidden beneath a forest of shade trees that one is apt to drive past it without realizing its immediate vicinity.

In Calistoga one may hear of many of the characters who will live in “Silverado Squatters” after their children’s children have forgotten them. Kalmer, who called himself by another name which the Calistogans will give you without hesitation or compunction, is dead, and his sons have drifted cityward in search of greater opportunities for the acquisition of wealth; but Mr. Schram, grown very obese and somewhat peevish with increased years and opulence, still lives among the foothills on the south side of the valley. His vineyard still lies “basking in sun and silence,” concealed by the tangled wild-wood “from all but the clouds and the mountain birds,” and thus far protected from the attacks of the deadly phylloxera, “the unconquerable worm” that has ruined so many of the Napa Valley vine-

yards—and their owners as well. But some day in that sunny oasis a vine will be found dying. It may be torn up by the roots and burned, and the ground where it stood, and for yards around, saturated with sulphuric acid or some other liquid fire; but year by year the plague will spread, in a gradually widening circle at first, then breaking out here, there, and everywhere throughout the vineyard, till the hopeless fight against it is abandoned. Then there will be a few more years of little more effective experiment with resistant vines, and Schramburger will be but a memory. But, in the meantime, the yearly returns from the sale of Mr. Schram's wine mounts high into five figures with a dollar mark before. And so he does not borrow trouble.

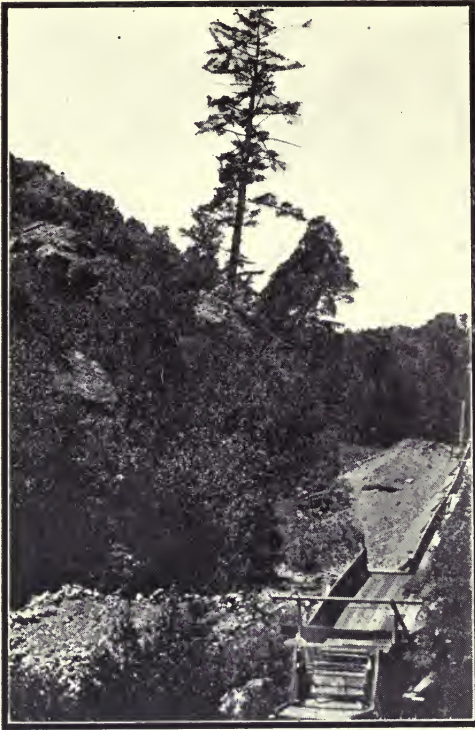
"The daring Foss" no longer handles the ribbons and plies the whip between Calistoga and the Geysers. That route has long been abandoned, but the Lakeport stage, the same huge concern of which Stevenson wrote, still follows six foaming and panting horses up the long grade to the toll house and beyond. The

driver of one stage is a nephew of Rufe Hanson, but he is not a driver of the Foss type. In Robert Louis's time, though, there were still many famous stage-drivers in the Sierras and a few in the Coast Range; the type had reached the pinnacle of its greatness and was sliding down to the commonplace level—but a step or two above the hostler. The one thing, more than all others, that brought about the stage-driver's downfall was the abandonment of stage-robbing as a vocation. The "road-agent" found robbing express cars more profitable and less dangerous.

Thus, one by one, have the romantic figures of American history and American literature disappeared from the stage of American life. The Redskin is either an ordinary citizen or a reservation vagabond. The trapper and the Indian scout are no more. The cowboy is but a ranch-hand, more skillful with pitchfork than with lasso. Stages are still driven, but the romance of the occupation is gone, and the driver of today will be following a plow or guiding a rural mail-wagon tomorrow.



"THE LAKEPORT STAGE, THE SAME HUGE CONCERN OF WHICH STEVENSON WROTE."



THE ORE-CHUTE FROM THE SITE OF STEVENSON'S COTTAGE.

After traveling but a little on the "grade," one comes out upon an open point on the ridge up which the toll road winds, to find several buildings and "dumps" that plainly bespeak a mine. It is an idle mine now, for the low price of silver makes the working of it unprofitable. The largest building there houses the milling machinery whose idleness Stevenson deplored. Now, as then, it is rusting from disuse; but between that time and this it has crushed ore that has yielded thousands and thousands of ounces of silver.

One would scarcely care to partake of luncheon on the spot where the king and queen, the crown prince, and the grand duke of Silverado ate theirs a quarter of a century ago. A great wall of rubble marks the spot. Then it was part of the old mill's foundation—now it serves as the fence of a cow-corral.

Right on the summit of the divide stands another cow-corral, and, as the stage swings past it and dives into the

canyon on the other side, the old Silverado road appears winding its way up the mountain on the left. Then the stage rolls around a sharp turn and halts at the door of the Toll House Hotel.

The hotel of Stevenson's day went up in smoke and down in ashes many years ago. The present building is a long, low, frame structure squeezed in between the road and the mountain-side, where its predecessor stood, but its surroundings have undergone little change. Behind, the pines stand trim and straight; only on rare occasions nodding their heads to some passing breeze. Before and below, they bend and sway in the howling gale that sweeps up the canyon, or bask in the sunshine and sleep in the starlight after the gale has passed.

The present landlord, to whom the toll-road and the mine also belong, is a kindly man, long past middle age, who seems to have solved the problem of growing old gracefully. He knows how to make his guests comfortable, but, when that is attended to, he loves to sit in the sun and talk about the degeneracy of the American people in general and of the American politician in particular. If that subject fails, he is willing to change it to farming or mining, to the latest sensation in the yellow dailies, or the philosophy of Confucius. But give him a good listener and he cares little what the subject may be.

And then the eloquent paragraph of Stevenson comes to mind: "As I recall the place—the green dell below; the spires of pines; the sun-warm, scented air; that gray, gabled inn, with its faint stirring of life among the mountains—I slowly awake to a sense of admiration, gratitude, and almost love. A fine place, after all, for a wasted life to doze away in—the cuckoo clock hooting of its far home country; the croquet mallets, eloquent of English lawn; the stages daily bringing news of the turbulent world away below there; and perhaps once in the summer a salt fog pouring overhead with its tale of the Pacific."

From the corral on the summit of the ridge, the winding road ascends the mountain-side, climbing a steep pitch to an open shoulder of the mountain.

And this is the site of Silverado, but

here has been wrought a change for which time is not responsible. A thrifty young vineyard, trim and well-kept, behind its substantial fence, covers the flat and extends far down the slope beyond. North of this, also stoutly fenced, is an orchard and garden; and through a narrow lane between the road leads past the barn-yard, in a grove of giant forest trees, and turns northward to the mine. From the orchard fence a long grape arbor leads down a gentle slope to the vine-covered veranda of a plain but neat little cottage where dwell the present lords and ladies of Silverado.

It is wash-day, and in the yard two young women are hanging up clothes. One is fair and plump. The mountain breeze tosses her hair in wavy, wanton ringlets; the mountain air tans her round cheeks and strong bare arms; the mountain sun glitters in her merry eyes; her laughter is like the echo of a mountain brooklet. A maid of the mountain is she;—when the mountain is bathed in sunlight, with silvery streamlets leaping and gurgling down its sides, and a gentle zephyr murmuring in its tree-tops. She will be queen of a care-free home some day. The other is dark and slender, with a melancholy face, a tinge of sadness in her voice, and wonderful eyes that look up at you frankly from under a sun-shade, and give you a glimpse, through those dark windows, of a great soul. She, too, is a maid of the mountains;—when the storm-clouds enshroud it, the streamlets are still, and the wind moans through the canyon. The world may hear from her some day.

The ladies of Silverado are quite unabashed at your approach. They are not squatters, and you are a trespasser on their father's land. But they quickly set you at your ease if you fear that you are intruding. They answer your questions freely, and volunteer much information that you are glad to receive.

The town of Silverado, they tell you, covered the entire flat in its palmy days. One of the hotels stood on the site of their barn. The site of the other, where the Hansons lived, is below in the vineyard. It was torn down to help build the present Toll House Hotel, and, with the destruction of that last building, the town of Silverado passed into history. They

did not know the Hansons. They were quite young when the hunter's family moved away. Their father knew the entire family well, but their father is a miner and can seldom be found at home. Their mother knew them slightly, but has heard all about them. She is busy just then, but you may call a little later and talk to her, ventures one of the mountain maids.

Then they call their little brother to point out the trail leading to the summit of the mountain; the path down a steep slope to the lower tunnel in the canyon; and a pile of old lumber lying in the shadow of "a bold, lion-like, red rock"—all that remains of Stevenson's "palace." Unlike the "little vile boy" whom the irritable Stevenson execrated for leading his Hebrew companions hither and thither through the woods and over the hills "to look complacently down a hole—a hole pure and simple, nothing more nor less," this lad attends strictly to business. Business finished, he turns away quickly and must be called back to get his well-earned fee, which he receives



"THE OPEN SEAM."

gratefully, as though surprised at being given his due.

Later the mother tells us that the Hansons lived on the other side of Calistoga for a number of years, but that they now reside far up in Lake County. Irvin Lovelands is still with them. Is he married? Oh, no! No woman would be foolish enough to want him, for he was even blacker than Stevenson painted. Indeed, the great author dealt very gently with the entire family. Remember his contribution to the natural history of the Hansons? Well, a falsehood unblushingly contradicted the next moment by another was characteristic of the family. At one time the boys had a pet lamb and used to go to the home of a neighbor for milk to feed it. The mistress of this home was bed-ridden with rheumatism—scarce able to raise her head. Into her presence one morning a Hanson boy hobbled with a woe-begone face and told her in piteous accents that he had struck his toe on a sharp rock and cut it half off. Forgetting her own pain the invalid raised up to look at the half-severed member, intending to offer some advice, or at least sympathy. The only marks on the lad's bare, brown feet were the marks of honest mud and red cinnabar dust. She sank back on her pillow and looked at him reproachfully, only to be told by the unabashed little imp that it happened yesterday.

There are three boys in the girlless family. George Washington and Daniel Webster are not among them, however. That was one of Stevenson's little fictions, added, no doubt, for dramatic effect. "Silverado Squatters" contains a number of them but they are gloriously permissible. The Hanson boys have far more poetical names than the author has credited them with.

In the time of Stevenson's squattership a veil of mystery surrounded the mine and its early history—a veil that he was unable to lift. It will be remembered that its ownership changed under his eye, and changed without the usual accompaniment of "for value received." "That there was some obscure intrigue," he wrote, "and that I, in the character of a wooden puppet, set pen to paper in the interest of somebody—so much, and no more—is certain." Now, the true history of the mine

is open to all who care to listen to the story of its ups and downs, its boom times and its times of idleness, from the lips of its present owner. Ruef Hanson, the hunter, held the claim which Stevenson surreptitiously aided him to "jump." From him mine host of the Toll House Hotel bought the mine at a price equal to the value of many, many bucks, which, in Silverado verbiage, suggests that it is better to be born "gally" than industrious. The mine has seen two periods of activity since that time. The lower tunnel, "buried in foliage, deep out of sight of Silverado," has been driven far into the cold, red rock of the mountain; six hundred and twenty-three feet, to be exact. It is now a treasure grotto in fact as well as in fancy, for it has penetrated a large body of ore. From the tunnel's mouth flows a goodly-sized stream of water, "dyed red with cinnabar or iron," and with a faint odor and barely perceptible taste of sulphur. Part of this stream has been diverted to supply the Toll House tanks, but most of the water dashes down the rough rocks of the "dump" to gurgle merrily away at the bottom of the canyon. Farther up the gulch, at the foot of the open seam, whose sides are still "propped apart by solid wooden wedges," another tunnel, resembling a natural cave more than the work of picks and powder, sinks irregularly downward and inward. Above and beyond the seam, on the point of a ridge leading mountainward, a shaft has been sunk deep down into the solid rock. Both tunnel and shaft have tapped the ore-beds, but the ore is of a low grade and, with silver at its present price, it barely pays for mining and smelting. The old tunnel, which served as a royal wine-cellar, has caved in, and only two walls of rubble remain to mark the spot where it penetrated the mountain. The shaft near by, upon whose staging Caliban refused to venture, is a wreck, though it still remains open. Peering down among the protruding ends of the upright planks, that served as curbing, one may still hear the musical drip, drip of water and sometimes catch a glint of sunshine on the wet rocks far below.

Aside from these few changes the mine and its surroundings remain to-day as they were described by Stevenson: the

green dingle below, the great, talus-walled gully above, and the level "dumps" of sharp, irregular rocks overstrewn with miners' tools that have been left to rot and rust where last they were used. The "one tall pine" still stands at the foot of one wall of the gaping seam and waves its scraggy arms to every passing breeze. On the opposite wall, just above the "dump," and jammed hard against the great rock, stands a blacksmith's shop without walls, but with a roof built to withstand the bombardment of rocks thrown up by the miners' blasts. The forge, the anvil, and some of the tools stand waiting for the

smith's return. On the anvil block lies a superannuated hatchet. The blade is rusty, nicked, and battered. Little is left of the handle except a name. Is that the hatchet the wildcats laid hands on when they sacked the palace in the olden days during the absence of the royal family?

Should you visit Silverado at any time, except during the dry mid-summer, you will be very likely to behold from above one of those sea-fogs so graphically painted by Stevenson. If you do—well, just turn to "Silverado Squatters" and read what Nature has in store for you.



PANTHEISM

In all thy moods, O Pan, I love thee well:
 Whether thy pipes' low plaint stirs dawn in dell,
 Or, wailing, rides the forefront of night's storm!
 Half beast, half god, indeed; yet, knowing all,
 I would as lief forego the god in thee
 As lose the hairy hide, close-plaited, warm,
 Exhaling strength parental—whilst thy drawl,
 Thy drip-sweet drawl of pipes, enchaineth me!

—ARTHUR POWELL.

A GRAVE ON THE BORDER

BY WILL FRANKLIN GRIFFIN

Only a grave on the border,
 There in the shifting sands,
Where the winds blow hot across the waste
 Of arid, burning lands.
A pile of stones, a headboard rough,
 To mark the lonely spot—
Soldier or miner, I wonder which?
 Thirst, or a pistol shot?

Only a grave on the border—
 And the winds of the desert bare
Sing their song, a requiem,
 On the shimm'ring, stiffling air.
The howl of the cowardly coyote
 Comes from the far-off hill
When the night is black, and the hot winds
 dead,
 And the cactus gaunt and still.

Only a grave on the border,
 Lonesome and desolate,
With headboard bleached and name ob-
 scure—
 One of the whims of Fate.
Who but God can tell it,
 The tale of the sandy plot?
Soldier or miner, I wonder which?
 Thirst, or a pistol shot?

MORAL COURAGE

BY M. GRIER KIDDER



MORAL COURAGE is defenseless fact facing fortified falsehood. But originality may be a coward; many may believe what but one dare utter. Conservatism and caution

are twins. Again, by saying what you think you know, you risk saying what you don't, and, if what you do, what nobody else believes. The original man, until his ideals are realized, is only a social curiosity. To learn, doubt and be doubted. Talk of what you know nothing? Of course—talk breeds talk. Everybody knows something everybody else doesn't. Few listen without learning, talk without teaching. Believing the silent man knows all he doesn't say is like believing the same of the dead man. Half the "good listeners" are too stupid to talk; t'other half, too indifferent to differ.

When Lamarek sprang his baboon pedigree on people, they were as much shocked as the baboon would have been if he had heard of it. Lamarek escaped burning, but nothing else. The flames of the Inquisition had been quenched with the blood of brave men, the tears of good women and little children before his day. But the superb effrontery of the man! He told those who were certain they were little lower than angels that he knew they were little higher than apes! They could not see that starting at monkey and rising to man is better than starting at angel and dropping to man. The first and most difficult step in teaching is unteaching. I know of nothing harder than convincing a man in a short time that he has been a damn fool for a long time. No matter how modest the patient, he invariably imagines there is room for argument. Lamarek gained few adherents, but he gained the world's attention. Of course, "he recanted on his death-bed." I suppose he said: "O God—if there be a God—have

mercy on my soul if I have a soul!" I wonder who invented that valedictory. I have seen some smart people die, and all talked dying like all fools talk in good health. The man almost dead thinks no more of his whither than the baby just born of his whence. Lamarek was a great man. A greater, however, was coming. He was the biological John the Baptist who prepared the way for the lord of evolution—Charles Darwin.

Darwin settled what Lamarek stirred up. Above all, he gave us "natural selection," which clinched the business. Now we know why species vary, that functionally acquired traits are inheritable, that "God-given instinct" is inherited experience, that even morality is a baboon feature fitted by adaptation to preserve and ornament society. He did something else—buried himself in Westminster Abbey, the first to enter that pantheon feet first, who knew whence he came and was uncertain whether he was going any farther. Some of the "replies" to Darwin suggest the venomous vomitings devoted to Ingersoll. Every ass had anti-evolutionary brays to spare. Darwin was accused of statements that would have disgraced even the intelligence of those who originated them; called everything he wasn't—nothing he was.

Father Warman, the entomological big bug of the Jesuits, accepts ape ancestry. But he says God injected souls into us after we cut loose from the old folks; draws the immortal "color line," so, to speak—allows anthropoids but insists on angels. However, we won't fuss over a few feathers. But what a victory! A prominent canon in the Catholic Church, big gun as it were, helping to demolish Adam and Eve! At any rate, Dubois found the skeleton of the *pithecanthropus erectus*, thereby filling the gap between quadrumana and man, so I am satisfied, soul or no soul.

But what a price was paid for all this:

how much did it cost for a wise child to know his own father? All but bipedal donkeys are satisfied that we are nothing but prehistoric ourang-outangs fashioned by environment to turn up our noses at our grand-daddies, somewhat removed. I am not particularly proud of the fact that the distant author of my being swung by the tail I lack. But I am proud to know my pedigree is complete. I believe in family. I had an uncle living in Boston. We applaud moral courage till it wars with some inherited absurdity. Nothing seems more vulgarly impertinent than a newly found truth questioning the veracity of a dignified moss-grown lie. Two-thirds the conventionalities are lies adapted to etiquette. Nor would I impair ceremony with too much truth. A little insincerity is the subtle perfume of good breeding, the bouquet of politeness. Truth may be brutal, may "lack the gentleness and time to speak it in," precipitancy in securing or imparting facts be in bad taste. But our biases and prejudices are linked with our fondest recollections. For this cause, no man considerate of the majority's feelings ridicules the devil. Destroying belief in hell is destroying the comfort of those who believe everybody is going there but themselves. I don't know which is worse taste, telling the sinner that he is going to hell or the saved that there is no hell to go to.

I have in a modest way exploited my moral intrepidity, but I lack staying powers. On dress parade, a daisy; on a charge, a thunderbolt; on a sustained retreat a Xenophon. But I am deficient in siege requirements. The cross seems so eternally present, the crown so everlastingly future. I am now devoting myself to guerilla warfare, bushwhacking on the flanks of conservatism. When I was in the regular army of cranks, those who agreed with me said I was a lunatic for telling the little I know to the many who know more, and to the more who know less and believe they "know it all." I have given the "underdog" proposition my most prayerful consideration, and I have decided that he is woefully, most woefully deficient in variety. To retain your mental credit, never tell your thoughts to those who don't think; ever meet a man who doesn't think he knows? Look out when you leave the beaten track

that you be not charged with intellectual vagrancy.

What a man was La Place! Alone and unaided, the sublimity of his theme, the majesty of his courage and the lucidity of his logic have won the victory. He didn't say his nebular hypothesis is true—only thought so. But what La Place thought true can be accepted by the thoughtful as true. If it be false, no other falsehood looks so much like truth. This great man's intellectual endowments were in harmonious co-ordination with his moral gifts. To him, truth was a sun; duty a guiding star; obstacles an inspiration. Lampooned by those who could not answer him, the butt of ignorance, execrated by the clergy, his name grows brighter as the years fade into eternity. The Newton of the nineteenth century! the Napoleon of the cosmos! "Agamemnon, king of men."

You've heard of Bruno?—the man who was pursued by falsehood for pursuing truth. Delivered by that personification of evangelical infamy, John Calvin, to a Catholic pope, who burnt him! Presbyterians and Catholics agreed on only two things, burning each other when they could—anybody else when they couldn't. Do you wonder Calvin invented Presbyterianism? Wouldn't you wonder if he hadn't? The heart that doesn't melt at the thought of those flames belongs to the pope who kindled them. I had a dog named "Bruno." I know of no greater compliment to a good man than naming a good dog after him. Think of naming any kind of a dog "Calvin!" Calvin also burnt Servetus for not agreeing with him. What should have been done with Servetus if he *had* agreed with him? Can anybody given to comparisons think of John Calvin without feeling a profound admiration for the devil?

Yet I shall ever appreciate the fact that, with my exuberance of diction, I was not Calvin's contemporary. If I had graced that epoch my eloquence would have been regulated by thermal possibilities. Think of choosing between saying nothing and something the majority wants to hear; silence, and what everybody else would like you to talk about! Nothing but mental concentration on the culinary department would have sufficed in my case. And why was Bruno murdered? For preaching

what the wise didn't believe then and fools know now.

And grand old Luther! Of course, medieval Catholicism was the only thing Luther could have reformed, and the only thing that could not have reformed Luther. But he was great and good for his time. Singly he faced the emperor of this world and the vicegerent of the next. What inspired such courage? Protestants say "God." Catholics declare the "devil." Others suggest "beer." It was that grand thing, individuality, that magnificent gift, the courage to bring forth what the mind has the power to conceive. It shows what a Dutchman will do when he gets started. I never smell sauer-kraut without grateful emotions. To me, a brewery is a serious matter. It's true, a modern reformer who couldn't reform the Reformation needs reforming as much as the thing he reforms. But the modern reformer wasn't there, and Luther was. Catch on? The Reformation only proves that at that time any new thing could reform "any old thing."

Yet most of those who have moral courage have nothing else. The man who dares heaven and earth generally has little treasure laid up in either. Few risk a reputation worth keeping.

Poverty is the monotonous mother of change, despair the fecund dam of variety. Any difference is novelty to a poor man; any variation, recreation. Almost all we have was conceived by appetite and born of an empty stomach, that womb of ingenuity. But all glory to the innovator, whether his innovation be dictated by duty, diet or discontent.

For the abolitionists I have little good to say. But, while none of them invite my sympathy, some of them command my admiration. Wendell Phillips gave up all for his hobby. Well born, intellectual, wealthy, he repudiated everything for contempt, rancor and social ostracism. His life was in continual danger; he was mobbed and all but murdered. His eyes were fixed upon one thing, his aspirations concentrated upon a single object; blind to all but his convictions, deaf to everything but the whisperings of what I think was fanaticism—what he thought was conscience. It is hard to ascribe honesty to an opponent. But if Wendell Phillips was "playing to the gallery," Jesus Christ

was masquerading to the mob; even if my daddy did lose a hundred and fifty niggers.

He who advertises his novelty, advertises his nonsense. Nothing is more suspicious than the new vouching for its own respectability, the unknown commending itself. The worst of the new is its own precedent. Ever pose as your own precedent? I've been in "the first great cause" business and don't like it. Don't be a cause without an effect handy, nor an effect without a cause for public inspection. The majority who become great become great to escape becoming less. Columbus discovered America because he could discover nothing else. If he had had anything, he wouldn't have done anything.

I like to think of Thomas Paine who, looking before he leaped, leaped; sacrificed what he won by doing good by doing more. We hear no anti-Paine tirades to-day. It takes a brave blackguard to besmirch him, an ingenious rascal to "answer" him. Besides, we are "letting up" on the objects of ancestral hatred, deciding that many we were taught to abuse were better than we or worse because their conditions were worse. The devil, for instance. Why hate him? What would we be with his environments, trying climate and earthy associations? Paine shocked the devout by calling Christ a man, intensified the shock by calling Satan mythical, and God merciful. Under Paine's cold logic, hell's temperature has fallen, God's reputation risen.

When I was in the Calvinist fold, God and the devil, in reputation, were running neck and neck, the devil perhaps leading by a nose. There seemed to be an agreement between them excessively uncomfortable to a boy. If he escaped sulphur, brimstone, pitchfork and other juvenile post mortem essentials, he was slated for the milk and honey rations, heavenly catgut and everlasting Sunday; simply a case of hell or hallelujah! If the devil didn't catch the boy, the boy caught the devil.

Paine assailed orthodoxy, hammer and tongs, and though he was dust and ashes before we began to reap his sowing, we are reaping it all right. That our asylums are not packed with religion—crazed lunatics and bogus Messiahs, we owe to such men as Paine and Ingersoll.

Today anybody but a lunatic can die

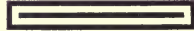
without raising a false alarm of fire. I know not whether I be scheduled for the sheep or the goats; goats most likely, as I was somewhat of a William in my youth. But if Lamarck, La Place, Darwin, Paine, Ingersoll, etc., are bunched with different livestock, I am going to jump the dividing fence. Listening to your uncle?

A strange truth is an intellectual tramp. Few look for evidence against the character of a pedigreed falsehood. It requires nerve to oppose a stale mistake with a fresh correction. We are mostly victims of progressive heredity. The accumulated absurdities of past generations are ancestral gifts; every generation adding to its stock of sense and nonsense. Our intellectual traits are inherited, each beneficiary adding or subtracting before passing them on.

People are more or less inclined to believe any unknown thing of the known.

Did you ever hear of a new creed that hadn't pilfered orthodox prestige? that doesn't use Jesus Christ as a stalking horse? It is relatively easy to make a man swallow the new if it be sauced with the old.

As I said above, the first step in teaching is unteaching, which places the mind of the pupil in a negative state. Then, if you don't have to furnish the brains, you stand some chance of success. But the vast majority of teachers have nothing but evolution to aid them, and evolution is a snail. How many have enjoyed the fruition of their work? The number is far, very far from legion. How many magnificent men have gone down willingly into their graves, driven to despair by the brainless pack yelping at their heels? Verily, "moral courage obeys the injunction, "Take up your cross and follow me."



A PRUDENT PROPOSAL

BY IVY KELLERMAN

Maid of my choice, I do not ask
That in your care entirely
You take my heart, for such a task
Would weary you too direly.

Nor do I foolishly implore
You keep my heart forever,
Or on each new love shut the door,
For fear our souls it sever.

I would not give or sell my heart
For even your sweet smile,
But, darling, just to make a start,
Please rent it for a while!

FROM OLYMPUS TO KANSAS

BY JOSEPH NOEL

Mr. Joseph Noel is well-known to readers of the Overland Monthly by reason of several virile poems from his pen—poems very far superior to the average run of magazine verse—that have appeared in these pages from time to time. In this entertaining story of footlight life is evidenced the fact that he has, in addition, caught the spirit of the short-story form, and Overland Monthly followers who know Joseph Noel, the poet, will find considerable pleasure in becoming acquainted with Joseph Noel, the weaver of tales.—THE EDITOR.



DRIZZLE AS raw and penetrating as a Scotch mist was falling on Mount Victory when Fargo's Mastodons tossed their belongings from the tail end of a way

freight. Experience had taught them not to stand on ceremony, and, when the caboose was cleared of the baggage, Fargo; a riot of color on his thick neck, hurled a few curses at the brakeman for not pulling up closer to the depot—an open-face shed whittled into a serviceable rural directory—then turned his attention to getting his special scenery, consisting of two drops, street and interior, under shelter. An additional curse was hurled in the direction of Lorimer, the comedian, who was engrossed with a trunk that apparently taxed his strength.

In the smile of the new soubrette there was evidence of sympathy, superimposed on admiration, for the comedian, as she kept abreast of the trunk with staccato-like steps, occasioned by her French-heels seeking hard pan.

"Why don't you get a wagon," she suggested.

"Can't," jerked out the comedian, steadying himself. "Must get it under cover immediately."

"Looks like a portable hotel. Do you sleep in it?" She waited a second or two for an answer, and then went on. "I wish I could borrow it. These rural

hotels are—are—well, anyhow, what's in the thing?"

For a dozen yards Lorimer studied her as much as his struggles with the trunk would permit; then, out of breath, he laid it down and began with an attempt at indifference:

"It's for 'Hamlet.'"

"'Hamlet!'"

"Yes, I have everything. One of these days I'll get a chance." He sat on the edge of the trunk and turned up his coat collar to keep the drizzle out of his neck. "I'll get a chance," he repeated without conviction. "What am I doing with a small 'rep' show like Fargo's when I can play Hamlet with the best of them?"

Before the soubrette could frame an answer, the owner and manager of the Mastodons placed his knee on the trunk, pushing his red face forward long enough to roar: "Hell's full of such Hamlets, Lorimer. They're all lungers, too. The climate's good for 'em."

There was a fine spirit of revenge evident in the comedian's arraignment of Fargo. Occasionally an attack of coughing interrupted him, but he always resumed on the word or syllable where he left off.

"See how 'he ran? That shows the stuff he's made of. We had a set-to once over one of his soubrettes; a little kid. She didn't know much about the theatrical game. Anyhow, she knew nothing of Fargo.

"Did it ever strike you what an ideal

pair of cowhide boots could be made from the back of his neck. And to think of our art—your art, girl, and mine—being subject to such a—a——” Here the cough interrupted him again. When he recovered he took up the word “art” as if it fascinated him.

“What can Fargo know of art? He can’t even pronounce it. He’s a hold-over of a double-in-brass Uncle Tom Company. All his impulses are bounded by the sawdust ring. You know, he used to be a circus man. Bunked in the menagerie. That’s where his manners come from. Did you ever see him bayonet his face with a knife?”

“How did he get into the legitimate?”

“Broke in. Mrs. Fargo was the star attraction in his circus—the fat woman. Then she got yearnings. Wanted to try *real* acting and took a correspondence school course for the reduction of weight. Business fell off with the flesh. And here he is, always regretting it.”

Another fit of coughing kept him from hearing the soubrette’s question about one staying with a manager of Fargo’s calibre. When he recovered he went on:

“I was with them when they started. Each engagement takes us lower on the scale. Now we’re playing the tanks; a week per tank to save railroad fare and to take advantage of the ‘home comfort’ rate at the hotels.”

In the pause that followed, Miss Medune repeated her question. Lorimer nodded in the direction of the trunk. “Fargo promised me a chance to do Hamlet when I first went with him. I’m staying with him until I get well enough to make him keep his promise, and sometimes I wonder if I’ll ever get well.”

The hopeless inflection dominated. Ashes now remained of the fire that had flared up so suddenly on the manager’s insult. The damp, soggy morning seemed a fitting back-ground for his wan face. For an instant it appeared as if nature and the actor had conspired to produce a study in drab.

At Brickenport the soubrette carried the news to Fargo of the comedian’s total collapse. A few introductory curses hurled at the wall in deference to the belligerent look in her eyes, and the manager blurted out:

“Now, that’s like him; that’s like Lorimer. And just when I’m on the point of makin’ good, too.”

She shrugged her shapely shoulders indifferently.

“It can’t rain all the time,” he asserted dogmatically. “A spell of weather just naturally gets people to want to see a show. This town ain’t saw nothin’ in the entertainment line for a year but funerals, and they don’t count. I’m going to stay with it till I get everythin’ they have.”

“That’ll be bully,” she interrupted; “we can swim to the stage entrance. I like swimming. Perhaps you’ll furnish a boat; I can row.”

“Say, what’s got into Lorimer this time,” he asked, ignoring her very obvious sarcasm.

The laughter in her eyes was supplanted by a look that caused even the clumsy-witted showman to wonder.

“He’s just whipped, that’s all, and nothing can save him,” the girl replied thoughtfully, as if trying to find a means of rehabilitation herself. “Unless—unless it might be an opening on Broadway—in ‘Hamlet.’”

The manager’s teeth went together hard. “That fool piece!” he forced between them. “Since the first day I met him he’s been after me for puttin’ on that bum thing.”

Without answering, the girl turned away. Fargo’s jaws unloosened with a snap, and, laying his hand on her arm, which she shook off at once, he said:

“Let’s go over to him.”

When they reached the invalid’s dingy room, Fargo plunged into a discussion of “Hamlet” as if it had been decided months before that the play should be put on at Brickenport. With the first word the whipped look left the comedian’s eyes, and his face became animated. To hide her anger at the manager’s obvious trickery, the soubrette turned to the window and watched the leading woman, a mountain of mackintosh, waddle along the wooden sidewalk, oblivious of the debate going on about her ability to “do” Ophelia after a two days’ rehearsal.

Lorimer sat up in bed, a blanket over his shoulders, a cheap acting edition of “Hamlet” open on his knees. The problem presented by the play was more mathe-

matical than artistic or philosophical. How to fit a cast of twenty-two, with lords, ladies, soldiers, and attendants to a company of seven would have taxed the genius of Shakespeare himself.

"Leave it to me," said Fargo at last, when the hopeless inflection began to reassert itself. "I said you was goin' to play him and you is goin' to play him. Can you be up in your part all right in two days?"

"I could play it to-night," the actor answered.

At the foot of the stairs, after Lorimer had been tucked away, Hamlet under his pillow, a touch of color in his cheeks, the soubrette raised herself on her toes until her face was on a level with Fargo's, then, doubling up her small hand, she began in a voice that counterfeited fierceness:

"It's a good thing for you that I'm not a man!"

"What's eatin' you now?"

"You have dangled before his eyes the possibility of a chance in 'Hamlet' just once too often!"

"Keep your temper," broke in the manager, with something of a semblance of dignity in his voice. "Maybe you'll get sick and we won't have no one to play that fool mother of the fool son. I think that part'll just about suit you."

"You mean you really *are* going to produce——"

"Yes, young lady, and I'll make money at it," was Fargo's unexpected response.

* * * * *

Curiosity was aroused by a judiciously worded handbill, announcing T. Paley Lorimer, the world's greatest Shakespearian actor, in conjunction with Fargo's Mastodons, playing a limited engagement of "Hamlet," with specialties between the acts. The principal of the High School and the Ladies' Literary Society were "worked," as Fargo had it, for an endorsement, which, with the acceptance of four tickets by the Baptist minister, went far towards exciting interest in the production of the classic.

Fargo was emphatic in his belief that the rain would cease before Monday, and it did. But still the water surged around the barn-like structure that served as a theatre. For a while it seemed as if the audience would have to cross from the

more elevated section of the town on a raft. At this point, the resourcefulness of the manager made itself manifest. By granting a half dozen of the hotel loungers the privilege of appearing as courtiers, with sundry chintz table-cloths over their shoulders, they built a three-plank platform from the first cross street to the theatre door.

It was behind the scenes, however, that Fargo's resourcefulness really asserted itself. With a half-dozen movements of a pair of scissors he modernized Shakespeare to suit the most fastidious taste. The soliloquies caused him to gasp in astonishment:

"What does he mean by all that? They ain't nobody on but himself."

Lorimer's answer merely darkened the darkness.

"Communin' with his soul, is he?" A snip of the scissors punctuated the sentence. "To be or not to be won't be, and it ain't."

Then, after seeing that the Dane kept his melancholy within respectable limits, the manager turned his attention to the other characters in the play, and a holocaust worthy of one of the author's fifth acts resulted.

"We can't have all them dummies buttin' in," and the heads of Osric, Cornelius, Voltimand and Gulinster were lopped off. Whereafter, upon viewing his handiwork, the execution remarked complacently:

"I wonder whatever people see in this Shakespeare fellow to rave about anyhow. He couldn't write nothin' for me."

All through the initial performance, Fargo's scissors projected so far that they barked the shins of the actors. Especially offensive to Lorimer was the device of having a player repeat the lines of two, and, in some cases, three characters, without any notion of adapting himself to the theme. To him it was a tragedy within a tragedy, and, like all well-ordered dramatic compositions, the inner tragedy had its climax well placed.

By the simple process of divesting himself of a few yards of mosquito netting, Fargo, the low comedy ghost, gave way to Fargo, the low comedy grave-digger. In the wings stood Lorimer, his face ashen with anxiety. Feeling that the last chance

to prove his mettle had come, he combated the weakness that was making a plaything of his will, and kicked the manager's scissors out of his way. He was determined to deliver the remaining speeches as he knew they should be delivered. And every word of them.

"Go; get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a mug o' beer," thundered Fargo off stage to a non-existing second grave-digger. Then, picking up the spade, he sang: "In youth when I did love, did love, methought it was very sweet," and obeying the stage directions to the letter, jumped into the grave. Instantly the song was strangled by a mighty roar of terror. The manager disappeared from view. Following hard on his disappearance came the sound of a heavy body striking water and this was accompanied with agonizing gurgles and cries for help.

The prolonged cheer that greeted this bit of realism brought Mrs. Fargo from her dressing room, a blonde wig in one hand, a box of grease paints in the other. Shouldering the members of the company that were gathered around the grave side, she fell on her knees and peered into the depths.

"Heigh, you, Jim Fargo!" she cried. "What are you doin' down there? Don't you know you're a-spoilin' the piece?"

The gurgling stopped for an instant and a voice with the fear of death in it begged for a rope.

"A rope!" shouted the leading woman dramatically to the six chintz-clad courtiers, who were afraid to venture out in face of their instructions concerning the propriety of cues. There was a wild scramble in the wings, and then one of them, the smallest, forced on by his companions, appeared with a guy line. It took the united efforts of the company to swing the thoroughly frightened and thoroughly soaked manager to the center of the stage. At sight of him the audience broke into thunders of applause. The real water dripping from his clothes was the key to the play. As a tank drama, "Hamlet" was an unqualified success.

"If I had only obeyed my instinct," Lorimer began, three days afterwards, the first time he referred to the incident that closed Fargo's career in the legitimate drama. "I felt all along that something

would happen."

The soubrette suspended operations with worsted and needle on a pair of hose that seemed much too large for her dainty feet.

"You made good; what more do you want?"

His fine eyes, that had caused not a few hearts to beat faster than their wont, looked their thanks for the lie.

"Why did he go on that way? Do you think he wanted to kill it?"

"Oh, no. Fargo is not that bad. He really could not help himself. You see, the freshet moved the dry-goods boxes from the trap, and when he jumped in he went through to the cellar." She laughed heartily at the recollection, but the comedian's ego was not appeased.

"I wanted to give that Yorick bit as Shakespeare wrote it. Nothing seems to sum up existence—my existence—so well. Only my jests are a trifle short of the infinite, and, whatever fancy I had, left something to be desired in the way of excellence."

An attack of coughing brought her to his side. She raised his head and moistened his lips. Then she crossed to the window and pulled down the curtain, first darting an anxious glance at the office of the Inter-County Weekly on the opposite side of the street.

"How is it that every natural comedian always wants to make his audience weep?" she asked, returning to him. "The more he can bring laughter, the more anxious he is to compel tears. Usually he wants to frighten people, too, and falls back on a medieval ghost story that undoubtedly had its beginning in the brain of a servant maid." She paused and searched his face for a glimmer of antagonism. There was none, and she made her attack from another angle.

"Acting is acting now, and is no longer strutting and posing and declamation. The stage has been divorced from oratory. Ibsen granted the interlocutory—Shaw the final decree."

Again she looked for signs of protest. There were none.

"Don't you think there are enough real tears in the world without having people pay for the privilege of shedding more in a theatre?"

His nod of acquiescence encouraged her.

"If you really do, we could try vaudeville together. I have an awfully good little, sawed-off play that would give you a laugh in every line and at least one big moment."

He shook his head languidly.

"I'm done. I won't bother any more, girl. Laughter or tears, they are all one to me. I've had my fill. If ever there was a day in the world for a man of my capacity it is gone, and gone for good. I'm going out—across the bar. Since I've been here I've listened to the waves as they broke over it. They seemed to say: 'Misfit, failure; failure, misfit.' That's my requiem."

From the window, where she was once more adjusting the curtain, the soubrette answered: "Nonsense. Who wants to quit when the sun is shining." As she spoke, she waved her handkerchief impatiently at a lout of a country boy, standing in the doorway of the Inter-County Weekly.

"It's as good a requiem as a man wants," he went on, unaffected by her optimism. "The only difference between failure and success is opportunity."

"And grit. The grit to win; the grit to live for the sake of winning.—Oh, you did come." This last to the country boy at the door, after taking a newspaper from him and emptying her purse into his outstretched hand.

"Here, this ought to make you ashamed of yourself." She flourished the paper at the comedian. There was no sign of interest, and she finally held it up on a line with his vision. At the sight of his name in the head-lines, a flush displaced the gray tinge on his face.

"What do they say," he asked almost eagerly, as he reached out a trembling hand.

"Not they. It's the work of one person. Brantwood."

"Brantwood!"

"Yes. The critic."

"Of New York. Impossible, quite impossible. What is he doing in this hole."

"Do you doubt your eyes. A half-dozen lines ought to convince you. No one but a Brantwood could write in just that way."

Then the soubrette proceeded to read

the article, which was a serious treatment of Fargo's production of "Hamlet." It spoke of the barriers that had been thrown in the way of the leading character, showing the stuff that was in him, and there was praise for what he did show. As the actress read, the comedian raised himself on his elbow, and the whipped look left his eyes. Once he stopped her.

"Read that again," he begged. She read:

"He went deep into the character; got under the epidermis of tradition; understood the motives. For a time we seemed to forget that an actor held the stage. It was the Prince of Denmark we had before us, and his sufferings were our sufferings. We felt his pain and bore with patience his indecisions, for they were strangely like the pain and the indecisions that had been woven into the very web and woof of our own narrow and conventional lives."

"God, it is good to have lived," whispered the comedian, falling back on the pillow. "Brantwood! Went deep into the character. That pays."

The soubrette watched him narrowly as if the crucial moment in an experiment had arrived.

"That's only the beginning. This will attract attention. You can take out your own company. I'll find you backing. My father owns all of Chicago that the Garmers overlooked."

He watched her for a few seconds.

"I have a father of my own who could back fifty, a hundred companies if he so willed. He wants art, however, expressed in terms of groceries—at wholesale rates."

"But mine will put a company on the road for you."

"You mean that you want me to get well?"

She nodded affirmation.

"If I do, I can be assured of your friendship?"

She nodded again, and he took her fingers in his wasted hand.

"That's worth fighting for."

* * * *

They were seated on the train that would connect with the Eastern Express a few miles beyond Mount Victory. The girl stole an admiring glance at the well-proportioned figure of the man. He looked

at her in return as he drew from his pocket an old newspaper.

"You recognize it," he asked, turning to the dramatic criticism. "So far as I know it is the only paper in existence with the entire edition confined to one copy. It was the ever unsatisfied ego, anxious to see this highly appreciative commentary multiplied, which caused your undoing. Don't blush so. Brantwood won't prosecute you for borrowing his name."

"But I did not borrow it."

He looked his incredulity as he read a line at the head of the column.

"That's my name. Philip is my brother. Medune is my middle name, emphasized for business purposes."

He was staggered, but his training to catch the cue stood him in good stead. "Kindly refrain from rattling the bones of the family skeleton," he sparred. "Remember that I am from the highly moral middle class myself."

"Oh, there is nothing you are too young to know. Father was a manufacturer of meat products in Chicago."

"Successful! They always are."

"So successful that the Garmers, his business rivals, entered into a combination against him. The combination soon had a monopoly of all the raw material. Father looked around for a substitute and found it. Don't ask me where; don't ask me what. It is only necessary to say that our sausages began to look like the missing links of various kinds of commodities. But the profits were greater than ever. For a time it seemed as if an example was about to be made of one of those wicked combines that are driving so many of us to artistic pursuits, when along came a person who takes a delight in writing with a rake. You know the type. You know what they are doing to genuine enterprise. After the expose, it was quite impossible for Philip or me to look one of father's old customers in the face. Philip went in for theatricals. Against his wish

and my father's command, so did I. He turned to criticism and made his mark. I made mine as a—a—nurse."

"And discoverer of lost souls."

To hide her confusion at the look accompanying this, she asked him to decide at once about accepting her father's offer to put "Hamlet" on the road.

"Forty thousand dollars is about one-fifth of his profits for a year, now he has made peace with the trust. Besides, he will get his dutiful daughter returned to him as part of the bargain, so you need have no scruples."

Before answering, he glanced out of the window at the fast-flowing river, along the banks of which the railroad ran almost to the junction. Presently he called her attention to a black object caught by a rock or sunken branch in mid-stream.

"Looks like a trunk," she ventured.

"It is. Mine!"

"Yes, yes. There is a rag of your doublet hanging over the edge."

Even as she spoke, the trunk cleared the obstruction. It raced towards the falls and was tossed for a few seconds among the white-capped waves. Then it hung on the brink, as though making a final effort to withstand the power that was forcing it into oblivion. Finally it rolled over and disappeared from view.

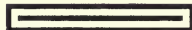
"So much for Shakespeare," said the comedian quietly and without a suspicion of sentimentality. "Our fast-flowing modern streams are seemingly too much for such rich freight. Another day and then— Girl, do you think you will like this vaudeville game once you are in it?"

* * * * *

"Then you don't intend to accept father's offer?"

"No, I never did. There is only one favor I'll ask from him when we get to Chicago. And that I'll take whether he grants it to me or not."

And the girl looked as if she understood.



TRAVEL LETTERS

FROM KOBE TO SHIMONOSEKI, BY WAY OF MIYAJIMA

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

By reason of its recent great political activities, Japan has challenged the attention of the world. Peacefully content through the centuries to be an art-loving and art-producing country, the Land of Nippon has suddenly awakened to its industrial and commercial possibilities. Within the last few years it has become rapidly Americanized, and the pity of it is, that the profane hand of Progress will unquestionably soon tend to pollute the picturesque and distinctive features of that wonder land. In the larger cities, many weird transformations came to pass years ago, and already the influence of the white man has been felt far from the beaten paths. Intimate and illuminating picturings of the little brown man on his native soil are particularly welcome now by magazine readers, and this tale of one of the ramblings of Charles Lorrimer, the well-known traveler, will be found to have a decidedly timely interest.—THE EDITOR.



IN "FROM SEA to Sea," Kipling wrote that he found the Oriental Hotel at Kobe the best hotel in the Far East. His simple paragraph proved the ruin of the institution he desired

to praise, sent prices up with a bound, and effectually checked any improvements which might otherwise have taken place. "What is good enough for Kipling is good enough for anyone," said the over-flattered manager, as he ordered the quotation printed upon his menus and fans.

The result was that the public soon ventured to disagree with Kipling, and we, in fact, were advised to avoid a hotel where the richest prices procured the poorest accommodation. We tried a new hotel under Japanese management instead, and were agreeably surprised to find these Kobe business men far more practical and wide-awake than their colleagues of Tokio. Though our train for Miyajima left early in the morning, we were called promptly, our bill was correct, and the cook was actually ready with breakfast at the appointed time.

Miyajima is situated on the Sanjo Rail-

way, a line vastly different from the To-kaido. It has an excellent roadbed and wide cars, which help to mitigate the discomforts and annoyances of the absurd narrow-gauge system unfortunately fastened on Japan. The scenery is exquisite. For the first hour our road skirted the gorgeous Inland Sea, with its ever-shifting views of rock and shore; with glimpses of quaint villages clinging to the cliffs like swallows' nests or fleets of pointed fishing boats. Then, when the line turned reluctantly inland, after hurrying back again and again for a last glimpse of some beautiful bay, it was to pass through the wonderful castle-country of Japan. First we stopped at Himeji, where, according to our Railway Guide, was to be found the "best specimen of castle architecture" in the Empire. The keep towers high over the town, and we could plainly see the innumerable gateways leading up to it. Both towers and the outer fortifications surrounding the prince's *yashiki* (dwelling-house) were all fallen into a gentle ruin, but a very small flight of the imagination sufficed to build them up again for us and to people them with the old archers so stiff in their bamboo and bronze armor that it is a marvel how they



OUR LITTLE HOUSE AT MIYAJIMA.

managed to climb the steep and narrow stairways of the towers. The impression of feudal Japan lingered as we sped on and castle after castle came into view. The most beautiful was Okayama, whose massive walls are set in a garden lovely as a dream of the Buddhist Paradise; the last Fukuyama, sterner and more majestic than any.

It seems only natural that this part of Japan should have been famous for fighting men. Nature itself is more rugged here: the mountains are higher and rougher; rivers broader and grander. No doubt these influences first suggested to the old Samurai that Spartan hardiness and independence of spirit which can still be seen today in their descendants.

At noon we had our second experience in a Japanese dining-car. The menu was identical with that on the Tokaido train, but things looked far cleaner and more inviting. Unfortunately, there was no Kirin beer to be had, and we were offered Yebisu, a brand of a more bitter flavor, instead. We were now in a section of the country which strenuously supports home industries, and Kirin beer is made under the supervision of a German brewer by a

company whose shares are largely owned by foreigners. Yebisu beer, on the other hand, is manufactured by a Japanese company employing no Europeans, and is therefore drunk in preference to the other by every patriotic Japanese.

At the very hottest hour of the afternoon our train drew up at Miyajima station. The station at Miyajima was as primitive as treaders of unbeaten tracks could wish. A few children lounged about, a few ricksha men played their game of "Go" in one corner, and a hotel boy, dressed in a cap, an undershirt, short trousers and bicycle stockings, took our bags. He had just sufficient English at his command to say "cross sea in *sampan*," as he led the way down a tiny village street lined with inns to the shore. A little steam ferry puffed away from a doll's pier just as the train arrived without waiting for passengers. In true Japanese fashion, her agents had fixed the time-table irrespective of the express, and most of our fellow-travelers sat themselves on the beach in a broiling sun to await the steamer's return.

We, being of an impatient nation, hired a *sampan* and started immediately across

the narrow strait. There was a gentle and refreshing breeze, which gave our old boatman an excuse for hoisting his wrinkled square sail, and carried us gradually to Miyajima. The hills, too delicate in contour to strike the eye from afar, grew more beautiful as we approached. They sloped down to the water, bathed in a limpid magnificence of light, and covered with trees whose thousand greens combined into a wonderfully-blended mosaic. Headlands jutted out unexpectedly into waters which dimpled with pleasure at their abrupt plunge, and little bays like ladies' lips curved and curled away into the distance.

Our landing place was an exquisite temple garden fringed with tall stone lanterns. Fortunately, we looked in vain for the usual hideous semi-foreign hotel. No buildings of any kind disfigured a spot of ideal beauty which the priests, Buddhist and Shinto, have jealously preserved in sacred peace and simple beauty since the fifth century. It was only after walking some little distance up the valley that we reached a tiny detached house, modestly hidden by trees and shrubs. Beyond this, but not too close, we found another, and still further a third that over-

hung a gossiping stream—a tiny, white-wood box of a house absolutely Japanese from the broad polished front steps to the brown thatched roof spangled with the gold of the dancing leaves above it. Here we were to lodge and, with some curiosity, removed our shoes as directed and entered.

Quite as Japanese as the exterior we found the rooms. The "furniture" consisted of a few sliding screens to insure something of a sense of privacy, a few texts in flowing characters, and *tokonomas* (flower niches) at intervals. Not a chair or table was to be seen; there was nothing to distract our eyes from a veritable sea of pretty white mats. The hotel boy objected violently to our bags intruding on this very artistic, and, somehow, exceedingly uncomfortable picture. He was afraid that they would ruffle the smoothness of his *tatami* (mats), and we were only allowed to have them after a hideous piece of carpet had been unearthed from some other little house down the valley and spread in a corner to receive them. When we suggested that the narrow wooden veranda might be a good place to lay odds and ends, the boy, the proprietress, and the bevy of *nesans*, who had assembled by this time, almost fainted. To think that



THE BRIDGE FROM THE ISLAND TO THE MAINLAND AT MIYAJIMA.

such an indignity should be even suggested was at once appalling; not even a rug strap would be allowed to repose on that polished veranda, the beauty of which one scratch would mar forever! Truly were we barbarians unworthy of a stay in a place like Miyajima.

The excitement of settling over, we suggested dinner at once, as we had been told that Miyajima, like Venice, should be seen at night. Dinner! We knew, of course, from the guide-book that it was improper to die or be born in Miyajima, but we did not know it was unseemly to dine there. Not without difficulty we persuaded the hotel people out of their prejudice, and insisted on something to eat. Then we discovered that the number of dining rooms was apparently unlimited. All up and down the mountain sides we would find open pavilions where food might be brought to us, or we could take this irksome meal in our lodgings. We chose the latter to avoid the tiresome operation of putting on our shoes twice and, after waiting an exceedingly long time, were brought one dish of fish and another of chicken, both of which had been cooked in bad butter, and which were brought to us

by a very surly and very untidy little, *nesan*.

The *nesan*, by the way, is one of the charms of Japan which inconsequent writers never tire of glorifying; her daintiness and winsomeness are dwelt upon in every book that is written about the country. But we found the *nesan* seldom dainty and rarely winsome. She flatly refuses to have her hair combed more than once a week, and her "charm" is chiefly found in the absurd curiosity she constantly exhibits toward the traveler.

Altogether, between the *nesan* and the bad butter, our dinner was not a success. We had no temptation to linger over it and, long before sundown, were ready to engage the *sampan* which was to row us out to the great *Torii* (the famous archway standing in the water.) Just as we were starting, the hotel boy suggested that we might see the four hundred votive lanterns along the shore lighted in our honor if we cared to pay four dollars to have it done. We agreed, and he ran delightedly off to carry the message and the money to the priests—so he said.

Our boat pushed off into a sea all pink and orange and blue and purple, which



TEMPLE GROUNDS AT MIYAJIMA.



THE MAIN HALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MIYAJIMA.

mirrored the tinted clouds above our heads in fashion almost too wonderful to describe.

As we rowed on, the sun sank lower and the "conscious water saw its lord and blushed," then paled again in the delicate melancholy of twilight, and soon, one by one, stars pricked the darkness. Then, very slowly, with a proper appreciation of dramatic effect, our *sampan* man rowed us toward the great *Torii*. It would have seemed imposing enough at any time, worthy to rank with the noblest monuments in the world, but the darkness lent it still greater height and nobler breadth. As we passed between those marvelous pillars, whose bases stand in the water and whose arms reach high overhead, the cross beams far above us turned into splendid blocks of solid shadow and the supporting columns glistened like polished ebony. Only where our oars dipped the water was there a contrasting high light, the protesting glow of a thousand little phosphorescent creatures whom we had disturbed.

Beyond the *Torii*, in splendid contrast, stood the temple, which appeared to verily float upon the water, for its prosaic supporting piles had been graciously covered

by the tide. An *odori* (festival) was going on amid a blaze of many-colored lanterns. *Sampans* were bringing parties of merry-makers, gaily-dressed women and girls, to the fair, and taking others away across the harbor to a rival *fete*, a floating *fete* this time, in fact.

We followed the stream to where a gunboat, which was none other than Admiral Alexieff's yacht captured by the Japanese at *Tsushima*, was anchored. Her deck was transformed by flags into a gay pavilion, and actors, gramophones, and peep-shows had been provided to amuse the crowd. Refreshments, too, could be had in an improvised restaurant, a horribly messy place, all beer and mayonnaise, whose untidy tables quickly dispel all illusions we might hold about the daintiness of Japanese meals when served *a l'Europain*.

When we got back again to our little match-box house, it was to find all the verandas closed in tightly with barred wooden shutters. Our landlady, like all her kind, had an unholy dread of robbers and fresh air, and only with the greatest difficulty we could persuade her to leave a chink open. She could not, of course, understand such a request, having slept

all her life hermetically sealed behind closed *amado* (shutters).

Our beds were laid ready on the floor. They consisted simply of sheets (common nowadays all over Japan), and *futons* (wadded quilts), serving both as mattresses and blankets. Such a thing as a morning bath—so refreshing in a hot country—we found impossible. The only tub was situated half a mile down the valley and was common property. Men and women, guests and *nesans*, were in it together. Our sense of democracy, somehow, failed at this test. We dressed as well as we could, astonished to find how

But Japanese youngsters are allowed to do much as they please, and, as a result, are generally spoiled.

As our train was scheduled to leave Miyajima station after luncheon, we spent the morning roaming about the sacred island. We took our way towards the big floating temple, crossing more of the enchanting grounds and feeding the spotted deer with biscuits bought from a picturesque old woman. Just before reaching the temple, we found a little cluster of shops where, for a few *sen*, we bought wooden models of the *Torii*, shell hairpins, and "Gaide Books." The entrance



THE HALL OF A THOUSAND MATS AND THE RICE LADLES.

we missed chairs and tables, and how foolish it felt to be picking up our garments one by one from the floor. During our toilet operations a bevy of school children romped through the temple grounds and penetrated to our little house, poking mischievous fingers through the paper *shoji* (screens) and peering at us unabashed. Nor did their teachers, much to our surprise, attempt to restrain them. Another of our ideals was doomed to tumble off its pedestal. We had always heard that Japanese children were so well behaved.

to the great and famous temple itself, the temple which appears on one-third of all the fans and tea-cups made in Japan, was faced by a dirty and insignificant shrine filled with the most exasperating doves, which perched on the eaves uninterested in our blandishments and came down like a cloud of falling white petals when some Japanese tourists called them. Two tall storks, that might have stepped off a screen, were far more satisfactory, for they followed us across the stone bridge, which separates the semi-sacred mainland

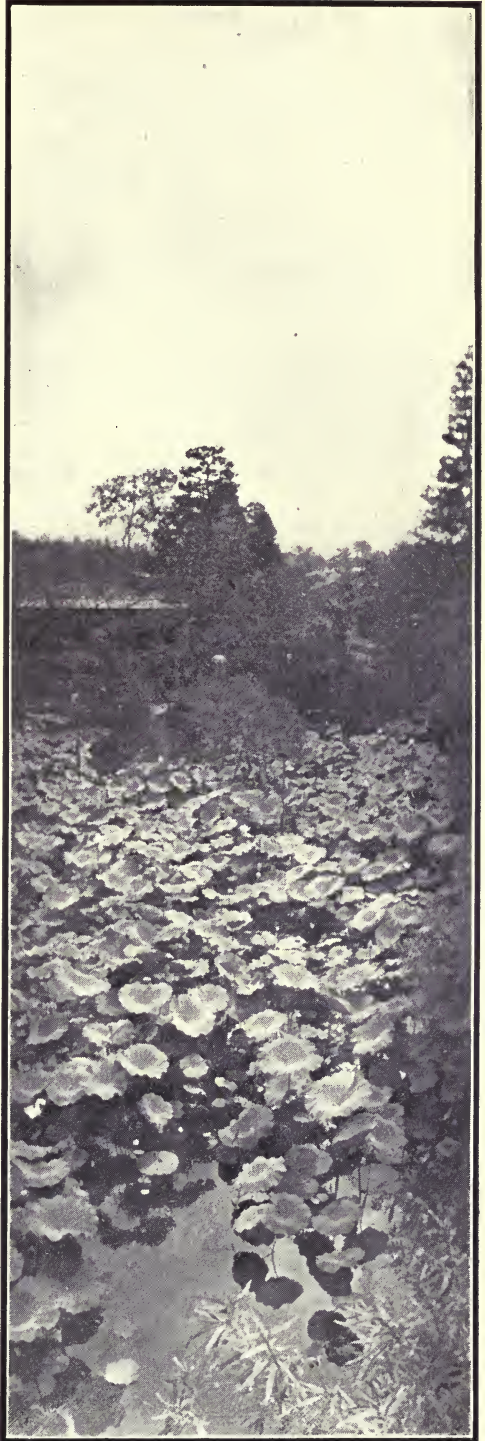
from the hyper-sacred island, for some of our very indigestible, doughy biscuits.

Once across that bridge we entered directly on the galleries of the main temple, the galleries which at high tide appear to float on the bosom of the water.

They ended in the main hall of the temple, a huge rectangular room as bare as it is sacred. Instead of being dark overlaid with gilding, and carpeted with mats like every other temple in Japan, it has a plain wooden floor and is very bright and open. The sea breezes play straight into it and stir the two purple curtains that hide the altar, rustle through the leaves of the sacred *Sakaki* tree, and sigh past the two splendid painted drums. It has a character, an individuality of its own, this temple, which not even the two atrocious daubs of the China war, given as votive offerings by some ambitious artist, can mar.

In this most sacred of tabernacles we saw a spirit we had seen nowhere else in Japan. Worship was not perfunctory here. The white-robed attendants took themselves very seriously, plainly looked down upon us as tourists and unbelievers; and only began to take an interest in mundane affairs when a Japanese worshiper arrived, made a suitable offering of money wrapped in white paper—an idea, by the way, which might be useful to the parsimonious American who feels forced to contribute something to the plate on Sundays—and entered the inner sanctuary. A priest was called to conduct a service for him, and came forth dressed in flowing sea-blue gauze robes topped by a conical hat like a wire dish-cover. He chanted some very musical prayers. When these were over, two acolytes entered and made music on reed pipes while several little girls in red and white dresses danced, or, more properly speaking, postured, shaking rattles with little bells continuously at the worshiper.

After the dance, a cup of sacred *saki* (rice wine) was brought ceremoniously to him and partaken of quite as ceremoniously. An acolyte then wrapped the empty cup in white paper and handed it to the worshiper. This was the sign that all was over, just as the band plays "God Save the King" in an English theatre, and the man thereupon shuffled into his elastic-sided



THE MOAT, FUKUYAMA CASTLE.

boots and went away feeling apparently at ease with his conscience.

We met him shortly afterwards climbing the steep stone steps which lead from the temple to the celebrated Hall of a Thousand Mats, a vast building most impressive because of its huge proportions. We were told by our guide (who kept the straightest of faces through the telling) that Hideyoshi built it from the wood of a single camphor tree. Perhaps he did, but vegetation in Japan must have been considerably more luxuriant in his time than now. In any case, the hall served as his council chamber when he made his great expedition against Korea in the sixteenth century. That at least we know. We also saw with our own eyes plenty of proof that it served as barracks for the army in the 1894 war. The soldiers then were setting out to conquer China (in Japanese, *meshi toru*), and so many of them hung up their rice ladles (also *meshi toru*) there. The place was literally covered all over, ceiling, pillars and walls, with rice ladles nailed up for luck. Civilian visitors have carried on the good work begun by the soldiers, and an old woman at the door offered to sell us wooden ladles of various sizes—but we refused to assist in

the desecration, picturesque though it may be, of a glorious structure.

As the Thousand Mat Hall was the last of Miyajima's sights, we took our way back to the hotel in order to pack our belongings. No sooner had we reached our rooms than the "boy" appeared with our bill, written on a piece of Japanese paper a foot long. The prices asked for everything were enormous. About fifty per cent above the usual tax had been added because we were in a sacred locality. The bad food cost as much as a first-class French dinner, the lodging as much as accommodation in a good American hotel, and, when we demurred mildly, we were answered by surly looks and angry sentences in broken English. Alas, how quickly Japanese smiles turn into frowns, and unctuous politeness into positive rudeness! A very short experience had taught us that the Japanese temper is uncertain as a mountain lake.

A six hours' run through pretty, but comparatively uninteresting country, would bring us to Shimonoseki, where we were to take the ferry for Korea, and so we left with our bundles of snap-shot impressions of Miyajima, half sacred and half profane.



THE SCULPTOR

BY EDNA WAHLERT

She shaped his unknown face in clay
 All through the night;
 Her fingers throbbed like hearts; he lay
 Unmoved and white.

As little waves lap at the shore
 And leave their trace
 Forever on the beach, she bore
 Mark from his face.

Her life she fashioned for a shrine
 To bless him in,
 Where song on song betrayed her sign
 When found therein.

Songs to her own-created God,—
 Songs to the lifeless love she made,—
 Songs to the God her fingers carved,—
 Songs to the clay of the still, white head,—
 Songs to the thing she knew was dead.

IN QUEST OF THE GIRL

BY ELLA M. SEXTON



THE BOY leaned back against his chariot-seat, his bored glance sweeping with ill-concealed disdain the glorious prospect of bay and mountain before him. To be desperately lonely, and

twenty-two, to have only the motor-man as an ungracious guide-book in a strange city, to see straight, clear-skinned, adorable girls swinging along the sidewalks—and to know himself outside of this "Garden of Allah," so far as friendly word or smile were concerned, surely this was hard—and Willis Gordon voiced this conclusion tersely!

He sighed and smoked as his chariot, a cable-car, swiftly climbed the heights of San Francisco, and all the beauty of changeful waters, so green in the glitter of sunlight, so dark a blue in the island-shadows, of the far, purple distance and crystal-clear azure of sky—all this was as naught without some one—a girl preferably—to talk it over with. For the twentieth time the Boy recalled the gay chatter of certain girl-friends in his home-city, two thousand miles from this edge of the continent. How Edith, or Molly, would enjoy, and he with them, this soaring upward to the sky-line, the wide-spread panorama of the levels, this wild swooping downward over people's chimneys, apparently, to their basement windows, the whole car-trip with its new pictures at every turn!

Just at this point in his meditations, and at the next cross-street, a slender gray-gloved hand signaled and the Girl boarded the car. Best of all, she took the seat immediately next him on the dummy, and Willis strove to efface himself and the cigar lest this Goddess Girl, disapproving, should forthwith take flight. But calmly she paid her fare, and as quietly gazed

at the distant view. Keeping his cigar down out of sight, as he thought, Willis eyed her hungrily; she was such a "peach," the only word, he decided, that fitted the rose and white and gold tints of this divinity clad in gray. A very symphony in that Quaker hue she was, indeed, from the coat-suit moulding her young slimness to the hat, piled with plumes, surmounting the glory of her blonde hair. The Boy murmured "great" at the fitness of it all, and then noted how her flower-like head rose from the most bewitching, fascinating collar of feathers—no, of down, the soft, fluffy marabout down, fluttering and tossing with every vagrant breath of the March day. Suddenly a more daring zephyr blew a fragrant cloud of the feathers against the Boy's cheek, a heavenly breath of violets lingering with him as the young lady captured her recalcitrant plumage.

"Ah, to know this Goddess Girl!" sighed Willis. If ardent glances could have pierced her heart, or if thought-concentration effected what its devotees claim, surely, surely she must have given signs of uneasiness, not to say displeasure! But she sat unmoved, with none of the customary feminine tricks of adjusting back-hair or hat, or of fingering the purple violets at her waist. He could even watch the curiously carved jade pendant to her necklace rise and fall with each calm, unfluttered breath. Willis had known girls, he reflected, who would have betrayed at least a flicker of interest in—well, if he must say it—a good-looking chap so near them, but this young lady was no casual flirt, and strange men were beyond her horizon completely.

Then, suddenly, while the Boy, ashamed of his devouring stare, had turned his head a moment, a woman's startled little shriek arose above the motorman's gruff: "Look out, young fellow, the girl's feathers are afire," and he found himself crushing

out a dancing flame stealing with dangerous swiftness up the downy collar to that white throat of hers. In two seconds, the blaze was out, leaving only a pungent odor and a marred and grimy bit of frippery in his hand, for he had madly caught it away from her face. He realized instantly that the fluffy thing had blown against the smoldering end of his cigar, and horror-struck, began to stammer out regrets and apologies:

"You might have been injured—I am so very sorry—and your beautiful collar is ruined! I must replace it—you will allow me that much reparation at least—to atone slightly for my wretched habit of smoking?"

"Never mind; it is of no consequence," icily responded the Girl, a trifle pale and shaken from the untoward incident.

"But—but—this must have been expensive, Miss—Miss?" Was ever a word so hopelessly inane, not to say offensive, he meditated in the dead silence following his brilliant remark, as "Miss" when shorn of a proper noun? The Girl maintained a frigid, far-seeing gaze seaward, only the rose-flush stealing back to cheek and throat betraying that she had heard him at all.

"Will you not tell me your address—that I may send you another collar?" he begged earnestly, leaning so near her that she drew back haughtily.

"I can purchase my own belongings, thank you, sir," and motioning to the open mouthed conductor, she stepped down as the car stopped.

Willis was ready to assist her, but she silently spurned his offered hand and started down a steep cement sidewalk, deeply grooved to aid in descending the incline. The Boy followed her at once, the unlucky, mutilated boa still clutched tightly in his hand. She took the extreme edge of the walk, tottering a little on two absurdly high-heeled—and delightful to the eye—gray suede ties. She could not hurry, and Willis, lifting his hat, stepped on beside her.

"My dear Miss"—that detestable word again—"will you not tell me your name?"

"Sir," said she, turning a lovely, flushed cheek only, "I do not know you"—

"But my card," and he rummaged frantically for his card case.

"And I do not wish to!" calmly finished the Goddess.

"But, my dear Miss, I am not always such a stupid blunderer," he assured a straight, inflexible back and the drooping plumes of her hat as she walked faster in the vain endeavor to escape this persistent follower. The slope was really perilous, and Willis hastened, also.

"My dear young lady, do not hurry so; you will fall. You must listen to me a moment."

"Must, sir?"

"No, I don't mean that; I mean that—if you would only let me tell you——"

"Nothing you can say, sir, will interest me in the least," and the little feet stepped carefully down the grade, the golden head set very high, and the blue eyes straight ahead.

Willis Gordon had been class-day orator; he had a literary mother, and had even been suspected of sonnets himself. Therefore his command of language had never before been questioned—but here was a problem along conversational lines. How to make a beautiful statue listen when it turned only an apparently deaf pink ear to all his entreaties was the puzzling proposition—and the bottom of the hill was very, very near. He fancied, too, that inquisitive eyes overlooked from commanding windows the strange spectacle of a pretty, blonde girl hastening at dangerous speed away from a villain pursuing her with a mutilated feather boa.

Pleadingly, he began again:

"Will you not most kindly tell me, Miss, where I may send you a collar to replace this?"

"Certainly not!" promptly declared the girl, hurrying onward.

"But I cannot understand why you object?"

"You cannot understand why I—I—object to receiving an article I am to wear from—a perfect stranger?"

"But must I remain a stranger—simply because I haven't been properly introduced?"

"A gentleman, sir," with magnificent emphasis, "would never press his acquaintance where—it is not desired!"

It was the foot of the hill, and the young lady turned at the corner. Swiftly ascending a picturesque flight of stone steps she

paused midway, and for the first time an adorable smile curved her lips as she looked at the deserted Boy nursing her discarded collar while gazing forlornly upward. He called pathetically:

"But what—what *am* I to do with this?"

The fair lady smiled again at her despairing knight and his flag of truce. "Wear it!" called Milady saucily and fled, her slender figure outlined against the hedges of white calla lilies bordering the stairway. Above them the ready house-door opened and engulfed her—forever, thought the much-aggrieved young man below.

Willis hesitated but a minute or so, however, an approaching group of stately dames bearing down like full-rigged schooners upon him not a little accelerating his footsteps as he sped up the stairs the Girl's flying feet had just pressed. With difficulty he composed his exasperated and baffled look into a well-bred, and, he assured himself, perfectly respectable smile and doff of the hat. And behold, a grinning, kowtowing Japanese with a silver card-tray opened the door ere he rang! From decorated and perfumed inner regions came the gay strains of a stringed orchestra and that high chatter of feminine voices which denotes a fashionable "tea" in full blast. Willis leaned forward eagerly with the feathery thing in his outstretched hand.

"The young lady—who just came in?" he demanded of the astounded, yet widely-smiling Jap. "She—she lost this—will you please call her?"

Still bowing and uncomprehending, the polite, white-gloved fellow held what Willis mentally apostrophized as that—well, that confounded card-tray directly under the young man's nose. Also, a handsome woman in a wonderful reception-gown, all blue and silver where it was not lacy and filmy, came inquiringly forward to face this unusual situation. The Boy faltered—and was lost! He murmured apologetically:

"I beg your pardon—but the young lady who just arrived—Miss?" with an inquiring accent. "This is hers—and I—"

The lady with charming courtesy pitied this nice Boy—and relieved him of his

treasure-trove with alacrity. "Thank you so very much. I'll see that she gets it immediately," and neatly gave him his *conge* with her best reception manners.

"Might I not beg to know the young lady's name?" stammered Willis, weakly and imploringly.

The matron looked disturbed and a trifle angry with this unreasonable young man. Herself the mother of daughters, this bold request seemed a blow aimed directly at that foundation of Society, the Proper Introduction. "Most certainly not," was her ultimatum, and her visible indignation made the Boy involuntarily step back and carom into the aforesaid party of stately dames awaiting admittance in the vestibule. There was nothing left but apologies to them and an incontinent retreat, pursued, he fancied, by a peal of silver laughter that might—or might not have been the Girl's—from within those sacredly-guarded portals.

Oblivious of two or three staring, giggling nurse-maids and their charges, rapturously viewing the "party" from a safe entrenchment in a neighboring stairway, Willis gathered his scattered forces together. He strolled with studied negligence across the street and admired the marine view with much interest. One point he had scored; the Girl was only a visitor at the house he had been banished from. Ergo, she must live where the Cerberus in charge might be more kind—or silver might propitiate, he ruminated, turning the loose change over in his pockets.

Meanwhile it was but a waiting game, and he settled the broad back that had done him such good service in many a football scrimmage quite comfortably against a friendly wall-buttress just far enough down the street to afford an unobscured vantage-point. He could see the constantly going and coming stream of guests at that corner house. Sooner or later his divinity in gray must descend that winding way between the lilies. Autos and electric cabs, as well as private carriages, contributed their quota of fair callers while he stood there. It dawned upon him that this was a "damsel of high degree," and that she evidently would not, could not stoop to acquaintance with a man probably out of her own set.

"Well, if that were only all!" cogitated the Boy, taking meanwhile a rapid mental inventory of the articles he had left home with. "Did I, or did I not, bring that bunch of introductions the mater gave me? Some were to old friends out here; perhaps that way lies a clue."

He fell to dreaming of a presentation in proper form to Miss—Miss—again that lacking proper noun, a very will-o'-the-wisp tantalized and derided him till he almost missed the Girl floating down that memorable stair with several ladies chatting and laughing around her. A great Oldsmobile drew up to the gay group on the sidewalk—surely, surely Miss—would not take wing in such a maddening manner?

A discordant "honk-honk" as the machine flew by two minutes later with a demure, gray-gowned maiden throned in triumph among a trio of friends convinced Willis that he had lost her again. He tried to efface himself against the wall, but her eyes held his a second, and he could have sworn she smiled at the cavalier so outwitted.

On reaching his hotel, he took out his introductory letters with an eager hand. Names and addresses sounded flat and unpromising, however; some ancient frumps the old mater—she was possibly forty-five, an antediluvian age to the Boy—must have known long ago. "No one who amounts to anything, or is likely to help me to my one desire," he decided with the sublime wisdom of twenty-two. He hastily crammed them into a suit-case and scanned a newly-arrived home-letter with his manly lip curling at the admonitions within. His eye lingered a moment on the postscript: "Do call upon the Sheldons, without fail. Mrs. Sheldon was my dearest school-girl chum, and she has two charming daughters about your own age." "Charming!" derisively pooh-poohed this undutiful son. "Not for me, mother mine. Oh, I know the brand the mater thinks so-o-o charming, so lovely!" and he fell to whistling "My love is like the red, red rose." while mentally consigning the Sheldons to that Sargasso Sea of Tomorrow where good intentions and conscience-smiting duties circle round and round perpetually—yet never arrive.

The next two weeks were busy ones for

this hitherto idle boy. He was supposed to be sizing up business opportunities in the city while waiting till Major McHenry, to whom he had been maternally consigned, should return from the Amador County mine in which he was largely interested. Willis, however, confined his activities to the shopping district mainly. He shadowed several slender, gray-robed, sunny-haired damsels along Van Ness avenue till the enchantment distance had lent vanished on the very edge of expectancy—and disappointment. He rode up and down on the car-line where he had loved—and lost. He haunted Saturday matinees at the best theatres; he anxiously scanned the feminine occupants of each automobile. In the most fashionable church he spent an uncomfortable hour getting through the "down-sittings and up-risings"—the Gordons were all Unitarians—while his eyes looked everywhere but at the rector. Not even a fleeting glimpse of Miss—rewarded him, and he acquired a strained, expectant look while his appetite and a few pounds in weight had deserted him. More lonely than ever, he had no wish for the casual acquaintance, and time dragged heavily on his hands.

Then once more Fate was kind, and he started from a listless scrutiny of numerous dames and damsels at the luncheon-hour in a fashionable cafe to find his unknown inamorata at an adjoining table. More divine than ever, she gave her undivided attention to her mother, evidently, till the Boy's eager look caught her eye. She flushed deeply; looked much disturbed under the fire of his glances and summoned her waiter with nervous haste. Her check was being made out, and Willis perceived that his precious opportunity was fast vanishing. He could not directly accost her without a scene after her decided refusal to recognize him—and she was rising to depart. In despair, he scribbled a line on his card: "Please allow me a moment before you go," and took his hat to follow her. At once his own waiter bustled up importantly: "Would he not have salad? Dessert? No? His check? Certainly, monsieur."

"That young lady who is just going out—take her this—first—now—at once!" urged the distracted Boy, while the surrounding guests forgot good manners and

stared. A dollar hurried the waiter perceptibly, but at the entrance the man hesitated, and was lost. "Which young lady, monsieur?" queried the waiter, card in hand. Enraged at the fellow's stupidity, yet forced to stand politely aside while a group of ladies came in, the Boy emerged on the sidewalk to see only a vanishing cable car and not a vehicle in sight to overtake it with! Helpless, irritated, and remembering how hungry he was—or had been—Gordon for the first time saw the absurdity of his mad chase. The old rhyme flashed through his mind: "What care I how fair she be, if she be not fair for me?"

During his belated luncheon—in another restaurant—Willis vigorously berated himself for wasting time on a married woman, perhaps; a proud, disdainful jade, certainly. There were plenty of pretty girls who would be glad, yes, more than glad to know a big, broad-shouldered chap with a football record—oh, hang it all, he would never even think of her again, etc. And he valiantly turned his back on the shopping district, cut out the Park and beach where he had been mooning of late, and forgot her at the ball-game and vaudeville in the evening.

Strong in his resolve to abandon forever the quest of this elusive girl, who refused to stay caught, Gordon took the ferry next morning for a trip to Mount Tamalpais. It was glorious on the deck in the brilliant sunshine tempered by a fresh wind with a point of north in it, and the Boy's spirits rose as the steamer forged steadily ahead. Gay picnic groups were much in evidence, but Willis accorded them merely a casual glance. "No more searching for Quaker-gray coat-suits; never again, My Lady Disdain, never again!" And thus voicing his change of heart, he rounded a corner of the deck-promenade and almost collided with the Girl herself. She blushed, and indignantly attempted to pass him, but with lifted hat and an audacious outstretched hand, the Boy blocked her move. The onlookers craned their necks in delightful anticipation as she hesitated. "A lovers' quarrel," sighed a romantic, staring school teacher—"and its happy ending!" she concluded as My Lady Disdain gave her hand at last and stepped on with the triumphant Boy.

A short-lived success, however, for when they were comparatively free from observers, the young lady spoke in low, freezing tones:

"Sir, I wish you to stop this—this persecution at once. I have already declined the honor of your acquaintance, and if I speak now, it is only to repeat the same thing."

"But why may I not hope to be properly introduced some day," gasped the astonished Willis. "I admire you immensely——"

"I will not listen to such language, sir: you annoy me; you almost made a scene before my friends in the cafe yesterday; again this morning you forced me to recognize you! I will not"—but just here the steamer lurched so violently that Willis held her for one daring, blissful moment in his arms. She freed herself instantly with flaming cheeks, and went on: "It is utterly useless to try to speak to me again. I do not care to know you," and with this crushing ultimatum she strove to leave him. Boldly detaining her hand, Gordon said firmly: "One question you must answer me. Are you married?"

She shook her head, and murmured: "I must go; my mother is waiting for me."

"Then I have not lost hope!" answered the Boy, and reluctantly saw her join her mother and a party of friends just ready to disembark. Another suburban train bore them away, and the young man continued his journey with a score of disquieting thoughts for teasing companions. A thousand things he might have said haunted him, and the beauty of giant redwoods and fragrant laurel, of canyon and valley, of the wide-spreading view from the grand old mountain could not banish an undercurrent of disappointment and regret. Most of all, the finality of her words appealed to him. Pride reasserted herself, and when, on reaching his hotel, a wire from Major McHenry informed him that an advantageous opening awaited him up in Amador, Gordon pulled himself together, and replied: "Will leave at once."

For very shame he yielded reluctant obedience to his mother's latest postscript, and hunted up the Sheldons on the afternoon of his departure. Imagine his surprise at being graciously welcomed by the sweet-faced, elderly woman, his fair un-

known's companion of the two preceding days! She was gently reproachful of his long delay; had, in fact, been slightly anxious, she assured him, as several letters from her old friend had announced her son's presence in the city.

Of all strange tricks of Fate, thought the Boy, in the midst of his sincere apologies, this was the limit! Here he was in the very heart of the Goddess's stronghold where he might have been Properly Introduced weeks ago—by consenting to know less than his fond mamma. Yet why, why had Miss Sheldon proved so perverse, not to say cruel? The answer waited, and so did Willis, though he promised himself a dramatic moment when opportunity and the young lady should arrive together.

Meanwhile, her distractingly pretty sister consoled him amazingly. The poor Boy fairly basked in the sunshine of smiles and dimples after the snubbings of that austere nymph he had been pursuing. Grace was desolated that his stay was already ending; she was wildly enthusiastic about the mountain country he intended to sojourn in—indeed, he caught himself thinking in that brief half-hour that this was a girl worth talking to. What an utter idiot he had been to forego such delightful companionship, and the Goddess herself expected shortly, too! But the golden moments waned—and Margaret came not.

Six o'clock—and a relentless train-schedule brought the time for adieus perilously near. Mrs. Sheldon and Grace reiterated their conviction of Margaret's speedy arrival, assuring him, moreover, of her great disappointment should she fail to see him. At this the Boy dared not smile, as with the barest margin of time to reach his hotel he reluctantly prepared to leave these new friends. Miss Grace bade him *au revoir* with a charming air of regret, and he was destined to remember for many days her sympathetic face with its tantalizing hint of the Goddess.

Boarding the down-town car at the corner above the Sheldon's house, Gordon located a familiar gray-gowned figure approaching the residence he had just quitted. Return was impossible, unthinkable; even now he knew the mining-engineer, whose assistant he was to be, impatiently awaited him at the ferry, and he cursed

the luck that compelled this latest misadventure. Willis caught the Girl's amazed look as he sped by her on the car, however, and a triumphant smile edged his polite salutation.

Again and again during the tedious journey, the young man pictured Miss Sheldon's surprise at the swift metamorphosis of their relations; again and again he fancied Grace and Margaret were exchanging fireside confidences and impressions with him for storm-center, while the hope that that charming younger sister might gently chide the Goddess for her strange perversity was balm to his wounded feelings.

Up above, in the steady occupation and bustle of the mining town, life went by rapidly. This was man's work, and he was so wrapped round by the daily rush and turmoil, his prospects were so excellent and the existence so strenuous, that nothing else endured. Yet sometimes at night, very late, perhaps, when the thunder of the great stamp-mill had died away and only the voice of the rapid river fretting between its banks broke the mountain-silence, that unsolved problem of the Girl came up again. He had but memories to dream over since his mother's infrequent letters never mentioned the Sheldons, and no news of them was to be gleaned from the belated papers. Yet as time passed, the cail of the city and the Girl it shrined grew more insistent, till the winter closing down of the mine spelled San Francisco—and Hope.

With headlong impetuosity he sought Her house immediately upon his arrival in town. He was conscious of but one thing, the unnatural silence, when ushered into the crowded drawing room. Then, through the stillness fell a solemn voice:

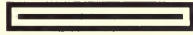
"Margaret, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"—and Willis saw in a whirling vision of lights and deep red roses, a glorious white-robed figure that was presently to murmur, "I will," in the sweet tones he had dreamed of. The solemn voice droned on for an interminable space, but Gordon recalled only the Girl's words: "Utterly useless; utterly useless." till his brain reeled.

Still staring at the beautiful bride, he caught at last her full glance, a look that passed him by, however, to the man of her

choice with such finality that the Boy knew that Love had won in the quest of this Goddess Girl long before that fateful March breeze had kindled a futile flame in his heart.

But the radiant bridesmaid, Grace—

surely, surely that dazzling smile she now turned upon him held consolation; nay, more. And this sentimental youth saw that she was in truth his Goddess; that there was no other Girl—there never could be.



IRREGULAR BALLADE OF DEAD LADY-LOVES

BY HARRY COWELL

The trial, marriage, is no more:
 To oak no longer ivy clings,
 As it was used to cling of yore.
 Till Death, the great divorcer, brings
 Relief from that which withers wrings.
 Or e'er the yellow leaf and sere,
 The frost that bites, the wind that stings.
 We shed the loves of yesteryear.

Friend-wise, we talk the matter o'er,
 Nor bicker but as freshet sings;
 We go to court, who've gone before:
 The trial ends, and neither flings
 Reproach but thinks of glass dwell-ings;
 The vitreous why and wherefore clear
 As poets' wild imaginings
 Of wind-swept loves of yesteryear.

Outrageous Fortune wounds us sore,
 Who, pierced of arrows, bruised of slings,
 Gold eagles flown must needs deplore,
 Flown ivory loves—for both have wings;
 Who dread to ask, "And how are things?
 How, good my friend, your lady dear?"
 For that bell dongs, and this bell dings;
 But where the loves of yesteryear?

L'Envoi:

Prince, loves desired are pleasant springs;
 Divorcéd loves, but winters drear,
 Discarded queens of card-bored kings,
 Who kiss our wives of yesteryear.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY EDMOND S. MEANY

THE CHILD

*Prone by the fire, a knot of pine for light,
The boy from freshly-finished toil lies down
To master mysteries of verb and noun,
Unmindful of the hours in hurried flight,
E'en fairyland with king and doughty knight,
Who wage their mimic wars in floral crown,—
As youth, awak'ning, shows reluctant frown,—
Must give the day and loan the hours of night
To him who sees real battles to be won
By thoughts and courage rescued from the wild
Tumultuous years of boyhood reconciled
To share the toil of brain with boist'rous fun,
To learn, to know, perchance to weep, as one
Who bears a manly burden while a child.*

THE MAN

What time a gloom enshrouds the harried ground,
A pall engulfs our hope, and glory hides
Behind a wall of hatred that divides
The states a nation thought securely bound;
While strife and noise of war afar resound
A man steps forth between the swinging tides
To teach the world anew that right abides
Where freedom, love, and faith in man abound.
In vain he writhed e'er Hell should swing the gate
To reap the bloody fields, to kill and maim,
In vain would he the sundered lands reclaim;
Yet spelled the riven stars his cruel fate:
To face the avalanche of war and hate
Till Death entwined the martyr's crown of fame.

THE MEMORY

Ah, such a man empyreal sphere attains,
Who knows and feels his fellow's hurts and needs,
Whose heart responds to every wound that bleeds
And every soul entrapped by cruel pains
With love that falls like Heaven's fresh'ning rains;
Uplifts the fallen and all the hungry feeds,
Ignoring hate of race or jangling creeds,
Or stains of iron from lately broken chains.
How strong thy love, yet meek as gentle dove!
Such perfect bloom from lowly tangled sod!
While groping mortals, striving upward, plod,
They'll reach and strain for thy enkindling love—
Triumphant love vouchsafed from realms above,—
In human form, the majesty of God.



ONE OF THE OCCASIONS WHICH REMINDS THE SAILOR OF HOME AND MOTHER, ABOARD THE MINNESOTA.



SCRUBBING THE DECKS. BUSY DAY FOR THE JACKIES ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP OHIO.

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WHERE WILL THE NAVY GET ITS MEN?

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

LATE LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY

The fact that the navy of the United States is being gradually increased in size prompts the interrogation that captions this article. Mr. Arthur H. Dutton, late lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and a magazine contributor of distinction on naval topics, herein undertakes to answer this question. Mr. Dutton is universally recognized as an authority in matters of this kind, and his statements and deductions are the result of practical knowledge and shrewd observance.—THE EDITOR.



CONGRESS, at its last session, authorized an addition of 6,000 to the enlisted force of the navy, making a total strength of 43,000 men before the mast. This force still

falls considerably below that required to man the effective vessels now built or building, and in case of war, or imminence of war, the navy department would find itself in sore straits to provide enough trained man-of-war's men to man the vessels already on the navy lists, let alone the numbers of converted merchantmen and yachts which, as in the Spanish war, would be suddenly called into service. Men there would be in plenty; patriotic, gallant, enthusiastic men, but they would not be trained. They would be worse than the raw levies of a hastily raised army, for a man-of-war and her equipment are more complex than the environment of a soldier.

Omitting obsolete vessels and others that would probably not be used again for war, the vessels now in the navy which would have to be commissioned if war should occur, the vessels already built or which may be completed within the next eighteen months, call for crews aggregating, in round numbers, 51,000 men, or 8,000 more than are at present provided for by law, as the accompanying list will show. From this list are excluded vessels which would not be used for war.

COMPLEMENTS OF WARSHIPS.

I. Battleships.

Alabama	647
Connecticut	815
Delaware	900
Georgia	772
Idaho	691
Illinois	647
Indiana	484
Iowa	546
Kansas	815
Kearsarge	618
Kentucky	616
Louisiana	815
Maine	614
Massachusetts	483
Michigan	850
Minnesota	815
Mississippi	691
Missouri	612
Nebraska	772
New Hampshire	841
New Jersey	772
North Dakota	900
Ohio	628
Oregon	505
Rhode Island	772
South Carolina	850
Vermont	815
Virginia	772
Wisconsin	647
Total	20,705



A CLOSE SHAVE.

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WRITING TO HIS SWEETHEART. A LEISURE HOUR ON BOARD.

II. Armored Cruisers.

Brooklyn	677
California	787
Colorado	787
Maryland	787
Montana	821
New York	473
North Carolina	821
Pennsylvania	787
South Dakota	787
Tennessee	816
Washington	816
West Virginia	787
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Total	9146

III. Coast Defense Vessels.

Amphitrite	172
Miantonomoh	164
Monadnock	210
Monterey	215
Puritan	248
Terror	164
Texas	398
Arkansas	158
Florida	158
Nevada	158
Wyoming	158
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Total	2203

IV. Protected Cruisers.

Albany	333
Atlanta	285
Baltimore	353
Boston	260
Charleston	634
Chattanooga	308
Chicago	445
Cincinnati	341
Cleveland	308
Denver	308
Des Moines	308
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Galveston	308
Milwaukee	634
Newark	396
New Orleans	342
Olympia	454
Raleigh	297
St. Louis	634
Tacoma	308
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Total	7256

V. Unprotected Cruisers and Gunboats.

Detroit	263
Marblehead	258
Bennington	176
Castine	143
Concord	191
Machias	143
Topeka	131
Yorktown	182
Helena	173
Nashville	167
Wilmington	189
Annapolis	136
Dubuque	149
Marietta	134
Newport	108
Paducah	149
Princeton	130
Wheeling	129
<hr/>	
Total	2951
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Scout Cruisers	1200
Destroyers	1200
Torpedo-boats	1200
Auxiliaries	5000
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Grand Total	50861

Besides these 51,000, others would be needed for the coast patrol system; for the naval stations; for various special duties; for the scores of additional colliers and converted merchant-men and yachts, and for a reserve to fill the vacancies caused by the casualties of war. The 8,000 men shown to be needed would have to be increased to at least 30,000 for the very outset of the war, ready for quick mobilization.

Whence are these men to come?

They may come from four principal sources. First, at the alarm of war, among the tens of thousands of Americans generally who will volunteer their services, now as always, there will be thousands of former man-of-war'smen who have served their term of enlistment, been honorably discharged and are now in civil life. These men will constitute the most valuable material for recruiting the mobilized navy. They have all served three years or more and are all trained men. Many of them have been petty officers. When they go on board ship they know



MESS HOUR ABOARD SHIP.



MESS OR COOK'S GALLEY ABOARD SHIP.
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exactly what to do, and need little if any brushing up. Probably 3,000 or 4,000 men are added annually to this element, and it is conservative to estimate that 25 per cent of them would volunteer in case of war.

Next in importance comes the merchant marine. Unfortunately, most of the crews of our merchant vessels are foreigners. Comparatively few young Americans enter the merchant service. There are many Americans on the steamers plying on the Great Lakes, fewer on the coastwise vessels. Our foreign-carrying ships are so scanty, and the Americans serving on them so few, that they may be neglected altogether. From the Great Lakes and the coastwise trade must come the merchant sailors for the navy, and the large numbers of foreigners in those trades make it unwise to depend upon them for any large recruiting. The engine and fire-room forces of American steamers contain many more American citizens than the deck forces, and it is probable that many men for the engineers' divisions can be obtained from them. Such was the case during the Spanish war, when large numbers of excellent men came from this element for both engineers' and deck forces, many of whom still remain in the service. But the merchant service must not be relied upon too much.

The third source of recruits is the Naval Militia, organizations of which exist in California, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and South Carolina, with a total enrollment of nearly 6,000 men. While comparatively few of its members are experienced seamen and man-of-war'smen, they are enthusiastic, highly intelligent and patriotic young men, who have received more or less instruction on board men-of-war, besides their continuous drilling throughout the year on the various small vessels loaned to them by the Navy Department. During the Spanish war naval militiamen performed excellent service. Drafts of them were sent to many of the warships in Admiral Sampson's fleet, where they took hold readily, and four large auxiliary cruisers, the Yan-

kee, Dixie, Yosemite and Prairie, were manned and largely officered by them. These four vessels, particularly the Yankee, did excellent service. Many of the men in the naval militia have served in the navy, and really belong to the first class of prospective recruits mentioned. Of the 6,000 men in the various organizations, nearly all would be available in time of war. Among them are numerous expert signalmen and electricians, skilled mechanics and others particularly useful to the service.

With the three classes of men named, the resources of the United States in naval personnel end, as far as men with any training is concerned. But there remains the great mass of the people, the youth of the country, with whom the navy was never more popular than now.

It may be said here that the past generation has seen a change really revolutionary in the personnel of the enlisted force of the navy. Twenty-five years ago the native-born American citizen was a rarity among the enlisted men. All nations were represented before the mast. There were English, Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Russians, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Chilians, Peruvians, Frenchmen, Portuguese, even Malays and East Indians. The forecastles of our men-of-war were Babels. To-day, 80 per cent of the enlisted men are native-born American citizens, 15 per cent naturalized citizens, and the remaining 5 per cent aliens, nearly all of whom are messmen (stewards, cooks, officers' servants) and members of the ships' bands.

This great change dates from the adoption of the naval apprentice system about 30 years ago, the apprentices, to whom special inducements were offered, being Americans only. The American element grew gradually but steadily, being accelerated somewhat by the inauguration of the so-called "new navy" in the '80's. The Spanish war gave the navy a tremendous advertisement throughout the country, and young Americans from the interior began to take notice of, and interest in, the fast-growing fleet.

Then the Navy Department, which had hitherto confined its recruiting depots to seaports, opened others in inland cities and began to send itinerant recruiting

parties through the rural and semi-rural districts. Young men were attracted. The popularity of the navy grew with its material development, until finally, in spite of the rigid requirements for enlistment, the navy now has little difficulty in keeping its personnel recruited up to the legal limit.

From every section of the country now come the recruits. Not only the coast cities, but the inland towns, the farms and the mountains, contribute their quotas. In fact, a majority of the enlisted men now hail from the interior, whence recruits formerly were so rare as to be curiosities.

It is the awakening of this element that has given the navy such a splendid enlisted force as it has to-day. Composed of bright, energetic, zealous, respectable young Americans, this force is unsurpassed anywhere for efficiency. No one is quicker to learn than the average young American, whether he comes from the streets of our cities or the mountains and prairies of the West. He can be made into a good man-of-war'sman in a brief period.

But he requires some training, and in spite of his adaptability this training requires time. At the outbreak of the war there is no time for training. Speedy mobilization is imperative, and the men must be ready to go aboard ship promptly, prepared for active service.

This, then, is the great problem: To secure a large body of trained men ready for service at short notice.

From the first three classes (1) former men-of-war'smen, (2) the merchant marine, and (3) the Naval Militia, there would probably not be available, in the early stages of the war, much more than enough men, added to the regular establishment, to furnish full crews to the ships already built or nearing completion. Other thousands would be needed immediately, and others still to provide a steady flow of recruits to repair the losses of battle.

Two solutions of the problem appear. One is the development of our merchant marine and a consequent increase in the number of American sailors. The other is an increase in the total enlisted force of the navy in time of peace, in order that in time of peace, when there is no haste,

men may be trained for war. The naval training stations at Newport, R. I., at North Chicago, Ill., and at San Francisco, Cal., should be authorized and prepared to train more youths than at present. Vessels in reserve should have three-quarters or even full crews, instead of skeleton crews, if any. It takes longer to make a trained man-of-war'sman than a trained soldier, and in view of the importance of the navy for national defense, it would seem that the personnel of the navy should at least equal that of the army. Instead of the present authorized peace strength, the navy should have 75,000 men. That would not be any too many to be prepared for a short war, not to mention a long one, costly in human life.

There is no difficulty in getting young men of the right material for the navy, for never before in its history did the navy offer so many inducements to the young American to enlist. For several years past it has been possible for the enlisted man to become a commissioned officer without going through the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Promotion from the ranks has long been practiced in the army. It is an innovation in the navy. At the present writing there are 21 ensigns and lieutenants in the navy who have entered the service as enlisted men, passing through the grades of petty officer to that of warrant officer, which is itself an attractive position, and thence to the rank of ensign, with all the higher grades open in regular order.

The pay of the enlisted men has been increased, and their privileges steadily added to year by year. Permanence of employment is assured by the continuous service regulation, which makes it mandatory to re-enlist an honorably discharged man if he presents himself to the recruiting officer within four months after his discharge.

At first enlistment an outfit of uniforms and other clothing is furnished free by the Government. All pay is almost "velvet," as the Government furnishes without cost board, lodging and medical attendance.

No, there is no difficulty in getting men, even at the high standards of qualifications, physical, mental and moral, now required. The difficulty is in getting trained men in a hurry.

POP JOLLY'S MIRACLE

BY R. C. PITZER



WAS READIN' about that there namesake o' mine," Diogenes Beasom began, as he held up two fingers to the bartender. "Diogenes the First was a pritty blame

wise guy, wasn't he? Tell me some more about him, pardner."

Beasom settled himself in his chair, and studied his cocktail while I expounded.

"Rats!" he finally broke in. "That gazabo was a little loony; not but what he hed some good idees. That lantern o' his'n's a whole sermon. Come to think of it serious, there ain't no doubtin' that human nature's pritty bum all the time—lookin' at it by the light o' Diog's lantern. In sunshine it's some different, I reckon. But, hell, there's exceptions in all States. Take the old town o' Fryin'pan, fr instance.

"That were a little, permanent cyclone afore the summer o' civilization got next, but it weren't all to the bad. Not any. Diog wouldn't 'a' had no kind o' trouble findin' a honest man. The town was fair loaded with 'em. Not but what they gambled, an' shot, an' got red-eyed, but they didn't go down in no cellars o' civilization an' the soul to be their natural selves, let me tell you. They stood up on manure piles an' crowed, an' it wasn't safe to pull out a tail-feather. Now, that's what I call bein' honest. If y' mean by honesty, the galoot that finds two-bits an' goes screechin' through the town for the owner to come out an' give him a dim reward, that's another question. I ain't got no sympathy for such, 'specially if there's a saloon handy, an' liquor in it like this here was."

As it was my turn to hold up two fingers, I did so. Beasom resumed.

"I reckon the milk o' human sympathy

flowed just as free an' easy in old Rome as it does in these parts. It's one o' them geysers y' find most anywheres. Why, did you ever hear tell o' a beggar starvin' to death? Sure not. There never was one in Fryin'pan but wunst, though he didn't do no starvin', not by a long shot.

"It were a touchin' story. His name happened to be Jolly, but it didn't suit him none, for he were the most miserable cuss I ever see. Ted Asgill found him wanderin' along the old stage-road, an' he loaded him up on a bronch' an' brought him along into town. Jolly was amazin' old, an' white, an' he had a game foot, an' his right arm was paralyzed, an' he was stone blind, deaf as a post, an' bent fair double with rheumatiz. Oh, he was the devil of a sight, all right; there wasn't nothin' sound about him but his voice, an' that you c'u'd hear any hour, while he moaned an' mumbled about his woes.

"Civilization threw him out, it did, an' he'd come up to the hills lookin' for a quiet grave. We adopted him. Jim Bell gave him a plate at his Fryin'pan Hotel, an' Bell's tin-horn sports, Davidson an' Randolph, started a collection. Ted Asgill—he was a wild buck them days—went around interviewin' everybody, an' come Sunday, we got together an' knocked up a shack for Jolly. So there he were, comfortable as any old-fashioned saint, an' stuffin' his stomach hell for breakfast. Scout Macdonald trots out an' murders some deer, an' makes Jolly a suit o' buckskin. An' Jolly keeps up his whimpering. He wern't used to nothin' else. It were almost a part o' his blamed crippled old soul, I reckon. But bye-bye, in a month or so, he got amazin' fat, an' the whimps begun to ooze away. He'd sit out in the sun, an' keep noddin' that old white head. An' we got to thinkin' he was improvin'.

"It was while Preacher Coleville was over fr'm Pine Creek, doin' the usual

spiel, that Ted Asgill butted into the meetin'. 'Boys,' says he, 'I been up to Jolly's cabin. The son-of-a-gun made a reel joke, an' laffed at it, too. He's a-comin' around.'

"We adjourned o' course, an' let Coleville spit it out alone, while we moseyed up to Jolly's. It was a fact, all right, for he said that joke over five times, an' laffed each time. Improvin'? Why, he was a new man. Not another cheep did he ever cheep, but he'd go limp'in' an' tappin' around that town, with a grin on his old mug, an' crackin' funny things at everybody. Blind, an' deaf, an' lame, them did not make no difference. He was as funny an' sassy as Bill Nye. The boys 'ud make trumpets o' their hands, get close to his ear, an' yell. 'Well, dad, how's the rheumatiz?' An' they wouldn't shout it more'n five or six times afore he'd get a glimmerin' o' what they was drivin' at, an' he'd smile all over his battered mug an' say, 'Fine, lads, fine. It don't hurt no more'n it did this time last year.' An' honest? Well, Diog 'ud a picked him for a winner, all right. He kept account o' every meal he et, an' o' every drink the boys fed him, an' he'd say, 'That's so much I owe you now,' Jim, or Dick, as the case might be. 'Some day I'm goin' to get well, by miracle or otherwise, an' pay you all heavy odds. I am so.' Now, ain't that honest? I'd like to see a honester galoot, pardner.

"But the best o' all were Jolly's piety. I ain't goin' to chaw over none o' his sermons, but he could rattle 'em off, he sure could, almost as strong as Coleville. He had a wonderful gift o' gab when he wanted to use it, an' a voice—well, as I've said, it were all o' him. Just like an actor's. He'd a' made a hell of a hit on the stage, playin' cripple parts, only he could never tell when his turn come to speak, so that might 'a' handicapped him.

"We used to laff private, about his gettin' well, but it didn't do no harm f'r him to think of it, an' we encouraged the idee. Then he got to talkin' more'n more about miracles, an' bye-m-bye he dug up some old newspapers he had, an' showed 'em. They was two year old 'n' more, an' he said he remembered 'em perfect, havin' had 'em read out loud to him, afore his ears went on a strike. They was papers

o' a town in Arizony, of which I've forgot the name, but they was mostly full o' wonder workin's of a healer named Tarr. They was pritty raw, but he'd swallowed 'em whole.

"He kept on quotin' them papers, till, just afore winter set in, what comes along but some hand-bills, announcin' the appearance o' this same Tarr in our midst. Our weekly run advertisement which was monstrous full o' big words. One night over the faro table, Ted Asgill he read it to the bunch, an' it sure was peachy. I disremember exactly, but Tarr called himself the astrologer an' psychic pa'mist, an' the hypnotic healer; finder o' mines, giver o' advice, the sure cheese o' love affairs, reader o' the past an' future, king o' magic—black an' white—an' hell roarer generally. But his long suit were healin'. He'd heal anything that ever happened. Blind?—why, they wouldn't make him bat an eye. Deef?—he'd cause 'em to hear a pin drop. Lame?—he'd make a stone image walk. He c'u'd come next door to raisin' the dead. That were pritty blastpheemyous, so we kind o' reckoned that Tarr's name were prophetic, an' we ordered a feather bed fr'm the general store down in Goldville. It come on the same stage as brought Tarr.

"We'd said to ourselves that we mustn't let on to Pop Jolly, or he'd go loco; so, though he couldn't hear nohow, we kind o' took pains to talk about the weather when he was around.

"Professor Tarr was goin' to give a public exhibition in the faro hall o' Jim Bell's branch hotel, an' we sure crowded that place. Old Dumphy an' Mike Orhood—then that hit the Oro mine up in Sawtooth an' are richer'n the State now—we put 'em outside tendin' the bonfire an' warmin' up a good coatin' o' tar. 'If Jolly happens to drift around, keep him out,' was our orders to them. We thought we'd let the healer spiel awhile first, gape at him, an' then light in sudden; it'd take better.

"Well, Tarr opened up an' gassed about his powers, an' prayed a bunch or two, and then he says, 'Ain't we got no cripple, no blind, no dumb, anywheres around, so he can show us his powers?'

"'Not a dumb,' I says.

"An' then old Jolly's voice pipes up

outside. 'Let me in,' he screeches; 'don't I know who's there? Ain't I got eyes in my soul? Ain't he a-callin' of me? I told you; the miracle's a-comin'. An' in he butts, tremblin' all over, an' that excited he couldn't walk straight. First off he walks slap into the wall, an' bellers f'r some one to lead him up to that professor. Oh, he was plumb loco.

"'Better turn her loose, boys,' sings out Ted Asgill.

"'Rip her up!' yells Davidson.

"'Wow! Yow!' screeches everybody; an' we starts for that there platform.

"'Darned if I see how he done it, but afore we could get our paws on Tarr, there was old, blind, deaf, lame Pop Jolly up there beside the healer, a-wavin' of his crutch, an' a-whoopin' that he felt better a'ready, an' to hold our horses a minute.

"'We backed down, o' course, an' rubbered. 'Great Glory,' says Sport Randolph to me, 'that old corpse is standin' like a pine-tree.' An' so he were, without no sign o' rheumatiz in his back, no more'n I got.

"'Tarr, he begun passin', and Jolly begun noddin' an' mumblin', an' all of a sudden, down comes the old man's foot on the floor, sound as a dollar, an' he begins to walk around, shoutin' 'hallelujah!' Then we let loose; say, we raised the roof. Indians? I reckon them yells o' our'n would 'a' made any bunch o' bucks feel pritty sick.

"'Tarr, he held up his hand, an' by an' bye he got us quiet. 'Now,' says he, ca'm as peaches, 'this poor man can hear as well as you can.' An' he adds, quite low, 'You ain't deaf no more?' 'Glory, no!' Jolly yells. An' then we cut loose ag'in. Say, it was the best ever. An' while we was yellin', Tarr pats the old man's arm, an' darnation if them two didn't shake hands. Why, there weren't a blame thing the matter with Jolly, 'ceptin' his eyes.

"'Fix his eyes,' yells Jim Bell. An' we all whoops, 'His eyes, his eyes!'

"'But Tarr kind of shook his head, sad an' thoughtful. 'It's a terrible hard job, boys,' says he, 'an' I'm not out here doin' the Samaritan act. I just wanted to get you chuck full o' confidence in my powers.'

"'Well, who in hell says you won't get paid?' says Sport Randolph. 'Think this

here camp ain't a-goin' to back up Jolly? What'll it cost?'

"'One thousand dollars an eye,' says Tarr. 'I'd like to make it less, but I just can't afford to, it uses up so much psychic force,' he says.

"'Is that all?' Davidson calls; 'why, I got that much.' An' he chucks his belt on to the platform.

"'Not on your life,' says Randolph. 'Think you're goin' to pull all the good luck? I gets my share in this.' An' he chucks his belt.

"'An' then Ted Asgill butts in, an' all o' them gamblers, javin' to beat a W. C. T. U. club, each one wantin' to back Jolly, believin' he'd be a mascot when they got to playin' faro ag'in. But while they talked, Tarr gathered in the belts, an' then he touched Jolly's eyes, an' that old beggar comes marchin' down amongst us, as sound an' as whole an' as complete as you or me.

"'Yell? Wow! We put him up on our shoulders an' whooped her up through that town, an' gathered in Tarr, an' put him on our shoulders, an' whooped her up some more. You might 'a' thought it were Fourth o' July or Christmas, to 'a' seen us. But when we got cooled down, Tarr goes back to his platform, an' maybe we didn't scrap some to get a chance at him!

"'Davidson wanted to know where some girl by the name o' Laury was hangin' out; an' Asgill wanted to know how t' hold liquor without gettin' drunk. Harbath wanted to know where to find a mine, an' so did most everybody else, when they wunst got next to that idee. I remember Scout Macdonald askin' where in Sam his son was; an' Tarr says somethin' 'bout his bein' in unpleasant quarters just then, but he'd pull through safe. An' Mac lets out a joyous whoop; for it seems that that son was scalped up in the Bad Lands, an' Mac feared worse news 'n what he got. But mostly, if it wasn't mines, it was a woman. I was after both myself, an' he satisfied me considerable.

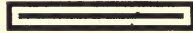
"'It took Professor Tarr most all night to meet the demands o' the curious, but along towards mornin' he shut up shop, havin' gathered in about all the loose dust there were in that there camp. An' we all goes home, feelin' pritty joyous an'

confident, for that there healin' o' Jolly couldn't be got around nohow, an' a man who c'u'd do that, c'u'd be depended upon to state facts. Ain't that reasonable? Ain't it, stranger?

"I don't know how the other boys felt about it, but I sure had peaceful dreams, an' I woke up a-grinnin'. Come to recollect, it seemed monstrous improbable, so I climbs into my pants an' drills out to find Pop Jolly. A sight o' him, whole

an' happy, I figured would restore my confidence.

"There was others with the same idee, but there weren't no Jolly. An' when we come to size things up, there weren't no Tarr. An' when we looked around some more, Swede Petersen tells us he swapped off two o' his bronchs for some o' the professor's knowledge. An' then we took a tumble, an' saddled up. But them two dead beats was out o' our jurisdiction."



A MODERN PHILOSOPHY

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

Dame Fate! If by some frenzied chance,
Some strange, unheard-of circumstance,
You'd smile on us today:
Methinks in one short fevered trance
We'd rush Life's game, because the chance
Is all we've got to play.
And then, the mad, delirious dance
We cannot have away.

Ah, prim precisian, you may purse
Your lips and scorn to heed,
And ye who lose may rave and curse
The findings of your creed:
'Tis no avail, O fickle Fate,
Sole monarch of our daily state,
We naught but sightless puppets are
Who crave your favors from afar,
And, when we get them, find that they
Like Dead Sea apples mould away.

THE DIVINE PROGRAM

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

Pastor Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle gives us this month a continuation of the announced twelve months of contributions to the Overland Monthly. This magazine is an open forum, and, as such, has published articles from brilliant agnostics, Hindoo scholars, Catholic priests and laymen, and the Protestant clergy, but it has been rarely fortunate in securing so able an exponent of the Christian's creed as Pastor Russell. Mr. Russell writes of the creed, of course, as he understands it, and it is likely that we will publish shortly articles by men of opposing ideas, who will therein contest the version he professes.—THE EDITOR.

II. WHY A MYSTERY?



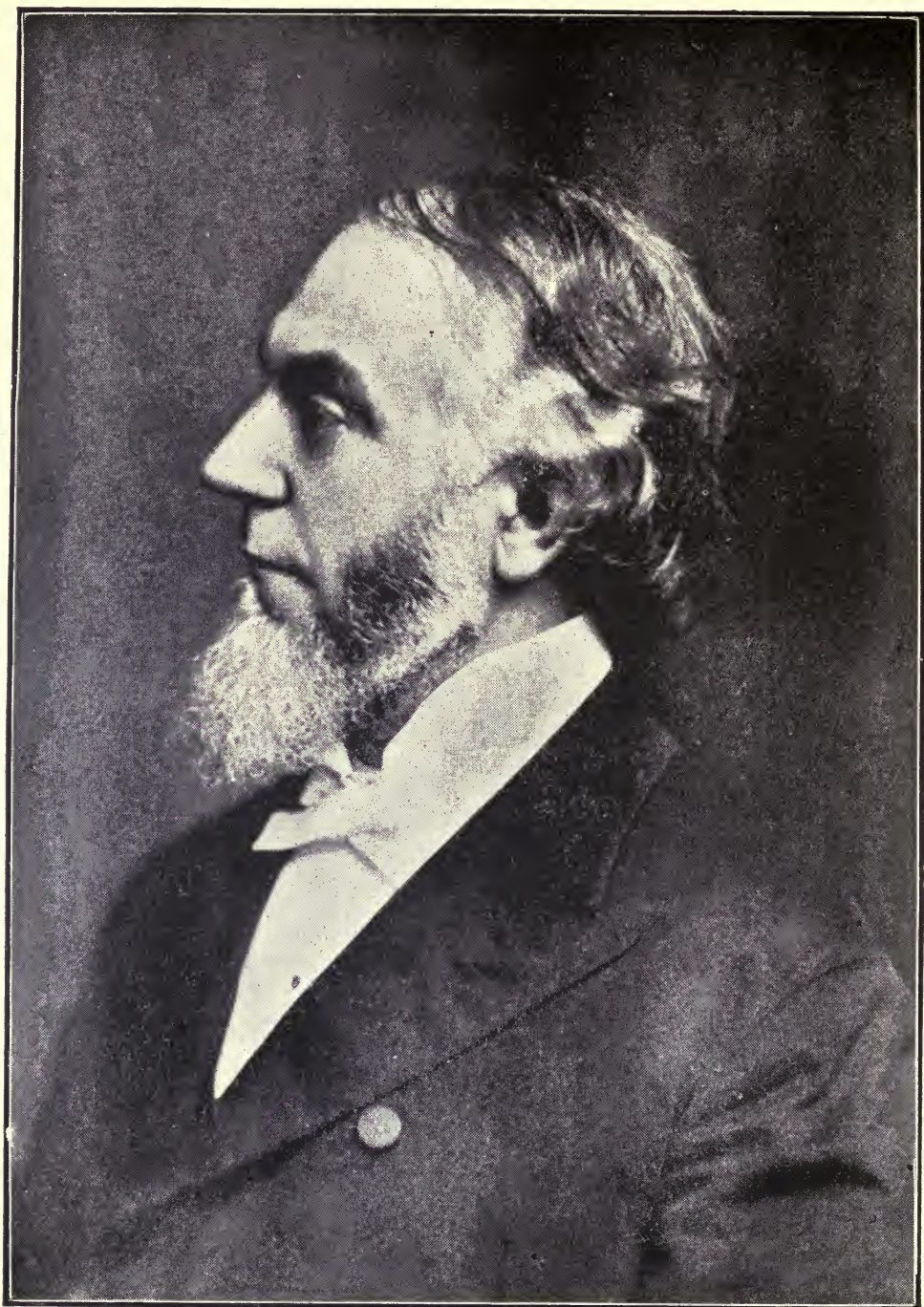
HAVING SEEN in the light of reason that we have a personal Creator, infinite in wisdom, justice, love and power, and having claimed that the Bible is the Revela-

tion of the Divine Purpose, the question properly arises: Why is it, to so large a degree, a Book of parables, symbolisms and dark sayings? Why is it not so open and clear that the way-faring man need not err therein? Why is it that Doctors of Divinity find it perplexing, mysterious, incomprehensible? What excuse can be offered for mysteries in connection with a subject in which all should be interested? The answer to these questions opens the outer door to the temple of truth, to a proper appreciation of the Bible as the Word of God. And we note at the beginning that the Bible most distinctly declares itself to be a Book of Mysteries. The four Gospels of the New Testament, supposed to be the simplest and plainest portion of the Book, mainly records of our Lord's deeds and words, declare, in harmony with the Prophecies, that the Great Teacher himself delivered his message in

parables and dark sayings, and that "Without a parable spake he not unto the people," that "Hearing they might hear and not understand; and seeing, they might see and not perceive."—Matt. 13:14.

Wherever we go, whether in heathen or in civilized lands, we find the most intelligent people associating themselves in various secret societies. They do indeed make prominent certain general objects, which these societies profess to serve—but more than this, the public are not to know. Their secrets are carefully guarded by grips and signs and pass-words and vows. There is a reason for this secrecy, too. It is to prevent the methods and operations of the societies becoming known to those not in sympathy with them, who might seek to frustrate them. What shall we say if we find that our Creator, for similar reasons, has kept secrets from alienated mankind many of his purposes? And would it seem strange if we should find that those in fullest harmony with their Maker should proportionately be granted a knowledge of the Divine purposes hidden from others? We hold that these are the facts—that the Bible so declares.

In a word, from the Scriptural standpoint, Jehovah God was the organizer of the most remarkable secret society known



C. T. RUSSELL, PASTOR BROOKLYN TABER NACLE.

to men up to the present time! The Jewish Church was a kind of Junior Order and prepared the way for the Gospel Church, which for nearly nineteen centuries has constituted the great Divine Secret Society. True, there are many nominally associated who are hypocrites and who have neither part nor lot in the Society, its privileges, its blessings and its secrets. Then there are others who have taken the first step or degree, and who are thus privileged to know the merest rudiments of the Divine Purpose. Others have taken the second and subsequent degrees, and have grown in grace and knowledge, having become wise with the wisdom which cometh from above. Let us prove from the Bible that there are such secrets of the Divine Purpose, and that they are revealed to some and not possible to be understood by others. Do not the Scriptures declare that "The secret of the Lord is with them that reverence him, and he will show them his covenant?"—Psa. 25-14.

Did not St. Paul declare: "The mystery hid from all ages and generations is now made manifest to his saints?" (Col. 1:26.) Note well that this mystery is not made known to the world, but unto the saints—and in proportion as they are saintly. Note again that our Redeemer, addressing the Father, said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Matt. 11:25-26.) Hearken to his words again when asked of his disciples why he spoke to the people in parables and dark sayings; he responded, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: that seeing they may see and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand."—Mark 4:11-12.

There is one prominent difference between the operation of the Lord's Secret Society and the worldly ones. The latter have great difficulty in preserving their secrets, while the former has no difficulty. While the Lord's people are advised not to cast their pearls of knowledge before the swinish, it is not because the latter might understand and thwart the Divine Purposes or reveal the Divine Secret, but,

as he expressed it, "Lest they turn again and rend you." Otherwise God's people may tell anything and everything they please, to the extent of their knowledge, respecting the Divine Mysteries, but the while should know that none can understand these mysteries except the initiated—the spirit begotten. Mark the Apostle's clear expression on this subject: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." "We speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world. * * * We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory. * * * God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit: for the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."—1 Cor. 2:6, 7, 10, 14.

Proceeding, the Apostle shows the necessity for this secretiveness as respects the Divine Purpose—shows that if it were generally known amongst men, the Divine program would at times be interfered with. He tells us that none of the princes or prominent ones of the world understand this wisdom of God—for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. It is with them, as it was previously foretold by the Prophet Isaiah (64:4). "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit. * * * We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the holy spirit teacheth."—1. Cor. 2:8-13.

We shall assume that we have established our point; that there is a mystery connected with the Divine purpose, and that it can be understood only in proportion as any shall come into harmony with God, and is understood completely only by the spirit-begotten and fully developed saints of God. We may proceed to show from the Bible additionally that the Revelation of this mystery, even to the "saints" was to be a gradual one, whereby the mys-

teries, the secrets, would become "meat in due season to the Household of Faith." (Matt. 24:45.) For instance, our Lord at his first advent declared to his followers: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." (John 16:12.) In the same connection he promised that in the future, as due, these still hidden things would be gradually revealed according to the necessities of his followers. A full knowledge of the mystery of the Lord was not promised until the end of this Gospel Age, when, under the sounding of the seventh symbolical trumpet, "the mystery of God shall be finished," which he hath kept secret from the foundation of the world."—Rev. 10:7; Rom. 16:25.

Our Lord pointed to this culmination of knowledge, when he said to his followers that in the future the holy spirit "should show them things to come." (John 16:13.) It is in full harmony with this that special visions and revelations were given to St. Paul, not for the benefit of himself alone, but for the blessing and encouragement and assistance of all the members of the Church of Christ, God's Secret Society. For although the Apostle tells us that he was forbidden to make known the secret things revealed to him, nevertheless by Divine intention the knowledge given to him greatly illuminated his writings and made them specially helpful to the saints throughout the Age. And St. Paul's writings, be it remembered, constitute more than one-half of the New Testament. Thus did God provide a storehouse of spiritual food, to be gradually dispensed to the Household of Faith throughout the age, as "meat in due season"—dispensed by the holy spirit. We remember, furthermore, that the Law and Prophecies given to typical Israel were clothed in figurative, symbolical language, and these also constituted "meat" for the Household of Faith, the understanding and appropriation of which would be possessed gradually, as the holy spirit would guide them and grant the necessary enlightenment, that the spirit-begotten ones might understand "the deep things of God." Moreover, the writings of St. Paul constitute a key to the understanding of the many features of the typical Law Covenant.

This principle of keeping secret the Divine purpose, yet providing a key to its understanding, which would unlock it in due time, reminds us of the time-locks now in common use for the protection of the treasures of our banks. The combination will not operate until the due time has been reached, and then it will yield only to those who have the combination, and who will use it.

As an illustration in point, note the statement of Daniel's experience and the Divine message to him. The Prophet had been given a vision and a part of it had been interpreted to him, but the remainder perplexed him. He plead with the Lord, he tells us, with fasting and prayer for weeks, and then obtained a further interpretation of a portion of it, but was told respecting the remainder, "Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end (in the time of the end of the present order of things.) Many shall run to and from (by steam and electric power), and knowledge shall be increased (through compulsory education.) And then the wise (with heavenly wisdom) shall understand." (Dan. 12:4, 9-10.) As a further illustration remember our Redeemer's words to the disciples when they asked at his first advent, "Wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?" he answered and said unto them, "It is not for you to know the times or seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." Acts 1:6,7.) "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not even the angels of heaven, neither the Son, but my Father only." (Matt. 24:36. There is nothing here to intimate that the Son would never know the time, nor that the angels in heaven would never know the time, nor that men would never know the time; but merely that the time for the knowledge was not yet due. It was still in the Father's hands, unrevealed even to the Son.

Another illustration of this fact that there are great secrets connected with our subject—the Divine Program—is shown in the Book of Revelation. That Book itself is full of signs and symbols, evidently designed to barricade its mysteries from all except a certain class, the saints, and from them, also until the time was due

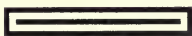
for the secrets to be revealed. Note the words, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear (understand) the words of this Prophecy." (Rev. 1:3.) The very reading of it will bring a blessing; and, as its mysteries gradually dissolve, the understanding thereof will bring still additional blessing. Note again in the introduction of the Book the statement of its mysterious and symbolic character. Its name, Revelation, signifies the uncovering, and implies something hidden. The opening sentence is, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him to show unto his servants, even the things which must shortly come to pass: and he sent and signified it (revealed it in symbolic form) by his messenger."—Rev. 1-1.

We close this testimony respecting the mystery, the secret enshrouding the Divine purpose, with the account of Revelation, Fifth Chapter. Here a beautiful symbolism represents our Creator, Jehovah, upon his Throne of Glory, holding in his hand a scroll of manuscript, written within and on the outside, and sealed with seven seals. That scroll pictured the Divine Purpose respecting our race. Not a seal had yet been broken. This confirms our Redeemer's words that the Father had kept all things pertaining to his Divine Purpose in his own hands or power. Then we note the proclamation made throughout heaven: "Who is worthy to be granted the custody of the scroll, to open its seals, to know its mysteries, and to be entrusted with the honor of carrying them to completion?" A hush prevailed—silence in heaven! Apparently none was found worthy of so high an honor as to interpret and execute the Divine Purpose. The Revelator John says, "I wept much." He had great grief that the wise and gracious Program of the Almighty must remain sealed and unfulfilled, because no competent agent was to be found.

But the scene changed. An angel touching the Revelator, said: "Weep not; behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the scroll, by loosing the seals thereof." St. John wiped

his tears and looked again. A fresh symbolic picture met his eye. He beheld a lamb as it had been slain, to whom the scroll was entrusted, and he heard in symbol the united voice of the heavenly host declaring the Will of God, "Thou art worthy to take the scroll and to open the seals thereof." Here we see, then, that great and honorable as our Redeemer had been before he left the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, he had not then proven himself worthy of this great glory and service, represented by the giving to him of the scroll of the Divine Purpose, with authority and power to carry the same to completion. Nor did he reach this climax during his earthly ministry. It was after he had finished the Sacrifice, after he had died on Calvary as the Lamb of God, after he had ascended to heaven. Then he was highly exalted. In the Apostle's language, he was "Given a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."—Phil. 2-9, 10, 11.

Then all the heavenly host hailed him, as he was entrusted with the execution of the Divine Program, "Worthy the Lamb." But he had not yet executed the Divine Purpose, which was still immature, undeveloped. He had, however, begun the execution of it in the organization of his Church. At Pentecost he sent forth the begetting spirit, which since has represented him in the world, and through it he has begotten to newness of nature the faithful, consecrated believers throughout this Age. Soon this church, which is called the Mystery of God, shall have been finished—when the last member shall have been accepted, chiseled, polished and made ready for association with himself, as the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, and Joint-Heirs in the Kingdom, which Kingdom, by the grace of God, will bless all the families of the earth, by a release from the powers of Sin and Death, which now hold it in slavery.



THE AUTOMOBILE AS THE AGENT OF CIVILIZATION

CALIFORNIA AND GOOD ROADS

BY WILL BARRY

All California, and in fact the entire country, is interested in the big question of good roads. The Overland Monthly has continuously exploited the betterment of the roads in California, and, while the highways are not the worst in the land, they leave much to be desired. The present Governor, Mr. Gillett, in his message to the legislature of the Golden State, now in session, lays particular stress on the necessity of good roads, and, in pursuance of the idea of the Executive, a bill has been introduced providing for the expenditure of eighteen millions of dollars in highway betterments. This is but a beginning, and in time California will have a system of vehicular intercommunication that will be one of the very best in the land. Mr. Barry, in this issue of the Overland Monthly, shows the relation of the automobile, the pleasure vehicle of the rich and the convenience of the middle class, in upbuilding outlying and hitherto unknown districts, and compelling the building of better highways. Mr. Barry will contribute other articles to the Overland Monthly in forthcoming numbers.—THE EDITOR.



THE OLD ORDER of things changeth—giving place to new,” is an expression moulded by the mind of man many years ago. There was a time when roads were unknown, and even a passable trail was a luxury. Men have spent years of careful study and countless hundreds of dollars on highways and byways, but the motor car has been the greatest incentive possible to the establishment of good roads. City streets may improve with growth of population and business, dependent in many cases, however, on the private subscription of merchants or municipal organizations. The progressive citizen is keen on having his town make a good appearance, but when it comes to extending that benefit outside of city limits, his energy goes on the wane. The advent of the automobile has really had a more far-reaching effect in the way of road build-

ing than most people imagine. It is true, perhaps, that railroads open up many new lines of industry—particularly in unsettled country. This does not necessarily mean the improvement of surrounding roads other than those directly connected with stations. The route of a machine is not bounded by limitations, and one can reach points in a motor car which are absolutely inaccessible by any other means. With the rapid growth of the automobile business comes a reformation of all highways. The two are so inseparably allied that one is really a boon to the other. It is little short of a revelation to find yourself traversing about five times as much ground as formerly, with about ten times as much comfort. Time is money to most people, and minutes are sometimes very precious. How much depends, then, on rapid transportation to the man whose daily life is simply flooded with a thousand and one things that must be accomplished in a limited time. The automobile in its childish days was considered

more as a pleasure-giving vehicle, but to-day it is a necessity, and now holds the front rank in a man's most important belongings; it is almost one of the family. Machines are now used for many practical purposes, and to a great extent for pleasure touring. The people who devote their time to touring usually buy cars that are suited to that purpose, and, in most cases, these are well-built, high-powered machines; consequently one has to pay a higher price for that type.

About the first thing that looms up before the tourist is the road over which he is to travel; if it be in very bad condition much of his anticipated pleasure will be marred; to say nothing of wear and tear on tires and the machine. How much enjoyment can be derived if the trip necessitates traversing a poor road? He is simply the victim of a continuous series of

drive to a neighboring town in a motor car than wait for a crowded train or trolley.

San Francisco, partaking somewhat of Roman topography, in the way of hills, is not ideally constituted for fine boulevards. This does not hold true, however, of the adjacent country, which seems most appropriate not only from a good road standpoint, but whose attractions are really accentuated by the splendid scenic surroundings. How many of the best highways in America are lined with as wonderful scenery as those of California? Many of the most attractive spots are not reached simply owing to the fact that the route is too strenuous, or perhaps impassable, and the man of to-day is most interested in the places where he can go in his machine; hence to this modern method of transportation we must look for assistance in the development of roads.



THE SAND ROAD THAT WAS A DIS-
GRACE.



THE STEAM ROLLER AT WORK.

BALBOA BOULEVARD, SAN FRANCISCO.

bumps with an unpleasant chuck-hole now and then to add to the discomfort. Nothing can detract from the pleasure of motoring more than that constant unsteadiness so often found on suburban roads. Expenditures on road building might appear to be superfluous and expensive; however, when it is considered that this outlay will lessen tire and repair bills later on, and add so materially to personal comfort, a deeper appreciation will be held for good highways. It is only natural, then, that the motor car has been and is the greatest factor in road building. It has brought about closer alliances of cities; for it is much more desirable to

Cleveland is the greatest automobile city in America. There are 5,110 machines in actual use. This is conclusive evidence that motor cars are conducive to good roads. On the Dover Road, the road is paved for many miles, and on the East and West Lake Boulevards there are splendidly constructed driveways. These improvements are lasting, and it is only a question of a few years until they will extend many miles more; the time is not far distant when one can drive with the utmost comfort from Cleveland to Niagara Falls.

Once it would have seemed almost ridiculous to think of motoring across the

continent, where in some places railroads find difficulty in keeping up schedule time. As years go on, however, and machines become more perfect in mechanism, it is safe to presume that each State will build its own highways, and New York will probably be a terminus for one of our boulevards.

In illustration, a small example of what can be done in the way of road building is the Balboa Boulevard. Formerly this consisted principally of fields and sand hills. A drive over this section meant two and one-half hours, or goodness knows how much longer, during which time one encountered hills of dust in summer and fields of mud in winter, and until quite recently large stretches of impassable sand; the latter condition, however, has been satisfactorily overcome. This is only a beginning, and pleasure-

ally was not rushing. Since more attention has been directed to the highways in that region and the autoist's path is not strewn with its former multiplicity of discomforts, there is a perceptible increase in the number of machines that take that trip. A larger patronage has consequently emanated from this increased travel; hence, hotels all along the line are growing alive to the fact that the auto-man is well worth while. This condition is applicable not only to this particular section, but to the entire State. Where there was formerly one forlorn shack in a village or small town doing business on the cold lunch plan, you now see three or four first-class hotels, with modern conveniences and comfortable accommodations. These hotels must have supplies, and the neighboring towns are immediately put into use.



THE FINISHED ROADWAY.



SURFACING THE BOULEVARD.

BALBOA BOULEVARD, SAN FRANCISCO.

touring is increasing every year to Monterey and Santa Cruz; and each season brings more forcibly before the public the necessity for better highways in these sections. What really excellent drives they would make, not merely as to smooth roads, but accentuated by every beauty of nature that adds so materially to the fascination of country driving.

Lake County, one of the most picturesque portions of California, has hitherto been practically unknown. Those who wished to avail themselves of its secluded byways and lakes did so by tedious staging over roundabout roads or the still more tiresome horseback method. Hotels were not well patronized, and business gener-

It is no secret that the average farmer has more or less antipathy for the motorist, and he is not inclined to rush with open arms to greet one when he might happen to cross his path. If the encounter is on a byway, and his team is in the lead, he usually makes a strenuous effort to keep first place, or as far as possible adhere to the colored man's advice to "keep in de middle of de road." Little does he realize what a benefactor he has in this seeming intruder, for anything that is conducive to the betterment of roads is most assuredly a veritable blessing to these tillers of the earth, upon whose untiring labors so much of the development of our country depends. It is not an exag-

geration to say that many acres of arable land; in fact, some of the original land (Mexican) grants lie in their primeval state, due principally to lack of accessibility to railroads. (Even if this land was farmed, the question of transportation at moderate prices would be a vital one.)

A farm may be very fertile—if this land is situated in an isolated region, where is there any chance to dispose of products? If it requires hours, perhaps days, to convey perishable articles to a railroad, the margin of profit must necessarily be small. The farmer's interest really lies along the same line as those

always been one of great importance with agriculturists. Many industries are not flourishing simply because freight rates on steam lines are so exorbitant shippers cannot reap even a small profit on their products. With such a state of affairs, land not adjacent to railroads must be left to the mercy of neglect, and be valueless, as it were, to the owner. Undeveloped land, that is, land not sub-divided nor easily accessible, may be obtained at a very low figure. Just the minute roads are constructed and transportation facilities installed, the price advances and improvements of every nature are made. Eventually, this one-time wilderness grows



CLEVELAND, OHIO. THE STRETCH BESIDE THE CAR TRACKS. CLEVELAND-PAYNESVILLE ROAD, BUILT BY THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Photo C. M. Black.

of the motorist as far as good highways are concerned. There are frequent instances where machines are used to the best advantage for these very purposes. The farmer does not have to start on his otherwise weary journey until late, thus giving him several hours of additional rest. The distance is covered in much less time, and the cargo is landed in better condition.

The question of transportation has

to be a village or town. The same rule may be applied to summer resorts with regard to distances. Those located in the very mountainous regions are not as well patronized as the more easily accessible ones, for the reason that many people, particularly business men, cannot spare the time necessary to make such a trip. The busy man whose vacation is limited, perhaps, to a week-end trip, does not figure on putting in most of his time

en route. If there is a resort within motoring distance, it is so much easier to drive there, probably in a few hours, giving him much more time for actual rest and recuperation.

Our own Yosemite Valley is an example of what transportation can do for its surrounding section. The wonders of this world-famous spot were just as beautiful ten years ago as they are to-day. Visitors in those days, however, were not very plentiful; since the completion of the Yosemite Valley Railroad, a vastly greater number of people have availed themselves

the unlucky machine is subjected to all sorts of criticism, and they are pessimistic enough to pronounce its doom then and there. No allowance is made for the condition of the road over which this car was running—not a thought is given to the difficulties the motorist was encountering. Accidents are due in many instances to poorly constructed highways, and the censure in such cases should be placed where it justly belongs. Motorists obliged to drive on unstable highways not only run the risk of seriously wrecking the car, but jeopardize their own lives as well.



CLEVELAND TO PAYNESVILLE ROAD, BUILT BY THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.
SHOWING THE THOROUGH MANNER IN WHICH THE ROAD WAS LAID.

Photo C. M. Black.

of this place, due solely to the fact that the journey is made now in considerably less time.

The building and maintaining of good roads is essential and absolutely indispensable to the commercial world. Unfortunately, there are still certain persons who have not awakened to the benefits of the motor age. When they read a newspaper account of an automobile accident.

Substantially constructed roads are an absolute requirement for the protection of human life.

The motor car has been and is a progressive competitor in the endurance race of modern transportation, and has won the well-earned victory. It is king of the highway, and, as king, has decreed the building and maintaining of good roads at all times. Long live King Motor!

A PLEA FOR THE HOME GARDEN

BY VIVIAN GARLAND

It is the intention of the Overland Monthly to publish in each subsequent issue timely and practical articles on the art of gardening by expert horticulturists.

—THE EDITOR.



IT IS NOT alone the loyal native-born Californian who believes that the Golden State is the garden of the world. The visitor who lingers within our gates, who

comes from other climes with an eye for either curiosity or investment is likewise soon convinced of the truth of the statement. Here in this Western country, with all its wealth of climate and natural resources, is the spot for the ideal home. Whatever, then, will lead to the betterment of our home life is sought after eagerly as a matter of course. In the cities of California, of course, life is quite as strenuous as elsewhere, and conditions are just as exacting. Upon people generally, as the years go on, is the desire, created for the ownership of a home, "be it ever so humble"—a home of the owner's making. Gradually is there being developed a condition of higher ideals for home building and home surroundings. It is of these surroundings that I am here concerned, and upon which I would touch in something of a general manner.

The better part of one's nature is aroused by Nature. That statement, tritely put as it is, is acknowledged, I think, by every one. To the resident removed from the city's bustle and turmoil, the home-made garden is full of appeal. It may be the one thing to draw the members of a family with a common interest. In its strange fascination the weary worker finds surcease from the stress of the day's battle. It is a tonic as efficacious as a gross of liver pills. It is an

admirable antidote for the worries and irritations of the long business day. And I know from the personal experience that the city worker returning to his suburban home at night will find a stroll among his pet plants and blossoms before the evening meal quite as good in its way as a turn at a pair of Indian clubs.

There is no question, too, that in garden-making we find as powerful a factor in the development of character as there exists. I mean, of course, the garden-making that is done with a heart and a will for the joy of the thing. There is no gainsaying the effect of environment, and the home garden exerts its influence quite as strongly and perceptibly as any influence of the home. The child that romps in the back yard made beautiful through the magic of Nature is going to be the better for it, and the influence of that environment is going to be marked upon that child's character just as surely as the sun climbs to the Eastern heavens every morn. But philosophizing of this kind might go on endlessly; the self-evident fact remains that there is a crying need for garden building in the small homes of California. And the financial outlay is next to nothing, while the gains in all directions are prodigious.

Proprietorship is a great incentive, and the boy or girl that has a mere patch of ground to hold and possess for his or her own is going to know genuine joys. Give a child a small piece of ground for the care of which he is held responsible. Let the success or failure of his garden remain entirely with him. Once interested you will find that the daily regular care of his little patch of ground will ex-

ert a remarkable influence upon all his habits and actions. The little garden will prove a wonderful adjunct in child-training. It makes for self-reliance and accuracy. And the garden is the place for the child to grasp something of the value of life. In this garden of his is inculcated the lesson of evolution. Under his watchful care he perceives the seed sprout and develop. He observes the tender plant strive against the elements; he notes the effect of sun and shade, of wind and rain. He grows, too, to have a certain respect for this life expression; an attitude against the mutilation and destruction of Nature's plant life is engendered by the plants he fathers.

Give your child a patch of your garden suitable to him and his age. And be sure to let him assume complete responsibility for his charge. Let it be his own discovery that scale allowed to remain on a single leaf will, before a short space of time, spread to the whole patch. Blight and aphid mean the ruination of an entire rose garden. It is thoroughness and the watchful eye that is demanded of the child, and from the careful digging and sowing of the seed in the spring to the husbandry of the seed in autumn will the child learn all the wonder lessons of Nature without assistance as the days unfold with their fresh lessons and new experiences.

And this garden of his will pay in the fullest degree, not only in point of health, physical development, and character building, but in a high type of enjoyment. The study of leaves and their wonderful construction, of flowers and their marvelous color blendings—all the multitudinous details of plant life will make a never-ending source of pleasure and profit for the little gardener.

Now the month of March is upon us—a most propitious time for the starting of a garden. Now may one plant sweet peas, vines, border plants, seeds of annual and perennial flowering plants, and roses and such-like flowers. And, too, March is an excellent month for the planting of all permanent plants. Why not start now? Clear off that strip of back-yard covered with soap-boxes and kindling, and let the little man or woman of the family be a boss gardener. You cannot imagine the pleasure that will come to you all in the doing of it.

Blessed with the most glorious climate on earth, and a soil of wonderful fertility, let us make an effort to enjoy, and give others the chance to enjoy, the glories of Mother Nature. And they can be found in that little back-yard, when it is transformed into a miniature flower-and-vegetable-garden, quite as thoroughly, if not more so, than in a great business-like nursery.



In the Realm of Bookland.



The great desert regions of America are full of interest to any one who is at all observant. Books have been published on this subject that are full of entrancing interest. George Wharton James has two volumes that make the desert teem with living interest.

Mrs. Strobbridge, of the Artemisa Press of Los Angeles, has written a monograph on the same subject that is as full of music and themes as a Wagner opera. Wm. Hornaday is the latest to add to the bibliography of the land of waste sands and painted rocks, spiked cactus and the rattlesnake, a three hundred and sixty page book.

It is splendidly written and illustrated, and there are, besides the usual half-tone and pen sketch, a goodly number of fine colored engravings that give one a splendid idea of the beautiful tints of the great waste lands of the Southwest.

Mr. Hornaday is a facile writer, and his descriptive work is some of the best that has come to hand for a long time. The book is made up in the usual splendid style of the Scribners, and is an addition to any library.

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York, N. Y.

"Cupid and the Surgeon" is a prose skit by Henry Lee Meader, and it is well put up in two colors: a sort of subdued red for the illustrations and good old black ink for the type. The illustrations are by Pal, and they are excellent. Mr. Meader's text is as good as the illustrations. It is difficult to describe such a book because it would be wrong to classify much of Mr. Meader's wisdom as wit. The book is recommended to the young persons who take themselves seriously, and to the aged man

who has suddenly developed an all-consuming affection of the platonic variety for his neighbor's wife, or some other affinity. In fact, I would recommend this booklet of advice by a most skillful surgeon, Cupid, quite generally because of the many good things it contains. It is light and airy, sarcastic and witty, wise and timely.

Henry Altemus, Philadelphia.

"The Tragedy of Man," by Imre Madach, is a translation by William N. Loew. It is a pity that this tragedy, if such it may be called, cannot be read in the Hungarian language. The translation is undoubtedly well done, as we may easily judge by reading the preface by Mr. Loew, and this is written by a scholar.

The story that is told in the "Tragedy of Man" may only be very lightly touched upon in this critique, for it is as long as creation. It is the story of the struggles of man from the beginning of time. It really deals in man's constant hopes and constant disillusionment. It is the cry of the would-be philosopher, who thinks like a woman and who insists on mixing the concrete deduction with the abstract, the personal with the impersonal, the selfish with the unselfish. It is manifestly impossible for such to arrive at any sort of result. The whole burden of the "Tragedy of Man," all of its high-sounding and sombre sonorous phrasings, may best be summed up in a quotation from Pope—a random and possibly incorrect rendition: "Man never is but always to be blest." This tells the story from the standpoint of these scholars who blend their tenses so very easily. Madach takes Adam as man in the aggregate, and makes him live adown the countless ages and sees him go up and down the scale from hope deferred

to dire disappointment and back again over the rose-bordered paths into thorny abysses of despair! He forgets the general advance of mankind, the Adam he started out with, and invariably ends up with a claim for the poor rewards meted to Adam, or Man the Individual, for damages to a sore toe.

Madach is a sort of combination of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, with more romance in his soul than the former, and less insanity than the latter in his cerebrum. The work is well done, but the whole thing is as futile as everything is that does not tend to keep up the hope of man.

The Arcadia Press, New York, N. Y.

L. Ernest Wyneken has done something big in writing the book called "The Chronicles of Manuel Alanus." It is about the longest, widest, broadest, thickest and most utterly worthless piece of novel writing that has ever come under the reviewer's eyes. It is the worst piece of English, the most consistent and continuous malpractice ever perpetrated on the English language; the uttermost insult to the intelligence of the reading public that has ever emanated from a printing press. It is full of glaring grammatical errors; its construction is so bad that it makes the reader writhe and wish that the wrack and the screws of the Inquisition were available that the miserable wretch who has published the book and the abject villain who would so twist a language might be tortured indefinitely before death ended their sufferings. The writer should have his percentage of blame, but this is infinitesimal in comparison to that which I would deal to a publisher who so demeans a printing press as to allow to roll out on a defenseless world such drivel and rot.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

"Janet and Her Dear Phebe," by Clarissa Dixon, is the Damon-and-Pythias, or rather the Celia-and-Rosalind, romance of original simple life, as two plains-children led it in the Iowa of long ago—children simple enough, when lost in the woods, to be happy over the thought that, if such little, little things as squirrels could live there, and take care of themselves, they

surely could. Few pens are bravely transparent enough to give us peeps into the heart of the child. Kenneth Grahame's are dream children, lamb-like and altogether adorable; but "Janet and Her Dear Phebe" are human as God makes them. The book is a bit of human nature at its best; that is to say, child nature. The stilt of the first love-letters is a stroke of genius, the screeds being stiff as the upright penmanship, which the tots indubitably anticipated; likewise, the onomatopoeic lilt of the "Frog Song," that "seemed to turn on with a crank—Kathonka, ka-thonka, kathank." Strangely enough, as the stiffness wears off, the letters are less natural, less happy. Read for yourself to find out why. Though scarce a thing of beauty in the Keatean sense, the poetry of the "inseparables" is a joy forever, like their friendship. Lovely in its own way as that of Saul for Jonathan, the love of little woman for little woman has practically been left for Clarissa Dixon to exploit. As a whole, the book is a god-send to big and little mothers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price \$1 net.

Of more than usual interest is the volume, "Some New Literary Valuations," by William Cleaver Wilkinson of the University of Chicago. Howells, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Stedman, Morley and a triad of Voltaire-Diderot-Tolstoy are all discussed from a standpoint that has the elements of freshness and originality. Probably William Dean Howells has never had more intelligent appraisement as a literary man than Professor Wilkinson's interesting discussion of his works and style. With skillful spear the joints in the harness of Matthew Arnold's literary criticisms are found and opened. Arnold's poetry "lacks inevitableness," and shows great effort rather than great power. Of Tennyson, the author says that he has had the fever of unquestioning admiration—and is now well recovered. Stedman he disclaims power to treat with entire dispassion, because his personal friendship for the man so recently deceased is yet too strong. John Morley he treats as a critic of two men whose work is discussed in second-hand

form—Voltaire and Diderot. Tolstoy is regarded as "one of the very greatest minds encountered in literature," the one thing lacking being "final soundness and justness of judgment." The style is frank, fresh, and candid, and the author announces most of his judgments as the successors of others more immature.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"Profit and Loss in Man" is a spicy discussion of the liquor question by Alphonso A. Hopkins. The book bears the marks of the platform and echoes of campaign methods. Black type heads and Socratic methods of discussion jar on the nerves of the reader looking for dispassionate handling of data. The liquor problem is no dispassionate matter with Mr. Hopkins, as may be inferred from such chapter headings as "The Cost of a Boy," "Manhood and Gold," "A Curse, a Crime and a Cure," "Publicans and Republicans," "Democrats and Drink." Beneath this hortatory style is marshaled a host of facts and fired a broadside of figures against the liquor traffic of the United States. By a series of propositions, the author declares himself to be an advocate of the Prohibition Party sort of reform of the liquor traffic, and with great enthusiasm sweeps the stage clear of all claimants for progress by means of the more conservative methods of the Anti-Saloon League. The form of the argument is well adapted to the class of people who take their intellectual food with much salt and pepper, and the plentiful sprinkling of stories should furnish entertainment by the wayside.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

George R. Sims has dragnetted the tenderloin and primrose social circles of the British metropolis to harvest the crop of suggestive pictures of vice which he has clustered under the title of "The Devil in London." Despite the author's toilsome efforts to make his Satanic Majesty take on a more livid hue while raging in London than elsewhere, he utterly fails to do so. After dragging oneself through the 166 pages, disjointed stories redolent of stale beer, flat ale and salacity, the reader is very apt to entertain more dislike for the writer than the wicked personality

charged with being the mainspring of it all. The pictorial work is atrocious, and of the most amateurish kind, and gives startling warning at the very onset of what may be expected of the text. It is surprising that such a house as the Dodge Publishing Co., New York, should be guilty of foisting the book on the public.

"The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States" is the title of Victor Morawetz's contribution towards solving the ever recurring and vexatious financial question. He advocates a plan for co-operation between the United States Treasury and the banking institutions involving an elastic currency, to be issued and retired as the exigencies demand. While the author shows a broad and deep knowledge of the monetary question, he advances nothing that has not already been suggested as a panacea for panics. The book is well worth the reading, however, for those interested in financial problems.

North American Publishing Co., N. Y.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Perennially popular Mark Twain appears on a list of Harper reprints with four of his books: "Innocents Abroad," "The American Claimant," "The Gilded Age," and "Following the Equator."

Holman Day, 'way-down Easterner and author of "King Spruce," is among the growing company of novelists who have been dramatized. One of his first well-known novels, "Squire Phinn," is now being arranged for the stage. Major Day has already enjoyed the experience of having a stage sketch made of one of his short stories, and, what is more, of seeing it remain on the stage for consecutive seasons. As for "King Spruce," it has added to itself the final mark of popularity by becoming a newspaper serial.

With the appearance of Randall Parrish's "When Wilderness Was King," four years ago, the fiction reading world awoke to the fact that a new writer had come out of the West who was destined to take a high place in the world of romance. Such has been the success of Mr. Parrish's stories that about 300,000 copies have now been sold.



The Publisher's Advice

Nearly forty-one years ago the Overland Monthly was born. It was the cry of the literate in the Western wilderness. With the birth of the Overland Monthly was born Western literature and art. California had found a voice; it could now send to a waiting world its romance, its poesy, its history. The man who guided the Overland Monthly through its first years of difficulties, the great Bret Harte, was an artist by nature, who mirrored with a sympathetic heart the Great West. In the first number of this magazine that was published, the magazine that was fated to reflect more truly than any other the spirit of the Great West, Bret Harte wrote:

"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?"

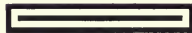
The early pioneer life that Bret Harte and his contemporaneous contributors to the Overland Monthly told about has

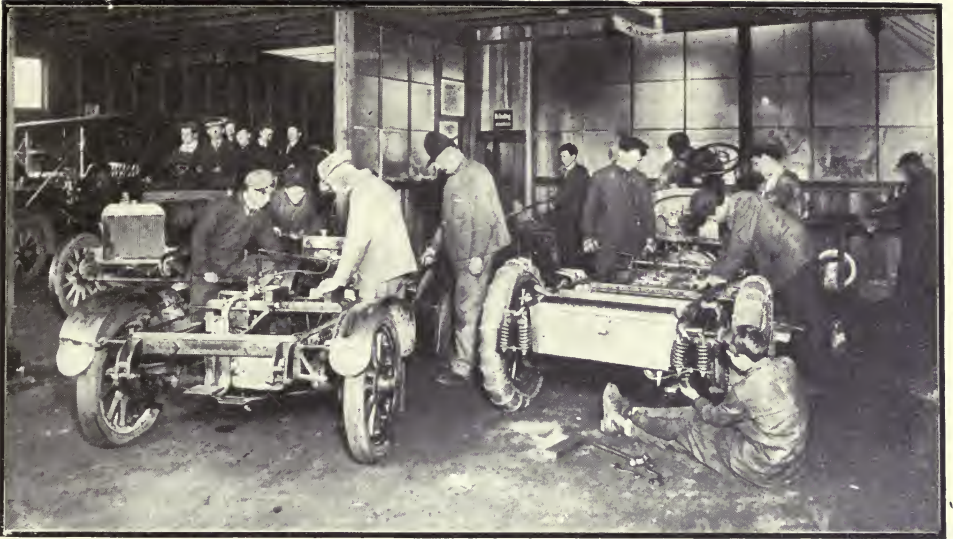
passed away, but the Broad Highway remains, and this magazine still goes out upon this Highway as of old, the truest exponent of the West. It is, one might say, the dutiful child of its father. It exists for its own sake. It is uncontrolled by corporation or individual as regards its policy. It has the single aim that Bret Harte gave it.

All through the years that are past the Overland Monthly has reflected, and in the years that are to come it will reflect, the West that really is, the West with all its rugged strength, its wonderfully distinctive atmosphere, its vigorous, healthful philosophy that is born of the soil, its wealth of romance. And to the fact that the Overland Monthly has truthfully mirrored these things is attributable its continued life and its success.

That is the secret back of its having been able to pass unscathed through vicissitudes and reactions. There is more than a little of the spirit of the hardy pioneers infused into this magazine of the West, something big and vital, and peculiarly Western.

And so this magazine, whose past is gloried with the names of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Noah Brooks, Ina Coolbrith, Frank Norris, Edwin Markham and a host of others, continues with the work that its forefathers began.





THE WORK SHOP.

AUTOMOBILE TRAINING

A PACIFIC COAST SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION



AUTOMOBILES ARE everywhere in evidence, but well-grounded automobile information is not. Even the ownership and use of a motor car does not of itself convey

a knowledge of the automobile, for the very obvious reason that the average owner and chauffeur take much for granted and do not exercise much effort toward the acquiring of intimate information regarding the mechanism and workings of the machine. To this general ignorance may be laid the reason for the spending of unnecessary sums for repairs and other superfluous expenses. It stands to reason that the automobile owner who is thoroughly conversant with his machine and its workings is going to be satisfied with it, and satisfied with the necessary cost of operating and maintaining the same.

San Francisco, as the great automobile center of the West, was necessarily the first city of the Coast to feel the urgent demand for good automobile drivers. The large numbers of cars disposed of soon exhausted the supply of experienced chauffeurs, and it then became necessary to press into service men of lower grades, whose knowledge of car-running was decidedly elementary.

The idea of establishing an Automobile Engineering School, where practical instruction in the art of the running of and caring for automobiles might be gained, was suggested to some of the more prominent San Francisco selling agents as being the logical solution of the problem, and the opening of the automobile department of Heald's College was therein consummated. With such a school of instruction to draw on, the agents could feel assured that their cars would be in good hands through its graduates, and that their

reputation and further sales would be insured. That this scheme has been justified is shown by the large number of men who have entered the school, applied themselves to the work, and graduated with their wage-earning ability greatly increased, and with a feeling of self-reliance and confidence that comes only to those that realize they have mastered a profession.

Heald's Automobile School, located at 425 McAllister street, San Francisco, offers unquestionably the most thorough and scientific course west of Chicago. Chauffeur and salesman, car-owner and prospective car-owner, are equally recipient of the benefits accruing from a course there. The institution affords to its students a thorough and practical course in automobile construction and repair. The course includes: Evening lectures on the mechanism of the automobile by experienced and practical instructors; road practice behind the steering wheel on large cars, under the direction of expert demonstrators; actual practice in going out on the road for practical demonstrations, and receiving actual instruction in running the machine; and the adjustment of the essential parts, repairing engines, chassis, etc. Special classes, in addition, are conducted to meet the needs of car-owners and prospective car-owners (ladies and gentlemen), salesmen, superintendents, etc.

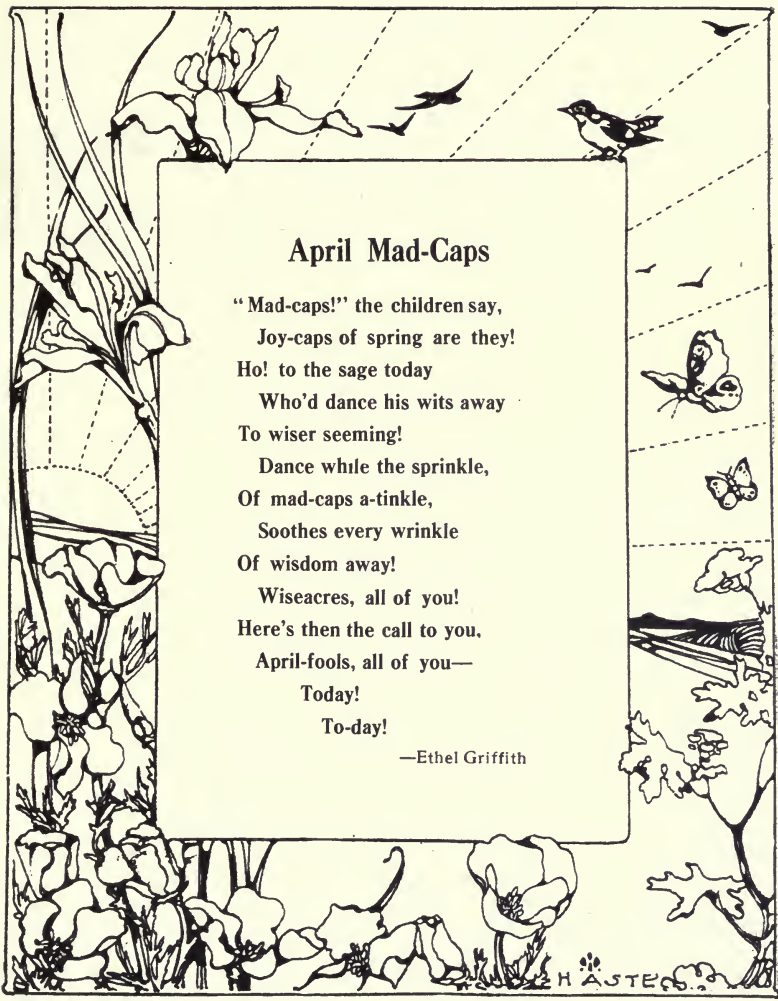
The institution is equipped with a complete machine shop, where all manner of repairing is done on automobiles, and where students may devote as much time to the use of tools and the making of repairs and new parts as they may wish, under a competent foreman's assistance. Here are lathes, drilling machines, shapers, milling machines, grinders, bench tools, etc. Many students therefore enter for the purpose of qualifying themselves



J. W. GRIFFITH, MANAGER OF
HEALD'S AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL.

as repairers as well as chauffeurs. To be a skilled lathe man, or to be an expert in the operation of any and all machines, means a great deal to the young man who intends to follow the automobile work, whether in the garage or in the shop, or as an owner or driver of a car.

And so Heald's Automobile College fits its students to a proper knowledge of the automobile both in the running of it and in an understanding of its construction. Therein is it a most valuable course to be followed by, not alone the chauffeur, but the car-owner as well. In the giving out of trustworthy automobile information, and in the admirable equipping of its students, it fills, to put it tritely, "a long-felt want," and the value of a course in this institute is incalculable.



April Mad-Caps

"Mad-caps!" the children say,
Joy-caps of spring are they!
Ho! to the sage today
Who'd dance his wits away
To wiser seeming!
Dance while the sprinkle,
Of mad-caps a-tinkle,
Soothes every wrinkle
Of wisdom away!
Wiseacres, all of you!
Here's then the call to you,
April-fools, all of you—
Today!
To-day!

—Ethel Griffith

HASTE



MARVELOUS MEXICO—PORTALES AT PUEBLO, MEXICO.

Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.

APRIL, 1909

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A SON'S DEFENSE OF HIS FATHER

**PRESIDENT CABRERA OF GUATEMALA AND
 HIS CAREER**

BY DIEGO ESTRADA CABRERA

SON OF THE PRESIDENT

Guatemala and the Guatemalan situation is, to put it in journalistic parlance, "a live wire." Much has been written and much is being written of political conditions in the resourceful Central American Republic, and all sorts of contradictory reports have been given us through the medium of the daily press of this country. The antagonism to President Cabrera and his policies has been very marked in the statements of several press correspondents, and accusations of misrule and tyranny on the President's part have been given free utterance. Actuated by the ancient principle that there are two sides to every question, I have asked Senor Diego Estrada Cabrera, son of the President of Guatemala, to give to the readers of the Overland Monthly his views of this highly interesting political situation. The following article may therefore be construed as voicing the attitude of the President himself, in that the son, through his intimate connection with the governing powers of Guatemala, speaks from actual and intimate knowledge of his subject. Senor Cabrera's article is unedited, and is given precisely as it came from his pen.

—THE EDITOR.



I WAS FOURTEEN years of age when the bullet of an assassin laid low the then President of Guatemala, General Reyna Barrios. The day of that tragic event, February 8th, 1898, is vividly impressed upon my mind, as well as the several following days, for they were fraught with fears, anxieties and worries as to the fate of my father, who was then First Designate, or Vice-President, of the Republic, and the Constitutional successor to the of-

fice made vacant by the murderer's bullet.

About 7.30 o'clock on the evening of that day I had been sent by my father to deposit two letters addressed to President Barrios in the mail box that hung at the street corners, two short blocks away. It was while on this errand I learned of the tragedy that was being enacted at that very hour. Instead of going to the nearest post box, boylike I wandered on towards the Plaza de Armes, where the activities of the city of Guatemala center. As I neared there my attention was attracted to the excited gesticulations of two officers of the army, and from their conversation

as they hurriedly passed me, I learned that they were anxiously seeking the whereabouts of the Chief of Staff, which were presumed to be at the theatre. Their animated talking and seeming great haste to summon their superior officer aroused a suspicion that something untoward had happened in Government circles. I hastened my steps towards the Plaza, and as I came within a short block of the President's palace, my attention was arrested by the sight of a man carrying a large burden on his shoulder, which was covered by a Spanish cloak. An officer followed the man with the burden, and they both disappeared within the palace.

parted. I presumed upon my acquaintance with the clerk, and inquired of him the cause of the evident excitement when, to my astonishment, he heatedly declared: "The President is killed!" In response to my query as to how he was killed, the young man said: "He was shot." Till that moment I had forgotten all about the letters I was requested by my father to put in the mail box, and then happening to remember they were addressed to President Barrios, caution interposed with fears that possibly, as the President had been killed, I might get into trouble through having the notes in my possession, and I hastily retraced my



A PICTURESQUE RIVER SCENE IN GUATEMALA.

About a second later an officer rushed out from the main entrance of the palace showing great excitement, and as he did so a uniformed official happened by to whom he excitedly addressed himself. Both men came towards where I was standing filled with wonderment at the strange and unusual conduct of those in the public service. As they approached my position on the corner they halted and were joined by a clerk from one of the stores near by and with whom I was acquainted. The three exchanged a few words and then

steps towards home to tell my father of the tragedy and obtain his advice as to the need for mailing the letters.

Then I told my father of what I had heard, and he was incredulous: "What do you mean?" he asked, and I retorted with some degree of composure. "The President is killed." He then took me by the arm into the parlor and asked how I had obtained the news. He seemed very much astonished, but as he stood in thought for a moment, he declared that it could not be possible. He directed me



MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF GUATEMALA.

to return and mail the letters, and to go down to the plaza and learn how such a report, which he discredited, had gained currency. I can interpose here to explain that my father and General Reyna Barrios were of the same school of politics. They were both adherents of the Liberal party, as my father is today. That party in Guatemalan politics stands for the rights of all the people as against special interests and the aggrandizement of the few. In my country politics is a profession, and since attaining his majority my father has successively been elected to, or held positions under, the Government.

Barrios, on becoming President, appointed my father as one of the members of his cabinet — Minister of the Interior. That position he resigned several months prior to the assassination of President Barrios for the reason that the latter had come to favor the Conservatives, and had gradually replaced the Liberal ministers with the leaders of the opposing political faith. My father, though, in spite of this disagreement between them, maintained his cordial and friendly relations, and I know to my personal knowledge—although only a boy at the time, that Barrios held my father's advice and friendship in the highest esteem. The Conservative party in Guatemalan politics is made up of the money power, the wealthy planters and the concessionaires who seek for special advantages to the detriment of the people. As a party it is ever reaching to get

control over or cause the downfall of the man who is popular with the people. Barrios, unfortunately, got himself in the toils of the Conservative leaders. Before then he was undeniably popular, and partially undertook to carry out the reforms he had promised. But he changed his policies and seemed to put himself completely under the spell of his political opponents, who only too readily took advantage of the opportunity to arouse the animosities of the people, and they plotted his down-

fall in every possible way. Barrios appeared to be blind to the false position he had taken, and my father, though still continuing in his friendship for the President, refused to jeopardize his political future by continuing in the cabinet, and therefore resigned. A few months later he was elected First Designate by Congress. To show how Barrios had aroused enmities among his followers, I will cite the Morales revolution. Morales was Secretary of War in the Barrios Cabinet, and was one of the President's most ardent supporters. Morales, moreover, was popular, and had a strong following. Previous to his inclination to-



DIEGO ESTRADA CABRERA, SON OF THE PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA.

towards the conservative element, Barrios had announced Morales as the administration candidate to succeed to the Presidency. His brother-in-law, Fuentes Barrios, was the other candidate. When his political change of heart was wrought, the President listened to the advice of his false supporters, decided to retain the Presidency in his



MONUMENT TO GENERAL MIGUEL GARCIA GRANADOS, EX-PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA.

own hands, and violated the constitution by establishing himself in power as a virtual dictator. Such a procedure naturally provoked Morales and his followers, and to make matters worse, Barrios deposed the former from his position in the cabinet, and appointed him as Chief or Governor of one of the departments or States that adjoins the Mexican border. This was taken in the light of an insult by Morales, who, though he sullenly took his departure for his new position, continued on over the Mexican line, and from there summoned his followers to assemble.

This inaugurated the revolution of 1897 which, though suppressed, had a disastrous effect upon Guatemala, and caused many thousands of its people to go into exile into Mexico. For a time, Morales' march towards the capital was a grand triumph. He successfully laid siege to and caused the surrender of the second

city of importance in the republic, that of Quezaltenango. Morales was a soldier and unversed in the ways of craft and diplomacy, and received with open arms Fuentes Barrios, the brother-in-law of Reyna Barrios, who professed to have as deep a grievance against the President as did his soldier rival for the highest office of the Republic. Upon the taking of Quezaltenango, Fuentes Barrios advised against proceeding further until after their victorious troops had enjoyed a recreation of two weeks in the captured city. Failure to press advantages gained in war is as fatal as such neglect in peaceful pursuits, and the delay gave the Government forces the opportunity to possess themselves of an invulnerable strategic position at Fortonicaparu. When Morales and his army arrived upon the scene en route to the capital, they were virtually ambuscaded. The revolutionists fled and retired with their leader into Mexico. After this, personal plots against the life of the President became numerous. He was beset by assassins at every turn, and my father warned him of several attempts that were planned against his life. To give Barrios the credit that is due him he was not a coward. He ventured about attended by an escort of only two or three officers of his staff, and in view of the many conspirators that had vowed to kill him the wonder is the tragic end did not happen before it did.

Barrios had been invited to a ball to be given at one of the fashionable clubs of the city. It was the design to overpower the Presidential escort and make a prisoner of Barrios, who was to be sent into exile. But this more kindly deposition of the President was forestalled several nights by his assassination.

To return again to the events of the night of February 8th, 1898: I found myself at the Plaza to where I had hurried after receiving my father's injunction to learn of the real conditions. A cordon of police with drawn clubs held back the concourse of people that had gathered before the Palace under the spur of the exciting rumors current. Two carriages which I recognized as belonging to prominent physicians of the city, were on the street before the main entrance. From several bystanders I received confirmation of the re-



MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS, GUATEMALA CITY.

port I had previously heard concerning the assassination of Barrios. I hastily returned home and acquainted my father with what I had heard. Still he doubted the report, but admitted that a friend of our family had called during my absence with the news of the murder of the President, and that he had dispatched him to learn of all the particulars. My father said: "We will wait for him to return, and we shall then go together to the palace." During the interval, my father went to his chamber and dressed himself. Shortly afterward his friend returned and confirmed the truth of what I had already reported. The three of us prepared to repair to the Palace, but before going, my grandmother and mother pleaded with my father not to go. They feared for his safety, and we all realized that the conspirators who had plotted the death of

Barrios were not inclined to view the accession of my father to the Presidency, to which he was constitutionally entitled, with anything but murderous disfavor.

Both mother and grandmother were weeping when we took our departure, and young as I was, I had many misgivings as to what fate had in store for my father. We proceeded without incident to within close proximity of the Palace. The plaza was then crowded with an awe-stricken and partly-excited multitude. A policeman stepped before us and refused to allow us to proceed with my father, who was allowed to enter the palace. It was then about 9:30 in the evening. Having been seen in the company of my father, the police were courteous to both myself and my companion, and for a time we were pre-occupied watching the great crowds of people gather about those already congregated in the plaza.

The frequent rushing of officers to and from the palace added exciting and speculative interest to the situation. After an hour had passed I grew apprehensive as to the cause of the delay of my father, for no word came in assurance of his safety.

And so the long hours went by slowly, and I was in fear and terror. My very anxiety kept me rooted to my vigil, and though a boy, fear and apprehension had banished all suggestion of weariness or hint of sleepiness. What fate had befallen my father? was the thought that constantly ran through my mind and lengthened the hours until they seemed never to have an end. Hour after hour slowly passed by when at last five o'clock came. Then a man emerged from the palace and approached us. I knew him, as he had been in my father's employ. He appeared at that time like an angel from the clouds, and as he bore a message from my father attesting his safety I was overjoyed. The note directed me to go home and allay the fears of the family. I was about to start off on my welcome errand when the bearer of the message requested me to await an escort he would send with me as, under the unsettled conditions, he did not think it advisable for me to proceed alone. He insisted, and the friend who was with me accompanied the messenger back to the Palace as he was requested to do by my father. In a few minutes my escort, who

A SON'S DEFENSE OF HIS FATHER.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GUATEMALA CITY.

was clad in civilian attire, came out of the Palace and we started towards my home. Being weary with the night's vigil of suspense I lagged somewhat behind him and, glancing at his back as we passed an electric light, I noticed a peculiar shiny appearance on part of the back of his coat. I boldly touched the glazed strip with my finger and saw it was blood, and excitedly told him of it. He explained that he had passed along the street where the President had been shot, and a wounded officer, who was on guard at his side, asked him to aid in conveying the supposedly wounded Chief Magistrate of the Republic to the Palace, a block away. The assassin had severely wounded the officer and, when it came to lifting the body, he was unable to help, and the civilian removed his cloak, placed it about the form of the prostrate President, and, bearing it on his shoulder, carried his burden to the Palace.

On reaching home I found that my poor mother and grandmother showed the anxieties they had borne under during the long night of apprehension and fear. They almost screamed out in fear as I entered, but were relieved when I told them of father's message and of the calm that existed among the people. I at once retired to my bed and slept soundly during the day. I awakened for supper, but repaired immediately after to my bed. The other members of the family remained up until quite late, when they were again restored to calmness upon receiving a message from my father announcing his continued welfare and including a request for clothing, which was sent to him. About 11 o'clock that evening I was rudely awakened by my mother, who came to me in

feverish anxiety, declaring she had heard shooting in the direction of the Palace. I rushed in alarm to the window and, as I did, a volley of musketry was fired. This aroused our gravest fears, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that I hastily dressed and prepared to go to the Palace. Grandmother interposed and argued that, being a boy, I could do no good by going on a fruitless journey and advised my staying at home, as there was no man in the family. So I remained and we all sat up waiting for the dawn, beset by the worst fears that imagination and the strain of excitement and anxiety can conjure into form. Finally, at daylight, a messenger came from my father with word that all was well with him and conveying the news that the fusillade of the previous night was occasioned by a quarrel in the street. For several days our anxieties at home continued, as my father was compelled to remain at the Palace directing affairs, and all sorts of rumors were rife of conspiracies against the legitimate Government. In fact, during those few days my father's life was in jeopardy. From the very beginning he took a hold on the helm of the State with a firm hand. He appointed to the important positions of Commanding-General of



A BIT OF LANDSCAPE IN GUATEMALA.

Armies and Mayor del Plaza those whose loyalty to the constitution was unquestioned. The staffs he replaced, and over the various forts and garrisons he appointed commanders who were faithful to the constituted authorities. Too he promptly met emergencies as, on one particular occasion, when a detachment of troops in the commandery of arms, inspired by conspirators, attempted a mutiny. The commandery adjoined the Palace, and the troops there started shooting to arouse excitement and precipitate the proposed *coup d'etat* of a certain Presidential aspirant. My father dispatched one of his staff officers to learn the cause of the disturbance. He did not return, and another

and all other loyalists who stood in the way of the plotters. The mutineers began to scale the wall as planned, but they were taken by surprise when they found themselves confronted by the muzzles of twenty-five rifles. They dispersed in haste, and not a shot was exchanged. The leaders of this plot fled the country, taking with them what money there was in the Commandery safe. Their dupes, to the number of 250, were arrested, but my father ordered their release on the same day.

Only a few of the ring-leaders caught were held prisoners for a longer period, and they were freed under the amnesty granted to all political offenders by my father, and which was extended to all those



TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AMATITLAN, GUATEMALA.

was directed to inquire into the mystery. He, too, failed to report and my father then dispatched his Chief of Staff and another officer to see what was at the bottom of the affair. They returned and told of the mutinous project. My father promptly sent for a company of fifty troops. One-half of this number he placed on guard about the Palace in advantageous positions and the rest were placed so as to command the wall separating the Palace from the Commandery which the mutineers intended to scale and kill Mme. Barrios, the widow of the slain President, my father,

in exile who had been driven there under previous administrations. An attempt to usurp the Presidency was made by a General of the army during the trying times following the assassination of Barrios, but it proved abortive. This General owned a plantation down the Coast and, upon being apprised of the death of the President, he chartered a special train and, with a staff of thirty officers, started towards the capital. The commander of one of the garrisons en route, hearing of the invaders' warlike intentions, sent an armed force to hold the train conveying

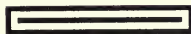
the Presidential aspirant. He then telephoned my father, asking for instructions. The loyal officer was directed to permit the train and its passengers to proceed. Arriving in the capital this General was advised that he and only one-half of the number of officers would be permitted in the Palace, as the accommodations were too cramped to allow of more at that time. This "invasion" called forth ridicule as well as harsher criticism from all classes of people, and there was no rally to the standard of the planter-General. In fact, after being courteously received by my father, the General retired to his plantation professing satisfaction with existing conditions. As soon as decorum permitted my father restored things as they existed under Constitutional conditions.

The schools were also re-opened and, in the March of that year, when the legal term of President Barrios would have expired, my father called an election and, by a unanimous vote, was chosen President for the term of six years ending March, 1905. As President, his aim has been to bring all parties and classes together to work in harmony. The standard of revolution has not been raised against him, which of itself contradicts the reports current to the effect that he is unpopular with his people. Upon the death of Barrios, he was advised to declare himself Dictator, and he had the power to do so, and there would have been much to justify such an act, but he refused absolutely, and is the first President of Guatemala who has not availed himself of this assumption of authority. He has utilized his powers under the laws of the land to rescue the toilers in the coffee plantations from a virtual serfdom and compelled their employers to pay living wages. He has had a tax placed upon coffee to provide revenues to maintain public schools and operate other public works. He came into office with the national railroad to the Atlantic a wreck, and he reconstructed it. This he did in spite of

mighty obstacles and by almost superhuman efforts. As a citation of his energy, my father was engaged in laying the first rail at the capital in the railroad building from the Atlantic, while a foreign foe, inspired by his political enemies, had crossed our boundaries and was engaged in firing its cannons at our flag.

But the railroad was continued without interruption and the invaders routed. Besides, he has built many miles of other railways in his effort to open up the country to settlement. He is now building the Inter-Ocean Railroad that will give us rail intercourse with Salvador and afford the people of that Republic the advantages of a shorter route for their products to Europe and the eastern coast of the United States.

He has ever exercised clemency towards his enemies who have used everything, from dynamite to the less dangerous and much cheaper method of vilification and slander, to belittle and prejudice the people against him. Charges of cruelty have been made in addition, but in no case have they been substantiated, and cannot be, for they are fiction. My father knows what oppression is. His parents suffered under it, and it is not likely that he would adopt the very policy he has so stoutly condemned and so strongly opposed in his earlier political career. All this slander and abuse which has been heaped upon him in foreign journals bears the ear-marks of being press-agened by certain interests which have been opposed by him in their endeavor to obtain special privileges and escape just taxation. His policy is liberal and democratic. Under his administration all receive equal protection, and none are given special advantages. He exercises no authority not bestowed by the constitution, and expects and requires the law to be obeyed. Not only as his son do I assert this, but as a citizen of Guatemala, acquainted with its history and competent to judge between what has been and what now exists.



STAGE GLORY

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

Note the playbill histrionic,
With its feast of joy gluttonic,
So seductively presented, so attractively displayed!
Prating of the play's allurements,
Fairly riddled with assurances
Of the unalloyed enjoyment that has come to those that paid.

Naturally, the one to head it—
Most deserving of the credit—
Is the enterprising magnate who "presents" the dazzling show;
Followed, then, in quick succession
And most dutiful progression
By the capable lieutenants who assist to make it go.

After that it doesn't matter:
You may find in type less fatter
Why, mayhap, the stage director or the bland box-office gent,
With the cast of stars invincible—
From supers to the principal
A scintillating galaxy to shame the firmament!

Then, the scene painter artistic
Who through inspiration mystic
Coaxes forth the lovely canvas mountains, stately thrones, and things;
The composer monumental
Of the music incidental;
And the fellow who makes jewels, crowns, and scepters for the kings.



Here, an extra splurge rhetorical
Denotes affairs historical

Have faithfully been studied at the cost of tireless toil,
In the costumes made by Bluffkins
On designs produced by Guffkins
After sketches made by Pallete and suggestions wired by Hoyle.

Then, the manufactureesses
Of the pates and locks and tresses

Which transform the beardless mummer into monarch or buffoon;
And the gentleman eclectic
Who has charge of things electric,
And directs the moon-like movements of the moon-like, cheese-cloth moon.

E'en the name is set before us
Of the driller of the chorus—

He who versed those dimpled damosels in Terpsichorean lore.
Then, too, maybe there's a mention
That your very kind attention
Is directed to the furniture: "It's all from Sossky's store!"

* * * * *

Far from me 'tis, in detraction,
Here, to dim the satisfaction

Of the pressaged glories of this megaphonic day;
I bespeak but an addition—
Slight, perhaps, though the omission—
For occasionally is forgot the chap who *wrote* the play!





DOROTHY DONNELLY, A TYPE OF THE INTELLECTUAL ACTRESS.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



ADELA VERNE. THE BRILLIANT PIANISTE.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.



LILLIAN RUSSELL, WHO IS APPEARING IN "WILDFIRE" THIS SEASON.
Photo by Falk, N. Y.



ALLA NAZIMOVA, THE DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN ACTRESS.

Photo by Saron y. N. Y.



HENRY E. DIXEY AND "MARY JANE" IN "MARY JANE'S PA."

Photo by White, N. Y.

CAPTURING GERONDO

BY AMOS GEORGE



“HEAD,” remarked Tom, as he threw down the afternoon first page in disgust, “but these insurrectos help out the city editor anyway.”

That started up the whole ladrone business, which was about all that was doing then, and in five minutes we had enough wisdom floating out over the Escolta to run the Philippines, regulate Washington, and adjust the sun in the sky. Seemed like a sinful waste, but that crowd up in Jack’s office evenings had to talk.

Mouser stood it a while, and then he opened up.

“You fellows talk like a phonograph, but you don’t know enough about ladrones to fill a kindergarten. Why, this old decoration and I have seen more insurrectos in a week than the Governor-General ever heard tell of.”

Now, Mouser had been discharged in ’03, and since he had become an engineer on a Government launch, he naturally posed as authority on army subjects. His grammar wouldn’t parse, and he wore a queer-looking watch fob that might have been a girl’s belt buckle once, or something equally fancy.

“Where’d you get that old decoration, Mouser?” Jim asked, trying to head him off.

“That’s another story, and you’ll have to wait till I get back to, God’s country again to hear the other end of that little episode; but, as I was a-saying, it knows more about ladrones than even a Sunday sup. editor.”

Jim rose and bowed to the buckle, and we settled down to make the best of it, for Mouser would have to run down in his own way.

“You see, is was back in ’01 when Cavite and most of Batangas got away

from the civil Government and the military had to wade in and help straighten things up. I was with the regiment down at Catibano, and things were not getting better very fast. Old insurrecto general Villenueva Gerondo wouldn’t come in, and he wouldn’t let anybody else come in either, and the whole country was in commotion. Every trail was a mud ditch or a running creek, and there was nothing doing but kicking and cussing and cards, thanks to the dry canteen. It was dismal enough for a funeral, when one day the orderly struts out and says to me, ‘Corporal Mouser, report to the general,’ and I jumped up as if school was let out at noon and made tracks over to headquarters.

“The old man looked me over and up and down and sideways, and then he said, ‘Sergeant, can you take five men, carry a message cross country to Camp McGrath, and return? Report on state of roads, how many towns burned, and peace conditions generally?’

“Now, I knew a good deal less about the map of Batangas than the moon, having seen a good deal more of the latter, but, of course, I saluted respectful-like and asked when I should start. The General looked me over again and wanted to know if I knew where Camp McGrath was. I said that it was in Batangas, which was about the same as saying it was in the Philippines, but the old man let it go at that, and told me to draw three days’ light rations and start at seven that night.

“I had two signal corps men, one hospital corps man, a cook, and a mestizo interpreter who knew about as much English as I did Spanish, which wasn’t any to speak of. At seven prompt we lit out on that eighty mile hike on the trail to the south and, after five hours of floundering in the mud, the road ended at an old rice camarin. So we turned in and slept like babies, which was well we did,

as it didn't happen again for a while.

"Next morning at daylight we started a-going, and by noon we were somewhere in Cavite, but nobody knew just where. The trail was all gone and the hills rose up to the south and we were a-skirting the open spots. We found a run of water and got out our maps and hunted ourselves up. According to calculations we were twenty-five miles from yesterday, and a mile or so south of us there ought to be a barrioc called Togan. The boys were dead tired, and it was hot as blazes, so we stretched out and the five of them slept for two hours while I considered.

"From Togan there ought to be a road down to the lake, and if we could get a banca across the water, it would make the distance to McGrath only fourteen miles. But Togan was reported burned, and we were supposed to be in the middle of the insurrecto country just about then. It looked peaceful enough there in the shade, but that was the worst of it. It was altogether too quiet, and we hadn't seen a soul all morning. Which was a bad sign.

"Just then I noticed something stir off in the jungle to the east. It might have been a bird or a snake, but I looked hard at it without moving, and a brown arm reached out for something that lay on the ground. Then I knew that we had been followed all morning, were being watched, and might be shot down any minute.

"There was nothing for it but to go ahead and make the best of things, so I awakened the boys and looked at the map again. It wasn't very illuminating, and the little mestizo was too scared to know anything. 'Let's catch that fellow and talk to him,' I said. The boys balked on that, but I called out, 'Ben aqui, Amigo!' The amigo, however, didn't appear. But Juan got up courage and sang out some sort of lingo, and finally the fellow answered. Then they pow-wowed back and forth a while.

"'He says he will come in if you will give him a gun and some chow,' said Jaun. 'All right,' says I, 'come along.' Well, when he appeared, he was about the sorriest looking sight I ever saw. Nothing but rags and bones. Well, we gave him something to eat, and then I sized him up, and told him I was the Grande General of the United States Army and that I

would make him one of my captains if he would come along. When he got filled up on about half of our rations he agreed, and we took him along. He said that Gerondo was five miles west of Togan and had a big headquarters there, which I didn't believe a bit, but I let on that I did to see what would follow.

"Well, we found Togan about 5 o'clock, all burned down but one house, and we discovered a road that the hombre said ran down to the lake opposite Ambalong. And when we started down that road, our convert candidate for a captaincy balked and insisted that Gerondo was the other way, which might mean that he was and had men enough to handle us, and which might mean that he was not and did not want to see us.

"Judging from the used-up look of the country I concluded that Gerondo was all in and that this was not his day at home. So I told the boys to come along down the lake road. Well, it was a sorry-looking country. Bare rice fields, and broken cane, and burned houses, with only a few people in sight and those about starved out. It was dark by this time, and as there was no way of telling what we were getting into, we camped, and I told Juan to slip out and see if he could learn anything about the road and the people. He came back two hours later and said that Gerondo's headquarters were half a mile further on, and that he had only a dozen starved men with him.

"It looked like our game, so I gave orders to proceed. But our convert had been looking hard at my shoulders all the time, and finally he mumbled something to Juan that made him look bothered.

"'What's the matter?' I wanted to know.

"'Nothing, General; nothing,' said Juan.

"'Nothing be hanged; what's it about?' I said, and I pulled my revolver when I said it.

"'The man says that if you are a great general, where are the stars on your collar?'

"'Gosh,' I said; but I kept my face straight, and announced that I had shoulder straps to burn, and then I remembered this old buckle that I have never left behind me since I came away from—

well, no matter now. Anyway, I whipped it out and flashed it in the eyes of the recruit, and you should have seen him simmer down. I pinned it on and we proceeded, and, after careful trailing through the bannans, we picked up a sentinel sound asleep in the path. We fixed him quiet and nice and walked right into sight of camp without disturbing any one. Then I sent Juan in to tell them that the great commander-in-chief of the army of the United States had come to honor Gerondo with a visit and to make favorable terms of peace with him; that I had ten companies of soldiers scattered along within easy hailing distance and had advanced with only my body-guard to meet his honor.

"It was a beautiful story and it worked to perfection, for Juan brought back six hard-looking customers and they took us to the best house in the place. Then there came in a villainous-looking specimen covered with bolos and beet-juice, and we all sat down. Juan did the talking and I looked wise and made suggestions.

"Really, it was all so easy that I could hardly keep my face straight, and was busy scheming how to get the old villain over to McGrath. He knew more than the tao that the best we had to offer was a captain's bars, so that authority game wouldn't work, but finally I worked him up to a proposition to accompany us down to the lake in the morning for a conference with one of my brother generals, when we would arrange the terms of peace and his reward for coming in. Then we took turn about, doing a little sleeping, and by daylight we were on the road.

"I noticed, though, that nearly everybody else in the country was on the road, too, and that they were all armed, and when we got a half mile down the road things began to look suspicious. The naked gugus kept closing in on us, and finally they got across the trail ahead, so we had to stop. One of them came up and said something to Juan, who said that they would not allow us to go any further by order of old Gerondo himself. The rascal stood there and never said a word, but it was evident that he knew what was going on. Well, it looked about as bad as could be, and I saw that the time had come for action. I drew my revolver and

patted my buckle, and made them a great speech through Juan. Then they drew back a little. After a lot of fuss they agreed to let us go as far as the lake to meet my friend the great general, and we set off once more. The natives dropped back a little and, as soon as we got out of sight, we lit out at a pace that made old Gerondo open his eyes and grunt.

"I figured that if ever we could get out of gunshot on that lake we would be O. K. But if we found no bancas, or if that crowd kept up with us, it would be the end of the expedition then and there. Well, we got to the lake about ten o'clock, found a good trail to the south, and a half mile down there were three bancas with four natives in them sound asleep. It took just ten seconds to dump them out, jump in, and shove off and paddle for dear life to get to deep water, while one of the dispossessed tenants set up a yell that would have waked the dead. And it very nearly did, for, before we got three hundred yards off, out came the whole crowd that we had left behind, and they were madder than hornets. A few bullets and some arrows came after us, but we were soon out of range. Then they set off down the lake and I figured that there were more boats along that way.

When we finally got across we were about used up, but there was no rest for the weary there, so we held up a little native house and got some hot boiled rice and drank some coffee that our cook made. After which we hit the trail again. My feet were blistered, and one of the signal corps men had lost his hat, which is about as bad as can be, but we kept on going. Batangas is a thickly populated country, you know, but it was peaceful and nobody paid much attention to us.

"I noticed, though, that when we got out on the lake old Gerondo began to get mighty uneasy. I allowed he was under conviction for his sins or something like that, and when we got to land again we had to tie him between two of the boys to keep him a-coming. We had taken all of his bolos and traps off him, and, when I got a good look at him unarmed, he was really about the orneriest looking cuss I ever laid eyes on anywhere. However he got to be a general of anything I couldn't make out nohow.

"About nine o'clock that night we dragged into McGrath, the worst used-up aggregation of bravery that ever came in from a hike. I asked to see the commander of the post, saying I had important communications from General Bates, and, after a bit, they escorted me into his office and I saluted and presented my letters. When he read them through, I saluted again, and said, 'General, I have crossed the country and beg leave to present General Gerondo, chief of the insurrection.' I said it sort of careless like, but I wouldn't have traded places with Taft just then.

"The Devil you have!" shouted the General. "Where is he?"

"They brought the old scamp in, and the minute the General's eyes fell on him, his face lit up like he'd seen an old friend or a ghost or something—I couldn't tell just what. Then he broke loose with as fine a flow of language as I've ever heard.

"Where in thunder did you get that

fellow?" he snorted.

"What in time did you call him?" he roared. "Gerondo, is it? Why, that's my muchacho that ran away with my good watch three weeks ago. Gerondo!" he yelled again, and then he turned to me, and I thought it was the guard house sure. But when he looked us all over, he concluded that it was not a put up job on our parts anyway, and sent us off to quarters. And I guess that's about all."

"But, Mouser," broke in Jim, "how in thunder did you get fooled that way? Why, wasn't he Gerondo?"

"Because Gerondo was thirty miles away from Togan, and the natives there put up this fellow to get us out of the country. He expected to get away from us without going back to McGrath, and they picked him out because he knew some English, though we didn't find it out till afterward. The week after we went back by lake boat to Manila."

"I'll be darned," groaned Jim.



THE WAR BALLOONS

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

The scouting eagles of the war,
That skirmish far and free,
They skulk among the driving clouds—
The doom of plain and sea;
Scorn of the chivalrous and brave
That stand to shot and shell,
The cataracts of menelite,
The drifting threats of hell!

Dim in the marvel of their height,
They stalk the unmapped skies,
Choosing the squatted camps of death
With calm and steady eyes—
The heartless dragons of the night,
The cowards of the day,
Outvulturing the birds that pick
The carcasses they slay!

Scorn of the battle-belted ships
That fight their brother's fair,
They leave their ambush in the clouds
To lay the foeman bare—
The eagles with the buzzard hearts
That shun the roar and yell
Of quivering guns and charging men
To drop the threats of hell!

The cruel thunderbolts of fraud,
They scout the cannoned hill,
The bubbles of a dragon's breath
That calls on death at will—
The vultures of the clouds that choose
The slaughter of the night,
The curse of all the fallen brave
That welter in the fight!

Doom of the battle-belted ships
That risk the foam and flare,
These are the cravens of the clouds
That will not battle fair—
The bubbles from the throat of war
That choke with shot and shell,
The cataracts of doom and death,
The driven threats of hell!



THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI.

BY JOHN L. COWAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



FORTY-FIVE MILES south of Gallup, the nearest railroad station on the Santa Fe route, is Zuni, the largest of all Pueblo Indian towns, with a population estimated

at between 1600 and 2000, and the sole modern representative of the famous seven cities of Cibola, the search for which formed one of the most romantic and interesting episodes in the history of the Southwest.

With the exception of the lofty mesa towns of Acoma and pueblos of the Hopis, Zuni is, perhaps, the most interesting of all Indian communities of the Southwest. It is close enough to one of the great transcontinental routes of travel to make it sufficiently easy of access, and yet far enough from the beaten paths to insure for years to come the preservation of its ancient ways and customs. On account of its distance from a white settlement Zuni is not often visited by the inquisitive tourist, excepting in September, at the time of the famous Shalako ceremonial

dance, and so these strange people live much the same lives to-day that their ancestors lived centuries ago.

Zuni is built upon a slight elevation in the almost level plain, the buildings so closely simulating the color of the surrounding semi-desert that from a distance there is hardly a suspicion of approach to the populous community that exists. A closer view shows that a low, gently sloping pyramid is composed of a number of closely associated buildings of stone and adobe, constructed in the terraced form characteristic of ancient pueblo architecture. The oldest buildings are those forming the southern portion of the town, and these rise to a height of five stories. Those at the northern side of the village are but one and two stories high. These are of recent construction, and have been built by Mexicans who have married Zuni women.

The Pueblo Indians have been idealized to such an extent by writers that a visit to this largest of their villages gives one, to express it mildly, a distinct shock, and one cannot part with illusions without a pang. The infrequent courts and alleys

are so narrow that two loaded burros can hardly pass, and so crooked that the free circulation of fresh air is impossible. Consequently, the atmosphere of the streets is stifling, offensive, and permeated with an amazing variety of evil odors. Through the streets and in the houses swarm a promiscuous agglomeration of children, dogs, pigs, geese, chickens, and burros, all apparently on terms of perfect good-fellowship and friendly feeling. Surrounding the village is a high rampart, builded of the accumulated garbage and refuse of generations. In this the pigs and children root and burrow, keeping it thoroughly stirred, so that its multitudinous offensive odors never subside.

The interior of a Zuni house is in perfect keeping with the unpromising exterior. In one side of the large living room are the mealing bins, in which slatternly girls or women grind corn for the use of the household. Close by is an open fireplace in which burns a smoldering fire, topped by a flat stone or piece of sheet iron. In a shallow earthen vessel the corn meal is stirred into a thin batter, and into this mixture one of the women dips a hand and adroitly spreads a thin layer with her bare palm upon the hot stone or iron. The product of this process is *piki*, or paper bread, of a purplish or yellowish color, like the corn from which the meal

is made, and as thin as a sheet of paper. Outside the houses are huge adobe ovens, resembling those built by the Mexicans, in which more substantial appearing corn bread is baked. Sometimes the flat stone or sheet-iron is removed to make room for an earthen or iron pot in which is prepared a savory stew of young puppy, prairie dog, or jack-rabbit. It is even claimed that when other animal food is scarce, the Zunis do not despise a soup made at the sacrifice of one or more of the scrawny cats that prowl about the village.

Drying in the sun outside the dwellings, or hanging from the ceilings within, are great quantities of goat meat. Long strings of chili, or red peppers, adorn the walls; and huge earthen vessels are filled with dried peaches, squash, beans and shelled corn, ready for use when needed. Everything is black with smoke, or brown with dust, and swarming with flies.

Just at the southern edge of the village is a wide, shallow pool of muddy water, formed by a sluggish stream that flows intermittently from the distant Zuni mountains. This is the village bathing place, in which both sexes and all ages disport themselves, not so much for the sake of cleanliness, as to secure a measure of relief from the persecutions of vermin, and from the too-ardent heat of the mid-



INDIAN TRADING STORE HALF WAY FROM GALLUP.



THE OLD MISSION.

summer sun.

No doubt it is owing to the filth of Zuni, and to the utter neglect of the most obvious and elementary principles of sanitation, that the population remains practically stationary, in spite of an amazing birth rate. To the same cause must be attributed the periodic ravages of epidemic diseases, such as small-pox and

diphtheria, and the terrible spread of consumption. It is a melancholy fact that there was never a case of consumption known among the Zunis until this scourge of civilization was introduced by way of the Government schools. Whenever a case is discovered among the school children the diseased child is sent home in order to prevent the spread of the germs



AN EXAMPLE OF ZUNI ARCHITECTURE.



ZUNI WOMEN GRINDING MEAL.

among the healthy children. The inevitable effect of this policy upon the health of the inhabitants of the village seems never to have been considered by the wise men of the Indian Service. One Gallup liveryman is authority for the statement that he has hauled as many as fifty Zuni children home to die of consumption contracted in the Government schools in a single month, and that the average num-

ber is not less than twenty-five monthly throughout the school term. The close confinement of schoolroom and dormitory, and the complete change in diet and manner of life, render the Indian school-children easy preys to the germs of tuberculosis. After they have contracted the disease they are sent post-haste to their homes, to spread it among their relatives and companions. The illy-ventilated, stifling



"THE CENTER OF THE EARTH."

rookeries in which the people are huddled, their filthy and squalid habits, and their ignorance and neglect of all sanitary precautions and safeguards, all contribute to the multiplication and dissemination of the germs. And so consumption is killing the Zunis off like flies. Its first introduction among them, and the frightful rapidity with which it is spreading, can be attributed to no other cause than the feverish haste to "civilize" them. The old problem of making a round peg fit a square hole is still beset with difficulties.

Realizing that humanity demands that some effort be made to save the Zunis, the Government has just completed the great Blackrock reservoir, at a cost of \$263,000. When full, the dam will have a surface area of 640 acres and an average depth of 35 feet, impounding sufficient water to irrigate enough land to give to each head of a family in the village a fair-sized farm. Work on the ditch system is progressing rapidly, and, as soon as it is completed, an effort will be made to persuade the Zunis to abandon their ancient rookery, accept individual allotments of land, and build for themselves isolated farm houses. If they can be persuaded to scatter out, it is believed that the further

spread of tuberculosis can be checked, and that the recurrence of epidemics will be prevented. However, there is no more conservative human being alive than the average Zuni, and it will take more than mere persuasion, and the bait of free water for irrigation purposes, to induce him to abandon the communal house of his ancestors for an isolated habitation on the plains.

About two miles east of Zuni is a precipitous, flat-topped mesa, rising to a height of 1,100 feet above the level of the plain, with an area of five or six square miles. This is Toyalone, or Thunder Mountain, upon the summit of which is the shrine of the War God. In 1549 and again in 1680, the entire population of the Zuni communities retreated before the advancing Spaniards, and took refuge upon Toyalone. The summit is reached only by two steep and narrow trails, which a handful of men might easily defend against an army. For twelve years, from 1680 to 1692, the Zunis remained upon Toyalone, successfully resisting every attempt to dislodge them, until at last the Spaniards made peace upon terms favorable to the Indians. The ruins of the homes built upon Thunder Mountain at



ZUNI WOMAN BAKING BREAD.



HOUSE BUILT AT ZUNI BY FRANK CUSHING.

this time still form a wonderful object of interest to the sight-seer. Never since the American occupation have the Zunis gone upon the war path, but the shrine of their War God is still their holy of holies, and at stated occasions each year every inhabitant of the village, able to traverse the vertiginous trails, laboriously climbs to the top to participate in the appropriate ceremonies. The shrine itself consists of nothing but a few stones and some elaborately carved pieces of wood. Around these are arranged numerous prayer sticks and offerings of shell beads. Surrounding the base of the mesa are the peach orchards, first planted under the direction of the early missionaries. The fruit is small, but finely flavored, and is grown in great quantities.

In the center of the village is the ruins of the old mission church, built by the Franciscan missionaries about three hundred years ago. It has long since been dismantled and abandoned, and nothing but the gray walls remain. For the Zunis long ago forgot the message of the padres and have relapsed into their aboriginal paganism. They regard the old church with superstitious fear, so that neither money, nor threats, nor persuasion will induce a single inhabitant of the village to enter it.

Just across the sluggish stream that skirts the village on the south is a long, low, stone building, now occupied by an Indian trader as a store and residence. It is the house built by Frank Cushing when he went to live among the Zunis for the purpose of studying their language, re-

ligion, and customs in the interest of science. He became to all intents, and purposes an Indian himself, gained the confidence and affection of the people, and penetrated farther than any other white man has ever succeeded in doing into the arcana of the Zuni heart.

Perhaps two hundred yards south of the old house built by Frank Cushing is a squat, oven-like structure built of flat stones. In the belief of the Zunis, this marks the exact geographical center of the earth, which they conceive of as flat and shaped like a pancake. Some of the ceremonial dances, for the propitiation of the nature-gods, are performed around this spot. In the interior are several small earthen vessels with feather-tufted prayer sticks—for the Zunis do not "say" their prayers, but make them.

While agriculture is the chief industry of the Zunis, they also raise considerable numbers of sheep and goats. They weave a limited amount of woolen cloth, from which some of the garments of the women are made, as well as belts and ceremonial robes. In the making of pottery they are excelled only by the Isletas and Hopis. Some of the men are expert silversmiths, manufacturing bracelets, beads, saddle and bridle ornaments, and similar articles for barter with other tribes, or for sale to tourists. Strand necklaces of shell and turquoise are made in quantities for sale to the reservation traders or to the dealers in Gallup. Here the Zuni stops commercially, for, like many of his white brothers, he is possessed of the "artistic temperament."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE LAST MATCH

BY WILL SCARLET



OW DON'T assume that a match has no psychology, for it has. Even under the awful penalty of being branded nature faker. I insist that the familiar bits of wood and sulphur with which we light fires and pipes and gas jets and sometimes shape into delectable toothpicks are more than matter; they are mind. Experience with all sorts and conditions of matches teaches me that the average match is more capricious than a woman, more unreasonable than a chauffeur, more self-important than a special policeman, and more provoking than the yellowest, mangiest, mongrel that ever crawled.

And the most human—or rather the most inhuman—of all matches is the Last Match. Here you are, safely and comfortably ensconced in your Morris chair after your day's work and your evening's well-cooked dinner, a big black perfecto between your teeth, and your favorite volume—is it Montaigne or Marie Corelli?—in your hand. The room is delightfully warm, thanks to that fire of soft coal in yonder grate, and singularly reposeful; your lamp, with its green shade and bronze finishings, is burning just right; your cushions are arranged admirably, and your feet stretched out and crossed in slippared ease. You are in the seventh heaven of contentment, physical, intellectual, spiritual; there is nothing lacking to fill to overflowing the golden cup of your happiness.

Oh, yes, there is. Your perfecto is not lighted. You want a match. Now, you don't keep matches in the pocket of your smoking jacket—what man ever does?—and you know that your silver-mounted match-box is in the back pocket of your

trousers—but not the trousers you are wearing. Your kingdom for a match! Across the room on the mantel yonder you spy a small bluish pasteboard box—your parlor matches. But must you really draw in those snugly crossed feet and bend those delightfully relaxed knee joints and detach your poor, weary, lazy back from the warm, soft cushion and walk all the way across the room to get a light? You certainly must; so you swear a prayer or two and capture the pasteboard box.

A sigh of contentment, of relief, of victory escapes you as you sink again into the Morris chair and stretch out your slippared feet once more. Your teeth take a fresh grip on the perfecto, and your nostrils expand in an ecstasy of anticipation. Leisurely you slide open the pasteboard box, your fingers grope about within it; you look, and find—the Last Match!

Right here the psychology of the Last Match becomes a definite, tangible fact. The Last Match is there. If it were not a thing of more than human intelligence it wouldn't be there. According to all the laws of nature and of man, it should have been burned long ago. The pasteboard box was never made to contain but one match, the Last Match. But you cannot get away from the facts.

You hold the last match close to your eyes and examine it with dismal forebodings. Your reasoning faculty tells you that there must be something wrong about the Last Match—otherwise it wouldn't be the Last Match. That it is the Last Match is due to the operation of the law of the survival of the unfittest. Another proof of the reality of its psychology; you are invariably suspicious of the Last Match.

But the Last Match seems all right. Its red tam-o'-shanter is a bit to one side—the psychology of the Last Match, you see, has at least one feminine trait—and

the paraffine is rather thin in places, and the soft wood is slightly chipped. But those little things do not matter; at least they should not matter, and they would not matter were this any match but the Last Match.

However, you determine to take no chances. You hold the paste-board box rigidly in your left hand and grasp the Last Match firmly but plially in your right. A long-drawn breath and you scrape the red tam-o'-shanter across the bit of sandpaper on the side of the box. The Last Match coughs and expectorates, but does not burst into flame; and you get slightly excited.

Here is another proof of the reality of the psychology of the Last Match drawn from a fact in your own psychology. You never, rightly speaking, get excited at things purely material. No, the state of mind into which you were plunged when you kicked that plug hat with a brick under it on last April fool's day is not a proof to the contrary. The things you said to that plug hat were all intended for the man that made it and the man that sold it and the man that wore it, and the unmitigated little imp that put the brick under it; they were not intended for the plug hat. But now, when you say things—and you probably do—to the Last Match, you have the aforesaid Last Match solely in mind. You call it names, you condemn it to eternal perdition; and by the very fact you admit its psychology. The admission is uncontradictable.

Now come half a dozen quick, desperate scratches of the Last Match across the sandpaper. You know now that the Last Match is no good and never was any good and never will be any good, and you keep on rubbing its red tam-o'-shanter off just because you want to see it suffer. That the Last Match possesses a distinct personality has by this time become to you a self-evident fact. You fling the pasteboard box away, and are about to bury the Last Match deep in your ash-tray, when—won-

der of wonders!—you perceive that the perverse thing is alight!

Yes, merely to convict you of rash judgment, the Last Match has burst into flame. It is not much of a flame, just a pale, bluish, sickly sort of pyrotechnic display; but ye gods and little fishes! 'tis a flame. You sit forward, take a fresh bite on your perfecto—for by this time you have chewed a third of it into ribbons—and shelter with your protecting fingers the sputtering speck of Promethean fire.

And now, if never before, you get a fairly adequate conception of the diabolical perverseness of the Last Match. It flares up grandly, and you smile; it sinks into an almost imperceptible bead of blue, and you frown; it sputters in tantalizing uncertainty, and you suffer the pangs of martyrdom. The flame persists in balking at certain sections of the wax, and consumes the wood in absurdly uneven fashion. And you dare not draw it to the cigar nor draw the cigar to it. Oh, the indescribable suspense and torture of it all! I cannot understand how any man who smokes can profess to deny the existence of a personal devil.

But now, at length, the Last Match flares up into a steady, even, spreading flame. Slowly and tortuously you bend your head and simultaneously pull the rapidly vanishing bit of wood toward you in spasmodic jerks. Only two inches more! At last! The flame is prematurely dying, but it is still a flame. Ah! It has come in contact with the end of your perfecto, and your intake of breath brings the delightful taste and fragrance of the tobacco. One puff more and your happiness is secure. Now, to spread the flame evenly and draw long and firmly—

Hades! The Last Match has gone out. And all it has given you is a racking of nerve and spirit, ten minutes of exquisite torture, and a whiff of tobacco it would not suffer you to enjoy. Incidentally, it has given you an insight into the psychology of the Last Match.



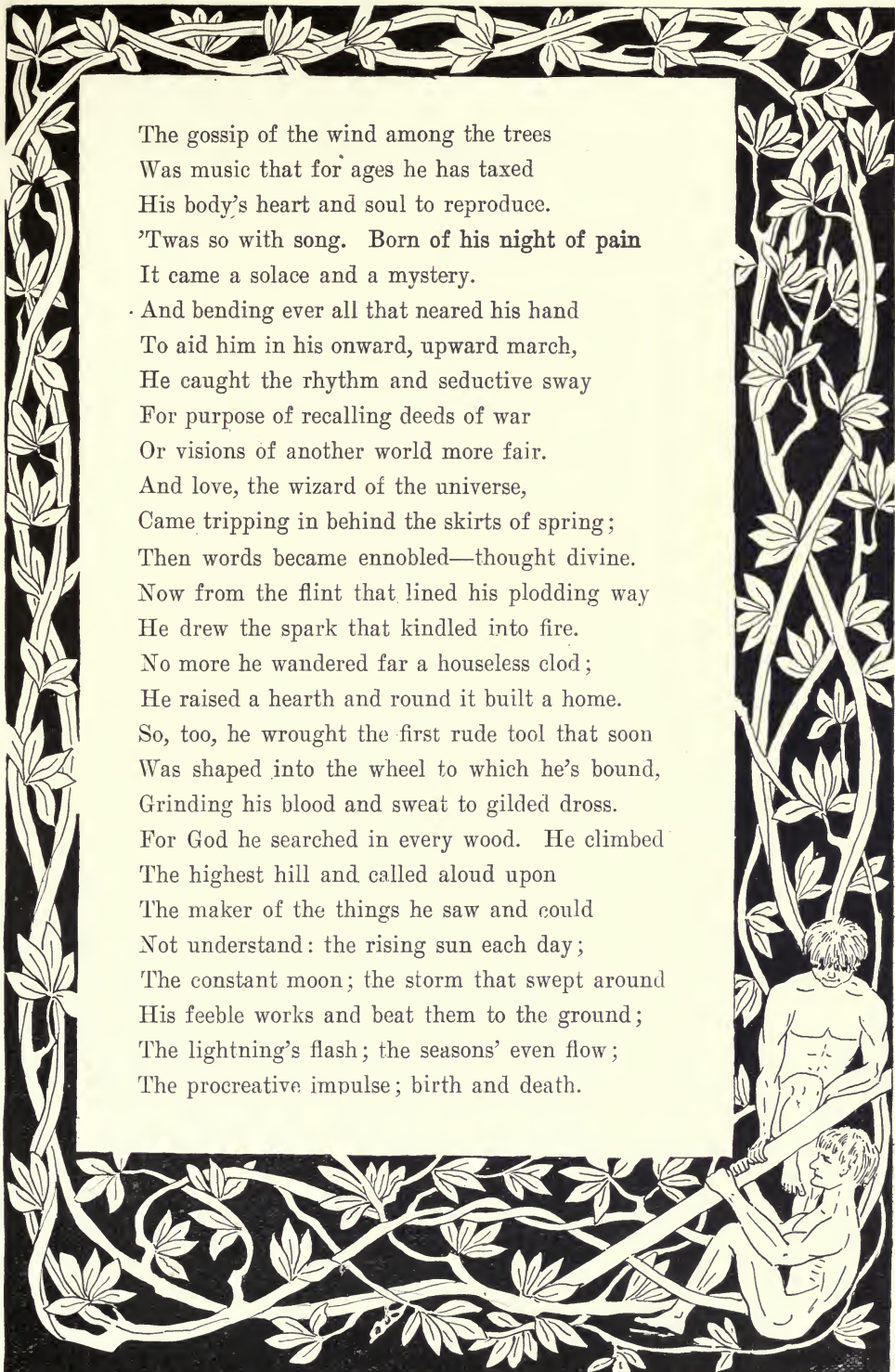
The Builder

by Joseph Noel

Gloom gripped the sodden earth when he was born;
The west wind sobbed among the budding trees
And drowned the whimpering of this new-made man,
Within whose rudimentary brain there lurked
The hopes and yearnings of the human race.
The savage breast whereon he laid his head
Was calm as if of nascent love possessed
In place of burning passion strong and crude
As her own compact body, now supine,
Devoid of grace or charm, upon the ground
Which served as bed for her and all the horde
That moved unwitting over mead and stream.

When group had come to push the horde aside
He welded those dread nomads of the wastes
Into the unit of that distant day
And bore the burden of the onward step
Without complaint. The task to walk upright
Was his. So, too, the task to learn to laugh
And drive the sullen, dread primeval gloom
From out the lives of those who huddled close
Through frozen day and night begirt with fear.
He first conceived there was a right, a wrong;
Space he encompassed with a thought supreme;
His cognizance of Time came with the morn;
He caught a hint of beauty in the sky;
The fair young dawn fell on him like a swoon.

The gossip of the wind among the trees
Was music that for ages he has taxed
His body's heart and soul to reproduce.
'Twas so with song. Born of his night of pain
It came a solace and a mystery.
And bending ever all that neared his hand
To aid him in his onward, upward march,
He caught the rhythm and seductive sway
For purpose of recalling deeds of war
Or visions of another world more fair.
And love, the wizard of the universe,
Came tripping in behind the skirts of spring;
Then words became ennobled—thought divine.
Now from the flint that lined his plodding way
He drew the spark that kindled into fire.
No more he wandered far a houseless clod;
He raised a hearth and round it built a home.
So, too, he wrought the first rude tool that soon
Was shaped into the wheel to which he's bound,
Grinding his blood and sweat to gilded dross.
For God he searched in every wood. He climbed
The highest hill and called aloud upon
The maker of the things he saw and could
Not understand: the rising sun each day;
The constant moon; the storm that swept around
His feeble works and beat them to the ground;
The lightning's flash; the seasons' even flow;
The procreative impulse; birth and death.



ROYALTY OF THE NILE

BY LILLIAN MAY TROY



“NONSENSE,” laughed dainty little Mrs. Lovering-Brooks, as her gaze wandered lazily over the blue Mediterranean from the hotel porch. “I am only a ‘fill-in,’ you

know— Simply a necessary accommodation to these rich Americans.”

“My dear,” expostulated her companion, “don’t say that! But I must confess I am surprised to see you here in Gibraltar—”

“Of course,” interrupted Mrs. Lovering-Brooks, “you, like every one else, supposed I was eating my heart out in England—trying to make ends meet on my munificent alimony. Well, I’m not!”

“Come, dear, come! Every one knows he hasn’t given you a penny since the divorce, and you’re too proud to press for your rights. How in the world do you manage?” her friend asked wonderingly.

“I don’t manage, Henrietta! I just—just—” and pretty little Mrs. Lovering-Brooks’ blue eyes filled with angry tears.

“You darling! You dear girl!” her friend said sympathetically. “Do tell me all about everything—these people you are with, and every single bit of it.”

“There isn’t much to tell,” Mrs. Lovering-Brooks answered abstractedly. “Indeed, there isn’t, dear. As you say, he hasn’t paid the alimony since the trouble a year ago. I’ve sold everything worth selling, and when there was nothing left, I just—well, I was a guest at Hilda Rathbone’s for a month. Then I reluctantly accepted an invitation to eat Johnnie Blair’s mother’s salt for the next month, and then—now, Henrietta, do spare me the torture of seeing your agony, turn your face away while I say it—I schemed and fished for a fortnight’s visit at that awful Mrs. Hutton’s—”

“Heavens!” screamed Mrs. Morrison in consternation, “you don’t mean—”

“Yes, I do!” interrupted Mrs. Lovering-Brooks defiantly. “Those odious people, if you will—but beggars can’t be choosers, and I should like to know what you would call me, if not a beggar.”

“But, my dear Emily,” said her friend in surprise, “there’s Johnnie Blair? He has been crazy about you ever since you were a school girl.”

“Yes, I know,” Emily answered, looking into her friend’s kindly eyes, “I know. Once I married for money, because I was young and irresponsible, and was cozened into it. I never will make the same mistake again. At five and twenty it is not too late to dream of love, and Henrietta, if I ever marry again, I shall marry for love. Neither poverty nor trouble can force me into a loveless marriage,” she finished softly.

“Why, Emily, you must be ill!” her friend said impatiently, the while looking anxiously into the flushed face of her companion. “You talk like a silly child. Marry for love!” disgustedly. “I didn’t marry for love, and I’m as happy as I ever expect to be, and that’s more than I would be if I hadn’t been practical and had let nonsensical sentimentality enter into my matrimonial considerations.”

“Henrietta, Henrietta,” smiled Emily, wearily, “how like you! Even at school you were the same. I loved the birds because they sang and seemed to have the bright freedom I longed for, and you loved them because they made such excellent pie.”

“Well, you will at least admit that the pie *was* good,” her companion answered, imperturbably. “But this isn’t telling me how you came to be here.”

Mrs. Lovering-Brooks drew her chair nearer to her friend’s and settled back, languidly swaying her fan in a small white hand, as she watched the throng of

Turks, Egyptians, Moors, Copts, Arabs, Europeans and a goodly sprinkling of the various tribes of the Soudan passing in the street below. Presently her gaze wandered to the blue sea again, and with a fluttering little sigh she turned to her companion and laughed musically.

"I know you're consumed with curiosity, dear, so I had better make an absolute confession, for that practical, logical mind of yours would find it all out, anyway."

Her friend nodded acquiescently.

"When the end of my fortnight's visit at the Hutton's drew near, I was as desperate as I have ever been. Indeed, I don't think I shall ever quite despise the woman who sponges as I used to—her trials are too many. As the time for my departure approached, I cast about for some straw to cling to. As you know, one wouldn't meet any of our set at the Huttons', so there were no future prospects of being a guest at some house for even a week. One day—the day before I was to leave—the Huttons entertained these Americans, the Edgertons. The father is quite nice, a Congressman, I believe, and the daughter is an unusually well-educated and beautiful young girl. The mother is—she is hard to describe—one of those loud voiced, uneducated women who fancy their wealth should open all doors regardless of their own lack of qualifications. I gathered that a winter in Washington disilluminated her ideas of her own importance somewhat, and she fancied a tour over here would make her path smoother for another year. As she confided in me, 'she didn't know nobody,' and she came to Europe ostensibly to meet some of the nobility and cultivate a circle of acquaintances with whom she could balance her social aspirations at Washington. She admitted she had a penchant for 'picturesque foreigners,' and would like to import a few to Washington as drawing cards for the coming winter.

"Now, Henrietta, don't look so dumb-founded, or I'll stop right here!"

"No, no," cried Mrs. Morrison in alarm. "Go on, go on—I'm not shocked. I'm only astonished at your resourcefulness—it's admirable. I shouldn't have expected anything so sensible of you, dear! I really shouldn't have expected it!"

Mrs. Lovering-Brooks scrutinized her friend suspiciously.

"You needn't look at me in that way, Emily. I mean it—you really have improved."

"You seem to have surmised what I am going to say——"

"Certainly, dear," Mrs. Morrison interrupted, regarding Mrs. Lovering-Brooks' pouting lips and childish blue eyes approvingly. "Certainly. You have adopted a profession. You will introduce to society, and gently boost onto the slippery rungs of the social ladder, aspirants who otherwise would have to remain at the base; or else enlist the sympathies of other professional introducers such as Lady Dolly, and all of this for a consideration——"

"Don't!" entreated Emily, in distress. "Don't compare me to Lady Dolly, please. I'm not a professional booster——"

"Only a very clever amateur, perhaps," laughed Mrs. Morrison.

"No, it isn't that, either," said Mrs. Lovering-Brooks crossly. "If you won't interrupt, I'll endeavor to explain. You see, dear," blushing a little, "I didn't know quite what to do, so when Mrs. Edgerton asked me if I knew many people, I knew she had some idea in her head."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Morrison, calmly.

"The mother wanted to remain in London, and the father and the girl wanted to do the Nile. Mrs. Edgerton would have had her way, but the girl was dancing a little too much with a young lieutenant in the Guards, so her mother decided overnight that they should start the following day for Cairo. The girl didn't seem quite so keen on the trip when the time came to leave. Mrs. Edgerton asked me if I knew any 'shreeks,' and said she saw one in Pittsburg and he was 'awful picturesque.' I told her I didn't know any 'shreeks,' but that there were plenty of princes of the blood in Egypt, and that it was the simplest thing in the world to meet them. She wanted to know how simple, and I told her she need only take letters from half a dozen titled people, a few ambassadors and possibly the Princess Royal, and she would have no difficulty in meeting and being entertained by any number of picturesque royal Egypt-

tians. She looked at me for a full minute, but I'm sure there was no occasion to be perturbed, and I wasn't."

"Oh, you—you——!" gasped Mrs. Morrison, convulsedly. "You are not such a little simpleton after all!"

"Mrs. Edgerton asked me if I thought I should meet any Egyptian royalty if I went to Europe," continued Emily, "and I appeared to be surprised, and told her I wouldn't think for an instant of such a jaunt unless I *knew* I should meet at least half a dozen!"

"I knew by the way she pressed her lips together, and by the glitter of her eyes, that she was not turning over any plan in her mind, but that her determination was firmly fixed, and if the Sphinx toppled over on her, it wouldn't knock a certain idea out of her head. She was very nice to me after that, and at eleven o'clock that night she came into my room with the suggestion I had been lying awake wondering if she would propose."

"By midnight, we had decided to embark for the land of the sinuous Nile on the morrow, and I was to be a guest. Henrietta, I had the most peaceful sleep that night that I had had for two months!"

"I'm sure of it, you poor dear," came from Mrs. Morrison sympathetically.

"But I haven't slept any since," dryly.

"What?"

"Well, you see, it was a sort of business agreement. These Americans are regular barterers, you know. She surmised that I wasn't too familiar with Threadneedle street, and she wasn't familiar with the royalty of the Nile, so we just formed—what is it?—an amalgamation. She has lived up to her side of the bargain beautifully, so far, and I've been living during the day and worrying to death at night."

"Why?" her friend inquired, raising her eyebrows slightly.

"Why!" choked Mrs. Lovering-Brooks, miserably. "Why! Henrietta, have you no imagination? How do you suppose I am going to introduce her to any Nilean royalty when I don't know a soul outside Europe! Oh, Henrietta!" and vexed tears bedimmed the eyes that rivaled the smiling Mediterranean for blueness. "In Europe, she would linger here and there, and

it was awful. In Venice we met Lady Helen and Sir Francis accidentally. I tried not to see them, but you know Sir Francis. They didn't notice in the crowd coming out of St. Marks' whom I was with, and they were insisting that I should dine with them that evening and meet the Countess Cassolori, and I was telling them positively that I had already engaged myself for dinner that evening when a very set voice rasped over my shoulder, 'No, you haven't; *we'll come!*'"

The memory of Venice was too vividly before Mrs. Lovering-Brooks for her to retain her composure, and she closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair limply.

"Well, you're here in Gibraltar now, Emily, and seeing it was only Lady Helen and Sir Francis, you needn't mind," said Mrs. Morrison composedly.

"Really, Henrietta, you are not a bit sympathetic!"

"I can discern no occasion for sympathy—indeed, I think you are to be congratulated. Best hotels," with a sigh, "a respectable wardrobe, and not one penny's expense!" and Mrs. Morrison fanned herself vigorously, regarding her friend with good-natured envy.

"That isn't all, either," confessed Emily, hesitatingly. "Mrs. Edgerton is getting impatient. She wants to meet people en route as well as on the Nile, and I—well," desperately, "if I had money enough to get back to England, I would disappear."

"You'll do no such thing!" her friend cried severely. "Now, why not introduce *me* to her!"

"Oh!" and Emily's silver-throated laugh rang out merrily. "You! You don't know the arrogant Mrs. Edgerton of Pittsburg. She wouldn't be overwhelmed by meeting a plain 'Mrs.' Of course, dear," Emily said soberly, laying a soft little pink palm against her friend's cheek lightly, "you're an 'Honorable,' and all that, but she would rather meet an erstwhile chorus girl who was a 'Lady' than the daughter of a bishop who was an 'Honorable.'"

Resourceful Mrs. Morrison was not in the least perturbed. In fact, she seemed to be singularly pleased over something.

"Emily, do you absorb advice, or do you reject it?" she asked pleasantly.

"Depends upon whether it coincides with my own ideas," laughed Emily.

"I have an idea, and it is this: You introduce me to Mrs. Edgerton as Mrs. Morrison, *sotto voce*, 'She's in Burke's Peerage, but prefers to be known as Mrs. Morrison when traveling.'"

"Henrietta!" gasped Emily.

"It's true, isn't it?" her friend asked, "I am in Burke's, and I do prefer to be known as Mrs. Morrison because I am Mrs. Morrison, and if the woman supposes that because my name appears in Burke's I am a 'Lady,' why, we can't help it, can we?"

"No," hesitated Emily, looking at her friend inquiringly.

"I'll manage an invitation for myself to join your party, and I'll be great company for you, dear. You know, misery always loves company. And maybe I can manage a few of these introductions, and when you return to England, it will have been only after a most enjoyable and merry trip on the Nile."

"You darling!" cried Mrs. Lovering-Brooks, excitedly, "I'll do it! You were always so resourceful! I don't know how you are going to manage it all, but I will just depend upon you, dear!"

"You may," answered the older woman, smiling at her companion's flushed cheeks and dancing eyes lovingly. "Hush, Emily," she admonished softly, as her friend laughed hysterically. She perceived the gaze of a man at the other end of the veranda upon them. "Who is that man? Do you notice how he stares at us?"

Emily looked in his direction indifferently, but the moment her eyes met his, her indifference vanished, and an annoyed expression crossed her face.

"I don't know who he is," she said, shuddering a little. "I first noticed him in Paris, and since then he has literally dogged our steps. I think the others have not noticed him—he does not show himself very much. He stays at the same hotels, takes the same trains, and, indeed, he is beginning to get on my nerves. I seem to look for him every time we move. He evidently is some person of rank—one of those far-Easterners, perhaps. He has a number of servants, and always registers as Koorschid Keedja and suite."

"I have been observing him for some

time," said Mrs. Morrison slowly, "and I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Black-Eyes is in love with you!"

Mrs. Lovering-Brooks moved uneasily. "I've never spoken a word to him, nor he to me, and you're just too absurd."

"Maybe I am," admitted Mrs. Morrison, "but when a man sits in the broiling sun for an hour, in order that he may get a better view of a girl's face, he is certainly in love—or crazy!" observed Mrs. Morrison, knowingly.

"Truly, Henrietta," whispered Mrs. Lovering-Brooks softly. "I think I am a little afraid of that man! I always look under my bed at night, and I insist upon the maid sleeping in my room."

The man sitting in the sun's rays at the corner of the veranda, sat perfectly still, as he had sat for an hour. His eyes were the only part of him that moved. They wandered over the girlish figure of the woman—the small woman—the woman with the fair hair of a thousand tints, the woman whose under lip seemed to pout like a child's, the woman whose fair face was as appealing as a flower one might step on and crush in the forest. This was the kind of women that was easily crushed. He longed to touch the fair white throat with his dark-skinned finger. He thought the soft throat would appear even whiter, and his thin finger black.

This swarthy son of the East was handsome after a fashion. He was slender, but even in repose one might fancy him a man of steel muscles. The unpleasant feature of his face lay in his eyes. They were a trifle too small, and glittered like a cobra's. When he smiled, it was with the lips only, displaying white, strong teeth. His hands were as slender as a woman's, and small, almost too small for a man.

He was feasting those cobra-like eyes on Emily's seductive loveliness, as he had done for many days when she knew it not. There was not a point, from her impatient little feet to her golden hair, that he did not know by heart.

She was vaguely conscious of being annoyed, and was just about to propose retiring to her rooms, when a deep, resonant voice greeted her pleasantly.

"Day dreaming again, Mrs. Brooks? But that's really a superfluous remark;

the sea seems to have fascinated you, indeed!"

"Senator! Senator Harvey!" she said, slightly ruffled, but regaining her composure almost immediately.

The Senator was duly presented to Mrs. Morrison, and that lady was surprised to learn he was of Mrs. Edgerton's party. She shot one reproachful glance at Mrs. Lovering-Brooks, who was gazing out to sea again as if the one spot of interest for her was located somewhere out on the glimmering blue sheet.

The Senator devoted himself to Mrs. Morrison and her conversation, but his grave brown eyes rested on Mrs. Lovering-Brooks occasionally. The soft, babyish expression disappeared from her face, and a mask of bored indifference settled on her features.

The man with the cobra eyes moved uneasily. He now watched the tall, straight American with fully as much interest as he had watched the woman, only the interest was of a different character.

That evening, after the "Honorable" Mrs. Morrison had met Mrs. Edgerton and family, and had contrived to be invited to join the party for the trip on the Nile, she sat brushing her hair in Mrs. Lovering-Brooks' room. She was eager for news of the Senator, and chided her friend for not mentioning him before.

"Why, he's the finest looking man I've seen in a twelve-month," she enthused.

"Yes, rather," agreed Emily, tugging fiercely at a slipper bow and breaking the silken cord.

"Yes," drawled Mrs. Morrison, "and he watches you pretty nearly all the time, too."

Mrs. Lovering-Brooks' arms dropped to her sides, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"Henrietta, don't you dare to say such a thing! I hate him!" and the little figure in the white gown dropped in a heap to the floor and buried her face in the fur rug, sobbing convulsively.

Her friend was beside her in an instant, saying not a word, but soothing her with loving strokes. Presently a tear-dimmed face peeped out from the dark fur, and a pathetic little voice said:

"You mustn't even think such things, because that man despises me in his heart for a fraud—yes, a *fraud!*"

"My dear!" Mrs. Morrison looked alarmed.

"Yes he does!" stoutly asserted the voice. "He is a friend of Mr. Edgerton's. His father and Mr. Edgerton were friends, and Mrs. Edgerton is very anxious to have her daughter become Mrs. Harvey. He joined us here only a few days ago, and Mrs. Edgerton has confided to him that I am to introduce them all to Egyptian royalty. He is clever, and he knows that I know Egyptian royalty about as well as he does. Now, he is going with us, and——" and the sobbing commenced all over again.

"Now, Emily, stop that," her friend said, "and tell me what else you know about him."

"Nothing! nothing! And I don't want to know anything about him, either!"

"Well, if you will cease dimming your lovely eyes—quite your finest feature—with those tears, I will tell you what I know of him," Mrs. Morrison said, eyeing her friend slyly.

"You! Henrietta, you met him only this afternoon?" the voice full of tears inquired.

Mrs. Morrison laughed. She rather prided herself on finding out things in an incredibly short time.

"Why do you suppose I have been devoting myself so energetically to Mr. Edgerton all evening? He is a good sort, to be sure, but a man is always easier to extract information from than a woman, and consequently I have been improving my time by drawing out dear Mr. Edgerton. This Senator Harvey, aside from being the most handsome man I have seen in many a moon, is in his own country a man of great prominence and wealth. He has the unique and romantic distinction of having the blood of a Cherokee Indian chief in his veins. That may account for the wonderfully proud poise of his head, and his piercing eyes.

"In the Senate he is regarded as a brainy man, too earnest to regard governmental issues as jokes, and absolutely unbuyable! The latter fact alone would make him a most unusual politician. Mr. Edgerton calls him a statesman. He has many friends and few intimates. It seems his father and Edgerton were friends, and the son studied law under Edgerton's guidance. They say he is a great lawyer

—sort of a faddist—never takes the wrong side of a case. Edgerton enthuses over him greatly, and says he stands as good a chance as any man of being President some day. And my dear,” she continued, as she struggled with a snarl in her hair, “the very best news of all is, he is utterly unattached! Never known to have had an affair!” And Mrs. Morrison looked intently at her friend, sitting at her feet, as if to mark the surprise such a revelation would evoke.

She was disappointed. Emily’s lips smiled mockingly, and she laughed a short, disagreeable little laugh.

“That is just it. He is too nice—to honorable. Every time he looks at me I can read in his eyes contempt and abhorrence. If his expression could be interpreted, it would be: “You wretched little fraud! You contemptible——”

“Nonsense,” interrupted Mrs. Morrison, coolly, “that’s only your guilty conscience, dear. No need to feel guilty, I’m sure, but you may feel that way at first.”

“At first!” and the round, flower-like face was flushed with passion, and the eyes blazed defiantly. “At first! Let me tell you, Henrietta, there will be no second! I am through with this farce. It would have been hard enough to have carried it on with them, but now this man, the paragon of all the virtues, is on the scene with his sarcastic eyes, and—and——”

“Hush, hush!” softly laughed Mrs. Morrison at the door. “Leave it all to me, dear!”

II.

Cairo, with its bazaars, tinselled baiders, fakers, pundits, and unsavory alleys, was left several days astern, and the Edgerton party was far past the Sixth Cataract, and at Khartoum, the junction of the White and Blue Niles, the capital of the Soudan.

During the several days’ camel march from Korosko across the arid Nubian desert to the Abu Hamid River, and thence to the Fifth Cataract, and on the Nile to Khartoum, Senator Harvey devoted himself to Miss Edgerton, much to her ambitious mother’s satisfaction. No consid-

eration in the world but the prospective furtherance of her pet scheme would have induced Edgerton *mere* to consent to such a prolonged and arduous trip. Not for all the royalty on the banks of the river from Cairo to Victoria Nyanza would she have ruined her complexion, lately acquired in Paris. Mrs. Edgerton was practical; her daughter was romantic. Mrs. Edgerton sometimes indulged in dreams, dreams, withal, that were well-weighed and balanced. As the mother-in-law of a marquis, count, or prince, she would indeed be a seven days’ wonder, but as the mother-in-law to the President! * * * * and hadn’t Edgerton said this man would be the next President! There would be a great satisfaction in it, too. Those women in Washington, who ate her dinners and forgot to see her at the opera! The cats! So Mrs. Edgerton put all day dreams aside to nurse the one great dream.

To her the trip was a punishment, notwithstanding that she had been duly presented to the powerful and affluent Prince Koorschid Keedja, which same prince was their traveling companion, and had promised to let Mrs. Edgerton feed him her salt in Washington the very next season. That was indeed a satisfaction—and she trusted to her daughter’s romantic nature and Harvey’s isolation from other diversion to accomplish her great dream. The complexion and the slight malaria? The complexion she could soon restore in France, and quinine kept the fever under control.

Could Mrs. Edgerton have read her hostess’s thoughts, she would have slowly drawn the lid over one eye and said, “The ivory-trader Koorschid Keedja makes a most admirable prince, and is quite docile and obliging—and Mrs. Morrison is a born general.”

Mrs. Lovering-Brooks was not so happy about it. An intuition told her that Koorschid Keedja was not so docile as her friend was led to suppose. She knew why he acquiesced so willingly to the deception on the Edgertons. He wanted to be near her. Try as she would, she could not look on it all as a joke. The man was too anxious to ingratiate himself into the confidence of Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton. The girl he hardly noticed, and as for the

Senator, the two men had silently struck antagonistic chords in one another from the very beginning. The dark-skinned Abyssinian overlooked no opportunity of being near Emily. It seemed to her he was ever at her side, like some shadow; ever attentive, yet never forcing attention on her; always near when an assisting hand was needed, yet speaking but little. But those eyes—those cobra-like eyes! Should she awake at night, she could almost fancy those eyes, alert like a serpent's, boring into her! His hands, too, she hated!

But what had this man done to her? Nothing. In fact, he had been most obliging to fall into Mrs. Morrison's scheme to permit himself to be presented as an Abyssinian prince, and so erase from her mind the worry of wondering how she was to live up to her bargain with Mrs. Edgerton. Truly, the man had done nothing but be obliging—most obliging! Without his aid, their trip would not have been nearly so smooth and interesting. But she loathed the idea of the deception—she who was an arch deceiver herself!

She conceded that the man wouldn't be so odious if he would not focus those cobra eyes on her so incessantly. Anyway, the eyes were full of admiration, and his lips were ever ready to smile at her slightest encouragement—very different from the cold indifference of Harvey's handsomer eyes! How she hated him! She would be kinder to the Abyssinian.

Accordingly, as the days passed and the Edgerton party sailed slowly up the river on the modernized diahbiah, Emily accepted and encouraged the attentions of the Abyssinian. Even Mrs. Morrison was surprised at what she termed Emily's "atrocious flirtation," and Mrs. Edgerton remarked to her husband that Mrs. Lovering-Brooks evidently intended bagging the prince.

But presently this sham flirtation with a man she detested became irksome and unpleasant to Emily, and she had hoped that at Khartoum they would see the last of Koorschid Keedja. But a man who will follow a woman over half Europe is not to be cast aside like a worn glove, particularly if that woman has further inflamed his passion by a ruthless flirtation lasting many days, and that man is an unlicensed, unscrupulous son of the Soudan.

For some reason, Keedja began to suspect Emily's sincerity just before Khartoum was reached. The suspicion made him furious. Was this pink and white and gold woman playing him? Had all her soft glances meant nothing? True, try as he would, he could never make progress beyond glances and soft words. He awoke with a start. The woman had fooled him! Why? Was she playing him against anyone else? Who? Not Edgerton, because he was old, and the woman was pure. The big American? Possibly. In fact, he was sure of it now. The American seldom spoke to her, and when he did, the woman was absolutely and wholly indifferent. But—and Koorschid Keedja cursed himself for a blind fool—might he not have known that behind exaggerated indifference there sometimes lurks a sentiment of love or hate!

The whole party, with the exception of Emily, were on the deck of the diahbiah, enjoying the coolness of the evening in the moonlight, after the warm day. Mrs. Morrison, as usual, was beside Mrs. Edgerton, and Miss Edgerton, her arm linked through her father's, was whispering mysteriously to him and Senator Harvey, who formed a group out of earshot of Mrs. Edgerton. The three seemed to be greatly amused over something, and Mr. Edgerton cast apprehensive glances at his spouse occasionally, as if he feared she might sense their conversation from where she sat.

Koorschid Keedja's jealousy had taken root this night, and he decided to lose no time in verifying his suspicions. He accordingly threw his cigarette overboard, and went into the cabin in search of Emily. She was reclining on a couch, and save for the rays of moonlight filtering through the port holes, the cabin was unlit.

She started as she saw the Abyssinian approaching her. Neither spoke, and Emily knew that her hour had come—the hour she had been dreading and hoping to escape.

Leaning over so that he could see her face as the moonlight fell on her features, the Abyssinian broke the silence. His voice was low, but to Emily it was boring, boring as the eyes that snapped and glittered even in the semi-darkness.

“You have been unkind to-day. You have denied me your sweet presence nearly the whole day!”

Emily resented the insinuating tone of the man, but she knew it was to come, and why not make a bold stroke and have it over with?

“Denied *you* my presence? You quite amuse me——” Her tone was biting and sarcastic. It stung the Abyssinian into a hasty and passionate reply.

“Yes, me! Deny me—that is what I said! Do you think you can lead me on with your smiles and sweet words, and kick me aside like a black slave when you have finished? No, by Allah, no! By the God of the Christian dogs, no! Were you one of my women—my slaves—I would have you flogged until there was only the strength left in your body to crawl to me for a kick! As it is, you think you are protected by your Government, but remember that Khartoum is a long throw from England, and the Egyp-

tian Government always investigates—and that is all!”

With anger and shame flashing from her eyes and her body a-quiver with indignation and humiliation, Emily bounded out of the cabin and joined Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Edgerton. She answered their questions in monosyllables, and agreed with Mrs. Edgerton that the fever might be getting into her system.

The Abyssinian approached them, and was as placid and calm as Emily was ruffled. She felt vaguely that he had threatened her—an intangible threat. It could mean nothing, though—for what could Koorschid Keedja and his handful of servants do against her in Khartoum, where the British lion decorated the shield over the consulate door?

The next day they disembarked at Khartoum.

(The concluding installment of this story will appear in the May number.)



“SO SAY ALL OF US”

BY HARRY COWELL

Indicted Love, I lay the visne
In Dreamland, in that vale unseen
That lies the Hills of Hope between;

Where, late, on April's fair first day,
Thou didst, of malice forethought, slay
A heart, and that in wanton play;

Wherefore, Poetic Justice saith,
“Stand up! Thou needs must die the death
By kissing, love-wise lose thy breath!”



A FULL VIEW OF THE GEYSER BASIN, SURROUNDING WHICH ARE THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBIT BUILDINGS.

THE WORLD'S SHOW BY THE BALBOAN SEA

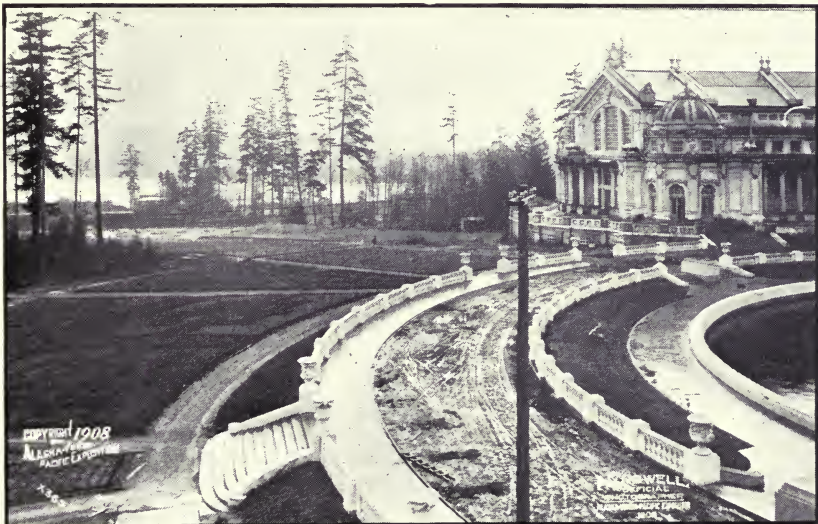
BY WALTER HARRIS GREGORY



THE CROSS-ROADS of yesterday become the cities of to-morrow—such is the story of the growth of the great and populous centers on that part of the American continent over which the flag of the United States flies. It has been the history of Chicago, Toledo, Kansas City, Denver, Minneapolis—and it is also true of Seattle, the entrepot of the Pacific-Northwest, towards which three great transcontinental systems of railway converge and to where several other great lines are rapidly bending their way. It is where the trade of Alaska centers, as well as that of the Pacific British dominions, and through whose portals passes a large share of the Oriental traffic destined for the East and

Europe; while about it is the richest lumbering section in the world, and the extensive fields of grain and hops. In the great and expansive empire that lies tributary to Seattle are some of the finest orchards that abound in the temperate zone, and the stock interests are enormous, while millions in gold are poured out annually by the varied mining interests. It harbors 285,000 souls within its municipal boundaries, and boasts of magnificent building blocks, of churches, theatres, schools and public structures. Its industries are vast, and give employment to tens of thousands of those who dwell there.

This city of Seattle is the site of the great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition where, after June 1st of this year, will be exhibited the stores and treasures, the product of art and craft, the yield of forest and stream, field and mine, of the great



GREEN LAWNS AND GARDENS SHOWING LAKE WASHINGTON AS VIEWED FROM THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

area that forty years ago was known to the geographers of the time as the "great unexplored region."

The story of Seattle goes back to the location of a white man's camp on the present site of the city by several trappers and hunters. About them was a dense forest of towering trees in which dwelled the aborigines of the country. Some of the latter were friendly and there were tribes of treacherous and free-booting redskins. This conflict of good and bad gives background to one of the most fascinating and romantic incidents in the

Northwest, and when the little camp developed into the more pretentious outlines of a settlement the name of the father of the aboriginal heroine, old Chief Seattle, was given imperishable fame in its bestowal upon the foundation of the great American city of today.

From those days to the holding of the Exposition this year is not a long leap in the measurement of time, but it has been an eventful one in human affairs. Alaska was then an appanage of the Russian Crown; Idaho, Washington and Oregon were scarcely traced on the map; while the



A VIEW OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, SHOWING THE EDGE OF THE FOREST SURROUNDING THE GROUNDS.

story of pioneering in the Far West. It was when the Indians were preparing to make a sudden onslaught upon the white men that the Indian Princess "Angelina" stole out of the forest and gave warning to the pale-face strangers of the dangers that threatened them. The hunters took timely precautions, and the treacherous natives were foiled in their purpose. The deed of this kindly-hearted Indian girl was retold throughout the

Hawaiian Islands were known more to fiction and fable than to fact.

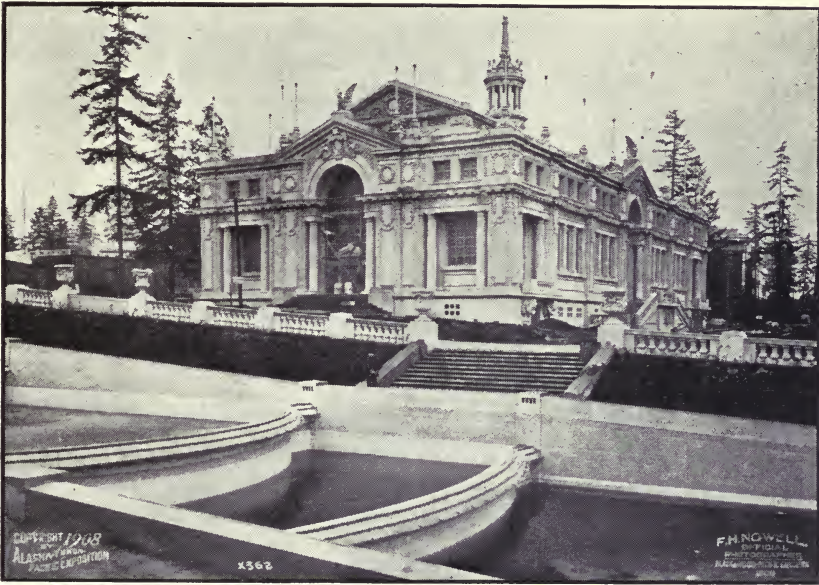
In the forthcoming exposition the wealth, riches and marvelous industries of those then almost unknown sections, will be displayed to the many millions of visitors which the event will attract from all over the world.

The forthcoming exposition is the crowning effort of the busy and progressive people of the Northwestern city.

When first mooted, \$650,000 was the answer in pledged subscriptions favoring the project. Since then, \$10,000,000 have been contributed to what is confidently hoped will equal the most pretentious exposition ever held on this continent. Seattle is large in its efforts, and, for the site, 250 acres were set apart and twelve great palaces for exhibits planned.

The buildings now nearing completion are magnificent structures architecturally. Many of them are permanent, and after the close of the exposition will revert to the University of Washington. The grounds are an item that will add to the attractiveness of the forthcoming exposi-

ranges of mountains, and is bounded by the two famous lakes, Washington and Union. The exposition monument, which stands in the plaza, or esplanade, before the United States Government building, is of heroic proportions, and in design is significant of what the exposition is intended to commemorate. It is eighty feet in height, and at the base are four figures emblematic of the Northland, the Southland, the Pacific Coast and the South Seas. Above the figures are Corinthian columns, which uphold an astronomical globe, upon which are set forth the signs of the zodiac. Above all is the American eagle.



CASCADES OVER WHICH FOURTEEN THOUSAND GALLONS OF WATER WILL FLOW A MINUTE, COLORED LIGHTS UNDERNEATH GIVING EVERY COLOR OF THE RAINBOW.

tion. They cover a greater area than embraced in any world's fair that has been given in the past. Art in gardening, floraculture and arboriculture has been requisitioned to adorn and beautify the gardens surrounding the buildings.

The site, too, is one that gives a glimpse of all the scenic attractions for which Seattle is noted. It is situated within convenient access of the city, between two

The main buildings include those set apart exclusively for displays of agriculture, manufacturing, fisheries, mines, machinery, fine arts, transportation, foreign, forestry, United States Government, Canada, Japan, Alaska, and there are several other State structures besides the auditorium. California will be represented by a magnificent building devoted to exhibiting the Golden State's



A TYPICAL SCENE, SHOWING THE NATURAL FOREST IN WHICH THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS ARE SET.

wonders and tremendous resources. This structure was completed over four months ago. The work of construction progressed more rapidly than was expected, and the opening as arranged for on June 1st of this year will find everything completed, it is fully expected. In fact, the construction record is something that the exposition officials are to be commended for. In no instance has there occurred any of those vexatious delays which have aroused the hostile criticism of patrons of previous great exhibitions.

One of the marked features of the displays presented will be that from Alaska, which for uniqueness in setting forth the resources of the Northwestern territory will be of great interest. When Seward, as Secretary of State, stood sponsor for the purchase of Russian America from the Czar, which was done as a war measure, and for which \$7,500,000 was paid, those unacquainted with the diplomacy that prompted the acquisition of that then-far-off land, ridiculed the Seward measure. Yet Alaska has returned, in its pro-

ducts, and in the yield of its mines, many times the paltry \$7,500,000 which the Russian Government received for ceding the territory to the United States.

The part to be taken by the Hawaiian and Philippine groups, as well as from isolated little Guam, will be sources of attraction, as it will mark the first displays made by those islands since coming into the American dominion.

Another factor is the great stadium, where the field sports will take place, and for these events Seattle has engaged all the noted stars of the athletic arena as well as having arranged for contests for amateurs, including those of the Amateur Athletic Union, that will probably mark new records in the domain of sport.

Among the other events that are programmed for the exposition period are balloon ascensions, experiments in aerial navigation, motor boat and automobile races.

"The Pay Streak" is the name of the lane at the Seattle Exposition along which will be grouped the "Wild West" at-

tractions and other amusements which are essentially a part of all Expositions. It is said that "The Pay Streak" will excel all previous "Midways" and "Streets of Cairo" that ever existed—for the managers have granted concessions to promoters of amusements from all parts of the globe, and have exercised discrimination in awarding to those only who had the latest novelties to offer.

The naval display, in which the United States Pacific fleet and squadrons of battleships and cruisers from Japan, Germany, Great Britain and France will participate, is another feature of the exposition. The United States Life Saving Service will give an exhibition of the practical operation of its methods of life-saving and cargo-rescuing work. A submarine torpedo boat will also display its merits in the placid waters of Lake Union.

The musical programmes will excel in the number and reputations of bands, orchestras and vocalists engaged, those presented during the previous fairs held on this continent. A score of bands have been permanently engaged, besides the other great brass and string organizations that will appear at intervals during the progress of the fair.

In all, Seattle has been preparing for years, laying the foundation upon which to rear the forthcoming exposition. The enthusiasm of its citizens has been infec-



AN EXHIBITION BUILDING STILL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

tious and has aroused the interest and hearty co-operation of those of adjacent States and Territories, as well as the nations and islands who have shown a desire to join in by presenting their best offerings in display at the Exposition of the Northwest.

Not only have the people of Seattle had to build and construct the exposition, and arrange the countless details which are essential to reap success in the undertaking, but they have had to put their house in order to receive those who will be the guests of the city. There will be millions of them, so the railroad auguries read, and, to provide for their care and keep, Seattle energy, enterprise, and capital have made ready.



MIDWINTER GREEN LAWNS ADJOINING THE FORMAL GARDENS IN FRONT OF THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

UTOPIAN IDEALISM

BY ELIAS LOWE McCLURE



SCIENCE HAS traced the process of evolution from protoplasm to man, the highest type of animal life. But the mysterious power concealed in a simple cell that can

evolve a perfect being confounds the comprehension of all men. The process that has developed the cell may have extended throughout time and space, exceeding in complexity our knowledge of animal life. Truth is simple. Every difficulty disappears by this process of nature, and are we not justified in the belief that all the secrets of the universe will be discovered, one by one, with the dawn of comprehension in the human mind correlative with each step in the development of the species?

The childhood period has not been passed in the development of the human race, and though the cave-dweller could not conceive of our intelligence, yet our depravity is more glaring than his, considering our opportunities and knowledge. The best man to-day is a sorry spectacle in contrast with ideal perfection expressed in the beatitudes, and he seems as far from being blessed and blameless as the cave-dweller notwithstanding our boasted civilization.

Those pretending to be endowed with divine authority and claiming infallibility for their creeds and confessions of faith, or any other pretense of authority from God, are the embodiment of error. Only the light within is worthy of belief when character is at stake, and it is the right and duty of every man to deny any authority that will circumscribe his perfect freedom to be led by the light within, which is the only certain reliance and final arbitrament between right and wrong. The only possible error with this mentor falls solely on limitation of understanding

or feeble will, and when we act the best according to the light we have, that is the true standard of goodness.

The real purpose of life is lost sight of in the universal scramble for riches—the shadow instead of the substance—to have rather than to be—indifferent to a continual sacrifice of character, as if unconscious that it is the only object of life. There is a God-like nature inherent in man and his acts are governed from birth to death by the will, free to do good or evil as he may elect. He learns from others to know himself by mutual service and constant effort to give and enjoy happiness.

God is within, and every man can make his better nature (which is God) supreme. He may surrender the exercise of his will to a person or sect, but his freedom would be lost. If he strives incessantly for good, hating evil, and perfects his character by the unerring light within, he will attain perfect being. But if he surrenders his will in servile obedience to persons and dogmas, he accepts intellectual slavery, destroys freedom of thought, and dwarfs his character to the fixed ideals of other men, which are promulgated by innumerable organizations; and whether they are political, religious or fraternal, their influence predominates on the side of class control of wealth and power, primarily to promote their own power and influence regardless of right and wrong, under the assumption that they can do no wrong.

A good act gives pleasure, a bad act gives pain. All men know good from evil, and when they shall act upon that knowledge then justice and equity shall rule supreme and shall throttle the machinations of brutal greed, which are now the dominating force of our civilization. The standards of manhood will be reversed. Instead of the presumption that all men have their price, which is the accepted theory to-day, public conscience will have

true instead of false standards of right and wrong, honesty will be esteemed and rewarded, dishonesty will be abhorred and punished, creating a universal presumption that all men are honest; and it will leave no reason to doubt that the practice of honesty will conform with the profession of honesty, when it is known and generally accepted that dishonest profit debases as inevitably as theft, or any other infraction of the laws of the universe, and that ultimate success is an impossibility without honesty.

The domination of greed is universal. It has dictated the laws and customs of every people, and the history of civilization leaves no doubt of its supremacy. Religion teaches that evil is innate in man, and that it is his imperfection and the operation of immutable law that makes poverty inevitable. Utopian theories are ridiculed as nonsensical, and the church inculcates repentance for sin and salvation by faith in a future existence, as the only escape from evil. It commands obedience to law and constituted authority. The conservatism of the church has been the strongest support of the power of greed in perpetuating the subtle laws that enslave and impoverish the laboring masses.

Evangelical churches make the belief in a creed and a confession of faith an essential to salvation. Adam was created a perfect man. The original sin of Adam reverted to all mankind. The penalty of sin is death. The fate of all mankind was death and annihilation until God gave his only begotten Son to die in propitiation for the sins of the world. Mankind was redeemed from original sin by the blood of Jesus shed on the cross. His atonement made the remission of sin and salvation possible to man by repentance, faith and baptism. The doctrine survives to-day, and all evangelical church members continue to subscribe to it. But knowledge has advanced beyond such primitive doctrine, and it is seldom preached by the learned, although ministers of the gospel are still solemnly pledged, at the ceremony of investment, to devote their lives to its promulgation. The average man to-day has no more faith in the infallibility of the church, or in the inspiration of its doctrine, than the educated Roman citizen had in mythology at

the time Christianity was given to the world—precedent, authority and the canons of the church to the contrary notwithstanding.

Science has demonstrated the process of evolution, and any intelligent man can comprehend the law and process that govern the development of animal life. The Adamic theory of creation is a myth. Superstition perpetuates ignorance and stops development through infractions of nature's law. Greed maintains its supremacy through the domination of public opinion by precedent and authority. Every new idea or discovery is heresy, by the test of precedent and authority, unless it accords with the experience and knowledge of the past.

The theory of total depravity is false. All men would do good rather than evil, but for unjust laws and customs that make life a burden. The rules fixed by greed compel all men to hold what they have and get all they can, regardless of right or wrong, or suffer defeat in the merciless struggle for a chance to live. Bankruptcy brings disgrace, poverty and possible starvation. The greatest financiers have been ruined by falling prices, and every one, whether his wealth be much or little, is in constant danger of depreciation and possible bankruptcy, whenever those in control of money supply exercise the subtle power it creates to change prices of all wealth, destroy credit and stop the demand for labor.

Finance is the most common subject in the world, yet it is the most intricate and most difficult to understand, and the principles of money are not generally understood. Few men know that fluctuation in the value of money changes the price of all other wealth. But it is common knowledge, from the personal experience of every one, that a panic makes money disappear from circulation, destroys credit and precipitates falling prices. The recurrence of a panic every few decades is a familiar phenomenon. All economists show conclusively by the law of supply and demand that money cannot be made a fixed unit of value under a gold, or any commodity standard.

There is no doubt that a unit of value can be fixed that will not change when Congress enacts the necessary laws. Money

will then have no more power to control the affairs of men than the yardstick—it will be a mere counter of wealth and will have no other function but as a measure of value and a medium of exchange. The Government of the United States, by the exercise of its sovereign money power, can adopt a complete credit financial system for raising revenue, and make the nation's notes the only legal money, and eliminate all other money from circulation. Equilibrium in money supply can be maintained by paying interest on all excess money, when it has been retired from circulation in exchange for bonds, and pay it out again, on demand without cost, in exchange for bonds whenever the demand has made money stringent, and the premium offered for money exceeds the bond rate of interest.

Prosperity will be established permanently by scientific money, because credit cannot be disturbed while money supply remains stable and abundant. The desire for wealth is innate in all men, and there is no limit to the wealth labor can produce, or the utility and demand for it, when law and custom protects all men equally in the enjoyment of nature's bounty and the unearned increment of population and association.

All wealth is produced by labor, and during prosperity the demand for labor cannot be supplied, and if prosperity was uninterrupted the demand for labor would never cease. It would release all laborers from the strain and menace of idleness and poverty to certainty of employment and an increasing share in the product of labor, which would stimulate industry and produce universal plenty. Every man would be capable of living honorably and respectably, beyond the possibility of want, and poverty would be as preposterous and exceptional as nakedness.

The entire aspect and conception of life would be changed, and the human struggle for existence would be transferred from the animal to the moral and intellectual plane of life. There is no doubt that the normal aspirations of man will make

character instead of possessions the goal that all men will struggle for, when freedom and plenty have become as natural to human existence as respiration and consciousness.

Scientific money will strip the fetters from mankind and make emancipation so complete that all men may live up to their highest ideals. The tribute, oppression and poverty imposed on man by money rule will be obliterated forever by the system that makes money the servant of man instead of its master, and life will be a joy and blessing to every human being from the cradle to the grave, for has not the Creator given the world, teeming with treasures inexhaustible, for the habitation and development of mankind?

The title to his bounty has been vested in a few through the power of might, and they have made life a burden, because greed reigns supreme. But the day of reckoning is at hand. Intelligence has spread beyond the control of ignorance. The way to secure to all men equal enjoyment of God's bounty and protection from legal robbery can no longer be concealed, and it finally rests with the people to exercise their political power for sound money and progress, by adopting scientific money, and the problems of life will be solved without contention, but through emulation, until Governments will have no functions but service.

There will be no need for governmental machinery to compel men to do right when character is universally held above and beyond price, transcending and incomparable to all other possessions. The false standards prevailing under the law that makes gold omnipotent and greed supreme will not be tolerated when intelligence, freedom and plenty are universal. Mankind will be led and inspired by good nature rather than be ruled by evil passion, and will prefer death to dishonor. Goodness instead of greed will prevail as the universal standard and only hope of success, and this doctrine will be accepted by all men as being as self-evident as the simplest law of nature.



THE WORD OF A SPORT

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS



HERE ARE many in Arizona who will not readily forget the thirty-first of December, 1906. It was a day of rejoicing and at the same time of much bitterness of spirit. For, with the last stroke of midnight, Arizona not only welcomed a new year, but she also entered upon a new order of things. She ceased to be an open territory. Roulette, faro, and monte were illegal. The picturesque evil of the saloon dance-halls was silenced forever, and lo! Arizona became outwardly as respectable as Massachusetts! The gamblers and their friends were the losers in the fight that was drawing to a close, and they made the last day left them the occasion for a final outburst of license. With the New Year they would pack their traps and move to Nevada, but they decided that it would not be their fault if the territory forgot what open conditions were like.

It was late in the afternoon of that riotous thirty-first that I drifted into the Golden West Saloon and gambling-hell, Buck Strickland's place in Nogales. I found him at his favorite table, alone, for a wonder, but wearing an air of receptive good-fellowship. He was no traditional gambler with intellectual face and cynical smile. He delighted in the clicking of the poker chips, the buzz of the roulette wheel. At times I even thought that he could not have lived without the stimulation of a wheezy piano, to the sound of which those dancers behind the curtain made merry so wearily; or a saloon bar flashing with gold and silver tinsel. For even so do sordid surroundings become part of one's life. If Buck in the past had ever cared for better things, he had forgotten it. But it is no light praise to say that he had won in Arizona the name of a white sport. He did not ignore the re-

wards held by the game he played, but at the same time he loved it for its own sake and he played it fair.

He greeted me, smiling broadly.

"So you've come to see the finish! You'll see it. I have begun well, eh?"

He flourished a bill for five hundred dollars.

"Arkansaw lost this to me half an hour ago. He came in just as you did and walked over here. 'Jack,' he said, 'will you throw the dice just once for whatever I hold?' He had his fist closed tight, and he shoved it up into my face. 'Just once! Just once!' he pleaded. 'If I win, you'll be damned sore, but I'll be able to go back home and start in business. If I lose I'll be hit hard, but I'm game if you are.'

"Well, on the impulse I snatched up the box. I threw and got a six. He tried, got a pair, and without a word, handed it over—five hundred dollars and all in one bill! He's drunk now, over there in the corner."

"I have heard of Arkansaw's store back home before," I said, "and that's not the only money that will be won and lost here today. The boys are all coming in. They say they'll break the bank before midnight, or start making their stakes all over again tomorrow."

"More likely the latter. I am glad to hear they are coming," said Strickland, with a certain ingenuousness.

Then he leaned over and spoke in a different tone.

"I hope you intend to stay. I've something up my sleeve—something they've never seen before in Nogales. If you'll promise to keep it quiet, I'll tell you now."

I was all attention, though I did not expect to hear anything more startling than the details of a new gambling scheme. Strickland was ingenious enough, I knew, and would have liked to make many innovations, but even in Arizona in 1906

there was the sheriff to be considered. Many a time had I seen him scratch his head sadly as he dismissed some brilliant idea for the enlivening of the community, when he came to the point of considering what that officer of the law might think it his duty to do.

He had been watching my face, and perhaps had divined my thoughts, for he chuckled softly.

"It's not gambling this time," he said, "but it will bring the coin all the same. What's more, I can carry it through. Have you ever heard of Bessie Belingham, the girl who does a dancing turn in 'The Prince of Penang?'"

I elevated my eyebrows. Memories of Broadway thronged across my brain. "The Prince of Penang" was three years old, but I had sat in the stalls on the opening night, and had so fallen under the spell of a girl who, for twenty minutes, held the stage with a dance half-Spanish, half-Oriental, and altogether bewitching, that I had occupied the same seat for five nights in succession. Also, it may be mentioned there were others young and old who did the same thing and were bitter rivals for the privilege of paying for midnight suppers with a certain pair of black eyes flashing above the champagne glasses.

"Yes," I said, "I have seen Bessie Belingham."

"Well, at nine o'clock she will do her turn here."

"Here!" I half jumped from my seat; then, as I fell back—"Buck," I said, "some one has been making a fool of you. There are no end of people who'd like to be taken for Bessie Belingham. Come, tell me, where did you pick her up?"

"As you can see for yourself in the Border Vidette, 'The Prince of Penang' is playing in Tucson for three nights. It's stale in New York, but it's new enough in Arizona, and Bessie Belingham is still doing her old turn. It isn't strange that she should be ill once in a while and have some one else take her part. Do you understand? Well, this is one of the times she will be ill in Tucson. She will keep her room in the hotel and refuse all visitors. I am paying her well, and you boys will be the ones to benefit by it. See?"

I snatched the local paper from him

and glanced at the theatrical announcements. It was true. Bessie Belingham was with "The Prince of Penang" Company at Tucson, but the rest of the story was surely a joke on Buck Strickland's part. I stared at him blankly.

He threw back his head and laughed explosively.

"Partner," he cried, "I've been talking on the square. Come and meet her, or renew your acquaintance, since you say you've seen her before."

I followed him across the room sprinkled thickly with gaming tables, at which, as the afternoon wore on, the fun was beginning in real earnest. "Bessie Belingham to dance here?" I asked myself. Impossible! Bessie, Heaven knows, had never been a candidate for saintly distinction—but alone in a gambling hell among these miners and railroad roustabouts! What good would it do her? On the face of it, it was a hoax.

Buck stopped before a dingy red curtain, which he pulled slightly to one side.

"Go in," he said. "I guess you don't need an introduction."

I found her lolling back on velvet cushions which Buck must certainly have imported to do her honor. In a neat tailor-made suit, her hair demurely dressed, her hands folded in her lap, at first I did not recognize her. But then she turned her head, and the flash of her eyes, the curve of her cheek as instinctively her hand went to her chin in order that she might pose bewitchingly, were indeed familiar. Buck Strickland had performed the seemingly impossible.

It was my turn not to be recognized. When Bessie Belingham's eyes met mine she frowned in perplexity.

"What right have you in here?" she asked with thinly-disguised anxiety.

In my flannel shirt and mud-stained khaki pants I must have made as blood-thirsty a picture of a miner as she had ever seen, except on the boards of a Broadway stage.

"Mr. Buck Strickland," I remarked gravely, "did not think that I needed an introduction. I agreed with him, Miss Belingham, for I have not forgotten the bay-window table at Rector's in nineteen-three."

She smiled vaguely.

"One of the boys?" she queried.

"'Prince of Penang'—first week at the Casino—Jim Lowell on Monday night at Jack's—Harris of the Times on Tuesday at the Astor—some one thought that his little affair at Rector's would never come off, but you came at last on Wednesday. Don't you remem—"

I got no further. She rewarded me with a ripple of infectious laughter, a burst of that enthusiasm which had always marked Bessie Belingham as superior to most in a profession that is often sordid. There were reminiscences to exchange—small talk of the Great White Way on her part, tales of the desert on mine—and we sat together for hours hardily observing that time was slipping by. And at last I learned the story of her wild escapade in coming to Nogales to dance in Buck Strickland's gambling hell.

He had met her in Tucson where the "Prince of Penang" was playing, and had made her an offer that financially was very tempting. To ask her manager's consent was out of the question. The company was a first-class one, and he would never have permitted his star to give the dance that had been the rage on Broadway in a resort with a reputation altogether unsavory from one end of the border to the other. Even to Bessie, the scheme had seemed hopelessly wild at first, but her love of adventure had been too strong. She had slipped out of Tucson on the morning's train, leaving word that she was ill and that her understudy would have to take her part. From Buck she had extorted one promise—that under no circumstances would he make the real facts of the case public. He had sworn, she said, on "the word of a sport," and she had thought the pledge sufficient. For protection, should her audience of miners get beyond bounds, she would depend on her own wits.

"You will be safe," I said, pressing her hand. "The boys are all right, but it will be a shock to them, and they will not altogether understand. Buck knows where his own interests lie. You will not have danced for five minutes before a mob will be fighting its way into his place. No other joint will have a chance tonight."

I rose and slipped out into the front

room. It was eight o'clock and the place was crowded. The gaming tables and the bar were doing a roaring business, and the air was blue with tobacco smoke. Buck Strickland, the ruling spirit, moved from group to group, now taking part in one game and then in another, and at intervals calling loudly to his patrons to enjoy a treat on the house. These were the men who had been my companions for close on three years, but tonight they seemed like hazy figures beyond some vast divide.

Arkansaw, his dreams of mercantile greatness shattered once more, imbibing his whiskey in a lonely corner and wearing the air of a philosopher. Big Pete conducting an experiment at the bar which tended to prove that a man could swallow a larger quantity of Mexican mescal than any other liquor invented. Six-Shooter Bill and Bennett, the gloomy miner from Cananea, losing thousands at monte without the quiver of an eyelash. All of these were real men in a real world, but how preposterous would the contrast be when they were brought face to face with that other world of which I had just been reminded. I laughed until the tears came.

Later on Buck began to clear the tables and chairs from a space in the middle of the room. A babble of oaths arose.

"Wha'sh matter, Buck? You're not going to break up the game, are you? You'd never do nothin' of that kind, Buck. We got till twelve o'clock."

Buck shoved the speaker aside. In a short time he had his rough stage ready. A Mexican mopped up the whiskey that lay in pools and scrubbed away until the floor was reasonably clean and smooth. Finally Buck cleared a pathway to the red curtain and stood with his hand ready to draw it aside.

"Boys!" he shouted. "I've got a surprise for you. Arizona is going to be good tomorrow. Nogales will be all but dry, and we'll most of us pull up our stakes and quit. But tonight's ours, and if you'll turn your eyes this way, you'll have the pleasure of seein' the rage of Noo York, the greatest dancer that ever hit this town."

He gave the curtain a twitch, and Bessie Belingham flashed upon their sight. She glided to the open space, and, bending,

kissed her finger tips a dozen times.

The hubbub ceased, and a dead silence reigned. She danced with a mad abandon, better, I thought, than she had ever danced before. A painted female figure at the piano banged out the music of "The Prince of Penang," but even the disadvantage of a bad accompaniment seemed to take nothing from the intoxicating quality of her every movement. As the last note wheezed away into silence and her twinkling toes were still, the uproar commenced. The men cheered till their voices broke. They closed in upon her until her stage became very small indeed, and, as she responded to encore after encore, their enthusiasm grew minutely more uncontrolled. A miner who had just won a small fortune threw a bag of gold at her feet, and when she refused to accept it as a marriage settlement, could with difficulty be soothed.

Outside, the news spread with lightning-like rapidity, and Buck Strickland's Golden West was swollen to the doors with a surging mass of humanity. It seemed that everybody in the little border town had forced his way in before half an hour had slipped by.

From a place against the wall I watched the bizarre scene. Bessie escaped behind the curtain at last, and Buck reaped the rewards he had hoped for. Money flowed like water, and the house raked in huge profits. Such a scene will never be repeated in Arizona. It belongs to a day that passed forever with the stroke of midnight.

For the next three hours I stood ready to help Bessie Belingham should she need my aid, but it was not until a few minutes before midnight that there was any real danger in the situation.

Buck had striven desperately to clear the room. The reform element in the town was anxious that he should place himself in its power by permitting gambling after the new year had commenced, and he knew it. Bessie was giving her last dance, but at certain tables the poker chips still clicked continuously.

Buck raised his voice in a shout of entreaty which was not without its effect, but suddenly a revolver cracked twice. Some one had been caught cheating, and his punishment had been meted out to

him with old-fashioned promptness. It was an incident that under ordinary circumstances would have caused a local disturbance merely, but it occurred at the table nearest to Bessie Belingham. She screamed hysterically and half-turned as though to fly, but as the room stampeded she was swept towards the spot where the shooting had occurred.

I caught a glimpse of her bare shoulders and frightened eyes as I plunged into the crowd to fight my way to her side. A man who had been standing close to me all the evening did the same thing. It was Ben Lumley, the reform sheriff, and I saw that whatever the outcome he was bent on making trouble for Buck.

We reached the wounded man at last. Bessie was bending over him and wiping the blood from his face and neck. The first rush had stranded her at his side, and, at the sight of his suffering, the woman in her had swept all considerations aside except a desire to save his life. I was relieved to find that the excitement had not been used as an opportunity to molest her. In truth, I might have known better, for whatever their faults, these men had the virtue of a rough chivalry. Their sympathies were not with the victim. They considered him a scoundrel who had got what he deserved. But they respected the woman on her errand of mercy, and even before I arrived had formed a solid ring round her for her protection.

Lumley the sheriff, after satisfying himself that the wounded man would soon be beyond human aid, glanced round sharply.

"Where is the man who shot him?" he questioned.

A half-drunken miner made an uncertain step forward.

"Skipped," he drawled; "and since you'll never ketch him, sheriff, you'd better git."

An ominous growl confirmed the warning, and Lumley hesitated, as though debating what he should do. Buck Strickland he could not hold, for it was not his fault that one gambler had killed another, while the shooting incident had effectually stopped the play at every table and prevented a violation of the new law. The sheriff was baffled and turned to go, but at that moment Bessie straightened up

and from the folds of her dress fell a buckskin purse. It struck the floor with a metallic jingle, and Lumley had secured it before any one else could interfere. He opened it and poured a stream of twenty dollar pieces into his hand.

"Very good!" he observed with a sneer. "It's a profitable game, 'rolling' a wounded man. You'll explain this to the Judge."

I sprang forward with a protest, but he covered me with his revolver. Several of his deputies were at his side as though by magic, and Bessie, little Bessie with the memories of old days clinging about her, was handcuffed and hustled towards the door. Her protests that the money was her own, the sum she had received from Buck Strickland for her appearance there that evening, were scoffed at; and Buck and I, when we confirmed her story, were regarded as monumental liars.

A dancer in a gambling-hell is not usually paid by the night; in most cases not by the house at all. Even the miners who had so recently been her friends were against her now. It seemed clear to them that the sheriff's accusation was correct, and, while in Arizona to shoot a man for cheating is a right and proper course to take, to rob him when he is down is a crime beyond pardon. Their sense of justice was satisfied, and they stood apart while Buck and I raged helplessly.

"I can do only one thing," said Buck, as we followed gloomily enough towards the little wooden shack where the Judge had been holding his Court open all night in anticipation of trouble.

"You can bail her out and save her from a night in jail," I replied. "But she will have to stand trial tomorrow. She is ruined."

Buck stroked his mustaches reflectively. "Not if I can help it. She must play in Tucson tomorrow night. I have made enough this evening to pay any fine."

I laughed with ill-concealed bitterness.

"Have you forgotten that she is accused of theft? If she is convicted it means several years in Yuma jail. The man who was shot will never speak again. He is dead by this time and cannot clear her. If your word is not accepted, she is as good as lost already."

It so happened that the Judge was the leading spirit in the reform element of

Nogales. He was quite indecently eager to commit her for trial and fixed the date of the first enquiry at nine o'clock the following morning. He could not refuse, however, to admit her to bail and Buck stepped forward.

"I will be her surety," he said. "I offer the Golden West Saloon as a pledge."

The Judge glanced at him contemptuously.

"I hold this prisoner," he remarked, "in the sum of twenty thousand dollars. The Golden West saloon is worth perhaps one thousand dollars. The greater part of its fittings no longer have a legal value in Arizona."

A dozen voices were raised in protest, for the bond demanded was enormous; but the Judge was obdurate. The offense, he observed, was a heinous one, and the prisoner, he might add, a member of a class to whom honor was a by-word. It was against such as her that Arizona had risen in protest and declared that her skirts should henceforth be clear. He could not think of granting a reduction from twenty thousand dollars.

Buck bit his lip. "I won tonight," he said, in an even, defiant tone, "just eighteen thousand dollars. Here are two,"—and he laid a bag heavy with gold upon the desk—"I give you my word that the other sixteen thousand are safe at my place and will be delivered to the court tonight. Will that be enough?"

The Judge's scrutiny of this strange gambler who pledged his all to save a dancer from a night in jail was prolonged and curious.

"I will place the value of the Golden West saloon at two thousand dollars," he said at length, as he signed an order of release. "That will complete the bond. The prisoner may go."

New Year's Day broke upon a sobered community. A strange air of desolation rested upon the row of gaudy resorts which had been wont to run at full blast for the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Through a broken pane of glass in the door of Buck Strickland's Golden West I noted a confusion of tables and chairs, a litter of cards and poker chips, and the roulette wheel already thrown carelessly into a corner. It was typical of the rest. As the Mexicans say, the game

was *gastado*. But it was only in later days that I recalled these things in detail. On that morning I thought only of Bessie Belingham. I tortured my brain with a thousand schemes for her safety, only to reject them all as hopeless. Making my way to the Montezuma Hotel where she had passed the night, I asked the proprietor to send a message to her room.

He turned to comply, but at that moment Buck Strickland approached from behind and took me by the arm.

"It's no use," he said quietly; "she's gone."

"Gone!" I cried blankly. I felt dazed, for it was not like Bessie to utterly ruin the man who had done his best to protect

her. I had harbored no false notions about her, but she had at least seemed superior to that. "I'll never believe it," I added.

"You'll have to. She left on the four o'clock train this morning."

Buck watched my face narrowly as he spoke. "Yes," he went on after a pause. "That twenty thousand is forfeited, and it's all I had. I guess Bessie Belingham was an expensive luxury."

"My God!" I cried. "I'd have staked my life on her playing fair."

"Don't worry. She's all right," he said, and laughed softly. "I knew I'd lost out on this little game the minute the sheriff laid hands on her. I told her to go."

THE PATH

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

"Which is the way to Paradise?"

A spirit newly dead
Inquired with sorrow-brimming eyes—
And Charon raised his head.

"How hast thou reached the Ford?" he
said.

"Through mist and rain and night,
Leading a spirit that was red,
I kept my garment white.

"Through bitterness and dreams of blight
I set my weary feet,
Pointing a brother to the light
Along a way more sweet.

"In cold and rain and dark and sleet
I found a fainting one;
I fed him in my supper seat,
I warmed him in the sun.

"At last my pilgrimage is done;
A beggar at the goal,
I pray, where stranger currents run,
Direction for the soul!"

Then spake the Ferryman of God,
With kind and gentle eyes:
"Go back the way your feet have trod—
For that was Paradise!"

A BANDIT OF THE GOLDEN AGE

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

As the years pass on, the memories of the earlier days of California history grow fainter, and in the fifties many varied and stirring events were enacted that the present generation has not been fully acquainted with by California's historians. This truly absorbing tale of "A Bandit of the Golden Age" deals with some of the more audacious exploits of Joaquin Murieta in those days when the railroad and the telegraph were unknown in California's interior, and when the American population was sparse and scattered. Mr. Henshall has secured the data embodied in his article from authentic sources, and has portrayed only those exploits of the picturesque bandit which are fairly proven to have occurred.—THE EDITOR.



THAT THE history of the years succeeding the American conquest of California records many crimes of murder and violence is not to be wondered at. In addition to the influx of tens of thousands of law-abiding Americans, a horde of conscienceless adventurers from all parts of the globe made this State the objective point of their travels.

More harmful, however, than these latter in point of numbers and influence was the Mexican population of the newly acquired territory which felt aggrieved at the compulsory transfer of their land to the American flag, and many of whom either became bandits themselves, or shielded and abetted those of their countrymen who entered upon a bandit's career. Notorious above all others in this respect was one Joaquin Carillo—better known as Joaquin Murieta.

It is quite true that among many of the Americans resident in California, during those restless days of gold excitement and sudden wealth, a sharp irritation against foreigners as a class was manifested, and a feeling that a territory that had been won by conquest should be restricted to exploitation only by its conquerors crystallized into action. Hittell, in his History of California, says, "One, and a very

significant, effect of the foreign miner's tax law, and the prejudice against foreigners of which it was the evidence, was to deprive many of them of employment."

Under this regulation it cannot be doubted that many a Mexican, born and brought up in California, was treated as a foreigner and fanned the flame of dislike toward the Americanos. The European and Australian adventurers stayed mostly in the cities or the mining camps, and were soon impressed with the quick processes of American law as interpreted by Judge Lynch; and either evolved into peaceful citizens or returned to the land from whence they came. The Mexican, on the contrary, looked upon California as a part of his native land, and deeply resented the restrictions under which he labored. In the spring of 1849, Joaquin Murieta, then a resident of his birthplace in Sonora, Mexico, heard tales of the gold to be had for the picking-up in California, and finally reached the southern part of the State as a horse trainer in a circus. He was then a youth eighteen years of age, and brought with him his wife, Rosita Feliz, a high-bred Spanish girl, whom he had married against her father's will. From Los Angeles the young man drifted north, and finally located a mine in Stanislaus County from the proceeds of which he expected to become wealthy. While engaged one day in washing the gold from the rich gravel, he was inter-



ENTRANCE TO CORRAL HOLLOW CANYON

rupted by an anti-foreign mob which roughly told him to clear out, at the same time pointing to his wife and telling him with disagreeable emphasis to take "that" with him, as this was no country for "greasers" of either sex.

The young Mexican, after some hot verbal exchanges with his torturers, packed up his belongings and went, and here it is probable that the fires of vengeful retaliation and cruel hate, which later were to terrorize nearly a whole State for three years, were lighted. A short time later he borrowed a horse from a half-brother of his, who lived in the mining region, and rode to a store, where he made some purchases. He was on the point of returning when a man approached who claimed that the horse belonged to him and had been stolen.

Joaquin protested that it was borrowed from his half-brother, and the mob, which had gathered in the anticipation of a lynching party, quickly compelled the young Mexican to lead them to his half-brother's house. On arriving, the mob concluded that the half-brother was a thief, and quickly strung him up to the limb of a tree, at the same time tying

Joaquin to the trunk of the same tree, and, after stripping him, flogged him severely. They finally released him, and, pointing to the dead body of his half-brother, warned him to leave the State. This was probably the last straw. We are told that the young Mexican cursed them audibly, and swore vengeance on any and all Americans who should fall into his power thereafter. Thus—according to one version—the sullen hate engendered by previous insults to his nationality was, by this killing of his half-brother and the degrading flogging to which he had been compelled to submit, fanned into a frenzy of desire for revenge upon the people who had thus treated him, and led him into adopting a career of brigandage and murder as a means to an end.

Brigands and banditti, however, are still all-too-numerous in Spanish America, and even in the mother European countries at this present day. It is far more likely that an inherent tendency toward that life, as affording an easy means of accumulating money, had more influence on Murieta's choice of a career than all the insults he had received at the hands of the anti-foreign mob.

One writer describes him as a man of refined appearance, with a high forehead crowned with the blackest of hair, and endowed with the most gracious of manners. If such was the case, that outwardly-favorable appearance but disguised a heart within, black and cruel beyond ordinary conception.

Shortly after Murieta had submitted to the flogging, reports of robbery and murder on the lonely trails between the mining camps of Calaveras and Tuolumne Counties became prevalent. As the victims were usually killed, and, in a spirit of insolent bravado, left lying across the trail, no very accurate description of the murderer could be obtained. Chinamen, whom all the floggings and insults possible could not drive away from the gold diggings, were frequently found in their cabins with their throats cut. On one occasion, it is stated, six Chinamen tied together by their queues were found with their heads nearly severed from their bodies.

Joaquin, emboldened by success, enlarged the field of his operations. He gathered around him a band of similar spirits, selected only from the disaffected among his own countrymen. "Three-fingered Jack," otherwise Manuel Garcia, was his most prominent lieutenant, though there were others of almost equal

notoriety. In Murieta's band were no less than four subordinates owning to the same surname as their leader. They were Joaquin Ocomorenia, Joaquin Valenzuela, Joaquin Botellier and Joaquin Carillo—which last name was also an alias of their chief. From this circumstance and the fact that Murieta's features were known to but few men, arose a deal of hesitation as to the advisability of the Legislature offering a reward for the head of Murieta, especially as there were also at the time many Mexicans of repute having the same name who might be waylaid and killed for the chance of securing the coveted blood money.

At this time, the great San Joaquin Valley was peopled almost exclusively by Mexicans. Railroads and telegraph lines were non-existent, and the chance of a criminal escaping were very favorable. If, after some peculiarly revolting deed, the American authorities became too troublesome, the band, mounted on stolen horses, rode swiftly down the west side of the San Joaquin Valley and encamped in the fastnesses of Corral Hollow Canyon—which is today the scene of the operations of a big coal company—or to the ravines of Cantua Creek in Fresno County, which later achieved an additional notoriety as the place from where the famous stone-men



THE SWEEP OF THE WEST SIDE



THE BROKEN CANYONS

were dug, after being buried there by ingenious fakers.

The American rancheros of the West-side looked with disfavor on the American sheriffs who occasionally penetrated the practically unknown canyons of the coast range, and the camps of the outlaws remained undiscovered. In the mean time, hold-ups, usually culminating in the victim being stretched on the roadside with his throat cut, were increasing, and the whole central and southern portions of the State were at the mercy of Murieta's band.

Many stories are related of the doings of the outlaw and his lieutenants, some of which are undoubtedly untrue. Joaquin seems to have taken a delight in boldly venturing to cities and mining camps where his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase should his identity be disclosed. On one of these trips he was in Marysville alone and unattended, occupied for the moment in watching a monte game, when a drunken gambler burst forth with the exclamation, "Just a thousand dollars for a chance at that greaser Murieta." The reckless outlaw edged up to the man, bowie knife in his hand, and muttered in his ear, "You damned gringo,

I am Murieta!" Before the astonished drunkard could give the alarm, he had mounted his horse and was disappearing toward the foothills.

He seems to have maintained, through the espionage of his countrymen, a thorough surveillance over persons whom he suspected of a desire to betray him, and, managing to come upon such individuals, alone and unsuspecting of his knowledge of their sentiments, would whisper the name "Murieta" in their ears, as he ripped a bowie knife in their vitals. He is also credited with being accompanied most of the time by a dusky beauty, attired in men's clothes, called *Senorita Antonia Molinera*, who was as tireless a horseback rider as himself.

On one occasion, in the spring of 1852, after having driven 250 head of stolen horses to his retreat on Cantua Creek, he divided his band into three parties, and, taking a few of the most trusted, entered upon the usual course of murder and robbery in the hills of Mariposa County. Travelers were gripped round the neck by a lariat thrown from behind, dragged from their horses, and murdered without knowing the identity of the assassins. Isolated mining camps were held up and rich hauls of gold dust passed into the possession of the bandits. While thus engaged, Captain Harry Love, Murieta's future Nemesis, who was even then engaged in trailing him, came upon him unknowingly while in a cabin at night. As the deputy sheriff pressed open the door, Murieta and his associates left from the rear and disappeared in the darkness, leaving behind them the women.

It became fully evident to the authorities at this time that special measures would have to be taken to capture Murieta, and the Legislature in 1852 offered a reward of \$5,000 for his capture, dead or alive. While this offer was posted up in the streets of Stockton, Joaquin rode in one day, alone as usual, and stood among the crowd reading the proclamation, listening to the comments of the bystanders. Suddenly he drew out a pencil and wrote underneath the official bulletin: "I will give \$10,000 myself.—Joaquin Murieta."

Before the crowd had recovered, he had mounted his horse and was riding

away, derisively waving his hands at them. Another bold exhibition took place near Stockton, when he attacked a river schooner, and, after killing the entire crew and passengers, made away with \$20,000 in treasure.

Tales are told tending to prove that he was a man of his word—sometimes. It is asserted that Caleb Dorsey, a lawyer of Sawmill Flat, Tuolumne County, one of the Americans who was determined to rid the State of the desperado, on hearing that he was at a small place called Martinez, promptly went there. While looking about he engaged in conversation a commonplace looking Mexican on the subject of the bandit. Dorsey, probably with a view to its reaching Murieta, informed the Mexican that the Americans were thoroughly determined to capture him, when his auditor replied that Murieta might be killed but would never be taken alive. A few hours later it was proved that Dorsey had been engaged in conversation with the desperado himself, who would probably have knifed him but for the fact that there were other Americans standing near.

Some time after this occurrence, Dorsey was appointed by the court to defend a Mexican accused of horse-stealing. The lawyer immediately recognized the man as one who had been in trouble before. Under stress, the accused confessed that he was a member of Murieta's band, and pleaded so earnestly with the lawyer to defend him and secure his acquittal if possible that he consented. The bandit promised that in the event of his release, Dorsey would be evermore safe from harm at the hands of Murieta, who had previously sworn to have his life. The man was acquitted, and a few months later, as Dorsey was riding unattended over a mountain trail, he encountered Murieta unexpectedly. Both drew their pistols, but the outlaw, recognizing the lawyer, returned his weapon to its holster, and exclaimed: "We keep our word. You are safe, sir," and passed on.

The last days in the life of the outlaw were now fast approaching. As if under the sway of some vague premonition, he had already determined to leave California and return to his home in Sonora, Mexico, and with this object in view, had already despatched \$50,000 in gold and a large

number of horses across the border in charge of Joaquin Valenzuela. The Legislature, on May 17, 1853, authorized Captain Harry Love, a Los Angeles deputy sheriff and a veteran of the Mexican war, to raise a company of rangers, not to exceed twenty-five in number, and hunt the outlaw to the death. The rangers were to receive \$150 a month, and Love had thousands of applications for enlistment.

A ceaseless chase ensued. Time and again Love and his men were on the verge of overtaking Murieta, when they were turned aside by the treachery of the native Mexicans. It must be remembered that Murieta was by no means the only desperado operating in the mining region at this period, and that his band numbered a hundred men at times. When it became advisable, in the estimation of their leader, the band split up into small parties of ten or twenty men, each under the command of a designated leader. Under these conditions, the search for Murieta became a most arduous task.

One Saturday night in July, 1853, Love, with seven rangers, among whom was William Burns, a gambler who had met Murieta in other days, rode hard and steadily down the west side of the San Joaquin Valley until the rays of the morning sun shot over the Sierras. In the distance a column of smoke curled lazily upward, and the keen eyes of the leader of the rangers discerned a group of men seated around a camp-fire in that then desolate region.

Captain Love, in advance, rode boldly up to the group and asked them where they were going. One of the bandits—for such they were—replied that they were traveling to Los Angeles. At this juncture, another member of the group addressed Love, and insolently told him if he had any further inquiries to make to address them to him, as he was the leader of the party. Love replied that he was an American officer, and as such spoke when, how and to whom he pleased. The man made a quick move as if to reach for his gun, when Love covered him with his weapon, and warned him that a single move would provide him with a quick exit from this world.

At this moment William Burns rode up, and, gazing at the man with whom Love

had been having the altercation, announced that he was none other than Joaquin Murieta. Immediately the bandits, who were seven in number, scattered and made a rush for their horses. Murieta managed to mount his steed, and was swiftly riding away, seemingly unharmed by the bullets which were flying all around him, when Burns dropped his horse with a shot through the shoulder. As the dumb brute fell, the outlaw pitched headlong, temporarily stunned, but recovered himself and ran with halting steps. But it was too late. The \$50,000 which was awaiting him in Mexico, and which represented the blood of an unknown number of his victims, was valueless in this

"Three-fingered Jack," alias Garcia, was chased five miles and shot a number of times before he finally dropped with a bullet through the head from Love's pistol. Of the remaining five, three escaped, and two were taken prisoners. One of these prisoners was drowned while trying to escape, and the other was taken from the jail by the outraged citizens of Mariposa county and lynched.

Burns decapitated both Murieta and Garcia, and preserved the heads in alcohol as evidences of the completion of their task. The people of interior California were at last freed from the curse of Joaquin Murieta. The members of his band still continued to some extent in their



CANTUA CREEK COUNTRY

emergency. The death agonies which he had so often wreaked upon helpless victims were awaiting him at last.

As his pursuers came up, the outlaw turned to face them, having already received, as investigation afterward proved, seven bullets. Two more pierced his chest, and, melodramatic to the end, he raised his hand and said: "Shoot no more. The work is done." Having thus delivered himself, he sank slowly to the ground, and, resting his head on his right arm, expired.

In the meantime, Joaquin's lieutenant,

chosen career, but the presence of the leader who had nerved them to so many and fiendish exploits was missing, and they disappeared or were gradually run down and killed.

Love was immediately awarded \$1,000, and the Legislature, on May 15, 1854, tendered him an additional sum of \$5,000. Most of the actors in this record of tragedy seem to have died by violence. Captain Love was killed by a man in his employ in the course of a dispute, and Burns was treacherously murdered by associates of the dead bandit. The gun with which

Murieta was killed is now in the possession of Sheriff Sibley, of San Joaquin County. It is a long forty-inch barrel muzzle-loader, and was made in Harrisburg, Virginia, in 1849.

Tales of the buried wealth secreted by the bandits in the recesses of Corral Hollow or the bed of Cantua Creek were rife for many years, and more than one searching party had been organized to find it. It is not improbable that even at the present day there may be caches containing gold dust and money in those localities, but if they are ever found it will be purely accidental.

The head of Murieta was exhibited for a time in King's saloon at the corner of Sansome and Halleek streets, San Francisco, with affidavits from a priest stating that it was the real head of the bandit. It is alleged that for a time after death, the black hair grew to such an extent that the more ignorant Mexicans looked upon it

with awe, as savoring of the supernatural, and justifying to some extent the exploits of the outlaw. Later it was exhibited in the towns of the San Joaquin Valley, and finally passed into the possession of the proprietor of a cheap museum in San Francisco, where it was destroyed in the fire of 1906. Such was the ignominious end of the most notorious of California outlaws. Since that time, others have attempted to follow in his footsteps, notably Tiburcio Vasquez, who was captured and hanged at San Jose, with a few others of less notoriety.

We who live in the California of today, with its smiling San Joaquin Valley, dotted with orchards and vineyards, can form but a faint conception of the conditions that obtained there in the early fifties, when, the "gringo" and the "greaser" were at enmity, and a man's best protection lay in the cunning of his eye and the strength of his arm.



WANTED: A VAQUERO

BY LEE BERNARD McCONVILLE



ADE DESMOND had been riding at a coyote trot since early morning, and it was now early evening, across the yellow uneven desert that stretches from the Mojave Sink to the foot of the Tehachapi Range. Miners and Indians both in upper and lower Arizona had seen him jogging along at the same leisure trot weeks before; tourists on the Overland not three days ago had remarked his dust-covered figure and spotted cow pony plodding beside the train when an hour out from the Needles. The people in the waste land gazed wonderingly over the blistering sand after his great rugged shape and drooping sombrero that flapped weirdly in the hot breeze. They marveled that the desert did not devour him as it devoured other men.

Any one who has ever traveled by horse over the Mojave Desert, passing a little south of the dusty, sun-scorched Providence Mountains, as Desmond did, and then out into the Sink, with its dry lakes, lava beds and alkali flats, will know how deathly still the desert air; how relentlessly intense the heat; that small mercy the tawny hills and ochreous-painted rocks, show to desert travelers.

Little wonder that Desmond slouched lazily in his saddle, that his reins hung loosely over the pommel, for he had ridden eighty miles that day, which is a round sum even though a man be young and a cowboy. There was reason for the thick dust on his high boots and stirrup-flaps, the yellow sprinkling from the shoulders of his blue shirt to the skin breeches that he wore in lieu of chaps. But he bravely pushed onward, unheeding the jagged outline of hills that blocked his way and rose sharp against the pale orange sky. A gray-backed roadrunner

ran startled into the mesquite; a coyote with drooping tail sought safety in a nearby gorge. When dwellers of the wilderness observe the birds and beasts thus slinking off into the shadows they know it is approaching the witching hour.

"If I'm to stand or fall," muttered Desmond, "by what that danged greaser told me back at Gonzoles, I ought to find a mesa beyond these hills. And what's better, the Rancho de Velasco. But," and he glanced uneasily towards the hills, "greasers are like most o' the women and squaws I've met—you can't bank on 'em."

It was not long after indulging in this simple bit of philosophy that the big-shouldered cowboy and his tough little bronco passed between Castle Rock and Desert Butte, and once beyond them, began to ascend the mesa trail. Presently they reached the mesa itself, which runs into the Tehachapi.

"Gad," he exclaimed breathlessly, "this acts on a man like hearin' 'Home Sweet Home' played in the old town. And such a cozy ranch!"

There were fruit trees before his gaze; cattle on the open range, great bands of them feeding up into the canyons; a fenced inclosure for yearlings, and beyond that a long narrow ranch house of adobe, having a shady porch the length of it, and smoke issuing from its chimney.

"I thank the stars I hit this place 'fore dark. And I reckon you do too," he added, stroking the bronco's mane. With a smile of complete satisfaction on his bronzed face, Desmond loped up to the corral. While hitching his pony he had leisure to read the fantastically scrawled sign, which, posted to the corral gate, purported to advertise the need of a good vaquero on the Rancho de Velasco.

The cowboy's smile deepened. "Wanted a good vaquero," he said to himself. "Well, I guess I'm the chap."

Senor Roberto Velasco claimed de-

scendency from the dons of ancient Spain, and perhaps his claim was a valid one. He certainly carried himself like a Don, and always insisted on being treated as such by his servants and vaqueros. It had pleased Senor Velasco to hire but Mexicans and Spaniards for range work. He had ever remained faithful to his solemn declaration not to allow a pig of an American under his roof. True, he had once been forced to engage the services of an Indian—but an American—never!

What was Senor Velasco's bewilderment one fine evening when, enjoying his *cigarro* and a fresh paper from Los Angeles, to behold a giant American cowboy tramping unshowered, high-heeled boots and all, into this sacred retreat! The Senora's maid, meeting the intruding savage on the portico, had hastily informed him of her master's whereabouts, whence he had gone, sombrero in hand, to beard the Senor in his den.

Let us explain in all justice to Senor Velasco that he had not been fortunate in meeting the best of Americans. Certain of them had tried to rustle his cattle; others had accidentally killed his calves, while hunting on the ranch. He entirely misunderstood the American character. All Americans were pigs to him; no better, but possibly worse. The Senor was therefore at first astonished by the plea which young Desmond so earnestly put forth; then struck full of admiration for the American's excellent Spanish; and finally convinced that here was an American not at all typical of his race. Quite delighted with the young man's frankness, he bade him have a chair; nay, ye shades of ancient Dons, actually proffered him a cigar. The Senor puffed his own weed furiously, which fact the amused cowboy took as an indication of profound thought.

"I will think the matter over a moment, Senor Daysmon," he said, leaning far back in his chair.

He was beset by serious difficulties. He was afraid that the Senora would not tolerate an American vaquero; on the other hand, Mexican vaqueros, being few and far between, Spaniards not to be had at any price, it was positively necessary to employ him. He argued that it was not alone politic but right on his part to accept the gigantic American, with the

muchaco's face and the voice of a lion. The Senora would have to tolerate him. For once in his life Senor Velasco broke his oath. He hired Wade Desmond.

Owing to his strange personality and wonderful physique, the new vaquero created no little excitement among the retainers of the rancho. To be sure, he occasioned considerable commotion in the family of the Senor. Beautiful Juanita Velasco became subject to queer attacks of heart fluttering; Senora Velasco fell to spluttering about all foreigners being pigs and devils, and the Senor prayed San Diego to keep the American from breaking the back of the first horse he sat upon.

The rancho boasted a full dozen Mexican and Spanish riders; tall, graceful fellows, dark of skin, with trim mustaches, and fine black eyes. They were a romantic-looking cavalcade as they left the corals in the morning for the range. Every one with a big sombrero and gaudy shirt; some wearing tight jackets; all having broad-bottomed trousers and tanned *zapatos*, heeled with silver-mounted spurs. The horses, too, fully a-jingle in silver-decorated bridles and saddles. Amidst this show of finery, Wade Desmond loomed up as large as a Patagonian, in his jack-boots, brown chaps, dull gray vest, a bandana about his neck, and a salmon-colored Stetson to keep off the fierce rays of the desert sun. Fashion is small matter to a cowboy. Ability is everything. Before two weeks had passed Desmond proved his superiority as a horseman, his skill in roping, tying, cutting out, and the other difficult strokes of the cowboy's art. Senor Velasco found him a valuable rangelander, who could endure and accomplish twice as much as any of his Mexicans. He was accordingly secretly delighted in having broken his oath.

There was one, however, extremely nettled by the turn in affairs, namely Juan Murrillo, captain of the vaqueros and adorer of Juanita. Murrillo was styled "*El Capitan*." He exercised some little dignity in result of that title, and consequently disliked the idea of any of the vaqueros, other than himself, attracting unusual attention. Besides, he feared that Juanita might easily fall in love with the barbaric American, a thing to be carefully watched and guarded against. He thought

he already detected a certain tacit understanding existent between the two. If the thing went any further, some day he would have to kill Desmond, even as he had killed Pedro Lagones, the vaquero, whose saddle the American now occupied. But it must be done in the dark, for he feared the stranger's blue eye, and dared not attack him in the open.

"*Santo!*" he muttered angrily to himself, "the giant is as fearless as a grizzly. Did I not see him ride his *caballo* along the precipice in pursuit of a maverick? Or was it the devil I saw? And shoot! *Diablo!* He can split an American *centavo* at a hundred and fifty feet. *Sacro!* I am sure he is the devil."

One evening after the usual affairs of the day were over, the cattle left with the line riders, the horses in the corral, supper being over, the tired vaqueros stretched themselves about the portico of the rancho. A musical Spaniard strummed his guitar on the steps, while a circle of Mexicans participated in a feverish game of cards. Desmond was the central figure in the game and apparently held a winning hand. At the extreme north end of the portico was a door and a window letting into Juanita's room. Before this window, wrapped in a dark *serape*, which made him part of the shadow, stood Juan Murrillo, smoking his cigarette and listening attentively to a voice speaking within the room. What he heard was evidently not to his taste, for he suddenly flung his cigarette away, and began to curl his mustache, scowling fiercely as he did so. It was the Senorita's voice that disturbed his temper. She reclined before her glass, talking softly to herself—as a woman will—while she arranged her hair.

"Ah, Santa Maria," the beautiful girl rippled on, "what a god he is! His eyes are so blue they might be spots from the bluebird's wing. And they speak to me, to Juanita alone. My father says he has a *muchaco's* face. But no. It is a handsome face, not dark and wicked like Murrillo's, but white and smiling. The vaqueros call him *El Grizzly*. No! He is *El Leon*, because he is so brave. *Madre* forgive me, but I do love him."

She heard the voices of men on the portico. Perhaps Senor Daysmon was there, too. She would peep out and see.

Gliding softly to the door, she opened it and stepped out. That moment she was caught by Murrillo's arms. He whispered tensely: "I will kill your Grizzly, Juanita, some night when he lies asleep."

"You dare not do it in the light," she answered, struggling to free herself from his grasp. He tried to kiss her, but she screamed and held him off.

Desmond had not been so intent upon his cards but what he could watch *El Capitan's* silent figure. When Juanita screamed, he was up in a leap, scattering the startled players. His hand went to his hip, but "D——" He had left his six-shooter in his bunk. This was a pretty mess. He would have to strangle the greaser with his hands. "You are a dog, Murrillo, a cur, to insult a lady!" he cried. "You——" He would have said more, but Murrillo, a furnace in his rage, slipped a knife from his belt, and throwing aside his *serape*, came slowly forward, much as a cougar moves to its prey. "I will stick you in the heart, Senor Grizzly. *Mira, mira!*" he cried raising his knife.

The excited onlookers were crowded about the steps; those who had guns gripping them as men will who are accustomed to see such sights. Some one laughingly advised the American to run, another croaked the name of Pedro Lagones, while they all kept their eyes on the two-edged stiletto which Murrillo flourished in his hand. Murrillo was brave now, having caught sight of Desmond's empty holster. When within a few feet of Desmond, Murrillo stopped. "I would Juanita could see me kill him," he panted. He turned his head for an instant to see if she were still in her doorway. Yes, there was her white face gazing at him in terror. Then the face vanished, or else his eyes failed him, he knew not which. Desmond's long arm had dealt out from the shoulder, his massive fist striking Murrillo on the side of the head, sending him rolling off the porch into Senora Velasco's choicest rose patch.

The vaqueros were thunderstruck by this phenomenal display of strength. They uttered never a word against Desmond, but peered into the flowers at Murrillo's seemingly lifeless form. The vanquished captain lay silent and unfit to rise and renew the conflict. Those who had witnessed his downfall evinced no sympathy

for his plight. Perhaps some of them cherished old grudges; certainly, none of them liked the American's arm. Be that as it may, the whole band of punchers finally tramped off to its quarters for the night.

There was a blush on Juanita's tender face instead of the white cast that had been there only a moment before. "*Dios, Senor,*" she said, coming forward, "I thought you were about to die."

"I guess my time hadn't come," Desmond responded with a laugh. "Really, Senorita, I didn't think of the danger; there was so much pleasure in ridding you of that ruffian. Excuse my having batted him into the roses, but I assure you it was necessary."

She thanked him in a word. "Come," she said, glancing meaningly at the garden where Murrillo lay; "we cannot talk here."

She led the way to the south end of the portico, which was sufficiently removed, and there they seated themselves.

"I don't want to appear rude," he continued, using his best Spanish, "but I'm curious to know what the trouble was between you and the captain. I missed part of the fuss."

Juanita possessed soft, luminous eyes that had power to speak of themselves. She told him shyly how she had been talking to herself as she sat alone; how she had stepped out for a breath of the evening air. "Then Murrillo flung his arms about me," she said, drooping her head. "I screamed, and you came to my rescue, Senor."

Desmond's eyes were caressing her in the dim light.

"I'd like to know what you were saying to yourself as you sat alone?" he questioned, more of himself than of her.

"Oh," she cried, confused, "I cannot tell you that."

It was nearly dark now, though the red-faced moon had poised himself on a pinnacle of Castle Rock. By its misty light the cowboy could distinguish the flutter of Juanita's long lashes, the trembling of her little hand, as she drew her mantilla close.

"Don't be shocked, Senorita," he said, lowering his rough voice till it seemed

really soft, "but I do know what you were saying to yourself."

"You do not know!" she exclaimed, anger replacing her timidity. "*Senor Americano,* you are too bold. I am a woman, and not to be spoken to like a vaquero."

"It's glorious to see you angry, Senorita. Please let me tell you what you were saying to yourself."

"Well?" she yielded.

"First, you decided you did not like Murrillo."

"Yes," she admitted, "what else?"

He seemed to forget her question. "Do you know, Juanita, I'm proud of having rapped Murrillo because——"

"I inquired, what else?" she interrupted.

"Right you are. I forgot. You wanted to be reminded that you had been whispering to yourself of me. Come, confess, *Juanita mia.*"

He took her hand gently in his own. The mantilla fell back.

"Oh, *caro mio,*" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck, "since you know it, I cannot keep it from you. Yes, 'twas of you I was thinking, talking to myself. Come closer, *El Leon.* *Madre,* how strong you are!" resting her small hand on his knotted shoulder. "Come closer, *El Leon,* closer, for I love you so."

She lay still in his arms, quivering, as she had often seen the wood dove quiver in the morning sunlight. At last she started up, affrightened, telling him she must speak of Murrillo. "Murrillo loves me, too, you know," she said, "and therefore hates you unto death. He swore tonight that he will kill you, *caro mio,* while you sleep." She burst into tears. "And he will, unless——"

"Unless?" he emphasized.

"Unless I force him to meet you fairly. Can you ride fast, Senor Daysmon?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Not if you want me to ride away from Murrillo," he laughed.

She shook her head. "Listen. It has been a custom for the women of our family to forestall all combats in which there was danger of shedding blood. It is for me to tell my father of this quarrel, pleading with him that there be no shooting. I will have him force *El Capitan* to ride with you in the coyote race to settle the

affair. Do you understand the coyote race, Senor?"

"Never heard of it, Juanita."

"It is very exciting and sometimes dangerous," she explained. "Our vaqueros enter it for the fun. They all gather a-horseback upon the mesa; a coyote is let loose, and when it has a start, they pursue it. The vaquero who succeeds in roping the animal receives the prize. The others acknowledge themselves beaten. Now do you understand?"

"I'm to race *El Capitan* for a coyote. Is that it?"

She nodded her head.

"I'd rather we could use our guns," he objected.

"No," she pleaded, shuddering. "Promise me, *caro mio*, you will ride the race."

"I promise, and there's a kiss to seal the agreement."

Fully an hour after the evening Angelus, no less a personage than Senora Velasco herself came out upon the portico very near the spot where Juan Murrillo reposed in a swoon. After grumbling about the perversity of all men in general, she placed her hands to her mouth, thus directed her voice towards the vaquero's bunk-house, and called bird-like for *El Capitan*. At a second prolonged twittering, she noticed a rustling in the roses, and at the same time detected a faint sound of groaning. The noise of crackling leaves centered itself in the garden, and presently she beheld the dejected captain crawl out upon the path. Having raised himself to his feet, he staggered up to the portico.

"What, in the name of Our Lady, has happened to you?" she jerked at him. "I heard there was a quarrel, but this!" and she shook her head in dismay.

Murrillo proceeded to curse Desmond roundly in a mixture of good Spanish and poor English. The Senora discreetly closed her ears.

"Senora!" he cried. "*El Grizzly* has the arm of Satan. It struck me like a thunderbolt."

"You don't mean to say he knocked you into my roses, and you have been there ever since?"

"Si, Senora. I am forced to say so."

She thought of her fine roses ruthlessly crushed by his worthless carcass, and ven-

tured to hint that he might have crawled out of them sooner. *El Capitan* received this untimely suggestion by glaring at her with the eyes of a spectre. He was about to curse again, she thought. Best to fulfill her errand and begone before the storm broke.

"*Senor El Capitan*," she announced, gravely, "I am commissioned by my husband to command your presence here in the morning. You are to ride against the *Americano* in the coyote race. It is to settle your dispute, I think. Good luck and good-night."

Murrillo, feeling weak and extremely dizzy, stumbled along in the dark towards his shack. When near the horse corral his wondering eyes perceived a woman's slight figure, shrouded in ghostly white, flit past him and vanish in the darkness.

"It's my head," he grumbled, groping awkwardly to his bunk. "I'll sleep it off; and the devil take that *Americano*."

* * * *

"Smokin' six-shooters!" ejaculated Desmond. "The very fiend's in the greaser's horse."

The American was glowing with the excitement of the coming test of horsemanship. Mounted on one of Senor Velasco's half-wild Spanish mares, which few would have chosen even for a good course, and which only a man of Desmond's strength could curb, he sat waiting for Murrillo to succeed in gaining the saddle. This appeared to be a difficult feat, for *El Capitan's* usually gentle bay now seemed possessed of the devil. The cow-punchers, who had gathered to watch the sport, and the man holding the shivering coyote, grew impatient and jeered their captain. Thus goaded on, he gave a splendid spring that landed him squarely in the saddle. A yell went up from the men, the coyote-man scrambled out of the way, and the little gray animal which he had loosed leaped desperately over the mesa to escape the horses' flying feet.

"*Dios*, they have wings," gasped Senor Velasco.

Juanita had early ridden out to the head of the Jawbone Canyon, where she expected to view the finish. "Heaven speed him," she prayed, with her gaze on Desmond and his black mare.

Desmond rode like the wind. But Mur-

rillo was the lighter man, and at once drew a length ahead. He grasped his riata. If he could rope the little beast now it would end the affair in his favor. Yet he dared not make the attempt as a poor throw would mean absolute failure. His horse was still behaving badly, foam was dripping from its mouth, its white teeth flashed in the sunlight, a wild stare was in the bay's eye which only an Indian could understand. Soon the poor beast's sides began to heave. She lost her stride. Desmond gained ground rapidly.

"*San Jose*," cried Murrillo, catching a glimpse of the foam on his horse's muzzle, "my horse is *loco*!" He saw the hated American drawing away from him. He saw the coyote springing gracefully over the ground. With a fierce shout of hope, he twirled his riata over his head and sent it hissing in a beautiful throw. The rope beat down the coyote's tail; but the creature's increased speed told of escape.

Murrillo was forced to dismount, where

he stood angered and astonished, watching his fine horse roll in the dust. Wade Desmond dashed past the Senorita, still following the coyote. He waved his hand. Look, Juanita," he cried. And swung his long rope, directing it with matchless skill to fall and tighten about the coyote's neck.

"*Bravo*, Senor," applauded Juanita, clapping her hands and laughing for joy. "You have won the prize."

"What is the prize?" he questioned, pretending not to see her blushing face.

"Why, *Senor Grizzly*," she replied, looking ever so innocently into his eyes, "it is the Senorita Juanita Velasco. You can have my horse, too, if you want him."

* * * *

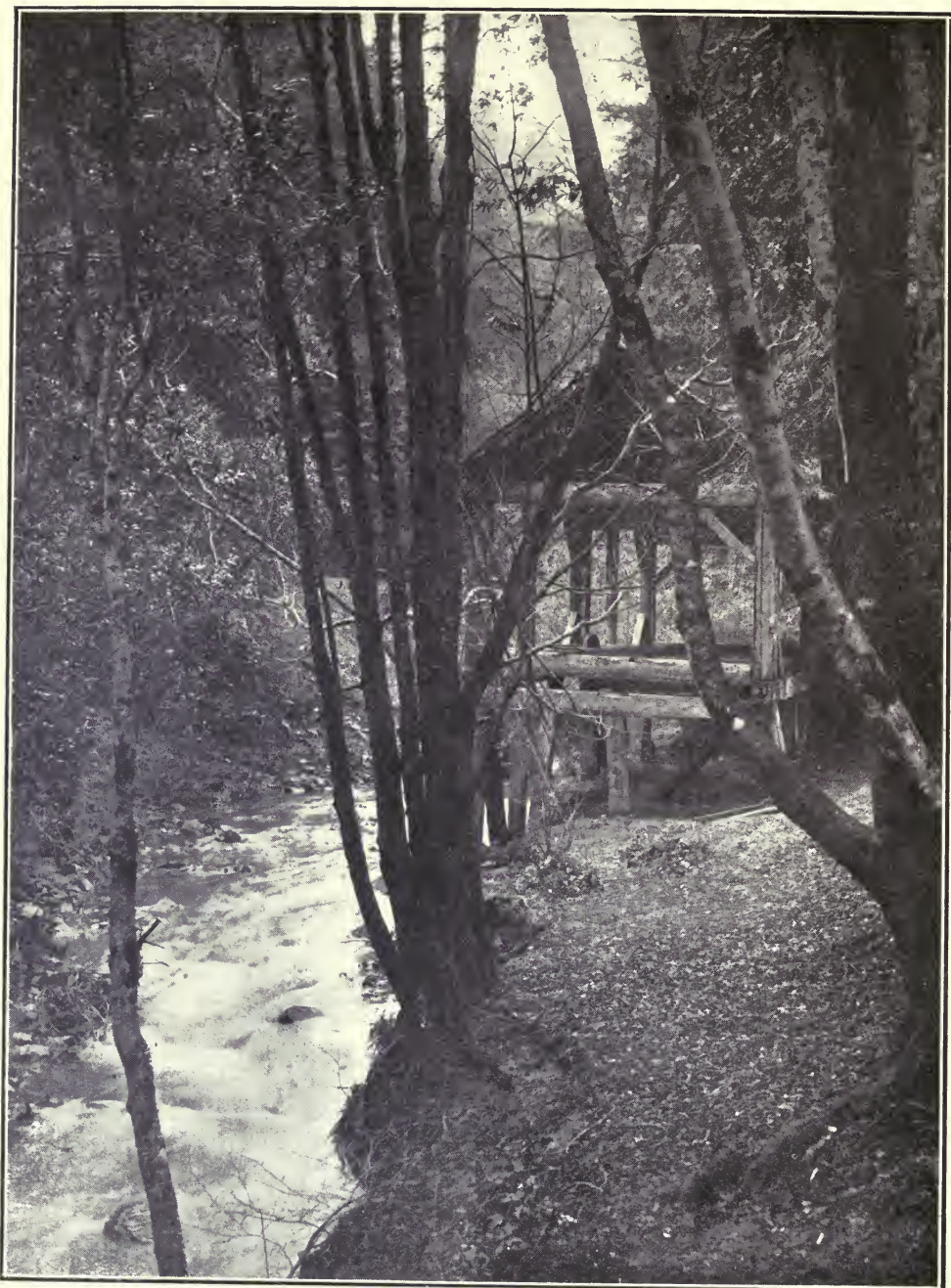
"What on earth could have ailed Murrillo's horse?" he asked her that evening as they rode toward Los Angeles.

"How simple you are for a Grizzly," she said, trying to conceal a smile. "I slipped over to the corral last night and fed the poor thing *loco-weed*."

THE WIND'S SECRET

BY ALONZO RICE

It seems somehow the wind for many years
 Has had a secret it would tell to me,
 Of hidden vales beyond some unknown sea.
 Excelling far the music of the spheres
 Would be the wondrous news as it appears,
 Revealed in broken tones as it may be;
 With hand uplifted, and on bended knee,
 No word has come to my attentive ears.
 Sometimes I think it tells of lands of light,
 It babbles so in joy, through golden days;
 And with a pleading voice it would invite
 My feet to seek them; then, in doubt's amaze,
 I hear it wail upon some cheerless night,
 Of vales where Hope in crownless sorrow strays!



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.—THE OLD MILL, MILL VALLEY.

Photo by J. W. Henderson.

AN ASIATIC VIEW OF JAPAN'S WORLD-MENACE

BY SAINT NIHAL SING

Saint Nihal Sing is an Indian scholar who is at present traveling in the United States for the purpose of studying political, economic, and educational conditions with the idea of applying the benefits of his researches and investigations to his people. Mr. Sing writes here his understanding of a phase of the Japanese situation and it is published without editing of any nature. As has been stated often, this magazine is an open forum, and it is not the policy of the Overland Monthly to intimidate a contributor or control his beliefs and opinions. So that the declarations of a writer in these pages are not necessarily the declarations of

THE EDITOR.



DURING AND immediately succeeding the Russo-Japanese war, the press of Europe and America went into ecstasies over the prowess of the Japanese soldier and the

level-headedness and strategic ability of the officers who engineered the task of grappling with the Russian army and navy. Enthusiastic panegyrics were written regarding the sacrifices which the patriotic islanders had made to avert a menace to their national existence. Lavish praise was bestowed on the wonderful manner in which Japan, in a brief term of years, had modernized and prepared itself to whip the Occidental with his own weapons.

During the last few months the tenor of comment has considerably changed, and in many instances editorial writers are deploring the fact that any fuss ever was made about the achievements of Japan. The people have commenced to remark that, after all is said and considered, the Japanese are ordinary human beings, and not supernatural. The Pacific Coast influx of Japanese immigrants has created an extensive and intensive alarm, and caused thinkers and statesmen to pause

and consider that the Japanese aggressiveness, fanned into volcanic activity by the successes in the Russo-Japan war, constitutes a menace to the world—at least to the Pacific Coast of North America.

It is not the Occident alone which is cogitating over the world menace of Japan. The Orient also is displaying unmistakable signs of being fearful of the menacing position and tactics which the island nation has assumed of late.

Like the Occident, the entire Orient showed unbounded admiration of Japan's struggle with Russia. To Asia the issues involved in the Russo-Japan war meant more than they did to the Occidental world. The Asians were enthusiastic and appreciative of Japan's proving to the Occident that an Asian nation was capable of using Western methods of warfare to defeat a Western people; and the praise of the Orient was more lavish than that of the Occident. But, as in America and Europe, the Asian attitude toward the Mikado's subjects has undergone a phenomenal change. Asia has become fearful of the methods Japan is employing to secure commercial markets and proclaiming its political suzerainty in Asiatic countries.

Japan's programme of expansion, the Orient is commencing to realize, is much

like that of England. The island-nation of the Orient appears to be bent the same way as the island-nation of the Occident. England went to India for trade purposes. The East-India Company, a purely commercial organization of monopolists, finding that the government of the day in Hindostan was impotent and that general lawlessness and anarchy prevailed, formed visions of obtaining the political supremacy of India, since, by manipulating the tariff, the throttling of Indian industries and the control of the Indian markets could be more effectively and easily brought about.

When the English went to India it was the East-Indian "gold" that attracted them. At that time the country was industrially prosperous. Indian muslins and brass and wood art work were the furore of France and England in that day; but within a few decades the law was so made and administered by the British that English manufactures displaced the East-Indian, just as the Englishman ousted the natives of the land from the Government offices.

Japan's career in Korea and Manchuria significantly shows that the subjects of the Mikado are following in the footsteps of their Occidental ally. For commercial purposes, railroads, telegraphs, post-offices, electric lights, etc., have been installed in India, and a few millions of East-Indians have been enabled to come in close contact with Western culture; but India has paid a woeful price for these features of modernization and the benefits that have accrued to India from them are merely incidental. Japan's political administration of Korea and Manchuria may add these and probably other features of civilization; it may lead to imparting

education to Koreans and Manchurians; but this will be incidental, and for these advantages Korea and Manchuria will pay a most exorbitant price.

When the Anglo-Japanese treaty was signed a few years ago, the people of India, who had expected that the Japanese would display "Asia-for-the-Asiatics" sentiments, denounced the alliance and expressed keen disappointment that an Asian nation should join a European power to keep India, an Oriental country, under subjection. Hindoostan was bitterly chagrined. This disappointment is becoming acuter and changing into a feeling of resentment since the development of Japanese plans for exploiting Korea and Manchuria. The people of India are fast awakening to the consciousness that the foreign policy of Japan is not to merge in an "Asia-for-the-Asiatics" combine, but to reserve Asia for the Japanese.

All the other enlightened Asiatic countries share this East-Indian attitude towards Japan. China appears to be wide-awake in this respect. From the manner in which the Celestials are protesting against allowing the Japanese to smuggle arms and provisions of war into Manchuria at the present time, it is evident that the Dragon Empire is alive to the menacing attitude Japan has assumed towards Asia.

The possibility of a war between Japan and China in a great measure depends upon how full the coffers of the Japanese exchequer are; or how much money England and other pro-Japanese Occidental nations can loan to the Mikado's Government; but certain it is that the entire Orient is vibrant with a dread of the new Japanese slogan: "Asia for the Japanese."



THE STRATEGIST

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY



THAT SHE WAS a born strategist was known only to a few, for her perfection of method and detail was of such quality, so subtle, so minute, that it took a mind equal in social

tactics to grasp and appreciate the finesse.

That we all have moments of ignominy, unwitnessed except by the inward monitor, is but human, and since this fact places us upon the level of a common frailty, it but adds to the sting of humiliation; that is, when one aspires to pre-eminence. And Mrs. Briggs had but one crushing defeat to her account, a defeat which, in the ordinary run, would have been regarded by the ordinary mortal as a victory since a disgrace was averted and the public kept in ignorance of a catastrophe that had been imminent. But not in this light did Mrs. Briggs regard the evasion of a sinister destiny and the crudity of her repulse was a lasting shame that took the form of a recurring memory which continued to castigate the Colonel for his share in the tragedy of the fateful evening.

Unknown to the Governor-General himself, unknown to the invited guests, unknown to the gentle lady who presided, it was the Colonel's wife who had selected, seated and diverted the diners at the Palace. The most exquisite insinuations let fall in what the vulgar would call "hints," otherwise called the delicate art of suggestion, had brought to culmination the desires and ambitions that had planned and plotted from August to October.

As the warrior feels when he surveys his marshaled forces drawn ready for the final triumph, so felt Mrs. Briggs, and it was only when she discovered the Colonel in an attitude of dejection, just a few minutes before dressing time, that she recoiled for one brief instant, touched by the

chill of possible failure. Then energy, the energy that had literally raised the plain Lieutenant Briggs to his present honorable office, flowed in upon her daunted spirit and stimulated her to fresh endeavor.

The light ebbed palely through the shell-blinds and mingled with the diffused radiance of the candles flickering on the dressing table. The rush of the lesser surf struggling back against the breakwater echoed faintly, and in the reiteration of the waves complaining against the stone wall some tropic insect mixed its droning. Of this wordless harmony the Colonel was not a part, for he sat in a detached zone of gloom, the picture of abject anguish and despair.

Mrs. Briggs eyed him sternly as she paused on the threshold of their bedroom. Advancing to the center of the apartment, she saw that the muchacha had laid out her wearing apparel, even to the white slippers and the gloves folded neatly on the table; everything was in readiness to put on. Her control, her wonderful discipline extended down even to the languid, irresponsible Filipino. She slipped off her waist and plunged ample, shapely arms into a basin of cool water; she proceeded to brush out and do up the luxuriant, iron-gray hair and powder the fine nose with thoughtful care. She realized that in deshabille she could never command the respect due to a full panoplied superior.

During this swift transformation no word was exchanged and only an occasional sound, sudden and peculiar of character, broke the uninterrupted and silent communion of connubial privacy. Then the lady turned and faced her companion with a sarcasm that was only dimly perceived.

"William, my husband," said Mrs. Briggs.

Whenever she asserted their relation-

ship, the Colonel always froze into a humble obscurity engendered by the recollection of her early condescension.

"Do you forget what depends upon this evening? We, of all people, cannot afford to be late. In fact," she paused impressively, "I must be the first to get there, and——"

"Oh, Mary!" interrupted the husband, with something like a child's pleading in his tones, "cut it out. You can do it by yourself, as you do all things. Won't you leave me? I really can't sit through an evening with this——" He made a desperate lunge with an object that was grasped by one hand and concealed by his shirt. His features contorted with something between viciousness and satisfaction, and the arm moved with fearful and amazing rapidity up and down his back. "My God! You don't know what it is!" He apologized weakly, great beads of moisture collecting on his corrugated forehead.

"I have had prickly heat on several occasions, which fact you might recall, if you were not so self-absorbed," she responded with serene aloofness.

This stung the culprit into a reproachful self-defense:

"You don't expect a fellow to remember birthdays and anniversaries, do you, when hell-fire is running up his spine?"

She stood there, calm, regal, and yet something human crept into her demeanor as she regarded the overwhelmed humanity that she claimed as spouse. The Colonel's suspenders were lying inefficiently over the white duck trousers, his shirt, open to the waist, exposed a patch of inflamed skin with angry blotches that told of fierce and frequent digital attacks. His waving, white mane hung in wet strands and his cheeks sagged with heat and the weariness that comes of much activity.

Mrs. Briggs advanced with the box of talc powder in her hand. "Come, dear-heart," she said soothingly, "a little talcum and you'll feel better. I know it's uncomfortable, but——"

"Uncomfortable! Is that what you call it?" demanded the Colonel indignantly. "By gum! I call it damned sufferin' and I'd rather be under fire than sit and squirm all day with somethin' you can't reach, and that's only the worse by the

reachin'." Under intense excitement he always forgot his g's and this indication of mental stress filled his wife with alarm.

"Come, come, it is not so bad," she said. "When you get into a fresh, cool shirt, see if you do not feel easier?" Mrs. Briggs invariably took refuge in standard English when there were indications of solecisms on the other side of the house.

"I just put this one on!"

"Change it and put on another." She regarded the damp linen with patience and contempt. "Change it at once," she commanded.

"It's no use. I can't change my skin. If I could, things might be better," returned the afflicted fretfully.

Mrs. Briggs heard the victoria come into the court. She took up the white blouse and began fastening on the gold eagles. Deep in her subconsciousness, a small voice was saying: you are to be thanked for these. Would he ever have risen to colonelship if it hadn't been for you? In the appreciation of immediate successes and benefits she saw herself worsted, and for the first time if the Colonel did not, would not, could not, be persuaded to rise to the occasion. * * * With the swift change of the diplomatic chess player, she veered toward him, superb in wrath and disdain.

"William, Milton, Chesterfield Briggs." Her eyes were closed, her thin lips straight as they assisted her to bite off the sentences.

"Is it for this that I have raised you from the low to the high? In this hour when so much depends on your co-operation you miserably fail me all because of a," she hesitated, her lip curled, "a slight inconvenience. I arranged this dinner-party in order to bring things to a climax. To-morrow that request could be on its way to Washington and Delila's life saved by a little word from the General. Think of that dear child, only six months a bride, buried in a place like Luzon, a God-forsaken spot without any social life or diversion of any kind! After all the sacrifices we have made for her! Such a place would kill her flower-like beauty. Manila, bad as it is, would be a Paradise. * * * And George, you know life here would not suit him at all. Our son is a soldier, too, but we must not forget that he is a gentleman

and unfitted for an existence of hardship. If there was any real fighting going on, then things would be different. But since there is no active service, what is the use of him coming here to get black as an African?"

"By gum, madam," cried the Colonel, touched on a sore spot, "our pretty son might be a man some day if he had a touch of such things as dhobe itch, prickly heat, hikin', an' a few other things to give him some backbone. He oughter have the pinkness taken out of him. * * * He is a sissy, he is, an' by God, I'm ashamed of him. As for our girl, didn't she know she was marryin' a soldier an' not a milk-sop? Are we goin' to follow her 'round with a parasol an' a dance-card for the rest of our days? * * * I don't like askin' no favors of nobody——"

Mrs. Briggs grew in majesty and horror as the torrent swelled into such manipulation of grammar as she had never heard from her better-half before. Some desperate measures must be taken. But what? Then she thought of her grandfather. The portly shade, gold-braided, emblazoned with honors won on the field, came to her rescue with all the chilling composure of a respectable, nay, a renowned family mausoleum.

To live up to this hallowed ideal whose weaknesses were lost in the long sojourn of the tomb, was a state of perfection to which inclination did not aspire, although ambition and pride did flutter in that direction, for the Colonel realized that this ancestor's lustre had assisted him in the upward climb. Now the Colonel was a real soldier in spite of the lack of early opportunities, and he was a kind, masculine old war-dog in spite of his wife's browbeating, but he was, above all, grateful, and any reference to this valuable wraith had a chastening effect on his naturally pugnacious spirit.

His hand slipped from the back of his shirt and the paper-cutter, a great horn affair, came to view. It rested on his knee, and his shaggy head dropped on his breast: he knew intuitively what was coming.

"I spring from a family of soldiers, Colonel Briggs," began the wife of his bosom, "and I am not accustomed to see our men, soldiers, flinch before any un-

pleasantness. * * * I am a woman, a mother; I know what is best for my children. If it was a case of duty, I would be the first to spur them on. But it is not; and now their father, through pure indifference, self-absorption, refuses to further their interests—I might say, interests of vital importance. * * * If grandfather were alive, he might make you see your duties in the true light, for he was a gentleman born, not made, and always respected the wishes of his wife as he obeyed the orders of his superior officer. * * * But you cannot understand these things, Colonel Briggs, for it is a matter of heredity, I suppose."

In the pain occasioned by these indelicate allusions the old soldier forgot the irritation of the flesh, which had increased under the heat of repartee, and this was more than his gratitude could stand. He came to his feet with a fine dignity, all the man in him looking out of his blue eyes. He squared his broad shoulders and spoke quietly:

"I may not be a gentleman born, Mary, an' I owe a lot to you, but I'll be damned if I wouldn't like to lick that grandfather of yours. Yes, I'll go to this bloomin' dinner party, but I never want to hear that old gent's name again—you remember it, Mary—please!"

The lash had been effective. Even at the expense of losing the distinction of constantly airing the beloved ghost Mrs. Briggs was satisfied and wisely refrained from comment.

When they arrived at the Governor's Palace, an hour later, a young moon was rising innocently over the reach of rice paddies and casting a shy reflection into the slowly, moving waters of the Pasig. Great fireflies swayed through the dense tropical foliage and a Ylang Ylang threw its vivid splashes into the crimson dusk.

A victoria swept from under the arch and as the Colonel and his wife drew up they saw that the General had just alighted. The Colonel's watch informed Mrs. Briggs that it was three minutes to eight. Dinner was not until half after. She determined to decoy the General into some secluded corner and lead up to the subject of foreign relations and then touch lightly on the domestic relations with regard to foreigners and the United

States, and, well, incidentally, say—individuals.

And the picture in her mind's eye gradually developed and the Colonel saw the smiling negative of his wife out on the veranda leaning toward the all-powerful General, leaning graciously, her handsome person radiating that fascinating condescension that always won her favors.

He pressed miserably against a high-backed chair, pressed savagely; and then, he began to rise up and down just above the belt line, with a peculiar sliding movement that suggested the luxurious indulgence of an inelegant quadruped that is usually ignored by polite society.

"Those fierce cocktails made it worse," he groaned, his agonized eyes fixed on the door as he waited in the empty, palm-filled sala his soul fervently hoping that the Governor might lose his collar button.

It was acknowledged even by her enemies, that Mrs. Briggs could talk to men and that she held their interest. She accomplished this marvel with a powerful yet velvet grasp on subjects close to the masculine heart and gave conversation a feminine charm without causing it to lose vigor.

As dinner progressed, with its many courses, the tension relaxed and the women, all with the exception of the Colonel's wife, sank back in their chairs, forming an outside circle, and carried on a sympathetic conference which rounded out in a universal verdict. While engrossed in the limitations of the Manila shop these political dilettantes were unheeding of the fierce fusillade taking place between the anti-imperialist and the imperialistic pure-compound.

"No sir," cried the Colonel, "let 'em talk about the little brown niggers, all about selling them to the Japs or any one else. What, sell them after we've sunk millions in these Islands! Turn 'em loose to bolo each other into mince-meat!" He brought his fist down forcibly as some one brought an argument up, and he talked from and with his heart, honestly, fearlessly and the more conservative held back and refrained from such platitudes as associate with "altruism."

They heard the policy in clear words that held on to the *gs* like grim death for

the eagle eye opposite made them seem almost as important as the constitution. Suddenly he lost himself with the usual unbalance of the extemporaneous speaker, and, like the reckless hero of the nursery rhyme, not even the forces represented by Mrs. Briggs could get him together again. In the madness of free speech his blood raced as molten lead and abstractedly he began unbuttoning his coat.

His wife was sitting on the edge of her chair, the extreme edge, her eyes watching button after button as it flew wide of its hole. The Colonel breathed easier as his girth expanded and his liberated chest took in long draughts of air. He ceased to look toward his wife; everything was wiped from his mind but the subject under discussion and the certainty that battle was required for some cause. She did not breathe at all; her glances were riveted on the man facing her, the man whose name she bore.

Then suddenly, she congealed and her brain refused to accept the assertion of her eyes. The prickly heat had worked the speaker into a frenzy, and now, doubtless believing that he was freeing America from all seditionists, the gallant officer attacked the double foe with a weapon that has hitherto had but one purpose. His hand groped along the table and came in contact with a knife. Seizing upon the implement with a joyous expression he raised it to his collar. In, up and down lunged the blade wielded with a zeal never warranted by international complications.

The lookeron, the intent *vis a vis*, shivered. Then regaining control of the situation Mrs. Briggs sent a well-aimed foot under the table with such sureness and direction, planting her French heels into the shins of the juggler with such force and precision as to cause that accomplished gentleman to lose his grip on the inappropriate utility.

With mesmeric intensity she held him for one awful instant, his blue eyes meeting the dilated pupils with childish bewilderment. Then perceiving his empty hand trailing aimlessly along the cloth the strategist played her *coup de etat* which, to her mind, was horribly vulgar in its crudity, its lack of essential fitness,

with splendid heroism.

Terrified at the long silence, silence which succeeded the turbulent eloquence, she leaned far over in the direction of the Governor and addressed him playfully:

"Is that one of your weapons of warfare, your Honor?" she inquired pointing to the wall back of her.

Involuntarily every one turned to view the object indicated. But Mrs. Briggs remained rigid and facing the Colonel. He looked at her piteously, a great contrition in his eyes, interrogation written over his countenance, but she met him coldly as she hissed across the festive board in a whisper which he alone could hear:

"Leave it—don't dare to try and get it

out!"

* * * *

The Colonel cut a Major short in the middle of a pithy sentence and sprang into the victoria beside his wife. The little ponies fell into a sharp trot and the vehicle passed through the huge gates and out onto the smooth hard roads of Malacananag.

The Colonel collapsed against the firm shoulder of Mrs. Briggs. "What a night! Oh, Mary, what a night!" He groaned then suddenly stiffened: "My God, Mary! Take it out—take it out—quick! . . . They'll think I've lifted their silver—but it doesn't matter . . . By gum, Mary, Ain't it lucky that it wasn't the carving-knife?"



THE PAST

BY HARRY T. FEE

Though lost in alien dusks that front the high
 Interminable barrier of the dead,
 Still lifts thy face above Time's epochs fled,
 As memory that lives and cannot die,
 And still above the dust of years doth lie
 The phantom light that wreathes thy glowing head,
 Against thy dark horizons gleaming red—
 A steadfast star in thy remotest sky.

E'en as the morn, upon her golden wings,
 Bears radiant athwart the bourn of night
 The glory of the sun's unconquered gleam,
 You shall arise from out the dust of kings
 And stand alone on thy exalted height,
 The wonder and the joyance of a dream.

THE HIGHWAYS OF PROSPERITY

CALIFORNIA AND GOOD ROADS

BY WILL BARRY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOGAN, STOCKTON

As this magazine goes to press the Legislature of the State of California is considering the appropriation of eighteen million dollars for the building of intra-county roads. It is almost certain that this measure will pass into effect, and quite an impetus will be given the improvement of road conditions in the Golden State. The Overland Monthly has, in the articles that have appeared in its pages, constantly fostered road improvement in the West, and it now points out to the various county authorities that it now devolves upon them to support the State in its excellent attitude by giving attention to the roadways within the county limits themselves. We not only want and need intra-county roads, but we want and need inter-county roads. The article by Mr. Barry deals with this latter need, and he points out particularly the bad conditions of many roads in the interior of the State, notably in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys.—THE EDITOR.



ONE of the most pertinent problems of today is the task of learning what steps are most essential to aid commercial transportation. In this connection we may well con-

sider the farmer whose very existence depends to a great extent on the profitable marketing of his products.

Right here in the Sacramento Valley, one of the best agricultural sections in California, farmers are so handicapped by bad roads that products have been known to deteriorate perceptibly in price by the time they reach a market place. It is a fact that railroads are available in some cases, but in shipping by that method the profit the farmer hopes to gain is usually absorbed in exorbitant freight rates. He slaves from dawn till dark, the whole year long, and even with this incessant toil, he is confronted with poor highways after the toil is over.

This condition is not because the land is non-productive, it is due rather to the fact that so much time is necessary to ac-

complish the work of preparing and delivering products. This state of affairs must improve and with the motor truck the farmers' outlook is more promising, for time is rapidly bringing him the solution of the problem nearest his heart, cheap transportation. Rapid and safe transportation is best brought about by good roads and motor trucks, the two are indispensable to prosperity.

The sooner these advantages are secured the sooner all mortgages on farm property will become only occasional incidents in rural life, rather than a habit as of today.

Our agricultural communities do not realize the upbuilding effect that the use of the self-propelled commercial vehicle is undoubtedly destined to have during the approaching decade. When one of these stray motor trucks is seen on the streets or country roads it rouses more or less interest, but the actual value of the circumstance is lost to the casual observer.

This apparent lack of interest is not due entirely to the fact that we do not appreciate the importance of motor trucks, but because we are not as yet educated to the point of accepting the modern method

of transportation. For generations the horse and wagon method has been deemed the only possible transportation facility, and the draw-backs incident thereto have been accepted as a matter of custom—so dependent have we grown on animal traction.

When we see a large business automobile carrying thousands of pounds it brings us to a keener realization that a more advantageous mode of transporting commodities of all kinds will eventually supplement the work of horses entirely. In large cities the traffic congestion has been

hauling grain. Good highways should interest the city man as well as the country man, for his living is affected to the same extent, because of his dependence on the adjacent farms, for numerous commodities. Products cannot be landed in as good order nor as cheaply, when subjected to a haul over miles of badly constructed road, or over highways that do not merit a name.

It can easily be seen that much larger loads can be transported with the expenditure of much less power, hence at materially lessened expense, over smooth, well-



“OBJECT LESSON” ROAD NEAR STOCKTON, WHERE IT MERGES INTO A CITY STREET

lessened very materially by the use of motor trucks. Goods are moved at a faster rate and the truck takes up much less room. This fact has been proven by actual measurements. The London Globe says: “We have long held that in the ideal town there would be no horses, and London seems to be fast approaching that state of things.

The price of farm products rests with the farmer but is enhanced by the cost of transportation. Even the price of the bread we eat is governed by the cost of

constructed roads. It is a universal fact that actual living is much cheaper in Europe than in America; and though to many this may seem strange, statistics prove that every ton hauled, costs the American farmer thirteen cents more than the transportation of an equal amount costs the European farmer, where good roads are maintained, from the smallest villages and to the most remote towns.

In France the highways are good—not because of any particular superiority in road-making, nor because the people of



PORTION OF MARIPOSA ROAD NEAR STOCKTON BEFORE BEING IMPROVED.



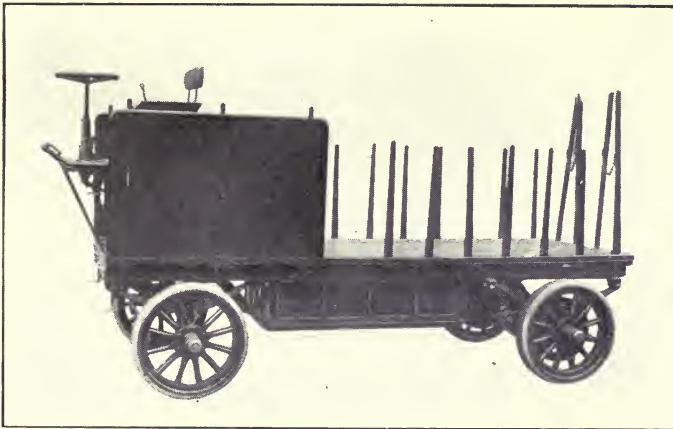
MARIPOSA ROAD AFTER IMPROVEMENT. THIS ROADWAY REMAINED PRACTICALLY UNINJURED AFTER THE FLOODS OF THE PAST WINTER.

that country are blessed with any special talent for road-building, but because the initiative in matters pertaining to public highways is taken by well trained engineers and directed by the national government: The national government of France has expended over \$300,000,000 in constructing and maintaining 23,656 miles of highways. The standard road in that country is in such splendid condition that a draft horse hauling a load of 3,300 pounds is expected to make about twenty miles per day. This fact indicates the difference between roads in France and those in the United States where the load hauled by one horse over average level country roads is only 1,400 pounds.

Although every dollar that is spent by the farmers in increased road taxes will

to which many Easterners fly to escape the oppressive summer heat or the piercing winter winds. Good roads, next to good weather are a prime necessity to the American people. They are the avenues of commerce and progressive citizens should realize, that the maintenance of good highways is the prime necessity in State development and should receive foremost consideration. Simply because the generation preceding us was satisfied with bad roads is no reason why we should hold to the same antiquated idea.

We are gradually waking up to the fact that we are somewhat behind in the race. A great many tourists are brought to California simply through the splendid climatic conditions which exist here, and because of the natural scenic attractions



A TYPE OF THE MODERN MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION OF THE PRACTICAL FARMER.

add from \$5 to \$25 to the value of farms, it should not be up to the farmer to build the roads. There should be co-operative work between the city man and the country man, for one benefits the other.

The State aid system is a most effectual one—fifteen States have adopted it and others are adopting it at the rate of four or five a year. It is only reasonable to suppose that Eastern States would fall in line more quickly than the West, as manufacturing industries are older there and that section of America lies nearer European centers.

California with its wonderful scenic and climatic attractions is naturally the haven

which abound so plentifully. How much could that travel be increased if we added the comfort of good roads? It would simply serve to complete our long list of advantages and add the finishing touch—ideal existence, without mentioning the advancement of all industries.

Strange as it may seem, some of the finest sections of California, because of their isolation and poor roads are unknown. Some of our greatest resources lie unused simply because we fail to realize the importance of good roads.

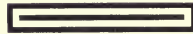
San Joaquin County has realized that if they improve two hundred miles of the twelve hundred miles of roads as sug-

gested, the cost of transportation of products would be directly decreased at least twenty per cent. Two miles of excellent road have been built out of Stockton, at the excessive cost, however, of nine thousand dollars per mile. Just think of it! At this price, improvement of roads would be almost impossible, and it remains for competent engineers to determine a systematic expenditure of money appropriated for such purposes, under strict government supervision.

The road tax for poor roads that you are paying every day amounts to twenty or forty times what the good roads tax will ever amount to. We should have laws enacted for the improvement of our roads and their maintenance. We have no State

road specialists as we have in other branches of government, and yet what problem lies nearer the economic prosperity of the State than the betterment of our highways?

It is true that the West is not as thickly populated as the East; but why induce people to settle in California unless you build some means by which they can move crops easily, or offer some inducement to cultivate land at a profit. The sooner we join the good road movement, and lead the procession as we do in all things else, the sooner will we reach permanent industrial prosperity. California has wonderful resources, and California wastes her opportunities, and the farmer by giving him wealth and happiness.



OF THE GLOAMING

BY BILLEE GLYNN

O weary wings of day that beat
 Home to the dusking West—
 O souls that in the gloaming meet,
 Spirits of vague unrest!
 O lonely heart of night that throbs
 Upon the pillow of the dark—
 O sweet thought-silences that hark
 'Neath the low-breathing world's half sobs—
 My soul sways to your call!

O life that ebbs upon the sands,
 The vain-marked sands of Time—
 O Love that mourns its severed bands,
 Its hour of the sublime!
 O wild regrets that ever move
 Across the dim-lit lonely years—
 My soul steeps in your myriad tears—
 To-night brings to my heart, O Love,
 Thy shadow, that is all!

TWO FOOLS

BY JOSEPH NOEL



WAY FROM nature's scrap-heap Lincoln Travers would have earned the reputation of being a buttoned-up man. Only Nevada's iron-hilted hills that smile at the pretensions of the pyramids and the interminable reaches of alkali had his confidence. His face had the determination of a clenched fist, though his eyes occasionally held a mystery in their gray depths, a suggestion of things unseen of ordinary eyes, when supper was over, the fire a mass of glowing embers and pipes sending incense to such skies as persuade every one sleeping under them to conquer the instinct that makes house-animals. On such occasions the eyes told of the human being hidden behind the corrugations of the old prospector. They hinted, too, and his intonations when he briefly announced the discovery of a ledge or a promising piece of float emphasized the hint that he had not spent all his life away from the ease of the cities. In the Southern camps that came into existence after Tonopah had vindicated the sagacity of Jim Butler's burro, there was a tradition that "Link Travers knew a sight more law than all them jawsmiths from Reno rolled into one."

Towards sundown of the fifth day out we made camp near a deserted mine. The bleached windlass, broken bucket and few strands of rope swaying in the hot breeze proclaimed the supremacy of the desert, which eventually gathers to itself every atom of those things that are man-fashioned.

And even the dump had succumbed to this uncompromising spirit of the wastes, and not a little work with the hand-pick was necessary to get through to the sulphides. When the oxidized crust was penetrated, we gathered samples of the ore

and searched them for tell-tale marks of riches.

"Fools," said the recent graduate from the correspondence school of mines, contemptuously throwing aside a piece of rock. "Nothing but a hole in the ground."

There was a snarl from the old prospector that caused us all to look up quickly; his face was harder, more determined-looking than ever. For an instant his teeth ground together; there was something about him that suggested the wolf about to attack. Then he seemed to be trying to get himself in hand, and finally his eyes turned towards the Dixie Desert, across which we had plodded all day under a blistering sun. Slowly the mystery, the dream of things beyond the arc of our senses which we had noted in the glow of the dying embers, took possession of them.

"Listen, you," he began abruptly. "Perhaps they were fools. Perhaps this is only a hole in the ground. They are most all fools that do it. They are most all fools that put their sweat and blood into them."

"I knew two. It would be useless to tell of their hopes and fears as the hole went deeper foot by foot. It would be useless to tell what they were digging for besides gold; what they were trying to conquer besides the desert. Hard work! Every one works hard here or he soon becomes as the shifting sands. But these two had it harder than most. It was new to them, that kind of work. And they were five miles from water; more than five times that from another human being."

"The nearest camp was Thunder, loud-named to keep the timid investor from hearing the still, small voice protesting against the seductive stock certificate. The big brokers and operators had been in, and their profits were all made. A few clerks were left in charge of the offices. They were mostly of the counter-jumper type. And the counter-jumper intellect is a mighty poor one to approach with any-

thing new. It's the intellect that measures everything with a borrowed yardstick.

"So those two fools would go back to their holes in the ground. Their disappointment merely brought them closer together. It welded them as men are welded in this desert furnace.

"One of the fools, the younger, was the best man God ever let live. His patience, even when the night winds made the cough rack his frame, was enough to make the strongest wonder at his own weakness. And he was always cheerful. As he let the bucket down into the hole at the bottom of which lay the other end of his rainbow, he would sing a clear tenor note so brimming with the joy of life that the old fool was frequently deceived into believing that the last shot had opened up another Comstock.

"Once he sang when the bucket was on the way up. It had always been too much for him to sing on the up-heave before. Nor had the song much in it this day to recommend it; it came in asthmatic gasps. But it was singing, just the same. There was a suggestion of determination more than light-heartedness in it. What made the singing peculiar, however, aside from the asthmatic effect was the fact that the two fools had awakened to their foolishness. They had decided to dig just one day more. It was at breakfast that the decision had been reached. Before the coffee was boiled and the bacon browned, the young one had come up the canyon with two letters which had been left by the driver of the Winnemucca stage in the cleft of rock that served as a postoffice. One contained an assayer's certificate. Under the head of 'silver' was written 'a trace;' the column devoted to gold was blank. With the other came the odor of Parmese violets. It brought visions of trim lawns, brown-stone fronts, large, dimly-lighted rooms, suave, well-booted, well-gowned women. The old fool watched him closely as he tore the fashionably-shaded missive into shreds, and agreed with him that women—the well-gowned and the others—are a queer lot.

"Once he stopped in the middle of a song to call down the shaft for acquiescence in the criticism, which he seemed anxious to elevate to the plane of a phil-

osophy. After that the singing took on a new quality. It suggested far horizons and brought memories of long journeys over hills where strange roads go down. Suddenly it stopped. No sound came to the man down below. The bucket swung empty against the drum of the windlass.

"When the sun cast long, slanting shadows, the old fool was hoarse from yelling. He tried to hitch himself to the top, but his pick rang futilely against the granite sides of the shaft when he attempted to dig the foot-holds. He attempted to throw enough gangue into the bucket to make it descend. All count of time was lost when he stopped, having succeeded in bruising his head and arms with the falling rocks, but failing to force the windlass to make one revolution. Hunger began to gnaw at him. His throat became parched as only a man's throat may be parched on the desert. When he tried to moisten his cracked and bleeding lips with his swollen tongue, he winced with the pain of it. The hours dragged into days. Each was ushered in with a frantic attack on the granite hanging wall until the point of the pick was worn down to the semblance of a ragged hammer-head.

"One night he was awakened by the sound of laughter ringing in his ears. He listened, and its emptiness, its utter removal from mirth, brought in its train the picture of a parchment-faced woman that he had once met accompanied by the sheriff; in her eyes was the far-away look of one weary of the struggle day to day against the solitude. He put his hand to his mouth and the laughter ceased. Then he fell on his knees.

"Listen, Ted!' he whispered; 'I'm going the way that woman went, the one we met crossing Smokey Valley. I laugh that same laugh. You are a good fellow, Ted. You always were. Don't you remember how I nursed you that first summer down in the Toyabee when we were both tenderfeet together? That was when she of the Parmese violets announced her engagement to the other fellow. You talked and talked of the millions you were going to make in a day. You were out of your head then, just as I am going now. You can help me. For Christ's sake do.'

"The creaking of the windlass caused him to look up. Slowly it turned as if

the operator had put on the shoe. The bucket came down an inch at a time. I thought it would never reach me. Yes, I was the other fool" (in answer to the question that hung unasked on all our lips.) "I was the other fool, and, my God, I thought that bucket took an eternity to get to the bottom. You see, that laugh made me think I was gone. I grabbed at it as soon as it was within reach. As I did so, the other, the young fool, stepped out. The moon was shining straight into the shaft.

"And even then I thought there was a light that came from some other source. It seemed to shine on his face, which struck me as being woefully thin and gray. But I did not stop to question him; to ask him about that method of rescue, which even in my bewildered state I felt was peculiar. Nor did I ask him where he had been those days and nights, the

number of which I have forgotten and still forget.

"The primitive instinct dominated. Life was waiting up there for me at the edge of the hole, and I climbed to it hand over hand. Half way up something compelled me to send a greeting of some kind down to him. I stopped and glanced in his direction. What I saw there with the moonlight streaming into its empty eye-sockets, gripped my heart as if Death had reached out a hand for me. I slipped back, but quickly recovered, and finally dragged myself to the top.

"Not more than two feet from that shaft there," pointing to the old mine, "I found him. Clutched in his cold hand was a scrap of the letter to which still clung a faint odor of Parmese violets. You see those four posts over there with the grease-wood brush all around to keep off the coyotes. That is where he lies."

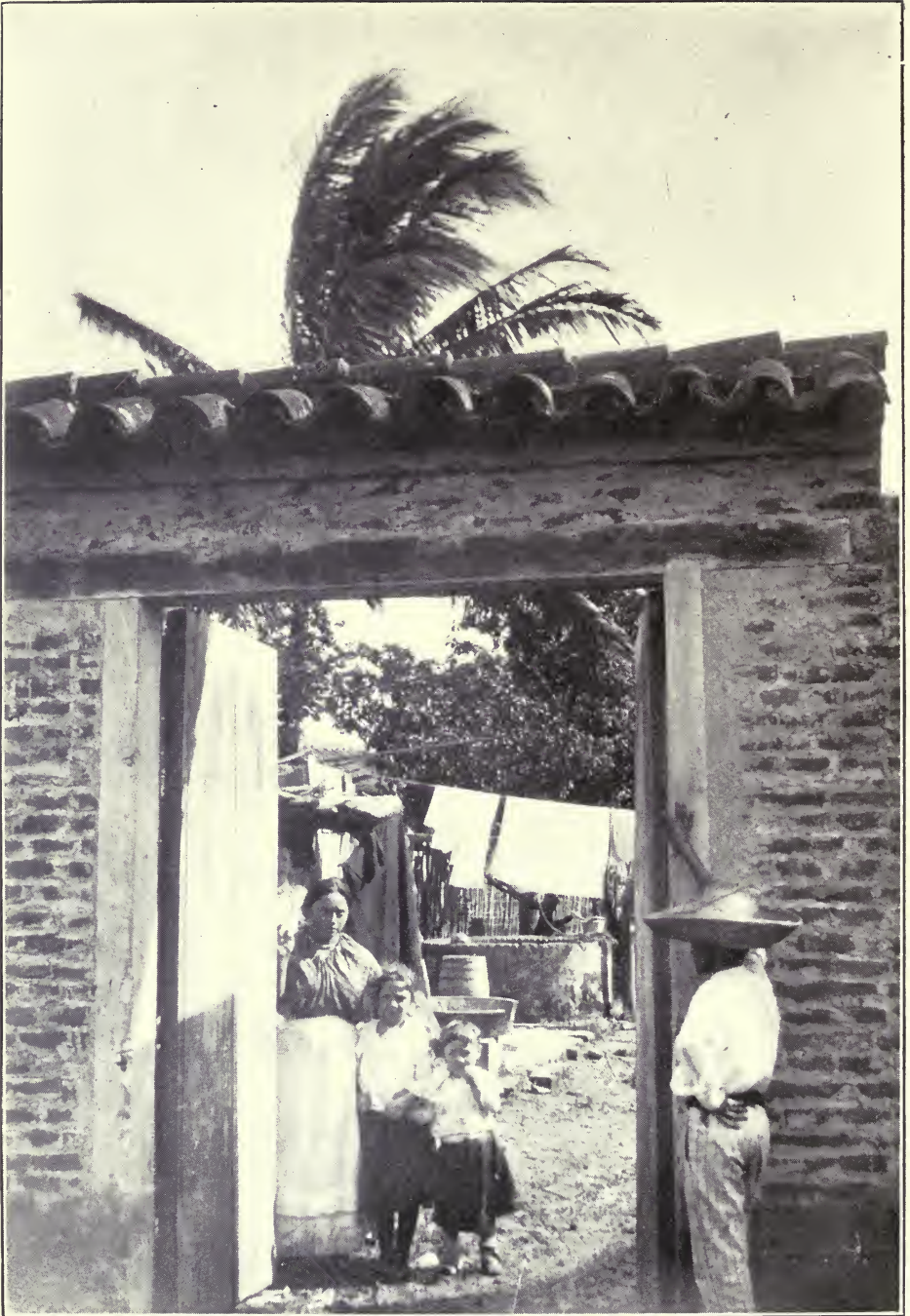


THE RETORT DOMESTIC

The time-worn classic he did spring
 At her tri-weekly bake:
 "Ah, how I sigh
 For good old pie
 Like mother used to make!"

But like unto the turning worm,
 She, in her anger, spake:
 "Why don't you go
 And make some dough
 Like father used to make?"

—RICHARD ROSE.



GATEWAY OF A SOUTHERN HOME, MEXICO.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC

BY GEORGE F. PAUL



COATZCOALCOS, the Gulf terminus of the Tehuantepec National Railway, straggles half way up the sand-hill to look out upon the tossing waves, and then becomes so perplexed at the crabs, mosquitoes and scorpions that infest it, that it wheels about and scoots down a back street to the wharves. High up on the hill half a dozen Chinamen in an airy shack beguile their idle hours with a game of fan-tan, while at the very crest a rambling hotel serves peppery dishes between siestas and aspires to being a seaside resort, oblivious of the yellow fever that time and again has depopulated the place. There is no mistaking the power of the sun here. The stevedores in the hold of the vessel unloading at the wharf are stripped to the waist, their dark skins fairly bubbling with perspiration. All the English-speaking residents wear suits of white, and the natives are shielded by their broad sombreros, so in this way the heat question is settled.

At 6:45 in the morning the train, consisting of a baggage car, two third-class coaches, and one first-class coach, with Superintendent Greene's private car behind, left Coatzcoalcos within a stone's throw of the Gulf of Mexico, and started on the way to the mightiest ocean in the world. As we proceeded, the growth, at first sight, became heavier and heavier. The numerous streams that were crossed showed that this region does not lack for water. In fact, the region has an average rainfall of over 100 inches. In this respect, it is far ahead of most parts of Mexico. Were all the republic as well watered it would blossom like a rose. As it is, thousands of acres in the north may be had for a song; day after day they blis-

ter and scorch under wind and sun.

Here all is different. Crops grow the whole year round. The drought has no terrors for the planter. In fact, his greatest endeavor is not to make things grow, but to keep some things from growing; a miniature jungle soon appears on the field that is neglected for a year or two. Happily, the natives are very skillful with the machete and like to work with it, so the land can be readily cleared. The Dakota farmer shivering with his feet in the oven can hardly realize what it is to be where the orange blossoms shed their sweet perfumes, where the corn and cane and coffee make glad the planter's heart, where the groves of lemons and palms receive the best of help from sun and soil.

Here it is a perennial spring-like summer; and there are no barns to fill with hay for the cattle whose breath congeals in the nipping air when the north wind tugs at the siding and the fine snow sifts in through the cracks. Here the song birds are ever in practice. The calf turned loose to graze finds grass knee-deep, with a cool stream of limpid water near by; and soon the calf has developed into a yearling and the yearling into a chunky bull, until, one fine morning, the master walking out across the dew-covered fields, spies his great black lordship and sets a price on him.

We pass through mile after mile of tropical growth—palm, banana, coffee, cane—stretching away in gentle undulations to the blue haze of the Gulf. We seem to be walking with giant strides on the very tree-tops, millions of them, with brilliant crimson and scarlet flowers in wild profusion. And the mists cling close to the mountain sides as if seeking to veil their beauties.

The farther we go, the more apparent become the obstacles which the engineers

have had to overcome. One moment the mountains throw a rocky spur across the track; the next we perceive where an *arroyo* has hollowed out a dizzy chasm, while just around the curve ahead is a jungle full of slimy snakes. The railroad is no Topsy sort of an affair. It did not come upon the slow-going natives with a sudden jar. Its completion marks the consummation of a desire that had its origin in the fertile brain of Hernando Cortez. In his fourth letter to Charles V, the Conquistador wrote: "I have heard that in the opinion of my navigators there exists a strait leading across into the opposite sea (the Pacific), which is the thing above all others in the world I am desirous of meeting with, on account of the immense utility which I am convinced would result from it to the advantage of your Imperial Majesty."

During the reign of Philip II in the sixteenth century, and of Charles II in the eighteenth, accurate surveys were made at Tehuantepec and elsewhere. In 1774, Agustin Cramer, Governor of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, was sent by the Viceroy Bucareli to survey the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. He returned enthusiastic over the possibilities of a trans-Isthmian canal. Fifty years later the State of Vera Cruz co-operated with the general Government in appointing men to

survey and colonize the Isthmus. The work of the commission is shown in the Indian towns having names of national heroes, with Indian terminations, such as Hidalgo-titlan.

The story of the railroad from the time of the concession granted Jose de Garay to the present is one of many vicissitudes, due, for the most part, to national imbroglions. By 1882 only 35 kilometers—less than 25 miles—had been built. Contractor after contractor attempted to solve the problem. The project attracted men from all over the world. Finally, when the line was pushed through from gulf to ocean, it was found to be inadequate in many ways. If it ever was to become a great transcontinental route, the ports at either terminal had, of necessity, to be enlarged so as to handle with the greatest facility the traffic expected. With this end in view, contracts were entered into with a well-known English firm. In partnership with the Mexican Government, this firm contracted to bring the railway up to a high standard, to complete the port works and to maintain the property for a period of fifty-one years. Accordingly, grades have been lowered, the alignment improved, old bridges replaced, heavier rails laid, heavier rolling stock ordered, and extensive shops equipped.

It is expected before long to make of



A FOOT-BRIDGE IN A COFFEE PLANTATION.



A JAIL IN THE HOT COUNTRY.

this line a double-track road. This would certainly be very difficult and costly, as hundreds of cuts would have to be made. The Government, however, is anticipating a monster traffic for this line. When the present orders for equipment are filled, the company will have 1,089 freight cars and plenty of locomotives. Six hundred thousand tons of freight annually will be obtained by diverting to the Tehuantepec route the steamers which now pass through the Straits of Magellan. While this route may never be a formidable rival of the Panama Canal route, yet the traffic management realizes that the canal will not be completed for some time yet, and hopes that by the time the canal is built there will be traffic enough to keep both routes busy. From New York to San Francisco by way of Panama is 6,107 miles, while via the Tehuantepec route this distance is cut down to 4,925 miles. By means of the most modern terminal facilities, a cargo of 5,000 tons can be transferred from the steamer to the cars in ten hours, and started on its trip of 180 miles across the Isthmus.

About half-way across the Isthmus is the town of Santa Lucretia. Here one may take the Vera Cruz and Pacific Railroad and in twenty-four hours reach Mexico City by way of Cordoba. It is thus

seen that the new line is an important link in the proposed intercontinental railway from New York to Buenos Ayres. The possibilities and political importance of such a line uniting the two Americas can hardly be overestimated. That such a line will be completed is but a question of time.

Further down, the Pan-American Railway strikes off from the Tehuantepec line at San Geronimo and penetrates the jungle to the Guatemalan border. From here the work is being pushed on to the east and south. The opening of these lines has meant new life to all this part of Mexico.

Santa Lucretia has both the charm of the old life and the stir of the new. Down along the river bank the native women are digging away at the family washing, and, at the same time, puffing contentedly at big, black cigars. A house full of Chinamen on the hilltop means that the natives have rivals in the laundry business. *Manana* will be another wash-day, for three of them shoulder their poles, with big square oil cans at either end, and plod coolie-fashion up and down the hill under the broiling July sun. Yet no matter how blistering hot it is, the laborers huddled around the pay-car in the yards do not complain. There is a wad of



FORDING THE TEHUANTEPEC RIVER.

fifteen dollars coming to each of them, so they do not object to waiting in line, hat in hand. To the south and east black clouds begin to form, a slight breeze springs up, the palms whisper to the plantains that a storm is on the way, and then, before the news is fairly published, the big raindrops come flattening themselves out on the thatched roofs and striving to trickle through into the humble homes.

Beyond Santa Lucretia the new town of Rincon Antonio, with its 1,500 people, fairly sizzles with the heat all day long. The railroad company, however, has provided for its officials and employees here telephones, electric lights, bath rooms, ice and kindred luxuries, so that, with the noonday siesta life is far from disagreeable.

By the time the traveler has reached



A HIGHWATER HOUSE IN A COCOANUT GROVE.

Rincon Antonio, he will have noticed that the express car is half full of squealing pigs; that the barefooted Indian women here wear lassos of gold coins around their necks, that the bananas are a foot long, that the pine apples bring great ripples of joy to the palate. The train passes through the defunct Ubero plantation, now a mere shadow of its former self. It presents a striking contrast to the great plants beyond Tolosa, with their modern sugar mills. It is something of a disappointment not to see a row or two of acrobatic monkeys dangling from the hanging vines, but to make up for this, there is a surfeit of stately mahogany trees that may some day have the extreme pleasure of holding the dainty form of Geraldine Van Cortland as she suavely relates to her Courtenay Wither- spoon her latest automobile escapade.

The show village, of Tehuantepec is alone "worth the price of the trip." The village is old enough to suit the most exacting antiquarian, and, what is more, the railroad has not modernized it farther than making market day come every day instead of once a week. The station platform is swarming with a perfect rabble of vendors who hover incessantly around the car windows. Of course, they make many sales, for who could resist the witchery of their twinkling eyes, to say nothing of the fruit and dulces they offer? These women of the Zapotecan race are famous beauties, being often compared with the women of the Samoan Islands. The characteristic short jacket, embroidered with

gold thread in elaborate designs, is often made of velvet—a queen's dress here from its great cost. The skirt of the dress is of soft material to the knees, being usually made of linen, silk or velvet, but below the knees it is always of heavy lace, starched until it rustles like a field of corn. A dozen finger-rings, a pair of heavy ear-rings, five hundred dollars or so in a necklace of American gold coins, and the costume is complete. The True Zapotecan women wear no shoes, as they consider them neither cleanly nor healthful.



AMATECA INDIANS, MEXICO.

The train pulls out of the station and crosses the treacherous river that one day is nearly dry and the next may be an irresistible flood. Finally, with the rounding of a curve, the sea bursts on the sight, and Salina Cruz has been reached. No time will be lost before inspecting the monumental engineering works in progress along the beach. To create a perfectly safe harbor here it was found necessary to build an outer and an inner one. To form the outer harbor, two massive breakwaters have been thrown out into the sea like giant protecting arms. The longer arm, the east breakwater, is to extend out a thousand meters. A rubble foundation is first laid, upon which blocks of concrete or natural rock are placed by steam cranes. Above this come two rows of 40-ton concrete blocks, surmounted in turn by a concrete parapet. The real harbor, or inner basin, occupies on the shore the former site of the old town of Salina Cruz. Two dredgers with centrifugal pumps remove the sand and dump it in deep water. The basin at first will be one thousand meters long by 222 meters wide, with a depth of ten meters of water at low tide. Not the least important feature of the harbor works is the great drydock, now nearing completion.

These few simple facts give but a very inadequate conception of the immensity of the work that has been done here, where warehouses have been built, tracks have been laid, and mountains of solid rock transported. Furthermore, a new town has been built.

This new Salina Cruz is in many ways some such a place as El Paso, Texas, where the representatives of many nations congregate. The main street is long and broad, by day desolately dry and depressingly hot, yet by night truly picturesque. Along its length sparkle and flicker many lights. A new hotel with the dining room in the open under the portales starts the street near the station. This is flanked by a row of pretty cottages much like those to be seen along the coast of Maine. No doubt the little English children of these households have by now gone to sleep, leaving the crickets to chirp in the palms and castor oil plants without. A thatched roof or two, the glaring new postoffice, and then a row of stores, in the first of



AT THE STATION IN CORDOBA, MEXICO.

which a barber has chugged his victim down into a straight-backed chair, and is lathering him with a vengeance. The victim's dog lies outstretched in the middle of the street, where the passers-by who glance in at the shop door may stumble over him and sprawl in the sand. The barber's neighbor is a billiard hall, where the ivories click merrily, trying to keep in time with the clinking of the glasses in the adjacent cantina. But it is in the general store that interest centers; here a strapping Dominican negro is singing Spanish songs in a jarring nasal of limited range, and punctuating his songs with burst of laughter that startles the sleeping curs. And when he has exhausted his list, a big sombrero with a little Mexican underneath takes up the banjo and sings in plaintive tones the "Home, Sweet Home" of this sunny land, "La Golondrina," while floating down from the flaring shacks on the mountain side comes a medley of wild guffaws. And on the jutting crag, off beyond where the league-long breaker comes thundering on the coast, the lighthouse, ever watchful, flashes far the message that here can be found a haven of sweet rest when the fierce winds lash the leaping waves into a blind fury.

THE DIVINE PROGRAM

III--THE BIBLE IN THE LIGHT OF REASON

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

This is the third article in the series by Pastor Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. There is no gainsaying the importance of the theme, and, too, in view of the fact that Mr. Russell is so widely known, these articles have occasioned wide discussion and comment, as has been evidenced by the vast number of communications that have come to the Overland Monthly from all parts of the country.

—THE EDITOR.



HAVING established to our satisfaction:

I. The fact that there is a supreme, intelligent, wise, just, powerful and good Creator; and

II. That he had special reasons for keeping certain features of his program secret (a mystery) and in revealing some gradually to those in fellowship with himself, we now proceed

III. To consider to what extent the Bible furnishes reasonable evidence that it is a Divine revelation worthy of acceptance by those who are capable of heart accord with their Creator and his great program of the ages. The Bible is the only book in the world which in a logical and rational manner sets forth the order of creation in respect to earth, and shows man as its Lord and ruler and his Divine authority over the "beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea," giving a detailed account of the processes of the creative epochs. The Bible alone gives man a proper standing as the Son of God, made in the Divine image and likeness as respects mental and moral qualities. The Bible alone explains to us how and why sin and death prevail amongst mankind and not amongst the

angels. We find ourselves "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," "prone to sin as the sparks fly upward;" yet the Bible only explains to us how and why this is our condition and how and when and what relief God has provided for our race. The Bible alone gives an orderly record of the first man and his descendants to the flood. The Bible alone gives an explanation why the flood came and what purposes it served in the Divine program. The Bible alone gives a record of the epoch immediately following the flood and carries a genealogical line from Adam to Noah, to Abraham, to the nation of Israel.

It is true that other so-called sacred books do in some degree effect to give an account of creation, but the story they tell is so wildly absurd as to be unworthy of the slightest credence. The Chinese, for instance, relate that the elder God and his son in a skiff together grounded, and the son in shoving the boat free caught a handful of earth and shells which he moulded in his hands and tossed out upon the surface of the water, where it grew and grew until it became this earth. Who will compare such an absurd statement with the orderly and logical presentations of Genesis? We grant that the Genesis account is not as full and complete as we could have wished for, yet later on when

we shall take up this subject of creation we shall find a perfect agreement between its brief, epitomized statements and the most accurate deductions of the most careful geologists of the Twentieth Century.

In studying the Bible we should remember that it was written neither to the world nor for the world, nor yet concerning the world, except as the world is related to the Divine program. From the time of Abraham, the Divine program attached itself to him and his posterity, natural and spiritual Israel—proposing a blessing for Abraham and his seed and recovery from the sin and death conditions, and that these blessings through Abraham's seed shall in due course extend to and bless "all the families of the earth." Only from this standpoint can the Bible be rightly viewed or judged.

While the Bible claims no Divine inspiration in respect to the history of affairs from creation to Moses, a Divine supervision of that history is unquestionably implied and is explained as proper, necessary, because of the relationship between God's dealing through Abraham and Moses under the Covenants and his previous dealings with the race, leading up to these Covenants and properly making them necessary to man's recovery from the dominion of sin and death. Divine interposition and revelation to Abraham is directly claimed and the ground therefor is explicitly stated—God's time had come for beginning the work of rescue for our race and Abraham's faith marked him as the appropriate one through whom the good tidings (Gospel) of Divine mercy should be made known, saying: "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." That promise became the basis of hope, the magnet for faith and the inspiration for righteousness to all those who foreshadowed, typified the blessings to come through the Abrahamic Covenant. The prophets merely foretold certain details connected with the fulfilling of that promise made to Abraham and his seed, and encouraged the favored nation to whom these promises were made to stand firmly for the Lord and continue to be his typical people.

It is that Covenant that St. Paul referred to as the oath-bound Covenant, the Divine promise of a future blessing to

mankind through Abraham's seed, firmly bound by the Divine oaths to the intent that all believers might have strong consolation in fleeing from sin, in resisting its allurements, in denying self, in taking up the cross, in seeking to be affiliated with God, and to be accounted worthy of association with the great Messiah promised—the seed of Abraham to bless the world. (Heb. 6:10-14.) The Apostle assures us that by it the twelve tribes of Israel continually serving God were inspired and held in loyalty to him and separated from the nations surrounding them. "Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come." (Acts 26:7.)

We are stating the matter simply, just as set forth in the Scriptures. It is for the Evolutionists and Higher Critics to explain away their difficulties. Ignoring the Bible account and claiming man's origin to have been primordial protoplasm, they trace his ascent by evolutionary processes to Adam, the first "monkey-man." The intelligence displayed by Moses and the Egyptians of his time they find it difficult to account for, and so in defense of their theory they surmise thousands or millions of years, regardless of the fact that in so long a period the world would be vastly over-populated. Moreover, they have another difficulty, inasmuch as the intelligence displayed by Moses and recorded in the Bible is far beyond the intelligence of the masses of today and even of broader basis than the most intelligent of today; so that in the most learned circles and in courts of justice the words and laws of Moses and Israel are cited as standards of wisdom and justice. Indeed, it is safe to say that the laws of the most civilized nations of the world today have either been constructed out of the so-called Laws of Moses or have been diligently compared and revised in the light thereof.

Pause for a moment to consider some of the features of that Law. Notice that some of its accepted provisions have modified Latin laws, much to their advantage, and that other neglected features of the Mosaic Law are being cried for by Socialists today, and, not being forthcoming, in the estimation of many our present civilization is beset with danger from anarchy.

We refer, for instance, to the Law of Moses respecting debtors and creditors—that a debt could not extend beyond fifty years—that the fiftieth or Jubilee year wiped out every responsibility, personal and financial, and permitted each estate to come back to its original possessors, and each family to recover from its disasters and financial difficulties. It is the neglect of this very provision which has been recognized to some extent and been offset somewhat by the “Laws of Bankruptcy,” which in the last few years have been adopted by all civilized nations—limiting the duration of the debt—hindering it from crushing out hope and ambition.

Unlike all other Governments that instituted by Moses recognized God himself as the ruler, and the nation as his people. The “holy of holies” of their Tabernacle was the Divine meeting place, and around it circled in order the various tribes. The sentiment of personal responsibility to God was maintained in all of their laws, and the spirit of the Decalogue is today recognized as the very best statement of human obligation—“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, being, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.” Thirty centuries have failed to improve upon this statement. The Government instituted by Moses was in many respects a model of fairness and justice as between brethren, and even the rights of the stranger, the foreigner, were stipulated.

Israel was in many respects a republic whose officers acted under the Divine Commission and law, and so continued for over four hundred years. Then at the request of the Elders it was changed to a monarchy by the Lord’s permission, but without his approval. He said to Samuel who acted as a representative of the people: “Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me.” Under Divine direction, the prophet explained to the people how their Divine rights and liberties would be disregarded by the kings and they would lose their liberty in a considerable measure by this change.—1 Sam. 8:6-22.

Considering the anxiety of the people, to have a king, how evidently Moses might have taken that position amongst

them without the slightest opposition! The judges were representatives of the various families and tribes. Respecting them, Moses declared “And I charged your judges at that time, saying, Hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God’s.”—Deut. 1: 16-17.

The laws of the most civilized peoples of today do not more carefully provide that rich and poor shall stand on a level in accountability before the civil law. The Jubilee arrangement, as we have seen, is in this order; and all the laws were made public, thus establishing the poorest in a knowledge of his rights. Respecting the rights of the foreigner, for instance, we read, “Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country: for I am the Lord your God.” (Lev. 24:22.) “And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.”—Lev. 19:33, 34.

The laws protected the weak, the stranger, the servant. For instance, “Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.” (Ex. 22:21-24; 23:9; Lev. 19:33, 34.) “Thou shalt not oppress him that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren or the strangers that are in the land, within thy gates. At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it, for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it; lest he come against thee to the Lord and it be sin unto thee.” “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man.” (Lev. 19:13, 14, 32.) All of this, yet not one word of special honor for the priestly tribe.

Note again the equity: "If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee, lying under his burden, wouldst thou forbear to help him? Thou shalt surely help him." (Ex. 23:4-5.) Mark how dumb animals were not forgotten: the ox must not be muzzled while threshing the grain, because any laborer is worthy of his food. An ox and an ass must not be hitched together, because so unequal in strength and tread; it would be cruelty. Their rest was also provided for.—Deut. 25:4; 22:10; Ex. 23:12.

A priestly tribe was indeed indicated, but so far from being selfishly put into power, the reverse was done, in that no political power was given to the priesthood. They were to teach the people and to minister holy things, but not to be their rulers. Moreover, they were cut off from an inheritance with the other tribes in the land and made dependent upon the voluntary offerings of their brethren. Nor was their position fortified by threats of present or future calamity. If they were negligent of their teachers, the simple exhortation was: "And the Levite that is within thy gates: thou shalt not forsake him: for he hath no part nor inheritance with thee." (Deut. 14:27), To say that this arrangement was selfish or that the scheme was concocted by "priests and knaves" is to declare one's ignorance of the institutions of Israel. On the contrary, if the Bible were more thoroughly studied there would be many to inquire with the celebrated attorney who made a study of the Jewish law: "Where did Moses get that Law?" The answer surely would be that it was not the product of a "monkey-man," and more, that it gave evidence of a Divine authorship as well as of a highly intelligent, humble, patriotic, noble instrument.

We must leave for future consideration the typical features of Moses' Law, competent understanding of which serves an important place in the instruction of spiritual Israel concerning spiritual things. This the Apostle declares, saying that the "Law is a shadow of things to come," (Col. 2:17), and that as cleansings were made with the blood of bulls and of goats, these prefigure antitypical

cleansings through "better sacrifices."—Heb. 9:23.

Who can reasonably or truthfully say that these laws and regulations were the work of crafty, designing men animated by selfish desires? And the same principle applies to the historical books and to the prophecies of the Scriptures. Everything tests the sincerity of the writers and their loyalty to God and men. The messages which they delivered often cost them popular disfavor and sometimes their lives.—Heb. 11:30-40.

The very fact that the sins and weaknesses of prophets, kings and priests are laid bare in the Scriptures, yet without any apparent animosity or any desire to color or whiten them, indicates fairness and a loyalty to Truth beyond anything we are accustomed to today. Indeed, although many bad men of influence are criticised in the Scriptures, there is no evidence whatever of any endeavor to tamper with the records. Apparently the sacred writings held the reverence of the people to a remarkable degree.

Much along the same line could be said for the New Testament writings. They are simply told. Unfavorable truths are not ignored. It is freely conceded that Jesus died between two thieves; that he was betrayed by one of his own disciples; that they all forsook him and fled; that one of them even denied him with cursing. The humble origin of the disciples is stated, yet without parade, and in narrative form it is innocently declared that even when the apostles Peter and John preached under the power of the Holy Spirit their learned hearers could "perceive that they were ignorant and unlearned men." (Acts 4:13.) What biographies or other writings of today display as much candor as we thus see at a glance as we open the Bible?

The Bible Itself a Miracle.

When we consider the fact that the Bible is composed of sixty-six books written by thirty-eight different pens, during a long period of nearly two thousand years it is a miracle surely that these writers are in full accord, telling the one story. This cannot be accounted for except upon the lines which the Scriptures themselves lay down, namely: that these various writ-

ers were supernaturally guided in respect to their utterances. To get a view of how stupendous this miracle is, let us suggest that an equal amount of writing from any thirty-eight men living contemporaneously, members of one denomination, influenced by one general shade of thought, would be found widely conflicting and contradictory—even if they were the most learned men in the denomination and picked for the very purpose of this demonstration.

Permit another suggestion along this line, namely: that amongst those who reverence the Bible as a Divine revelation, we find such dissimilarity of thought that it has developed hundreds of denominational creeds which contradict and oppose one another in a most violent manner, so that the peace-loving of today are constrained to avoid doctrines as much as possible in the interest of unity. More than this, what shall be thought of it if we find that all the creeds of Christendom not only antagonize each other and antagonize reason, but that they violently antagonize the Scriptures themselves? What shall we say to it if we find the Scriptures alone harmonious with themselves and with reason? Will not this demonstrate that the Bible is the most wonderful Book in the world—assaulted both by friends and foes, it has withstood them all and still stands the great Divine monument and record of the purposes which God purposed in himself before the foundation of the world?

Harmony from Genesis to Revelation.

We hold and shall endeavor to make plain that the Bible is not, as is generally supposed, a collection of wise and unwise rules, regulations, statements, etc., but that it is a Divine record so arranged that when its various parts and their relationship to each other is discerned, it reveals the wonderful outlines of the Divine purpose.

Notice briefly what we will more particularly outline and develop later, namely: that from the opening statement to the closing one the theme is The Divine Program:

- (1) Creation;
- (2) The Fall;
- (3) Suggestive promises, intimations

and types of recovery for the fallen race through the mercy of the Creator.

(4) The development of the thought that sin is unholiness and that it must be abhorred and repelled and put away, in order to approach harmony with the Holy Creator.

(5) That this is not possible to us because of our inherited weaknesses.

(6) That God foresaw this and provided for it by sending his Son to be man's Redeemer and Reconciler.

(7) That since one sinner could not redeem another, the Redeemer must be "holy, harmless and separate from sinners," and that to this purpose Christ was peculiarly begotten by the transference of his life in a miraculous manner from the heavenly condition to the earthly.

(8) That he "died, the just for the unjust," that thus the sinner's penalty being paid, the sinner himself might ultimately go free.

(9) The necessity for co-operation on the part of the sinner, if any grace be accomplished in him and for him.

(10) The call of the Church class to be associated with the Redeemer in the sufferings of this present time, in self-denials and sacrifices in the interests of the Cause of Truth and righteousness.

(11) The incentive, the reward offered to such as will now emulate their Redeemer and thus become "copies of God's dear Son," and thus "make their calling and their election sure" to a joint-heirship with their Redeemer in his coming Kingdom.

(12) A trial and testing of the Church as to love and loyalty to the Lord and to the brethren and sympathetic love toward mankind in general, yea, even for their enemies.

(13) With the conclusion of this elective or selective purpose will come the resurrection of the Church, their change from earthly to heavenly conditions, their entrance into the joys of their Lord, "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," to glory, honor and immortality.

(14) The work will end with the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom in which he and his faithful Bride, the "elect" Church, will supervise all the af-

fairs of earth to the intent that Satan will be bound and all evil influences will be restrained. The knowledge of the Truth will be widely proclaimed until every creature shall appreciate it fully. The stoppel of death to those who then, during the Millennium, shall come into harmony with The Christ and be obedient to the laws of the Kingdom.

(15) Next in order will come the awakening of the thousands of millions who have died, the bringing forth of these, "every man in his own order," that they may be brought to a complete knowledge of the Truth, to a full opportunity of deciding for righteousness and its reward, eternal life; or contrariwise, the penalty of the Second Death.

(16) The full restitution of man to his original perfection and the bringing of earth to the glorious estate of Paradise restored will be the culmination of this Divine program, because by that time "every knee shall bow and every tongue

confess" the Messiah, and only the wilfully disobedient will have been cut off, "destroyed from amongst the people."—Acts 3:23.

(17) Then, at the end of the Millennium, the perfected race will be turned over in its completeness and perfection to the Father, without any mediatorial interposition or covering of sin or weaknesses; then according to Rev. 20:7, the Father will permit a strong temptation to come upon the entire human family to prove the loyalty or disloyalty to God and to righteousness of these favored people for whom so much will then have been done through the operation of Divine Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power.

The Book which thus teaches in contradiction to the various and varied traditions of men, which for centuries have surrounded it, is certainly worthy of universal acknowledgment and acceptance as the Divine Message respecting "The Divine Program."



ABBREVIATED UTILITARIAN STUDIES

SULPHUR-DRIED FRUIT

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY



THE GROWERS and shippers of Californian fruit have been greatly disturbed by the statement of Dr. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture that his experiments with fruit prepared for market by the use of sulphur had shown that thirty-five thousandths of one per cent is the greatest amount of sulphur that can be used with safety. Under the proposed uniform pure food law, which is being introduced into the legislatures of various States, fruit containing a greater amount of sulphur than this will not be allowed to be placed on the market. With the view of disproving Dr. Wiley's statement, Dr. Albert J. Atkins, assisted by three other San Francisco physicians, conducted a series of experiments with a squad of eight men, all average specimens, who volunteered to take the tests. They were fed on meat, bread and other ordinary articles of diet, and each of them consumed daily at least four ounces of sulphur-dried California fruits prepared in various ways to suit the taste. Seven of the eight men took the fruit once each day, at noon, while one of them ate it thrice a day, raw or cooked. All the men felt better at the end of the thirty days' test, and all but one gained weight, this man having had less sleep and done more

work than usual. One member of Dr. Atkins' "health squad," as he termed it, gained nine pounds; another six; two others four each; three others gained a pound or two; and only one lost weight—three pounds. The men lived their ordinary lives during the month, being examined and weighed daily by the physicians and undergoing the usual clinical tests.

An overdose of sulphur causes irritation of the skin, but one of the physicians, who is a skin specialist, reports that there was no symptom of cutaneous affection. The fruit consisted of apples, pears, silver plums, peaches and apricots, containing by careful chemical analysis from nine one thousandths to two hundred and twelve one thousandths per cent of sulphurous acid. Each man of the squad absorbed into his system daily from the four ounces of fruit half a grain of dioxide of sulphur.

The report of the experiments will be sent to the Secretary of Agriculture, and it will be urged that sulphur, which is a preservative like wood smoke, or vinegar, improves the fruit and renders it more appetizing. Sulphur is used by United States army doctors in doses of 200 grains for microbial dysentery and is a well-known remedy for blood and skin diseases. The famous horticulturist, Luther Burbank, is of the opinion that sulphured fruit is distinctly wholesome and conducive to health.

SPRING PLANTING

BY WILFRED STRANGE



IN THE KALENDS of the ancients April was the portal of spring — the period when the earth most favors the germination of seed and the warm rays of the sun infuse vitality and vigor into all plant life. Under the sunny skies of California, with its warm belts and semi-tropic zones, all are prone to disregard the seasonal demarkations of the year and plant and sow at whim and fancy. However, April is the most auspicious period in which to plant the seeds for summer and autumn's harvest, and especially so is the case with the amateur and home gardener.

The annuals give the least trouble and promptest reward of all the species of the flowery world. The simple garden kinds are all in favor and the fashion with plant fanciers. The seed growers' catalogues are again filled with the names of the flowers that were so conspicuously to the fore a generation ago. Pansies, sweet alysum, the viney and flowering peas, marigolds, nasturtiums, morning glory, cosmos, candytuft, dianthus or sweet william, poppies, portulaca as well as many others are blooms that give color and perfume in reward for planting and care. Many, despite the unusually heavy rains and the cool days of the past month have accepted the hazards of frost and plotted out their gardens, but those who have waited until the sunnier days of April will reap the harvest of flowers as quickly as their more precipitate neighbors with the more favoring conditions of the present month. Cold rains and cool weather retard and stunt plant life and are set-backs which place limitations upon the attainment of perfection at maturity. The well-born flowering plant is like the well-born child.

Among the important factors in securing results from gardening is in the right kind of seed. Buy of a responsible house which cannot afford to hazard a reputation for fair dealing and responsibility by selling stock of an inferior quality. It is bet-

ter to go to a little expense in this matter than to accept the free gift of seeds harvested from the neighbor's plants of the previous season, for the reason that a change of location is always beneficial to plant life where the other conditions are favorable, and it requires an expert to select and manipulate seeds from which normal results are to be obtained.

The next matter of importance is the question of soil. A friable loam which can be kept clean from weeds is to be preferred. However, where it is not to be had, the soil for the flower beds in a garden of moderate size is easily compounded to suit. In heavy clay and adobe soils the beds should be first marked off and the space within well-spaded over. Where the conveniences exist it is well to pour boiling water on the soil, as it tends to destroy the germinating qualities of the seeds of a countless variety of weeds. Plenty of sand should be mixed into the soil, as well as leached wood ashes and stable refuse. The cleanings from the chicken yard make fine fertilizers. Rotted sawdust gives vitality to the soil, and coffee grounds and tea leaves can be put to good use in enriching the flower beds. Care must be taken to break up all clods and heavy lumps and to get the soil in as friable a condition as possible. The tender, sprouting plants have not the power to remove stones and other heavy articles from out of their way as they come forth from their earthly mother to greet the sun and air and enter upon their short mundane career.

Watering is another important item. Plants require moisture, and it should be methodically supplied and gently applied. Never water plants when the sun is up in the heavens, as the leaves are scorched and the vitality lessened. Sprinkle early in the morning or at or after sunset. These are the most favorable times. Water lilies, bulbous and low-growing and grasslike plants, and those spreading out close to or on the earth, require more irrigation than the stalky and tall varieties. The latter kind should be moderately watered.

Before sprinkling, it is advisable to rake the earth about the plants, as the water sinks in more readily, to where the roots can absorb it. Showering the upper growth with the sprinkling pot or the garden hose is not to be neglected. It washes off the dust and dirt from the leaves and stalks, and cleanses the buds and flowers, which also drink in the liquid as well as the roots.

After the seeds have sprouted and are showing their heads above the soil, so as to be distinguishable from the tares of the plant kingdom, then is the time to destroy the weeds and keep the surrounding soil loose and friable. Weeds are easily combatted if they are attacked from the very first, but if they obtain the least headway they become a pest and choke out their cultivated neighbors. Cultivation perfects flowers, fruits and vegetables, but like the effects of civilization upon man, the result is to lessen the vitality and strength; besides, flowers grown in weeds are contaminated by the association, and are of a very inferior order.

In the vegetable kingdom, April, May and June are favorable months for planting all varieties. The danger of killing frosts has passed, the earth is being well warmed by the sun, and conditions are at the best for a rapid and healthy growth of both the root and top kinds. While in this State there is not a time of the year that the kitchen garden need lie fallow, the best results in the way of flavor, tenderness and quick growth are obtained from seeds planted in the trinity of months embraced in the spring season. Potatoes are more mealy, peas sweeter, lettuce more crisp, cabbage and cauliflower more tender, while turnips, beets and carrots reach perfection from seeds sown in the spring. The cool periods, like with flowers, arrest growth, and vegetables should develop rapidly.

Potatoes, tomatoes, cauliflower, beans, melons and cucumbers are so susceptible to frost that it is not advisable to begin planting them until from now on. They can be sowed any time during the next three months, and brought to maturity before non-favoring conditions set in. In the home garden, as well as cultivating for the market, cumulative planting is the best policy to pursue in raising green

vegetables. It insures a succession of them for the table or market in prime condition.

Tomatoes, cauliflowers, cabbage, melons and cucumbers must be garnered at the right time or the care and toil of several months expended in bringing them to maturity is just so much energy wasted. That is why planting those varieties at intervals of ten days or two weeks apart is more satisfactory than where the entire area available for the vegetable garden is put in seed at one time. Besides, in the latter months of the year the hardier types can be cultivated, and it is one of the laws of nature that in the varying periods of the year particular flowers bloom more beautifully, certain varieties of vegetables are best suited for man's use, and fruits more healthful. Preserved fruits and vegetables are never so palatable, nor do they possess the medicinal qualities of those harvested fresh from orchard and field. The law of Providence, as expressed through the action of nature, is everything to its kind and everything in its time and season.

As to vegetable planting, the soil for root varieties such as potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots, etc., must be of a sandy loam to be worth the expenditure of time and labor required in bringing them to perfection. In the heavy clay and adobe soils, peas and beans thrive and prosper, provided the surrounding earth is not allowed to pack. Growers are warned against excessive irrigation, and the too free indulgence in the use of fertilizers. Both have their uses in moderation. The Chinese and other aliens growing for the markets in the suburbs of great cities produce truck that is not fit for human consumption.

The fundamental purpose is to develop plant life as rapidly as possible, and to do so they drench vegetables with water and deluge them with sewage. Such products do not compare with vegetables developed under proper cultivation. That the American people have become such great consumers of meat is due to the cravings of nature for something more nutritious and palatable than the force-grown and filth-propagated vegetables of alien cultivators who supply the peddlers and marketmen in populous communities.

SEASONAL SEEDING SUGGESTIONS

The following table is a list of flowering plants and seeds most suitable for planting during April, May and June.

	How far apart to Begin	Duration of b'm'g to period	Color of bloom	Height at maturity (feet.)
Depth to sow (inches)	plant or thin (inches.)	bloom (weeks)		
Asters, h	1/4			
Candytuft, a h	5x5	July	4	White, red
(Note.—Fall sown bloom first.)				1/2 to 1
Castor Oil Plant, a hh	48x48			5 to 8
(Note.—Tropical foliage of value.)				
Clarkia, a h	8x8	Aug.	8	Purple
(Note.—Does best in warm soil. Good for edgings.)				1 to 2
Coreopsis, a h	10x10	Sept	10	Brown, yellow
(Note.—Self-sows.)				1 to 2
Cornflower, a h	6x6	July	10	Blue, white, rose
(Note.—Good for cutting.)				2 to 3
Cosmos, a h	24x24	Sp.-Oc.	Until frost	Pink, white, yellow
(Note.—Early varieties are best.)				4 to 10
Cypress Vine, A t	6	July	8 to 10	Scarlet
(Note.—Foliage beautiful.)				10 to 15
Gourds, A t	12			10 to 30
(Note.—Train on trellis or support.)				
Cineraria	18x18			Blue, purple, crimson
Coreopsis Lanceolata, a	20x20	Aug.	20 to 30	Golden yellow
(Note.—Variety of Coreopsis for late planting.)				3 to 4
Cobaea Scandens	10x10			Purple flowers.
(Note.—Needs rich soil.)				
Dianthus (Sweet Wm.)	12x12			All colors.
Mignonette, a h	10x10	July	4	Greenish
(Note.—Do not transplant. Sow for succession.)				1
Moon Flower, a h	18	July	10	White
(Note.—Blooms at night. Rapid grower.)				15 to 30
Morning Glory, a h	18	July	12	Various
(Note.—Rapid grower. Self-sower.)				15 to 30
Musk, a t	6x6	July	8	Yellow
(Note.—Cool, moist situation best.)				1/2 to 1
Nasturtium, a h	10x10	July	8 to 10	Varied
(Note.—Dwarf and tall varieties are both valuable.)				1 to 6
Nasturtiums, h	18x18	M.-Jy		All colors.
(Note.—Climbing. Blooms all winter.)				
Pansies	3x3	A.-S.		All colors
Perennial Poppies	Broadcast	Ju.-Jl.-Aug.		18 to 25
Pansy, a.-s. h	8x8	June	6 to 8	Varied
(Note.—Early bloom from fall sown seed.)				1/2
Petunia, a hh	12x12	June	10	White, Magenta
(Note.—Blooms profusely, fragrant.)				1 to 2
Poppy, a h	8x8	July	3 to 4	Pink, white, scarlet
(Note.—Self-sows.)				1/2 to 2
Portulach, a h	10x10	Aug.	10	White, red, magenta
(Note.—Known also as rose moss.)				1/2
Pot Marigold, a h	10x10	Aug.	12	Yellow
(Note.—Early grown.)				1 to 2
Plumarius	8x8	M.-June		All colors
Sweet Peas	2			All colors
(Note.—Climbing. For following year in June and July.)				
Salpiglossis	1/2			Rich, dark colors.
(Note.—Flower well into the winter.)				
Stock, 10 weeks, a hh	12x12	Aug.	8	White, pink, purple
(Note.—Excellent for cut flowers.)				1
Sweet Alyssum, a h	10x10	Aug.	12	White
(Note.—Low and spreading. Good edges.)				1/2
Sweet Sultan, a h	12x12	Aug.	6	White, purple, yellow
(Note.—Valuable for cut flower.)				2
Torenia, a t	6x6	Aug.	12	Blue, purple, yellow
(Note.—Known as fish-bone flower.)				1/2
Zinnia, a h	8x8	July	12	Various
(Note.—One of the easiest to raise.)				1 to 2

Note.—A is an abbreviation for April; M, May; J June; t, tender; h, hardy, and hh, half-hardy. The abbreviations refer only to annuals, as only annuals are listed in the table.

Plant vegetables in April, May and June as follows: Beans (bush), beans (pole), cabbage, cauliflower, corn, cress, cucumber, lettuce, melons, Okra, peas, pumpkins, radish, spinach, ruta бага. May—Beets, beans (bush), brocoll, Brussels' sprouts, cauliflower, cress, kale, lettuce, mustard, peas, radish, spinach, turnip, ruta бага. June—All the vegetables mentioned in foregoing lists for April and May are available for June, and will reach maturity before adverse conditions of weather set in.

It is understood that flowers and vegetables are to be watered or irrigated.

T. J. GILLESPIE AND THE EUCALYPTUS INDUSTRY

On November 6th, 1907, Clifford Pinchoi, Government Forester, Washington, D. C., made the following statement, which should be of interest to every American citizen:

"In twenty years, the timber supply of the United States, on Government reserves and private holdings, at the present rate of cutting will be exhausted, although it is possible that the growth of that period might extend the time to another five years." Startling as this statement is, comparatively little attention has been paid to it up to the present time, and now, while the Eastern hard-wood manufacturers are almost famishing for want of lumber to manufacture furniture, wagons and farming implements, California is just beginning to realize that it has practically the only solution to the difficulty.

In 1853 some eucalyptus seeds were imported from Australia, and we now find these trees valuable for many purposes. Circular No. 59, issued by the United

States Forester, contains the following statement:

"The (Eucalyptus) lumber has been extensively used for vehicles, and wooden parts of agricultural implements. It is also made into insulation pins for electric wire, and is used for furniture, hard-wood, flooring, trip hammers, beams, levers for windlasses, blocks and bolt wheels."

Most of the tests of this lumber have been made by T. J. Gillespie, in San Jose, California.

Mr. Gillespie, when seen by one of our representatives regarding his early experiences, which lead up to the important discoveries concerning the various uses to which Eucalyptus lumber can be put, and also on which he considers as being the variety of eucalyptus tree to plant, said:

"The question as to where I learned that (Eucalyptus) blue gum was a good hard-wood timber is constantly propounded, and for explanation I will have to tell you something about my early days,



T. J. GILLESPIE AND A MAMMOTH EUCALYPTUS.

clear off of that line. I was born and raised in Brown County, Ohio, the best timber country in that State, on the waters of Eagle Creek. My father was a furnisher of a second growth factory, and my six brothers and myself learned the business under him. Then I have always been in the hardwood business, being a cooper by trade. "Since coming to this country I have discovered what a fine hardwood timber Eucalyptus makes, unquestionably as good as second growth hickory.

"I have found that the principle trouble was to make people realize its worth. The tree grows so easily in all sections of the State that no one really appreciated it. It was the old story of a prophet not being without honor save in his own country. I have been over 25 years getting Eucalyptus where it is now, and its present efficiency is only beginning to be appreciated.

"I have handled almost every variety and know something about how they grow and mature. In planting almost any species of vegetation of various variety, these varieties of the same specie will, in time, mix and make a new and more or less uniform variety. Thus it is with the Eucalyptus. It will bud and blossom and the seed will form, mature and drop to the ground. Here it readily takes root and springs up around the parent tree.

"The variety we call the 'San Jose' is a distinct species of a blue gum (Eucalyptus Globulus), and makes one of the best timbers I have run across. I can put it up and guarantee it with my money to back it. It will stay in place better than Hickory.

All blue gum makes fine timber, but I consider 'San Jose' one of the best. Some are soft in the heart like the Black Hickory, where a third of the log is lost, but these are not very numerous.

I have gone on methodically in my way until I carry about 175,000 feet of lumber, and it has made me a nice business. I had a hard time to get a truck to carry logs on, so I manufactured a truck out of Eucalyptus to handle it. It



San Jose Blue Gum, 15 ft. 7 in. cir. Narrow Leaf Clean Bark, 32 in. cir. Both trees about 37 years old.

was a great success. I have never had any trouble since."

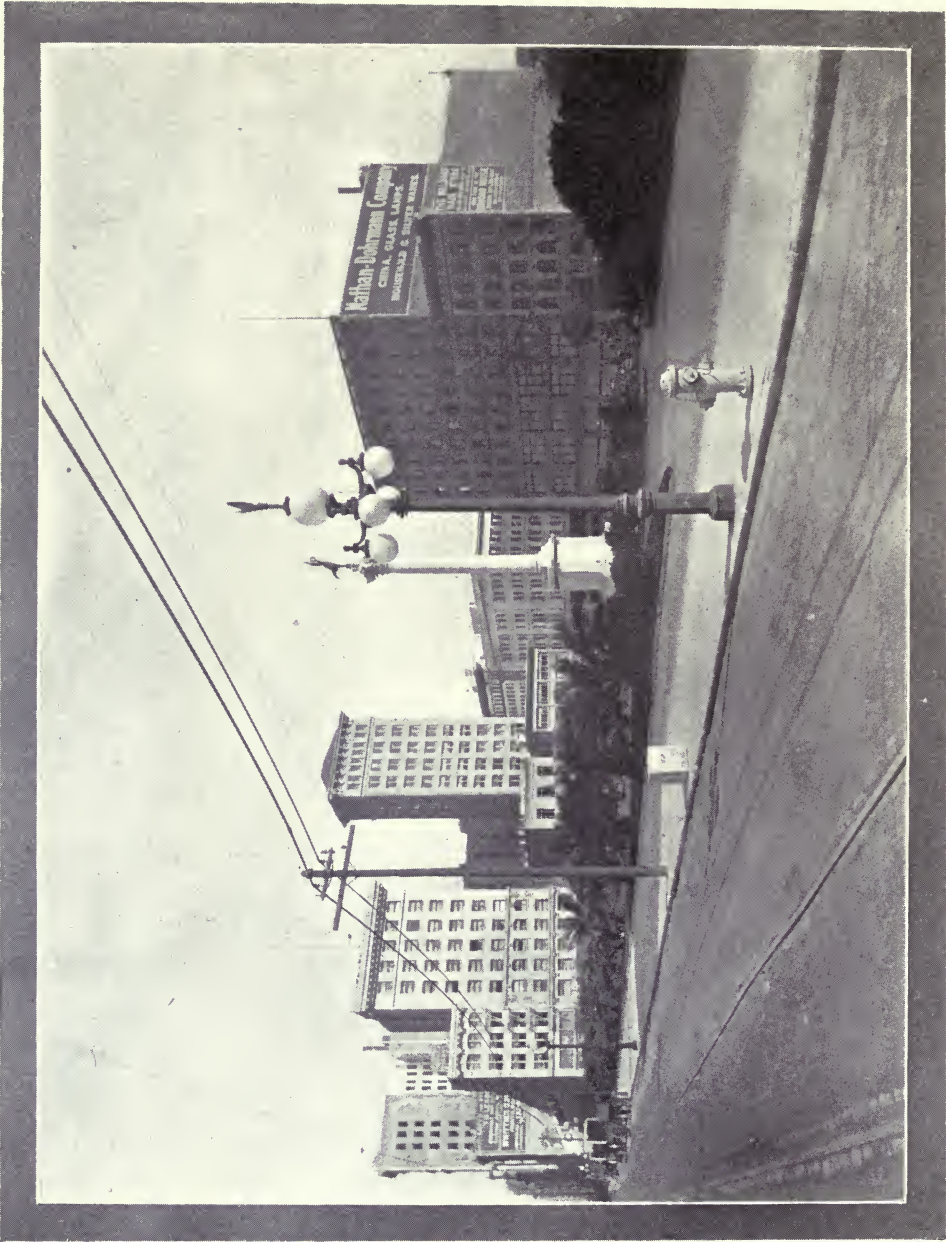
The Eucalyptus as grown by Mr. Gillespie is one of the largest and fastest-growing trees in the world. A tree forty years old was recently cut by him, making 4,000 feet of lumber and three cords of wood (128 cu. ft. per cord.) First-class eucalyptus lumber never sells for less than \$140 per thousand feet. The tree requires practically no attention after the second year, thus making Eucalyptus growing a very profitable venture.

Mr. Gillespie continued: "Were I to advise a young man, working on a small salary, how to save money for his declining years, or were I to advise a father with growing children how to provide for their start in life, I would suggest planting a Eucalyptus grove. For \$200, a grove of several hundred trees can be obtained. Keep the taxes paid on the land, and the trees will pay compound interest in themselves. Eucalyptus culture is in my opinion not only the most profitable but the safest investment a man can make.

"My prediction is that California, Mexico and Arizona will supply the world with hard-wood lumber in the next forty years. I left my old home in September, '56, and had not been back there until last year. I was surprised to see how timber had disappeared. Eucalyptus, the finest hard-wood timber ever grown, is going to solve the problem."



A VIEW LOOKING DOWN DUPONT STREET, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF THE ORIENTAL BUSINESS DISTRICT



UNION SQUARE AND A FEW OF THE ADJACENT MODERN STRUCTURES. THE NINE-STORY BUILDING AT THE RIGHT IS THE BUTLER BUILDING; THE TALL TOWER-LIKE BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE IS THE WHITTELL BUILDING; AND AT THE LEFT IS THE SCHRÖTH BUILDING.

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SAN FRANCISCO MOVES DOWN TOWN

BY CARRINGTON GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LATHE.



ARRIVING IN San Francisco in May, 1906, I was completely stricken at the appearance of my native city as the steamer slowly came to an anchorage off Angel

Island. A great scarred blotch, on which stood the towering and ragged remnants of walls and hummocks of brick, seemed to typify the burial of the best known and most cosmopolitan city of the Western hemisphere. The newcomer was usually certain that such was the case. He gazed around and clinched his deductions with the scenes of desolation which greeted him everywhere in the business district. The faint-hearted fled. They went to Seattle, Los Angeles, and other places, and spread the romances of the disappearance of the Queen of the Pacific from the arena of the commercial world. But, in spite of it all, San Francisco is today bigger, grander and more prosperous than ever—trite though the method of expression may be.

The newspapers of the world devoted acres of space to descriptions of the havoc wrought by the catastrophic fire, and many were the fears expressed even by sincere friends that the City by the Golden Gate had received her death-blow. Enterprising metropolises to the north and south of us apportioned our trade—on paper—at the very time when they were most nobly coming to our rescue with the necessities of the hour. Some insurance com-

panies—but few, to the credit of the insurance interests be it said—added to our embarrassment by refusing to live up to their agreements.

An event far more important than the great fire has taken place during the past year, and yet; that element of the press which devoted interminable columns to heart-wringing descriptions of our plight three years ago, devotes but little attention to it. In the space of less than three years, the moving of the wholesale and retail business centers of the present sixth, and future second, city in the United States, to heretofore secondary wholesale and retail districts, and the final reinstatement of both in their original locations, has been accomplished.

When lower Market street was impassable, when the whole business district was a smouldering area of iron beams and bricks and stone, instantaneous action was necessary. The subsidiary retail districts of Fillmore street and the Mission were seized upon by the houseless business men. Van Ness avenue, in addition, was literally metamorphosed from a region of fashionable boarding houses and clubs to a magnificent retail street in a few weeks. Armies of men worked day and night erecting wooden buildings or enlarging the old ones. But that is a tale that has been told so often that its repetition is wearisome.

Van Ness avenue has begun to resume many of its old characteristics, though it is improbable that it will ever become en-

tirely de-commercialized, while Fillmore street and the Mission have permanently enlarged as retail districts, many of the large houses maintaining branches in those localities.

But it is impossible for the mere reader to realize the complete rehabilitation of the down-town district as it exists today. In the natural course of events, San Francisco could not have hoped to show such magnificent stores and shopping neighborhoods in twenty-five years. No city in the world of like population can boast such magnificent retail palaces as San Francisco, and it is no idle statement that most centers with three times the population are behind us in this respect. Almost without exception, every firm has greatly enlarged its quarters, while many new houses, attracted by the unconquerable energy and catching optimism of San Franciscans, have cast in their lot with us.

The impossible has literally been accomplished in the space of three years. The individual who in 1906 had dared to predict that in 1909 practically all the large merchants would be located in their old quarters would have been deemed a lunatic. A few there still be who have not yet returned to the permanent retail center, awaiting the completion of the necessary buildings, but by the close of the year all will be reinstated, and the finest retail district on the American continent will be remembered by every sojourner within our gates.

There are still vacant lots in the downtown district, some of them covered with the debris of the catastrophe; there are yet streets where the buildings are not over-energetic. But that is a condition time will remedy. The available space in the buildings already erected vastly surpasses that at the disposal of the business man before the fire. Eight, ten, fifteen and twenty-story buildings now stand on sites which but three years ago were occupied by modest three or four-story structures. One of the largest department stores in the United States, which in 1906 was content with three floors of the Parrott building, now finds itself in possession of the entire immense structure, with no room to spare. One of the oldest music firms, which prior to the fateful year of the fire was content to do business in a modest

4-story building on Kearney street, today requires the whole of a 10-story building to conduct its business. The White House, known all over the world, is today domiciled in a palace which needs fear comparison with none.

Practically all the old shopping emporiums which have been the delight of the gentler sex in past years have located on Grant avenue or the intersecting streets as far north as Bush. In every case a comparison between the stores occupied by these firms at present and those in use before the fire shows the present ones much larger. Rebuilding in this neighborhood is nearly completed, and when the streets are in final condition, the throng of shoppers which have been the wonder and amazement of visitors, will be provided for in a manner unequalled west of Chicago, and not surpassed anywhere.

Twenty years ago, San Francisco had one well-defined retail district. It was comparatively a small town then, and business drifted to a natural center with residences grouped on all sides within easy reach. Today there are populous residential districts many miles back from the old business center, and, in response to the city's needs, in place of one retail district we have three. With the growth of the city this state of affairs was inevitable. The visitation of 1906 but hastened it, and it is possible that in the future—the scars of the fire are too visible and recent at present—we may look back upon the year 1906 as the period from which our real expansion may be dated.

Our Chief of Police is clamoring for an additional force of two hundred patrolmen, with the requisite complement of officers. He asserts that the city has grown so rapidly since 1906 that the present force is utterly inadequate to properly attend to its duties, unless worked unreasonable hours. He states his belief that the city today, exclusive of the floating population, contains over 500,000 residents. The Post-Office authorities, the public school officials, the Spring Valley Water Company directors, and other people in a position to judge, tell the same story. Our bank clearings, with unflinching regularity, continue to exceed in amount all the cities of the coast, with Denver thrown in for good measure. Our building total last



A VIEW DOWN GRANT AVENUE FROM SUTTER STREET. THE TALL STRUCTURE AT THE RIGHT IS THE SHREVE BUILDING, BACKED BY THE HEAD BUILDING. IN THE EXTREME DISTANCE IS TO BE SEEN THE PHELAN BUILDING, AND IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND IS THE NEW HOME OF THE WHITE HOUSE

month was surpassed only by New York, and we ultimately expect to occupy the same position from a numerical point of view.

So the creation of other thriving retail centers in the city is then a cause for congratulation. It means that the metropolis of the West has discarded the old ways. It is an evidence that the expansion of the city has been so great that sections of it are able to support independent banks—the Anglo-California Bank has lately erected a splendid structure in the Mission,

center on the continent, outside of New York.

San Francisco was always famous as a hotel city par excellence. The old Palace, the Occidental, the Lick House and others long ago gave the city a splendid reputation for hospitality. At the present day our hotels need fear no comparison with those of London, Paris or New York. There are no finer hotels anywhere than the St. Francis, the Fairmont or the shortly to be opened Palace. In the vicinity of Union Square are a number of others



A PORTION OF THE REHABILITATED WHOLESALE DISTRICT, SHOWING A VIEW DOWN BATTERY STREET. THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S BUILDING IS SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND.

and others are preparing to follow. It indicates that San Francisco, like the New York and London of today, will in the future be a consolidation of many cities under a general Government. The one great retail district in both those cities completely overshadows the minor centers, and so it will be here. On Market and the other streets indicated will, in twenty years, be built up the greatest shopping

which would be the pride of many cities of half a million inhabitants. The opening of the new Orpheum on O'Farrell street, shortly to be followed by the new Columbia Theatre on Geary, marks the commencement of the return movement of the playhouses to their old locations. Buildings are now being erected for the habitations of the many famous restaurants of the city.



LOOKING DOWN KEARNEY STREET FROM POST STREET. IN THE LEFT DISTANCE IS TO BE SEEN THE CHRONICLE BUILDING, AND TO THE RIGHT THE CLAU SPRECKELS BUILDING

Market street, which, previous to 1906, was strictly a wholesale thoroughfare below Second street, is now lined with retail stores to the ferry. Three years ago, after four o'clock it was comparatively deserted. Today the sidewalks are lined with pedestrians and shoppers until late in the evening, many of them being residents of the trans-bay cities who formerly patronized the street cars to avoid the tedium of a walk through a district of iron-shuttered wholesale establishments.

The corners formed by the intersection

cent facade of the new Palace Hotel in close proximity, afford a vision in embryo of Market street as a whole in the not distant future.

The stretch from Third to Seventh streets is completely rebuilt. To one who viewed the awful scene of desolation in April, 1906, the achievement is little short of unbelievable. The giant nineteen-story Claus Spreckels building at that date rose on the corner of Third and Market like a colossal obelisk, the blackened smudges disfiguring its multitudinous



IN THE BANKING AND INSURANCE DISTRICT, SHOWING THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA. THE NEW BUILDING OF THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY IS SEEN AT THE EXTREME RIGHT.

of Market, Montgomery, Post and Second streets present an aggregation of towering skyscrapers which it would be hard to duplicate in a given area. The splendid white twelve-story First National Bank building, the fourteen-story structure which houses the Metropolis Bank and Trust Company, the eleven-story Crocker building, the ten-story building of the Union Trust Company, with the magnifi-

window orifices bearing terrible witness to the fury of the Fire Demon. Across the street, the Chronicle building in a similar condition, attracted universal attention. Further up Market street, the James Flood building, scarred and blotched, stood unharmed by the quake. Today both sides of the main artery of the city for the distance mentioned are rebuilt and occupied by many of the old



THE IMPOSING JUNCTION OF POST, MONTGOMERY AND MARKET STS. AT THE LEFT IS THE CROCKER BUILDING; IN THE CENTER IS THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING; AND AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IS SEEN A PORTION OF THE UNION TRUST BUILDING

firms and numerous others. The magnificent Phelan building of twelve stories, fronting on the gore caused by the junction of O'Farrell and Market streets, is completed. At Fourth and Market streets, the Pacific building, replacing the old Flood property, is a vast improvement. Hale Brothers' magnificent store has been completely restored, and many new firms have located in the blocks between Fifth and Seventh streets. The Academy of Sciences building has been succeeded by the nine-story commercial structure which is already practically filled up with tenants. Work on an immense department store building is expected to be shortly begun on the corner of Jones and Market. And so the list might be extended indefinitely.

The retail center of the city is permanently fixed on Market street between Kearney and Powell. The overflow will inevitably spread as it is doing today up Market and the streets adjacent, but the buildings that line the thoroughfares in this neighborhood have settled the question for all time. In the vicinity of Union Square the transformation is almost magical. Even five years ago it was very evident that here was to be a shopping and hotel district second to none in the West. Many of the oldest and largest retail stores of the city have secured locations and erected palatial buildings facing the square. When the new addition to the St. Francis is completed, it will occupy the entire western frontage of Powell street, and will take premier rank as the largest hotel in the world of the first class.

In the old banking and insurance district in the neighborhood of Montgomery and California streets many changes have occurred. The new building of the California Bank on California street, a structure magnificent in its classic lines, has been completed, and is now occupied by the bank. The fourteen-story Merchants' Exchange was thoroughly renovated after its visitation by fire, and can be seen by all passengers on incoming steamers, towering far above its neighbors. The Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool has erected a splendid ten-story building close by, and the Alaska Commercial Company's twelve-story building, with its

wealth of unique ornament, attracts general attention. There are numerous other commercial palaces, constructed since the fire, which lack of space forbids mention of. Sufficient it is to say that the old banking and insurance district has been transformed to such an extent that it is hardly recognizable.

Kearney street, north of California, is rebuilt practically on the old lines, with the exception that the buildings are of better class. Always given over to pawnshops, outfitting stores for seamen and saloons where these seamen are despoiled of their money with monotonous regularity, it is again the resort of the same classes. The neighborhood is hardly so noisy and turbulent as in the days of yore, for which we may render devout thanks to our police force.

While, however, the Caucasian population of the city has shown unexampled energy and courage, the Chinese element must not be forgotten. Chinatown, the most picturesque of San Francisco's many picturesque quarters, was wiped out absolutely and completely, by the fire. It is today solidly rebuilt with a far higher type of structure, erected mainly by Chinese capitalists.

Chinatown has not moved down-town. It has moved over from Oakland. The Chinese, while the city was still burning, migrated across the bay in a body, and many propositions were advanced having for their object the prevention of their return to the old quarters. All proved unavailing against the general sentiment that the city should be apportioned, with reference to racial distribution, in the same districts as it was prior to the year 1906.

The new Oriental quarter contains an Americanized Chinese city. It is as pronouncedly Occidental as the electric lights with which its stores are illuminated. Its merchants have absorbed the spirit of their American colleagues on Post street, and, as a result, the new Chinatown far surpasses the old from a modern standpoint. The old Chinatown was the delight of the artist. In its crooked alleyways, and through its tumble-down buildings, the photographer, both amateur and expert, secured recordings which are today treasured as priceless mementoes. It is



A GROUP OF MODERN STRUCTURES IN UPPER MARKET STREET. AT THE RIGHT IS SHOWN THE NEW FIFTEEN-STORY HEWES BUILDING

gone forever, and in its place has arisen a city within a city, peopled by Orientals, and yet equipped with every convenience and innovation that the larger American city surrounding it can boast.

Twenty years ago, the advent of a photographer in Chinatown was usually the signal for the scurrying to cover of many of its inhabitants. They conceived that in some strange way the "foreign devil," if he succeeded in enclosing their likeness within his camera, became endowed with tremendous powers for evil over them. A

its most enthusiastic adherents expected it would be able to. In the old days it was the accepted idea in some quarters to sneer at the "silurianism" of the city's merchants. That sneer, if it ever had any basis of fact, has been killed forever.

The events since the fire make it more and more evident that, in addition to being one of the world's commercial centers, San Francisco is destined to be the Pleasure City of the globe. A yearly increasing multitude of Easterners and Europeans sojourns here for lengthy periods



MARKET STREET AT POWELL, SHOWING THE EMPORIUM, COMMERCIAL, AND PACIFIC BUILDINGS. IN THE DISTANCE IS SEEN THE TOWERING HUMBOLDT BANK BUILDING. A PORTION OF THE FLOOD BUILDING SHOWS AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.

few days ago, during the quest in Chinatown for the photographs which illustrate this article, the little Chinese girl whose picture appears on another page, ran boldly in front of the camera and remained there until the operation was completed.

All in all, San Francisco has moved down town about five years earlier than

each year, and, with the increase of population on the North American continent, the visitors will swell into millions. In the Orient, as the writer well knows, San Francisco is better known than any other foreign city, and the American exile at his "tiffin" in the cities of China, Japan and the Philippines longingly looks forward to the time when his leave of absence be-



UNION SQUARE AND THE MONUMENTAL ST. FRANCIS HOTEL. THE ELKAN-GUNST BUILDING IS SEEN AT THE LEFT OF THE ST. FRANCIS



A VIEW DOWN MARKET STREET FROM KEARNEY. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND IS THE MONADNOCK BUILDING, BACKED BY THE NEW PALACE HOTEL, THE METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING, AND THE BALBOA BUILDING. AT THE LEFT A PORTION OF THE CHRONICLE BUILDING SHOWS.

comes due, that he may visit the city he so offensively to *our* ears calls "Dear old Frisco." The preparations made to accommodate the wants of all these visitors, immense though they are, will probably prove inadequate in the near future. The influx is only in its initial stage, and as Paris today maintains a population of three millions largely dependent on the wealthy classes of all nationalities who are attracted by her splendid theatres, palatial shops, and other opportunities for amusement, San Francisco will do likewise for a far wealthier clientele in the days not very far away.

This source of revenue, however, while most desirable, will always be secondary in importance. The merchants who have rebuilt the down-town city have done so with an abiding faith in the commercial supremacy of San Francisco's position. In the geographical center of the coast, located on a harbor unapproached in size,

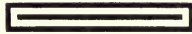
safety, or accessibility on the western shore of the continent, San Francisco is today reaching out for her laurels as a world-center. To the north and south of her are thriving cities growing at a tremendous rate, whose prosperity but pays tribute to her own. To the east of her lies an inland empire, which has been pronounced by authorities innumerable the richest agricultural territory on the globe, and facing us in the Orient is a tremendous population awakening with unexampled rapidity to the call of Western civilization. Under these conditions, it is not so surprising that our capitalists have rebuilt the city on a larger and grander scale in three years. To be sure, we ourselves may be pardoned if, sometimes as we look around, the new mercantile palaces seem but a vision of San Francisco as she will be. But the bank clearings tell the story. Our trade expansion has just commenced, our agricultural em-

pire is barely scratched, and the future is brighter than ever with the consciousness of unassailable commercial supremacy on the shores of the greatest of the world's oceans.

Though not a century old, no city has been tried in the furnace of affliction like San Francisco. Others, visited with a tithe of the burdens she has staggered under, have disappeared from the face of the earth. Some people say that San Franciscans are different from the inhabitants of other places, where the course of life flows uninterruptedly to its close.

The indictment, if it may be so called,

is correct. We *are* different. The happenings of the past three years are proof enough of this assertion. The San Francisco environment is surcharged with an electric vitality that does not permit the resident to vegetate. He lives every moment of life to its fullest capacity, and it is owing to this condition that the city of today is renovated and re-instated in its old quarters in the face of the prediction of our utter defeat in the struggle against the most disastrous visitation of all time. Yes, San Francisco has moved downtown, and is today bigger, grander, and more prosperous than ever.



COMPENSATION

BY HARRY T. FEE

We count the task the sad day brings
 And see with dim unseeing eyes,
 Nor know 'neath Fate's befriending skies
 The heritage of finer things.

Unknowing still we play the part
 And grasp the sordid joy it gives,
 Nor seem to see that steadfast lives
 Hope's augury within the heart.

Though Life its verities shall send
 And Death uplift its hand to smite,
 Still love shall leap with love to light
 And friend shall know the soul of friend.

SONNETS TO A SUICIDE

BY JOSEPH NOEL

I

You tore aside the veil that Life would wear
In mystery before her leering face
To awe the weaklings of a weakened race
Into complete subjection to her care,
Primal at best, forbidding you to dare
Approach the end at other than snail's pace
Lest all her plans be set awry. Disgrace,
Bestowed by those who crawl, is now your share.

Earth-bound you never were nor will you be;
You smiled at fate, at fate you still shall smile
If consciousness be then inflicted there
As here. Again the veil you'll tear to see
The other side, nor will you stay to while
Away the time. Onward you'll go. But where?

II

King Death you greeted as your dearest friend.
No backward glance you ventured at the game
You scorned to play, and which we play the same
As when a vagrant smile you oft would send
At us, coerced by fate, to wait the end
Knowing we lose, like him of vanished name
Who cast the loaded dice to win him fame—
And to oblivion's purpose thus did bend.

Gossamer threads that float on Summer's breast
Bind you to us who grudgingly remain.
The lark sings all the songs you made us love.
On every crested wave that seeks for rest
Your subtle beauty is enthroned again.
We see you in the iris-breasted dove.

THE MAN WHO HAD NEVER HEARD

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS



MET HIM on the road from Mill Valley to Sausalito. He was over against the bank attempting to light damp tobacco in a sawed-off briar pipe, and when his last

match fizzled out he used deplorable language. I handed him a fresh box of matches, but as they did not prove more effective, I offered my own pouch of plug. That made us friends without further parley. The guild of My Lady Nicotine is catholic, and there are no conventions for those who smoke from the same pouch on the open road.

"Have you been working in the mountains?" I asked by way of starting the conversation.

"No," he answered with the utmost simplicity, "I am a sailor. Three years ago I was shanghaied in old 'Frisco. Been on the same old tramp ever since, until yesterday, when they marooned me near Tomales Point. It's took me all of last night and to-day to walk over them hills, so as I could catch the ferry at Sausalito for the city."

I have long since learned not to exclaim in surprise at anything, so I responded quietly enough to this bald statement freighted with such possibilities of romance.

"It is a tough journey, but why did they put you off at Tomales Point? Why could they not have set you free in San Francisco?"

"I guess you don't understand the game," he said. "The Customs House guys come aboard before anybody can go ashore, and they're lookin' for shanghaied sailors as much as anything else. I'd be locked up down below, but if they found me I'd squeal on the captain. But he puts me off out there and if I go over to 'Frisco now and try to have him

pinched, no cop ain't goin' to believe my story. See?"

"And you've been gone three years! Isn't that a very long voyage?"

"Yes, mate, even for a tramp sailing vessel, but we got plenty of business between the South American ports, and then we was wrecked once among the Galapagos Islands and laid up there for six months before a ship came and towed us over to Guayaquil for repairs."

"Did the captain pay you fair wages?" I asked, cautiously, curious to know what reward a man got for three years filched from his life, but fearing to hurt his feelings.

My companion laughed genially. "Wages!" he said, "Hell! If the captain had wanted to pay me wages he wouldn't 'a' shanghaied me. The grub wasn't so rotten, and he give me twenty bucks before he put me ashore last night. I was the fool to be caught in the first place, but you may bet your sweet life I won't be shanghaied no more."

The dusk was gathering rapidly, but Sausalito was in sight, and as I glanced towards the bay, I saw an approaching ferry-boat threading her way through a flotilla of pleasure craft. There would be plenty of time to catch her, so we did not hurry overmuch.

As we entered the town, walking beside the railroad tracks, my friend jerked his thumb over his shoulder and spoke with animation. "Gee!" he said, "I might 'a' taken the train way back and got to the city this morning, but I couldn't spare the price. Besides, there's nothin' doin' until night-time."

"You could have looked for a ship," I suggested.

"What, a job! And me with twenty bucks in my pocket and three years to make up for. Might as well have bought a railroad ticket. No, no, the captain was white enough to stand me a treat, and I'll

have a little fun on him before I go to work again. And, while I think of it, my name's Maguire."

It was nearly dark when we entered the ferry station, and by the time we churned out of the slip and headed citywards, a score of lights shone out on the hills behind Sausalito and in front of us the windows of the prison on Alcatraz Island winked unsteadily from a grey and shapeless background.

Maguire and I stood on the lower deck, puffing contentedly at our pipes. He was not very talkative, and my efforts to get from him even the dry bones of his romance were disappointing. With the vanity of the teller of tales, to whom an experience is meaningless unless it can be expressed in words, I thought that I could supply the flesh and blood; but he would not give me the chance. He had *lived* those three years and had straightway forgotten them as you and I forget a meal once we have eaten it.

In despair I ceased questioning him, and we leaned over the rail in silence for many minutes. It was he who spoke first.

"The lights o' 'Frisco look kinda changed to me," he said abruptly. "What is that big house on the top of Nob Hill? I guess they've got the Fairmont Hotel finished, eh?"

"Yes," I answered, "that is the Fairmont. The Palace Hotel will soon be open now."

"What! Did they close the Palace? I don't see what they should do that for."

I stared at him curiously. So my friend Maguire had a sense of humor, and dry humor, too, for he had made his last remark in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Well, you see," I told him, "you've been away so long that you do not realize how shabby the Palace got to look in April, 1906. The guests all thought they would move in a hurry and the owner has been busy on his repairs ever since."

"You don't say!" replied Maguire. "You're right about the date, too, for I was copped on that old tramp in March, '06. I didn't think there was anything wrong with the Palace then, but it's wonderful how them big hotels go quick."

I felt a new interest in him. He could evidently deal in repartee also, and I began to have hopes that he might yet tell

me that wonderful story of his and give me such a plot as I did not pick up every day.

The hands of the clock on the Ferry building tower pointed to 7:30 when our boat at last bumped against her landing place and the gangway plank was let down. We hustled along with the crowd, but paused in the waiting room while Maguire loaded his abbreviated pipe for the twentieth time.

"It's good to be in the old town again, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Yes," said Maguire; but he was staring from under puckered eyebrows through the doorway and beyond the cars that clanged noisily in a never-ending procession. "Hell!" he exclaimed, starting forward; "what's wrong with East street? And that ain't Market in front there. The blamed old Ferry building was at the foot of Market when I last knowed it."

He had hurried away from me, but I caught up with him on the pavement where he stood regarding the scene, interest and surprise at last dispelling the stolid look to which I had grown accustomed.

"Things have changed a bit since the fire. You only knew the city in the old days," I said.

"That's the word!" he shouted. "I knowed there musta been a fire in this part of town. Chawed up the whole of East street, eh?"

A flash of comprehension came to me, but in the next breath I told myself that the idea was absurd.

"Maguire," I said, "you'll travel a long way before you get to where that fire stopped."

"Oh, that's what you meant about the Palace! You don't tell me it burned all Market street up to the old Palace! Yes, it did, too. There's not a building up that way I ever seen before."

And at last I understood. This was too good to be true. He was giving me a story after all, and, furthermore, living it under my very eyes. But I must be cautious.

"Did you get no news while you were on that voyage?" I asked casually. "Did you meet no one to tell you about what happened up here?"

"Never heard about no fire. When we called at a port the captain locked me up in the hold for fear I'd skip. The only time I ever spoke to a white man off of our own boat was when we was wrecked in the Galapagos. Lord! So there was a big blaze in 'Frisko and nobody put me wise!"

The love of the theatrical is latent in us all, and a psychological moment had arrived. I placed my hand on his shoulder and spun him round so that he faced me. "Maguire," I said, "on April 18, 1906, San Francisco was destroyed by an earthquake and burned for three days afterwards. There is not one house of the old town left between here and Van Ness avenue."

He blinked at me for a few minutes in silence. Then he started off at a trot towards Market street. "Gawd!" he cried, "I've a pile of sight-seein' to do to-night."

We went up the new Market street together, Maguire commenting on many things and I playing the part of a guide. At Kearney street we paused while he surveyed the crossing that restoration has changed least.

"Lotta's Fountain is at the old stand, anyways," he remarked. "Good old Lotta! Used to have a swaller here when I was broke, which was most times. But not to-night, mate. I'll give Lotta the go-by tonight and look for somethin' better than water as soon as I get my bearin's."

Kearney street, which is changed so utterly as to be a new thoroughfare, distressed him visibly. He stopped a dozen times and peered into holes in the ground half-filled with debris, or the bricks and mortar that were later on to form part of a new structure. He was interested, was Maguire, and gave his brain unaccustomed work as he strove to recall just what building had once stood on each corner lot.

Suddenly, however, he paused and gripped me by the arm. "Mate," he said plaintively, "don't tell me there ain't no more Coast."

For a moment I was puzzled. "Coast?" I repeated. "Yes, most of the waterfront was saved." Then, as he grinned at my stupidity, I understood and was able to set his mind at rest.

"That's good," sighed this capitalist

with all of twenty dollars to draw upon. "Because I was never a selfish man, and there ain't no fun in blowin' your stake alone."

And so we drifted by easy stages towards the Barbary Coast of his dreams. It was ten o'clock when we halted at the corner of Kearney street and Montgomery Avenue. Maguire's zeal as an explorer was beginning to abate, and the contrast of new buildings and the ruins of the past interested him less and less. When I pointed to the site of the Hall of Justice he would scarcely turn his head. "Glad that old joint went up in smoke," he said. "I've been in there five times, or it may be six, but it's a safe bet they'll take me somewheres else next time."

To our right while he spoke a garish row of lights shone through a hazy fog and the tinkling of many mechanical pianos each minute made my influence less potent to keep him on the sidewalk. He had suggested "drinks" several times, and seemed offended when I refused. Clearly, his stake was burning his pocket.

At length the inevitable happened. The door of a combined saloon and dance-hall swung open and a variety of cheerful sounds reached our ears. Maguire stretched out his hand. "So long!" he said. "You won't keep me company, so I guess I'll have to take my first drink alone. Much obliged to you for showin' me the town, mate."

I returned his salute, and with incredible speed he darted through the alluring doorway. I turned to go, but moved by a strange impulse, I strolled over to the door and looked in. The Man Who Had Never Heard was leaning over the bar. He was drinking with the barkeeper, and his face was alight with a great enthusiasm as he wished that gentleman length of days. Catching sight of my reflection in the mirror opposite, he interrupted himself and beckoned with a great show of enthusiasm.

"Come along in. Make it three beers, barkeep," he shouted, but as I shook my head he gave me up as a bad case.

"Well, if you won't, good-bye again," he said. "But say good-evening to my friend behind the bar here—Mr. Jimmy Smith. Knowed him before I was shanghaied. It's the same old town, mate."



YOUNG CHEYENNES IN WAR COSTUME

Copyright by L. A. Huffman



THE ADOBE WALLS ARGUMENT

BY FRED A. HUNT

(MOKH-IS-TUN-E-VE-HO; the man who writes.)

The Overland Monthly announces that it has arranged with Mr. Fred A. Hunt, the well-known frontiersman and author, to contribute a series of sketches of frontier life and Indian warfare to this magazine. Mr. Hunt is an acknowledged authority on matters pertaining to the Western Indians, their habits and customs, and his articles will, moreover, be profusely illustrated with photographs of the participants and localities referred to in his writings. The narratives will therefore be all the more interesting since, on account of the rapid disappearance of the old-time, "war-path" Indian, authentic picturings of him are rare. "Faked" Indian photographs are legion. Of Mr. Hunt, General Charles King, the noted author, wrote: "When a man has served with credit through the great Civil War, rising later to the rank of Commander in the Grand Army of the Republic; when he has added to this service by long years of comradeship with the foremost of the Indian fighters in our frontier warfare; has won the Congressional Medal of Honor, and gained the confidence and friendship of such soldiers as Philo Clark in the Sioux campaigns and Marion P. Maus in Apacheland; when, added to years of service in the field, he has given years of service with his pen to the commemoration of the heroism and sacrifices of the little Regular Army of the old days, surely do his writings demand the attention and study of the thinking readers of the country."

—THE EDITOR.



IN THE SUMMER of 1874 there was a peculiar structure of hewn logs, inserted one end in the ground, made as a stockade, and with a bastion or block-house at the

southeast and northeast corners, located on the Canadian River, some sixty miles

west of the line of the Indian Territory, and about forty-five miles west of the southerly line of No-Man's Land. It was termed Adobe Walls, presumptively because there were no walls there, and because the edifice was not constructed of adobe. The site of the obsolete fortification is now ten miles due east of the thriving town of Plemons, Hutchinson County, Texas.

In and about this redoubt was a party of twenty-eight buffalo hunters, pirates of the plains, whose galleon was the trusty, swift horse, and whose armament lay in rifle and courage. Prominent among them were Fred W. Schmalsle, now one of the prominent citizens of Miles City, Mont., "Billy" Dixon, for twelve years afterward a Government scout and then sheriff of Hutchinson County, "Billy" Tyler, Amos Chapman ("Tam-e-yukh-tah," cut-off leg), who now has a large ranch near Barnes, Okla., George Steel, Lem T. Wilson, Ira Wing, the Shadler brothers, "Spotty" Dunlop, "Blinky" Jack, "Wall-Eyed" Bill (Sellew), J. E. Woods and Tripp. These buffalonian buccaneers were under the tutelage of a man named Meyers, a storekeeper of Dodge City, Kansas, at that time the railway terminal and a tolerably—or intolerably—hard settlement; a favorite stamping ground of "Wild Bill" (Hickok.) Meyers assembled a copious outfit of groceries, sundries, etc., and recruiting the other twenty-seven venturesome men, left the plains at the head of Moors Creek, traveled down the Canadian to Adobe Walls Creek, and there, pitching their tents, they speedily had the nucleus of a trading-post, the hewn log arrangement being erected to serve as a two hundred-foot square corral, storehouse for hides and means for ultimate defense. Nestled around the corral were several peaceful huts; one a general store whereof Meyers was the proprietor; another, the blacksmith shop (the village smithy) whereof the brawny and sinewy Vulcan was Thomas O'Keefe, but who, save for his muscle, was not strikingly a counterpart of Longfellow's chestnutty gentleman, and a saloon and cafe whose ganymede was Charles Rath.

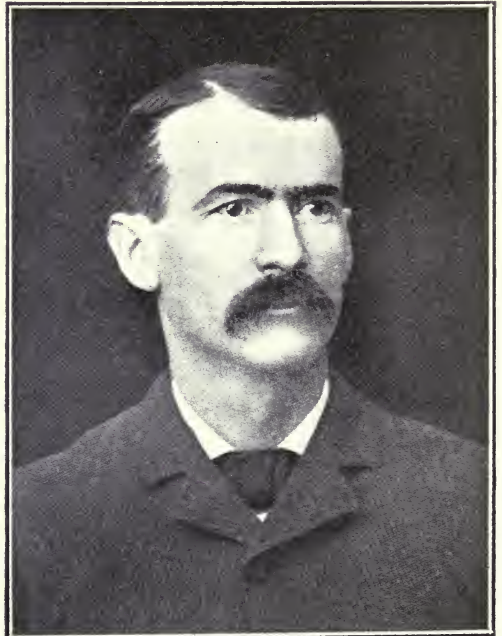
At the store, the hides of the buffalo were bought for \$3 apiece, and as one man would frequently kill and skin fifty buffalo a day, the business was highly lucrative, and Meyers and his merry men under the greenwood thrived, and the limit on the village games of poker was "histed." So large was the supply of hides that frequent wagon-train trips had to be made for their conveyance to Dodge City between that place and Adobe Walls, the city being about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of the settlement.

The buffalo hunters hunted and killed and "skun," and sold and shipped; all to the manifest and accumulating indignation and propelling vengeance of the Indians of that region, who were not in sympathy with any such comprehensive demolition of their incipient teepees, blankets, meat, clothing, suit-cases (or parfleches), and sundries, all these being conserved in and obtained from the buffalo.

Some idea may be formed of the possibilities of the wanton slaughter of these fine animals by hunters, when absolved from any control save that of their own greed, when the following two items, anent the killing of game by parties of Indians under military surveillance, are read, and when the fact is remembered that Indians never slaughtered game ruthlessly nor needlessly, but simply to supply their wants.

June 14, 1877. Captain Ewers (the military suzerain of the captive Indians), and thirty men and some seventy captive Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, started on a buffalo hunt to headwaters of Porcupine on north side of Yellowstone, returning June 27, having killed one hundred antelopes and one hundred and fifty buffaloes.

June 29, 1877. Captain Ewers' company and one hundred and two Cheyenne and Sioux Indians left for the headwaters of Sunday Creek on buffalo hunt, returning from hunt on east



FREDERICK WILLIAM SCHMALSLER
Scout and traller, now of Miles City, Montana



LITTLE RAVEN (O-KO-KE-OKH HAH-KIT) AND HIS HEAD WARRIORS. LITTLE RAVEN, WHO WAS ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED CHIEFS OF THE ARAPAHOS, IS HOLDING THE CHILD

branch of Dry Fork, August 13th, having killed five hundred buffaloes and one hundred and fifty antelopes; bringing back three hundred and fifty buffalo skins for tepees, as well as ten thousand pounds dried meat.

In view of the enormous quantity of game at that time roaming the region between the Yellowstone and the Missouri rivers, such killings produced no appreciable diminution in the vast herds. The Indian method of hunting game was to make a large circle around the game to be attacked; the ellipse to the leeward gradually closing in on the quarry, that to windward remaining nearly stationary and far distant, the advancing hunters availing themselves of every ambushment of tall grass or hummocks, and when these were unavailable, lying prone on the earth and creeping like worms toward the desired points. On arriving within good shooting distance they let fly a cloud of arrows into the grazing herd, maiming

many and killing some by a lucky shot, those that were unhurt fleeing from the hurtling shafts toward the other side of the contracting circle, that, in turn, discharged their arrows, putting more of the game to the bad, the still unhurt frenziedly charging through the advancing line and escaping: a really mad and red-eyed buffalo was "bad medicine" (mi-yo-e ab-se-vah.) An alleged Wild West painting of Indians disguised (?) by wolf-skins dangling from their heads and walking nearly upright is a marvelous figment of the artistic imagination; buffaloes' eyes were quite small, but they were very keen of vision, and they were not sufficiently used to being stalked by timber wolves walking on their hind legs to want to evade them, even if timber wolves were not a rarity to them at any time. Prairie wolves and coyotes, buffalo had no use for nor affiliation with, and their keen scent

would advise them of the contiguity of the wolf species more readily than of the scent of an Indian—and that was not a particularly delicate fragrance. Legends of venerie state that hunters would suspend red rags from sticks, whereupon the timid and unsophisticated, yet curious, antelope would come to the red rag and be slaughtered by the hidden hunter; this may have been done, although I never saw any antelope gold-bricked in any such bare-faced manner; buffalo, however, were of an entirely different kidney, and not so gullible.

The brewing storm of contemplated punishment for the temerity of the hunters gathered and broke. At about three o'clock on the morning of June 27, 1844, the slumbering inmates of one of the rude buildings were awakened by the cracking of the cottonwood ridge-pole—obviating the crack of doom for them—that upheld the rafters and a heavy dirt roof. Realizing that its superincumbent weight would very likely cause it to fall, the awakened hunters sought and obtained the help of some of the others, who cut a staunch prop from an adjacent tree, and placed it as an upright support beneath the fractured ridge-pole. Morning being imminent, and many of the hunters wishing to make an early start for their respective *abattoirs*, it was decided to remain awake, take the morning meal and while away the time until it was sufficiently light for comfortable and circumspect traveling.

While looking over the valley (some six miles in length) in the beautiful pearly gray of the coming morn, Billy Dixon ("Has-Ta," or

Long Hair), discerned what at first appeared to be a mass of moving bodies coming up the valley, but they were not determined to be hostile Indians until the man who had gone to round up the horses recognized them as such. He fired his revolver, yelled and fled toward the camp, reaching it some two hundred yards ahead of the foe, who came charging, shouting their goose-pimply war-whoop, firing a volley and driving the hunters' loose stock promiscuously before them.

To quote "Has-ta":

The sight of that savage band, painted hideously in all colors, their handsome war-bonnets dancing and streaming in the wind, charging in solid mass, their fantastically decorated horses running like mad, was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; if the hunters had been



CROW WARRIOR IN WINTER DRESS

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LIEUT.-COL. HOBART K. BAILEY,
25th U. S. Infantry, formerly Lieutenant 5th
U. S. Infantry, Commanding District of Porto
Rico and Provisional Troops.

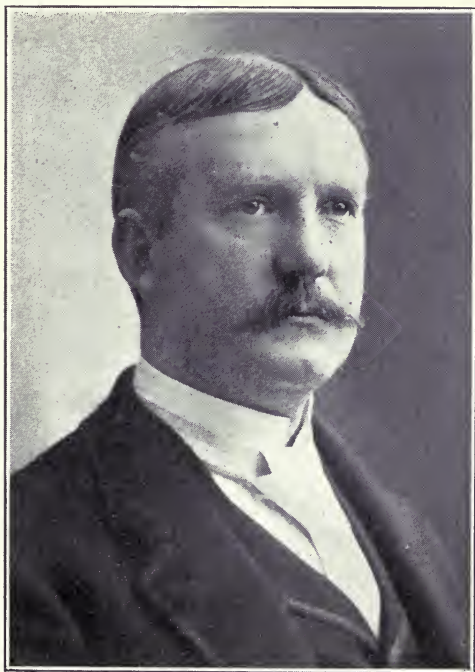
of the quailing kind—but they weren't. On they came, yelling like demons and firing their guns. They kept close together so long that it looked as though they intended to strike the buildings like a huge wave. They were splendid horsemen and had perfect control of their steeds, but they were unprepared for the reception they got from the white men, for when they arrived within fifty yards of the buildings, the big guns of the buffalo hunters rang out, and an Indian was dropped at every shot. These men, who had all faced "battle, murder and sudden death" in various forms many times before, knew that nothing but a true aim and steady nerve would get them out of their predicament, and obviate the choice between a quick end by the bullet or a lingering and fearsome death by torture; so every man stood at his post and made that post a hot one for his assailants. Warriors fell dead and wounded on all sides, some almost beneath the window apertures of the buildings. Charge after charge was made by the determined but too-zealous savages, only to be withered by the accurate and plunging fire of the defenders.

So the fight went on from daylight until dark of that long summer day. Occasionally, the Indians would make a circle of extended diameter around the beleaguered, and, while riding around the circumference, some would make a frenzied dash into the village and try to batter down the doors of the huts; but all their attempts were counteracted by the same stolid and insuperable defense, wherefore they abandoned all attempts or tactics for assaulting the village en masse, and turned their attention to the rescue of their wounded comrades lying in the tall grass. They would make a charge, and,

while the inmates of the houses were firing at them, the wounded would rise, make a speedy sprint for twenty or thirty yards and then drop into the grass again, repeating this getaway process until they had got to a haven of safety beyond the dangerous range of the white men's guns.

It is impossible to state with any accuracy what the loss of the Indians was during this encounter, but, from their own subsequent narratives, it must have been quite heavy, fifteen dead being left on the ground, while many were mortally wounded. Three white men were killed, Billy Tyler, who was shot through an improvised embrasure, and the two Shadler brothers, who were surprised and killed in their wagon on the north side of the stockade at the time of the first tumultuous charge of the Indians. Both the brothers were scalped, and a large Newfoundland dog that usually slept at the foot of the wagon, had also been killed and a piece of hide removed from its side. The wagon was plundered, and one of the Indians pot-shotted in the process. He gave his death-leap and a cloud of white powder came from his body and curled into the atmosphere, suggesting that, had he a magazine inside him, it had blown up; but it was found that some cans of baking powder that he was carrying in his pouched blanket had been smashed by the deadly bullet, and thus the otherwise incomprehensible white nimbus was explained. It may be remarked that an Indian belted his buffalo robe, blanket or serape around his waist, and used the upper part for carrying stuff, much as a woman will utilize her apron.

The warriors were composed of men from three tribes, the Cheyennes ("Tsis-tah," the people); Kiowas ("Ga-i-gwu,"



MAJOR GILBERT E. OVERTON (Deceased.)

Brevetted Captain for gallant services in leading a cavalry charge in the action against Indians on McLellan's Creek, Texas, November 8, 1874.



COLONEL NELSON A. MILES

5th U. S. Infantry, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., Commanding Indian Territory Expedition, now Lieut.-General U. S. Army (retired.)

principal people), and Staked Plain ("Qua-ja-da"), Comanches. They had been especially incited to their attack on Adobe Walls primarily by their animosity toward the destroyers of their mobile commissary and quartermaster department; secondly, by their cupidity having been aroused by the stories of the large quantities of supplies and ammunition there, and thirdly, because a Quajada (pronounced quahadah) medicine man had proclaimed that he had made medicine so potent that the white men's guns would be incapable of being fired, and that all that would be required of the Indians was to ride up to the scene of proposed activity and decisively and expeditiously knock their victims on the head. Had not the ridge-pole cracked or had the Indians started on their foray a little earlier, the medicine man's prophecy might have resulted in a most undesirable (for the hunters) fulfillment.

Shortly, it was decided to concentrate the defense in the stockade, where there was an amplitude of jerked buffalo meat and a well of good water, and then from the huts protecting the Indians, and the stockade protecting the hunters, both shots and conversation were exchanged. Many times the Indians would say "Mah-tah a e nan tive ah-o-ne hi-in" (Surrender and we'll let you go free), to which bunko suggestion the hunters would reply, "It tose sah-ah a e nan" (We will never give up.)

At one time the mandate went forth from the leader of the hostiles "Tah vone how-tse min-ah-o!" (Set fire to the stockade — burn them out!) but the fire from the walls and block-houses was too direct and searching, and the bundles of grass and dry

sticks, hastily deposited by running hostiles and hurled against the stockade, burned out supinely.

One of the hunters yelled an inquiry at a Cheyenne relative to the animus for the virulent and protracted attack, and the rejoinder came, "Im-e-hi hi-no is-e woon-nish-its its-e e o won" (Plenty of buffalo were here, now there are none), and the information was supplemented with the charitable and kindly promise that they would infallibly "Ne-to-se-ah vo-ne-uts tah-nah-ho" (Starve them out and kill them.) After some days this assertion didn't seem so wildly improbable, but there being no alternative for the hunters, they maintained their watchful and impregnable defense. On one especially fine day there were shots heard in the rear of the foe, which were succeeded by a great turmoil in their ranks, and this again by a pretty stiff fight and shouts from the hostiles: "Noo-hit ve-nie-yas," (Come, let us

get out of this), whereupon they scattered and fled.

Some cavalrymen then came into view with the guidon of Troop G, Sixth U. S. Cavalry dancing and joyously glittering in the sunlight. Then the hunters split

Baldwin (Tse-wo-vo-inst—the Man in the Lead), Fifth U. S. Infantry, Chief of Scouts of the Indian Territory Expedition. With Baldwin was old "Fall Leaf," Delaware Indian chief and nineteen scouts and trailers of that tribe, under command



BRIG.-GEN. FRANK D. BALDWIN, U. S. ARMY (Retired.)
("Tse-wo-vo-inst," The man in the lead), formerly Chief of Scouts, the only man in the service with two medals of honor

their throats and knocked the welkin galley-west, paralyzing any futile attempt at a yell an inefficacious "Injun" might utter.

This most welcome force was under command of First Lieutenant Frank D.

of Lieutenant Hobart K. Bailey, now Lieutenant-Colonel Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry, commanding native scouts at Porto Rico. As principal guide was the well-known scout, Ben Clark ("Mi-e no-

to-war" — Red Neck), who, from the personal knowledge of the writer and all who have been associated with him, is one of the coolest men in action and the bravest in offense of the gallant coterie of scouts. Mr. Clark is now post guide and interpreter at Fort Reno, Oklahoma. In command of Troop G was First Lieutenant Gilbert E. Overton, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, a veteran of the Civil War (12th New York Cavalry), afterward Major U. S. Army (retired.) Major Overton was the father of Miss Gwendolen Overton, authoress of "The Heritage of Unrest," and many other popular works; the military plots and experiences therein elaborated being woven from Major Overton's narrative.

The Major died at Milwaukee, Wis., September 29th, and is interred at the cemetery at San Francisco presidio.

When the siege was thus raised, most

of the hunters became scouts and guides of the Indian Territory Expedition, many of them afterward doing much the same duty with the troops in the Yellowstone country.



A BAND OF BANDITTI BUFFALO HUNTERS

(From an old print)



THE GOD OF THE SIERRAS

BY LUCIA E. LORING



IT HAS BEEN said that there is no God in the desert; there the Evil One reigns supreme. The tawny expanse, monotoned, level, and alkaline, stretched away on every side to meet a circling line that separated the brazen, unclouded sky. There was nothing moving but vague, rising heat-waves and the two men, lying motionless in the scant shade of a rude hut, appeared lifeless, but they were watching each other from beneath broad-brimmed sombreros with each right hand clasping the hilt of a knife.

The vampire heat of the desert had sucked out the red blood of good-fellowship, and the residue left in their veins was feverish with hate and distrust. Their eyes glittered in their sunken faces; the evil genius of the desert had control. As a hot blast of air swept over them, both reached for the water-jar and it slipped from their nervous fingers, and, tripping, spilled its precious contents. They had needed but a slight provocation, and so fell on each other with snarls and uplifted knives.

When, drawing back, Anson Gray looked stupidly on the huddled figure lying face down at his feet, he noticed that a dull red was leisurely soaking into the thirsty, gleaming sand near the dribbling stream from the water olla. His first thought was that *he* might have been lying there, and a chilly shudder passed over his fever-heated frame. He stooped to pull his knife from that last thrust, but to do so would compel him to turn over the Frenchman and look on his hideous face—now more hideous than before. Cowardly fear made him straighten up, and without a backward glance he staggered away on the ocean of blistering sand toward the setting sun, which hung like

a bloody ball above the horizon line.

Far ahead on the yellow expanse he could see a dark spot, and knew that it was the lonely station. He steered for it, though tantalizing mirages tempted him to leave the wavering path and images of men and animals appeared to block his way as he stumbled on, a red mist ever before his eyes, and fear gripping his heart. One desire dominated him; to get away from that inert thing that would soon be but another heap of bleached bones. He did not know that already it was stirring with conscious pain. Blindly, yet persevering, the fugitive reeled on. The dark spot danced tauntingly, and often disappeared, only to return, blurred but encouraging.

After the settling down of the torrid sun, the sky changed to softest pink and lavender, and the bits of prickly vegetation, dotting the level expanse, were tinged with the same shades; the coloring overcast the glare of the yellow, wind-swept reaches, and quieted him. Already the thing pierced by his knife had become as vague as the orange-misted phantoms of his crazed fancy. The movements of the desperate man, as he neared the station, were jerky like those of a run-down automaton.

It was a long, one-storied building with a sod roof, and although the time was midnight, men in big sombreros were waiting outside. When Anson boarded the train, the sand was blowing against the windows with irritating force. But he felt but one desire—to get away, anywhere, but away from that desert with its maddening influence and the huddled form. He was like one in a trance until the invigorating cold of the Sierras stirred his sluggish blood, and he roused to activity, mental and physical.

At a station, he drank a draught of crystal, ice-cold water from a mountain stream and it cooled the fever in his veins.

The freshness of the air drove away the last of the haunting images, and he saw with relief the train disappear in a snow-shed. Again he took up the interrupted thread of his life.

Three days later, he stood outside the eating-house at Grayson's at five o'clock in the morning. There was a pink glow over the distant ridges, though the intervening slopes were hidden by a white mass of fog. The tops of the pines showed above this ocean of mist and unpleasantly reminded him of the mirage in the desert. Leaning against the side of the eating house, he watched the men bring out from the great barn the pack mules and tie them to iron rings in the elevated platform, which was heaped with bags of provisions, cooking utensils and bedding. With a personal interest he surveyed them as this mass was quickly transferred to the backs of the patient animals till one carried a Pisa-like tower of flour and bacon with other essential provisions, and another bore a tent and poles, so strapped that his long ears were flattened out and he could not raise his head above the level of his back. When all was ready, the packers went along the line, alternately kicking the mules and tightening the cinches on the swelling stomachs.

Bareheaded Louie, the head packer, followed from one mule to the other, testing the taut cords, trying the balance of the loads, and examining the frayed ends of knots. Then he produced a dingy bandana, which he tied around the border line between the weather-beaten red of his face and the sunburned hair. The pack animals were loosed, and, one by one, followed the bell mule across the level and down the steep trail.

As Louie swung himself into his saddle, Anson mounted the horse that he had hired for the day, and fell into line, with a regretful glance backward. These few days since he had stepped from the train had, in the companionship of living, genial men of the mountains, been to him like the shade of an oasis in a stretch of alkali. But the sight of the caterpillar lengths of snow-sheds, and the sound of a distant rumble, brought a hunted look to his eyes. The rock-crusher on the hill was noisily busy; and bending figures toiled up the slope with empty cars; there

was the crash of the down-coming loaded ones. He envied these toiling men, though he had overheard the boss say that morning that he had difficulty in keeping a full crew, as men quit every day; envied them because they could work shoulder to shoulder in human comradeship. He turned his head to the front. There was no feeling of hope in his heart, for he was pursued by a fear, and the realization that he had cut himself off from his kind, and it would be a matter of days when the law would discover him. He had cut himself off from another hope that smiled once with a girlish confidence. Remembering all this, his dull eyes did not brighten at the beauty of the scene before him, from which the mists were rising; the cloud on his life appeared too heavy to be dispersed by any sun-rays.

After crossing the river, the trail wound for hours through thick brush, and the ground, covered with pine-needles, muffled the pad of hoofs. The straight, tall trees, festooned with bright green moss, showed gaudily in the sunshine. In silence the day passed, but during the afternoon one of the mules, being new to the trail, wandered away, and Louie rode after it, leaving his silent, moody companion as rear guard of the pack line. He might not have done so had he been noticing the shifting glances cast by the fugitive into the impenetrable masses of scrub oak and manzanita.

Some hours later, when Louie rode leisurely up a winding path by great boulders with the stray mule, and halted, the camp that he sought lay below him. A blood-red light from the sinking sun was sprayed over the tranquil lake, but it was not as suggestive of a tropical region as was the language of the packer when he discovered that the mule with the tower of essential provisions was missing, and that the quadron rear guard did not answer to his call. He grew hot with a desire for revenge.

Weeks passed, and there was no trace of the missing man; the pack mule had returned without the provisions, and except for the revenge burning in the packer's veins, the incident might have been forgotten.

It was not ended to the man who was breathing the freedom of the sublime

Sierra heights. He was thinking of it as he ate his breakfast of trout from off a tree stump that glorious September morning, and as he looked down the length of the lake, glittering in the light of the rising sun with the iridescence of an enormous opal, his gaze was riveted on a thick clump of pines at the farther end; their shadows, black on the water, showing in violent relief to the sun-dazzled brightness. A man with a fear in his life always recognizes a simile in nature. What disturbed him was the sensation he received of something moving in the dark masses. Instinctively he started homeward.

He had discovered a cabin far up on the side of a bald granite peak whose serrated top was lifted eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. On this desolate, wind-swept island above the clouds, Anson Gray had established himself, for rarely would any person attempt to climb to this height. The roof of his cabin was solidly constructed to stand the strain of the winter's snow. On a clear day he could see the stretches of mountains for miles until they broadened out into the valley of the Sacramento, with the river winding about like a silver ribbon. The lakes in three counties gleamed like tortoise gems among the ranges.

Unlike the depressing nerve-racking desert, he found the solitude of these mountains uplifting and companionable; the murmur of distant pines was like the comforting voice of a friend; the green transparent lakes invited him to partake of their hospitality; the pure air breathed into him new strength, moral as well as physical. In the exalted solitude he learned to reason and forgot to fear.

The shadow that had followed his trail from the lake came near. He did not hear it, he felt it, and stood waiting, no longer with a cowardly despair. Although he waited in pained suspense, no one came, and he went forward to meet a distressed dog. He went down the trail to find the man he expected, for the dog belonged to Louie, the packer. The avenger had been smitten in the hour of his anticipation, and Anson, gathering up the the unconscious man, placed him upon his horse and climbed with them to the lonely cabin above the clouds. He felt the noose

tightening about his throat and loosened his collar as if that might relieve the imaginary pressure.

The first storm of the winter raged that night, and shut in the two men for weeks. The packer regained his strength slowly, and the other nursed him with a devotion that drove the sinister look from the sick man's eyes. But nothing could take away the demand for justice; justice in the mountains knew no modifications. Both men were wrestling with themselves. In the delirium that followed Louie's collapse, Anson had learned how he had come to know of that quarrel in the desert, and he understood what Louie's return to health meant for him.

Often at night he saw that primitive court convened, and heard with the strangle in his throat tempting voices from the shadows, reminding him that the flame of life in the packer's body flickered feebly and but a small effort could quench it forever. He knew that Louie alone possessed the secret. When these thoughts persisted, Anson would lift his eyes to the calm stars above him and the shadows no longer terrified.

Returning reason brought to the sick man's eyes a strained look that decided Anson to confess. He did so with a calmness that surprised himself. He comforted the older man, who, fiercely repentant for his share in the conviction, urged him to escape. The gratitude of the packer could not go hand in hand with revenge, and the stern nature of the man made the struggle harder. *He* became the one to plead, to grovel, to suffer.

The way was at last open for them to go, and Anson made ready to accompany Louie down the difficult trail. Every arrangement suggested a final departure, even to the message to be delivered to the one whose photographed face lay near Anson's heart. He knew that mountaineer justice, once inflamed, knows no orderly court, no extended trial, but he felt no desire to appeal for a softening of the sentence. If the desert had once made a coward and a murderer of him, the Sierras had given him courage. So often at night had he looked into the arch of the unfathomable above him that he felt no reluctance to slip into the indefinite future. For if mountain heights could bring to a

human soul such exaltation, why need the sinner fear the heights beyond the clouds?

In acknowledgment of the just demand of a life for a life, he compelled the old packer to follow him down the trail. The older man gazed with wondering distress at the proud carriage, the eager manner, the fearless flash in the steady eyes, and the inspired calm of the young man who had come so near to him. Louie could not understand what the other would have him know—that the mountains had freed his soul and taught him the privilege of surrender.

Word had been sent the day before to the settlement, and as the two horsemen came in sight, they saw that a crowd had gathered. Wild yells floated up through the clear air and the packer settled dejectedly in his saddle. The rock-crusher was silent, and a gang of men were straggling down the slope to swell the crowd on the broad platform.

"String 'im up! hang 'im! Rope 'im quick. Pard! No judge 'ere but Judge Lynch for murderers and hoss-thieves!" howled the mob.

As if fearful that they might be cheated of their victim, Anson was pulled from his horse, and a grazing halter was thrown over his head. He was led to a barrel beneath a tree, and with the halter dangling about his neck, asked if he had anything to say.

He felt, as when the penitent child outpours its heart after suffering from the correcting rod. But all the overflowing mercy of the just God of the mountains, that was surging in his heart, he could not interpret to these stern primitive men. He was glad that he had faced the inevitable on the heights alone with the supreme and had no fear of the retributive hand of man, but they would misunderstand this also. He might tell them how

the demand of justice appealed to him. Then through his mind flashed the picture of the desert and the face of the man who had slipped from life at the thrust of his knife.

Would that he might bring him back. It was bitter to go out with blood-stains on his hands. With unspoken appeal, he lifted his head to the mountain whose majestic top was buried in cloudy masses, and knew that he must not shrink from the pain of remembrance; that must be his punishment.

His eyes swept the waiting crowd, and as they met those of the unhappy packer, the condemned man smiled, and with a sweetness that quivered over the heads of the distorted faces with a premonition of a release.

Between them and the sea of scowling faces rose a man, his lean face so familiar that Anson's heart leaped, and he saw him as through an orange mist, and heard, as from a great distance, but comprehendingly, his defense.

"Eet vas ze deevil of a desert, I tell you. Oui. Ve vas crazy to keel. Sacre! Eet might have been him, eet might have been me——"

The Frenchman climbed to the barrel and drew the halter from the neck of his old comrade. The packer, red-faced, turned his head away and brushed his sleeve over his eyes, muttering unintelligibly.

"Shut up, you idjit!" snarled one of the crowd, but with a grin that belied his words. "He jist saved yer cussed old head in time, yer blankety blank old mule! If that other Frenchy hadn't jined th' rock crusher gang when he did, yer'd been liable t' have hung 'side o' an innoc'nt man."

But Anson Gray knew that he had been saved by a God that was not an avenging God.



NEAPOLITAN CAMEOS

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

ILLUSTRATED BY DE FULVIS



THE SUNNY windows of shops in Naples burn with the opalescent tints of carven cameos; miniature heads of the gods and the goddesses of old Rome—the heroes and heroines of song and story, cut out and embossed and inlaid in every trinket and fancy of the native and the stranger. In every specialty of Naples they are offered for sale; in varied tints of coral brought home by the fleets of Torre del Greco; in the thousands of tortoise shells garnered from the depths of the Mediterranean, in the gray and drab tuffa cast up ages ago by the fretful stomach of Vesuvius. And yet, for all the fire and light and color and beauty of these graven images in shell and stone, the real cameos of Naples are the distinct and almost exclusive types of the city, her men and women, her asses and oxen and goats. If any city in the world has found it absolutely impossible to disassociate its people and its civilization from the dependency and the help of its brute creation, that city is Naples. And just as soon as the human rises to a level beyond this mutual co-habitation of man and beast, so soon will the gateway of the Mediterranean tourist travel lose three-fourths of its charm for the hosts of strangers that annually pour through the portals of its dingy dogana. Thousands of travelers in Europe rave over the sunsets of Naples, the purple banks of the Apennines; the golden path of the dying sun on the bay, the drab, hazy thing on the horizon that is Capri, the blaze of saffron and silver on every window looking out to sea, the banks of pink and white and yellow, and azure castles and villas that climb up the circling hills and vanish in the green distance of orange and olive groves, and the impressive cap of Vesuvius, lifted on a cloud of smoke

and steam, as if to salute the departing twilight; and yet all these beauties are many times surpassed in the evenings of Labrador and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the clear-cut vistas of the Rockies and the tremendously stirring gorges of Niagara. So that when thousands of travelers fall into ecstasies over Naples, their rapture is not so much the real appreciation of nature's beauties as the unconscious absorption of the lights and shadows of the human cameos that have been scattered everywhere in their paths. They look out to sea; the sun is red—but a quaint fisher boy doffs his cap, and for a moment the more delicate brush in Nature's hand splashes in a high light of human interest on the purple marine. They gaze up the street, with its antique castles, and its rows of Corinthian columns and chipped busts and graceful basins pillaged from the ashes of Pompeii, and thrill at the artistic repose of the piazza; but a white ox, brother to an ass one side and a tiny horse on the other, jogs patiently into view, the long, grating "A-h-a-ah" and the crack of the driver's lash breaks the continual bustle and hum of the square with a quick climax of sound, and again the stranger, without realizing it, has taken up the palette of nature, and poured real flesh and blood over the landscape of the city! Nature everywhere paints backgrounds; so does she paint in Naples; but when the artist is done, little children and donkeys and cabmen and flower girls and superb signoras, charcoal criers, coral sellers and fishmongers jump into the foreground of the masterpiece from the gilt frame—and presto!—what was painted on the easel of ages to be a solemn vision of silence and still grandeur, is suddenly a whirling vitascope of God and His living souls!

Pompeii was another Naples. We know it because Vesuvius buried the gayety of Pompeii with her human skeletons, her

gold rings and her kitchen pans and kettles. But, for all the kindness and cruelty of that stern crater, the best she could do was to give us a dead picture of what was life years and years ago. In vain we search in Pompeii's scavi, or in the temples that house her treasures, for the smile of a child, the scolding of a woman, the bark of a dog. The famous "mother and daughter," in the Pompeian Museum, lie with their heads in their arms, and will not look up at any archaeologist's beck and call; "the sick man" never stirs on his bed; the "cane" is only a stone brute that curled up his legs and died in the anguish of fire. Still Vesuvius preserved Pompeii in bones and ashy forms; who shall perpetuate and save the life of Naples? Vesuvius is growing old; can she sicken heartily enough to cover Naples with her vomit? Even if she could, it is not possible that any modern city could slumber, unknown, as Pompeii did for centuries. Her buried life of to-day would be exhumed and robbed by the ghouls of to-night!

So, therefore, it is safe to predict that when the "new Italy" shall have engulfed Naples in its advancing streams of enlightenment and progress and humanity, the tourist from the foreign land will no more see within the portals of the Mediterranean's gateway the quickly fading scenes of the day.

The last charm of the city to pass will be the city itself. Naples found a bay and a mountain of building material. So she squatted on the bay for commercial advantages; then proceeded to move the mountain into her streets for purposes of economy. For Naples is builded of the overflow of Vesuvius, lava for her streets, tuffa for her houses. The outcasts of fire, neither fear fire; nor does the Neapolitan fear fire. His house has tuffa walls, tuffa partitions, and marble floors, even in the bedrooms, except where luxury allows the introduction of wood. And with no limitation to the thickness of the walls, absolute immunity from fire, on the one hand, and the limitations of the sea in front and the mountains behind, with the constant growth of the population on the other hand, the city has been compelled to grow straight up into the air. Consequently, thousands of families are living in the seventh and eighth stories of buildings

never erected for any other purpose than that of domestic life. A landed proprietor in Naples cannot buy an adjoining lot; so that when the patronage of his apartments outgrows his accommodations, he adds another story to his structure. The streets are the same narrow ways that were traversed by the triumphant hosts of the King of Arragon, and the space formerly too narrow for the inhabitants of three-story houses, is now bulging with the ever-increasing overflows from underground apartments and from elevators. The picture of a Naples street would grow old, if it were not so much like the waves of the sea on a rocky shore, never twice the same. The eye never wearies of the light; the heart is not faint with its ever-changing thrills; the brain never duplicates a thought. So it is with the cameos in the streets of Naples. The patterns are changed every day and the carver of tomorrow will be the carver's son. This is because new light is constantly falling on the raw material, the coral and the tuffa and the tortoise shell; and the old master dare not risk his tools on the new colors. The new colors are the strangers, the Americans, the English, the Germans, French and Norwegians, the Swedes and Danes and the fellow-countrymen from Rome and Florence and Milan; the endless hordes of travelers that pour through the gates of the ancient Kingdom of Naples. The flower girls are rapidly becoming men; the goats will soon be milk trains, and the smoke of Vesuvius will be the soot of coral factories and electric light plants! But the passing is not yet; there is still another sunset; still another picture of the Neapolitan cameos. First of all there are the children, little brown cameos, with red rosebud lips, shiny eyes and quick intelligence. The morality of Italy shines in the eyes of her children. It walks in their sturdy skipping gait. Like all children they are little rogues. But they will do a kindness as quickly as they will tweak a playmate's ear or beat a patient goat. Every woman who is able has children—and they are all able. Their willingness extends to numbers so intricate as to call into play the multiplication table. The porter at the former American Consul's house, for instance, has had so far only one wedding, but that one



EVEN THE BURROS GO TO CHURCH

union has cost him twenty-eight baptism offerings at his parish church! And more wonderful still, if he feels any burden from his numerous progeny it is not in his song, nor in his evident pride, as he takes four or five of his children on his knees. If Italy had coal for her hearths, her cradles would conquer the Mediterranean! Indeed "new Italy" is, after all, the sunny children of this sunny land; not a prediction of economists, but a present condition of real flesh and blood. Italy puts a tax on salt and sugar, but France offers a premium for children born in wedlock—which Government has the brighter outlook?

The goats are the real aristocrats in Naples. They have their attendants; they have their residences both in the city and out of it. It may detract somewhat from the goats' social standing to explain this further—but the goats do not know it, so they carry their heads high. But the Neapolitans are so inseparably mingled with their goats and asses and oxen and horses that a dissection of one is impossible without a mild vivisection of the other. To stroke the nose of a rich Neapolitan's gelding is to pat the Neapolitan on the back; and to kick a Neapolitan goat is to start a riot in the dingy courts of the humble. Not that you must go into any certain locality to find goats. No such thing; the goats find you. Every morning their herdsmen, often little boys and girls, drive the herds of brown and black and nondescript little milk-wagons out to the highways and byways, to gorge on the greens. If there is a slanting wall of tuffa leading down into a private garden of cauliflower and favi and artichokes, and the boy can help his goat down to the delicacies, so much the better—and the goat is always willing to lend a sort of docile assistance to the enterprising invasion. In the evening the goats in droves of from fifteen to twenty, are driven back into the city, a laughing dog behind and before them. At this hour the goat has special rights. She comes bleating up the Via Chiaia, the busiest street in the city, with more rights than a rural mail driver in a mountain route in Pennsylvania. The flower girls may bump into them; the American girl may entangle her furs in their short horns; the cabmen may crack

their whips and yell; the duchess and the princess may frown at the sudden jerking up of the impatient bays; the man on the motor bicycle may knock one down and the red automobile may run over a whole herd—but after all, the goats still have the right of way, and their rights extend as far as the milk route! The milking place is always on the street, at the door of the customer. I have never seen a milk inspector in Naples; perhaps they have stated periods for inspecting the goats. There can be no danger of a surplus of water, with the Neapolitans, for they watch the milking process, and even have the privilege of specifying a supply from any particular nanny. If the milkman does not bring the goat to your door in Naples, he brings a cow—never a milk-wagon. If the milk-wagon does roll along in Naples, it is not a cameo. It is only more wheels moving Italy to the front; and when Naples gets her milkwagons, her hotels and pensions will not need it. Neither will Naples need her goats, for the strangers who drink the English tea with nanny's milk and devour the white cheese thereof will come no more; the coral drummer and the tortoise commission merchant will prefer Sweitzer, or Edam.

Even if the goats must get out of the way for the milk-wagon, still there are the horses. The bays of Naples are only notable because the Neapolitans love them so. Not the love of the Arizona girl who gives to her jumper the soft warm cheek she gives to no man, nor the steady affection of the New York girl in Central Park, who feels the stir of the autumn morning in her veins, yet suffers her great, strong single-footer to loaf down a sandy turn in the road because she fears the cut of her riding whip will welt his velvet skin. The Neapolitan woman loves her steeds because they haul her through the admiring throngs of the crowded streets. It is a safe affection; it causes no heartaches when a little turn of the small fortune compels the selling of the bays, and the transfer of the black carriage with red stripes on the spokes of the wheels to the next door neighbor, who has disposed of his last one-twentieth interest in a great-grandfather's villa in order to join the gay throng behind the blue and white liveries on the Via Chiaia and the Via Toledo.



ON THE STREET OF THE SUN

It would be unfair to exhibit this cameo—this overpowering love of the Neapolitan, man and woman alike, for display on wheels without pointing out the little garland of jewels in the setting. This garland is the span or two of children, ever-present in Italian life. As the children, especially of the poorer classes, are inseparably associated with the donkeys and goats, so the children of prestige by every tie, whether the strings are tossed carelessly to the family fireside, or flaunted in the public eye, carefully arrayed in rosettes and ribbons and beau-knots. What only too often appears like a silly diffidence to form and provincial pride can be forgiven in the Neapolitan mother, because her social triumph is so generously shared with her daughters and sons. Nor is her husband, like the men of many other countries, a background nonentity. If he does not share every pleasure with his wife, it is either because he has not time or because he is the pleasure-seeker of the household, and forces her into the shadow. For in Italy, divine right of man still flourishes, and if the husband does not place the gifts of indulgence in his wife's arms, she cannot reach out and demand them.

The presence of many beautiful American girls and women at Naples hotels has brought out the hidden streaks in this particular cameo. The streaks, while not exactly yellow, do not add anything to the dignity of Neapolitan woman, nor to the honor of their husbands. Wherever the American heiresses are gathered, thither flock the brains and the brawn of Italy. The American girl with good looks and the appearance of money simply heads a procession of perpetual motion in Naples, and Italian men are the tail end of the procession, ready to wag at the least signal of appreciation, or even forbearance. Wherever the procession moves, the tail stops long enough to gather huge bunches of gardenias, or almond sprays or violets, or to engage a troupe of Tarantella dancers to play and sing under the hotel window. And if the American girl takes the gardenias and sets them in a bowl at her place in the dining room, or tosses a coin to the serenaders, as she is very apt to do (because she is an American girl), the tail of the procession is very likely to

swing around and make tangling complications in the pathway of the careless American millions. This adoration is often as silent as a mountain brook. It moves, it follows, it bows down, but it does not speak; often because of a lack of French or English, and often because of a lack of formal introduction. "Look what's on my trail," said a good friend of mine one day as we met on the streets of Naples. "What do you think of these?" I turned and almost bumped the cane from under the arm of a faultlessly dressed Italian, who crowded into the presence of us both. Another was behind this signor, and yet a third. "These are some of the samples got an introduction last night, and when I came out of the door this afternoon, there they stood, ready to do homage. Note the haughty Van Dyke of this one in front."

By this time I believed a battle was due, but the Italians kept bowing and smiling—and the American girl was calling off her list of exhibits for her own amusement. But this unique and oftentimes inane adoration takes on another hue when the dark-eyed, black-mustached gallant happens to be a married man. It is then that his worship of the foreign goddess obscures his duty to his own chosen ideal. The rich Neapolitan will leave his villa at Posilipo and live in a hotel during the spring season, simply to enjoy the company of the tourists—principally Americans; he will give them welcome at the dock; he will assure them of comfortable quarters at the hotel; he will accompany them about the city; he will escort them to the Theatre San Carlo—but his own wife seldom if ever figures in the gay gatherings. Sometimes the parties are planned with the signora a well-defined quality, but at the appointed hour the ever-accommodating Neapolitan influenza intervenes on the behalf of the Italian husband, and, to his sorrow, he is obliged to leave his wife in the tender care of the doctor or nurse! As one knowing American mother said to me: "It's queer that the influenza never strikes the Signore at these critical epochs!" Not so strange when one can differentiate between Neapolitan influenza and Italian dollar worship!

But every pride has its burial; the



"EVERY STREET IS A MARKET-PLACE IN NAPLES"

funerals of Naples make one of its indelible cameos, clear, firm, almost indestructible in its impression on the stranger. When every sense has been moved by the flower girls, the goat-herds, the fisher-boys, the children and the parents of Naples, there is still one more sensation in store for the tourist in Naples—the first vision of a Neapolitan funeral procession. The four horses are blanketed from the lava streets to their ears. Their eyes look like great burnt holes in the white and blue blankets. Behind them is the hearse, on top of it a great round wreath of gorgeous flowers. Then the robed marchers of the Misericordia, a lay society of the church comprised of the wealthy and influential men who take this method of doing penance and works of mercy at the same time; then the mourners in carriages or on foot. Often a brass band accompanies the procession, and as it marches out of the long Via to the Campo Santo, the strains of the wonderful dirges burst now and then through the openings between the houses, up over Posilipo, past the bulwarks of Garibaldi, by the island of Nesida, where Brutus and Cassius plotted the death of Cæsar: far out the long level stretch of

sea towards Pozzuoli, where the ancient Romans cast their sacrifices before the profane gods; and then something of Italian pride and sorrow is buried in the ashes and fragments of crumbling Jupiters and Sybils. Here is a cameo with a band of ebony around it; and yet, even with the frame of mourning, when the Neapolitan cannot afford the gorgeous coffin which is borne either in a hearse or under a grand canopy whose corners are carried spread out by black and purple priests, then the Neapolitan hires the outfit and sends the corpse ahead to the church and the grave, and follows with his gorgeous array of sorrow.

It is only by displaying a few false cameos in the casket that the real beauty of the many genuine ones may be observed and appreciated; so it is only by painting a few foibles of the Neapolitans that the real worth and goodness of the whole Italian people may be looked into and understood. Every rare print has a few blunted and blurred types; every people has a few "pied columns." Only the great compositor, Time, can read the proofs and set up the faultless poem of life. Eh, ye brown sons of Naples—ye cameos of flesh and spirit! *Così sia!*



TALES OF THE EARLY CALIFORNIA BANDITS

II—VASQUEZ AND SOTO

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

This is the second in the Overland Monthly's series of articles on the early California bandits, being a logical continuation of the story of the career of Joaquin Murietta, which appeared in the April number. Mr. Henshall, here, as before, has based his writing upon fact, and his data has been secured from the most authentic sources, so it may be stated that, broadly picturesque and bizarre as these tales may appear, yet there has been nowhere introduced any deviation from the actual facts in the case.—THE EDITOR.



AFTER THE death of the noted bandit, Joaquin Murietta, a hundred would-be successors took the field. A state of guerilla warfare prevailed over the greater part of the

State, and the continually increasing American influx was deemed by many of the lawless natives fit prey for exploitation of the most cowardly and murderous kind. A sort of distorted patriotism raged in the hearts of the native Mexicans of the lower type, and even frequently obscured the moral viewpoint of the better class.

The era of immense cattle ranges with its sparse population was rapidly passing away, and the Mexican and Indian hangers-on, who never engaged in toil save at an occasional round-up, found themselves in danger of being compelled to engage in some legitimate occupation under the rule of the American. They perceived the "gringo" element rapidly acquiring wealth in the mining regions, while the land-hungry American, true to his instincts, and perceiving even at that early day the immense agricultural wealth latent in the uncultivated stretches of the valleys, had already begun to acquire large areas.

Confronted by these conditions, many of the younger natives entered upon a career of outlawry. Though the chiefs of the bands were almost invariably natives, among their followers were to be found all nationalities. Australian convicts, Pacific Island beachcombers, border ruffians and all the desperate and lawless classes, who are attracted to new and rich countries in the hope of despoiling the industrious pioneers, were in evidence. Of these native chiefs, the most notorious was Tiburcio Vasquez, looked upon by many as the successor to Murietta, and a true patriot.

Unlike his predecessor, he was born in California, in the historic village of Monterey, in the year 1835. As the young Mexican grew to manhood he opened a fandango or dance hall in his native city, and is reported to have had many bitter altercations with the Americans who sometimes frequented his place. Race feeling was intense during those days, and the complaints of the native women that some of the Americans insulted them, kindled the fire of hatred to a fiercer blaze than ever.

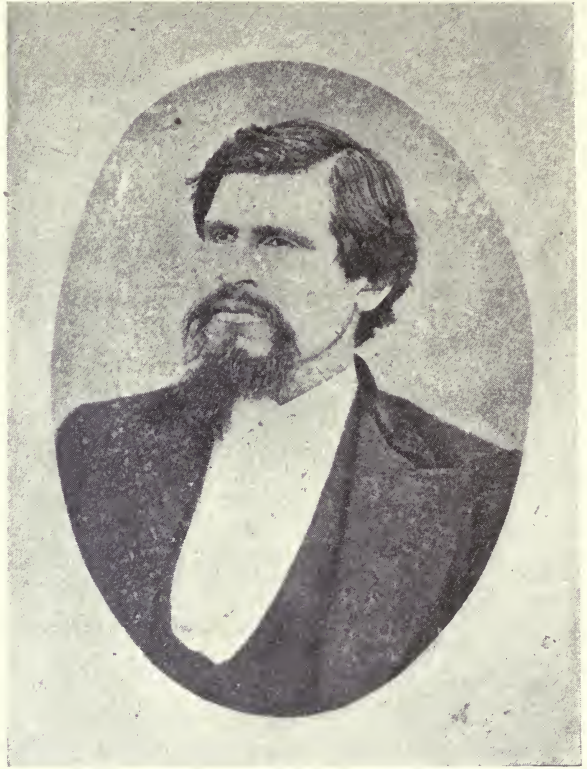
One day in 1852, when he was seventeen years of age, the future outlaw killed a Monterey constable in some dispute, and thenceforth entered upon a

career of murder and robbery. For over twenty-three years he evaded the officers of the law, proving a veritable scourge to the whole country between San Francisco and Los Angeles. He committed murder after murder, and robbed stages in rapid succession, escaping seemingly without effort. As the story of his success spread, he found himself at the head of as murderous a band of cut-throats as were ever gotten together. Vasquez left the mining counties of the Sierras practically undisturbed, probably having a wholesome respect for the miners who organized courts from which the verdict of Judge Lynch permitted no appeal. The fastnesses of the Coast Range, then untrod-den by the American, afforded him innumerable retreats from which he could defy his pursuers.

All through the civil war and far into the early seventies he killed and robbed, seemingly exempt from capture.

In August, 1873, with his bands of outlaws, he descended upon Snyder, a lone American who kept a store at Tres Pinos, Monterey County. Vasquez killed three men with his own hands, then disappeared, after having taken everything of value. Two months later, Jones' store at Millerton, in the San Joaquin Valley, was visited by the same band and destroyed, and in December of the same year, as if to show their contempt for the American authorities, Vasquez, with his men, surrounded the town of Kingston, in Fresno County, and, standing thirty-six men in line, despoiled them of all they had.

These closely connected outbursts of outlawry sounded the death knell of the guerillas. The whole State was aroused. Rewards were offered by numerous individuals, and many of the better class of native Californians offered assistance to their American neighbors in capturing the outlaws. Governor Newton Booth commissioned Harry N. Morse, then sheriff of Alameda County, to raise a band of rangers, and expend, if necessary, all of the \$5,000 appropriated by the Legislature



TIBURCIO VASQUEZ, THE SUCCESSOR TO MURIETTA
(From an old parchment print)

for the capture of Vasquez. Other expeditions were organized and a determined effort was made to rid the State of a murderer who became more bold and menacing as the years passed on.

With the cessation of the winter rains, Morse and a party of eight picked men set out, traveling in two months over 2,700 miles through a country as rough as can be found in the United States. Success seemed to hold aloof, for not a glimpse could be obtained of the elusive bandit or his followers. The canyons of the Coast Range and the Tehachapi Mountains afforded retreats as yet unknown to the officers. Vasquez himself gave the clue which eventuated in his capture. In April he attacked and robbed the San Gabriel Mission, within nine miles of Los Angeles, and retreated into the Soledad mountains.

Morse at this time was heading rapidly south, and received a proposal from a

Mexican resident of Los Angeles to reveal Vasquez' hiding place for a consideration. The Alameda Sheriff, on receipt of this proposition, left his men stationed in the Tejon pass and rode on to Los Angeles alone, where he informed the Southern sheriff of the proposal of the Mexican, suggesting that he be allowed to pick out one man, the Los Angeles sheriff another, and that the four should then ride to the place indicated by the informer and capture the bandit. This liberal observance of official courtesy seems to have deprived Morse of the honor of being present at the termination of the long hunt.

The Los Angeles official pooh-pooed the idea, and remarked that the clue was valueless, and that no "greaser's" word could be depended upon in such matters. Whereupon Morse returned to his posse at Fort Tejon to continue the search in the north. Less than a month later the Los Angeles officer captured the outlaw in the house of a well-known character known as "Greek George," in the Cahuenga pass—the very locality indicated by the Mexican informer. Vasquez was

unharmed, and submitted to arrest without a struggle. He was tried and found guilty, taken to San Jose and hanged in 1875.

A few days before the sentence of the law was carried out, he amused his guards by asking if he could be permitted to see a certain tax collector named Mike Madigan. It seems that the Irish official, while traveling alone one day in the performance of his duty, stumbled unknowingly upon Vasquez. Boldly he asked the outlaw for his poll tax, at the same time taking out his receipt book and inquiring his name. Vasquez was in good humor, and answering "Tiburcio Vasquez," proffered him the two dollars. The bandit roared with laughter as he described how the startled official trembled with fear as he received the money, and disappeared with undignified celerity.

His second in command, Chavez, issued a proclamation calling for vengeance on the captors of his chief. Many outrages were committed, but the Americans were thoroughly aroused and hunted the band with such relentless vigilance that they



THE LOWER FOOTHILLS NEAR SOTO'S STRONGHOLD, A FAVORITE GRAZING GROUND FOR THE ILL-GOTTEN BANDS OF HORSES

scattered, and many of them crossed the border into Mexico.

Vasquez was a pitiless and cruel murderer of defenseless travelers; though, after the fashion of the Mexican bandits of the period he justified himself on the score of patriotism. But for the encouragement and protection he received from many of his more influential countrymen, he would have expiated his crimes on the gallows long before he did.

Another of these desperadoes, less known but more brutal even than Vasquez, was Juan Soto. This renegade also seemed to be favored by chance for years in his exemption from capture. Of mixed Indian and Mexican blood, he was a veritable Hercules, standing six feet two inches in height, and weighing over 220 pounds. A veritable human wildcat, absolutely devoid of fear, and animated by a devouring hatred of the Americans who were slowly establishing the reign of law and order in California, he was dreaded even by his associates. His picture portrays his characteristics better than any written description can. The narrowed eyes, the low forehead, and the thick lower lip are but the physical manifestations of as cruel a spirit as ever animated a human being.

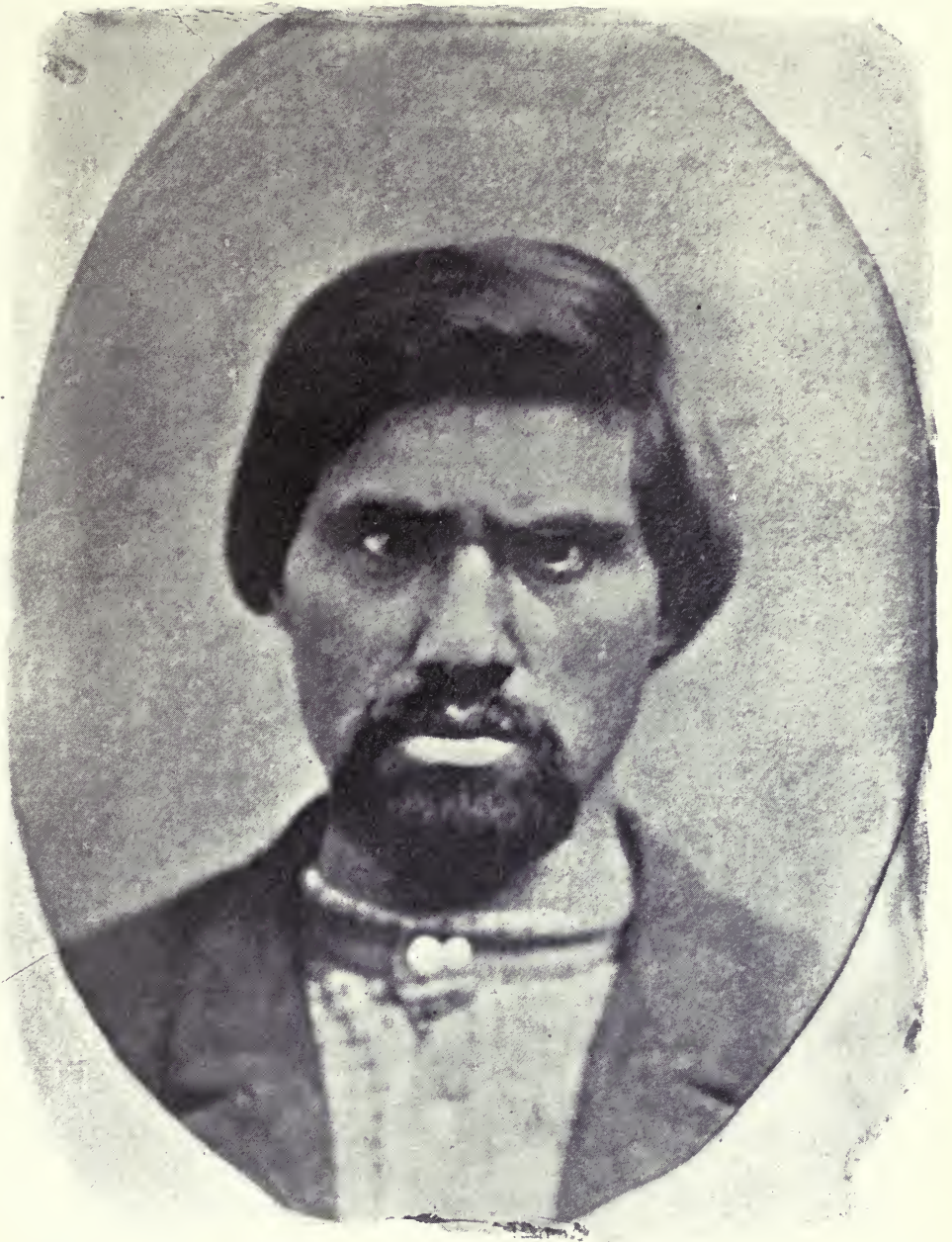
This renegade operated in the Livermore Valley and adjacent country on down to San Luis Obispo. He attained the bloody climax of his career by his attack on an American family at Sunol in January, 1871. On that occasion, as the shades of evening deepened, he entered the little store of Thomas Jones in the Alameda County village, killed the clerk, Otto Ludovici, and robbed the store. Before leaving, he fired two or three volleys into the room at the rear of the store, where Mrs. Jones and her children were crouched in terror. But his lust for blood was satiated for the moment by the sight of the dead body of the clerk, and he watched the frightened family run across to a neighbor's house without further molesting them. Harry Morse, then Sheriff of the county, determined to spend his entire time, as far as possible, in running this murderer's head into a noose. A posse was organized, and after long weeks of scouting it was learned that his headquarters were in a canyon in the Panoche

mountains some fifty miles from Gilroy. This country is today but little traversed, and then was probably the least known and most avoided section of Central California. A few Mexicans, ostensibly sheepherders, but in almost every case allies of the bandits, lived in scattered adobe huts, hidden by protecting rocks. There were no roads, and Morse's party comprised in all probability the first Americans to penetrate the jumbled mountain ranges and cross their almost inaccessible canyons. In conjunction with Sheriff Harris, of Santa Clara County, a few proven men were chosen, and the party set out to kill or capture Soto and his associates. As they advanced, no signs of human habitation could be discerned.

The third day out, however, a lone Mexican shepherd was caught sight of who, after much persuasion, promised to show them the Saucelito Valley, where the outlaws were encamped, on condition that he be allowed to retire before the fun commenced. This was agreed to, and the party climbed the last ridge which overlooked the valley. Three small huts were to be seen. It was evident that the retreat of the gang lay farther up the canyon.

Acting on the suggestion of the Alameda sheriff, the posse divided into three parties, each of which was to surround one of the adobe huts and capture any inmates, before they could carry warning to the bandits. Little did the brave officers surmise that the dreaded outlaws were at the very moment ensconced in fancied security in one of the very habitations they were approaching. Morse and Deputy-Sheriff Winchell comprised the first party, and rode to a corral where they met a Mexican whom they asked for a drink of water. The bandit, for such he was, led the way to the house, and Morse and Winchell, after dismounting, followed him. Neither officer expected to encounter opposition, but Morse took the precaution to carry his revolver in his hand, leaving his rifle behind, hanging to the saddle. Winchell carried a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot.

Their guide entered the hut, and Morse and Winchell followed, only to find themselves confronted by Soto, and surrounded by a dozen desperate outlaws and their



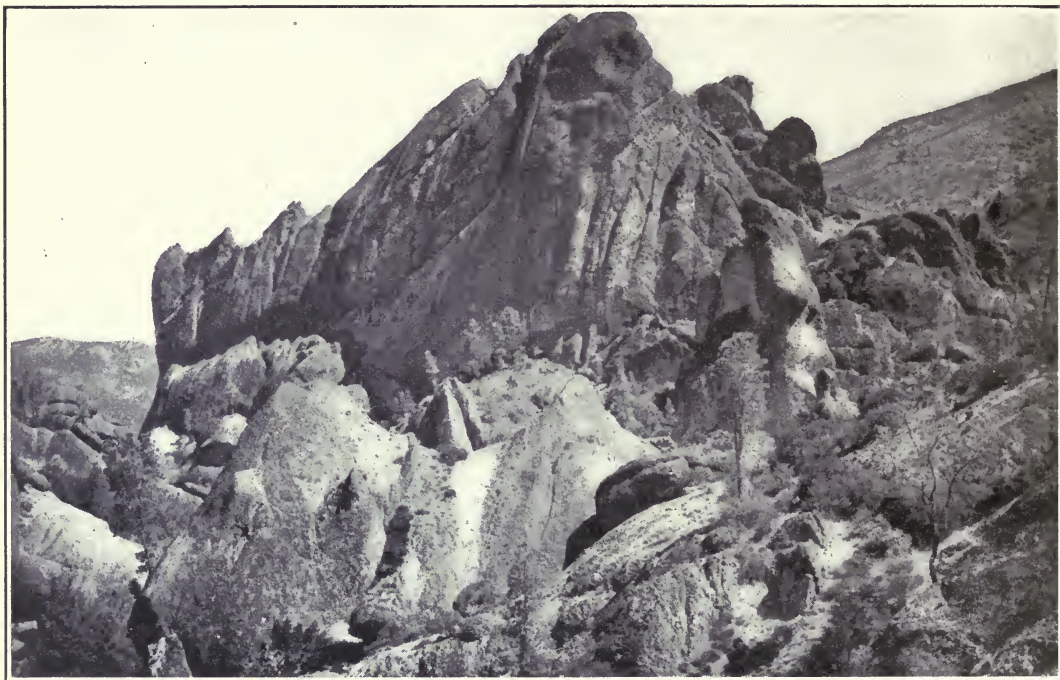
JUAN SOTO, THE MOST RECKLESS OF THE EARLY CALIFORNIA BANDITS
(From an old parchment print)

paramours. Then commenced a fight which will be told and retold as long as the exploits of brave men are remembered.

Morse, with a quick intuition born of previous encounters, saw that a moment's hesitation would be disastrous, and almost coincident with his entrance, covered Soto with his weapon and commanded him to put up his hands. The sheriff, who even to this day pays the renegade the tribute of being a man of unsurpassed physical bravery, recounts how the bandit sat immovable as a graven image, and

midst of as ferocious a band of murderers as were ever gathered together.

As the cowardly deputy disappeared, a gigantic Mexican Amazon hurled herself upon Morse from behind and seized his pistol arm. A male desperado grabbed his other arm, and Soto arose, drawing his own weapon and shouting to his men to close in and kill the hated American officer. Morse, who, even today is an exceptionally strong and active man, was at that time in the very prime of manhood, and as fine an athlete as the State could boast. With the knowledge that life or



NATURE'S BATTLEMENTED FORTRESSES OF THE PANOCHE VALLEY

glared at him. The rest of the Mexicans began to draw their weapons, and Morse again gave the order to surrender without eliciting any response. At this, the American officer, still keeping the leader covered with his weapon, drew his handcuffs with his free hand, and throwing them on the table, ordered Winchell to advance and arrest the outlaw. The deputy advanced to his task bravely enough, but weakened at the critical moment, and, seized with a frenzy of fear, ran out of the door, leaving the sheriff alone in the

death depended on his next move, he exerted his powers, and threw off both his assailants, at the same time discharging his weapon at Soto. But in the dusky light his aim was faulty, and the bullet only pierced the bandit's hat.

Soto, sure of his prey, leaped from his seat at the same moment as Morse, with a herculean effort, sprang backward through the door. The outlaw followed, and then a duel to the death commenced on the open space between the hut and the corral. Soto had a wide reputation of being

a dead shot, in addition to his magnificent physical endowments and undeniable nerve, and his associate bandits watched the encounter confident that he would quickly finish the officer.

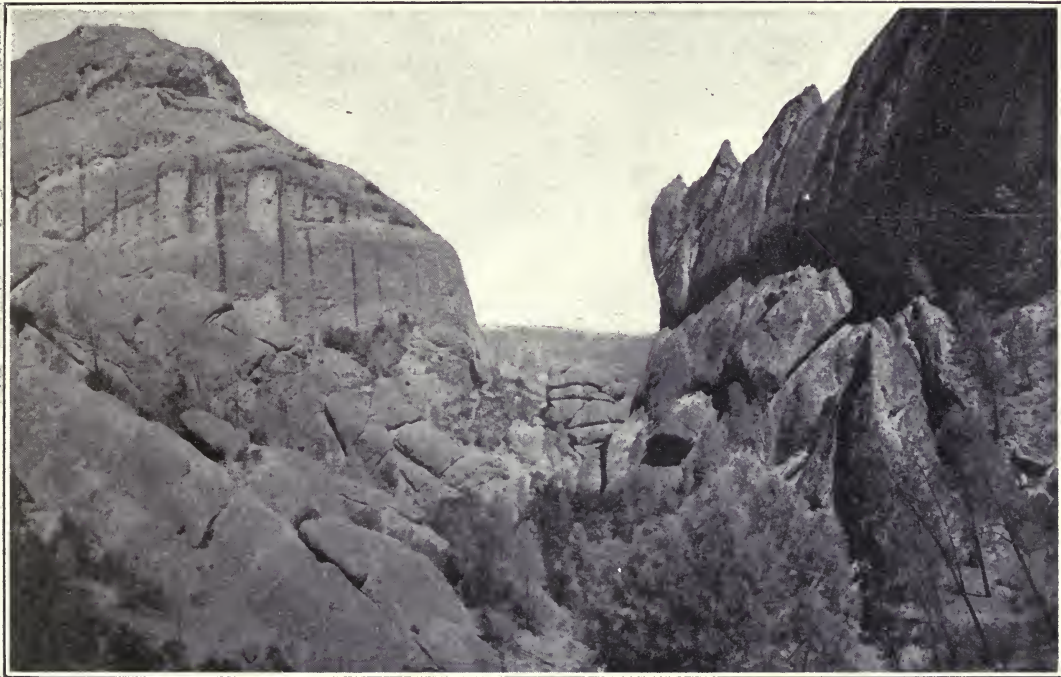
When the fight commenced on the outside, Soto was within five yards of his opponent. He fired point blank at him four times, but Morse with an almost superhuman intuition, timed his shots and, dropping to the ground at the "psychological" moment, avoided the bullets.

Sheriff Harris of Santa Clara, who witnessed the encounter, which was over in

to the ground; but quick as a flash he sprang erect and returned every shot."

During these exchanges Morse was retreating towards his Henry rifle. Luckily one bullet from the sheriff's pistol disabled the cylinder of Soto's weapon, rendering it useless. At this the bandit dropped his gun and rushed back to the adobe hut, while Morse ran like a Marathon champion for his rifle.

The desperado secured three more revolvers in the house and emerged again into the open, while one of his men donned the long blue cloak usually worn



IN THESE FORMIDABLE FASTNESSES OF THE PANOCHE VALLEY, JUAN SOTO MADE HIS LAST DESPERATE STAND

far less time than it takes to tell, says:

"The shots were fired in quick succession, Soto advancing on Morse every time he fired, with a leap or bound, with pistol held above his head, and as he landed on his feet bringing his weapon to a level with Morse's breast and then firing. After firing he never moved until he had recocked his pistol, when tiger-like, he sprang at Morse again.

"I thought Morse was surely hit," Harris continues, "for his body went almost

by him so as to deceive Sheriff Harris, who was rushing to the assistance of his brother officer. With a pistol in either hand and one in his belt, the outlaw made an attempt to reach a horse which stood under a tree, saddled and bridled. The impetuosity of his advance frightened the animal, and it broke loose and escaped.

At this stage of the encounter, Morse, who had secured his rifle, called to the desperado to surrender.

"Throw down your pistols, Juan," he

shouted. "There has been enough shooting."

The Mexican paid no heed, but started after another horse. Morse then seeing that it was impossible to capture his man unwounded, raised his rifle and shot him through the shoulder when about 50 yards away.

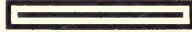
The moment that the vengeful outlaw felt the sting of the wound, a whirlwind of rage took possession of him. He no longer desired to escape, but turned and rushed toward his opponent in a frenzy of desire to kill.

"Never shall I forget," says Sheriff Harris, "how he looked during that terrible encounter, with his long black hair streaming in the wind, his evil counte-

nance livid with rage and a cocked revolver in each hand."

But the bandit did not approach again within five yards of his antagonist who, after trying every ruse to capture him alive, and recognizing that further bloodshed might result, sent a bullet through his opponent's head, and the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the early California bandits dropped to the ground a corpse.

There are many Californians alive today who took an active part in the pursuit of such desperadoes as Vasquez and Soto, and, though the tales of their combats with the enemies of law and order may at times seem as if drawn from a fertile imagination, let it be remembered that they are strictly true and easily authenticated.



MY DAY

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

All the world was gray and wan
Underneath the lowering skies,
Naught of promise met my eyes,
Not till every hope was gone
Came the light that woke the east,
You, the dawn.

Like a fragrant rose in June
Life lay sweet beneath the sun,
Day was come and night was done;
Journeyed, then, oh, all too soon
Toward the twilight that must come,
You, the noon.

Have you watched a swallow's flight?
Not more swift it wings its way
Than did this, my fleeting day.
You are left to bless and blight
Memories of dawn and day,
You, the night.

THE RESUSCITATION OF A CAYUSE

BY MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS



RECKON a measly cayuse is about the meanest beast there is goin'—not mean with an open, honest, unlimited amount o' downright wickedness but with a little, sneakin', insignificant meanness that a professional sinner would be ashamed to own, an' a professional saint would despise more'n he would highway robbery or murder. A feller 'd have a whole lot more respect fer a bronk that kicked him in earnest an' mashed him up, or that bucked him into a ditch an' broke his neck, than fer one that was merely an onery, aggravatin', temper-raisin' institution o' cussedness like the most of 'em.

At least that was my opinion, as I lay squeezed down between my immovable cow-pony an' the unpadded gravel o' the range, an' waited fer my pards to come along an' lend a hend in helpin' me to extricate myself from the difficulties into which I had stumbled along with my bronk. I wasn't there from choice, I want to tell you. It was all the fault o' that blamed horse, an', although the Arizona sun shone down on me jest enough to feel good that December day, out o' a sky as blue as the blue bells Had an' me used to hunt in April, along the railroad tracks in old Iowa, when we was kids; an' although the fool-quails whistled mighty sweet in the bushes all around, an' the hills smiled, an' the breeze was better'n cider, I wasn't exactly enjoyin' myself. I expected I'd find myself somewhat the worse for wear if my horse would only move enough to let a little feelin' flow into the compressed sections o' my superstructure; but he never stirred so much as to wiggle his tail or shake his hide when a fly settled; an' I finally concluded he was done fer, jest as I would be if my pards didn't show up pretty soon an' find me.

Had an' another feller an' me had took to the range after stray stock, an' was ridin' along in the mountains when, all at once, we run into a bunch o' cattle which had four calves that wasn't branded in it. That meant a high old race to see which of us 'd get his brand on the fourth calf, an' we laughed an' started in fer the fun. Each feller picked a calf, cut it out o' the bunch, an' took after it with the rope. But my old pony couldn't run very fast, so the other boys soon outrun me, an' I saw each o' 'em ketch his calf an' jump down to tie it as I went by after mine, which was keepin' me busy follerin', as it went gallopin' an' cavortin', this way an' that, workin' a rick-rack pattern over the mesa with its feet.

It had a good start, an' I had to run a good piece before I got close. But my horse buckled down to business, gained at every jump, an' finally got me into pretty good range, as the calf begun to git tired an' slow up a little. I was goin' at a dead run, but that don't cut no figure with a cow-puncher that is on to his job; so I leaned over to the front, swung my rope clear, an' was just about to let her fly, when—zip, smash!—if that infernal horse didn't stub his toe or slip on a rock or turn his ankle or something (I'll always contend he did it a-purpose), an' down he come kerflop, full length, with me under him; then he braced back as if bent on holdin' me while he had me, give a big snort that sounded like the total collapse o' his breathin' works, an' laid dead still. I s'posed he was a goner an' that his dyin' request to me had been that I should keep still an' not disturb his peaceful rest.

But, naturally, I felt like the peaceful rest of a half-dead cow-puncher was of more importance than that of an all-dead cayuse, so my conscience was clear to kick an' wiggle an' work around as much as I could on the chances o' gittin' loose. But it was no go; it was too bad a mix-up.

The best I could do, after a lot o' work, was to git out my six-shooter an' fix to fire it off a few times in hopes o' callin' up a little help.

But while I laid there an' before I got my gun pried loose from the holster, what should I see but the other boys passin' about a hundred and fifty yards away, ridin' like mad to find the fourth calf that had hit the trail for the hills. I yelled about as loud as I ever did in my life, but the boys were each tryin' to git ahead o' the other an' didn't hear me; they didn't see me, either, fer they were lookin' straight ahead, watchin' fer the calf. Say, I felt nice to see the other fellers ride on out o' sight right then!

It made me more desperate fer my gun than ever, an' (after nearly twistin' a half hitch in my spinal column) I finally excavated it. But before I wasted any ammunition I remembered that the boys were prob'ly out o' hearin' an' it was no use to call 'em till they had finished up their own business and come back to compare notes. When they found two calves instead o' one, I felt pretty sure they'd know something was wrong with me, and would hunt till they found me, if only to see how I come to let my calf git away; so I made up my mind there was nothin' I could do but wait in patience till they started my way.

I tried not to think about what I'd do if anything should happen that they never came, or even if they left me alone but the one night in those lonely hills where wolves, mountain-lions, and bears, not to mention any number o' other varmints, were thicker 'n fleas on a Mexican dog. But all at once it seemed that the bright sunshine 'peared uncommonly pleasant; an' the mountain breeze never seemed so soft an' sweet; and the whistle o' the fool-quails seemed to come from a world that was more beautiful an' invitin' than the one I had been used to. Mebbe it was jest because I was lookin' at it from a different standpoint than usual. At any rate, I couldn't help thinkin' as I laid there under my horse that though it's mighty grand an' free, after all a cow-puncher's life has some drawbacks.

Well, I laid there an' give the boys plenty o' time to git their calves branded. Then, when I thought they were begin-

nin' to look fer me, I began to shoot an' yell fer all I was worth. All this time I s'posed o' course my horse was dead, as he didn't move no matter how much racket I made. Agin an' agin I fired my gun an' listened fer an' answerin' yell er shot which didn't come. I began to think I was wastin' breath an' ca'tridges that I would need more later, an' fer a while I stopped my noise an' waited fer something to turn up in my favor on its own account; but nothin' did. Then I knew I was a fool to try to take things easy an' expect that gumbo an' gravel to turn into a bed o' roses, jest fer my comfort, an' without me turnin' a hand, when I'd learned by lots o' experience that, in this world, when a feller gits into a tight place, how he gits out depends a whole lot on how hard he tries an' how long he sticks at it. "Heaven helps them who helps themselves" is my motto, an' so, as it was the only thing I could do to help myself out o' this scrape, after awhile I made up my mind to take the chances an' keep on yellin' and shootin'.

An' say, you kin bet I jumped fer joy when, at last, I heard a yell an' shot far away in the distance. I answered, heard the sounds agin, a little louder this time, an' then, in a few minutes, I could also hear the clatter the ponies made comin' over the gravel, an' the voices o' the boys, tellin' me they was comin'. And it's funny, but, right then an' there, the sun an' wind was ordinary old Arizona sun an' wind once more; the quails' whistle was nothin' but plain "fool-quail," an' the world turned back into the same old ridin' an' ropin' an' shootin' world I had bin used to fer five years. Strange, ain't it, how the point o' view changes the looks o' things?

But right there was where the devil in that blamed horse o' mine showed itself; fer if he was ever dead, he chose that particular minute to come back to life agin in a hurry. Mebbe he'd only been stunned by his fall er had jest fainted, but he certainly didn't lose no time in comin' to when he heard the boys comin'. I reckon he knew—a bronk is mighty foxy—it wouldn't be pleasant fer him to be dead in the hands o' my pards, after slowly squeezin' me to a fraction fer two hours (it seemed like a week.) Anyway, he

heard the other ponies as soon as I did, an', when they begun to git pretty close, I nearly jumped out o' my skin with surprise to feel him give a sudden lurch, gather up his legs, an' scramble to his feet, leavin' me on the ground like a wilted dishrag; then, quick as a wink, the unprincipled cuss whirled around an' let fly at me with both hind feet, as if to say "Ta, ta!" an' trotted off to a safe distance an' begun to nibble at some bunch-grass, with his eyes rolled back our way all the time, to see what we was goin' to do about it.

Well, I didn't kill him; neither did my pards. I had to have him to git out o' the hills with, you know. I reckon the brute knew that, too, an' felt safe in his

cussedness, although you kin imagine our feelin's. But when I got some life back into me agin, I found I wasn't hurt so bad after all, and consequently I felt like I could afford to be more forgivin' than usual, till I got back to the ranch anyway; so we finally rounded up my precious bronk, repaired the damages to his togs an' persuaded him to take me, gentle as a lamb, into the mountains agin. But the sight o' him now always brings hard feelin's by remindin' me o' the time when he made me lose that calf, an' give Had an' the other feller two apiece. An' I've often wondered, since, how long that blasted cayuse would have kept me there in the gravel if the boys had never come along to scare him up.



TO A GRASSHOPPER

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

When languor steeps with gold the afternoon,
 And in the breathless hush the birds are still,
 Then from the drowsy silence like a rill
 Comes the soft murmur of thy mellow croon.
 Voice of the grass! at sound of thy loved tune
 What dreaming eyes like happy fountains spill!
 And how the raptured pulses leap and thrill,
 Stirred with the magic witchery of June!
 Sweet on the ear as might the flute of Greece,
 Thy music falls with ancient challenge blithe,
 And never shall its cheer the senses cloy.
 For man hath hailed thee laureate of peace,
 Green little dervish dancing with delight
 Forevermore in Allah's smile of joy!



A FINE EXAMPLE OF A PAILOW, OR CEREMONIAL ARCHWAY

A GARDEN PALACE OF THE EAST

BY CHARLES LORRIMER



THE WORLD is poorer for the death of the great Yehonala, Empress Dowager of China. She was, in spite of her faults—rather because of them—a typical Oriental sovereign, luxury loving and splendid, the last of a line of Eastern Queens of whom Cleopatra was perhaps the first; and one cannot think of her without thinking at the same time of gold and jade and peacock feathers—and of the beautiful garden palace of “Felicitous Harmony,” which she commanded, and which she so dearly loved.

I have a memory of this radiant pleasure visited one bright autumn day a few weeks before she died. The court had already returned to dusty Peking, somewhat earlier than usual, perhaps. But no rumors of illness or anxiety were about, and I little thought that I should be almost the last guest to visit the “I-Ho-Yuan,” that for many months to come its gates would be rigorously closed in order that the Emperor Kwang Hsu might lie there in state waiting an auspicious day for his burial, and that Yehonala herself would never return.

The day of the visit is a day to remember; a day for the gods, all gold and blue, and, at the suggestion of my old garrulous Manchu guide, we make the most of it. Sunrise—and we start off through Peking streets already alive and bustling. Each little booth has awakened to life. The sellers of steaming sweet potatoes loudly cry their wares; the peddlers go from house to house bending under packs filled with tempting ribbons and silks. Once outside the big gates of the city, we pass a string of villages and hamlets teeming with life. What appalling energy and industry must be required to keep all these superfluous people fed!

Not a soul, except the children, is idle; for idleness here is a luxury which demands a heavy price in lives. Work or die is the inflexible rule.

As we get farther into the country, the houses are fewer, the space between villages is filled up by fertile fields cultivated to within an inch of the highway. At the cross roads, it is amusing to see the tea shops with their plastered brick tables and benches, gradually filling with carters who stop for a bowl of tea, to pass the time of day, and to gossip.

Suddenly we turn a sharp corner, cross a bridge over a lovely mountain stream—the greatest possible luxury in this thirsty land—and my old Manchu touches me respectfully on the arm.

“Look, master, yonder is the pleasure house of the Dowager Empress.”

A vision of pagodas and towers, of pavilions with high roofs horned and curved like moons floats before my delighted eyes in an atmosphere that is a miracle of clearness and purity. There is, I notice, a personality about this garden palace, even at first sight. Some of the witchcraft of the Eternal Feminine clings to the pavilions with their curving eaves, very delicate and fanciful, which breathe out a subtle coquetry. The dainty summer houses, so placed that they appear differently from every view-point, could only have been set down by a woman’s whim, and at a Queen’s pleasure.

Feminine, too, is the choice of the clever background. The wall of bare hills—far blue shapes melting into a blue sky—has been picked with an eye to its becomingness. No man would have appreciated this effect, any more than he would appreciate a soft shade placed over a glaring light. No, he would have built his palace down on the plain despising the graceful foothills for his pavilions; everything would have been flat and solid and practical, with huge halls of heavy blocks

of stone and masses of masonry. As a result, he might have gained something in grandeur and power but he would have lost the distinctive feature of the "Garden of Felicitous Harmony"—the spirit which is peculiar to it—a certain delicate airy gaiety almost magical.

Bustle and noise from the distant city, the hum of the busy plain where farmers toil at their harvesting with primitive wooden hand flails, where donkey boys urge on little gray beasts carrying loads of red persimmons, where the bells of camel caravans starting off on their hundred days' journey tinkle musically, stops short at the outer walls. Plainly the workaday world has nothing to do with

way), with its noble granite base and its superstructure of green and gold tiles.

While my old guide is showing permits in the proper quarters I am at liberty to look about. The entrance is certainly impressive, and two curving roads lead to the splendid main gateway. There is nothing unusual in this because in China no pretentious house is ever approached in a direct line; evil spirits find it easy to travel along a straight road, and the only way to outwit malicious influences is by cunning curves. Then, in case the imps of mischief should take it into their heads to wander across country—and with these Little People one never can tell—a big "Spirit Screen" painted with a fearful red



A CAMEL'S-BACK BRIDGE IN THE GROUNDS OF "I-HO-YUAN"

these fairy towers which seem to float like a mirage in the soft blue sky, reminding me of the old Buddhist picture of Paradise. The sunshine which falls upon the glittering roofs seems softer than any other sunshine, and the colors of them make me hungry and thirsty.

It is a thousand pities that the sense of illusion is doomed to be shattered when we reach the entrance by ugly soldiers in ill-fitting foreign uniforms. They might at least, if they are so indispensable, be armed with battle-axes or twisted spears. Fixed bayonets seem ridiculously incongruous beside the beautiful Pailow (arch-

or blue monster faces each house.

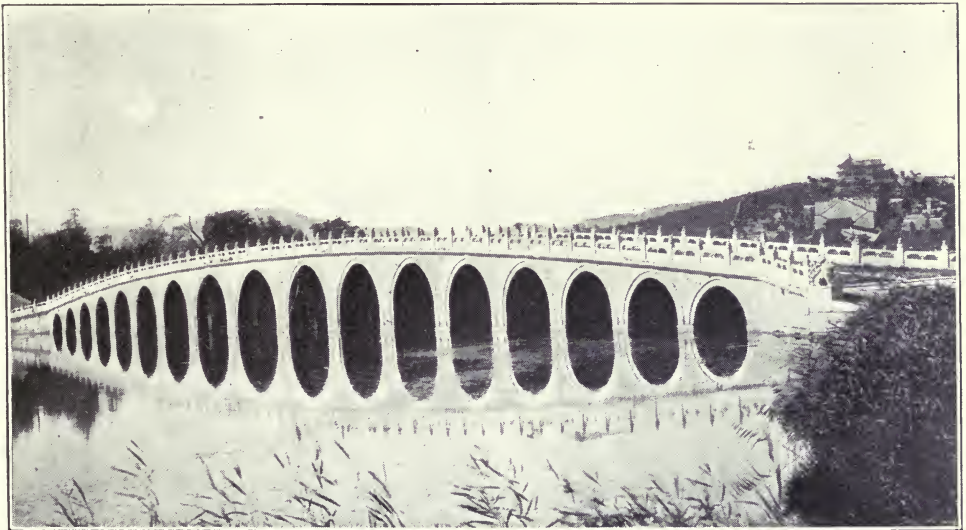
Of course, there are walls surrounding the fairy domain—dull pink walls, the color of blood spilled in the dust, for in this country of seclusion there are always walls—sometimes one ring within the other symbolizing a conservatism centuries old. We must pass through them, though not by the main gateway, whose heavy red doors, studded with gilt knobs as big as fists, only swing open for royalty. A few beggars, lean as wolves and very old, gamble away their takings in the shadows of the two bronze lions crouching before the gate. One of the beasts, I notice, has

a sense of humor, for his lips curl back in a knowing smile as he watches his mate sitting grim and glum, apparently weighed down by the responsibilities of his position.

As all our credentials are in order, the little group of eunuchs collected in the doorway allows me to pass through. They look at me shrewdly out of the corners of their long eyes, trying to guess whether I am enormously rich like the Americans, or moderately rich like the English, or quite poor like the artists. At a conservative estimate they think I may be good for six tips; at least half a dozen of the more adventurous spirits decide to risk it and lead the way.

all arranged first to impress the attention and then suitably to humble it; that the whole grand approach is, in fact, simply an imperious woman's ruse to bring people to her Throne Hall in a suitable state of subjection.

For there is our destination, the great Throne Hall which dominates a little group of buildings at one end of a shining lake and at the foot of a dainty pagoda-crowned hill. Because of the vast sweeping lines of the roof, this building looks even larger than it is. The sunshine holds high carnival with the golden tiles and the brilliantly painted eaves, but when it enters through the long windows, the maddest sunbeam lowers its voice, as it were,



THE SEVENTEEN ARCHED MARBLE BRIDGE OVER THE LOTUS LAKE

We pass on in solemn procession through a series of courtyards opening into one another by quaint holes in the walls—holes shaped like vases or leaves or half moons. The pencil pagodas, the glowing, spreading tents of stone and bright porcelain tiles, which seemed by some trick of atmosphere to be just beyond the faded pink wall, have disappeared mysteriously and given place to these formal garden courts with their pretentious rookeries, their lacy stonework, and their gleaming marble pavements. Each is larger, finer, more magnificent than its predecessor, and one feels instinctively that they are

just as we do when we enter a cathedral. A dim religious twilight broods among the majestic teak pillars; heavy shadows fall sombrely on the ice-like blocks of polished marble; the keynote of the place is sober majesty and rigid officialdom, and one feels instinctively that here the sovereign bielded, not the woman.

My eyes unconsciously travel up the bare walls till they reach that dark point which is the ceiling. It is beautifully panelled in small squares, and, in the centre of each, a golden dragon writhes like a prisoner of the darkness.

In China I am never allowed to forget

how dearly the people love the dragons whom we have mercilessly banished from our natural histories. Are they not everywhere—on the rude toys, the coarse sweetmeats of the poor, the wedding chairs, the funeral hangings, of the rich—even here on the throne itself—fighting for the Flaming Pearl?

There are many beautiful things in this great audience chamber, carved chairs and tables, priceless bowls and jars bought back at extortionate prices from the vandals who looted them in 1900, even two ornate pianos, looking very sheepish and out of place in such exotic surroundings. But all are dwarfed and reduced to insignificance in a moment by the throne itself. Whoever can look upon that unmoved should be driven from the society of mankind.

Set high upon a noble platform it seems larger than it really is, yet, as thrones go, it is stupendous. The emperors of patriarchal days liked to dispense justice sitting at their ease, and even Yehonala was not strong enough to ignore the tradition. But what she could do to mitigate the terrible massiveness of the throne itself she did. The details of its setting are full of life and lightness. The carving on the five-leaved screen is fine as lace. The characters on the scrolls hanging above and beside the dais seem instinct with vitality, as if they really believed in the excellent precepts they stand for.

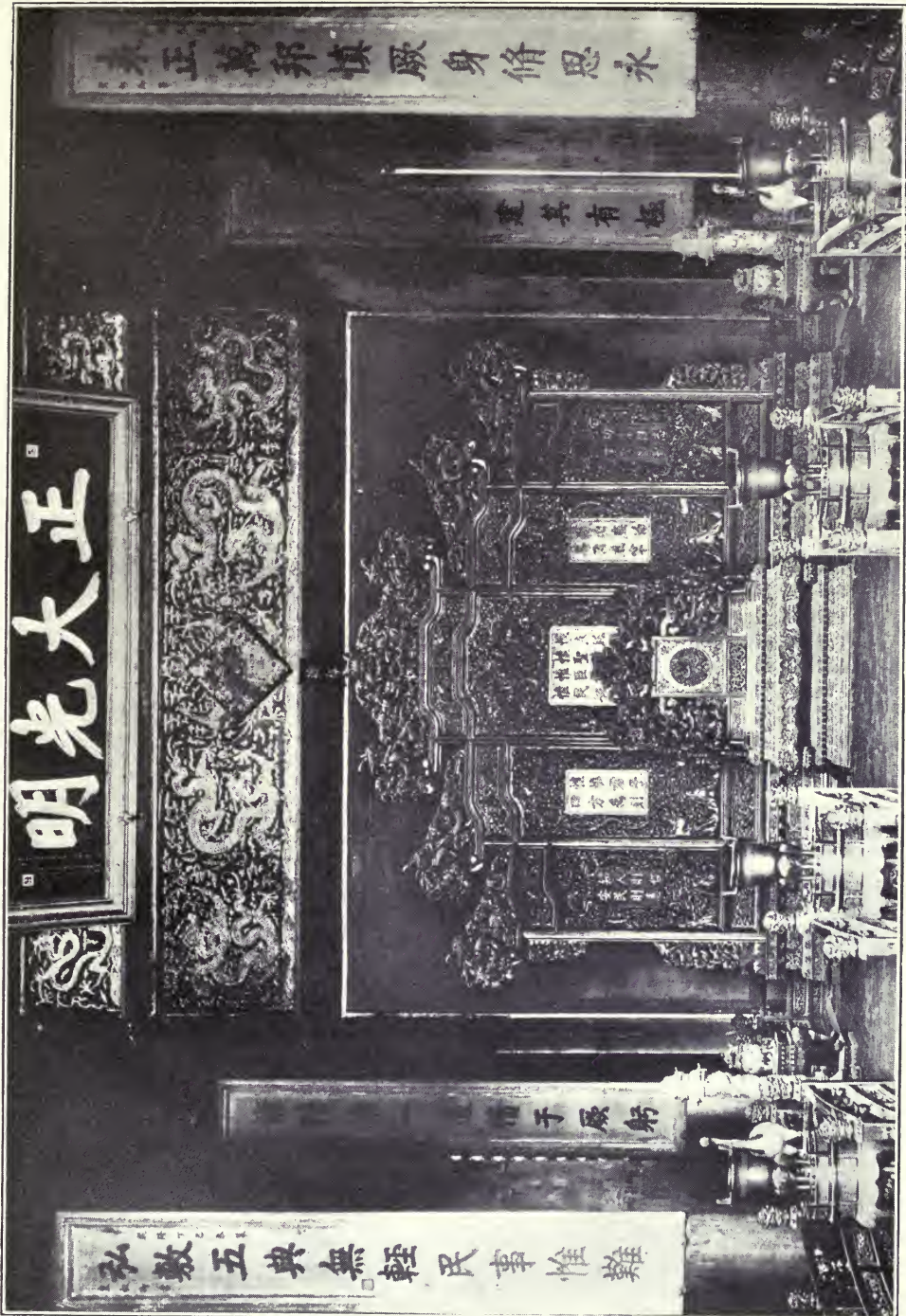
And then the coloring is so marvelous, and so alive! The blaze of gold dazzles my eyes—gold incense burners, gold storks for candlesticks standing on the backs of tortoises, gold lions on little gilded tables—there seems no end to the glittering display.

I can but think of what an exquisite harmony of color this great hall must have been when the Empress Yehonala and her suite entered it dressed in their robes of state; when instead of silence there was life; the soft music of old flutes and the glory of flowers. As it is, these empty spaces built for splendid Oriental pageants are melancholy in their loneliness, and I am not sorry to leave the sombre gloom and step once more into the sweet and refreshing sunshine.

The Imperial Mistress of the palace was herself ever ready to turn from the

things that are mighty and oppressive to the things that are simply fair and frivolous. Though Yehonala enjoyed playing the radiant queen at intervals, she loved the splendid gift of life too well not to use it completely, and one building in her pleasure palace she considered quite enough to consecrate to duty; all the rest are evidently planned for pleasure—the dainty summer houses, for instance, and the pavilions like vases turned upside down. So, of course, is the theatre especially interesting, because it is the only playhouse in China which has three stories and a cellar where properties (such as they are) may be stored. While the court is in residence, my old guide tells me, a company of actors always lives in the little village just beyond the palace wall ready to be "commanded" at any time. Their wardrobes, he further explains, pass the wildest imaginings. Some of the dresses are inlaid with mirrors and the swords and spears are encrusted with real jewels. On festive occasions, these pampered Thespians strut proudly on to their several stages, and recite, in layers so to speak, the extravagant hymns of praise which Eastern peoples love.

But what I am most anxious to see are the private apartments of the great Empress. They, more than all else, may give some clue to the intimate character of this remarkable woman, who rose to command yet stooped to fascinate. I politely suggest my wish to the eunuchs, but meet with no response. I urge—they offer the cunning excuses of Orientals; I threaten the thunders of my legation—they remain stolid, unimpressed. Finally, I bribe, and their unwillingness suddenly melts away, and we enter a series of long galleries which bend and wind gracefully to and fro. As we approach the outermost apartments, these widen into a series of ante-chambers; the decoration increases in beauty and daintiness. Yet it is with a keen shock of disappointment that I enter the rooms themselves. All is so stiff and formal and empty—nothing remains to give the slightest clue to their owner's personality. True, the windows here are so made that the sunshine enters freely, but only to fall on rows of stiff chairs and tables lined up against the walls like soldiers on parade. Yehonala, called by her



正大光明

永思脩身厥懍邦萬正

極其有建

躬履于而

難惟民事輕無典五教弘

THE THRONE



THE APPROACH TO THE THRONE HALL

enemies a stiff-necked sovereign, must have been stiff-backed as well, since neither couch nor lounging-seat found place in her apartments. Only in the inner room I saw a very stately alcove bed draped with silken curtains which reminded me of funeral hangings. A faint perfume still clung to them, a scent of tea and old silks and embroideries peculiarly Chinese.

The view from the windows, however, was not in the least disappointing. The old Empress Dowager, with her passionate love of nature, would stand before them on stormy days, so the eunuchs say, watching the long lances of rain stab the ground beneath and delighting in the play of summer lightnings. But whenever the air was clear she descended the stone pathway to the lake below, and sat upon the marble terrace with its exquisite balustrade, or sometimes in the season of very hot days, rowed in her barge over the still water to gather lotus blossoms.

For this is the famous Lotus Lake, the beautiful blue vase on whose surface in early summer the sacred blossoms float, and which the modern Chinese poets never

tire of praising. Yet I do not think they rhapsodize too much. It is just as blue as it is painted, and even larger than their descriptions suggest, very large indeed for an artificial lake, and hundreds of half-naked coolies must have toiled over its digging, stooping and straightening themselves to the music of their rhythmic "shanties."

My old Manchu officiously inquires if I desire to see the boat house where a new toy, "a foreign ship with black breath," is lodged. Most certainly I do not. It makes me even shudder to think that this velvety blue surface was ever ripped open by the prow of a steam launch, and I cannot understand how the Empress Dowager could ever have allowed such a thing. At least let us hope the modern intruder never puffed through the marble bridge which, like a long bent bow, stretches across the water, very elegant and very white.

Instead of crossing it, the eunuchs lead me around by the shore of the lake, and we stop to admire green and gold Pailows (triumphal arches), or look in at quaint little temples dedicated to "The God of

Rain" or the "Goddess of Silkworms." Then we go on to the Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas crowning a steep hill. The ascent is up great flights of steps that cut the breath and make one pause to rest and look back over the sparkling water and the fertile land. In this lordly domain all growing things find sanctuary. There are fields of waving grain, patches of utilitarian vegetables, orchards of dwarf trees, and flowers everywhere. Each season must bring new delights. Spring, and the terraced "Flowery Hillside" blushes with peonies; summer—and the lotuses unfold; autumn—and the clustered chrysanthemums blaze like smelting pots. "For beauty," as the poets say, "is the only thing that time cannot harm, and what is beautiful is a joy for all seasons—a possession for all eternity."

Half-reluctantly I turn from this radiant pastoral and climb on to the top of the little hill, where I find a cool, dim chapel filled with dusty images—one for each step of the way. A great Buddha, serene and calm, towers above a little world of figures which scarcely reaches to his knees. It seems that I have stumbled into an "At Home" of the gods, for most of the Buddhist hierarchy is present, fill-

ing the shadowy spaces. As my eyes become accustomed to the dimness, their personalities are easy to distinguish. *Kwan-yin*, the gentle Goddess of Mercy, sits upon a golden lotus, the lotus of Apparitional Birth; the Gods of Wind and Thunder strike fearsome attitudes; the God of War rides upon a mythical tiger pointing a pitchfork at invisible enemies. Besides, there are multitudes of lesser deities, angels and demons, creatures half man and half beast, typifying good and evil attributes—hate and famine, or peace and plenty—each in a little niche of his own. One niche only is empty, and the eunuchs tell me that the gentle Buddha who stood there was hurled into the lake below in 1900 by the allies in a petty spirit of revenge.

On the way back we stop at the Temple of Confucius, which, properly speaking, is not a temple at all, but a cold hall of academic philosophy, with a single tablet on the altar inscribed "The Seat of the Perfect One." The walls are hung with texts from the *Analects*, inculcating loyalty, gratitude, submission and filial piety—high and noble sentiments which will help the world to grow beautiful again when selfishness shall die.



THE "PALACE OF FELICITOUS HARMONY," FROM THE LAKE

Yehonala used to come here on certain appointed days to observe old rites and ceremonies, for, though she gave her faith and prayers to the gilded Buddhas higher up the hill, she appears, with most unfeminine impartiality, to have burnt incense at all the lesser shrines—just as she drank her scented tea out of cups made for museum shelves in all her pagodas. Or was this not impartiality at all—but sim-

delicate drawings illustrate the story of the Emperor Ming Hwang, who freed these pretty creatures in his garden and bade them choose his loves for him from among the groups of court ladies. Unfortunately, base ingrate that he was, Ming Hwang finally dismissed his little servants, and the artist surpasses himself in his brilliant picture of the butterflies' revenge.



A PAVILION IN THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S PALACE GROUNDS
NEAR PEKIN.

ply a woman's craving for variety? If it was, she had ample means of satisfying it. Each pavilion, whether large as a temple or small as a sedan chair, has an interest peculiar to itself. In one, for instance, the walls are decorated with poems in very, very old characters—doubtless the plaints of some Imperial lover. In another, the Pavilion of the Butterflies,

Still another pavilion—no larger than a junk's cabin, is devoted to the sea. Here I find most wonderful spirited designs, wonderful through what is left out, quite as much as through what is put in—a great wave breaking on a beach, for instance, with sea birds poised above the foam, or a quaint grey fishing village nestling under high green cliffs, and in

the distance lazy brown fishing boats asleep at anchor.

There is also a "moon viewing pavilion" for hot summer nights, and a "look out place," whose attraction comes rather from its position than essentially from itself. Standing as it does high above the road to Peking, the Empress and her ladies could sit here, and watch the people of the villages and the plains toiling at their round of serene activities—could follow the little carts, blue hooded like nuns on their journey into the dusty city, or the messengers riding out in haste with despatches.

All these things and many more, too slight for description, the eunuchs showed me, and then when the afternoon was drawing to its close, they took me to the last of all—the Sunset Pavilion—where were offered me lotus bulbs and bamboo shoots and the inevitable tea.

The nearer hills behind glowed in brilliant splendor, those far away already floating in a pink haze. Light, soft and rare, fell upon the Lotus lake, "the conscious water saw its lord and blushed;" light, torches of flame, touched roof after

roof of golden tiles and they burned fiercely; far to the east I could see the creamy cupola which marks the tomb of the lonely Mohammedan Princess who yearned for the great plains beyond the mountains. To the west, the twin pagodas of the wonderful Jade Fountain, whose water is a deep and living green, stood black against the gold. A flock of pigeons with whistles tied under their wings, flew about them, uttering a monotonous, plaintive, weird note.

"Master, the return journey is long and the city gates will be closed at dark," the old Manchu reminded me. A pity, for I could look far longer. And yet I know that this is the moment to leave—just this fiery colored moment—while the colors are still iridescent and exquisite, while the lights still play about the carved doorways and the wondrous roofs.

The scene is perfect, so perfect I can but feel that here, if anywhere, the real gladness of life is revealed. Here surely the great Yehonala proved the truth of the old fulfilled promise of the ancient Chinese, saying: "*I Yang Tien Ho*"—"A happy life and heavenly peace."



FROM MY WINDOW

BY HARRY TRUMBULL SUTTON

The day is done;
Soft glows the west;
The clouds fly by;
Earth sinks to rest.

Yon distant dome
Strikes 'gainst the sky;
The glow meets gloom;
Stars climb on high.

The hush to hush
Calls even' song;
The day is done—
Night comes along.

A GLANCE AT THE LIQUOR PROBLEM

IS THE MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF LIQUOR
A FACTOR IN OUR MATERIAL AND
PHYSICAL PROSPERITY?

BY HARTWELL J. DAVIS

The question of prohibition has been handled in the Overland Monthly by President Gilmore of the National Model License League and by Mr. Francis H. Robinson, who have given their views on this important subject. Mr. Gilmore contented himself with an essay dealing with the question on almost purely academic lines and offering practical suggestions as to the reform of the saloon in connection with a plea for pure alcoholic or viticultural products. Mr. Robinson is of the practical school, and his contribution treated of the conditions existing in prohibition and non-prohibition States. Mr. Hartwell J. Davis adds to the literature on the subject in the following paper, taking advantage of the Overland Monthly as an open forum, and airs his views, embellishing the same by quotations from Herbert Spencer, Smollet, the Reverend. Phillips Brooks, the Reverend Dr. Savage, Dr. Brooks Hereford, Father Conaty, President Eliot, of Harvard University, Oliver Wendell Holmes and others. The sum total of his deductions is, that prohibition does not, and never has, prohibited—that prohibition laws are an incentive to crime. He contends, and in this he agrees with Mr. Gilmore, that all real reform in the manufacture and the spread of the sale of liquor must come from the inside. The liquor trade must reform itself. This is the movement undertaken by Mr. Gilmore through a national organization. Whether we believe Mr. Davis' deductions are correct or not, we cannot avoid the acknowledgment that his article is exceedingly interesting.—THE EDITOR.



VIDENCES are forthcoming that the present wave of prohibition is at its height, and that a revulsion of feeling will shortly cause some modifications of the present

unjust system of interference with the individual rights of the citizen which obtains today in many States.

Tens of thousands of pages have been written discussing the pros and cons of this ever present question. The intoler-

ant prohibitionist is convinced that only by absolutely forbidding alcoholic liquors to be made, is the final solution to be found. The moderate drinker, and in that category we may place the larger number of American citizens, stands aghast at this dictation by an outside authority as to the details of his personal conduct and habits.

This large body, however, is in hearty accord with the total abstinence theorists to a certain extent. They emphatically believe that the personnel and private character of the prospective liquor dealer

should be more closely investigated before he is granted a license. They also believe in the adoption of a good stiff license fee, the abolition of the saloons in the residence districts, and the limiting of their number everywhere.

The enforcement of prohibition is not a new remedy for the ills that afflict the social body. In Scotland, as far back as the eleventh century, it was made a capital offense to sell alcoholic liquors. The houses of the liquor dealers were burned, and they themselves banished. In less than a generation, it is recorded, drunkenness became more general and common in Scotland than it was under the old regime.

In England, during the seventeenth century, a law prohibitive in effect was adopted. Of the effect of this law Smollett says: "The populace soon broke through all restraint. Though no license was obtained and no duty paid, liquor continued to be sold in all corners of the streets, and the consumption increased considerably every year."

In 1743 the experiment was given up as a failure, and it was shown that the consumption had increased during the life of the act from 527,000 gallons in 1684 to 7,160,000 in 1742. Herbert Spencer, commenting on this deplorable result, says: "Beyond the encouragement of fraud, lying, malice, cruelty, murder, contempt of law and conspicuous crookedness, multitudinous other evils were caused or augmented, and indirect demoralization was added to a direct increase in the vice aimed at." Rather strong language this, but expressing the opinion, as it does, of the greatest philosopher of the nineteenth century, and a man most abstemious in his habits withal, it should command attention.

Coming down to later days, we find that the State of Maine adopted prohibition in 1851, and still remains faithful to it in theory. Massachusetts tried prohibition from 1855 to 1870, when she repudiated it. In 1889, when another effort was made to engraft prohibition upon the populace, it failed. The farming community, having by actual experience realized the better prices obtainable for their products under a regime of high license, voted with the dwellers in the cities and

defeated the amendment. In this fight, it is significant to note, the religious weeklies followed in the wake of the daily papers and advised their readers to vote against the adoption of prohibition. The Christian Union, the Congregationalist, and the Christian Register, were among them. A portentous feature of this campaign was to be observed in the union of the divekeepers and the prohibitionists in the cause of "temperance." The divekeepers, having profited enormously under the previous period of prohibition, by selling liquor surreptitiously, sought for a renewal of the chance.

It might have been expected that the clergy of the State would have been aligned on the side of the abolitionists. On the contrary, nearly every minister and priest of prominence came out against them. The Reverend Phillips Brooks, the Reverend Dr. Savage, the Reverend Brooks Hereford and numerous others, by public appeals, helped to defeat them. Even Father Conaty, President of the Catholic National Total Abstinence Society of America, advised his audiences against the amendment, and President Eliot of Harvard, in a public letter ridiculed the effort to make men "good" by law. The protest of five hundred members of the Massachusetts bar, headed by such men as Senator Hoar and Ex-Governors Russell, Gardiner and Rice, was also not without influence. Following the protest of the lawyers came one of the physicians, headed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and including practically every physician in the State. Statistics, prepared under the supervision of Carroll D. Wright, were produced, showing the alarming increase of drunkenness under the former prohibition law, and its rapid decrease under the then high license system. The combined influence of this testimony convinced the people that prohibition simply meant, as it invariably does *and always will*, illegal traffic in intoxicants, and the amendment was defeated by a majority of 44,552.

Kansas has been a prohibition State since 1882, and it is an open and notorious fact that drink can be secured in any center of population in the State. Secret "joints" abound, into which youths slink when unobserved, and imbibe liquor that would eat out the casing of a steam boiler.

In this connection I cannot help quoting from the Wellington Standard, published in one of the thriving towns of the Ingalls State, on this question. The editor delivers himself of his opinions as follows: "We have been asked to give a few reasons in support of our assertion that the prohibition law of this State is a failure.

"We comply with this request, and state below some of the facts which have weighed materially with us.

"In our judgment, the prohibition law is a failure.

"Because it does not stop the sale of liquor, inasmuch as it is patent to all who care to know that all who want whisky can obtain it.

"Because these same men are hypocrites, and this law, which they created, partakes of their nature.

"Because the 'jointists' sell a fluid for whisky that ruins a drinker physically in a few months.

"Because the people often tolerate 'joints' because they believe the farmers will not trade where they cannot obtain liquor.

"Because the law induces people to keep whisky in the house and drink it regularly who would perhaps only drink it occasionally in a high license saloon.

"Because express companies are the willing agents of Missouri brewers and rumsellers, and are doing what they can to alleviate the 'sufferings' of prohibition Kansans.

"Because it is built on a theory contrary to human nature. Forbid an American to do anything, and he will do it to show his independence.

"Because many oppose it, alleging that if whisky that is drunk in the State was made here, corn and other products would bring a better price.

"Because men cannot be told authoritatively what they should eat, drink or wear. The Creator never contemplated any such thing, or he would not have allowed human beings with reason.

"Because the youth of Kansas are sharp, and can obtain liquor from the 'jointist' whenever they want it. The present law is no protection to them."

The editor prints other reasons, but the above are enough to convince any reasonable man that prohibition does not work

as its advocates would have us believe.

The writer was in a town not very far from Stockton, in this State, a few days ago, and had occasion to use a horse and buggy. All saloons are strictly closed on Sunday in this center of a farming community.

Entering a livery stable, and finding no one in the office, the writer continued till he encountered a group of ranch-hands, mostly young men, gathered behind some protecting bales of hay. Three or four dozen bottles of beer lay around, mostly empty, and the crowd was in a sodden state of intoxication. If these men, who come to town probably once a week, were able to walk openly to a place of refreshment and indulge in a single glass of beer to slake their thirst, the probability is that such a disgusting performance would not have taken place in the rear of the stable. These ranch-hands, I was informed later, buy a large quantity of liquor before the saloons close on the previous day, and the result is as witnessed. No reputable liquor dealer would sell them intoxicants enough to drink themselves into such a condition *in his saloon*. It is the existence of the restriction, the placing under the ban, that directly contributed to drunkenness in this and innumerable other instances.

In Los Angeles, in the neighborhood of First and Main streets, a similar condition can be observed. A score of so-called restaurants exist solely by reason of holding a permit to sell liquors on Sundays, while the saloons are closed. A bottle, no less, can be purchased at a time. The workingman who desires one glass of beer is barred from the privilege of purchase, and as a result, more drunkenness is to be observed on a Sunday than on any other day.

To return to the State of Maine again, the following from the Boston Globe is instructive:

"We have always presumed Portland, Me., was a prohibition city. Our surprise was unbounded, therefore, when, in looking over the court records of one day, as printed in the Portland Advertiser, we found two dockets, containing in all twenty-five cases, of which twenty-three were for selling liquor or getting drunk. A person can read the list of crimes in any

State of the Union, and we believe he will not find so large a per cent." This side of the case—that prohibition fails most lamentably to prohibit—may be fairly accepted as proven.

If this fact be admitted, then as reasonable men and patriotic Americans, we must attempt to regulate the liquor traffic. There are no insuperable difficulties in the way. If it is once clearly understood that the liquor dealer who sells an intoxicated man whisky, or who permits undesirable characters to loaf around his premises, will immediately forfeit his license and suffer severe punishment, the occurrences that so frequently happen today and give a certain plausibility to the arguments of a Carrie Nation, will become things of the past. The saloon men are to blame for the disrepute in which they are held. The actions and conduct of a few dishonorable liquor dealers can besmirch the standing of the preponderating number of decent men in the trade. If, instead of having men who have served terms in the State prison granted licenses, or even permitted to work in saloons, they were rigidly excluded from them, a much better state of affairs would prevail.

The people of California, as is evident from the growth of the abolition movement, are tired of the present status of the liquor business. It is discredited and disreputable, and can only be cleansed by the active co-operation of the saloon-keepers with the authorities.

The merchant, who drops into a high-class resort with a friend for his daily refreshment, knows nothing, save by hearsay, of the harm done by the lower-class saloon. Let him walk down through the streets where the working classes live, some Saturday evening. In practically every saloon in the neighborhood he will find some fool who has already had more than he needs being served again by the bartender. The probabilities are that the man has a wife and children waiting for him at home. The low grade saloonist cares nothing for that, and will continue to ply his victim with liquor as long as he has the money to pay for it. This class of liquor dealer must be eliminated, if the saloon is to receive the endorsement of respectable people.

The liquor dealers themselves can rem-

edy this evil. If a saloon cannot be run as a legitimate business, let its proprietor be shown up by his associates, deprived of his license, and his place closed up, or turned over to some person of moral character. If this condition of affairs could be attained, the extremists would be silenced. Their ammunition would be taken away. When, as at the present time, they can point to countless instances where families are disrupted, and dishonorable schemes hatched in the dens of human ghouls, it must be conceded that there is a very considerable potency in their arguments.

A business in which \$3,100,000,000 is invested in this country, which pays in licenses alone \$271,867,990 annually, and which purchases over \$300,000,000 of American products every year, should not be jeopardized by the actions of some unprincipled men who have unfortunately been allowed to disgrace the entire trade.

No other business is taxed so heavily as the liquor industry. It is to-day one of the main supports of the Government, and recent history is full of instances where a great increase in taxation has followed the success of total prohibition. The financial contributions of the liquor industry have necessarily had to be transferred to other forms of business enterprise.

Not a glass of beer is drunk which does not contribute to the Internal Revenue. Not a saloon is doing business that is not paying a municipal or county tax, and the tendency, even where extreme high license prevails, is to increase the taxation. This increase is all well and good where the license tax is not over the \$500 mark, as in San Francisco till lately. If, however, it is increased beyond reasonable limits, the result will be in the end financially disadvantageous to the Government and physically harmful to the consumer.

Adulteration will be resorted to as a means of keeping the revenue tax down. In this matter, as in all others, the moderate course is the best. Fanatical theories and freak systems of taxation, if put into effect, defeat the very ends they are designed to subserve.

In conclusion, it may be stated that not a man of distinction in this country today champions prohibition. Church au-

thorities, sociologists, statesmen and thinkers, alike recognize that such a course is an infringement on the rights of the individual. President Taft is quoted as saying that he never indulges in spirituous liquors. Yet the prohibitionists did not enthuse over him as a Presidential candidate, knowing that he is too liberal and broad-minded to wish to impose his course of action on all his fellow-citizens.

Cardinal Gibbons, long years ago, said: "I have never been able to convince myself that what we call total abstinence is essential to morality," and Abraham Lincoln—with his scorn of narrowness and bigotry—voiced his opinion of the prohibitionists in this language: "Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason in that it attempts to

control a man's appetite by legislation, and in making crimes out of things that are not crimes. A prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our Government is founded. I have always been found laboring to protect the weaker classes from the stronger, and I never can give my consent to such a law as you propose to enact. Until my tongue shall be silenced in death I will continue to fight for the rights of men."

Fanaticism, after all, has its uses. All great movements have been initiated by extremists, who, when the evils which they seek to combat are brought to general notice, are succeeded by leaders of wiser and more moderate views. It will be so in this liquor question, and, as a result, the era of the divekeeper, equally with that of the "blind pig" proprietor—who is a direct creation of prohibition—is drawing to an end.



LOVE INEXORABLE

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

So, I'm exacting since I ask thine all:
 With less than this I were not satisfied:
 My heart is fixed and must not be denied
 Its pleading. Circumstance cannot forestall
 Its choice. There is no fate beyond recall
 That dare engage the fierceness of a pride
 That needs must have its way whate'er betide,
 That soars and soars and has no fear to fall.
 But listen, dear! What if my heart be fierce?—
 'Tis not the falcon watching for the dove,
 And not the coiling serpent, quick to sting,
 'Tis not the archer Sun-God fain to pierce
 The heart of dawn. But tender is my love
 And strong, e'en as the Zephyr wooing Spring.

THE TOLL OF DEATH

A TALE OF THE GREAT OVERLAND TREK

BY EUGENE PARSONS

"The advance guard of all hegriras must pay its toll of death."



H, GEORGE, put a board at the head of the grave, with their names on it. Then we'll know the place when we come back from Californy. I'll stop an' plant some

flowers. O-o-oh——"

"Yes, yes, dear, I'll do it," the man solemnly assured her. "But I fear we'll never come back," he added in an undertone.

"Men, throw on some more stones, so the derned kyotes won't get at 'em, and cover it with a big pile of brush."

"Here, daughter, I'll put Maggie's little chair on top. Don't cry, Annie. They've gone to a happier and better country."

"They're better off under the ground, the little brats! We'll see rough times 'fore we get to the Coast."

"Shame on you, Captain Graves! How can you talk so?"

"Well, Mrs. Dutton, little children 'av' no business to be 'long on a trip like this—they can't stand it. I told Mrs. Shaw that milk wa'n't no good arter them critters 'd traveled all day an' got he't."

"That man has the most unsympathetic face I ever saw, Mrs. Shaw. He'll kill half of us poor women 'fore he ever gets to the land of gold. Don't you think so, Sister Hopper?"

"Oh, mother, I'm sorry we ever left Independence."

"I wish to God we hadn't, Annie, but George ain't willing to go back."

"Eh, what's that, Bijeau?"

"Eet make a whole lot o' deeff'rance, Capitaine. I leev in ze mount'ins twenty-

seex year. I know ze road—ze short road. Come wiz me—up ze Ark'nsaw—ze Fontaine—ze beeg white mount'in—vairmee-lyon—ze footheel—ze Snowy Reege—up an' down, up an' down, ze gran' mount'in an' ze valley. I know ze trail, Capitaine. *C'est* vair mootch clover for ze mule an' ze oxen. I ketch ze beavair dair."

"How far, Bijeau, to California?"

"A goot long vay—tree, four munt, vair mootch long ride, mais eet ees nearer by ze mount'in trail to Fort Breedg'r. By ze Platte an' ze Sout' Pass eet ees mootch too fair, by gar!"

"So be it, Bijeau, we'll take the short cut through the mountains if you'll be our guide. Will you?"

"*Oui*, Capitaine. I go wiz you to ze fort. *Tres bien*."

* * * *

"Oh, I miss Maggie and Willie so much."

"So do I, Mrs. Gaylord; they were the life of the camp. Willie was a wonder child——"

"Never mind the kids, Jule," growled Abe Gaylord. "Stop yer gassin'. Come here an' fry that antelope steak—let's have supper some time 'fore midnight."

* * * *

"*Three horses gone?* Didn't I tell you fellers to watch out close fer redskins?"

"The buffalos stampeded 'em, Capt'in."

"Well, be after 'em instanter. Shaw, you go with Fuller and Lambert——"

"I can't, Captain; wife is sick——"

"Oh, the old lady can look after her. Mrs. Dutton, won't you cook some breakfast for Mrs. Shaw and her mother? You are right handy with the skillet. Baldwin, hadn't you better go, too? Keep a sharp lookout for Comanches, Bill."

"H'm! That man never gets tired—he's tough as a biled owl."

"It's gittin' harder 'n' harder travelin' ev'ry day, Cap'n." Jared Jones paused and looked wistfully to the westward at the swells of prairie rising one above another like the billows of the ocean. "It's up one hill an' down another, 'cross one creek an' then another tug uv it up the steep bank. Hang it, do ye call these plains?"

"Yes, an' it'll be harder goin' yit when we git nearer the Rockies, Jones—that's as good, as sure, as hell. Where shall we camp to-night, Bijeau?"

"At ze Ceemarran Crossang——"

"Oughten we to camp here, Cap'n, an' wait fer th' boys? They're a long time arter them cayuses. I'm 'fear'd sumthin's happened."

"What are you so sad about, Si? They will show up 'fore night—they can't miss us nohow."

"Yes, Cap'n, but the Injins. There, see, there are the men now—one, two, three of 'em, but they ain't got th' hosses. *Look!* Fuller—Lambert—and—Baldwin. I swow, Shaw ain't with 'em. What's become of him?"

"No! W'y there's George——"

"Sure, that's him to the left. Shaw's hit—he's done for——" put in Silas Tuttle, tightening the reins. He had treked across the plains in '49 and knew the ways of the copper-skinned marauders who infested the old Santa Fe trail.

"My God! Look at the Indians," Graves murmured huskily. "A hundred, if one. We're in for a fight, boys. *Get ready. Wheel the wagons 'round in a circle——*"

"Oh, hell! That ain't right, Captain. Can't Baxter an' I go an' help Shaw? See! There he goes down—that red devil is scalpin' 'im."

"*Corral the wagons!*" The captain had raised his voice. "Load up the guns." The two men lost no time in obeying the command of their leader, whose steel-blue eyes swept the horizon, watching the movements of the figures flitting across the dull-brown landscape. The monotony of the desert was at an end.

Suddenly over the brow of a neighboring hill dashed a swarm of naked savages, whooping and yelling. Their lithe, painted bodies gleamed in the brilliant sunshine. Riding at full speed, they sent

a stream of arrows after the fleeing white men.

"There, Fuller's horse is shot—he's a goner," cried Tuttle.

No sooner were the words spoken than horse and rider had fallen in a heap. An instant later the man had extricated himself from the kicking brute and half rose, then he dropped to earth, a tomahawk in his brain. Lambert's hat was shot off—an arrow plowed through the top of his scalp, and the red blood ran over his head and blinded his eyes. Clinging to the mane of his wounded horse he rode into the corral. Baldwin followed at his heels, without so much as a scratch, leading his poor steed that could scarcely limp with all the arrows sticking in its bleeding flanks.

By this time the oxen had been unhooked, and the seventeen prairie schooners dragged close together, forming a barricade for the three score men and women. Against the wagon covers rained the arrows as the circling braves rode past on the dead run.

Crouching behind the wagon wheels, the Argonauts poured lead into the howling demons and their ponies. At the first volley they wavered and retreated, then pressed forward. Now and then the bark of a rifle could be heard above the awful din, for three or four of the warriors were armed with guns. As they charged a second time, they got another broadside from the whites. The women were busy loading the smoking weapons as fast as they were discharged. Some of the bullets sped to the mark. Here and there a dusky rider, almost hidden behind his pony, pitched head foremost to the ground. Again the Comanches charged, only to be repulsed, until they finally got sick of it and, after picking up the dead and crippled braves, they made off and disappeared behind the hill about sundown.

"The varmints attackted the wrong men—guess they won't bother us ag'in," chuckled Graves, as the beaten redskins retreated. "By ihunder! This 's what comes of follerin' that old Frenchman's gabble. If we'd gone by the Platte route it 'ud never happened," the captain angrily muttered while pacing about the enclosure, giving hurried directions to the men who were skinning and cutting up the

cattle that had been pierced by arrows.

* * * *

"Captain Graves, this is Sunday morning, and we ask if you can't wait here till to-morrow and let Elder Williams preach a sermon at the burial?" pleaded the sorrowing widows.

"Can't do it, can't do it," he sternly responded. "This's no place for a camp—we must be movin' on to where there's better grazin' for the animals. I'm sorry, but I'm 'feared those 'tarnal Comanches 'll swoop down on us any minute. Baldwin, saddle up Major and ride to the top of that knoll to see if no Indians ain't in sight——"

"But, Captain, I'm nearly all in this morning—I've been as weak as a rag since that scrimmage. Why can't Dickson go in my place?"

When the caravan again got in motion, two of the men lay back under cover nursing painful arrow wounds, while their wives drove the ox teams.

"Gently—o-o-oh, you jolt me so," cried poor Annie Shaw. "Drive slower, man, or you'll kill me."

"But we'll be left behind, ma'am, and the Comanches may be near."

"Mercy! Don't let me fall into the Injins' hands. Drive on. *Oh, oh!*"

"Daughter, I've got Sister Hopper to stay with you while I take a nap—I never slept a wink half of the night—I 'spected the Injins would attack us again. Nora or Jane will be with you all the time, dear. Don't worry."

"Thank you, dear mother, you're so kind to me. How much longer will it last? I'm so tired and sick. I can't stand it. How many months before we get to Califoryn?"

"Oh, what's the use borryin' trouble, Sister Shaw? If it can't be helped, it can't. I'll sing ye to sleep.

"There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than noontday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring."

"Oh, Mrs. Hopper, tell Mrs. Shaw to hold out a little longer—we'll stop at Dick Wootton's ranch. Bijeau says it's only a little ways up the river. That'll end the day's drive."

Across the rolling landscape, in the quivering July heat, the caravan dragged on toward the solitary habitation. The gray expanse of short, curly grama grass stretched out interminably behind them. With a far-away look in her eyes, the haggard woman gazed only ahead and faintly smiled as the wagon train drew near the longed-for goal.

"A little farther, an' soon we'll be there," Mrs. Hopper spoke encouragingly. "Cheer up, Annie."

"Oh, but my heart's give out," she gasped, and fell back at full length on the buffalo skins. She lay panting, her head resting in her mother's lap. A groan escaped her at every jolt, and the driver picked his way carefully. The slow-moving wagon finally halted in front of the only ranch-house that the pilgrims had found in their tedious journeying across the great American desert. "Thank God!" she sighed wearily. "It's a home—it's better than the schooner. Take me in and let me die with a roof over my head. I won't trouble ye much longer, Nora."

Tenderly they lifted the wasted form and laid her on a bed. Utterly exhausted, the sufferer fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

"Oh, why did you wake me? I was settling into such a sweet sleep."

"It's supper time—don't you want something to eat? Here's a cup of tea."

The dying woman shook her head. "No, I can't eat. Lift the curtain—I want to look out and see the world once more before I die."

"Are you ready to die?" asked Mrs. Gaylord. "Don't you want to live?"

"No, Libbie, I don't care to live any longer. Why should I? I've nothing to live for any more in this world. My babies lie out there on the prairie. George sleeps on the banks of the Pawnee. I wish I was lying by his side. I shall rest here all alone. Dig my grave up there under that big tree. It is my last sunset."

The warm colors of departing day bathed the land in a holy radiance. The sun rested in shimmering splendor on the notched rim of the Sangre de Cristo range, and the red gleams flashed from the snow patches on the crest of Sierra Blanca. The black mass of Pike's Peak

was silhouetted in the evening sky. A trackless wilderness spread out in all directions, for the Pike's Peakers had not yet come to explore the region for gold. The Arkansas Valley is now an irrigated country, smiling with orchards and cultivated fields; in the early '50's it was a vast desolation. The famous frontiersman, Richens L. Wootton, was then the only American settler in what is now Eastern Colorado, and his ranch was indeed an oasis to the homesick immigrants trekking up the Arkansas on their way to the Golden State. Most of the adventurous Argonauts of that time traveled by the Platte to South Pass.

It was Annie Shaw's last look at the world, through that open window. As the sun was descending behind the mountain range, her life faded out. She had entered in where peaceful waters ebb and flow in Paradise.

* * * *

"What's the good word, Elder Williams?"

"Sister Shaw goes down the long trail to join her husband and children gone before. Mother Shaw is now bereft of all. First, you know Maggie and Willie were taken; then the Comanches murdered her son; now her daughter is dead. The woman's heartbroken. Go in, Captain, and comfort her in her affliction."

"Oh, God!" the strong man muttered hoarsely. "I can't, I can't. I'm to blame for it. If I'd a-knewed we'd have all this trouble I'd a-got Doc. Miller to come along. Now it's too late. Elder, there'll be time to-morrow for a sermon when she is buried. Preach for us. It ain't Sunday, but we'll be better for it if we stop over here till Thursday morning."

"How's Peters?"

"Worse. That danged arrow tip must a-been poisoned. He'll be the next to go. This toll of death is terrible. We've lost five of our party, Elder, since we left the Missouri."

"It's the judgment of the Lord. The lure of gold is the lure of destruction, Captain."

"You're a chronic kicker," he hotly retorted. "Would you have us turn back and go home, Elder?"

The minister, having delivered his rebuke, was content to let Graves, who was every inch the leader, have the last word.

Sadly the little company gathered on a high bluff by the river's side, where a shallow grave had been dug under a huge cottonwood. The funeral service was exceedingly simple and brief. After Elder Williams had read the Scripture a hymn was sung reverently, with Jane Baxter leading, and two or three feminine voices joining in brokenly. Then the preacher spoke in a serious vein for a quarter of an hour, and the coffin of plain boards was lowered.

The women now gave way to their feelings, and the tears came like raindrops, while stalwart men bowed themselves in sobs and groans. Most pitiful was the anguish of the gray-haired mother, whom death had robbed remorselessly and cruelly; rent with grief, she refused to be comforted.

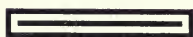
"I have nobody left now—nobody," she moaned. "My son, my daughter, my dear grandchildren, they are all in the ground. I'm all alone—no one to care for me—"

"We'll take care of you, Mrs. Shaw," cried Jane Baxter, clinging to her convulsively.

"We'll stand by you," assured the other women, pressing around her.

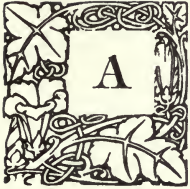
The men's hearts went out in sympathy, but they stood in speechless agony after the last clods had been placed upon the new-made mound and the minister with choked utterance had prayed to God to sustain and console the bereaved one.

As if moved by an irresistible impulse, Captain Graves stepped forward toward the group of weeping women. They made way for him, and he gently took Mrs. Shaw by the hand. One arm, thrown around the trembling figure, kept her from falling. With a shaking voice, the tears coursing down his bronzed cheeks, he said, "I'll be a son to you," and bending down, he kissed her on the forehead.



LEGEND OF POSE-WEVE

BY JOHN L. COWAN



WAY UP IN Northern New Mexico, on a branch of the Rio Grande known as the Rio Caliente, is a group of hot springs, around which has been built the little

Mexican settlement of Ojo Caliente. In the village is a little adobe chapel, said to have been built early in the Sixteenth Century for the use of Spanish soldiers, whom it was customary to send to this place when sick or ailing, that they might receive the benefit of the healing virtues of the hot springs. However, long before the coming of the Spaniards, these hot springs were known and their waters made use of, as is proven by the ruins of three prehistoric villages close by. One of these

villages was Posi-winge, famous among the Indians as the birthplace of Pose-weve, the most commanding figure in the history and legends of the Pueblo race through all the shadowy centuries that preceded the Spanish conquest. Although each village has its own version of the legend of Pose-weve, the differences are mainly in detail. The following is the story, substantially as told by an aged patriarch of the pueblo of Santa Clara.

When most of the Tehua race still dwelt in caves and cliff homes, several families settled upon the banks of the Rio Caliente, attracted thither by the fertile and well-watered lands of the valley. There they built the pueblo of Posi-winge. Among the villagers was an old woman, with one daughter, whose name has been forgotten. One day as the daughter sat



HOTEL AT OJO CALIENTE



STORE AT OJO CALIENTE

under a pinon tree, a nut dropped into her lap; but when she looked for the nut it was nowhere to be found. Although the maiden did not know it, it was a gift from the gods, making her the most blessed among women. In due time, although yet a virgin, she gave birth to a son, who was called Poseyamo.

The child grew up to manhood, without giving any indication of possessing superior intelligence or unusual abilities. He was shy, diffident and retiring, partly because of his poverty, and partly because of the dubious nature of his paternity—for the story of the immaculate conception was a jest among the villagers. He was clothed in rags, and was jeered at and sneered at until his life became a burden to him, so that he often prayed to the gods that death might terminate his unhappy existence.

At last the Cacique of Posi-winge died, and the head men of the village assembled in the kiva to elect his successor. There were several candidates for the office, and the adherents of each were so equally divided that a choice appeared to be impossible. So long was the election

deferred that at last some one suggested in jest that even Poseyamo would be better than no cacique at all.

No sooner was the suggestion made than some busybody, desirous of pushing the joke along, hastened to Poseyamo's humble home with the news. In spite of the manifest absurdity of the idea, he received the word in all seriousness, and was almost overcome with consternation, declaring that he would never accept so undeserved an honor, nor assume a responsibility so far beyond his capacity.

While he was yet speaking, a lordly eagle alighted upon the roof of the lowly dwelling, and spoke with the voice of a man, assuring him that he was a favorite of the gods, and that they would assist and support him, giving him wisdom to rule with justice, and power to overthrow his enemies. At the same moment, his dress, appearance and demeanor were miraculously changed. His rags were transformed into rich apparel; his stature was greatly increased, and his countenance assumed a dignity and serenity that marked him as a ruler of men.

As soon as the head men of the village



OLD CHURCH AT OJO CALIENTE

heard of this miracle, their idle jest became sober earnest, and Poseyamo was elected Cacique by a unanimous vote. The favor of the gods having been so wonderfully shown, all doubt of the reality of his celestial parentage was removed, and his name was changed to Pose-weve, signifying "Dew from Heaven."

Under the beneficent rule of Pose-weve, the community grew and prospered as never before. The nomadic tribes of Indians were defeated and driven far from the valley of the Rio Caliente. The gods bestowed upon Pose-weve the hot springs that still gush from the foot of the mountain, for the healing of the diseases of the people. Rains fell abundantly, so that the crops never failed; and turkeys, deer and other game were plentiful in the neighboring hills. Pose-weve gave to the people just laws, and ruled with wisdom and moderation, so that his fame spread even to distant and formerly hostile tribes.

So great was the renown of the wise Cacique of Posi-wingé that messengers came to the village from all Tehua communities, and even from alien tribes, be-

seeching him to visit them, give them more just and equitable laws, supervise their ceremonial dances, that they, too, might share the favor of the gods, and give their caciques and head men the benefit of his wisdom and experience. Such was his kindness of heart that he never refused requests of this kind, so that much of his time was spent in travel—visiting the most distant pueblos and cliff towns. And peace reigned throughout the land of cliffs and mesas so long as Pose-weve remained on earth.

Then on one unhappy day he visited the cliff town of Tuge-wingé, not far from where the village of Chamita now stands. For some unknown reason, the inhabitants affected not to recognize him, treating him as an unwelcome stranger. Angered at the undeserved affront, he pronounced a curse upon them, and disappeared forever from the sight of men. He had gone home to the gods.

From the disappearance of Pose-weve dates the beginning of the decline, not only of the Tehuas, but of all Pueblo peoples. The clouds refused to part with their rains, and the corn withered in the

fields. Famine and pestilence decimated their numbers, and the Navajos and Apaches returned to wage successful war against them. Soon the cliff towns were entirely depopulated, and the feeble remnants of the race were compelled to build homes upon the summits of lofty mesas, that they might defend themselves on equal terms against the attacks of their more numerous enemies. Posi-winge itself was soon abandoned, its walls leveled to the ground, and even its site all but for-

tionable that this legendary warrior and law-giver is not a mere myth. It seems certain that such a personage once lived, and banded the numerous Tehua villages together for purposes of defense against the Navajos and Apaches; and that he was successful in repelling the nomads and driving them far from Tehua territories, so that the era of peace and prosperity that followed is justly commemorated in the traditions of the people as the true Golden Age of the Pueblos. It may



BATH HOUSE AT OJO CALIENTE.

gotten. Only the hot springs remained; but their healing waters still made the birthplace of Pose-weve the Mecca of the Tehuas.

This legend of Pose-weve is interesting, not only because we find in it the story of the immaculate conception, in a new form, and emanating from a very unexpected place, but also because it seems unques-

well be believed, also, that he instituted many needed reforms, encouraged agriculture, and gave to the people many wise laws.

Beyond all this, our knowledge of the Tehua Moses does not extend. We cannot even guess in what era he lived, although it must have been centuries before the advent of the Conquistadores.



ROYALTY OF THE NILE

BY LILLIAN MAY TROY

(This is the concluding installment of this story, which commenced in the April number.)

III.

THE PRINCE LEADS THE WAY.

Prince Koorschid Keedja had been kowtowed to by the natives from the villages all along the Nile, and Mrs. Edgerton would have gathered from this alone that he was a person of some prominence, but at Khartoum the natives and Egyptian Government officials fairly cringed before him.

During the many days' trip on the river he had been interesting and unostentatious, but once arrived at Khartoum, he swept all before him with his imperiousness and almost barbaric display. Even the complacent Mrs. Morrison was a little startled at his reception, and she wondered if the man she had taken for a vulgar ivory trader was indeed something more.

Mrs. Edgerton was in the seventh heaven of delight and satisfaction. She acknowledged frankly to her husband that the trip was well worth while, and that the little English woman had indeed "made good."

Miss Edgerton began to display better spirits when she saw her father hand Senator Harvey a letter to post the day after they arrived at Khartoum.

Emily was gay and bright, and talked and laughed, but her heart was frozen with fear and dread. She had told no one of the brief, fiery interview with the Abyssinian on the diabhiah. It was with a vague feeling of impending danger she heard him telling the Congressman of the splendid hunting to be had on the Abyssinian frontier.

Koorschid Keedja was indeed a diplomat. The trace of an Arabic ancestor gave him the manners of a gentleman, while from his Turkish forefathers he got the heart and instincts of a jackal.

Edgerton was compensated for the long trip by the prospect of a few weeks' hunting. His eyes sparkled, and he rubbed his hands together delightedly while the suave, dark man declaimed upon the sport to be had stalking antelopes and quagga from the mimosa bush, and hunting the giraffe, elephant and lion in the jungles.

His tales of the sport in his own country were keenly interesting and fascinating, and when the peach was ripe, he plucked it. Edgerton acquiesced promptly and joyfully to the prince's warm and pressing invitation to visit his country.

Harvey would have been more interested in the tales of the wonderful shooting on the Abyssinian frontier had any one but Koorschid Keedja proposed the trip, but as it was, he opposed the idea roundly, saying that they should be on their return journey, as Congress would convene soon. But Edgerton would not hear of returning without having a few shots, anyway, and the prince politely suggested that as the Senator was in such great haste to reach America, his servants and animals were at the Senator's service, and could be got ready for the return of that gentleman by sunrise.

"Thank you, prince," Harvey had rejoined with a biting sarcasm that was the more poignant because it was so deeply subtle. "Thank you! You are more than kind! But even though I miss the convening of my respected colleagues at Washington, I cannot force myself to part company with my esteemed friends here."

Mrs. Edgerton suspected that the attraction might be her daughter, and Edgerton thought that Harvey was tempted by the prospective hunting. Miss Edgerton's mind was several days' journey away, and only Emily suspected that the Senator had some private reason of his own for remaining.

During the few days' stay in Khartoum, the prince kept the party busy sight-seeing. Only the Senator excused himself from these excursions, and had Koorschid Keedja seen the expression of Harvey's face when he stepped out of the British representative's and hurried to the United States Consul-General's, he would have changed his ingratiating smile for a snarl.

During the journey from Gibraltar to Cairo, and from Cairo to Khartoum, Harvey made no attempt to converse with Mrs. Lovering-Brooks or pay her any more attention than any of the other ladies of the party. Perhaps no one, with the exception of the clever Mrs. Morrison, noticed that when Mrs. Lovering-Brooks' gaze was directed elsewhere, Harvey's was generally on her—yes, perhaps the prince noted all this, too. Many times Emily intuitively felt his gaze upon her, but upon looking in his direction, as she sometimes would when she felt annoyed and embarrassed, she invariably perceived that he was studiously training his attention in a directly opposite position, his face a blank of indifference.

Mrs. Morrison was quite satisfied with all this, but she began to grow uneasy as they neared Khartoum and these two people continued to appear so indifferent of each other's presence. She had one hope. The Senator didn't seem happy, and he still continued to feast his eyes on her dainty friend when he supposed he was not being watched. Mrs. Morrison was no romanticist, but she agreed that as long as love was necessary to a marriage, it might as well be the man who was so afflicted, and she was confident that Harvey, the tall, strong American, was madly in love with Emily. She couldn't quite make Emily out, but she hoped she would cease her flirtation with the trader and be more tractable.

After being closeted with the British representative and the American Consul-General for some time, Harvey went back to the hotel to play his last card in his endeavor to prevent Edgerton from going into Koorschid Keedja's land on the morrow.

The short twilight had given way to darkness, and only the stars relieved the blackness of the Soudanese night. The

hotel was on the outskirts of the city, and far to the south of it stretched a road.

Up and down a stretch of this road Edgerton was pacing, enjoying his fragrant Yenidje cigar, labeled "Made in Egypt." His mind was on the coming hunt, and he marveled not a little that his fussy wife should be so willing to accompany them. Had he been keener, he would have surmised that his good lady desired to be in at the killing, but not the sort of killing he was thinking of.

On the stretch of white road, Harvey joined his friend. He argued on the inconvenience of desert travel to the ladies, and Edgerton said they might remain in Khartoum. Harvey questioned the reliability of the prince, and Edgerton laughed heartily.

"Why, lad," he said, "can't you see how every one along the line bent the knee to him? Nonsense!"

Just as Harvey was about to try a few more arguments, which would possibly have been more effective, Miss Edgerton, her arm around Emily, approached them. In a few jesting words, her father explained Harvey's prejudice to the Abyssinian frontier. Edgerton had evidently pleased his pretty daughter of recent date, for she laughingly argued in favor of the hunting trip.

Emily thought Harvey stiffened when he saw she was with Miss Edgerton, and his lips seemed pressed close together, as though through repression. She was grateful for the darkness which hid her angry flush, and she said quite sweetly.

"Indeed, Senator, if you are not partial to hunting wild boars and lions—if you are afraid——"

She had stung him to the quick and she knew it. He was not a man to reply to such a speech, so he said, quietly addressing Edgerton: "I will go."

His emotion was almost too great for his inherent stolidity, and with lips tightly pressed and head erect, he strode off quickly into the darkness.

Mrs. Lovering-Brooks was ashamed of herself, ashamed of her remark, and ashamed of the pettiness which had prompted her to take a woman's advantage of a man, and a man whom she knew to be a brave man. She—who prided herself on never taking unfair advantages, nor

wounding another's pride. She strained her eyes after his retreating form in the darkness.

She wanted to fly after him and beg his forgiveness—she longed to pour out her contrition.

Edgerton, being a man, had to say the right thing at the wrong time.

"Why, bless my soul, madam, that man is the most courageous fellow I know! He isn't afraid of the devil or the deep sea—he would fight a circular saw."

This only augmented Emily's grief, and she began to weep softly. Edgerton didn't know quite what to make of it all, but his daughter was apparently not quite so dense. She drew Emily silently and tenderly toward the hotel.

Alone on her way to her room, Emily met Harvey on the broad stairs. She raised her eyes shining in humble tears to his face, and was about to ask his forgiveness for her words and tone—for the tone had indeed been more biting than cutting in its sweetness than the words—when she saw the expression of his face, and she was mute. As he advanced down the stairs toward her, he looked full into her face. He had never looked at her quite so before, with eyes that seemed to shine with an expression of ice, of contempt, of pride, and daring. His face was pale, and she knew she had made him suffer.

Lowering her eyes, which that mute appeal had made so tender, she hastened to her room. She knew that he had turned, and was watching her, but she had not seen the expression change on his face.

She did not know that surprise and love and yearning were in his whole attitude and burning from his eyes. He had expected indifference and scorn, and had steeled his body and expression to meet like with like. The childish penitence glance from the blue eyes swimming in tears was a surprise and a revelation to him. His blood seemed to leap and bound with fire, and he could feel the mad throb of the pulse in his temples.

He opened his lips to call her back, but she had disappeared. He leaped up the stairs and rushed to her door, but paused abruptly just as his hand was about to turn the knob.

"I'm mad. It didn't mean anything,"

he murmured with a tired sigh, as he turned away.

When the little party with the prince and his retinue of servants reached Senar, they disembarked from the waters of the Blue Nile, to continue their journey into Abyssinia, caravan-like over the desert and through the swamps and jungles. Camels and donkeys were waiting to convey the goods of Koorschid Keedja and his servants, and Arabian horses were provided for Koorschid Keedja and his guests.

The prince had been unlike his former self since they had left Khartoum, and Emily surmised that Harvey must have had good reason for his strong objections to the hunting excursion. The prince was no longer the obsequious host. When Mrs. Edgerton, ruffled and hot, declared she could no longer sit her horse, the prince gruffly ordered her to be put upon one of the baggage camels, and safe to say, it was not an easy riding animal. There is as much difference in the gait of these humped animals of the desert as there is between that of a plow horse and a thoroughbred.

The prince rode at the head of the cavalcade, sullen and silent. They had not stopped since early morning, and as the day advanced, the heat of the sun was almost unendurable. When Edgerton suggested that they rest and eat, in the middle of the day, the prince issued a sharp command, and two of his head men edged their horses between the prince and the congressman and unceremoniously and roughly shoved that surprised and indignant gentleman's horse to the outside of the line of riders.

At sunset they reached a swamp on the edge of the jungle, and a halt was called by the prince, and preparations made for a bivouac in the wilderness.

Emily's face had been inscrutable to Harvey, who had ridden beside her all day. The heat and glare of the sun on the sand of the desert had been unnoticed by him, in his patient watching for a smile from eyes that could be so kind and tender. By the time they reached the welcome coolness of the swamp, she was tired and weary, and almost ill. She made no attempt to dismount, and Harvey lifted her in his arms from the saddle as he would a

sleepy child. He held her just a moment, and she made no resistance. Then he gently placed her on the grass, and rolled his coat into a pillow, upon which her tousled blonde head sank wearily.

Harvey stood looking down at her, a wealth of love and longing in his eyes.

Edgerton's anticipation of the big game hunt had undergone somewhat of a change since leaving Sennar, and he was anxious to confer with Harvey on the matter of bidding adieu to the prince and retracing his steps over the desert to Sennar on the following morning.

To Edgerton's surprise, the prince agreed immediately, without argument. His lips stretched in a broad smile, showing his white teeth under his thin moustache. Edgerton was well satisfied, but Harvey scented treachery, and he saw with anger that the sinister smile was directed to the slumbering woman on the grass. He longed to kill this man who dared to look at his love with those shifty, cruel eyes—longed to choke him, strangle him as he would a snake.

The prince must have interpreted his thoughts from his fierce expression, and he laughed sneeringly as he turned away.

Emily's weariness had been caused more by terror than by actual fatigue. When she heard they were to return to Sennar in the morning, she, like the rest of the party, improved in spirits and prepared joyfully for a long and peaceful night's rest.

So she fell asleep with the night sounds of the jungle breaking the stillness, the cry of the jackal and howl of the hyena blending dismally over the swamp.

Every one slept save the prince and the sentries—and Harvey. The prince had despatched a messenger into the jungle almost before the camels were unloaded, and Harvey thought it boded no good for the party. When Harvey had tried to take his rifle from the baggage, he met with opposition in the shape of several of the tribesmen with keen-edged swords, who apparently had forgotten all the English and French they knew since morning. They acted as though they thought he was trying to steal from the baggage. He knew they were acting under orders from their master, and he turned indifferently

away, grateful for the six-shooter in his pocket.

Shortly before midnight, Harvey fancied he heard the sound of a large body breaking through the jungle, possibly elephants, he thought. Then he heard a splashing in the swamp as the sounds drew nearer, and he distinguished the voices of men and the hoof-beats of horses as they regained solid ground. Not a sound came from the sentries, and Harvey gave the alarm which roused the party from their slumbers.

The horsemen rode at a quick trot into the clearing, and as their leader drew rein before the prince, who was fully dressed, the others made a complete circle around the camp, and when they drew rein, the camp was surrounded by as villainous a lot of tribal scum as the Soudan can offer. There were rapacious Turks and Arabs, with a goodly sprinkling of black natives from the Madis and the Latookas of the south, near the Albert Nyanza. To Harvey, each horseman looked more rascally than his neighbor.

The women were terrified, and Emily watched the prince coolly, for she felt that the time had come. She didn't know what was about to happen, but she felt that this night was to be the culmination of the many days of dread and suspense and she waited almost curiously.

The headman tendered his great white Arab to Koorschid Keedja, who mounted him quickly. At his command, the circular guard trained their Mausers on the camp. Harvey's right hand grasped his pistol, and he moved nearer Emily.

The prince raised his hand for silence, and he spoke from his seat in the saddle.

"My friends, I have promised you safe conduct over the desert to-morrow. My servants and slaves will see you safely to within a half day's march of Sennar. Then you can easily find your way without escort. When my men leave you, my responsibility for the safety of your baggage and persons ceases. Should you encounter men who resemble mine, who may attempt to plunder you later, I beg of you, assume it to be but a deceiving similarity of dress and color.

"To you, old woman with the taste for the blue blood of a prince, let me correct an error under which you have been labor-

ing since those balmy days at Gibraltar. Permit me to present myself to you—Koorshid Keedja, nearly sole monopolist of the cowrie-shell, ivory and slaye trade of Central Africa! Prince! Prince only as I plunder the principalities of my weaker neighbors. Prince only as I lead my followers and slaves in war and pillage and burn their villages, drive their cattle to my own heath, and drag their women away as slaves. My revenues enable me to be a prince *pro tem* in glorious Paris! In Egypt they are discourteous to the extent of calling me an outlaw. But the redeeming feature of the Egyptian Government is the cupidity of their numerous officials. My dexterity in salving their greedy palms has developed in them severe cases of myopia, and were the reward twice as great as it is, no Egyptian official could identify me as Koorshid Keedja, even if I handed him my card.

"My friends, you have absorbed a quantity of local color in the matter of a prince, and I have extracted much pleasure from your society, as it has been of service to me."

He paused for a moment, and the horsemen drew the circle closer.

"Tomorrow you may go—tonight, now, I go, and the woman goes with me!"

He spurred his horse to where Harvey and Emily stood. As he reached down to swing Emily in front of him, Harvey's pistol arm shot up, and he fired point blank into the Abyssinian's face. The only sound was the click of the trigger against an empty chamber.

"Aha, my brave Senator! Always be sure your gun is loaded before you pull the trigger!" and with a triumphant, diabolical laugh, the Abyssinian spurred off into the jungle with Emily on the horse before him. Harvey sprang after him with a curse and a bound, but three rifles, behind which stood three grinning Turks, stopped him.

IV.

One arm of the renegade Abyssinian held Emily on the magnificent animal beneath them. She had ceased to worry about her predicament, as the man guided the animal deeper into the jungle. She let her mind dwell on one thought, which

seemed to compensate for all the suspense and misery she had suffered. He had tried to save her! He had rushed to her side as soon as danger threatened. She closed her eyes that she might better remember the look of love on his face as he lifted her from the horse and laid her upon the grass.

Koorshid Keedja thought that the little English woman had fainted. Her mind was a blank to all save the one thought. She little dreamed that the tall, strong American had eluded the sentinels, and was following on her track and the trail of the Abyssinian as only the implacable American Indian or the blood-hound can—following her swiftly, lightly, and with every sense of direction and trailing as keenly alert as if it were his Cherokee ancestor who had taken up the trail of his deadly enemy, the Kaw.

Sometimes he was directed by the sound of the great horse breaking through the undergrowth, and again by the cries of the hyenas and smaller animals wailing their displeasure at being disturbed. He knew he could follow the trail in the day time, but at night it was a different task. Who knows but what a heritage of instinctive trailing was not his by birth.

Without more than a penknife as a weapon, he raced on and on, the one thought dominating him and lending wings to his flight.

After a few hours' riding, the Abyssinian and Emily broke through the jungle and emerged on to an open plain, in the center of which seemed to be great high masses of almost perpendicular rocks. Toward these rocks the horse galloped. They must have been two or three miles in circumference, and around this apparently solid mass, the Abyssinian guided his horse.

To the south there was a narrow opening, and through this they rode. Emily could well understand the impregnability of such a natural fortress, but the sight of the village in the midst of the rocks excited her wonder still more. There were huts of every description, some made of boughs and rushes, while others were built of stone taken from the walls of the rocks. Every hut had a palisade surrounding it, built of stone and the outer side and top covered with brush and limbs

of a vegetation peculiar to Abyssinia, having great, long, sharp thorns on every inch of its branches.

At the extreme end of the enclosure, possibly half a mile from the entrance, was a hut that could almost be called a house. Unlike the others, it had no palisade, and was the desert domicile of Koorschid Keedja. To take this village, the enemy would have to take it hut by hut.

A great clamor arose as their chief rode through the narrow lanes between the huts with his beautiful spoil before him on the still fresh horse.

Koorschid Keedja already had the four wives the Koran allows, and the renegade Turks, whom he had chosen as leaders for their boldness and unscrupulousness in sacking the native villages for cattle and slaves, ran before his horse, fighting, screaming, and knocking each other aside in their wild frenzy to outbid their neighbors in an endeavor to get the white woman. White slaves were not a novelty in this strange village, but this class of white woman was, and to the cruel and avaricious Turks she was greatly to be desired.

With an ugly, contemptuous sneer, the Abyssinian rode straight through the mob, knocking many down and injuring several who had the bad fortune to fall under the hoofs of his horse.

These lawless ruffians, who were totally devoid of even a semblance of honor or honesty, had nevertheless a few rules which were strictly observed, and a slight deviation from any one of them meant bloodshed and death to the offender. One of these rules was, that their leader, before seeking to dispose of slaves elsewhere, should set a price upon them, and any one of the Turkish traders or headmen who offered to pay the price set might purchase the slave. The chief was not allowed to take less from other traders than the price he had named to his fellows, although when under the excitement of bidding, his own followers outbid each other so recklessly that he often received a total greatly in excess of what he originally asked. If the chief kept a slave for his own household, he had to pay twice the value per capita to his fellow traders, they to set the value in such instances.

Koorschid Keedja saw with anger that to keep this woman for himself would cost him dearly, but if it bankrupted him in ivory and cattle, he was determined that he would outwit the Turks.

He pulled up sharply before his hut. There were two great, flat stones on either side of the low door, covered with tiger skins. They resembled somewhat crudely throne chairs. To one of these he waived the woman, and took his place upon the other. Slaves brought lights of elephant's fat, and the battle for the legal title to the captive began.

The Turks and other scum of the Sudan swarmed around, and Emily was terrified by the fierce and greedy looks directed toward her. The whole village, women, children and all, seemed to have assembled. The chattering and noise and quarreling was fearful until hushed by the Abyssinian.

Emily could not understand a word of the heated arguments, but intuitively she knew that she was the bone of contention. The haggling kept up for nearly an hour, and by that time, though chafing at the awful price at which the Turks and headmen had appraised Emily, Koorschid Keedja triumphantly acclaimed her his property by striking both her feet lightly with an ivory rod.

With a hateful grin, he told her that she now belonged to him, and commanded her to enter the hut. All Emily's fear left her at this colossal insult and degradation, and a fierce and uncontrollable anger surged over her. She stood erect upon the rock, her long hair falling about her shoulders in wild confusion, her eyes rivaling the flames of the elephant's fat in their snapping fire. She looked like an outraged and angry goddess as she raised her hands high above her head and hurled down anathemas on Koorschid Keedja, standing below her.

"Devil! Devil! Devil!" she screamed, her eyes blazing the hate she felt. "Son of a dog! Son of a pig! Son of a snake! Never, never, dare you call me slave! Cross your threshold? No! Curses on your dirty hut! A fitting nest for a reptile such as you! The curse of Allah on you, your house and your people!"

Koorschid Keedja stood back amazed and astounded at the vehemence of the

English girl. The Turks who understood what she had said began to shout it to their companions. "She has called on Allah to curse him, his house and his people." Alas, for the superstition of the Easterner!

An awed silence fell over the mob. Those few seconds were what Emily needed, and hastily catching up a tiger skin, she flung it over Koorschid Keedja's head and scampered off in the darkness.

So great was the superstitious fear of these ignorant, half-barbaric people, and so subdued and terrified were they by the curse of Allah she had called down upon them, that it was a full two minutes before they gave chase, led by their chief.

Not knowing or caring where she went, Emily tore down the narrow lane between the huts. At first she fancied no one was following, but soon she heard some one a few paces behind her. Thinking it was the Abyssinian, she rushed inside the palisades of one of the larger huts. A man rushed after her and slammed shut the heavy gates just as the mob reached them.

It was dark and she could not see the man, but she supposed it was one of the Turks who had fought so stubbornly for her. Once inside the hut, she tried to shut the door opening into the little court, but the man pressed the door open gently and firmly, and stepped in, closing and securing it after him.

With wildly beating heart and almost dead with fear, Emily retreated to the farther end of the room.

"Emily! Emily!" a voice she loved so well whispered softly, and for one moment she was in his arms.

"Quick! Quick!" he said, as he heard the gates of the insecurely bolted palisades give. He hastily led her into the rear room, and striking a match, looked about for a weapon. With joy, he saw a rifle standing in the corner, and several boxes of cartridges near on a shelf. He also saw a ladder leading up to an opening in the flat roof.

The sound of the weakening door warned him that the mob would soon be in, and half-carrying Emily, he made his way up on the roof.

In the darkness, the mob had not seen the man, and they boldly climbed up the

ladder, Koorschid Keedja being the first to mount. Just as his dark face with the white teeth showing in a grin in the starlight, loomed through the opening, a bullet struck him square in the forehead, and, without a sound he fell back dead among his people in the room below.

A woman who could shoot! Surely she was an evil spirit! The wily Turks held back, and a whimpering Nubian slave was sent up the ladder to bring the devil-woman down. His head barely reached the opening when a shot rang out, and he, too, fell as had his master.

The owner of the rifle claimed that there were only three shots in it, and so another black was sent up to exhaust the ammunition. When he had fallen, the Turks fought for first place on the ladder, tearing and scratching each other in their brutal efforts to mount first. Shot after shot rang down in their midst, and those not slain or wounded ran for cover.

A conference of those in authority was held, and they decided to set a guard over the hut for the night, and wait for daylight before endeavoring to capture the slave. They carried the body of the Abyssinian to his hut, and one by one the awed slaves and their masters stole away, gripped in the cold fear of superstition. After a little, no sound broke the dull stillness of the night save the death wail of Koorschid Keedja's four wives.

"They have gone until the dawn," Emily sighed hopelessly. "Why did you come here! Can't you see it means death?"

"Come, now," Harvey answered, emptying the cartridges from the boxes into his pockets. "Come, now—that is not the way for you to speak after your grand, glorious courage. We will both get away from here safely, and you must not give up hope when we have been so successful thus far."

"How did you get here?" she asked quietly.

"Why, I—I made a run of it, you see," he answered, confusedly as a schoolboy. "I was always a good sprinter, and you did not get through that jungle much quicker than I did—but you did have the advantage on the plain."

"You ran after us!" she gasped.

"No, I ran after you," he answered steadily. "The entrance to the village

was deserted, and I slipped in and reached the end. I hid in the shadow of a hut just before you made that grand, that wonderfully potent speech to the prince."

"You heard that!" she said, and Harvey thought she was going to cry. "Oh, I am so ashamed. I am afraid I said some awful——"

"It was wonderful! Magnificent!" he answered admiringly. "Just the exact words and intensely thrilling manner of saying it, that gave you this remarkable opportunity to escape as you did."

"But you——"

"I was not armed, or Koorschid Keedja would never have reached here with you. I was going to wait until the mob had dispersed, and then I was going to enter his house and strangle him. You would never have been harmed."

The dark, cold hour which precedes the dawn had come, and Harvey knew it was now or never, if they expected to escape.

"They don't know I am here, so you go forward on the roof and make a slight noise, and that will attract the attention of the guards. I will go down and reconnoitre."

Presently she saw his figure stealing silently through the courtyard to the open gates. The guard looked up from his post when she made a noise on the roof. His eyes were on the roof, and he did not see a large, dark figure approaching him.

Emily turned away in horror. She heard a gasp, a faint chuckling sound, and then all was still again. Harvey ascended the ladder and led her quietly down. At the gates she saw the body of the guard lying quietly on the ground. She closed her eyes, and let the man lead her.

Not a word was spoken, and many pauses were made before they reached the entrance to the village. A single sentry rode a little distance out into the plain, and then back to the walled entrance.

"Wait here," Harvey said tersely, leading her to one side of the entrance. "We need that horse!"

"Don't! Oh, don't!" she implored, horrified.

"This is war," he answered grimly.

Presently he returned, leading the animal. Lifting her on its back, he sprang up behind her and galloped off into the night. As they passed the place where the

rocks and plain met, Emily saw a long, dark object on the sands, and she knew it was the sentry.

Harvey put the willing animal to his utmost speed. He knew they had but one hour the advantage of the Turks. The dawn was just breaking when they entered the jungle. The foliage and undergrowth was thick and almost impenetrable. Harvey realized they would be hard pressed to escape, if they were to get through the confusing tangle.

"What would the Indians in America do in a case like this?" asked Emily, when they were in a labyrinth of vines and brush, and could hardly see daylight, so dense was the foliage.

"They most likely would give the horse his head," he said, and dropped the reins on the animal's neck. In an instant the horse had turned, and was carefully picking his way to the right. It was almost magical. In a short time they were out of the mass of tangle and galloping through a park-like stretch.

They had spoken very little. Emily had thrown aside all responsibility, and was relying wholly on the man.

The sun was in the meridian and it was miserably hot before they reached what Harvey supposed was one of the affluents of the Nile, a semi-dead water swamp. He knew their camp was somewhere on the other side.

They came to a sheet of water about two hundred feet wide and long like a river. Here their progress was stopped.

"The horse can swim, I'm sure," he said dismounting and loosening the girths. "Now be brave!" he smiled up at her as he led the horse to the water's edge.

"But you—what are you going to do?" she asked in dismay.

"Oh, I can swim like a fish, and he couldn't make it, perhaps, and carry both of us. So just bend as low as you can, and he'll take you safely over."

Emily screamed, and pointed to where a large, log-like body was idly turning in the water. Harvey fired quickly, but the charge was not heavy enough to be effective against the thick hide of the great amphibia, and it lashed the water angrily with its powerful tail.

As if in answer to the shot, many shouts sounded behind them, and turning, they

saw the Turks just breaking into the swamp.

Leading the horse into the water, Harvey struck him a stinging blow and he bravely waded through the shallows and then struck out for the opposite bank. Harvey swam alongside for a little, but when he saw the great reptile lash the water and head in their direction, he placed one hand on the withers of the horse and, looking up into Emily's face, said:

"Dear, brave little girl, I love you—I worship you! Do you care for me at all?"

She made no answer, but bent lower in the saddle, averting her face.

"For god's sake, Emily, answer me quickly!" he begged, mute agony in his eyes, and his face pale.

She turned, and what she saw drew a cry of anguish from her. The reptile was near—within a stone's throw.

"Look, look!" she cried hysterically.

"Emily, are you going to answer me?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, yes; I love you! Save yourself—get on the other side of the horse——"

"Good-bye, sweetheart!" he said with a smile—a smile in which love and tenderness were blended. Kissing the little hand on the horse's neck, he turned and swam directly for the approaching monster.

The Turks, who had reached the bank, watched him in wonder. His rifle he had managed to keep above water, and when within ten feet of the reptile, he fired twice. One shot went straight through the eye and pierced the brain.

The Turks feared to cross the stream, dreading others of the reptile kind, and while they were arguing as to which should send the black slaves, Harvey reached the opposite bank.

As they rode off, Emily knew he had chanced—nay, offered his life to save her, and she was trembling in admiration for his splendid courage. The man she had insulted and wounded so! Truly, her conscience was troubling her sorely, very sorely.

"Emily! Emily!" he whispered joyously, his lips touching her ear, "and to think you didn't hate me! You really love me!"

He pressed her head back against his

shoulder and kissed her lips—lips that were trembling.

"I always fancied you loved Miss Edgerton," she said shyly.

"Oh, that's too good!" he laughed. "Why, her father, at my earnest solicitation, sent a letter from Khartoum to that young lieutenant in London, that if he was game for an elopement with Helen, he was to meet them in Cairo on the return journey and receive the parental blessing. I'm sorry for poor Miss Edgerton—upon my word I am!"

Emily was steeled for a confession, and she tried to unloosen his arms, but her efforts were futile.

"But me——" she began, hesitatingly. "You don't know how deceitful and wicked I am. I knew he wasn't a prince all the time, and——"

"Nonsense, sweetheart," he laughed.

"Don't say a word about it. The prince brought us together, for had you not come to Gibraltar, I should never have met you, perhaps. I was really bound for America, but when I saw you I followed you, and found you were with friends of mine, to my joy. Then I sought an invitation to join them, just to be near you!"

"You cared for me then!" she said in astonishment.

"Yes, sweet, I did, but I tried awfully hard to hide it, because you seemed to prefer that prince. I couldn't believe he was a prince, and in Khartoum I found out that the authorities suspected he was a very much wanted common thief. I was about to warn the Senator, when you said——"

"Oh, please forgive that!" she pleaded.

"I'm glad it happened, dear, or I might not have you in my arms now. I arranged to have the English soldiers follow twelve hours after us, so you see, pet, our friends are quite safe."

"But you don't understand!" and in broken sentences, and humbly, Mrs. Lovering-Brooks confessed everything.

When she had finished, the Senator laughed heartily.

"Served the foolish old woman right!" he said. "It's only a good joke, anyway, and Edgerton will be the very first to laugh at it, too—so never think of it again, my darling, unless it be in jest!"

EUCALYPTUS, A SUBSTITUTE FOR EASTERN HARDWOODS

BY C. H. SELLERS

EX-ASSISTANT STATE FORESTER OF CALIFORNIA



THE HARDWOOD forests of the Eastern States are rapidly being denuded, and it is estimated by the Federal Forest Service that in sixteen years more there will be very little, if any, left. In the year 1906 the total output of hickory of all States was 148,212,000 board feet; walnut 48,174,000 board feet and all other hardwood species 7,119,105,000 board feet. The average selling price of hickory at the mill was \$30.42 per thousand feet; walnut \$49.47 per thousand feet. Five hundred and forty reports from twenty-four States gave an average value of \$6.69 for hickory

stumpage. State averages ranged from \$3.17 for Alabama to \$15.75 for New York. In Arkansas, the most important hickory-producing State, quotations ran from 50 cents to \$10 per thousand feet; and in Indiana, the second State, from \$1.75 to \$30 per thousand feet.

More than 1,700 reports upon the value of oak stumpage resulted in an average of \$6.52 per M. With white oak the values ranged from \$1.08 in Indian Territory to \$15.30 in Indiana; the highest quotations came from Western Kentucky, Central and Southern Indiana and New York. In Kentucky and Indiana, the high values are due to the unusually fine quality and limited supply, while the nearness to ready markets caused the maximum price



A ONE YEAR OLD EUCALYPTUS



A TWO YEAR OLD EUCALYPTUS



EUCALYPTUS TWELVE YEARS OLD; TREE
EIGHTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER



EUCALYPTUS EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD;
TREE THIRTY-TWO INCHES IN DIAMETER.

THESE ARE NOT UNUSUAL CASES

of \$50 per M in New York. Quotations of \$20 per M for white oak stumpage were received from Vermont, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Ohio and Indiana. The maximum quotation for red oak stumpage was \$20 in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Indiana. On the other hand, from the Southern States many quotations of \$1 per M for red oak were received, and some as low as 50 cents. In Kentucky, which is now the leading State in the production of oak lumber, the average stumpage values reported for white oak were \$3.05 in the eastern part of the State, \$6.26 in the central, and \$9.62 in the western. For the same sections of Kentucky, the average quotations on red oak stumpage were \$2.40, \$4.56 and \$6.87. In West Virginia, the second most important oak-producing State, the average quotations for both kinds ran from \$4 to \$5 per M.

In view of this existing condition, it is important to consider some forest tree that will take the place of the Eastern hardwood. When the supply in the Central and Eastern States is gone, there will be

no other source to which to turn. The manufacture of furniture and vehicles calls for more hardwood than any other industries, and employs hardwood almost exclusively as raw material. It is estimated that the furniture industry alone requires upward of 20 per cent of the entire hardwood production. As in furniture, the hardwood is the chief material in the manufacture of musical instruments, especially pianos and organs.

At present there is no fixed stumpage price for Eucalyptus in California, because very little commercial planting has been done. It is bought either by the single tree or at the market price of cordwood. Trees that will make poles 35 to 45 feet in length with a 6-inch top diameter, are being sold at \$6 to \$15 each. The rapid growth of fuel-wood groves, the possibility of repeated cuttings and the steady demand for their product at high prices, has afforded a generous return on planting investments. Groves established in Los Angeles and Sacramento Valleys on fertile soil have yielded from 50 to 80 cords per acre at every cutting. A yield of 85 cords per acre in seven to eight years

has been frequent. Eucalyptus sells in Los Angeles at from \$8 to \$14 per cord. It is apparent from the above figures on yield and prices, that the planting of Eucalyptus for fuel, on agricultural land in the State of California, would prove a good investment. Eucalyptus when sawed into lumber has been sold in Los Angeles at from \$100 to \$140 per thousand feet. It retails for 14 cents per foot for finished, and 10 to 12 for rough timber. The high stumpage value and extremely high price that the rough lumber is being sold at should be an inducement to the planting of the Eucalyptus even on agricultural land. The size of the genus permits such ample choice that one or more species may

and has for a score of years been reaping the reward. Besides enjoying the beauty and shade of his grove, as well as the beneficial change they have wrought in the climate of the region, he has for many years received from them an annual income of no inconsiderable amount. Those who have planted them singly or in small groups as ornamental or shade trees have received little or no financial return, and have, in some cases, been disappointed in them because not serving, as they had hoped, the purpose for which they were planted.

In many of the semi-tropic portions of the globe, the eucalypts are the trees most suitable to plant for forest cover. Much



A GROVE OF BLUE GUM SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

be selected that are adapted to practically any phase of California's varied climate, where the minimum temperature does not drop below 18 deg. F. and the maximum temperature does not exceed 110 deg. F.

It is as forest trees that the eucalyptus are most useful; planted as ornamental or as shade trees, they are often disappointing. Planters who have put them out as forest trees are the ones who have derived the greatest benefit from them. Hon. Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, was one of the first Americans to recognize the prospective value of the eucalyptus as forest trees. He acted upon his conviction,

of the treeless land of California might be covered with these trees. As the conditions under which the different eucalypts grow in Australia are very diverse, it is evident that if the species are properly selected they will thrive in the most diverse conditions here in California.

The Eucalyptus seems destined to revolutionize silviculture in France, Algeria, Italy, Spain, Corsica, Portugal, Cape Colony, and the American Southwest not only on account of the many remarkable properties of the tree, its resin, its wood and its rapid growth, but also its great power of absorbing enormous quantities of

water from wet and swampy lands, drying them and rendering them fit for cultivation, as well as its tendency to thus eliminate malarial conditions from the lands where it grows. Doubtless much of the tule land along the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers could be planted successfully.

For Australia and the neighboring islands the eucalypts make one of the important sources of the general timber supply, and are the chief source of the hardwood timber used there. The uses made of Eucalyptus timber are remarkably diverse. It enters into the construction of ships, bridges, railroads, piers, telegraph lines, fences, paving, vehicles, agricul-

poses" are assigned to the timber of the Spotted Gum (*E. maculata*), ten to the timber of the Ironbark (*E. sideroxylon*), eight to that of Red Mahogany (*E. resinifera*), and Tallow Wood (*E. microcoryx*), six to that of Gray Gum (*E. propinqua*), five to that of Red Gum (*E. rostrata*), and a lesser number to that of seven other species.

Not only, however, in Australia is the timber of Eucalyptus used thus extensively, but it is exported in large quantities, the bulk of the hardwood lumber being shipped being from these trees. R. Dalrymple-Hay, in his work entitled "The Timber Trade of New South Wales," names thirteen species that furnish timber



THE BLUE GUM WHARF AT LONG BEACH

tural implements, furniture, barrels and a great variety of minor articles. Mr. Joseph H. Maiden, Director of the Botanical Gardens at Sydney, New South Wales, who is considered one of the best authorities on the eucalypts, names twenty-five "special purposes" for which the timber of the eucalypts is used in that colony. Six species are named as valuable for bridge timbers, five as valuable for piles, nine for paving, eight for posts, three for railroad ties, four for railway coaches, five for lumber and shingles, seven for the various parts of vehicles, two for barrels and casks, and two for broom and tool handles. Eleven "special pur-

export. He gives the annual output of lumber from the 108 miles of the colony as 59,500,000 superficial feet, a large part of which is from Eucalyptus trees. Shipments are made to distant parts of the globe, including Africa and even England.

The timber of different species of eucalypts differs very much in character. While that of all species is hard, the degree of hardness, the strength, durability, flexibility, color, and many other qualities are quite different. Great difference exists also in the timber of the same species grown in different soils and climates. To these variations are due, largely, the

great variety of uses that the timber of these trees serves.

Under favorable conditions trees in seedling plantations have reached a maximum development of five inches in diameter and sixty-seven feet in height in four years. This represents an average growth of seventeen feet in height per year, though a growth of ten to fifteen feet in height yearly is the general average.

It seems to be the prevailing opinion of most of the lumbermen of the West that eucalypts cannot be seasoned. This is a mistake, as it is no more difficult to season than oak or any of the other hardwoods of the Eastern States. The success attained by several experienced manufacturers of Eastern hardwood proves that it yields readily to thorough methods.

The Eucalyptus furnishes a hardwood possessing qualities similar to those of the hickory and ash. The wood of different species differs in strength and durability, but in general the timber is very strong, heavy and hard, with a close-grained and homogenous structure. The specific gravity of the wood of most species is greater than that of water, the dry wood of blue gum averaging over 60 pounds per cubic foot, varying from 50 to 70 pounds, according to the age of the timber. The wood of other species is still heavier. It is very tough, resisting indentation, tension and torsion. This is of advantage, for it will not crack nor break out under strain at joints or bolt holes. The wood is stiffer and less elastic than Eastern hickory. The wood of different species ranges in color from white to dark brown. The heart and sapwood of many species are indistinguishable.

It has already been shown that the woods of the various eucalypts form satisfactory substitutes for the Eastern hardwoods, in the manufacture of agricultural implements, vehicle stock, boat ribs, paving, house blocks, street curbing, naves, and fellows of wheels, piles, posts, poles, railway ties and other similar purposes where strength and durability are desired. Owing to the great value of the Eucalyptus for so many uses no mistake will be made in planting it wherever it will thrive. It may be planted with profit as a forest cover in ravines, on hillsides, on plains, and in quite dry, desert situations of the

interior valleys. Such plantations will, within a decade, begin to be sources of posts, fuel, railway ties, telegraph poles and bridge timbers, and will eventually produce timber suitable for other important uses. If such plantations were made along railway tracks, ties for keeping them to repair would be available within a decade, and later the product would be sufficient for extensions of the road into new sections. Timbers for repairing railway bridges and building new ones, as well as for telegraph poles, could also be thus supplied within easy reach of the points where they would be needed.

It was not until 1904 that Eucalyptus was planted on a commercial scale for timber. Its wood had always been looked upon as inferior timber, the result being that it was planted as windbreaks for citrus fruits, and in groves for fuel-wood. However, public opinion has changed in the last three years. With the knowledge



NATURAL RE-SEEDING FROM BLUE GUMS. SEEDLINGS FROM THREE TO FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD, THREE TO TWENTY-SIX FEET HIGH, AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

gained through tests of the mechanical properties of Eucalyptus timber, the practicability of planting Eucalyptus more extensively for timber than heretofore has been demonstrated. Up to the last few years, planting of Eucalyptus has been confined almost exclusively to the treeless sections of the State. The redwood cut-over land in the northern coast counties affords good planting areas, and no doubt in the near future many thou-

sands of acres of this cut-over land will be reforested with many groves of Eucalyptus.

The sprout growth from redwood stumps is not sufficiently dense to replace the stand or to stimulate the growth of the sprout trees into merchantable timber. The planting of eucalypts in mixture with the redwood sprout growth will solve the problem of reforestation of these areas with valuable commercial timber.

DONNER

BY M. EDNA COOK



BENEATH THE towering peaks of the mighty Sierras, secure and snug it lies, like a broken mirror in a cleft of rock; a sparkling diamond sunk in emeralds.

Beautiful and treacherous, it beckons the passing traveler with its luring smile. It is fast becoming a favorite resort, and in the summer nights many camp-fires burn like giant glow-worms in the groves along its shore, and the sound of human voices, raised in songs or happy laughter, is carried on the ever-rolling waters.

Here, indeed, is an ideal spot. Far from the steady, grinding toil of daily life and yet in the very midst of it, it is like an enchanted corner in a great factory. This, too, is the scene of one of the most tragic tales in the history of the Golden West: the last resting place of the famous Donner Party.

But history, romance, even politics, are forgotten in the charm of the lake itself. The very treachery of its waters lends to the fascination. Boating is not a favorite pastime. Donner is filled with myriad whirlpools, and the branches of numerous dead trees, broken off by the heavy winter snow, appear in many places, just beneath the surface.

The shore slopes almost imperceptibly to the water's edge, and into it a little way. But here the gentle declivity breaks and a sheer precipice forty feet in depth drops from almost beneath our feet. One step ahead—our feet rest in a few inches of water on the smooth pebbles; another—we find no foothold, nothing but a great chasm filled to overflowing with clear, cold mountain water. It is either sink or swim, and the light mountain air makes the latter almost impossible. However, we are but a few feet from the land, and we hastily scramble out, well content to lie on the shore in the sun and make no more aquatic attempts in Lake Donner.

The surrounding slopes are owned by the ranchmen of the valleys, and every year great numbers of cattle and sheep feed upon them. For the safety of these animals the lake is encircled by a wire fence, set but a very few feet from the water.

As yet no hotel dons the shore of Donner, but it is inevitable in the years soon to come. And with the hotel comes the world—the latest fashions, the daily paper, the tennis court, the ball-room. The old life will be entirely routed by the new. The tired business man and the idle dreamer will no longer be welcome. They must seek some other refuge from the busy world; another Donner, still unclaimed.

THE DIVINE PROGRAM

IV—THE PERMISSION OF EVIL

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

This is the fourth article in the series by Pastor Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. These articles are attracting attention among a wide circle of readers, as is evidenced by numbers of letters that have come to the Overland Monthly from Pastor Russell's followers throughout the country. In addition, the press has devoted considerable attention to the articles in the form of criticism and comment.

—THE EDITOR.



NOTHING HAS done so much to foster unbelief in a gracious Creator as the fact and persistency of evil—a fact that is indisputable. The reasoning faculties of some will exercise themselves and refuse to be stifled, and the possessors of such minds are straightway in trouble, unless, under Divine Providence, they have the only rational solution of the question from the only possible source—the Bible. The best faculties of the best brains idealize the Creator as the very embodiment of Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power. They say our Creator's character should be in harmony with these lines. Then, looking out upon the world and perceiving the sin and suffering everywhere prevalent, they conclude that the evidence is lacking that there is such an ideal God as they supposed. They reason that if he were just, he would not permit the child to inherit its parents' weaknesses and depravities, and then hold the child accountable for its conduct under these influences. They reason that if he were wise he would have avoided such conditions as made our race a "groaning creation." (Rom. 8:22.) They reason that if he were All-Powerful as they had supposed, he would

never have permitted present conditions to come upon mankind. They reason that if he were All-Loving he would make an end of the present conditions of things one way or another.

It may seem strange to many that our claim should be the very reverse of the foregoing, namely, that it is the very perfection of Divine Character that has made possible the present condition of affairs. It is because of the absolute perfection of our Creator that he permits evil in the world. Let us demonstrate this and show the philosophy of it.

Granting an All-Wise Creator, just, loving and powerful, it is but reasonable to expect him to exercise his power, in harmony with his other attributes, not merely in the creation of inanimate things, but specially in the creation of beings of a highly intelligent order, and possessed of qualities and characteristics resembling his own. Such beings might properly be called "sons of God." The Scriptures declare to us several orders of these sons on various planes of existence. While revelation respecting the archangels, the cherubims and a lower order of angels is set before us in the Divine Word, comparatively little is told us respecting them and Divine dealings with them. However, a sufficiency has been told us, as we shall soon see, to enable us to comprehend

the operation of the Divine attributes in dealing with these. The Scriptures inform us that man was made subsequently to the above-mentioned spiritual beings, and that, because endowed with moral qualities and reasoning faculties, he also, in his perfection, was styled a "son of God," made in his image, although at the same time declared to have been "made a little lower than the angels."—Psa. 8:5.

Accepting the foregoing Scriptural statements, and giving them full weight, it will be admitted that for them to be in God's image and likeness would mean that they must have liberty to do right or to do wrong—they must be free moral agents. If their Creator is a free moral agent and they were created in His image and likeness, this would mean their liberty to obey or disobey the Divine command to follow righteousness or sin. As their Creator is influenced in his conduct by principles of righteousness, but is not bounden or restrained, so with these. Consequently there would always be a liability of their falling into error of judgment or personal ambition or other sin, and thus stepping out of accord with the Divine Government. This is exactly what has occurred.

The Creator, by the exercise of his power, could have kept his creatures shielded from temptation and continually prompt in obedience and adoration; but to have thus limited their sphere of reasoning and liberty would have been contrary to his noble designs respecting them. Moreover, "the Father seeketh such to worship him as worship him in spirit and in truth." Those who would not serve him loyally, intelligently, gladly; those who would develop in any degree a spirit of opposition to the Divine standards, and a love for sin should be manifested, should be known, should be dealt with accordingly. On the contrary, those found loyal under every test should be the more highly appreciated and blessed in their association with their Creator in his great Divine Program of the Ages.

Satan the First Rebel.

According to the Scriptures, Satan was the first rebel against Divine authority. He is represented as being one of the highest order of the angels, a "covering

cherub," glorious and beautiful. His name was Lucifer, which signifies bright morning star, and corroborates the thought that he was one of the chiefest of the angels, who are figuratively called stars or bright ones, as when we read, "The morning stars sang together." Satan's ambition, which led up to the change of his name, is expressed in the words, "I will ascend above the other stars (angels.) I will be as the Most High"—an emperor, a ruler, having separate jurisdiction from that of the Creator. Lucifer is represented as first of all entertaining a disloyal and ambitious design, which for considerable time lay dormant, merely as an ambition, until in Divine providence the time came which seemed to Satan to be opportune for the realization of this ambition. Then came the test and his fall.

This was when our race was created, represented in our first parents. In their innocence and perfection, they enjoyed their Eden home, nor even thought of disobedience to their Heavenly Father. Satan beheld in them a new feature of Divine creation, such as had not been conferred previously upon any of the orders of angels, namely, the power of propagating their own species. In them he beheld the highest order of animal creature and animal powers, combined with the image of God, moral and intellectual. Here was the opportunity for the gratification of his long-cherished ambitions. If he could bring over to loyalty to himself the first human pair, he could doubtless establish such a control over them as would bring him his longed-for separate empire.

The method of procedure was a simple one. He would persuade them that he was their friend and benefactor, and that their Creator was tyrannical and desirous of keeping them in ignorance. God had furnished the opportunity for such a suggestion by putting our first parents upon trial for life or for death, the conditions being obedience. One special kind of fruit tree in Eden was selected for the testing. They were forbidden to eat of it. Satan, "that old serpent," endeavored to show them that the fruit of that tree was the most desirable of any in the Garden to give wisdom, to make them as gods. He assured them that the Divine Word, "In the day thou eat thereof thou shalt surely

die," was an untruth; that their Creator was a falsifier; that his motive was to deceive them, and that it was backed by an ignoble intention to hold them in slavery to himself—in ignorance. The sequel is briefly stated in the Divine record. Mother Eve believed the serpent and disbelieved the Creator. Thus she became a transgressor. Father Adam, perceiving that his wife had come under condemnation, ate of the forbidden fruit, knowingly, willingly, that he might die with his beloved spouse, without whom life seemed not worth living. Thus the great catastrophe of Sin and Death was launched upon our race. We estimate, we believe reasonably, that twenty thousand millions of Adam's posterity since born have been overwhelmed by this catastrophe and have gone down in sin and degradation and in death to the tomb—the hell of the Bible—the *sheol* of the Old Testament, the *hades* of the New Testament.

The Intelligent and the Unintelligent Tested.

Behold the wisdom of God in the method here pursued: One of the most glorious of the angels, long-experienced in fellowship with the Creator, finds his testing, his opportunity for sin, and in connection with the newest of God's creatures. And the youngest of God's sons found his trial, his testing, his temptation, at the hands of one of the oldest and by nature one of the most glorious of his brethren. Note another difference. The one of long experience and transgressor against great light was merely ostracized as respects heavenly companionship, while the one of little experience was subjected to the full penalty of the Divine Law, "Dying thou shalt die," "The soul that sinneth it shall die."—Ezek. 18:4.

Let us not hastily decide that our Creator was unjust in this arrangement, but rather with the poet say:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

The dying processes which from the time of disobedience took hold upon our race were not unjust. He who gave life originally had the full right to take it away when it was exercised in disobedience to the Divine command. Its infliction was in full conformity with the original declaration, "Thou shalt die." The dying began forthwith, and was consummated within the thousand-year day. "A day with the Lord is as a thousand years" (2 Pet. 3.8.) Since then the same penalty has continued with Adam's race. It has indeed been "a reign of Sin and Death"—and has had many sad features, even though entirely just. But our Creator informs us in the Scriptures that he purposes that all the present lessons given to our race respecting the exceeding sinfulness of sin "and the bitterness of its fruit shall ultimately prove valuable, assistful and educational to our race—before the Divine Program shall have finally ended.

Meantime, in permitting Satan to seemingly thwart the Divine purpose in Eden and in permitting him still to live untrammled, undying, the Creator gave opportunity to all the angels of Heaven to doubt the greatness of his power—to doubt his ability to cope with one of his highest creatures. We can imagine the wonderment of the angels and their queries respecting what their Creator would do with the arch-rebel who had thus defied him. Failure to visit condign punishment upon him could easily be misunderstood to signify weakness, deficiency of power, in the very place where omnipotence was supposed to reside—and really does reside.

The Angelic Hosts All Tested.

If only one of the angelic host failed along the lines of unbounded ambition, the Creator would extend a testing to all of the angelic hosts along various lines. Not that he would delight in the fall of any more, not that he would participate in tempting them, but he would permit such a reign of sin and such an apparent over-riding of Divine power as would encourage all of the angelic host who had the slightest tendency toward disloyalty to manifest themselves. Thus would the Lord test, prove, manifest, those who are in

heart obedience of love and loyalty and those whose obedience is of fear or ignorance.

The occasion of testing of the angels presented itself during a period of time in which they were permitted to have free intercourse with humanity, ostensibly with a view to helping them back again into full harmony and fellowship with God. A part of their privilege was materialization, by which they were enabled to appear as men amongst men. The exercise of this power was fully set forth in the account of Genesis, Sixth Chapter. It is related that the special angel or messenger of the Lord and two others of the Heavenly messengers appeared to Abraham in broad daylight. He knew them not from men. They ate with him and talked with him and subsequently revealed their identity, the two inferior angels (messengers) going down to Sodom for the deliverance of Lot.

According to the Divine Plan and Word it was not possible for the angels to lift mankind out of sin and condemnation back to Divine fellowship. But if the opportunity had not been granted, the angels might have supposed to this day that the redemption which God purposes through Christ was not the only possible one, but that they, if permitted, might have accomplished wonderful results for mankind. God not only demonstrated that they were not competent to save mankind, but at the same time He brought a test upon the angels themselves, which at first they little suspected. As they beheld sin in humanity and realized something of the "pleasures of sin," the test came to them whether they would prefer the pleasures of sin for a season or would remain absolutely pure and loyal to God—whether they would retain their original state as angels, or, failing to appreciate this, would desire to live as men and to participate in human affairs and sinful propensities. A considerable number chose to "leave their own habitation"—the spiritual realm—and to live as mankind and with men.

These were probably emboldened to this step by the example of Satan, whose disloyalty to the Divine will had not been punished with death nor with any diminution of his power. The suggestion was

that there were limitations to Divine power which they had not at first suspected, and this belief made them free to exercise their own volition and to choose sin. It is in harmony with this that we read, "The sons of God (angels) saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose . . . There were giants in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God (angels) came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."—Gen. 6:2-4.

This very plain record of the Old Testament is also substantiated by the inspired writers of the New Testament. Both St. Peter and St. Jude refer to the matter of those angels quitting their own habitation or plane of existence and preferring the lower human plane and its intercourse with humanity. Thus we read: "The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation (preferring the human). He hath reserved in everlasting chains of darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." (Jude 6.) "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to Tartarus (our earth's atmosphere), and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."—2 Pet. 2-4.

The Earth Filled with Violence.

The distinct intimation of Genesis is that the posterity of the angels amongst men possessed greater virility than Adam's race, which had been fallen through sin and its death penalty for fifteen centuries. Selfish ambition threatened to utterly destroy with violence the race of Adam and to leave the earth in full possession of Satan and the fallen angels and their human offspring. This would have been going too far—would have been frustrating the Divine Program. Every feature of it, however, was foreknown and had all been permitted to come to pass of angelic volition and human volition at the most appropriate time—at a time when the last of earth's Saturn-like rings was ripening for collapse, as a flood of water to destroy every living creature on the face of the earth, saving only Noah and his family, who

were specially provided for and cared for in the ark. That flood of waters drowned the giant descendants of the angels and the members of the human family who had come under their influence willingly and unwillingly. The justice of the destruction, so far as the progeny of the angels is concerned, cannot be questioned. They were exercising life rights and privileges which the Almighty had never authorized nor countenanced. Consequently no provision would ever be made for them no redemption, no resurrection.

As for those of Adam's race who perished in the flood, they were no worse off than if they had perished by some other means, famine or pestilence, or what is sometimes designated "natural death." Their lives were already under sentence of death. No injustice was done. We shall see, however, in due course that the Divine Program includes certain privileges and opportunities of blessings for those and for all of Adam's children involved in his condemnation to death and subsequently redeemed from the power of death by Jesus the Son of the Highest.

Noah Perfect in His Generation.

Noah as the son of Adam was partaker of his condemnation and inherited his weaknesses. Therefore he was not a perfect man, nor is such the intimation of the words used in describing him, namely, "Now Noah was perfect in his generation." His generation or birth is the particular point in this observation. He and his family were not polluted, contaminated by the improper, angelic intercourse. Thus we have in few words the assurance that our entire race is of Adamic stock, and that we, therefore, were of those condemned in Adam, for whom provision was made for justification through the sacrifice of Christ.

As for those angels who sinned, St. Peter declares that they were thereafter restrained of their liberties of materialization in chains of darkness—restrained from manifesting themselves to humanity in the light, in the open.

We have reason, however, for believing that the mercy of God has not yet utterly forsaken those fallen angels. The basis of this thought is found in St. Peter's words, to the effect that our Lord's death

and his resurrection from death by the Father's power constituted a sermon to those fallen angels, demonstrating to them the power of God and his faithfulness to his obedient Son and his generous mercy to sinful humanity in the redemption thus accomplished. This sermon of Divine mercy coming to fallen angels would signify that there might be, eventually, mercy for them also. This thought was further supplemented by the Scriptural declaration, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?" (1 Cor. 6:3.) Since the holy angels will need no judging, disciplining or trial, it must be the fallen angels who are thus to be judged by God's saints in due time, and judgment or trial implies an opportunity for repentance and reconciliation to God. In view of this, we may reasonably assume that while all of those disobedient angels are restrained from liberties and separated from the holy angels, there are two classes of them—the one desirous of returning to harmony with God, the other delighting in sin and under the Prince of Demons, Satan, evil workers amongst men, operating through spirit mediums and obsessed persons and others less thoroughly given over to their control.

Walk by Faith, Not by Sight.

During the four thousand years since the deluge, this earth has been subject to what the Scriptures term "A Reign of Sin and Death." Humanity, struggling under these adverse conditions, has been subjected additionally to baneful influences from the fallen angels, so that the Apostle declares, "We wrestle not with flesh and blood (merely), but with wicked spirits in influential positions." (Eph. 6:12.) The degradation of man, originally made in the image of his Creator, has been dreadful in some quarters of the world, reducing him almost to the level of the brute. All this has certainly been a great trial of faith to the holy angels. Well might they inquire, "Why does the Almighty permit such conditions of imperfection to continue? What purpose has he in this permission of evil?" Meantime Satan has, through various agencies, sought to turn the hearts of men away from the Almighty, and from the revelation he has made of himself. These

agencies have sought to represent him as base, vindictive, loveless, unjust and powerfully vicious.

During this time God has, through the stammering lips of humanity and his prophets and evangelists, proclaimed to the world a time of coming blessing through Messiah and a Messianic Kingdom. Nevertheless, all who so believed were required to "Walk by faith and not by sight." To outward appearances the Divine Program miscarried and Satan won the day. Only those who would exercise faith have been enabled to endure as seeing the invisible and believing in a grace not yet made manifest in full measure. Doubtless it was a trial to the holy angels and to the fallen ones, but specially to humanity.

Holy, Harmless, Undefined.

More than four thousand years after the reign of Sin and Death began, God sent forth his Son to be man's Redeemer, to recover him from the fall. Yet here again the outward evidences seemed to belie the facts. The Son of the Highest, miraculously born, was thought to be illegitimate. Instead of appearing in regal, heavenly splendor, he appeared as "The man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and died as a blasphemer and malefactor. Yea, and since then, those who have followed his footsteps most closely have corroborated his words that the friendship of God means the opposition of the world and the Adversary. What is the secret of Gospel Age, since Pentecost obscures Divine dealing?

We reply that during this time the Creator has been selecting from amongst the redeemed sinners special classes to have association with himself and his Only-Begotten One in the work of blessing all the families of the earth. The Divine object in requiring all of these to walk by faith and not by sight is that thus he may find a select "Little flock" full of faith and zealous of good works.

The Grandeur of the Climax.

As the century plant develops very slowly

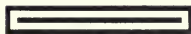
by its bloom, and then suddenly bursts forth most gorgeously, so, we hold, will the Divine Program ultimately show forth the Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power of the Creator. The poet caught this poetic thought and expressed it in the words:

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

By the permitted reign of Sin and Death, Divine Justice has been permitted to display itself in a manner which would not otherwise have been known to either angels or men, and in the Sacrifice of the Cross, Divine Love manifests itself to a degree never previously understood nor appreciated. When this age shall have accomplished its work of selecting an "elect" church, to be the Bride and Joint-Heir with Messiah in his Millennial Kingdom; when that Kingdom reign shall have brought blessings and glorious opportunities to all of the human race, and Divine Power shall have been manifested, even to the utmost limit of the Resurrection of the Dead, the Divine Purpose as a whole will be resplendent with the Wisdom of God.

In a word, then, evil has been permitted in order to manifest the Divine Attributes to obedient creatures and in order to test and prove the loyalty to God and the principles of his righteousness of both angels and men. The Grand Outcome will be satisfactory to all—that ultimately all not in heart harmony with God and his righteousness will be utterly destroyed, while all truly his will share his love and blessing eternally. Then every creature in heaven and earth and under the earth shall be heard praising him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb, forever.



In the Realm of Bookland.



"Self-Control and How to Secure It" is the title of a book just issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company of New York, written by Dr. Paul Dubois, Professor of Neuropathology in the University of Berne, and translated from the French by Harry Hutcheson Boyd.

Such a work is certainly needed in this age, when nervous debility and consequent lack of self-control are omnipresent among the dwellers in cities. In the introductory chapter, the author says: "Neurasthenia, of which one hears so much nowadays, is not a disease that attacks us like rheumatism or tuberculosis; it is the psychic form of human weakness that we owe to our natural and hereditary defects, to our badly directed education, to the vicious influences which act upon us during our entire physical and mental development. It is not a weakness of nerves such as the word 'neurasthenia' implies; it is, above all, mental debility."

Discussing this numerous class, the writer tells us that "they are closer to us than you imagine, you who judge others severely and take pride in your own mental poise." Succinctly stated, the cure for the individual deficient in self-control from any cause, is to be found in the ethical self-culture of the ego.

No outside assistance is of so great value as the carefully formed determination to govern ourselves, to be masters of our own thoughts and actions. No man is able, however, to absolutely control his thoughts. "Our thoughts force themselves upon us, succeed one another in our mind, without our being able to change their order; we drive out those that are importunate or retain those which give us pleasure."

The merchant who carries his business cares to the family fireside, or who tosses restlessly in his bed during the midnight hours, is lacking in self-control; the emotional being who suffers morbidly and acutely in witnessing the troubles of others is also weak in this respect.

The sot who stretches in drunken forgetfulness on the sidewalk is not more lacking in will power than the rushing business man who worries himself into an early grave. The only difference is in the outward manifestation of the disease.

The author well says that "the sole motive for every action of man is the DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS." Without happiness, which Professor Dubois is careful to remind us, is a state of mind attained only by the wise and continuous effort at self-control, life is not worth the living, regardless of wealth, social position or attainments.

In eighteen chapters dealing with such subjects as Education, Moral Clear-Sightedness, Egoism and Altruism, Meditation, Tolerance, Indulgence, Humility, Patience, Courage, Chastity, Sincerity and kindred subjects, the author offers valuable suggestions to those who feel that they are not enjoying the fullness of life.

The closing paragraph in the book is worthy of remembrance. The author places before us the following words from Dora Melegari: "Ancient psychology had a dogmatic way of dividing men into good and bad, sages and fools, strong and weak, pure and impure, atheists and believers; it had too many shades or too few! "Would it not be more practical and true henceforth to divide them into two categories,

corresponding to the tendency to which the future points: makers of sorrow and makers of joy?" Professor Dubois adds: "Let us all work to increase the number of the latter. There is only one way to do it—by self-education."

The book should be widely read by all those, irrespective of age or condition in life, who are desirous of escaping from the clutches of neurasthenia, which is largely due, not so much to the pressure of modern business methods, but to the inability of those concerned to refuse to let its worries master them.

Mr. John Muir knows Alaska and the West generally, from the standpoint of the naturalist and the explorer, probably as well as any man living. Consequently anything from his pen is always sure of a welcome from the nature-loving public.

In his latest book, "Stickeen," the adventures of the naturalist and his faithful dog, after which the book is named, in the glaciers of our most northern territory, are written in poetic and appealing prose. An effusion, supposed to be a poem, by one J. G. Holland, officiating as the frontispiece of the book, somewhat detracts from the book's literary value. Such "poems," chopped off in lengths according to the space desired to be filled, have had their day.

Readers to whom faithful pictures of the moraines and crevasses of the glacier country are a source of pleasure, and particularly lovers of our canine friends, will enjoy a pleasant hour in the perusal of this little booklet.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York and Boston.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton in the "Autobiography of a Silver Fox," endeavors to rehabilitate the sadly battered reputation of Reynard. His purpose, as defined in the foreword, is 'to show the man-world how the fox-world lives—and above all to advertise and emphasize the beautiful monogamy of the better-class Fox.'

The hero of the story, Domino Reynard, the author acknowledges to be a sort of composite of a large number of foxes that he has watched, either in a wild state or in captivity. Its life as a faithful husband, energetic provider and affectionate father, is depicted after the most approved style of the modern animal story writer. Some of us might be inclined to use a stronger appellation—in fact, we have abundant authority for so doing.

The book may be said to be an exposition of the ideal monogamy of the fox as compared with the inferior conduct of his exterminator, man, in this respect. The story is well written and interesting, even though we may be inclined to doubt the absolute fidelity to nature of every incident described in it.

Mr. Thompson Seton has seemingly weathered the storm of Presidential disapproval of some years ago, as he still continues writing books which would at that time have been branded as the efforts of a "nature faker."

The reviewer is distinctly sceptical as to many of the deductions by the author, and the "facts" upon which he bases those deductions. The "Autobiography of a Silver Fox" has evidently been re-inforced in no small degree by the brilliant imagination of Mr. Thompson Seton.

Like all the publications bearing the imprint

of the Century Company, the book is magnificently gotten up, with wide margins on heavy paper. The thumb nail sketches and numerous page illustrations are in the characteristic Thompson Seton style.

The Century Co., New York.

"The Bypath: A City Pastoral," captions an attractive little booklet which bears the imprint of the Caslon Press, Oakland. Thomas Grant Springer is the author, and A. L. Scherzer the illustrator. Both have done their work well, the text being a graceful conceit well handled in both the mediums of verse and prose, and the picturings showing half-tones from wash drawings of considerable merit. It is the intention of Messrs. Springer, Scherzer and Adam Hull Shirk to publish from time to time various volumes with an artistic stamp, and "The Bypath" is their maiden effort. Not over-ambitious, it is an excellent promise of what may be turned out by them in the future, and, certainly, makers of genuinely artistic books should be encouraged in these days of cheaply-bound and cheaply-printed bargain counter literature.

"Simeon Tetlow's Shadow" is one of those homely yet graphic pictures of American life which have popularity with the public. Jennette Lee's latest novel smacks of the "David Harum" class, but at the same time, Simeon Tetlow is a distinctive character, and yet intensely and entertainingly human. He is a nervous, wretched and clever railroad magnate, the life and soul of his corporation, against which is waged the warfare of rivals and the opposition of popular sentiment. Out of this jangle and strife, Tetlow, who at heart inclines to the good, is made to appear as the very opposite. His incessant, nervous activity, his defiance of public wishes and readiness to meet rivals on their own ground and with any sort of a weapon, make exciting reading. The background is supplied by John Bennett, the private secretary to the magnate, who is obverse to his employer in character and disposition. Silent, methodical and honest, his actions show his innate qualities of fair dealing and sympathy for his fellow man. In the end, the youth exerts an influence over his rough shod and apparently heartless and rascally employer that awakens him to a consciousness of his duties and of his inward cravings to do right and interest himself in those about him. In the end, Tetlow finds the better part of life in his attention to the needs of his patrons and the welfare of his employees. The story in the main is in full keeping with the human interest flavor of "Uncle William," the previous book of the author. The Century Company, New York.

"Parsimony in Nutrition," by Sir James Crichton-Brown, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., is the latest and most welcome contribution to dietic literature of the day. It is welcome because the author is not a "crank" on what the normal being should eat, and believes in a well-nourished body. He cleverly assails the theories of Horace Fletcher and Professor Chittenden of Yale, and leaves the world something more substantial to feed upon than imagination. The author does not find the terrible tigers and leopards of disease lurking in every mouthful of food, and sensibly prescribes a well filled platter and a full dinner plate for health of body and vigor of mind.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"The Journal of a Neglected Wife" is the picturing of a drama of domestic life in diary form that pulls upon the sympathies of the reader. It is remarkable for its realism, and still more so that its author, Mabel Herbert Urner, whose name is familiar to magazine readers, professes to be happily placed in her home. In compiling this remarkable diary, she claims to have drawn from the lots of other women, which if so, shows her to be remarkably endowed with psychic prowess, for in the revelations of her heroine and the victim of an unloving husband, she has invaded the sanctity of "other women's hearts" and minds, and probed them to the very depths. The book will "take" with the reading public, and it is safe to augur that before this review reaches the public eye, "Mrs. Urner's Journal" will be one of the chief themes of discussion among those who keep in touch with the book-makers' productions. It depicts a soul and mind tragedy that cannot escape widespread perusal and censure, praise and argument.

B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

The centenary anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln has caused a rush to arms of a vast number of poets and idealists, who have somewhat glutted the market with their lucubrations. The most pretentious article of flotsam in this great torrent of contributions to Lincolnia literature is an array of poems by Lyman Whitney Allen. It tells in 142 pages of verse, contained in a neatly bound volume, what might have been more readable presented in prose. It does not serve to signal the arrival of a great poet. The subject, however, makes for a lofty theme, and much of the verse is not unmeritorious. The student of rhyme will find quite a little that is eminently worthy.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.



RAISIN DAY



ON APRIL 30TH the raisin growers of Fresno and California generally expect every patriotic American to eat raisins. President Taft has already received his share, and all the members of Congress have been presented with a goodly quantity of the California raisin, which is far superior to the product of Spain and other European countries. On that day the crews of the United States battleships and cruisers will be served with the American product, and the California Raisin Committee has sent a special train to New York, carrying an immense quantity for distribution among the poor children of the New York slums. An effort is being made to induce Miss Helen Gould and Jacob Riis to superintend the delivery, and it is estimated that 500,000 children will each be presented with a quarter of a pound of raisins. Up to date, the California Raisin Day Committee has sent out over 25,000 letters, two million recipe books, besides a great quantity of stickers. Thousands of envelopes are being used by the people of California bearing the advice: "CALIFORNIA RAISIN DAY, APRIL 30TH—EAT RAISINS!"

In addition, twenty railroads are delivering literature along their lines, and asking the newspapers with whom they are in touch to give publicity to raisin day. They will also serve on April 30th a complimentary dessert, of which raisins will form the main constituent. The Harvey eating houses, extending from San Francisco to Chicago, will take a similar course of action. The news gathering associations and the papers generally have opened their columns to this cause, and are giving it publicity wherever their connections reach. An effort is also being made to induce the army and navy to adopt the raisin as a portion of the regular ration. At the present time candy is a portion of the army ration in most countries, and there is no artificial candy that can at all compare as to palatability with the natural candy contained in a delicate Muscat grape, cured

under the rays of the California sun.

The object of this tremendous campaign is to induce a more general consumption of the raisin. There is no food that contains concentrated, yet agreeable and easily digested nourishment to the extent that the raisin does. There is no food that is more cleanly handled, or more free from adulteration. The raisin is simply the cured grape, which attains its greatest perfection in the San Joaquin Valley. The Fresno Chamber of Commerce is taking the lead in this movement, and the four thousand growers of the San Joaquin are heartily supporting it. Seven-eighths of the raisins grown on the American continent are raised here, and the difference of one cent per pound in the price means at the present time a matter of \$1,200,000 to the growers of California. There can be no doubt that when the luscious qualities and muscle building qualities of the California raisin are more generally appreciated by the great American public, the demand will be hard to supply. European countries consume many times more per capita than we do, knowing from experience the food value of the commodity.

At the present time there is a considerable amount of the last year's crop still on the market, and it is expected, by this method to entirely dispose of it before the appearance of this year's production. Bankers, merchants, packers and raisin growers have joined hands and are working towards the same end, which is to educate the American people as to the value of the raisin as a health conserver. It should, and doubtless will, in the near future be considered a staple article of food, to be used in the making of raisin bread, raisin pastry, and raisin candy.

This campaign is common ground upon which every loyal Californian can stand, and will undoubtedly prove of tremendous value to the whole State. Eat raisins yourself, see that your friends eat them, and if you know any unfortunates in the effete East so unlucky as not to use this healthiest and most delicious of foods, send them a boxful in the good of the cause.

SEASONAL SEEDING SUGGESTIONS

The following table is a list of flowering plants and seeds most suitable for planting during May and June:

	Depth to sow (inches)	How far apart to plant or thin (inches.)	Begin to bloom	Duration of b'm'g period (weeks)	Color of bloom	Height at maturity (feet.)
Asters, h	¼					
Candytuft, a h	¼	5x5	July	4	White, red	½ to 1
(Note.—Fall sown bloom first.)						
Castor Oil Plant, a hh	1½	48x48				5 to 8
(Note.—Tropical foliage of value.)						
Clarkia, a h	¼	8x8	Aug.	8	Purple	1 to 2
(Note.—Does best in warm soil.		Good	for			
Coreopsis, a h	¼	10x10	Sept	10	Brown, yellow	1 to 2
(Note.—Self-sows.)						
Cornflower, a h	½	6x6	July	10	Blue, white, rose	2 to 3
(Note.—Good for cutting.)						
Cosmos, a h	¼	24x24	Sp.-Oc.	Until frost	Pink, white, yellow	4 to 10
(Note.—Early varieties are best.)						
Cypress Vine, A t	½	6	July	8 to 10	Scarlet	10 to 15
(Note.—Foliage beautiful.)						
Gourds, A t	½	12				10 to 30
(Note.—Train on trellis or support.)						
Cineraria	¼	18x18			Blue, purple, crimson	
Coreopsis Lanceolata, a	½	20x20	Aug.	20 to 30	Golden yellow	3 to 4
(Note.—Variety of Coreopsis for late planting.)						
Cobaea Scandens	¼	10x10			Purple flowers.	
(Note.—Needs rich soil.)						
Dianthus (Sweet Wm.)		12x12			All colors.	
Dianthus plumarius	½	8x8	M.-J.		All colors	4 to 6
Hollyhocks	½	18x18			All colors	6
Mignonette, a h	¼	10x10	July	4	Greenish	1
(Note.—Do not transplant. Sow for succession.)						
Moon Flower, a h	¾	18	July	10	White	15 to 30
(Note.—Blooms at night. Rapid grower.)						
Morning Glory, a h	1	18	July	12	Various	15 to 30
(Note.—Rapid grower. Self-sower.)						
Musk, a t	½	6x6	July	8	Yellow	½ to 1
(Note.—Cool, moist situation best.)						
Nasturtium, a h	1	10x10	July	8 to 10	Varied	1 to 6
(Note.—Dwarf and tall varieties are both valuable.)						
Nasturtiums, h	¼	18x18	M.-Jy		All colors.	
(Note.—Climbing. Blooms all winter.)						
Pansies	½	3x3	A.-S.		All colors	¾
Perennial Poppies	¼	Broadcast	Ju.-Jl.-Aug.			18 to 25
Pansy, a.-s. h.		8x8	June	6 to 8	Varied	½
(Note.—Early bloom from fall sown seed.)						
Petunia, a hh		12x12	June	10	White, Magenta	1 to 2
(Note.—Blooms profusely, fragrant.)						
Phlox Drummondii	¼	8x8	July		All colors	
Poppy, a h		8x8	July	3 to 4	Pink, white, scarlet	½ to 2
(Note.—Self-sows.)						
Portulach, a h		10x10	Aug.	10	White, red, magenta	½
(Note.—Known also as rose moss.)						
Pot Marigold, a h	¼	10x10	Aug.	12	Yellow	1 to 2
(Note.—Early grown.)						
Sunflower						
Double Chrysanthemum	½	6x6		10	Yellow	6
Sweet Peas	¼	2			All colors	
Salpiglossis	½				Rich, dark colors.	
(Note.—Flower well into the winter.)						
Stock, 10 weeks, a hh	¼	12x12	Aug.	8	White, pink, purple	1
(Note.—Excellent for cut flowers.)						
Sweet Alyssum, a h	¼	10x10	Aug.	12	White	½
(Note.—Low and spreading. Good edges.)						
Sweet Sultan, a h	½	12x12	Aug.	6	White, purple, yellow	2
(Note.—Valuable for cut flower.)						
Torenia, a t	½	6x6	Aug.	12	Blue, purple, yellow	½
(Note.—Known as fish-bone flower.)						
Zinnia, a h	½	8x8	July	12	Various	1 to 2
(Note.—One of the easiest to raise.)						

Note.—M is an abbreviation for May; J June; t, tender; h, hardy; and hh, half hardy. The abbreviations refer only to annuals, as only annuals are listed in the table.

Plant vegetables in May and June as follows: Beans (bush), beans (pole), cabbage, cauliflower, corn, cress, cucumber, lettuce, melons, Okra, peas, pumpkins, radish, spinach, ruta бага. May—Beets, beans (bush), brocoli, Brussels' sprouts, cauliflower, cress, kale, lettuce, mustard, peas, radish, spinach, turnip, ruta бага. June—All the vegetables mentioned in foregoing lists for May are available for June, and will reach maturity before adverse conditions of weather set in.

It is understood that flowers and vegetables are to be watered or irrigated.

The Publisher's Advice

Just a few words about the *Overland Monthly* for June, the contents of which will be up to a notably high standard.

The main feature will be the first installment of A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD, a serial by *Lionel Josaphare*. In this story the editor of the *Overland Monthly* confidently believes he has the most worthy piece of fiction of its type that has appeared in recent years, and he further believes that magazine readers will universally acknowledge its great entertaining powers. A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD is handled in three epochs: *Primitive Man*, *Ancient Civilization*, and *Modernity*, each a story in itself. To this is supplemented a twentieth century mythology, which is a retrospect from an imaginary future.



GLACIER PARK, of Montana, is one of the most wonderful offerings of nature that the world knows. And yet, comparatively few people know aught of GLACIER PARK, of its majesty and wonders. *Helen Fitzgerald Sanders*, well known to *Overland Monthly* readers for her truly absorbing nature tales, contributes in her happiest vein an article on GLACIER PARK, which, moreover, is made doubly interesting through a number of admirable photographs taken by Mrs. Sanders.



THE TALES OF THE EARLY CALIFORNIA BANDITS, by *John A. Henshall*, have proved of great interest to readers, and the June number will contain for the third tale in the series one centered upon the career of the notorious "Black Bart." Mr. Henshall, as in his stories of Joaquin Murieta in the April number, and of Vasquez and Soto in this number, has based his writing entirely upon the actual facts in the case obtained from the most authentic sources.



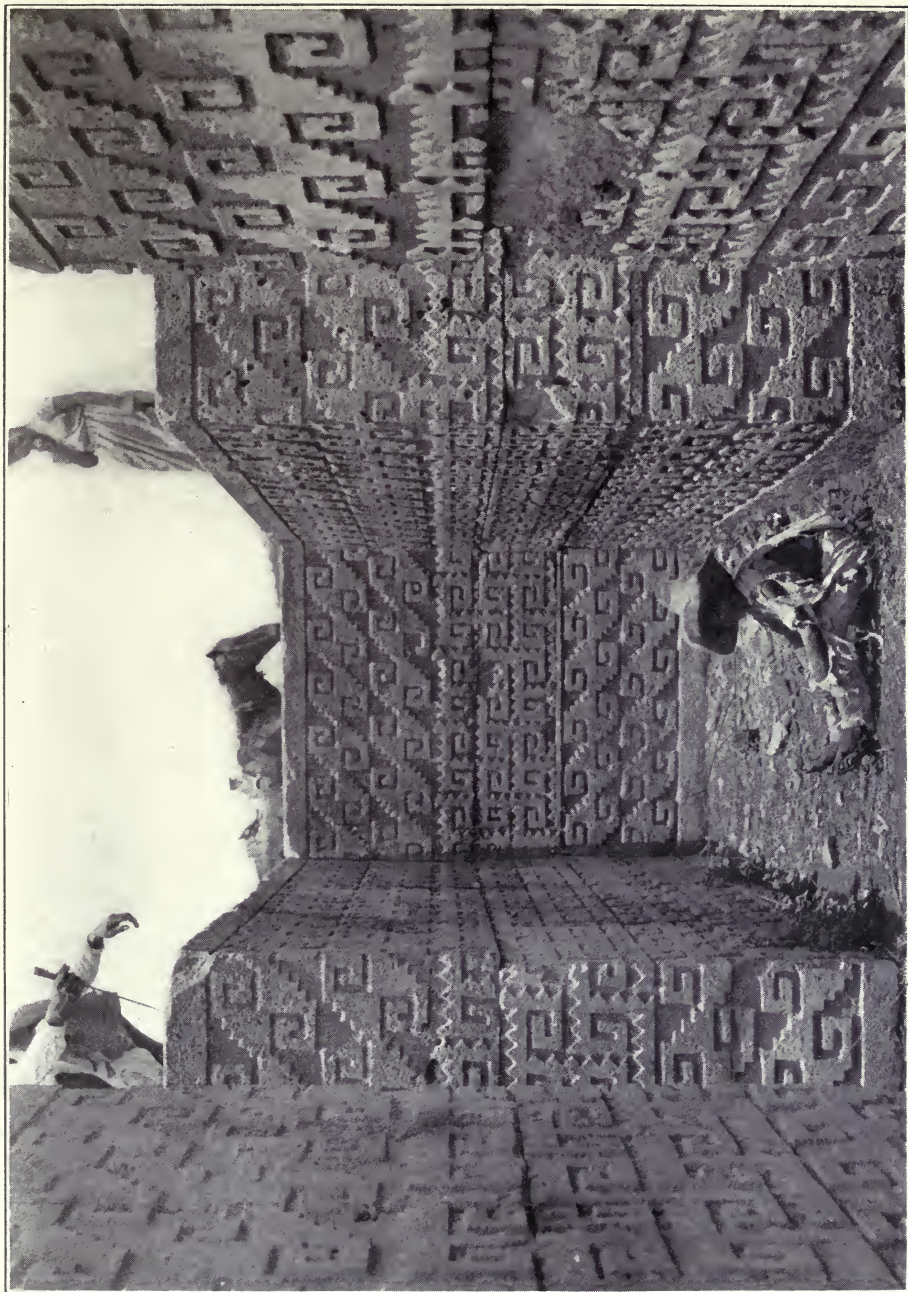
Barnett Franklin will have another of his caustic and humorous articles on stageland, illustrated with a number of full-page reproductions from the latest portraits of stage celebrities.

Fred A. Hunt, who knows the Indian as well as any man in the breadth of the country, and who contributes THE ADOBE WALLS ARGUMENT to this issue, will have a realistic tale illustrated with rare old photographs.

Pastor Russell continues to exploit the DIVINE PROGRAM, and his article will no doubt arouse the same interest as the others in the past.



There will be illustrated articles on ROADS IN CALIFORNIA, for the betterment of which the *Overland Monthly* has long stood, and various live topics of the hour will be handled in distinctive fashion. The fiction will be of a high order, will bear the marks of individuality, and will deal with a wide variety of subjects. The verse, too, will be notable for the standard maintained, and the magazine will be profusely illustrated.



MARVELOUS MEXICO—IN THE CRUSERO TOMB ON MOUNT GENRAN, NEAR THE RUINS OF MITLA, OAXACA. THESE ANCIENT CARVINGS ARE OF A DATE PREVIOUS TO THE REIGN OF THE AZTECS, AND ARE IDENTICAL IN MANY PARTICULARS WITH STONE CARVINGS IN YUCATAN AND PARTS OF EGYPT. OF LATE YEARS CERTAIN ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE ADVANCED THE IDEA THAT THE WORK IS CONCRETE, AND THAT IT WAS MADE IN MOULDS OF GIGANTIC SIZE. Photo by Sumner W. Matteson



MARVELOUS MEXICO.—ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CACAHUANULPA CAVES; THESE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES ARE EIGHT MILES LONG, AND THEY ARE SITUATED NEAR CUENTA DE IXTLA, GUENERO, MEXICO. COMPARE SIZE OF THE CAVE-OPENING WITH THE MEN IN THE GROUP

Photo by Sumner W. Matteson

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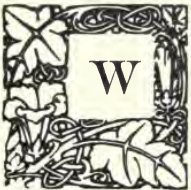
A FICTITIOUS HISTORY OF THE
WORLD

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

With this issue of the Overland Monthly is started a new serial by Lionel Josaphare. "A Fictitious History of the World" is a thing unique in modern literature, and it is confidently believed that Overland Monthly readers will universally acknowledge its great entertaining powers. Just by way of anticipation, it may be stated that the history has to do with the development of politics, religion, ambition, and romance through the centuries, handled in three epochs: Primitive Man, Ancient Civilization, and Modernity. To this is supplemented a Twentieth Century Mythology, which is a retrospect from an imaginary future. The four parts, it may also be stated, are complete in themselves.

The idea back of Mr. Josaphare's tale is that all we have in the world, metaphysically as well as bodily, is a matter of evolution. Mr. Josaphare theorizes that the sweetest emotion, like the most beautiful face, is a subconscious adaptation of the past; that the hand that paints an angel steadies itself with strength refined from the hand that fought the mammoth; that uncouth and prehistoric force is still in the heart of the man standing between four thousand years of didactic history and a hope of eternal heaven.—THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.



AH-WAH squatted on the mountain-side, unaware that he was living in prehistoric times. He scratched his chin, glanced to the right and left cautiously, and in-

spected his body with jerky movements of the head. Anon he looked up at the sky. Its blue was too bright, and he blinked. Wah-wah was out of his environment; that is, he was alone. The novelty of the solitude puzzled him and caused him to blink as had the sky.

This demi-man is not to be viewed as

a child of Nature so much as an ancestor of civilization. It is not that his actions are romantic, but that his thoughts, meandering through the perils of possible oblivion, constitute in their precarious way, a romance of the mind. Wah-wah might have perished, and modernity been none the wiser; on the contrary, it might have been at a remote epoch the less wise. At any rate, a Wah-wah was surely to come at some time; and whenever and however that might be, fiction finds him here on the side of a mountain.

He had been sick. He had been wounded in the belly at the last hunt and incapacitated for eating. With half-closed eyes, he had sprawled on a rock near the feast and watched the rhinoceros

meat go into the jowels of his friends. After a few more sleeps-in-the-dark, they had trooped forth to slay a cave bear, and, although Wah-wah was too weak to join in the slaughter, he came to the cutting-up for his portion. But the tribe had become so accustomed to his uneating aloofness, that they resented his demand and drove him back to his rock.

Thus had he become witted of the idea that, unless he participated in the killing, he would not be accommodated at the eating. The few roots that he had pulled up during the sick period had not satisfied him. Therefore, on becoming strong again, he made move to follow the men in the paths of the bear and the mammoth. But, during the sick-sick, his flint knife had been stolen. Without this he was no longer an equal of the others. The peers of that unlorded, stammering realm all bore flint knives. They now shouted at him: they chased him, and when he stopped as they did, they rebounded excitedly against him, not only to his tree, but farther on. They would have no more of him. He attempted to snatch a flint knife from one of them; whereupon the whole man-herd set upon him, and he fled.

It was all surprising, for seldom had he beheld them act in common except against an animal. Wah-wah was not an animal, that walked on four legs, and that could make only a few noises with its mouth. Thus, the combining against him, a custom reserved for the inferior creatures, he took as a degradation. It angered him. In anger he ran. And in such running there should have appeared to his memory a scene where an old hunter had been disrespected similarly and pursued. Subsequently the wrinkled victim had been treated to the further unfriendly act of being killed and devoured. With these recollections to inspire him, Wah-wah sped the more, until safely stabled among the rocks of the mountain.

Here, for a time, he crouched in the shadow of a tree that extended into the azure above him. He had naught to do with these matters of scenery. Life had been but a few experiences. Mainly it was eating; it was eating and—the idea was inevitable—the wielding of flints. This outlaw, this son of no one, this

blinker at the skies, this dazzled fumbling buffoon began to move. Now he was searching among the rocks for a new flint. Some of those he had known were long, and could be wrapped with grasses for a handle, or, better, on a piece of bough. They would kill a man and some beasts with one thrust in the neck. Wah-wah moved to and fro, kicking the smaller stones with naked foot; falling and brushing among them with his hands, rearing himself and roving hither and thither, protruding his head this way and that, and occasionally pausing to listen. He found many stones that would destroy life by throwing or pounding, but none that would bring much blood by piercing. He desired a sharp, edged one that could be fitted to a bough and swung at an enemy.

As his ill-luck prolonged, his hate increased. In his loudest voice he called the stones by the contemptible names of beasts. He plucked up some and cast them at others in revenge for not serving him as he wished. One of them bore crude resemblance to a dog. Seizing it, he yelled.

"Dog, dog, puppy-dog stone!" and hurled it upon a larger rock.

What followed caused Wah-wah to huddle in wonder-fear. His shaggy eyebrows quivered; his nostrils spoke in short, quick whispers; his lips parted in a snarl; the teeth were exposed and canine fangs bared to their length as if an enemy confronted. For a moment, Wah-wah's body, naked, became stiff as with sudden cold.

The stone had burst into many pieces of flint, several of the sort for which he had been looking. With a wild grunt, he gathered them up. No other man had ever possessed as many cutting stones. He knew what to do with them. There was a tree with whose inner working few were familiar. Its nether bark could be mauled into shreds. This tree he found, and at once proceeded to his task. He made a little mill of two stones, and pummeled out the fibres, which, when obtained he twisted into a cord. While it was yet daylight, he made shorter cords, fitting them in loops to the flints. When this was done, he inserted the long strand through the loops. The prize lay on the

ground. Wah-wah was its lone spectator. It was his.

In the bottomless pit of time, this man had now scaled a narrow footing of the cliff. To him the past was naught more than the astonishment of a little while ago. Memory was scarcely of use. Races were, if not unexistent, unknown. Barbarism was yet to come. Wah-wah was, therefore, neither a hero nor a philosopher nor a dreamer nor a worshiper nor a tenant of any place. He was merely human. In secluding himself after the pursuit, he was shattering precedent. In stringing his flints he was living in advance of his age.

Thus far had he gone. It was questionable, not to himself, but hypothetically, whether he would go further. He might forget. There was no sense of honor to clasp; no goal in the future to allure or even to baffle. He was not sufficiently intelligent to be amazed in a critical way. With one idea he grappled: the desire to possess and maintain possession of the flints. With a knife in each hand, how could he carry the others? He hung them on his arm; they might slip off. He placed them about his neck; they would impede him in fighting. He surrounded his waist with them, and there they fitted. Between his palms he rubbed the fag-ends of the cord and securely spliced it.

By this time it was night. In the moonlight he forgot his fear with joy. He strutted back and forth. The flints rattled at his flanks. He took grotesque steps to rattle them the more. This shuffling movement finally became a sort of dance, augmented with the swinging of his stout-handled flint and accompanied with death-groans of imaginary foes.

Soon, becoming tired, he lay beneath an overhanging rock, and slept.

Good-night, Wah-wah. Thou sleepest. Retired into thy unconsciousness, the world disturbs thee not. About thy rock it is dark. The world is undiscovered; the skies are unnamed. The gods are not yet born. Piled interminably above thy head are the delights of a future still prehistoric. Civilization spreads above those cliffs of time. From its undevise ramparts, some fameless spirit or angel, sitting, lets down a silver cord to the

jagged weapon in thy hand, and thou awakest.

When Wah-wah awoke, he inspected himself carefully, and breakfasted on berries and the juice of the huge nut.

A young goat pranced near him. Round and about it went, frisking up a rock and down another. Lifting its head, it gave the lost-cry for its dam. Presently it ventured to a near space. With a bound, Wah-wah descended upon it, gashing its throat and breaking its neck simultaneously. His hands were yet instinctive with their own destructive force.

The quarry was then cut up, part of it eaten raw, and the remainder laid upon a rock to dry. With the blood, Wah-wah smeared his face. The half-clotted gore, mixed with earth, made red and black streaks. Berry juice he also applied to his head and neck. He made wounds in his arms and thighs, from which the blood trickled in stripes and gules.

Thus disguised, he went down into the valley. His appearance would be strange. No other man had performed such feats. He was terrible to look upon—with a new terror. They would see in him that which they could not understand. He was mad with originality; frenzied with ideas.

As he passed along, the sky darkened and lit suddenly. The loudest shouting he had ever heard came from the invisible. Half appalled and half beautified with adventure, he made for the lowland, chased by stupendous noises. Before them he howled, yet brandished his sword. He gave the cry of dismay and then the growl that was a threat. He was demoralized by the storm, yet valiantly partook of its wildness.

He knew that the community trembled at these outbursts of the sky. They never fought or ate while it thundered. He would take them in their fear and slay a few.

With mighty yells he mingled with them where they crouched amid the rocks and trees. As he careered about them, flame opened the branches of a tree. Out of it dropped a man blackened and lifeless. His companions shrunk away. So horrified were they that the distance to which they would rush seemed to press them backwards to the inescapable.

Wah-wah, personifying the thunder and lightning, rolled and swayed amongst them, slashing them with his death-stone, that they bled. Some dashed to the trees and some to the cliffs. Wah-wah, changed out of certain recognition, danced about, rattling his flints and leaving no doubt that he was the creature that had brought the previous thunders.

While the consternation yet lasted, he pursued a woman; and, she forced to accompany him, the two disappeared in the hills.

The others, after a while, returned to the valley. The storm passed over—out of their minds as out of their skies. The incident, though marvelous, left no lengthy comment. The colony was injured to violence in many forms.

When Wah-wah had brought the woman to the mountain cave, he spoke to her. She did not reply. This was odd. All the hairless creatures that could walk erect could talk. This one apparently was not an ourang-outang. Her skin was white; her hair long and black. Perhaps she was one of those outlandish beings that occasionally fell into the hands of the tribe. These strangers were ignorant, but probably had a language sufficient for their own base needs. However, after many disagreeable attempts to converse with her, Wah-wah felt it necessary to make her understand that she belonged to him.

So he smote her on the face.

A cry of dread broke from her startled mouth. In the murk of the cave, her eyes shone venomously. Wah-wah, angered at her anger, drew nearer. Male and female history confronted. Her womanhood was still that of mere sex. His gallantry was the force of nature. He glowered like a conqueror infuriated with the banners of his own rights. Like white birds dashing in a darkened sky, fears crossed her face. Again his hand blazed her cheek, arousing a responsive cry. Then, without warning, springing leopard-like out of her dismay, she seized his arm and tore it with her teeth. With leaping hands, he attacked her again and strove to shake her off. Unable to do so, he brought down his own head to her shoulder and bit bloodily.

Her head whirled and returned, grind-

ing his jaw between her jaws. His teeth took a blood-bringing grip in her neck.

With cry to cry and rejoinder wound with wound, their white forms moved across the dim and rocky chamber. Not even man and woman, at times, but two conflicting angers, each struggled not for mastery now, but for survivorship. Adhesively he brought his powerful fists to her evasive head, and she scratched when he thrust away her bite.

Then this indiscriminate gnashing ceased, giving way to slower and more determined onslaughts. Wah-wah vented a howl, and closed with his fangs. A pause and then she of the form of mothers bled his flesh. Another cessation, and another respective show of hostility. Finally, with a relinquishing bleat, she dropped and lay conquered against the uneven wall.

Wah-wah had to signify his victory, and, more than that, his good will. He pressed against her cheek, took the flesh gently between his jaws, and did not bite. He drew away, and she, raising her exhausted head, went through the act of biting him, but did not break the wound. Each performed this mimicry several times in token of truce.

Thereafter, in their companionship, Wah-wah ever found pleasure in reverting to this congenial symbolism. Frequently the pair locked teeth together, attesting the love between their most hostile features. In the course of time, they bore softer evidence of the act with their lips only. It was the first human kiss.

In Wah-wah's community, woman was a no more inviolable possession than food. They who were minded to rob a man of his mate, did not hesitate to try, unless remembrance of a previous unsuccessful attempt made them beware. Therefore, and during several changes of moons and weather, Wah-wah choose to remain in the mountains with his now willing captive. In his trivial moments, he liked to watch her and play "fun-bite," as he named kissing. It was also his whim to search for more stones that would smash up into knife-like shapes. Instead of precipitating them against a rock, he learned to strike them with a larger stone.

During one of these stone-splittings, he observed a spark fly out. It reminded him in an infinitesimal way of the light-

ning that came from the sky when the sky spoke loud. He was pleased to bring this about. Often he sat amid the rocks, striking, striking, striking the flints together, looking for the tiny bit of color to appear and vanish.

In this operation, particles of flint would flake off, until Wah-wah found that he could fashion the blades into almost any shape. He made strange weapons, to swing, to thrust and to chop. However, the flint sparks interested most. The more quickly the flint was smitten, the more sparks were emitted. No matter how numerous the flying twinkles, the supply was never diminished. Eventually he rubbed the implements furiously until a flamy shower developed on either side of the hand-stone, and the grinding of the uneven surfaces became more resounding.

"Me thunder-man," he grinned to his mate. "Good little puppy-dog stone! Wah-wah tells make noise and quick-star. See quick-star! Good little puppy-dog stone, always make noise and quick-star for Wah-wah. Wah-wah likes you. Wah-wah give stone plenty to eat. Wah-wah give stone fun-bite of love."

He brought the flint to his lips. It was warm as the woman's mouth.

"Ainu! Ainu!" he called her.

She appeared, girt with battle-knives, and from the entrance of the cave, ran down to his place on the cliff.

"Warm flesh!" he cried, pressing the stone to her lips.

"No warm flesh," Ainu grunted.

He bit the stone again. It was cold.

Then he rubbed it again on the larger flint, and Ainu found it hot. Between the two, it was concluded that the stone was alive, and should be fed. They gave it meat; but it consumed none. Finally, Ainu said, in the language she had learned of the man:

"Stones hunt in grass; eat tree leaves fallen."

In this wisdom, Wah-wah acquiesced. He lay yellow grass on the flat stone and abraded it with the smaller one, muttering the while:

"Eat, little star-stone, eat! Eat, little puppy-dog stone. Come out and live for Wah-wah. Wah-wah thunder-man."

The sparks were in a spray. Excitedly

he continued the friction. He was oblivious of time. Presently some of the grass was scorched.

"Look!" exclaimed Wah-wah. "Star-stone eat some. Wah-wah give plenty grass to star-stone. Hiyo muckamuck!"

Suddenly one of the sparks in the grass showed larger than the others.

"Come to Wah-wah, big star!" he chuckled. "Come to Wah-wah, big star. Always come when Wah-wah calls."

More of the big stars appeared in the grass, leaving spots of black.

"Look! Many-star eats!"

Ainu dropped more grass in the path of the flint.

But the stars now grew faster than the two could have predicted. And at last came the largest star ever seen. It was of irregular shape and waddled about and ate grass with frightful rapidity.

Wah-wah and Ainu jumped away. Before they recovered from their astonishment the flame was almost extinct. But he gave it more grass. So voracious, however, was the fire that he brought it more solid food, the bark of trees. These went more slowly. And then:

"Eat whole tree," shouted Wah-wah, bringing a bough.

Flames spread over the leaves and branches.

"Star-animal bite me," Wah-wah howled, feeling the heat.

Devising that the star-animal had bitten him in demand for more food, he acted accordingly. Thus the two petted the new creature until night. For days they did little else than feeding the flames and themselves. In the morning the fire would be found asleep in the ashes, but always awoke for food. They found it a wild thing that always bit when approached too near. In fact, it was better to watch it at a distance and avoid the disagreeable sensation of warmth in the body, and especially in the eyes. Also, its crackling voice boded an ill nature.

Subsequently they discovered that the fire-animal could have little children. Portions of burning bough would fall out, and these grew rapidly upon being fed.

One day Wah-wah contemplated bringing the fire-animal into the valley for all to see. After many disastrous attempts,

he conceived the following plan, and carried it out to advantage. With a heavy flint hatchet he hewed down a tall tree. Then he put a child-fire among the branches. It grew slowly there, for fire-children were not fond of green food. Wah-wah took the tree trunk under his arm and dragged it along, while Ainu trudged in the rear, supplying dried grasses in small quantities whenever the flames seemed going to sleep in the boughs.

Wah-wah expressed the fear that his friends in the valley might be away and that the two would have to wander far along the river bank to find them. But in the early delight of bewildering these ignorant ones, there was to be no disappointment.

The wayfaring of the two fire-catchers into the valley was magnificent. It would have been magnificently impossible had the soil thereabouts been less rocky and vegetation more abundant. Here and there along the path, the drier grasses ignited. At first the whiffs of pastoral perfume signalled no danger. Anon the flames widened, and it was not long before the mountain forest was blazing above them. The yellow destruction flickered earthward and made hellish weather in the sky. In one direction, the melting lineaments of the flames were like a hallucination of Nature; in another the tawny outburst was howling and massing like a myriad of lions. On the celestial borders of the warmth, mellow radiances overflowed the atmosphere, lavish of illusions and moving with a fearful exsufflation.

Wah-wah and Ainu plodded along. Before them were their purple-gray shadows; behind them, an illumination fiercer than the sun's, of which, fainter shadows followed the pair in their journey. Near the base of the hill, the thicket took fire as Wah-wah hauled the flame-laden branches over them.

They were met by clusters of men in the valley. Birds went twittering helter-skelter and unnaturally through the cinerous air. In the hills were the resounding exclamations of beasts. Men were shrieking on the plain. The very heavens were yelping.

Wah-wah was quite in the mood for it

all. The conflagration was like an attribute of his own grandeur. But withal, he was tired and hot.

"Come," he called to his fellows. "Touch and feel bite."

They were panic-stricken as an army of fiends cast out of heaven. Wah-wah did not follow them. He wished to drink at a stream. Covetously he pulled the blazing burden through the trees to the brookside, not trusting it to the proximity of the others. Ainu followed it, fuelling, to the consternation of the on-lookers.

In a moment, the forest became entangled with flame. Wah-wah was hot and leaned over the stream to drink. When he arose to look for Ainu, she was not there. He endeavored to drag the tree further, but could hardly find it in the smoke. The forest was like a sky of fire descending upon him.

Wah-wah struggled forward, his eyes watery and throat in pain.

Then he fell to the ground and soon was dead. The flames proceeded over him.

CHAPTER II.

The scene at night was a fantastic one unto the tribe. In the distance, trees were still fitfully burning. The nearer darkness was dotted with starlike embers. The open plain had given refuge; yet it was breezy with smoke, from which the affrighted ones scurried as from the blaze.

Ainu walked as near the charred forest as she dared. Somberly she passed to and fro, wailing, "Wah-wah, Wah-wah, come to Ainu. Wah-wah! Wah-wah, come to Ainu, Wah-wah!"

The embers on the twigs glowed less while the woman yet wandered, calling, "Wah-wah! Ainu calls Wah-wah." The glittering ornaments dwindled from the branches, and still she penetrated further, calling Wah-wah.

In the moonlight, her naked white figure shone against the trees and blackness. All were fearful of her courage, and still she passed through the gloom. Occasionally she fell on her knees and put her hands to the ground; from which attitude she reared her head as a dog, and howled "Wah-wah!" Then she arose and

again groped along the edge of the burned woods. Behind the sooty trunks, she appeared and disappeared as when entering the moonlight or the shade.

This was prolonged through the night. At daybreak, Ainu climbed to the mountain cave; for Wah-wah might be there. But no trace of his presence was about, save the handiwork of his past. A few flint weapons were on the floor of the cavern and some flesh of birds and beasts he had slain.

Of this she feasted, and then slept.

In the morning a number of conflicts were taking place on the plain below. The victor's prize was to be Ainu. It required no nice discrimination among the bloody gashes and men inflicted with the wound of the never wake-up, that Botu was the worthiest to claim her. Botu was the tallest of the tribe. His voice was the loudest nearby and in the distance. He was foremost in attacking the cave-beast. He ate the most and was feared the most.

When Ainu awoke, Botu was standing in the light of her cave.

She arose. There was no more Wah-wah. She picked up one of Wah-wah's hunting knives and followed whither Botu led.

But in his cave she lay strengthless. Botu brought her the flesh of the bear and milk of the goat in a wooden bowl. She answered little when he spoke, and yet he did not slay her as the sick were sometimes slain; for hers was the sickness of child-soon; and therefore Botu brought food, although she had not assisted at the cutting up.

It was not long before she was nursing the son of Wah-wah. Botu wished to kill it. But the mother struck a flint with Wah-wah's sword, and yelled, "Thunder-child!" Botu beheld the sparks and was afraid.

"Star-animals live in Wah-wah's sword, and star-animals eat all the trees. Ainu make them come," she said.

And Botu the Big trembled.

Subsequently the mother became amicable and consented to Botu's wooing. She taught him the fun-bite. She took him where the smash-up rocks yielded many flints. She instructed him in the art of chipping their edges. Lastly she

taught him the making of quick-stars from the flints and to bid them grow larger until they remained to eat the dry grass.

With these additions to his natural prowess, Botu augmented his leadership of the tribe. The number and shapes of his knives were unlimited. He wore a belt of the blades, that all could see. He walked in a new manner that made the flints rattle. This strut he occasionally increased to a dance. He was first in the hunt and demanded the largest share. He devoured the most and saved most.

That was as far as his leadership went. He might have imposed further; but his imagination had attained its limit. He was lord of the feast and captain of the trail. Bodily and spiritually thus were his aspirations content. Of his inferiors, he required naught more than the largest share.

Eventually he became old, accepting his lack of agility with that fortitude characteristic only of the philosopher and the brute. A younger and stronger man, to prove Botu's lack of leaderlike qualifications, fought and slew him; and slew Ainu, who was unprotected, because she was no longer beautiful. Her two children, one the son of Wah-wah, the other, daughter of Botu, were spared, because they were but two, and had been honored with the title of Thunder Children.

These men were the superiors in the plains and on the mountains: for they hunted and ate together. The others roamed and divided from time to time. The colony lived near a lake that supplied them with abundant fish. Experts in diving, they could plunge into the lake or stream and emerge with a thumb in the gills of the watery game, which they sliced and dried in the sun. It was this lake and the peculiar structure of the cliffs nearby that maintained their association.

Many seasons after the death of Botu and the death of his conqueror, the Lake Dwellers had much to be proud of. They possessed the largest and most serviceable weapons known. They had fire and ate burned meat. They had clay pots.

Out of the pots and burned meat and spears arose Ugwuf of the Flint Chain. In all ken and in all memory, he was the

mightiest. He was tall, that he could ford where others swam. The nearest rivals could walk under his chin. His legs were straight, and most of theirs bandy, that none could escape his pursuit. His chest was like the haunches of a bear. In rage he beat it as a drum. His jaws moved like little animals. His brows were even as muscular, that in scowling they half covered the eyelids. With his spear at three lengths, he could transfix a man to a tree.

When he desired to hunt the mammoth or march with spears against enemies, Ugwuf called his fellows, and they battled alongside. If they refused, he speared them.

Later, Ugwuf of the Flint Chain, maintained about him ten men, who, when he was indolent, killed those who disobeyed.

None save he dared wear their flints on a waist-cord. The others were naked. His mate, Kwa, wore a simple spearhead attached to a girdle as a sign that she was of Ugwuf and that no other should woo her. His four children each wore a belt with small flint pendant, to warn all not to injure.

The Lakemen gloried in their ability to rush in a concentrated mass and slaughter wandering strangers. A few strangers or many, the Lakemen still sallied in the same conformation. The representation of their strength they beheld in their leader. When any of the outlanders were espied, Ugwuf would grasp his spear, rattle his Flint Girdle, howl with blood-rage, beat his breast with fist thunders and dance. Behind him in a long line danced the fighters to the rhythm of his flints and the time-beating of his fists. None could withstand their attack.

About this time, a momentous question was agitating the minds of the Lakemen. Among the animals hunted for meat, there occasionally had come under the weapons of the tribe what were termed "fool-beasts." A fool-beast was large as a bear; on its head were two horns, which it sometimes lowered to repel an attacking party, but for the most part made little defense except feeble attempts to run away. Its meat was undoubtedly the best. It had a bag of milk larger than the goat's. The ease with which these beasts were followed and despatched commended them espec-

ially to those Lakemen that hunted in twos and threes. However, the fool-beasts had always been scarce.

One day a few Lakemen, ascending a distant hill hitherto untrod by them, beheld a herd of fool-beasts, followed by men, wending along the hillside below. The Lakemen were without their leader, and refrained from battle. They hastened back to the tribe and informed Ugwuf.

Ugwuf was an impulsive soldier. He was for immediate assemblage and march over the hills. Fight quick and fight much was his military training, tactics and general wisdom combined. It was everywhere substantiated with considerable success.

Among his subjects was one Pobolo. Pobolo was rath and rather, forward and froward among his fellows. None knew just why, as there was need of but one chief, who controlled all. Perhaps because Pobolo was very fat and bodily notable, he was seen often. At any rate, the Lakemen thought they saw him oftener than any one else among them. Not every one was friendly with every other; but all knew Pobolo the Fat. He talked much, too. He talked more than any one could listen.

Long ago, Pobolo had desired to be chief. Ugwuf had vanquished him. Pobolo was not slain, because, instead of yelling with fear or shouting hatred as the others, when he lay on the ground, he wiggled clownishly, performed ludicrous feats and behaved in so genial a manner that the chief was amused and let him depart. The disambitioned one recovered from his wounds and consoled himself with eating. It was not full solace; there was something in him that food could not quite satisfy. He had a taste for pomp, and, when fighting Ugwuf, had girt himself with spearheads of equal splendor with which to oppose that mighty and chief-like form. The spectators trembled when they beheld two men with the same emblem of authority. It was without precedent. Ugwuf wrenched the belt from the fat one's defeated flanks, and the latter did not attempt the decoration again. He yearned to; but gormandizing swelled him out of combative proportions, and he desisted.

Since that time, Pobolo had approached

the chief many times with presents of weapons.

"Pobolo no good fighter," he would say. "Ugwuf great fighter always. Ugwuf will never fall down."

And, although everybody knew this, Ugwuf was fain to hear it proclaimed whenever Pobolo was in the mood. At the time of the intended excursion to the country of the fool-beasts, Pobolo addressed his chief so:

"Pobolo speaks no good. Ugwuf speaks everything right."

Ugwuf was in the battle mood and merely grunted in reply to this eulogy.

"Pobolo asks to speak about fighting," continued the primitive statesman. "Pobolo hangs his head so Ugwuf kill in the neck if he feels good to do it." And he gave the first profound courtly bow.

"Ugwuf speaks about fighting after the fight," retorted the monarch.

"Pobolo knows some good to speak."

The chief, squatting among his spears, straightened up, and, with one of the heavy weapons, prodded the speaker in the belly, as a token of his mixed indulgence and impatience. Pobolo bore this meekly, then resumed:

"Pobolo has poor words for great Ugwuf. Poor words may be good some time. Pobolo says if soon—come—perhaps—"

What he meant was that Pobolo had an idea, but, hardly able to express the hypothetical, and Ugwuf having no word in his vocabulary to help him out, the sentence remained unfinished. Then Pobolo said:

"Great big Ugwuf, only Chief of the Flint Girdle, man that never falls down, leader of all killing fighters, listen to poor, weak, wobbly Pobolo."

The chief assumed a dignified squat, with hands on hips. And the adviser blurted out:

"Before going to fight, send two men to see country where other fighters eat."

The chief looked up queerly, and replied, "Yes—no;" which meant that perhaps he would.

He drummed his chest. A vassal approached.

"Whistle," commanded the king.

The varlet took a marrow-bone from his hair and whistled long. Crowds dropped from trees and caves. From them

Ugwuf selected two men of those that had seen the distant cattle, and bade them go again and not to fight nor hunt, but return and tell what they might see.

In the meantime Pobolo was behested to remain by his chief and maybe speak more soon. Pobolo enjoyed the distinction. He sat on the ground near the stalwart leader and gazed upon him; thence he surveyed his comrades; oft-soons blinked and looked the other way.

The Lakemen were anxious for news; but their scouts did not return that night. Upon the next morning, they appeared, running.

"Many-many people, many-many fool-beasts!" they cried. "Many spears, many everything!" Then they asked for food.

"What has Pobolo to say?" inquired Ugwuf.

The statesman counted his fingers, for what reason it is difficult to say, unless the act was at that epoch an aristocratic gesture denoting profound thought. When he had enumerated his digits three times, Pobolo delivered himself of the following:

"Everybody come. Fighters come, women come, child come. First, kill all sick and old and baby-child. Too much fool-beast. Cannot bring back over mountain. Kill all enemy and live with fool-beast."

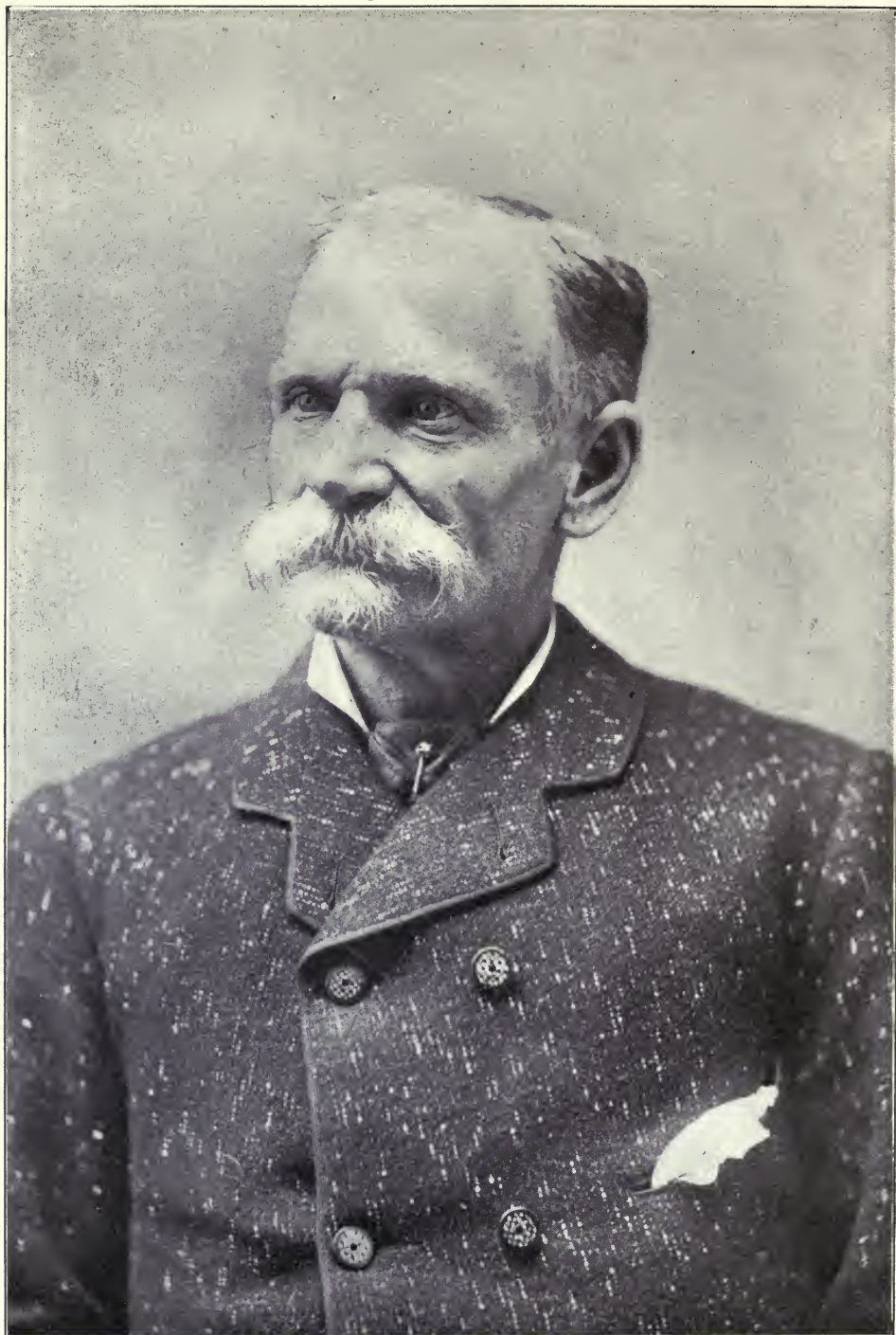
"Good!" ejaculated the king.

Immediately those incapable of the journey were sought out. Their death-squeals were short. And the whole population, thus put upon a war footing, made ready to depart.

Two scouts went far ahead. Ugwuf carried spear and sword. Behind him in single file, undulating over the hills, marched the whole tribe of Lakemen, their women and their dogs.

The procession was confronted at noon by sight of the enemy. It was not a staunch enemy. Its people had captured a herd of cattle, and, finding the slow-moving beasts easy of approach and half-starved in a sandy country, led them to the grass for their milk. The band had none of accoutrements that might have been theirs upon long pastoral employments. Almost defenseless, after a combat that wavered buoyantly for a short spell, they cowered beneath the assailing weapons.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



BLACK BART

TALES OF THE EARLY CALIFORNIA BANDITS

III—BLACK BART

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

This is the third in the Overland Monthly's series of articles on the early California bandits. The story of "Black Bart" will be found to be fully as interesting, if not more so, than the ones that have preceded it, for "Black Bart" was a decidedly unusual "bandit," and his career was along vastly different lines than those of his bloodthirsty predecessors.—THE EDITOR.



WITH THE capture and execution of Vasquez, and the killing of Soto in the earlier seventies, backed by strenuous and immediate action on the part of the American authorities toward the criminally inclined, the numerous Mexican outlaws either left the State or returned to honest occupations. And at the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, California became a well-populated American commonwealth and the long stretches of the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara, and other valleys were quickly dotted with prosperous agricultural communities, while mining was prosecuted with undiminished vigor in the Sierras.

Black Bart can hardly be called a bandit in the same appreciation of the term that Murietta or Soto were recognized as such. His career is fully as interesting, however, as any of the villains whom the mythical Sherlock Holmes discomfited, and he was captured only after a long and patient application of the methods adopted by Conan Doyle's famous detective. For seven years, beginning with 1877, robberies and stage hold-ups were committed in the mountain regions, and the methods employed by the lone robber were so unusual and characteristic that there could

be no doubt that they were perpetrated by the same individual. Black Bart never took a human life. He never fired a bullet, for the simple reason that he did all his work with an unloaded shotgun, and depended solely on the moral effect of the presentation of the weapon at the head of the victim. He worked this monumental bluff twenty-seven times. On the twenty-eighth it was called with disastrous ultimate consequences, as the narrative will show.

In the summer of 1877, the stage driver was urging his horses on the road from Fort Ross to Russian River. There were no passengers on this particular trip, and the man of the ribbons wished to reach his destination in a hurry. Suddenly, at a bend in the road, a man appeared and dictated terms to the driver at the point of a shotgun. As a result of the interview, the stage driver handed over the mail bags, and the Wells-Fargo treasure box, containing some \$300, which was increased by a few dollars the robber secured from the mail sacks. The highwayman was most courteous, and offered no violence to his victim. He disappeared with celerity, and the driver whipped up his team and notified the authorities of the occurrence. A vigilant search was made, but without success.

In the spring of the following year a lone highwayman again stopped the stage

between Quincy and Oroville, and robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box of coin, jewels, and bullion, amounting to a considerable sum, in addition to rifling the mails. He seems to have met with no resistance, and after telling the driver to move on, sat down by the wayside and indicted a few lines, dedicating them to Wells, Fargo & Co. It was here that Black Bart made his first false move. His desire to perpetrate a peculiar practical joke gave the initial clue to his identity. The lines are as follows:

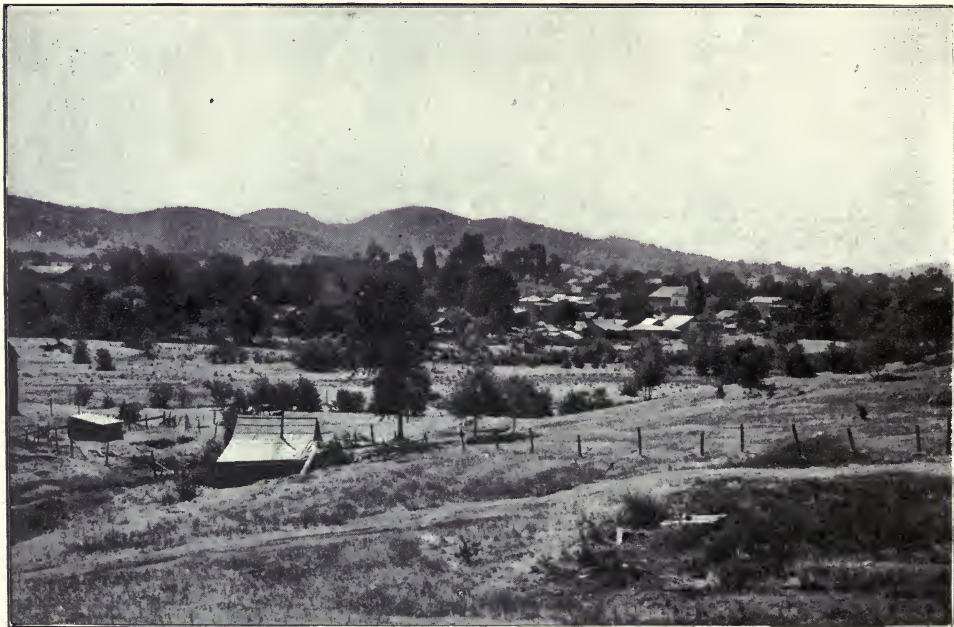
"Here I lay me down to sleep,
 To wait the coming morrow,
 Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,
 And everlasting sorrow.
 Yet come what will—I'll try it on,
 My condition can't be worse,
 And, if there's money in that box
 'Tis money for my purse.
 "BLACK BART, P. O. 8."

These two robberies, although in different localities and committed a year apart, were so exactly alike as to the manner in which they were carried out that the belief was entertained that they were both the

work of the unknown Black Bart, and, as he so plainly indicated that he meant to collect his living in this manner in the future, the authorities felt peculiarly anxious to make his acquaintance.

The Federal Government offered a reward of \$300 for the capture of the robber. Wells, Fargo & Company offered \$300 more, to which the Postal authorities added \$200, making a total of \$800. These offers were duplicated after each succeeding robbery, until a total of \$18,000 was offered for the apprehension of Black Bart. Many and varied were the crimes ascribed to him, but all were committed in within certain boundaries, and netted goodly sums to the man who had determined to collect his living from a cold and allegedly unappreciative world.

In July, 1878, the stage from Laporte to Oroville was stopped and robbed. In October, 1878, just three months later, evidently laboring under financial stress, Black Bart flagged the stage running between Covelo and Ukiah with his empty shotgun. His reward on this occasion was presumably large, for it was in September, nearly two years later, that he again took to the road and held up the way-



A VIEW OF JAMESTOWN. IN THE FOREGROUND IS SHOWN THE STAGE ROAD, THE SCENE OF MANY OF THE BLACK BART HOLDUPS



A VIEW OF THE TYPICAL COUNTRY OF CALAVERAS

farers from Weaverville to Shasta. All this time, the sheriffs and Wells-Fargo detectives were engaged in a still hunt for the mysterious bandit. Save for the doggerel verse pinned to a tree on the occasion of his second exploit, no clue was forthcoming. He seemingly disappeared into the thin mountain air.

Until November, 1883, at intervals, long or short according to his financial success, his funds were replenished by hold-ups in the same districts. On the third day of that month the stage from Sonora, bound for Milton, was stopped near Copperopolis by a lone highwayman. This individual, with a flour sack over his head, perforated by two holes for the eyes, emerged from a thicket skirting the road as the stage was passing, and commanded a halt. The compelling motive for obedience was the same old unloaded shotgun, and it was abundantly sufficient.

The driver was ordered to descend and unhitch his team—there being no passengers—which he did, and drove the horses to the back of the stage, where he remained awaiting further instructions. The treasure box was dragged from the seat, and for half an hour Black Bart worked and wrestled with the obdurate lock. Fin-

ally success crowned his efforts, and he gathered amalgam, gold dust and coin of the realm to the amount of \$4,800, and was about to depart with his booty, when an Italian boy armed with a rifle hove in sight.

The driver beckoned the youngster to advance cautiously and hand him the gun, which he succeeded in doing unobserved. As soon as O'Connell, for that was the driver's name, secured the weapon, he opened fire on the highwayman, who was departing with his booty. The robber, who could not have returned the fire for the very good reason that he never operated with a loaded weapon, ran into the brush, Driver O'Connell following and continuing to shoot. Black Bart again escaped, but he left behind his hat and a silk handkerchief, which eventually gave the clues that resulted in his arrest. This robbery was the 28th committed by Black Bart, as he stated after his capture. On inspection the handkerchief was found to contain a laundry mark, F. O. X. 7.

At this stage of the game, the services of ex-Sheriff Harry N. Morse were enlisted, and the tell-tale handkerchief was placed in his hands as affording the **best** clue to the identity of a man who, for

seven years, had baffled the entire State. A long and tiresome inspection of laundries ensued. It was determined that the robber had his washing done in some San Francisco laundry, and books of the ninety-one establishments then located in the city by the Golden Gate were scanned over and over. After several days of this tedious work, the tell-tale mark was found on the books of a laundry office on Bush street, between Kearney and Montgomery, kept by a man named Ware. In response to Morse's inquiry, it was ascertained that the laundry mark was that of one Charles E. Bolton, who was well-known as a patron of the establishment.

Ware announced that Bolton was a mining man, who alternated between the city and his mines, and had just left the same morning on one of his usual country trips. Assuming that he wished to consult Bolton as an expert on the value of some ores in his possession, the detective asked Ware to describe Bolton's personal appearance. The laundryman replied willingly enough and added that Bolton resided at the Webb House on Second street. "Shadows" were then placed on the house, but the much-wanted man did not appear, and, after a few days, Morse again called on Ware, and re-opened the conversation with him about Bolton.

While thus engaged, the laundryman looked out on the street and suddenly exclaimed: "Why, there he comes now. Come outside and I will introduce you." The detective stepped out, and a few moments later was introduced to Bolton under the name of Charles Richardson. This took place about five o'clock in the evening, and the veteran officer, speaking of the occurrence only a few days ago in this year of our Lord, said: "I knew at once from the description and his hollow voice that the fellow was Black Bart."

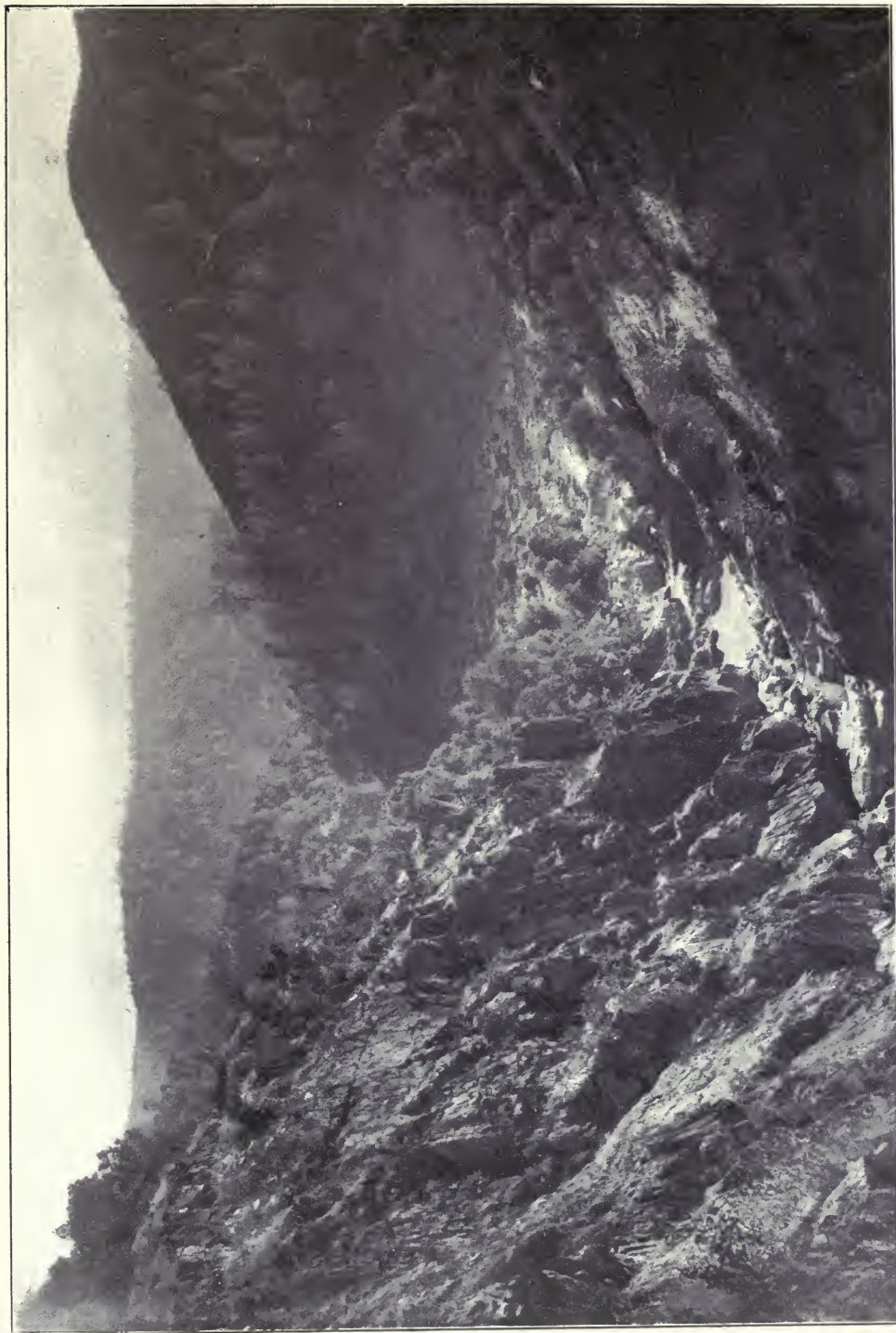
He was elegantly dressed, and came sauntering down the street swinging a light cane. He wore a natty Derby hat, a diamond pin, a large diamond ring on his finger and a heavy gold watch and chain. He was about five feet eight inches in height, and erect as a soldier, with fine broad shoulders. His eyes were deep-sunken and a keen blue. His high cheekbones and a handsome gray mustache with imperial complete the description of his

personal appearance. Altogether he presented a very prosperous exterior, and would at once by the casual observer have been placed in the category of a gentleman of leisure intent only on enjoyment for the hour. A glance at the portrait of the notorious stage robber on another page will disclose a cast of countenance and bearing not usually associated with men engaged in criminal work.

After a few moment's conversation, punctuated with a visit to a neighboring place devoted to the dispensing of liquid refreshments, the detective asked Black Bart, for such we will now call him, if he was not a mining man. The gentlemanly outlaw admitted that he was, and, unsuspecting, agreed to accompany Morse to his place of business and pronounce judgment on some ore specimens which his newly-made acquaintance placed at great value.

Arm in arm, the detective and the stage robber walked down Bush street to Montgomery, thence to California street, and from there to 320 Sansome street, where the offices of Wells, Fargo & Co. were then located. Before the robber knew it, he was sitting in the private office of the company's special agent. Black Bart was perfectly calm, but great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead as he entered the office. He realized that a strange and ominous turn had been given to this casual meeting with a greenhorn miner. Once seated in the office of the company, which he had unceasingly robbed for seven years, the questions were thrown at him with little ceremony. His sunken blue eyes glittered and he became excited as he protested against this unwarrantable curiosity about his private affairs. "I am a gentleman," he exclaimed angrily. "I do not know either of you, nor in what way my personal business concerns you." The officers of the law informed him that his business affairs concerned them in a way which would soon be made apparent.

Among the effects picked up on the scene of Bart's last robbery was a way-bill smeared with blood, certifying to the contents of the treasure box. Morse observed that the right hand of his suspect was in process of healing from a wound, and, turning like a flash, volleyed the question: "How did you receive that wound?" The robber, still maintaining the pretense



THE ROCKY FASTNESSES OF TUOLUMNE; A FAVORITE HIDING PLACE OF BLACK BART

of the gentleman of leisure, became very angry and replied: "It is none of your business, but I will tell you. I struck it on the car rail at Reno."

"No you didn't," replied the detective; "you got it when you broke open Wells, Fargo's box a few days ago at a place a good distance this side of Reno." The stage robber changed color, but made no reply. The officer then accompanied Black Bart to his room and searched his belongings. Several handkerchiefs were found exactly similar to the one picked up at the scene of the robbery, besides other clothing, all bearing the same laundry mark, F. O. X 7. When asked about these coincidences, Black Bart replied: "I am certainly not the only individual with this laundry mark on his clothes. This handkerchief (referring to the one picked up at the scene of the robbery) may have been stolen from me, or I may have lost it."

He was then informed for the first time where the handkerchief had been found, and immediately assumed an air of offended dignity. "Do you take me for a stage robber?" he stormed. "I never harmed any one in my life, and this is the first time that my character has been brought into question."

Among other possessions found in the room was a small Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "To my beloved husband, Charles E. Boles," and signed by his wife. Boles was the stage robber's real name, though he occasionally assumed the names of Spaulding and Bolton.

On the following day, Captain John Thacker, one of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s special agents, and detective Morse took their man to San Andreas, Calaveras County, where the last robbery was committed, and and prepared to turn him over to the authorities.

The prisoner was lively and full of fun, and, as the conveyance arrived at San Andreas, the populace was gathered to see the hero of twenty-eight stage hold-ups. Most of them took one or other of the officers for the prisoner, as Black Bart was still dressed in the apparel of a gentleman of means. During all this time Bart denied that he had anything to do with the stage robbery near Copperopolis, and threatened to get reparation in a suit for damages when he was again free. After the evening meal was over, Morse took Bart into a private room and made a strong attempt to extort a confession. He pointed out to him the undeniable strength



THE PATTERSON MINE, ROBBED SEVERAL TIMES BY BLACK BART

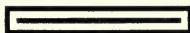
of the evidence with a jury, in the event that the case went to trial. The robber insisted on conversing on any subject except the one for which he had been brought to San Andreas, and unloaded graphic descriptions of army life on the detective, as he had fought through the Civil War. After some hours spent thus, the detective continually returning to the first subject matter with inflexible persistence, Bart suddenly said: "I don't admit that I did this, but what would happen to the man who did—if he should confess?"

The game was up. Morse explained to him that an open confession would save the Government a great deal of money, and that such a saving would naturally make the officials inclined to be as lenient as possible. Then Black Bart owned up. A team was immediately hired, and the three men drove twenty miles over the mountain roads in the bright moonlight to the scene of the robbery. Black Bart led the officers into the brush, and stooping down at the end of a hollow log, pulled out a sack containing the missing \$4,800 intact.

On the way back to the county seat, the robber informed the officers that he had for some years been employed about stage offices, and had come to have a good idea of the times when bullion or coin were to be shipped. As the years passed on, without his accumulating wealth, he grew desperate and resolved to rob stages. That his success was remarkable this short description of his career shows. He maintained two camps. One high up in the mountains, where he could overlook the valley, and another near the point where he determined to make his next stage hold-up.

Black Bart pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years in the State Prison, a year in confinement for each year he had spent as a road agent. He was released in 1889, and immediately called upon the officers instrumental in his capture. During his imprisonment, his wife, back in the old home in Illinois, frequently wrote to the authorities, dilating on her husband's

good qualities, and requesting them to see that he was sent home upon the expiration of his sentence. But from that day to this, Black Bart has never been heard of. If he is alive today, he must be over seventy years of age. Captain Morse states that he was a man of attractive personality, an interesting conversationalist, and well-educated. He was a good office man, and altogether cannot be relegated to the ranks of degenerate criminals. It was his boast that he never robbed a passenger, and that he never ill-treated a human being. Rumor had it that he drifted across the Pacific to the Chinese coast, that stamping ground of men who desire to begin life over again, but it has never been verified. If he did, it is more than likely that he lies buried in some unknown pesthole of one of the Chinese seaports. B. F. Hawes, twice elected sheriff of Calaveras county, and at present a resident of this city, believes, however, that Black Bart is spending his remaining days in Nevada as a peaceful teller of the soil, and still others who took part in the chase are even of the opinion that he is living in San Francisco today, although the latter does not seem possible nor probable. Detective Hume of Wells, Fargo and Company, and Sheriff Thorne of Calaveras county, who also rendered most valuable aid in capturing the robber, died some years ago. Sheriff Thorne was a very efficient and capable officer, and with his brother sheriff, Cunningham of San Joaquin county, probably shares the distinction of having been the best-known sheriff ever elected to office in California. Detective Coffey of the San Francisco police, also contributed in no small degree to the apprehension of Black Bart. O'Connell, the stage driver, who proved to be the Nemesis of the notorious robber in the final hold-up, is in the Customs service in San Francisco. Black Bart was the mildest-mannered, gentlest bandit that ever held up a stage, and, as the years pass on, he will become invested with a halo of romance not unlike that which surrounds the personality of Robin Hood to-day.



DANGERS OF NAVAL LIFE

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

LATE LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY.



"KILLED IN ACTION."

"Lost in the Oneida, Yokohama Bay."

"Blown up in the Maine, Havana."

"Killed by falling of a topgallant mast."

"Suffocated by

smoke in trying to help seamen already prostrated."

"Died from wounds received in action with pirates, Mexico."

"Killed, explosion of torpedo, Newport, R. I."

"Died from wounds received in battle."

"Drowned in endeavor to rescue his commanding officer, off Greytown, Nicaragua."

"Killed by an explosion on board U. S. S. Missouri."

"Drowned, Hampton Roads, Va."

"Killed accidentally on board Swatara, Kobe, Japan."

The above are merely a dozen fates of American naval officers, taken at random from the last register of the United States Naval Academy Graduates' Association. There are many more like them. They indicate eloquently the character of the men who officer our warships and the dangers to which their profession exposes them.

Approximately four per cent of American naval officers are either slain in warfare or lost at sea, or killed by accidents in the line of duty. Many more are wounded in battle or die or have their health permanently impaired by disease or exposure incident to the service, notwithstanding the fact that every graduate of the Naval Academy must possess sound health and a rigorous constitution at the start.

The first class of midshipmen to enter the Naval Academy graduated in 1846. Not one of that class is now alive. Be-

tween that year and June, 1908, there have been 3,338 graduates, of whom 2,390 were living at the latter date.

Of the 3,338, 515 resigned, 88 were honorably discharged, 35 were dropped or wholly retired, and, be it said to the credit of the alumni of the institution, only 26 were dismissed for misconduct.

Of the 2,674 who remained in the navy, 32 were killed in battle or died from wounds received in battle; 35 were lost at sea, and 33 died violent deaths from explosions, drowning or other accidents in the line of duty—curiously enough, an even 100, nearly equally divided between the three forms of characteristically naval deaths.

The class of '68 suffered the heaviest absolute loss, 9, out of its membership of 81, 7 of these having been lost at sea, and 2 having been accidentally killed, but the greatest percentage of loss was in the class of '55, out of whose total of 12 graduates 2 were killed in action and 2 lost at sea. The heaviest loss in battle was that of the last three classes graduated simultaneously in 1861 at the outbreak of the Civil War. Of the 55 members of this class, 5 fell in action and one was lost at sea. The classes of '70, '73, '76, '78, '79, '81, '85, '87, '88, '90, '91, '93, '96, '98, '02, '04, '05 and '08 lost no members from violent deaths.

Naturally, one expects many deaths in the navy from warfare and from shipwreck, but the accidents are just as dangerous as either of these events. Bursting of guns and premature explosions of powder have caused the deaths of several officers even within recent years. Some of the fatal accidents have been unique. One officer, as cited at the beginning of this paper, was instantly killed by the falling of a topgallant mast during spar drill! He was Lieutenant Boutelle Noyes, of the U. S. S. Richmond, the accident oc-

curring at Yokohama, Japan, August 29, 1883.

Cadet-Midshipman Charles Cabanis was accidentally killed January 19, 1882, on board the U. S. S. Swatara, by a stray bullet at target practice. Strange to say, the bullet ricocheted three times before piercing his body.

Naval Constructor S. W. Armistead was fatally hurt at the Mare Island navy-yard, January 27, 1895, by the parting of a hawser from a ship he was docking.

Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin Long Edes and Lieutenant Lyman G. Spalding were killed at Newport, R. I., August 29, 1881, by the explosion of a torpedo, due to mismanagement of an electric switch.

Ensign N. S. Moseley was barely rescued from drowning after his boat capsized, but died shortly afterward from the resulting exhaustion.

Cadet-Engineer Peter Miller was scalded to death in his vessel's fire-room.

Commander Jesse M. Roper was asphyxiated March 31, 1901, while trying to rescue some of his men during a fire on the U. S. S. Petrel.

Lieutenant Alfred Foree lost his life in trying to save Commander A. F. Crossman, his captain, when the old sloop-of-war Kansas was lost at Greytown, Nicaragua.

Since the founding of the Naval Academy in 1840, no American naval officer has ever been murdered by a shipmate, either commissioned or enlisted, nor has one been killed in a duel for over half a century.

The nation's great military struggles have not alone been responsible for the list of naval officers "killed in action." The navy has had many "small wars," in which several officers have lost their lives.

Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Sliedell Mackenzie was slain June 13, 1867, while leading his men in a charge upon the savages of Formosa, during a punitive expedition after the massacre of some American merchant sailors by the natives.

Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee died from wounds received June 11, 1871, while a naval brigade from the American Asiatic squadron was storming a Korean fort.

Lieutenant J. M. Wainwright, brother of the present Rear-Admiral Richard Wainwright, was mortally wounded June

19, 1870, in a fight with pirates in the Gulf of Mexico, while attached to the U. S. S. Mohican.

Lieutenant Philip Lansdale and Ensign John R. Monaghan, were killed in an encounter with rebellious natives at Apia, Samoa, April 1, 1899.

Captain of Marines Austin R. Davis was killed in battle with the Boxers at Tientsin, China, July 13, 1900.

Naval Cadet W. C. Wood was killed September 25, 1899, at Orani, Philippine Islands, while in command of the small gunboat *Urdaneta*, during a fight with Filipinos on shore.

It is only in time of war that the navy man is exposed to death in battle, and only while actually at sea that he is in danger from shipwreck, but the fatal accidents are always impending throughout his active career. Disasters at target practice are not infrequent, and although the precautions now being taken against these will doubtless minimize them in the future, it is with a feeling of relief that each term of quarterly target practice is completed without accident.

A large proportion of accidental deaths in the navy are due to mishaps to small boats. Going to and from his ship the man-of-warman is apt to have his boat run into, or capsized, or swamped by a heavy sea. Many are the officers who have lost their lives in this manner.

As late as June 11, 1907, six young midshipmen, William H. Stevenson, Philip H. Field, F. P. Holcomb, Walter C. Ulrich, H. C. Murfin, Jr., and Herbert L. Holden, were drowned by the sinking of the steam-launch in which they were going, on a stormy night, from the shore to their ship in Hampton Roads, Va.

On January 11, 1868, Rear-Admiral Bell and his Flag-Lieutenant, John H. Reed, were drowned by the capsizing of their boat while proceeding up the Osaka river, Japan.

One of the most pathetic cases was that of Lieutenant John G. Talbot. When his vessel, the *Saginaw*, was wrecked in 1870, on lonely Midway Island, in the mid-Pacific Ocean, Talbot and a handful of volunteers proceeded many hundreds of miles to the Sandwich Islands, in a small open boat, to fetch relief. The hazardous voyage was made successfully, but in at-

tempting to land at Kilihiki beach, the boat was capsized in the heavy surf, and Talbot and all but one of his men were drowned. The survivor, however, summoned help and the Saginaw people were rescued from the island.

Arctic exploration has claimed its victims in the navy as well as in civil life and the army. The deaths of Lieutenant Commander G. W. De Long and Lieutenant C. W. Chipp during the ill-fated Jeanette expedition of 1881, caused a profound sensation throughout the world, their tragic ends in the bleak Lena Delta region of Northern Siberia appealing strongly and deeply to the popular imagination.

Deepest mystery surrounds the fate of three American naval officers, James Bready Weaver, Edward W. Remy and Charles E. Belden. Weaver resigned from the service December 4, 1867, about three years after his graduation from the Naval Academy. He prospered in civil life until 1902, when he suddenly disappeared, and no trace of him has since been found by relatives or friends.

Remy disappeared while a Lieutenant, February 17, 1885, apparently without

any cause whatever. Belden resigned as a Naval Cadet, December 31, 1883, and the following month he, too, disappeared. All three of these have vanished as completely as if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed them up. All were men of some prominence, yet the most exhaustive investigations have failed to determine their fates. Whether they met with foul play, were accidentally killed, went abroad as soldiers of fortune and were slain, or voluntarily changed their names and buried themselves in some remote corner of the world, will probably never be known.

Dangerous though it may be, the life of the naval officer is really less so than numberless callings in civil life. Its dangers are unusual, that is all, from the civilian's point of view, and the very picturesqueness of them appeals strongly to many temperaments. Furthermore, from his early youth the naval officer is familiarized with the dangers which will attend his career. He is educated in an atmosphere of war and war's weapons, of storm and storm's accompaniments. After all, it is familiarity with a certain form of danger that begets contempt for it, and unfamiliarity with it that inspires fear.



THE PROMISED LAND

A STORY OF THE ARROWHEAD

BY E. J. DOLE



IT WAS mid-afternoon on the Arizona desert. The sun beat down in pitiless intensity while the heat waves, almost thick enough to grasp with the hand, rose and flickered about

the face like a scorching flame.

A man somewhat past middle age stood helplessly watching a prostrate horse; its mate, with shaking knees and drooping head, leaned against the wagon pole, with dull eyes closed against the lurid heat of the desert. A young girl, wide-eyed and silent, gazed from the wagon seat.

The last water hole had been left behind in the early morning, the next was—God knew where. Despair was in the man's eyes; hopelessly, helplessly he sought the horizon, yet even as he turned his eyes avoided the girl on the wagon seat. The heat waves, and the big drops of sweat, trickling through his eyebrows, blurred his sight. Impatiently he swept his hand over his face—the same black specks were still there on the horizon. The muscles of his face relaxed just a trifle, and he turned toward the wagon. He could look at the girl now.

"Skared, little one?" he asked.

"No, dad," she answered simply.

He stepped on to the wagon seat, gazing to the North long and intently. Then he laughed.

"It's all right, gal, but your eyes are younger than mine. You take a look yourself."

The girl sprang lightly to her feet, her eyes following his pointed finger. "It's coming this way, Dad," she told him.

No more hardy plainsman ever trod the Santa Fe Trail than the Mormon leaders. And as it happened, these, the rescuers of Andrew Powell and his daughter Amy,

were the first wagon train of Mormons that ever entered California. The kind-hearted women made the girl comfortable, and as day followed day, of the toilsome journey, she had ample time to recover from the effects of her own recent hardships.

The leaders kept the train well in hand, and if any murmured at the great length of the drive, they were either sternly checked, or more gently reassured that they were traveling under divine protection, and that God would give a sign when they had reached the Promised Land.

At length they entered Cajon Pass, and the wagons creaked their weary way down the southern slope. Frowning rocks menaced them on either side, 'til at length the way began to broaden, and early one morning they swung into a broad and level valley. There, just at their left, high up on the mountain side, clean cut as if laboriously fashioned by the hand of man, a great Arrowhead pointed to their very feet. With one accord they fell upon their knees, exclaiming "The Sign! The Sign of God! The Promised Land!"

One bright spring morning in the early '50's Amy Powell rode out of San Bernardino to the north, in the direction of the Arrowhead. After riding three or four miles, she dismounted and began picking the wild flowers that grew in prodigal profusion about her. The pony, left to his own devices, began cropping daintily at choice bits of herbage until frightened at a jack rabbit that jumped up under his nose, he cantered off toward the Pass.

Amy gave the pony but a fleeting glance as it cantered by, satisfied that it would not go far, and of her own ability to recapture her pet when she so desired. So intent was she with her flowers that

she failed to hear the sound of hoofs, muffled in the tender spring growth of the mesa, until a shadow darkened her flowers. She glanced up then to see a young man, riding a strawberry roan, leading her errant pony. She knew well enough who he was—she even knew his name, Jack Mason, a young gentile miner who periodically came in from the desert, his buckskin pouches well filled with gold dust, and who as regularly went forth again driving his little pack train of burros laden with supplies before him. He sat his horse easily enough, yet evidently a little embarrassed withal. Women, young and pretty white women, at least, had not been much within his ken. He was not so bad to look at himself, as Amy soon discovered for herself. She nodded at him with a little smile.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you've caught Pinto. I'm sorry he gave you so much trouble, and he wasn't really frightened—only trying to frighten me."

The boy swept the broad sombrero from his head. "It was no trouble," he answered. "I—I," and he laughed frankly, "I was glad of the chance to say 'How d' do.'"

The girl laughed too in reply. "Won't you 'lit'?" she said.

The acquaintance begun on the mesa was not allowed to languish. Day by day they rode, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. They were at no loss for talk. Sometimes the girl told him of the flowers—that she did not know the proper name for more than one or two did not matter at all—they each had a story for her. Or she told him Indian legends of the great rock San Jacinto that shot up to meet the sky far to the south. Or again she told him the story of the Arrowhead, the sign God had set in the wilderness to mark the Promised Land, and of her own life there.

Sometimes the boy told her stories of his gold hunting, of Indian tribes he had fought, or been friendly with. Once he told her of a mirage he had seen, six men walking in the clouds and bearing aloft a coffin. Twenty-four hours later he came upon the freshly-made grave.

"But that's unlucky," Amy cried, and she went white and gray. "That means death! Oh, my dear, I'm afraid, afraid!"

and Jack cursed himself for a fool for having told her.

Though Jack tried to reassure Amy, and laughed at her fears, he knew well enough that the death she feared for him stalked not so very far from his elbow. As spring fled into summer and Jack still lingered in the little town without ostensible business, the women began to cast half curious, half frightened glances after him; the men scowled openly. Jack, with his frontier training, could not fail to notice this, though he walked jauntily as ever, with a joke for all, but always his thumb was hooked over his belt nestling close against a pistol butt.

Yet somehow, he entirely failed to appreciate the real source of danger. That a pistol duel was imminent with some young Mormon whose aspirations for Amy's hand he had nipped in the bud, he thought natural enough, but that the might of the Mormon church should be interested had never entered his head.

Amy, the child rescued upon the desert, was in a sense the special ward of the Mormon power, and she had not blossomed into beautiful young womanhood without having her future marked out for her.

Her father, despite some more or less vigorous remonstrances from the Elders, had never married. He was not very strong, he was growing old, one reason or another sufficed. But Amy—that was quite a different story. Her husband was already selected, and no dog of a gentile miner would be allowed to walk off with the prize of San Bernardino, as the Elders quite plainly told her father and left him to tell Amy.

Amy, wide eyed and gray, met Jack at the door one day. "Take me out of here! Oh, take me out of here," was her one cry, and every impulse of Jack's mind and body sprang to meet her cry.

Though neither appreciated the impossibility of the task, Jack knew well enough that it was easier said than accomplished. No city in all the wide domain of the church, not even excepting Salt Lake itself, was more strictly guarded or sternly ruled than San Bernardino. True, Jack knew a way that he hoped had escaped the Mormon vigilance. It was nothing more than a deer trail that led

directly over the mountains down to the head waters of the Mojave. Once in Arizona, he knew where they could hide until the first heat of the chase was over, and they might then be able to work their way to some safer region. The gentile miners were few at best, and at this season of the year they were all in the mountains or on the desert. Money there was in plenty, but not force or money would do here—nothing save swift dispatch and secrecy.

Their simple preparations were soon made, and about three in the morning they rode silently to the north. But shadowy figures had flitted before them, and as dawn came, it did not require a very practised eye to discover here and there at prominent points a horseman sitting quietly on his horse. Desperately Jack turned and twisted, but always he was forced backward and to the east, until at length the pair found themselves upon the Arrowhead itself. At this point they abandoned their horses, but the idea of giving up seems never to have occurred to either of them. A little quick scrambling brought them to a place where two boulders formed an angle, and here they stopped. Soon a voice called them to come down and give themselves up.

"Come take us," Jack answered.

The voice replied: "Your blood be upon your own head. For we will take you if we have to pull down the Arrowhead to do it."

Before he had fairly finished, Amy

sprang to her feet. "I wish," she cried, "I had blood enough to blot out you and the Arrowhead together."

On the instant Jack sprang to pull her down into the shelter of the rock, then—three—four—rifles cracked, and the pair, like two withered leaves, crumpled to the ground.

As the men, not unkindly, bent over Amy, the girl struggled up on one hand, her lips moved, and bending closer, they heard her whisper: "The Promised Land," as she sank lifeless across the body of her lover.

Who it was that fired the shot which killed Amy, whether intentionally or otherwise, was never known, but one there was in the pursuing party who had greatly desired her for wife, and desiring, knew that his hope would never be fulfilled.

But as if Amy's taunt had been a prophecy, the next season a little patch of green appeared upon the spot where the lovers fell. Later a mountain fir flung its branches into the air, and a ragged, irregular wash crept down and marred the perfect outline of the Arrowhead. Aided by the rains of winter, some say by the blood of the murdered girl, the wash broadens and widens year by year.

In the meantime, the power of the Elders has faded and waned, until today a feeble remnant, growing daily feebler, clinging tenaciously to an expurgated faith, is all that remains in San Bernardino of the once powerful Mormon Church.



宣統皇帝聖像



PU I, THE CHILD EMPEROR OF CHINA

THE YOUNGEST SOVEREIGN IN THE WORLD

BY J. C. MACORMANN



CHINA, THE largest country in the world, is now ruled over by the smallest sovereign and the youngest. The boy-emperor was officially enthroned on the second of last December. He is the son of Prince *Chun*, the brother of the late Emperor *Kwang Hsu*, and became but three years of age on February 4th. According to the gossip of those who should know, he is a delicate child. Superstitious Chinese think this is because he was born on the thirteenth day of the first moon, an unlucky day according to the Chinese calendar. Everything possible is being done, however, to protect him against evil influences. By official decree his birthday will be celebrated on the fourteenth of the first moon instead of on the proper day. Further, he is to be brought up far more hygienically than his predecessor was. He will have plenty of fresh air, and will not be expected to appear at the midnight audiences which are the fashion at the Chinese court. His first appearance in public—at his enthronement—was not a success, for he cried bitterly, and henceforth his father, the Prince Regent, will attend all official functions alone, will receive dignitaries of state, and offer up the required prayers for snow or rain. He also will be responsible for ploughing the first furrow at the spring festival at the Temple of Agriculture, for the worship of the Lord of Heaven on the white marble open air altar of the Temple of Heaven, and for the propitiation of the local deities who keep watch over the old capital of Peking.

But though relieved from these official duties, the little emperor will not be allowed to forget that he is an official baby. He may no longer live with his own family or see his parents except in the presence of the whole court. Twenty-four nurses will watch over him, and he has three wives already, aged ten, twelve and thirteen years, each of whom receives an allowance of \$400 a month. Even his own name of *Pu I* has been changed to the formal title *Hsuan T' ung*, or "General Proclamation."

This is the style of the new reign, and was chosen by the astrologers. The exact meaning is difficult to render in translation, but the character "*Hsuan*" is considered very fortunate. A certain emperor of the Ming Dynasty called himself "*Hsuan Te*," or "Proclamation of Peace," and the words are quite common on old Ming pottery. Optimistic officials read into "*Hsuan T' ung*" or "General Proclamation" some reference to the promised Constitution, and it is confidently expected that this child emperor when he comes of age will inaugurate a new regime of progress and reform in the government of China.

Meanwhile he is to play as much as possible, and not begin his studies in the Chinese classics and English for a year to come.

The accompanying photographs were, of course, taken before the child was chosen to ascend the Dragon Throne, and the sale of them has been strictly forbidden already, as the Chinese sense of propriety is deeply shocked at the idea of the sacred features of the Son of Heaven being gazed at by all and sundry.

宣統皇帝

監國攝政王

大清



PRINCE CHUN, THE REGENT, WITH PU I, THE CHILD EMPEROR OF CHINA, STANDING BESIDE HIM. A YOUNGER BROTHER IS SITTING IN THE PRINCE'S LAP

THE BAITING OF POE

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER



SINCE POE must remain a permanent and not an ephemeral figure of fame, the recent revival of agitated interest and something of the old animosity produced by his anniversary, is to be considered of special and peculiar significance. The echoes of the dispute are still rolling across the world of English literature. It is only within a few days that the bitter and petulant rivulets of certain misprizing reviewers of Manhattan have reached this serene sea in the West, or the eulogies of Europe found answer in these Sierras. In London, the sardonic Shaw mingles with praise of an American poet, acrid, perhaps deserved, satire on ourselves.

When the little men of a day attack the crowned Olympian figure of all Time, irony and pathos have their share in the unholy spectacle. It was perhaps not unfit that out of the harsh and clamorous canyons of darkest New York, voices decrying the greatness of Poe should have been raised, when the soundest and most reverent culture of all the older lands of art was united to do him honor. The cheeks of future generations of New Yorkers will blush often ere it be forgotten that their city once denied Poe his place among American immortals. I myself blush for the present generation when I think of a tiny monument to him which now stands, dusty and oblivious, in a dark corner of the Metropolitan Museum. This neglect, however, may not be inappropriate for the chief city of a land which can boast no single worthy monument erected to its greatest singers. In the case of Poe, he was denied bread when alive and a stone when dead.

My chief concern in this article is with Mr. Bliss Carman, whose patronizing attitude toward Poe is rich with a subtle

humor whereof Mr. Carman seems scarcely to realize the deadliness. Strangely enough, when this light and graceful piper of Pan, whose "wood-notes wild" have, indeed, more than a common sweetness, laid aside his familiar instrument, and with a tutorial accent, gravely assumed the critic's rod, he became instantly, hopelessly and all unconsciously, a pipe through which not the Breath of Pan but all the winds of Philistia blew their most hackneyed tunes. Consciously, of course, Mr. Carman would be fair and just, coldly dispassionate and delicately discriminate. He would have us know that, come what may, he will not permit himself to be awed by any spectre of fame haunting a great name. And so, with a blindness imposed by the revenging gods themselves, he trips over truths he has himself maintained, and has his tongue beguiled into uttering most unhappy contradictions. With ears stunned by the Boeotian hubbub of New York, he is unable to hear in his later years the immortal strains that held him spellbound in his youth. Surely Mr. Carman could not have "learnt in suffering" what he has "taught in song," if he has not come to know that only in youth do the full beauty and feeling of another's song compel our souls to the truest worship. Has he never really felt that he has so often expressed so well, that the rust of metropolitan sophistication is ruinous to the sensitive organ of poetic response? Have long years of magazine versification, and all the empty jargon of current criticism, and the debased levels of popular taste, so wrought upon him that he is no longer able to measure Poe by the universal and eternal standards which Literature commands its critics to uphold? That were lamentable, indeed, and in the case of Mr. Carman particularly lamentable for the poetry he hopes may thus be judged.

The very beginning of his article con-

tains a confession sufficient to cancel all claims Mr. Carman may have as a critic of Poe. Years, evidently, have elapsed since he has read his Poe, and he cites his disappointment as in the nature of an ingenuous discovery of his own. That is a damaging confession. For that American poet to whom the poems of Poe are not as familiar as his own, is entitled to but scant consideration when attempting to sit in judgment upon what is to him "merely a name." Our critic is surprised that he can no longer admire, his appetite for Poe is jaded, and Poe himself seems only an immature schoolboy to one so sick with civilization as Mr. Carman. In words than which any more fathomless plebeian in point of view have never been uttered by a son of song, he writes, in applicably comparing Poe's imperishable and ethereal creations to useless lumber.

"Bring these old furnishings out into the light of day some fresh morning, set them up on the veranda where the sun of common sense and the air of life can get at them, brush away the dust of sentiment, regard them without flinching, and ask yourself to say honestly what good they are to you, after all."

And these awful words were not written by a car-driver nor a policeman, but by a poet! We have heard these phrases applied to poetry before. "Common sense," "the air of life," "what good are they?"—they are the same old billets hurled by indurated Ignorance at what it has not brains to comprehend nor soul to feel. But for Mr. Carman to use them! He would also have us "brush away the dust of sentiment," and "regard them without flinching." Very brave and ruthless, indeed, these words, and obviously written in defiance of the fact that reverence and sentiment in the reader are qualities without which no poetry can thrive. Likewise, he is tempted into comparing Poe with Shelley—an unfair and entirely futile habit possessed by certain critics. We know that a ruby is not a diamond, that a rose is not a lily, nor a skylark a nightingale, but we are not permitted to know without quotation that one poet is not like another. It is human, perhaps, to draw comparisons, to seek a staff to lean on, a scale to measure by in the unsteady and nebulous world of literary

criticism, and yet if this barren method should be avoided in the estimating of any poet, it should emphatically be in the case of Poe. Mr. Carman seems unable to disentangle his judgment from the taste of the time, from the sterile desert of the day in which he lives, though one might have fancied him warned by that solemn inscription cut in granite above the portals of the works of Edgar Allan Poe: Out of Place, out of Time. He would wrench that dark-winged celestial sprite to fit into a modern apartment house, expect his unearthly flowers to bloom in the hectic zephyrs of steam heat, and his songs be heard amidst the uproar of the Elevated, or align themselves pleasantly to the hysterical philosophy of a false and inane cheerfulness or the miasma of occultism affected by a nerve-harried and most unhappy people, or whatever else Mr. Carman calls "life." His cold, metropolitan eye scans the simple words and phrases in the poet he is called upon to review, and deaf to their palpitant music and immune to their magic and charm, he finds no "great lines," no subtle conceits, no precocity nor adroitness of phrase, no sylvan pseudo-simplicity practised by the clever minstrels of 1909. Though he may retort with "*de gustibus*," etc., I am moved to express regret for Mr. Carman if he do not respond to the indefinable power that arises like some exquisite perfume out of Poe's simplest pieces to work its will poignantly upon your emotions and haunt you with melody till you die—or fall into atrophy. Does our critic really think that poetry has anything in common with the preposterous definition given it by Arnold, "a criticism of life?"—or much in common with any definition? If the poet has been able to arouse our emotions, he has achieved his greatest and most ultimate purpose. It is through the exaltation or depression or stirring of the emotions that the poet works upon mankind—whose heart-strings are his lute. The few supreme masters of poetry, in addition to the gift of song, possessed also the gift of an exalted wisdom, but without their seizure upon our hearts, their thoughts had never reached our heads. In other words, where poet and philosopher combine, the latter is potent only through the former. Poe

was not a philosopher, but a faithful and incorruptible priest of Beauty. He that creates a new strange world for us to wander in and touches new chords in the lyres of our souls and sensations, and adores Beauty in a new speech is, as a poet, of immeasurable significance to the literature not only of his land, but of the world. There are other worlds beside the familiar and apparent one, even though we cannot behold them till some poet as demiurge strikes them into being.

There be critics who resent Poe's international honors as a poet because of the few short poems the genius found peace to write. They do not realize that not in his verse alone, but in the entire body of his work does the essentially poetic reside and exert its influence, and draw the world to worship.

Assuredly no poetry is ever such "only by virtue of its metre." Between poetry and verse the same sharp distinction should be drawn as between literature and journalism. Is it to his "world of perplexed and harried men and women" that Mr. Carman expects the poetry of Poe, or any poetry, to appeal? Poetry is dead for the persons who would devour it when in full flight through the maddening subway, or dining at Babylonian restaurants, or when passing out of their luxurious cubicles into the hands of the nerve-specialist, or rather are *they* dead to it. It ought to be apparent that the voices of the most salient poets of our land are drowned by the jingling of the currency which this reviewer somewhat significantly uses as a simile of a test for Poe's genius. Poe's poems could not be coined into the drachmas of "success." Were he to appear to-morrow there would not be wanting gentlemen-critics to lead a mob to hang him. When some neglectful Bliss Carman of the future unearths for himself the charming lyrics of the Bliss Carman of the present, may he equip himself with a more catholic standard and a richer sympathy than seem to abide within the breast of our critic of the snows. For, apart from all questions of present or personal taste or freedom of expression, the living poet of today has a duty towards the art of this dead poet of un conjectured time, whose deathless labors should be our proudest

heritage and our purest, most precious gift to the literature of the world.

Mr. Carman manifests some conscience-stricken sense of this truth in his concluding paragraph, and so seeks to detract from his detraction. And yet his judgment and good intention go to wreck once more as he ends his article by invidiously setting the work of the worthy but mediocre Boner beside that of the master he so reverently praises.

There is matter for rejoicing, however, in the absence of any attack upon Poe's morals in Mr. Carman's depreciation. For that, he is warmly to be commended, and is rewarded by being saved from unpleasant association with the shriveled intelligences who are ever eager to disparage the work of a poet because of the poet's human delinquencies. To such minds, Byron, the rake, and Villon, the thief, and Marlowe, the roysterer, and Goethe, the gallant, must always destroy all that is great or beautiful in their works. For them, the private man annuls the public master. They cannot forget nor forgive that the unhappy Poe was intoxicated at times. Mention Byron and they will instantly think or comment on his debaucheries, and—would you believe it?—read him chiefly because of this unworthy interest. The puritan mind, and in particular the feminine, with its inability to pass beyond the personal, are not, I fear, those who sin least in this respect. To the ears of a true, unclouded critic, enlightened with a sense of the universal and historic in art, the strains of Nero's voice and Nero's lyre would prove not less sweet amid the burning of Rome, nor Victor Hugo's exalted genius not less sublime though all the charges that were brought against him in "The Black Star" by Leon Daudet were true. But such a critic would be superhuman, and so our most impartial judgment must yet remain forever obscured and distorted by the mists of prejudice and predilection.

To conclude, and to make a contrast with the niggard recognition and ungenerous attitudes of Poe's critics in Poe's own land, it will prove illuminating and profitable to quote from the authoritative "Standard" of London, a passage in an article by Ethel Talbot, one of the youngest and most gifted singers of England.

Let the simple words of this child—for she is little more—addressed to the English public as an encouragement to the reading of Poe, serve as an example to those who would still further blight his fame and influence for beauty in a land where, thanks to the public schools and the newspapers, imagination is slowly ebbing to its death.

“It is true that, to read Poe with full appreciation, there is need for a certain listlessness of mood; not always would his rhythmic melodies make their accustomed appeal; this same thing is true of almost every individual poet. Any hour and any mind is good enough for the little masters that need neither the seeing eye nor the listening ear, being in themselves echoes; for the many others—they, too, have each their mood and their one hour dedicate. It is not desirable to at-

tempt Poe in the throes of a black melancholy, and too broad a wakefulness to the light of common day will raise a barrier, as of a brazen shield, against the charm of his intangible music. The most perfect mood is a fugitive mental weariness that is neither sorrow nor longing; when you come then to Poe the lassitude gives way before the soothing sweetness of his unforgettable melodies.”

That is most excellent advice for realizing the keenest pleasure from Edgar Allan Poe. I trust that it may prevail upon Mr. Carman and induce him not to commit ruthless havoc among the treasures of his youth in the store-house of his mind. For it is certain that by following it, our poet-critic, whose own name is so charming, will discover that Poe, after all, is something more than “merely a name.”



FIDELITY

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

All through the night, with every star-ray gone
 Whose sparkling dust had sheened each fairy-chain,
 A tiny flower, remembering the dawn,
 Strove hard against the dagger-points of rain.

The wind came mailed in ice sheets, weaponed, too,
 With lance that had no need to be withdrawn,
 But still, through threat and pain of darkness, grew
 The tiny flower, remembering the dawn.

There came, again, the crimson gloried hour
 To hills and fields, to lakes, storm-worn and wan,
 And lifted up the little drooping flower
 That conquered night, remembering the dawn.



LAKE McDONALD AND THE MAIN RANGE OF THE ROCKIES

THE GLACIER PARK

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS



IN THE NORTHERN part of Montana, adjoining the Canadian border, is one of the most marvelous mountain regions of the world. The monotonous undulations of

prairie and bench-land are suddenly broken by a range so sharply abrupt in outline, so daringly sculptured by glacial action, as to seem more like a series of isolated peaks than a continuous mountain chain. In and among these needles of stone lie exquisite, deep-set lakes, vast snow fields, tumultuous torrents, and far-leaping water-falls.

Not until very recently has the Lake McDonald country—as it is most frequently called—been known outside a narrow circle of Indians, trappers who earned a precarious living in its solitudes, and a few robustly venturesome nature-lovers who were stout-hearted enough to brave fatigue and hardship in quest of the sublime. Lake McDonald was discovered by one Sir John McDonald, a famed Canadian politician. He, with a party, crossed the line and blazed a trail to the shores of the lake. Strangely enough, not long

thereafter, another of the same name, Duncan McDonald, a son of Angus McDonald of the Hudson Bay Company and his Selish (Flathead) wife, happened through these mountains with a small following of his tribe in pursuit of Blackfeet Indians, who had spirited away some horses of the Selish. It is needless to say that Duncan had no knowledge of the expedition of Sir John, and when the magnificent prospect of mountain-barricaded water burst upon his view, he believed that for the first time it was revealed to mortal sight. Therefore, he blazed the name McDonald on the pines, even as Sir John had done, and thus it was that the first recorded parties, headed by men of the same name, united unconsciously in giving the lake the title by which it is known.

Probably many years prior to the coming of Sir John and Duncan McDonald, the lake was frequented by the different branches of the Blackfeet nation. Indeed, it is an historical fact that the Piegan Indians crossed back and forth over a pass in the mountains near the glacier bearing their name, upon their depredations against their enemies, the Selish. But the outside world—that complex entity we name the public—had no notion that

within our own country lay a land of scenic grandeur not unlike the Swiss Alps; that from footstools of virgin forests soared ivory mountain-steeple holding in their deep cleft bosoms living glaciers and eternal fields of snow, and that in dim, twilight places the native creatures of the wilderness still lived untroubled, unafraid.

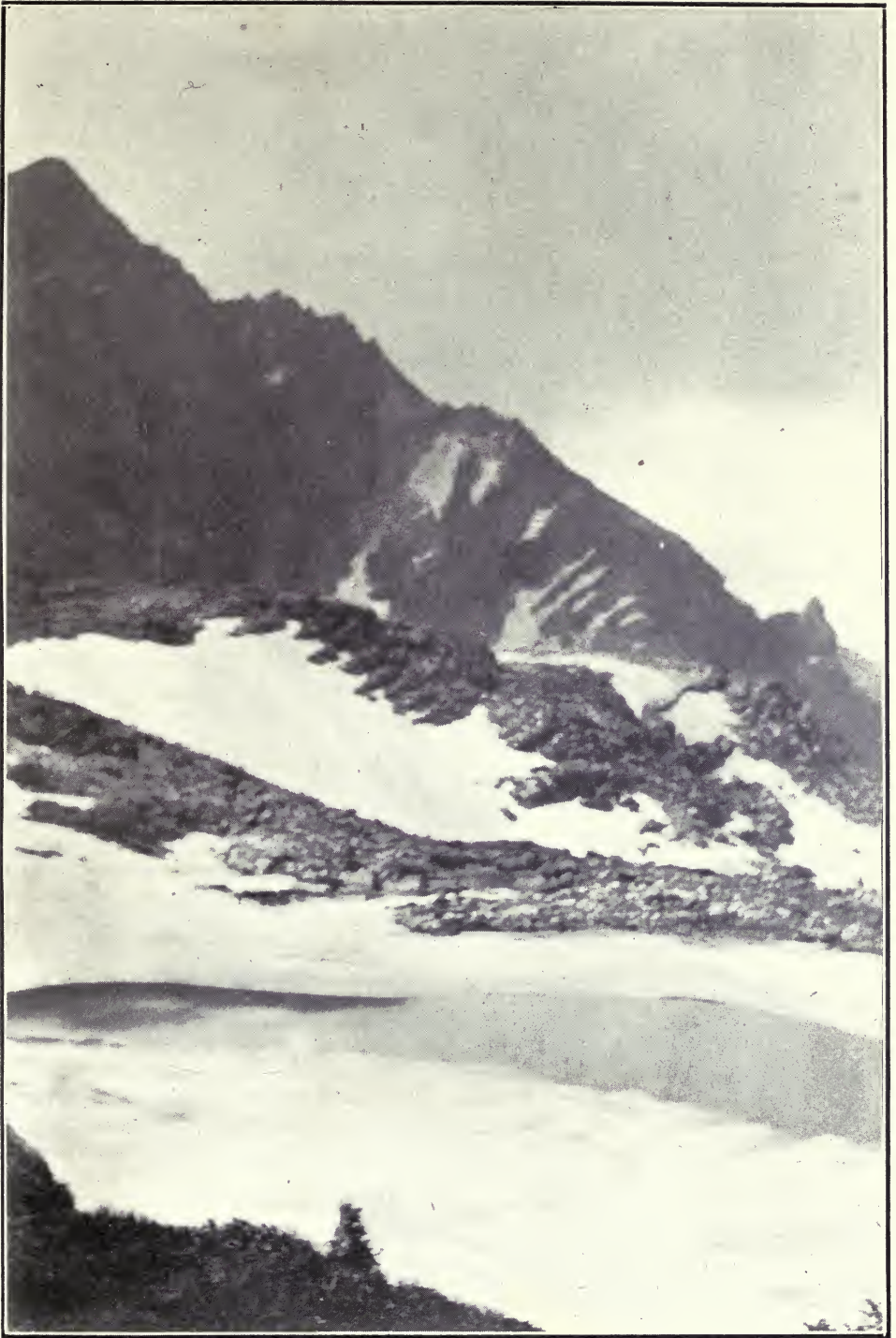
In the reaction of popular sentiment in favor of preservation, rather than destruction of Nature's treasures and of interest in our own, rather than foreign wonder-places, Lake McDonald came to the notice of the people of the United States, and now there is before Congress a bill setting aside about 1,300 square miles for a National Reserve to be called the Glacier Park. This tract has its northern extremity at the middle of the Flathead River on the Canadian border and follows its course to the confluence of the main stream with the Middle Fork, thence along the northern bank of the Middle Fork to the holdings of the Great Northern Railway; it extends along the Great Northern right of way to the Western boundary of the Black-foot Reservation and northward, following the reservation line to Canadian territory. This large, irregular sweep of country is roughly divided into two parts by the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and the streams that have their sources in those heights find devious ways to the Gulf of Mexico, Hudson Bay, and the Pacific Sea. The public will enjoy more privileges in this than in our other national parks. Individuals or clubs may lease tracts of land and build homes, club-houses or hotels, and although the game will be protected, shooting will be allowed under such rules and restrictions as the Secretary of Agriculture may determine upon.

On the western slope of the mountains lies Lake McDonald, a body of water twelve miles long with an average width of a mile and a half. From the water's edge rise wonderfully wooded hills, silent with the silence of untrodden places, solemn with the solemnity of primeval beginnings, and above, beyond, soaring in white legions against the dark blue heavens are scarred and lance-sharp peaks, shimmering with eternal snow. The waters of the lake are clear and cold, for they are fed by numerous silver threads of streams and boisterous torrents that

have a common origin in snow fields and glaciers. By reason of its purity, the rich variety of color in the surrounding shores, and the brilliant whiteness of the atmosphere, the lake is remarkable for its reflections and its exquisite hues. When the wind is at rest and the surface of the water is untroubled by a wave, perfect pictures of sky and cloud and peak show forth as in a mirror. Again, the waters flow in a flaming tokay-tide like wine fresh from the vintner's press, or purple and green with the tones of a deep-sea shell. When the sunset awakens in the mountains, the passion of burnt-out fires, and paints the drifting clouds and shadowy ravines with lilac mystery, then the lake is in the height of its grandeur; then the golden fleece of mist and an ephemeral haze cast over it an aureole of strange, unearthly glory—of religious calm.

Still farther up in the mountains, difficult of access and barricaded by formidable steeps, are the Little St. Mary's lakes. To gain the best view of them, one must scale Mount Lincoln, and from that altitude look down 3,000 feet upon the two jade-green pools connected by a waterfall that breaks into a diamond shape and plunges 1700 feet from the upper to the lower lake. A sea of mountains rolls away in all directions; steep, shadowy walls encrusted with gray-white drifts of snow rise from the water's edge and disappear within the brooding clouds. To the right lies the castellated Kootenais, and a thin, blue finger of water indicates the great Flathead Lake; to the left is Gunsight Pass which leads to the eastern slope of the range and peaks of enormous height and glacier-carved grotesqueness which billow away to the horizon's rim. There is no view more noble than this in all the splendid pageant of the enduring hills.

Avalanche Lake and Avalanche Basin are just below the Piegan Glacier, and the water from that vast body of ice discharges in six falls that leap from rock to rock, churned into nebulous spray, and finally unite in Avalanche Lake. This sheet of water is unlike the other mountain lakes. It is milky white, with millions of air-bubbles, and it lies like a beautiful piece of pearl among the dark woods of its shores. The Basin itself is



PEARY'S LAKE NEAR PIEGAN GLACIER



AUTUMN WOODS IN THE CAMUS CREEK COUNTRY

a deeply-hewn amphitheatre, and in the springtime, when the first thaw begins, there is a booming like artillery among the peaks as avalanches rush down with awful force, uprooting pines and dislocating boulders in their furious descent. At the entrance to the Basin, Heaven's Peak rises blue and high, and ribbons of old gold and purple strata unwind their endless bands along the clean-cut face of riven cliffs. There the violet haze broods in greatest density, and the forests are most luxuriant in their growth.

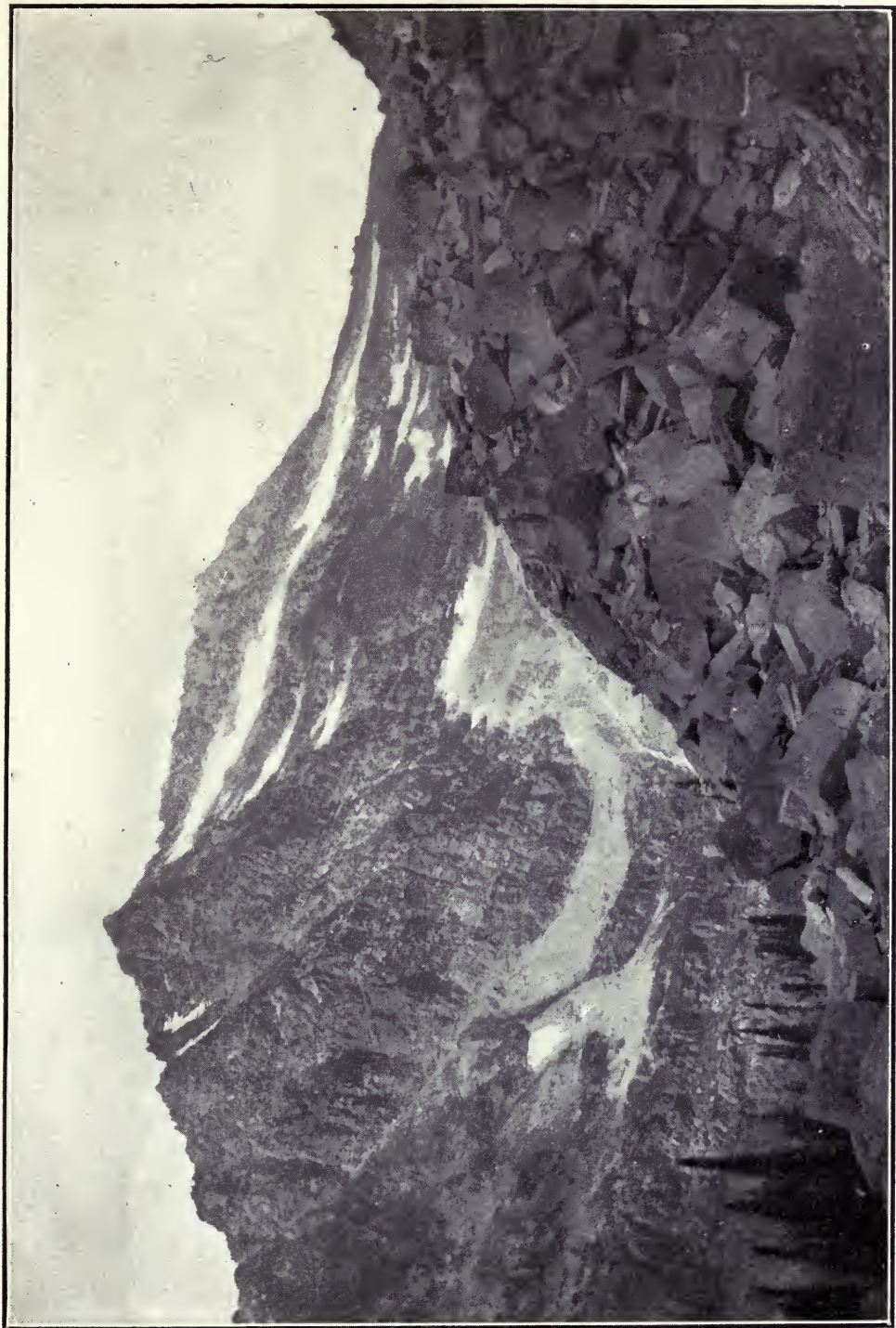
Upon the Avalanche trail the creek of the same name, a wild and tumultuous stream, has cut deep into the living rock and plunges in a turmoil of foam over a parapet into the gorge below. The mist from the fall arises, then descends again in minute beads that glisten with prismatic hues and be-gem the trees and the soft green pads of moss which cushion the banks. Among the moss and mold plants that thrive on moisture bud and bloom, and over the torrent, a water-

ouzel, sprite-like and wild as the flood itself, darts and shrills amid the clouds of foam.

The most frequented trail from Lake McDonald is, perhaps, the one which leads to Piegan Glacier. It winds through luscious huckleberry fields, rippling, pebbly-bedded streams, brakes and jungles of fern and moss-hung trees, and skirts the lip of heights overhanging sheer precipices where white plumes of foam mark water-falls, and tall pines are dwarfed by distance into pigmy things. At length it leads into a small park gay with strange sweet flowers, shaded with slender spires of pine and enclosed within a circle of enormous rock-walls veined with little, trickling falls. In this spot the twilight comes early, and through the gray of premature night vibrates a marvelous red-copper glow that seizes upon and transfigures into coral palaces the darkly brooding peaks.

The glacier lies over the rock-barriers. Climbing upward, toiling onward, one leaves the forests and the flowers, and issues upon narrow ledges of rock naked but for strange, disheveled, and stunted growths that seem more a part of the rocks than independent plant existences. The formations become dark and slate-like in color, shivered into spikes and lances, and beset with that disorder which still tells, through the interval of aeons, of huge convulsions and the crash of warring elements. In this sombre setting patches of snow appear, whiter and more dazzling for the contrast, and sunken far down in a deep concavity is a lake, beautiful, yet beautiful in a cold and unfamiliar way. Its shores are clasped by a pale green circle of ice, and towards the center where the sun has penetrated, the water lies revealed—a patch of blue-green shading into the black of a clear, night sky.

This is Peary's Lake, and higher still is another arctic pool of much the same aspect, called Nansen's Lake. The two are joined by falls. Farther yet, an angry little lake, the Gem, chafes like a caged creature of the wild, its pent-up waters held in the strong grip of overshadowing heights. Here two noble peaks, stripped to their vitals and revealing exquisite stratifications—the illuminations of the Master traced in stone—form a mighty



ON THE TRAIL TO THE LITTLE ST. MARY'S

gate, and stretching out far, far beyond is a deathly pale tide as of a frozen sea. It is Piegan Glacier. Its surface is cleft by treacherous crevasses, and over the ice is spread a disguising mantle of snow. In the distance, hosts of dark-browed mountains rise, valleys show forth between their gaps—pastoral glimpses of quiet beauty—and distant waters flash quicksilver beneath the glint of the searching sun.

Yet the Piegan Glacier is but one among many; there are the Rainbow, the Grinnell just under "the garden wall," and, too, the largest of the whole sixty-eight, the Blackfoot Glacier, which occupies a huge expanse among the mountains to the east of the range upon the trail to the Great St. Mary's Lakes. The Blackfoot Indians have a tradition that once a snow-white bear was found wandering upon its frozen wastes.

The great St. Mary's Lakes are also to eastward of the main range, and they are even more primeval in grandeur than the better-known Lake McDonald. Upon their shores are forests of blasted pines, where the wind shrills with a thousand tongues and the rocks cry back in ghostly chorus. This is the spiritland of the Blackfeet, and there are strange legends, phantom-like and evanescent as mist-wreaths, concerning this haunted region of the Great St. Mary's which the Indians guard jealously.

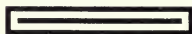
Northward from Lake McDonald is the Camus Creek country, where a large band of moose find shelter, and still northward, almost on the Canadian border, are the Quartz Lakes and Cerulean Lake, crowned by mountains, fed with melted snow from the glaciers that glide silently, imperceptibly through dark ravines.

In the virgin forests, thick-sown with cedar and pine, tamarack and fir, and in the security of inaccessible altitudes, the moose, the deer, the black and brown bear, and the grizzly, the big horn sheep, and the mountain goat abound. Upon the banks and in the streams beavers build their dams, and lynx, weazels, and other

fur-bearing animals, are found. Scattered through the solitudes are strange, old trappers of a type that is rapidly passing. Indeed, with the opening of the Park, their day will be done in these retreats, and, once more, in lessening numbers, they will pass farther back into the vanishing wilderness.

The floral growth is luxuriant and of endless variety. On one stump no less than ten kinds of moss and flowers have been counted. The conditions seem particularly favorable to mosses, which unfold in hitherto unknown and multitudinous forms. Among the flowers are Indian paint brush, queen's cup, mountain lilies, twin flowers, lilies of the valley, astors, hollyhocks, bluebells, violets, and a great unclassified host of blossoms, more charming because of their unfamiliar shapes and colors. Scattered through the evergreen woods are dwarf maples, thorn-apples and shrubs of many sorts that change with the autumnal frosts, so when the witchery of the fall descends from heaven to earth the woodland flames in a transfiguration of golden splendor.

These are some of the wonders of the Lake McDonald country to be included in the Glacier Park—still the half has not been told. Trappers and woodsmen who have penetrated farther into the mountains speak of yet more marvelous sights to be gained only by painful toil over dangerous trails. They tell of an iceberg lake beneath a glacier that breaks in masses of ice which ride the clear waters and shimmer with rainbow hues in the summer sun; of a basin painted by elemental action in tones of amethyst and rose; of the grandeur of the Swift current; of Granite Park, and of peaks and torrents, each with its own wordless story of majesty. The opening of safe trails to the various parts of the park now impossible to reach should be the first work of the Government, for one who has looked into magical pools, who has felt the exaltation of heavenly altitudes, yearns for a closer intimacy with the great unknown—a clearer vision of the sublime.





"GEM LAKE," NEAR PIEGAN GLACIER

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

BY AMOS GEORGE



HELLO, PARSON, I did not see you get on the train. Bound for the city?"

"Yes, but I didn't know this was on your run."

"Neither did I, but I'm going down to see the old town once more. I have to get back about every once in two whiles, or I can't sell goods; got the habit, you see. But what's your deal down here?"

"Young Folks' Convention, and then I haven't seen the city since the fire. I expect to look up a friend, too," he added with a hesitation that caused the man of price-lists to look curiously at him.

"College chum, eh?"

"No, I'm from a little town East. None of my crowd are out here. This is a little girl—young lady she is now—that used to live up at the Flat, and I haven't seen her for two years."

"Great scheme to have a lady friend in the city," suggested the traveling man in a tone that was colorless, but nevertheless challenged explanation.

"You see, I came out here three years ago, and went to Ruby Flat as my first church. Bessie Henshaw was an orphan girl who lived with her sister Fannie at my landlady's for a year. She was only a child, but she went to San Francisco to live with her aunt, and we seem to have lost her. She was a good girl, and always so easy to manage, but I am afraid that she has fallen into careless company."

"Well, see that you don't do likewise; all sorts in Frisco. You know you're an inexperienced youth yet."

The drummer moved away to the smoker, and left the Reverend Harry Thebold in a perplexed and indignant state of mind. The thrust at his inexperience had hurt because it had hit, and in common with other untried souls, he felt a great pity for weaklings who fell into what he

called in his pulpit, "The ways of sin."

The train was late. Would the ferry wait, he wondered. Up at the Flat, everything waited for the one train a day, and when the event was over, the town resumed its natural expression. It might be different in the city. How would it seem, anyway, to live among sky-scrapers and policemen and trolley cars? Of course there was much that was wrong in the city, but certainly nobody but a fool need find it.

Nothing had been heard from Bessie for a year now, and he wondered why. Her last letters had been marked by a frivolous tone that had puzzled the young preacher with his friend's interest in this homeless girl. At Ruby Flat she had lived a scriptural life, for she toiled not, neither did she spin, and she took no thought for the morrow, and verily she was fed, and her raiment was more pretty and dainty than any worn by the much-married proverb maker of old.

But Bessie was always a good girl, and Thebold had often noted her obedient spirit. She had played the piano for Sunday school for the Superintendent, and she had taught a class at Thebold's suggestion—in short, she had uniformly done everything that other folks did or asked her to do. She was a good girl, certainly, and was marked as a contrast with her sister who had a will of her own, and was voted "hard to manage." Thebold felt a keen interest in the prospect of meeting the girl again, perhaps she would be at the convention in the evening.

But Bessie Henshaw was not at the convention, and in the morning Thebold's interest in the girl overcame his loyalty to the meeting, and he set out to find her. He had the old address on Larkin street, but that was before the fire, and when he found the place it was yet but a heap of twisted iron and broken brick. As he stood looking over the ruin, he remembered that Bessie had once written that she had

joined the musician's union, as prices were better.

He wondered if all the Sunday schools in San Francisco employed union musicians; at least here was a clue for a detective, and what man does not feel himself to be an incipient sleuth, if only he has the chance?

A music-store on Van Ness avenue furnished the information that the secretary of the nearest musicians' union worked at a printing office on Jessie street. When found, this individual averred that he had been superseded three weeks now by one Tom Dillon who worked at a garage on Golden Gate Avenue. "Yes," he said, "Miss Henshaw was a member, but he did not remember the address, as Tom had the book."

At the garage, it appeared that Tom Dillon had not been present during working hours for three weeks, but was supposed to hang out at the Headlight saloon.

Thebold hesitated. He had never been in a saloon in his life, and if he went to the Headlight, probably all San Francisco would know it before night. But the scent of the chase was in his nostrils, and to the Headlight he went. And when he found the place it was as bare of information as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Tom Dillon had been refused further credit, and had betaken himself elsewhere for refreshments. This was not very encouraging, and Thebold turned toward the door, eager to escape, when the friendly barkeeper suggested: "You might see the red-headed girl up at Sherman's ribbon counter. She used to play Tom's accompaniments down at the Firefly."

The ribbon-counter at Sherman's enclosed a high-colored young woman, dividing her attention between the young man at her left and an endurance test on a long-distance supply of chewing gum.

"Nope," she knew "nothin' 'bout Tom Dillon," and the angle of her sharp little nose indicated that she did not seek information on the subject.

"If you belong to the union, perhaps you know a young lady by the name of Henshaw," suggested Thebold, desperately.

"Sure, Moike," she answered with easy indifference. "Used to work here in the

notion department. Lives at the 'Endicott' on O'Farrell street."

Here the lane had its turn. "Yes," the landlady said, "Miss Henshaw lives here. Probably she's in, but you'd better set in there a while. It's only half after ten, and she may not be up yet."

Thebold waited for thirty-five minutes and did some thinking. He was not an early riser himself, but this eclipsed all his former data on the subject. Perhaps, though, she worked nights somewhere.

At last there was a step on the stair, a swish of skirts, a run across the room, and a girl's impulsive exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, you dear Mr. Thebold, wherever did you come from?" she gurgled, as she almost hugged him in the profusion of her greeting. "Why didn't she tell me it was you? I thought it was that old Dick, and he never knows when to go. Sit down and tell me everything."

While they talked, Thebold watched Bessie. There was much about her as of old, but there was a puzzling change. She had become charmingly pretty, and she had an acquired air distinctly different from the Bessie of Ruby Flat. There was a new tone in her complexion, and she wore her hair in becoming fashion. Then there was a strange note in her voice, and she talked away with a nervous abandon that perplexed him. She wore a loose house gown of dark red with an open neck that revealed a tantalizing wedge of dazzling white throat, and in spite of his calling, Thebold found himself staring at the girl and wondering what had happened. This he failed to find out, but he did learn a lot of other things.

Her aunt had been crowded for room, and Bessie had moved down here where she could do as she liked, Fanny had turned up her nose at her because she had a good time, "the old maid that she was, too good to live." Bessie had worked at the store for a while, but that was tiresome, and she had to get up too early, so now she was singing specials down at the "Fairylane." Dick played in the orchestra and usually brought her home after the dance.

Thebold was properly scandalized. He protested, he implored, he inquired. "You didn't live this way at Ruby," he insisted,

"and your name is still on the books there. How did you ever get started this way?"

"Oh, that's easy," laughed Bessie, in no wise abashed. "No trouble at all. Of course I was good at the Flat. I lived with all you folks, and there was nothing else doing. And I know how to do it yet. I can be good any day I want to. But that's not the way they do here, and this is lots more fun."

"Really, now," began Thebold, "you are too good a girl to——" But Bessie cut him off with:

"Why, I can be just as solemn as anything," and she drew her pretty face down into a demure little pucker and folded her soft hands in mock solemnity and sighed, a delicious maidenly sigh that made the red gown to quiver, and the breath of Harry Thebold to stir in sympathy. "If she only wouldn't wear that red dress with the open neck," he thought.

Thebold considered the subject. He was confused by this creature, so different from any he had ever met. He talked of the fire and the ruins and the new city. But to Bessie this was an old story, and at last she broke out with:

"Oh, you haven't seen the sights at all. I can show you more city life in one night than you would see in a year. You're good, I know. You're so good you don't know that there is any bad. You're good because you don't know there is any bad. And what kind of goodness is that, I'd like to know. You'll never know what's in you till it gets stirred up some time, and then it will surprise you some, I guess."

"Hold on," protested the now aroused Thebold. "I guess I know the ways of the world—that's my business. I don't believe there is any use in folks getting tangled up in the meshes of this—this social unrighteousness," he ended weakly. "If you know the evil you can keep away from it."

"Ha, ha!" giggled Bessie. "How you do preach. Tell you what I'll do. You come with me tonight and I'll initiate you into some things you never heard of. It will be the experience of your life, and next time you get up to preach about the wicked world, you will know what you are talking about."

"How can you talk that way, Bessie?"

implored the hard-pressed divine. "It would be wrong, and what would folks say?"

Bessie rose and turned toward the window. The light fell across her shining hair and silhouetted her trim figure against the sky beyond. Thebold rose involuntarily, and took a step toward her. Then he checked himself and muttered: "That miserable gown."

Bessie turned. "Not a soul in the city will know you. You'll never have such a chance again, and you'll know so much more to preach about. And besides," and she turned her head saucily, "and besides, if I can shake Dick, I'll let you come home with me after the show."

"I can't do it," he said, weakly. "I must be going now."

He turned toward the hall, but she was beside him. She put her hand on his shoulder and said appealingly: "If you really care for me and want to make me any better, you will come this once."

She reached past him for his hat, and as she did so, a truant wisp of her hair brushed across his cheek, and it stirred his nerves with a wild thrill that he had never known. Something came up in his throat and choked him, and he said huskily, "I'll come."

"Good enough," chirped Bessie. "Be here at seven o'clock," and she shook his hand with an audacious pressure that sent him to the stairway not knowing whether it led up or down.

Once in his room, he tried to get his soundings, but there seemed no bottom anywhere. His heart still thumped in his breast, and he could not tell why. He knew that Bessie was stunningly pretty, and over and over he said to himself that she was a good girl, of course, with her amiable and obedient spirit. Her invitation was just for old friendship. She had not seen a soul from the Flat for two years, and no wonder she was glad to see him again. If he went with her tonight to the "Fairyland" he might detect the evils hidden from her innocent eyes, and in a fatherly way he could then warn her of the danger. He remembered the thrust of the commercial man of the train and flushed, but then his twenty-four years had taught him something.

But what made his heart thump so?

Every time he thought of her it did that way, and the closing session of the convention that afternoon did not much edify that young man from the mountains—he had too much else on his mind.

When Bessie met him that night in the hall, she was arrayed for the street. "Thank goodness, the red dress is gone," muttered Thebold.

"I knew you'd come," she said, triumphantly.

"Of course," he said simply, "I said I would."

Not much was said by either of them on the car. Had some fool predicted twenty-four hours before that the Reverend Harry Thebold would be seen escorting a vaudeville singer to the "Fairyländ" he would have been considered fit for the asylum, but here it was in process of happening, and the audacity of the thing made him silent. He was not quite sure that something might not drop down on him from some of the towers of stone and steel.

Bessie went in at the stage door, and Thebold found an obscure seat in the house. And he found himself in a world as new and unknown to him as though he had dropped onto one of the planets. The sawdust floor, the scattered tables, the reeking smoke, the sloppy beer, the strident voices, the unknown tongues of jargon slang, the scanty costumes, the daring jests; it was all a dream, a bad dream, and again and again he found himself wondering where he would find himself when he should waken. Bessie sang her turn in a gorgeous costume, a hat the like of which he had never imagined, and a strident voice that made him shiver. But she seemed to be popular, and when she flitted off the stage a coarse remark from over his shoulder made him turn with clenched fist toward the speaker. But when he saw the man, his hand dropped, for he looked into as evil an eye as he had ever seen. His protest died on his lips. None of the things by which he lived seemed to count down here. But soon it would be over, and then he would explain to her that this was no place for her, and she would be seen in this Bohemian dancehall no more.

He waited at the side door till she came out, laughing and excited. "By-bye,

dearie," she called out to some one within, "your turn tomorrow night—awful sorry to keep you waiting so long, Mr. Thebold," she said in winning tones, "but that old Dick is so jealous that I had to promise him all sorts of things to get away from him. He's horrid, you know, but then he's awful nice, too, you see, and you can't help but like him."

Thebold remembered his mission and opened his mouth to utter his warning. But she rattled along with her insistent prattle till he gave up in despair. Besides, there was something very fascinating and contagious about the girl in this mood, and as she wove her net about him, his purpose of warning grew dim, and he asked himself "What mattered it, anyway?" Then she snuggled up close to him, and slipped her hand into his and squeezed his fingers, and because the spell was upon him again, he returned the pressure and leaned toward her in the crowded car. His breath came short, and his head was reeling in this atmosphere of a land unknown, for he had caught the fragrance of a poisoned tree, and even as he breathed it, he knew that it was the tree of forbidden fruit. And because it was so new and audacious, and she was so thrilling, he looked with hungry eyes, and behold it was very good, and he broke the tenth commandment. When there came a feeble protest from the land of things as they used to be, it was lost in a surge of hot blood that ran riot through his veins. What was the difference anyway?

When he left the car, he partly recovered his footing and braced himself for the good advice. He would say his warning and get away.

"Bessie," he said, desperately at the street door—"Bessie, you're too good a girl to live this way. Those people down at the Fairyländ are not the right sort of folks, and they will bring you to trouble."

"Do you really think so?" asked Bessie in mock seriousness. "Whatever shall I do about it?"

"Why not come back to Ruby Flat and live with us again? You can be good up there."

"So I can," replied Bessie. "So I can be good up there, but I'd have to work, and being good is so awfully uninterest-

ing. Of course, I could go, and it would be awful nice and respectable, like Fannie," she said slowly. "But, oh, pshaw, what's the use. This is lots more fun. Come on in."

"Really I must go," protested the perplexed man.

"Go nothin'," snorted Bessie, all animation again. "Goodness, no. I always have a bite to eat after the show. Come up and help."

"I didn't suppose that the table was set this late," objected the helpless man.

"Oh, you greeny," giggled Bessie. "I'll show you something yet, blest if I don't," she added, with a sudden determination that made him start.

They climbed the stairs quietly, and as they approached the open parlor door, they saw a tableau within made up of a yellow-haired, pink-cheeked girl seated across the knees of a young man who appeared to be in great fear lest she should fall off.

"Busy in there, you see," whispered Bessie. "This way."

They climbed another flight, turned a corner to the left, and presently she opened a door and pulled him in.

"Why, Bessie," he faltered, "this won't do."

"Yes it will," she chirped. "Does for me every night. You needn't be so hightoned about my room. Have a seat till I get a bite ready."

Thebold sank into a chair, too confused to resist. His first experience of invading the sanctity of feminine apartments was most disconcerting.

"You don't drink beer, of course," she said, "so we'll cut that out. Here's some sandwiches and pickles and cake, and I'll make some tea. That's nice and respectable, you know."

Thebold did not reply. He was again in the unknown land, and the apples of the tree glittered before his eyes. His heart pounded so he could hardly breathe, and his blood ran cold till he shivered. Why should the apples hang there for an-

other and he pass by on the other side? Was the game worth the price, after all?

Bessie, busy with her tea-making, noticed his preoccupation.

"Why don't you talk, you old humbug, you?" she said. "You need company, that's what you do."

Before he knew what she was about, she was perched on his knee with her arms about his neck. He held back in feeble protest, but she took his face between her hands and kissed him fairly on the mouth, a long, penetrating kiss that went through him like the touch of a live wire.

"You old dearie, you," she said.

But, daughter of Eve that she was, she had misjudged her Adam, and she was wholly unprepared for what followed. Thebold started as if he had been shot. The shock had cleared the air, and the enchanted fruit was as apples that were poisoned. The blood that had run cold boiled back into his hands, and his face and the old tide of manhood poured again through the choked channels. He struggled to his feet, and with a grip of iron took her hands from his neck.

"My God," he exclaimed, "where am I and what am I doing? I must go—must go quickly."

He seized his hat and started for the door. But Bessie had recovered herself and drew back in amazement, as with reluctant comprehension she saw her chain of mastery break in fragments at her feet. With all the fury of a woman scorned, she drew herself up with clenched fists and blazing eyes, and hissed through her teeth, "You, you dirty dog; you'll throw me off that way, will you? Wait, I'll teach you something yet."

She sprang to his side, paused a second, and then with cool deliberation struck him a blow across the face that for an instant stunned him.

Thebold staggered against the door, then recovered himself, and said quietly, "Thank you—I understand. Goodnight—and goodbye."



“EN L'OUBLIETTE”

A TALE OF THE SUNSET-LAND

BY FRED A. HUNT



UPON THE ragged edges of civilization, in the wind-swept reaches of the Far West, was an unkempt mass of architectural barnacles designated shacks, pitchforked together in unbridled fancy by the Bedouin inhabitants termed pioneers. The centripetal force of accumulation was always a conjoined general store and saloon, with a gambling house attachment. In the most pretentious of these—the haughty possessor of a plate-glass mirror behind the bar—the tutelary deity was a woman, one who had ridden into camp one day to be marded with a white stone, armed and panoplied like a scout, like him riding a-straddle, and towing the indispensable pack-pony. The apparition shortly became an appanage of “The Golden Nugget.” She was young and undeniably handsome, very attractive and insouciant; a veritable presentment of the idealization of Cigarette, Ouida’s heroine in “Under Two Flags,” both being exotic growths of the uncivilized and turbulent conditions, incidental to untrammelled existence, where battle, murder and sudden death were no infrequent factors.

The chatelaine of the Golden Nugget differed from Cigarette in that she was not petite; both girls were identical in their genial and generous camaraderie, their abundant good-nature and free-lance recklessness, and contemning of civilized society—wherein may have been some tinge of envy. These characteristics, however, made the chatelaine an added magnet while at the faro table—behind the box—an attraction almost as potent as the layout itself. Also she could throw a rope (lariat), ride a bucking broncho, take a trail and follow it with the skill of an In-

dian, and was an excellent shot with the Winchester and revolver. What the name bestowed upon this paragon by her godfather and godmother in baptism was, none save the lady herself knew, had she ever underwent such a process, and as to her surname, also, she was uncommunicative, a common habit in the Far West, but the name whereby she was known was a contraction of “La Belle Fifi,” the name bestowed on her by an admirer, adopted by her and her friends, and speedily synecopated to Label.

Naturally and inevitably a lady of so many and varied talents and polite accomplishments was much sought after, and many proffers of princely emolument and imperishable affection—the Western imagination was ever perfervid—were made her if she would secede from Chiricahua Charley, the proprietor of the saloon where—at times—she dictated the fates in the cards manipulated, and where, at other times, the unwaxed cards and the unbraced box came as the Fates themselves decided. To all such blandishments she invariably replied in the negative, and thus became more sought after and notable, achieving the repute of a paragon of fidelity, a sort of Occidental Penelope.

Great, then, was the amazement of the inhabitants of the Western ant-hill, and much scurrying, when it was reported one morning that Label had disappeared (“vamoosed the ranch” was the phrase of the announcement), and, most marvelous of all, had accompanied a recent arrival in Arcadia who had paid her assiduous attention. That day an unusually large throng of bacchanals gravitated about the “Golden Nugget,” each of them big with portent and reeking with information and tarantula juice. Shortly thereafter Charley sold his saloon, deposited the greater part of the proceeds with a storekeeper of

the settlement, and was swallowed up in the abyss of incognizance.

On September 29, 1877, at Eagle Creek, in the Bear Paw Mountains, General Nelson A. Miles attacked the camp of the Nez Perces, under the celebrated chief, Joseph (In-me-tuya-latk—Echoing Thunder), who, after a siege of six days, capitulated. After the surrender, a rumor inflamed the white camp that there was a white woman among the Indians, and a handsome one at that, and much curiosity to see the lady was indulged in by the soldiers, teamsters and pack-train attaches. One of the latter, a cargador, saw the lady and, after a more and more rigorous scrutiny, exclaimed in wonder, "Why, Label, is it possible?"

The lady, perhaps more attractive than usual in the picturesque finery of a Nez Perce squaw, stood calm and unimpressed, a dangerous glitter in her beautiful brown eyes, and her right hand carelessly toying with her Tranter (a self-cocking revolver.) Thus they stood for a few moments; then the lady quietly remarked: "Is what possible? Is it possible that I am myself? I certainly am, and I am here just as surely as you are there."

"And where is your partner?" asked Charlie.

"What partner?"

"The man that pulled his freight at the same time that you did."

Label's eyes took on a tawny hue and little glints of light—like the sparks on a dynamo brush—scintillated in them, while her sinuous hand gripped the revolver stock. "I'd give a whole lot if I knew," she replied. "Luckily for him, I don't."

"Well, if you wanted him badly enough to run off with him, why didn't you stick to him?"

"I didn't want him so particularly, but I did want somebody for an escort and bodyguard at the time I determined to leave Arcadia, when I heard about the young lady you were so dead set on getting from the States."

"Me! What young lady?" queried the amazed Charlie.

"Why, the one that you wrote to that you were so fond of that you couldn't live without her; the one for whose love your tough old heart was cracking your ribs like an Indian cracks a marrow-bone. Oh,

you needn't deny it, for I saw the letter myself. 'Illinois.' Jack took it when you weren't looking and showed it to me, and I know your writing well enough. You wanted her to come to Arcadia and teach school; then you'd marry her and live under rose-bushes and all that slop. You're a nice young man for a school-ma'am's husband, ain't you? Help her teach Sunday school, I suppose, and take the class in morality and etiquette! You'd be a teacher fine enough to be stuffed and put into a museum."

"And Jack showed you the letter?"

"He did."

"That's why you skipped off with him?"

"Sure; why shouldn't I?"

"No reason why you shouldn't if you wanted to, only I never wrote to a girl back in the States to come and be a school-ma'am, and, what's more, I never wanted any one."

"But I saw the letter."

"Likely. Jack was always mighty slick with the pen, but I never wrote it."

"Well, Charlie, you never were a liar and I am compelled to believe you, and believe now that that skunk Jack ran in a cold deck on me, particularly as he stole my money when we were in Idaho and sached out."

"He did?"

"He did. And I joined the Nez Perces when they left Camas Prairie, as I knew they were going to make a try for Canada, and that's where Jack was said to be heading for."

"Suppose you had caught him?"

For reply, Label quietly drew the revolver from its holster and asked: "What chance do you think he would have if I got the drop on him?"

"That's so. But I've a little grudge against the gentleman myself. What do you say if we hunt him together and take a little picnic trip across the border after him?"

So Charlie resigned from the army pack-train, bought an outfit of ponies, packs and provisions from the Nez Perces, through the Quartermaster, and the following day Label and he, in turn, disappeared.

Up near the head of waters of Milk River, a traveler had tethered his ponies, made his camp and was luxuriating in the



TO-MA-SON, OR TIMOTHY, NEZ PERCE WARRIOR

genial warmth of the camp fire that relaxed the stiffness of his chilled frame. "Not the nicest kind of weather for traveling," he soliloquized, "but I've got to reach the Mounted Police Station before the New Year, and would like to have my Christmas dinner there. Great Heavens! what's that?"

"That" was a riata, thrown by a skilled hand. It encircled his arms, pinioning them to his body. It still further tightened, dragging him across the ground until he collided against a tree with an impact that knocked the breath out of him. When he recovered it, and himself, he was looking into the barrel of a Smith & Wesson, while a quiet voice ordered him to "stand up with your back against that tree." He, perforce, did so, and was firmly and skillfully bound to the tree by some one whose face he could not see. When he was triced up, the man with the revolver said: "Now, Label!" She approached the captive and coolly and deliberately slapped his face.

"Now," said Charlie, "we'll move camp up here where it will be a little closer to you and more companionable, and have supper, and then we'll take your outfit as a sort of exchange for the money you stole from Label, and to pay for the lies you told about me. You'll have no further need of it, anyway, for after we've had an early Christmas dinner we'll leave you to play solitaire, unless any wild animals want to come and play Santa Claus to you."

So saying, he and Label moved the fire to within a few feet of Jack, banked it up with a huge back log, and then took off his belt and revolvers and laid them about four feet to his right. They then leisurely cooked and ate their evening meal, carefully tested the bonds encircling their captive, bade him a good night and wished him pleasant dreams, and disappeared.

* * * *

Up rose the calm and radiant moon, whose perfect peace but accentuated Jack's turbulent thoughts. What a fool he had been not to blind and cover his trail; this predicament was but a natural result of his being so sure of the impracticability of pursuit, and for dawdling along instead of making rapid progress to his contemplated destination. Then he would gently

and tenderly try to loosen his lashings, knowing full well that any rough procedure would only compact them and make them tauter; but ineffectually. Any one accustomed to fastening a pack on a fractious animal makes no mistakes like leaving any slack in the fastenings. He would look anxiously at the fire and hope amid its dancing flames a brand or coal would not be ejected toward him that he could char his bonds on. If he could only reach his revolvers—which, with refined cruelty his captors had placed so near to, and yet so far from him—and shoot his fastenings apart. But all the effort and hope were vain, and there he was like a trussed turkey before the crackling fire, whose very activity and celerity of motion but further mocked his helpless inactivity.

Yet he knew the fire was a tower of safety against the wild animals that soon began to gather in wonderment at the unaccustomed illumination. The shriek of a hoot owl cracked the silence; bright, shining points of light came too near the radius of the fire's rays and vanished; he well knew what they were, even had they not been identified by the staccato, petulant bark. How the coyotes would gather and snarl and feast over his remains when the fire had smoldered and expired! Like a kinetoscope his brain showed him recurrences of his innocent youthful days, and of his subsequent sophisticated and sinful life; he made many a strange, unaccustomed and uncouth prayer to God, and formulated innumerable good resolves—then the dull, or poignant, miserable routine in ineradicable procession.

During one of these chimerea, the unsupported reverie was disturbed by nerve-vibrating shriek, like the wail of a child in extremest anguish, the cry of the American puma or mountain lion, and speedily the long, tawny, lithe body slunk into the firelight, and the radiant, rapacious eyes glared and glowered at him in baffled ferocity. He knew the theory that a mountain lion will not attack a live man unless ravenously hungry; he also knew that mountain lions are not often surfeited and hence he would not give much for his chances of avoiding the gleaming fangs of his visitor when the fire expired; in anticipation of which event the *Felis con-*



WASTAWANA, A BANNOCK INDIAN, WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN AN ACTIVE ADHERENT OF THE NEZ PERCES

color was luxuriously licking his chops; eating his Barmecidal Christmas dinner. Of course, by the torrent of anguished reflections, chilled and numb by his continuous restraint, his distraught brain could bear no more, and he fainted.

* * * *

When he recovered consciousness, he found that he was lying on the grass, unbound, and that Charlie and Label were near at hand. Utterly astonished, he turned an inquiring gaze from one to the other, and, answering his mute query, Charlie said: "Yes, we're here; we didn't intend letting the wild critters get you; we only wanted to scare you good and plenty for the dirty trick you played us."

"I've quit my dirty tricks," said Jack. "I've decided to turn over a new leaf; I determined on that last night, if I should ever get out of that scrape alive."

"Label," said Charlie, "just pitch those gun's of Jack's over here; when a tough citizen like him talks about reforming, I'm afraid he wants to put me off my guard and get the drop on me."

"No," said Jack; "I mean it—on the dead level."

"Glad of it," said Charlie, "for your own sake, and we'll give you a chance after Label has given us some breakfast."

While breakfast was in course of preparation, Jack pulled from his pocket a wallet, and extracting therefrom a roll of bills, tossed them over to Charlie, saying: "That will square the money I 'borrowed' from Label."

During the meal, the watchful eyes of his hosts were ceaseless in their vigilance. At its close Charlie said: "While we fully appreciate your great reformation, we don't want to take any chances of its slipping away from you suddenly. So you will mount your pony and we'll tie the trail rope of the pack pony to your waist. Your shooting irons are empty, and all your ammunition is in the saddle-pockets. Just ride away with your hands up, and keep 'em up till you're out of sight, and then you'll have a chance to carry out some of your change of heart. But if you drop your hands or do any monkey business, I'm afraid that you'll be cold meat for that mountain lion that was looking you over last night."

"Did you see him?" asked Jack.

"Yes; we weren't far away from you last night, only far enough so you couldn't see our fire."

"Whatever you intended to do, you certainly did a very kind thing to me last night, for I tell you that I made a new deal from now on."

"All right," responded Charlie; "you do your part of the programme, and we'll do ours."

So Jack mounted his cayuse, the rope attached to his pack pony was tied to his belt, and with his hands aloft like some East Indian faker, he rode away—and out of the lives of that scrutinizing pair, but, in the golden light of that beautiful Christmas morning he rode into a purer, better and happier life, wherein he tried to make amends for the brutal wrong-doing of the past and to better serve the Master whose mission on earth commenced that day many years ago, and whose hope inspiring message was and is, "Whoso cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

* * * *

Some months after Label's disappearance from Arcadia, she and Charlie rode into the settlement and nonchalantly greeted their surprised acquaintances.

"Yes, we're back from our picnic," said Charlie. "I'll start up another saloon if I can't get the old one back, where we shall be glad to see you. We're married folks now; just from the honeymoon. Come and have something."

* * * *

It is easily authenticated by the records of that region that the Hon. Charles Crupton served his district admirably in the State Legislature, to which he was many times re-elected, and where, among many other Spartan types, he was notable for his earnest and well-directed efforts to suppress illicit and "brace" gambling and to extinguish "hurdy-gurdy" saloons. It is also remembered in that flourishing State, as of the splendor of Vitellius, how exclusive and elegant were the functions of Mrs. Belle Crupton. Into the abyss of forgetfulness—real and simulated—has the tumultuous early career of Charlie and Label disappeared.



CHIEF FOR THE VILLAGE OF THE NEZ PERCES

FILIPINO FOLK-LORE

BY JOHN STUART



THE IMPORTANCE of a study of the folklore of the Philippines, as well as of any other similar anthropological work at the present moment, can hardly be overestimated. To deal with native questions effectively, we must endeavor to understand the native mind; we must try to see things from the native point of view, and we must take into consideration native prejudices and aspirations.

Our law-givers and judges pay too little attention to the study of anthropology and the laws of evolution. They often forget that the practices which are as a second nature to ourselves have only become so by a course of selective action through thousands of years, and that to force sudden changes on Filipinos, and especially on Moros, is almost certain to court disaster.

Changes take time; nature will not be hurried, and it is particularly necessary to understand not only the native customs, but the reasons which have determined them. Sometimes the result of our ignorant interference with Moro and Filipino customs is very unfortunate. We try to force individualism on people who appear to have gotten a great deal of enjoyment out of a socialistic sort of life. And yet we should consider how terrible a failure individualistic civilization is, at any rate for some millions of our population here in the "States."

While our American judges in the Philippines are above suspicion as to the justness of their decisions from our own point of view, yet the natives sometimes complain concerning their justice from *their* point of view.

Before the American occupation the native did not feel it to be unjust on the part of a datto to make his subjects work

for white men and yet give their money to him (the datto.) To Americans and Europeans, this is essentially unjust, for it is an infringement of the rights of the individual. To the Moro, the rights of the community are vastly more important than those of the individual.

Consequently, when we in our haste impose Western conceptions of justice on people who are still in the "clan" stage of society, our judgments appear to such people absurdly unjust and even pernicious. There are few things the old people grumble about so much as the way the proximity of the white man, with his new-fangled ideas of justice undermines the character of the young Moros.

Particular modes of conduct of uncivilized races are judged differently by different people in different ages. This is continually noticed in the stories which Filipinos tell their children and which Filipino boys and girls tell each other.

Take the case of the subjection of women which so often shocks Americans, and rightly so from our point of view. But a little reflection will explain the apparently cruel custom, for example, which ordains that the woman should be burdened with a heavy load while the man walks before her carrying nothing but his weapons.

In a half-civilized state of society, man has good reasons for keeping himself free and mobile. He is surrounded by dangers and must be on the alert and ready in an instant to seize his weapons in order to defend himself and his family against the aggressors.

Thus it appears that anthropological investigations ought to have the most strenuous encouragement on the part of the American administration, both for scientific purposes (to which no Government ought to be indifferent), and because everything which contributes to our knowledge of the Philippine people, their

physical and mental capacities, their prejudices, customs and beliefs, must make for good government.

A full knowledge of local conditions and a sympathetic treatment of native prejudices would materially lighten the burden of Government by preventing misunderstandings, and by securing greater efficiency.

In the Philippines there are abundant opportunities among both Christian and non-Christian tribes for the investigations of field anthropologists. But these investigations are specially necessary at the present time. Every year sees a decrease in the Filipino folk lore we might have garnered, and this diminution of opportunity is taking place with increasing speed as our schools are opening up in the remote regions of the archipelago.

Many funny stories are told of a certain little trickster who is always cheating his mother. The following story is entitled "The funny story of Juan Pusong, or foolish John."

Many years ago there lived in Negros a poor woman who had a son named Juan Pusong. His mother was as poor as she could be, and made a living selling vegetables in the village market. Juan was always cheating his poor mother until he became a man.

One day when Juan was about seven years old his mother said to him: "Juan, it is better that you now go to school and learn there how to be a prophet." Juan said: "Yes, I want to go to school, but every time when our school is over, you must give me something to eat." His mother agreed, and next day Juan went to school. The school building was not far from the house, and when Juan came home the first day he said: "Oh, mother, my teacher told me that I will be a prophet to-morrow." His mother smiled, and was very pleased and gave Juan something to eat as she had promised.

Behind Juan's house there grew a tall guava tree, and next morning, instead of going to school Juan went and hid in the guava tree, taking with him the book called in Spanish "cartilla," which his mother had bought for him. When Juan was in the tree he watched his mother baking some very nice cakes and making a nice treacle called "pulut," and he saw

where she put them after she had finished.

When it came to dinner time and Juan saw the boys come out of school, he went down from the guava tree and went into the house. When his mother saw him she asked him to read from his book. Now Juan had not learned to read anything, but his mother did not know how to read either. So Juan took his book, which was turned upside down, and pretended to read, saying many funny things just like the singing of the frogs when it rains. As he read, he said "cala," "cala," "cala."

His mother was very glad when she heard this way of reading, for she believed that her son was improving very quickly and was becoming very wise. Then his mother asked him if he had learned yet how to be a prophet, and Juan said: "Oh, yes; that is very easy. I know what you have made for my dinner today, and I can tell you where you have put it." He then said: "You have made cakes and pulot, and they are over in that corner." And his mother was very pleased to know that Juan was now a true prophet.

Next morning Juan went up the guava tree as before, instead of going to school, and when he was up there, a fisherman went past his mother's house selling crabs. Juan's mother called in the fisherman and bought some crabs, and when she was paying for them she said to the fisherman: "I am going to cook these crabs for my little Juan," and Juan heard what she said.

When Juan went into the house for dinner, he said: "Oh, mother, what did you buy for dinner today?" And his mother, making fun, said: "Oh, my dear son, nothing but rice and salt." Then Juan said: "Wait till I read my book, and I will see whether you are telling the truth or not." So he took his book and read "cala," "cala," "cala." Then after he had read a little, he said: "My book tells me that you bought some crabs from Aurelio Ramirez, the fisherman, and that you cooked them in that pot which is over there in the corner." Then Juan's mother was convinced that her son was a great prophet.

Then she said to Juan: "You do not need to go to school any more because you are now very wise." And Juan was very glad when he heard this, for he did not

wish to go to school. Next day Juan's mother went to the king and told him that her son was a prophet. The king asked her what his name was, and she said: "It is Juan Pusong." And the king was very glad to know that there was a prophet in that place.

One morning Juan saw the king's daughter going to the river to bathe, so he followed her and hid himself in some bushes near the bank. The princess took off her diamond ring before going in to bathe, and Juan saw where she laid it. While she was bathing, Juan stole the ring and took it home. When the princess finished bathing and was putting on her dress, she found that her precious ring was lost, which had cost half her father's kingdom.

When she reached the palace she said: "Father, I have lost the precious ring." Then the king made a proclamation that any one who found the ring would get half of his kingdom and marry his daughter. Next day the king remembered that there was a prophet in the town called Juan Pusong, and immediately he sent two soldiers to Juan's house to take him to the palace.

When the soldiers reached Juan's house they said: "The king has lost a precious ring, and if you find it he will pay you half of his kingdom and give you his daughter to marry when you become a man, but if you do not find it for him he will cut off your head." Juan's mother was very much afraid when she heard these cruel words and began to cry. Juan said: "Do not cry about it, dear mother, for I will find the ring." Before Juan started for the palace with the soldiers, he whispered to his mother that she was to go to bed as soon as they had left the house, and she was to make believe that she was very sick.

Then Juan went off with the two soldiers to go to the palace. And when they got about a mile away, Juan said to the soldiers: "Let us go back that I may cure my mother, for she has just fallen very sick." They then all went back and found Juan's mother in bed, and when Juan had laid his hands on her she got well again and rose up from the bed. The soldiers were very much surprised, and when they had taken Juan to the palace, they told

the king how he had cured his own mother.

The King then asked Juan if he could find the ring of the princess, and Juan said he could. He then took the king and princess to the foot of a tree where he had placed the ring. And the king was very glad and said he would give him half his kingdom and also the princess to be his wife when he became a man. But a thought came to the king that perhaps Juan had stolen the ring and placed it where it was found. And to test him he said: "How much money have I in my purse?" And Juan could not tell him, so the king said: "You are nothing but a foolish Juan."

The story entitled "The maid of the Sea" offers some points of interest. It should be premised that the first sailors who sailed through the sunny seas of the Malay Archipelago brought back curious tales of mermaids and other animals. With strange perversity the tales which were true were not believed, and those which were not true were accepted. Thus the tale of the bird called "Mound-builder," which builds a mound in which it buries its eggs were so strange that they were discredited until the beginning of the nineteenth century. These eggs are hatched under the ground by the heat produced during the putrefaction of the leaves and rotten wood, and the young birds make their way up to the surface by digging.

On the other hand, the tales of mermaids which the sailors brought back were generally believed in. It is true that there is a sea mammal called the dugong or pez mujer (woman fish), which probably gave rise to the mermaid tales, for it is sometimes seen at the present day by Filipino fishermen suckling its young at the surface of the sea.

This perversity reminds one of the old Scotchwoman whose son was telling her the strange thing he had seen in distant lands. "Mother," said he, "I seed a Ben-lomond o' gold." "Ay! that I can believe," said she. "And," continued he, "I saw a Lochlomond of whiskey." "That I can believe tae," replied she. "And I saw fish that could flee," said he. "Na! Na! Jock, ye mauna mak' a fule o' yir pur auld mither."

There was once a beautiful maid who

lived at the bottom of the sea. Her name was Innocencia Grandesa, and she lived in a little house with a very old woman. Near this house there stood seven very high and handsome towers.

At that time there lived a king and queen who had an only son whose name was Frederick, and who was very handsome. This son attended college every day and studied hard, but never spoke to any girls. But one day he found a letter by the roadside which told him all about the lady at the bottom of the sea. When he had read it, he was very sad thinking about the lady, so he went home and stayed away from college—a thing he had never done before, for he was very diligent and punctual. When dinner came, he would not eat, and his father said: "What is the matter with you, my son?" He said: "Father, I have found a letter which says that there is a beautiful lady at the bottom of the sea, and I am going to sail here and there all over the sea until I can find her." His father consented, and he sailed away with some of his men. After many days, when they were sailing through the Straits of Guimaras, a great storm came, and they had to drop their anchor.

After the storm was over they tried to lift up the anchor and found that it had stuck on the bottom. Then Frederick said to one of the men: "You must go down to the bottom. I will cover you with crystal, and tie a rope to you long enough to reach the bottom, and when you cannot remain any longer you must pull the rope and we will draw you up again." The man went down, but he could not stay a minute, for he was so afraid of drowning. They then tried another and then a third, but none of them could stay down so long as a minute.

At last Frederick himself tried, and when he got to the bottom he found that the anchor was stuck on the roof of a house. From the house he went to the towers, one after the other, and when he reached the seventh tower he met Innocencia Grandesa, and they fell in love with one another. Soon they were mar-

ried and had a son.

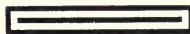
Now Innocencia hid a fan under the bed of their son, for if Frederick would find it and fan himself with it, he would find his way home. But one day Frederick found the fan and made his way back to his father's home.

His father was very glad to see him again, for he thought he was drowned. After some weeks his father told him that he should get married, for he was getting old enough. Frederick had forgotten all about his first wife, so he asked a lady to be his wife, and she consented. They then invited all of their friends to the wedding.

When Innocencia heard of the wedding she sent him a present, and on the day of the wedding she went as one of the guests. When she was there, Frederick did not know who she was. The present she gave was the picture of a boy and a girl. The girl was herself and the boy was Frederick.

When all the guests were at supper Innocencia placed the picture on the table and took a stick in her hand. She then said to Frederick: "Do you remember that your anchor stuck on my house?" Then Frederick replied: "No," and as soon as he said so, Innocencia struck him hard across the face with the stick. She asked again: "Do you remember that we have a son?" And he said: "No." So she struck him again. To all the questions she asked he answered "No!" and she struck him every time.

At last she asked: "Do you remember that you found your way home with my fan?" and at last Frederick said: "Yes, I remember it." Then he shouted out to all the wedding guests: "This lady is my wife, and I am not going to marry another!" And the two went away to their home beneath the sea to live as they had done before. And often when the sea is calm the people of Negros see Innocencia at the surface of the water on the Strait of Guimaras looking at the land where her husband came from, and with her baby in her arms, for they have very many children now.



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AN ESSAY IN CRITICISM ALL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

BY HARRY COWELL



WE HAVE THE word of a writer of note for it that there are two classes in the United States—the quality and the equality; and his deed, that there is but one class. The author of “The Virginian” writes obviously for the equality alone. From the point of view of art, all America is one class divided against itself.

Where Poe died, as saith the witty Shaw, we live, and, like our fathers before us, tend to speak good of naught but the dead. Being now himself an angel, Edgar Allan sings wildly well; that is, Edgar Allan, the artist, not the man. The latter drank the former to—immortality, and is to be dealt with accordingly. From the point of view of morals, this is but to speak ill of the dead man, while to say that we starved Poe *in toto* to death would be to arraign men still living, to say the thing that is.

The year we live in is typical of the age. We believe ourselves to be celebrating the births of great men, Darwin, Milton, Lincoln and the like. In effect, we are celebrating their deaths. We delight in “monkey business,” but leave unread “The Descent of Man.” The times are vaudevillian to a degree unprecedented. Stock-broker and hod-carrier, their day’s work done, are equally devoid of energy to enjoy anything above the obvious in action. Alike incapable of playing the difficult part of appreciator, they detest style, art “properly,” because, as Flaubert points out, it sets them on work, forces them to think. Delve any deeper than does Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and at once you are out of their depth.

The squinting construction that comes of writing with one eye on the paper and the other on the pocket-book is pardonable so long as one keeps at a David-Harum distance from Plato.

Even critics forget that, when a writer adopts the literary ruse of putting his own profoundest thoughts into the mouth of a peasant he thereby at once lowers the expectation of his readers, and a little wisdom looks very large; so much so that no less a psychologist than Henry James, speaking critically of Kipling’s Mulvaney, asks us: “Hasn’t he also mysteries and infinities almost Carlylese?” Now, when Carlyle puts his wisdom into the mouth of that new-found philosopher, Herr Teufelsdröckh, he forthwith raises high hopes in his readers, expectancy is a-tip-toe, and wise indeed must be his wisdom to pass muster. So with beauty in the black-guarding mouth of my fellow townsman, Terence—“Flower hand, foot av shod air, an’ the eyes av the mornin’, she had.” Love, the magician, disguised as Dinah Shad, has made a poet out of the crapulous bullywragging native of Portarlington. It is loveliness so unexpected that we tend to overestimate it, to believe that it will never pass into nothingness. Just think of a clod-hopper thinking of “foot av shod air!” Were it not for the “av,” the thing were worse than incredible.

Suppose, however, that Kipling the poet, in his own person, had thus sung the praises of the graceful Countess of Clonmel (not Duchess, as he makes her out to be. Fie upon the obvious “Your grace!”) I, in the role of the gentle reader, have now to imagine one to the manner born, a gentleman and scholar divinely inspired, doing his best to describe a loveliness the reputation of which

had traveled, not from Bishops court, County Kildare, to Portarlington, Queen's County, but all the way from Ireland to India.

"Flower hand!" All very fine, Sir Poet, but now Mnemosyne whispers in my more critical ear to remind me that I have heard the phrase before; it is stale, and moreover, suggestive of lady-fingers!

"Foot of shod air and the eyes of the morning she had." True for you, but not the whole truth, nor yet poetic justice. I well know a man who, what time he was her ladyship's white-haired boy and Fate's, was used to feign even more shyness than he felt to the end that the eyes of the morning smile upon him, the feet of shod air come his way, and the flower hand be laid upon his head; and he assures me that the fact as God made it was in very deed poetry to be remembered; your fancy or conception of the fact, mere prose to be forgot. Let Terence Mulvaney describe Dinah Shad therewith, and the elite of American readers applaud; readers who recognize therein U. S. & Co.'s stock in trade; readers who decline Keats' invitation to view life through "Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn," the beauty thereof being not contingent, but absolute, who, centenaries to the contrary notwithstanding, are at heart loth to be brought "home to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." And why? Poe has style thought-compelling, setting strange tasks for men when the day's work is done and they are brain-fagged, and would fain be massaged instead of being forced to further exercise.

It may be that in days to come the business shall cease to run the man; the house, the wife; and we be no more possessed of our possessions. Perhaps, too, when all is said and done, the princes of the powers of the air, earth, fire, water, are not so black as they are word-painted. The well-known tendency of the heart of man to apotheosize a day that is dead puts U. S. & Co. at a disadvantage when compared with that which gave birth to The Nine.

Let us but hear the word Greece, and at once there arises before the mind's eye a vision of beauty, of the glory that was Phidias, of the song that was Sappho, the

thought that was Socrates, the power that was Pericles, the eloquence that was Demosthenes, the epic that was Homer, the tragedy that was Sophocles, the wit that was Aristophanes, the history that was Herodotus, the pure science that was Euclid; to say nothing of the wonder that was myth. Out of all this, the imagination, perforce, makes its composite Greek. The *'oi polloi* is a mere phrase, sounding brass unworthy of serving even as the pedestal of our gold-and-ivory Pallas-Athens.

Turn from Athens to Rome. Is it otherwise with us? Are we not still overshadowed by the grandeur of the law that was Lycurgus? Is not Croesus yet a name to conjure up a vision of wealth withal more magical far than Carnegie's?

The United States is too near and dear to us to do her poetic justice. Our American composite is, of necessity, the People, the Overwhelming Majority, the swamping, "mostly fools" of Carlyle; the great artist, Time, has yet to put selection upon its mettle, to do his "work of the file." There is, moreover, no distance to lend enchantment to our view of the many-in-one photograph, or of things in general. Of the living speaking likeness of ourselves, we may speak what evil we have a mind and the heart to. Have we not a full-sized tin-type of it well this side the Styx, the white rock, the gates of Day, the streams of Okeanos, the meads of Asphodel? Some golden day, when the tears of Time shall have assoiled our feet of the mire, the place that knew the muck-rake knowing it no more, we may become possible subject-matter for poetry of the beauty of Helen.

Meanwhile, we must overwork and be amused. Appreciation of beauty is an art so fine as almost to rival creation. The receptive artist is but little less rare than the creative. When, however, it comes to wit and humor, we have every assurance in the vernacular that we, U. S. & Co., are IT. Yet, even here, where we are admittedly at home, we must needs ever and anon tell our wits and humorists once for all to bear in mind that these are our busy days, we weary, and they paid to do the work. At any cost, we must head off the least tendency on their part to degenerate into style, thus forcing us to do

our part. All day long we have been carrying the hod or cornering the wheat market or what not. We are "all in." Comes now some Walter Savage Landor demanding a dollar a line for making us take off our coats again:

"God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
'Upon my honor!' Melville cries.
He swears, and lies.
Does Melville, then, break God's com-
mandments? No!"

Such wit as that is too much like work for your "all-in" man; he will have none of it. I once tried the foregoing on a hard-working editor. It proved too much for him. What of his harder-worked, less-discerning readers? Wit after the manner of Aristophanes, Heine, Swift, Wilde, Shaw, presupposes not a little superfluous energy on the part of the appreciator, and delight in the expenditure thereof; brains eager for exercise as are the limbs of March lambs.

We are wayworn; our eyes heavy with sleep. White on black we can see: "flower hand, foot av shod air," that enriched by the brogue, contrasted with Mulvaney's fightin' fisht an' brogan-armed hoof, is our poetic uttermost. Expect no more of us? 'Tis obviously unfair.

So it is that we come to have one cultured white putting his (or her, is it?) humor in the broad mouth of, say, a Mirandy, to the obvious end that the saying look all the brighter as coming from so dark a source. That a Japanese school-boy should be so witty is enough to make Wallace Irwin's readers sit up and take notice. Mr. Dooley's Irish lets the brain down much easier than does that of Dean Swift, and the work-a-day world to a man votes the former the better wit, the more humorous, of the two—myself but proving the rule. U. S. & Co. find Heine's German not half so delightful as Dinkelspiel's "American." George Ade makes his apology in slang and his half-a-million, or thereabouts, yearly, condescending to accept our check even as we condescend to accept his apology. Devil-driven, even the very best of our satirists must needs be Little-Johnny himself.

Finally, to come down to myself: Unless U. S. & Co. shortly mend their manners, I promise to make some come-day go-day Dago astonish the natives with his unheard-of wit; that is, if he be not already bespoke. What witticisms it takes this Celt long days of labor to create, and nights devoid of ease to work over with the file, shall come to him—the Italian—in dreams. Or shall I make lovers bill and coo in pidgin English? A flip of the coin is sufficient. Let the Dollar decide.



REALIZATION

BY CARRINGTON GRANT

This is a Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. How Realistically the Horrors of War are Reproduced! Do you see the Man, over there, who Seems so greatly Affected? As he Moves from one Point of View to another he almost Weeps.

Some survivor of the Battle, no doubt, to whom the Panorama is bringing back the Old Time with the Vividness of a

Yesterday's Occurrence.

No, my Dear, you are Wrong. He is a famous Writer of War Stories.

Deep Emotion shakes and shakes his Frame.

"At Last!" he cries, "at Last I Behold a Battlefield!"

Let us move softly Away and leave him to his Sacred Meditation.

IN THE SIERRA MORENA

BY CAMILLA L. KENYON



OUTHWEST of San Francisco Bay, the confused mountain ridges begin to taper to a single spur, which, running northward at a diminishing height, forms the peninsula of San Francisco. A mere wedge of land, twenty miles across at its widest, and so dominated, one would say, by the city at its apex that here, if anywhere in all the West, one would look to find Nature tamed and subjugated, all her wild unfettered graces trained into a decorous suburbanism. But, in some wonderful way, within these narrow bounds there is epitomized a world of diverse beauties. For the suburbs, to miscall them by so smug a title, lie strung along the grassy levels, among broad oaks and basking vineyards; and westward, across the ridge, are gaunt sea-cliffs and shining beaches and villages of fisher-folk and truck-gardeners; and between them—Nature's

still unconquered fastness—the shaggy crest of the Sierra sweeps dark and bold across the sky.

For here, scarce thirty miles as the crow flies from the great throbbing city, is, in effect, a wilderness, a place of peace and stillness, with its simple beatitudes, its slow unfretted silence, its long days measured only by the sun's decline. I shall not map you out your course, nor give you any hint of ways or means. Only, if you set your compass right, by and bye you will come upon a house, with its face toward the sea, and the whole westward fall of the mountain at its feet.

For the house stands at the summit of the pass, at the brink of a canyon cut deep into the marrow of the hills. The long veranda overhangs the gorge; you look straight down into its depth and shadow. Out of it the redwoods climb toward you. The crests of the nearest nod softly within hand's reach; you may trace all the delicacy of their ultimate green shoots. Here in the little dooryard one of the



A RELIC OF THE PAST. A SPANISH ADOBE IN THE FOOTHILLS

noblest grows, a friendly, domesticated giant, wearing almost to his topmost bough a dark drapery of ivy. This is the retreat of a whole colony of birds. You may hear them whispering and fluttering in the night, as you lie with your window open to the stars. A louder frightened rustling betokens the visit of a predatory owl. You have heard him or another often, utter-

there, along the upper slopes, some spur thrusts forth a bare, grassy shoulder, a splash of vivid, melting green in time of rain; in summer a mellow russet. Whatever their hue, these little spaces glow amid the sombre boskage with an effect of jewel-like delicacy. Long shadow-fingers creep across them with the day; to an accustomed eye they all but mark the hours.



A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY

ing his weird note in the blackness of the gorge.

Away for miles and miles the canyon makes its noble sweep, and as far as you can follow the redwoods fill it with their slender, close-ranked spires. Here and

Two salient points in our landscape are Bald Knob, to the left, the culmination of a long ridge that divides our canyon from the next, and on the right, the dark, stark silhouette of San Pedro Mountain. Wonderfully they lend themselves to all the

changeful phases of the day, gathering the morning light, blackening against fading evening skies, always a deep, strong note beneath the lighter harmonies. Between them the canyon winds away, until we lose it among grassy, rolling hills; then comes the curve of white beach, the whiter surf, the dark arm of Pillar Point, black reefs and fretting surges; then an

All day, perhaps, the mist has lurked along the coast, but as afternoon declines, it begins pouring inland, tumbling, heaving, surging, of an absolutely burning white where the sun strikes it, pure violet in its caves and hollows. We are still far above it, looking down upon the pageant from our sunny height. We watch it rolling in, vast, resistless, overwhelming, yet



A CANYON DARK WITH REDWOODS

infinity of sea and sky.

One must see it in all moods to know it; in the clear light of morning, the crimson and sapphire of breathless summer sunsets, the wonderful pale greens and duns of early winter dusk; above all in the splendor, the unpicturable glory of the fog.

so silent. Not a sound, not a stir of wind, only a sudden chill upon the air. Like a white river it surges up the gorge, with an angry lift and swell of fleecy crests. Or like an ocean, rather, sweeping upon a doomed coast, turning valleys into fiords, and flinging upon the mountain's grim es-

carpments the waves of a soundless inundation.

Bald Knob is now an island, bleakly rising from a pallid sea; the soft mist-billows lick and curl about him, and in a little he is lost. To San Pedro a like fate comes more slowly; white surges beat upon his crags, to fall back baffled; at moments he austere triumphs, looming black and jagged above the eddying vapors. When he too vanishes, it is as if some sternly defended citadel, the last hope of a beleaguered city, had fallen.

Meanwhile the sun, a molten ball, sends out a lurid glare across the fog. He is very low now, dipping toward its margin, a sphere of clear, concentrated splendor, floating in a crystal void. Then the gleaming vapor seems to rise and clasp him; there is a moment of incomparable brilliancy, a meeting of fire and snow, and the splendid bridal is accomplished. He is gone now, all hidden in that chill embrace, but a diffused glory spreads along the sky and strikes gleams of rose and topaz from the pallid mists.

The splendor wanes, the west grows chill and faded. The fog has crept upward slowly, unperceived. It lies beneath us, dim and wavering. Gray shreds drift past us; there will be a morning of salt freshness in the sun-browned valley. And already it is night; the keen fog stings our cheeks, lies damp upon our hair. Let us go indoors to the blazing logs, the sweet tang of the wood-smoke, the hour of quiet talk; then good-night and dreamless sleep.

But if this is quite the show-piece of the place (though indeed from any of our high coast-ridges a sight very similar may be beheld), there are not lacking beauties of a perhaps more intimate appeal. Such to me is the outlook on the valley, a soft blending of greens and russets, with the blue of the bay's bright waters and the brown of the bare, gaunt range beyond. Warm and rich and glowing, eloquent of seed-time and of harvest, of garnered grapes and purple wine, it drowns in the golden quiet. Or glimpsed at early morning, pale and dreamlike in its veil of silvery vapor, or at evening half lost in tender shadows, lighted here and there by starlike gleams, it has an effect curiously phantasmal, as of some vague cloud-coun-

try, which must dissolve and melt away beneath the sun.

In even the briefest sojourn in these hills, one is aware of a spell of somnolence that seems to overhang them, and that presently lulls one into a quietude of indifference and detachment. One has a sense of having swung into an eddy, out of the rush and hurry of the stream, and bobbing quietly there upon the placid water. Yet this upland has its little history, has known its small vicissitudes. Half a century or so ago it was given over to the destroyer, and for a time he wrought his will. The tribute was heavy; trees that in the long leisure of centuries had slowly ripened to their noble prime fell in a day, an hour. Behold, then, the land left desolate; yet when the storm had passed, serenely the work began again, hiding the wounds beneath a swiftly woven mantel of flowers and shrubs and springing saplings. Now even scars are turned to beauties, hacked stumps are green with moss, decaying trunks breed a rich growth of ferns and lichens. A patient, cunning hand has been at work. All the ravage is repaired or softly veiled. The harsh touch of man has been all but smoothed away. Then, as is so often blessedly the case, that which makes most splendidly for beauty is disdained for sordid uses. So the woodmen, prodigal as all men were in California's early days, refused all but the hugest and straightest shafts, and left to us magnificent gnarly spruces, whose long boughs sweep the grass, the weird beauty of madronas, great twisted mossy oaks, canyons dark with redwoods only less splendid than the fallen. Yet, contemplating these, it is with a sick heart that one hears, when the wind is right, the faint thin shriek of the sawmills in the gulches, sounding the doom of peace and beauty in these hills. They are far off yet, but they spread ruin like a pestilence about them, and their note is a challenge and a warning to all true lovers of the woods.

But to those pioneer lumbermen one is almost disposed to be grateful, for to them we chiefly owe those fascinating pathways by which we take our forest rambles. Harsh scars once, ploughed by wood-sled and ox-team; now quiet, sweet, leafy byways, running into one another, ending

nowhere often: provoking to ardors of exploration, wooing to dreamy loitering. Winding for miles along the open ridges, or dim as a sea-cave under interlacing boughs, secret, narrow, half-obliterated, the trails the woodsmen may lead far from beaten tracks into the remotest hidden glens and shadowy recesses of the hills.

These paths are known to other wayfarers; small feet pad softly over them in the quiet dark. They are the highways of the woodfolk; you track them in your walks—coyote, wildcat, fox and coon, perhaps a few shy deer. But you must have

there came a mighty hunter, and so no more evening music.

Exhaustless, too, in its ever-changing beauty is the slow procession of the year. There is the Christmas season, brightly cold or brightly balmy, or wild with driving rain. Then are mornings keen with frost, and you gather toyon berries by the armful, and your cheeks are red as they. March is the time when the wild currants are in blossom, clusters of rosy bells, and the humming-birds by scores hover and sip and hover about them all day long. In early May the grass is lush-est, streaked with white-tipped daisies and



A FOOTHILL RANCH

a keen eye to see them, or even to glimpse the chattering squirrels and silent, scuttling bunnies. If you are of those who count it joy to seek these troubled, humble lives, doubtless you would find your fill of pleasure. Clouds of quail brood here, doves cry softly in the woods. There was one of these gray wood-doves whose nightly perch was in a redwood near the house. Here, upon the edge of twilight, he would softly call his mate, and she would answer him, a faint, far note. Then

tiny, deep-blue lupins. Iris and hearts-ease and baby-eyes lurk in the shady hollows, columbines nod beside the road, the chilacothé sprawls everywhere, starred with waxen blossoms. Then the blue of the lilac lies like smoke along the hillside, and its fragrance is heavy upon the still air. In summer you may gather blackberries and shy wood-strawberries, glean the last of the huckleberries in October, season of scurrying quail, mellow moons and sweet, still, drowsy days. And always

you turn back at evening along the leafy by-ways to the low, long house, wind-beaten, rain-soaked, these forty years there at the brink of the Purissima.

Where in the world will you find a snugger chimney-corner, or better talk than may be heard here of a firelit evening from people who have gathered wisdom in many diverse ways? This fireside seems a kind of clearing house for strange experiences, though if you have nothing

better to recount than having seen a rabbit on the wood-road it seems to put on an air of romance in the firelight. Outside there is a great soft sough and murmur, the unforgettable sound of wind among the redwoods. Sometimes from the darkness comes a far-off, melancholy cry; for an instant an old, old memory seems to waken, of how, ages ago, you crouched before a fire like this and trembled at that distant cry.



THE PASHA OF MANY DREAMS

BY WALTER ADOLF ROBERTS

The Pasha of an hundred thousand dreams
 Came wand'ring from his dusky realms tonight,
 And from his hookah blew a cloud of smoke,
 And whispered: "I will show you wisdom's light."

He said: "In days when you and I were young
 We dreamed of love and laughter on the way,
 Myself an hundred thousand years ago,
 And you, O friend, perchance but yesterday!

"Yet, what gained we for all our rosy dreams?
 And from the love of women what gained we?
 The world has bandied us from post to post,
 The world has made a fool of you and me.

"But list you to the wisdom of the sage;
 Love passes as a smoke-wreath idly blown,
 The roses that at midnight graced the feast
 Will ere the dawn be in the gutter thrown.

"Yet have we still our joys, O friend of mine!
 Is wine not red? Is not the hookah sweet?
 And, as the young go by on eager quest,
 May we not smile to watch their foolish feet?"

THE PASSING OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

BY BARNETT FRANKLIN

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY



ON APRIL 23rd, Charles Warren Stoddard, "Prince Charlie," died in his beloved Monterey, historic old Monterey of the placid, heaven-blue waters and the glorious cypresses. He died as he had wished, in the spot above all on earth he loved the best, 'mid an atmosphere seasoned with rich memories. So, too, as he had wished, all that is left of "Prince Charlie," whole-souled, generous, sweet-natured "Prince Charlie," true minstrel, has gone to its rest beneath the ground that long had known his tread, the ground of Monterey, the haven of this singing wanderer.

California may rightly claim Charles Warren Stoddard as her own in life as he is in death, though it was the East that knew his birth. A world-wanderer was he, this man of poetry and romance. The four corners of the globe knew him; the islands of the South Seas were once his playground; he was resistless to the call of the far-away land. But, as he himself once said, "Though in a certain sense I have been homeless, I have ever been at home, for, like unto the cowboy, 'my home is under my hat.'"

But finally the wander-lust was dispelled, the call of the sighing cypresses and the subtle spirit of languorous old Monterey crept into his heart, and in 1907 he wrote to his friend, Charles Phillips, editor of the Monitor: "I seem to have settled here, after a fashion. I am weary of wandering." And even before another year had passed, he amended that unusual declaration by saying: "Here is the place I shall pass the remainder of my days."

So does California feel the right of claiming Stoddard for her son.

It was in the early fifties that Charles Warren Stoddard came West. He was but twelve years of age when he set foot on San Francisco soil, and the bustling metropolis caught his fancy strongly. There was an impetuosity to the life of the city that was in tune with the impetuosity of his own youthful spirit. It was here he began furtively to write verses, and in "The Footprints of the Padres," produced in later life, we find recorded his impressions of the Yerba Buena that he knew in the golden days of the golden age. His mind was like a kinetoscopic film, and from those early times down to the final Monterey moments it caught impressions continuously. Out of that wealthy storehouse of his earlier mental snap-shots, Stoddard in after years developed precious word-pictures, paintings softened by a wizard's brush into things of wondrous appeal.

Stoddard's first stay in California was for but a period of two years, but the spell of the West was upon him, and in the year 1859 he returned. To C. Beach, a book-dealer, and Francis Starr King, belong the credit for first encouraging Stoddard upon a literary career. The story has it that, while a clerk at Beach's shop, he began scribbling rhymes secretly in odd moments and sent them anonymously to the local press.

Then King, struck by the exquisite fancy of some lines appearing in "The Californian," determined to seek out the identity of the author, and found it, to his astonishment, in the person of the juvenile book-clerk. The youthful bard shamefacedly acknowledged his guilt, accepted King's criticisms and advice with good

grace, and, as a result, devoted himself at once to the completion of his schooling.

His poetic instincts quickly asserted themselves, and, in 1867, his first volume, modestly captioned "Poems, by Charles Warren Stoddard," saw the light. A. Roman was the publisher, the same Roman who first published the *Overland Monthly*, the child of Bret Harte, and the pioneer publication of the great country beyond the Rockies. The little volume of verse was, in fact, edited by Bret Harte, who in addition was destined to exert a considerable influence over Stoddard in the days of the early *Overland Monthly* when Harte sat in the chair of the editorial sanctum, and Stoddard acted as associate with Noah Brooks and Miss Ina Coolbrith, "the sweetest note in California literature." Those were the days when Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras," first sang his ringing songs, and Mark Twain, the gentlest, kindest and noblest delineator of human character, gave his initial journalistic efforts to the world.

The exigencies of newspaper work broke in upon Stoddard's devotion to the muse, and eventually he practically abandoned verse-smithing, for, from the early seventies onward, very few poems came from his pen. In 1867, Stoddard became a Roman Catholic, and in 1884 his career as a teacher opened as instructor in English literature at Notre Dame College, Notre Dame, Indiana. He had, previous to that, directed his footsteps abroad, and his pen had depicted his wanderer's life in the uttermost corners of Europe and Africa. The tropics he thoroughly loved, and certainly his stories of the South Seas exhibit Stoddard at his best. In these tales is the heart of him to be found. "Any one who knows 'South Sea Idylls,' 'A Troubled Heart,' and 'For the Pleasure of his Company,' knows me to the marrow of my bones," he once remarked. "Yet, for that matter, nearly everything I have written is more or less biographical—and I must appear a queer contradiction to the critical reader."

Who that has read the "Idylls" has not felt the lure of the land of palms and languor? The French for that book call him the "American Pierre Loti"—which compliment many of us feel has nothing of extravagance in it, for there is a certain

depth and solidity in Stoddard's work that the French writer's does not possess.

Stoddard's journeys through the Orient are recorded in "Marshallah, Flight into Egypt," and "A Cruise Under the Crescent from Suez to San Marco;" "The Lepers of Molokai," "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," "The Confessions of a Reformed Poet," "Exits and Entrances," and "The Dream Lady" are the best known of his other works. "For the Pleasure of his Company" was his single novel.

Probably no other man of his day had a wider friendship among literary folk than Stoddard, and in "Exits and Entrances" many of these meetings with celebrities are delineated. Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain were his intimates even as a boy; he knew well Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and George Eliot. For Stevenson he had a most tender attachment, and together they were often wont to romance and dream in Stoddard's one-time home on Rincon Hill, San Francisco, a picturesque, rose-embowered tumble-down cot high upon the crags. Here Robert Louis loved to come often, and his impressions of the quaint habitation may indeed be found chronicled in his "The Wrecker." It was here once that Stevenson scribbled the much-quoted rhyme on a card upon finding Stoddard absent after a strenuous climb:

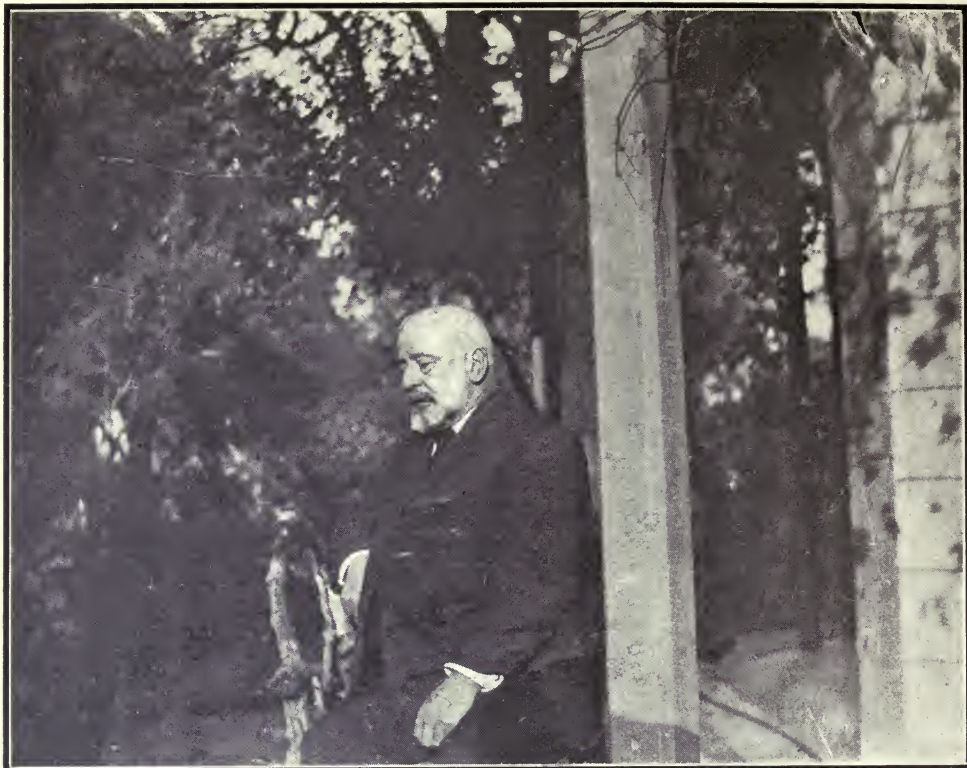
"I scatter curses by the row
I cease from swearing never;
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out forever."

Of late years Stoddard's health was on the decline, and rumors of his probable demise were at times frequent. A few years ago, while at Cambridge, the report was spread throughout the country of his severe illness, and an actual statement of his death reached the *Overland Monthly*. With many others, Mr. Pierre N. Berlinger, then editor of the *Overland Monthly*, penned an appreciation of Stoddard, whose early career was so intimately connected with this magazine, as the current issue was going to press. When the obituary fell into Stoddard's hands, he straightway penned the following letter, remarking characteristically of the eulogy



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

From the portrait by Benoni Irwin.



STODDARD AT MONTEREY.

at the time to a friend: "It was worth dying for."

Dear Friend:

In the Easter number of the *Overland Monthly* you have strewn the flowers of rhetoric upon my not unpremeditated grave. How can I thank you for a kindness—a loving kindness—the breath of which is as fragrant as the odor of sanctity? I was indeed dead, but am alive again! In a spirit of tranquility, the memory of which shall sweeten every hour of the new life I have entered upon, I received the Last Sacraments of the Church. Do you know how one feels under such circumstances? I feel as if I had been the unworthy recipient of some Order of Celestial Merit.

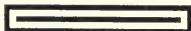
The perspective of my past is glorified—I had almost said sanctified—but I am painfully conscious of the conspicuous anticlimax in the foreground. Anticlimaxes are fateful and hateful, yet this anticlimax I must wrestle with even unto the end. It may be, it must be, that being spared I am spared for a purpose. In this hope I seek consolation; for I have unwittingly undone what was so prettily done for me. My anticipated taking-off was heralded to slow music; and had I not missed my cue, my exit should have been the neatest act in all my life's drama.

I know not what use you can make of this letter, unless you make it public in order that my readers may know that I am I—and not

another posing as the ghost of my old self; and that I am yours, faithfully, affectionately and gracefully

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

But now "Prince Charlie" is really gone, and the present editor writes this feeble little resume of his career, and an attempt at the merest suggestion of an appreciation of this sweet-souled figure in American literature, in all reverence and with something of an understanding of one of the few American poets whose music will live. "Prince Charlie" of the puzzling personality, delicate, sensitive, and gentle,—the gentleness of a woman—against whom the sole grievance the world held was that for all-too-many years he ceased wooing of the Muse and left his lute unstrung, will be with us now solely in memory. It is for his songs to echo ever down the corridors where Euterpe reigns.



TWO SONNETS

BY JOSEPH NOEL

IMMORTALITY

Still on we play the game, however sick
Of dice that Fate has tossed us as our lot
To throw and throw again, to count each spot,
To count it still again, to count it quick
Lest that the God, who made us, turn a trick,
And leave us on the scheme of things a blot,—
We force a thought in protest, though no jot
Shall pierce the mists of Time that lie so thick.

Eternity, God's master, waits to hear
The verdict of the ages on our works,
Then greets the dictum of enduring fame
With smile that widens to a cunning leer:
Unto us both, the one that plods or shirks,
A gift supreme—oblivion, whence we came.

THE BOURGEOISE

You sit a glutton at Life's luscious feast;
A gourmand growing heavy-eyed and dour
When appetites once eager, now demure,
Refuse to quicken like the bubbled yeast
At prospect drear of lodging in a beast
Drunk of the wines that make the heart impure,
Surfeit of joys that make joy insecure
Where Death's devouring canker plays high priest.

Fate holds you poised where the abyss of Time
Yawns to engulf you and your feeble art.
Your ethics, too, your laws, your very God
Cool-nerved oblivion ne'er shall find sublime;
Nor will you drag your tattered soul to mart.
Sales end: Death waits to give the final nod.



MACARIA

THE HEART OF A FILIPINO

BY RUTH EVERETT BECK

"There once was a Philippine hombre
Who ate rice, pesca'o y legumbre.
His trousers were wide and his shirt hung
outside,
But that, I may say, is *costumbre*."
(Lines claimed by many.)



WHILE OTHER less fortunate mortals sought happiness and turned at last to the dictionary, Benefacio lay quietly under the great mango tree, and it came to him unsought. Hundreds of luscious, ripe mangoes looked temptingly down at him. What though the crop would soon be gone? To dwell upon the future was a species of foolishness known to only those strange Americanos. He had food to eat, a place to sleep, and two suits of clothes, each of which his madre washed when occasion demanded. In wet weather he joined his numerous parientes, consisting of a father and mother, two younger children—survivals of the fittest, having been left out of a brood of eight after last season's cholera scourge, *por la gracia de Dios*—three cousins and the "*poco loco*," an uncle possessed of mental functions somewhat akin to human—and here the family slept peacefully on the bamboo floor of the nipa shack, which was sixteen by twelve, while the pigs below grunted uneasily in their dreams. During the seventeen long, lazy years of his existence, Benefacio had known naught but this perfect happiness, this absolute bliss. To have looked at him one would have said that it would go on forever; but who could know that beneath that *sinamay camison* beat a heart, and that because on the morrow would be given a *gran baile* for Carmencita, the daughter of the *presidente*, all would be forever after changed for the boy? The fact that he was not one of the invited did not in the least deter him from going, for every one

knows that in Lingayen it is *costumbre* to stand in the doorways and windows at all functions given by the *gente fino* and watch the affair. There is always material for gossip there, and gossip to a Filipino is what it is to an aid society—food, drink and life-blood.

So promptly on the night in question, Benefacio stationed himself at one of the windows off the porch in order to get the benefit of all that might transpire without or within. This was a position of advantage, too, in that it was near the refreshment table, for, as the plates from which the guests had been served were brought back, he could find many tempting morsels left untouched. There was nothing "nasty nice" in Benefacio's philosophy. But, alas! his appetite for once deserted him, deserted in the face of food! And all because Macaria edged up and took her place beside him. The odor of cocoanut oil, with which her hair was plentifully anointed, mingled with the ten cent perfumery on her handkerchief, and produced an intoxicating sensation. But why try to describe the indescribable.

Macaria! Strange he had never thought of her before! Now she stood there in the light of the wax tapers seeming to him more beautifully robed than was the image of the Virgin on *fiesta* day. Her green skirt was cut with a train of the beaver-tail pattern in vogue from lady of rank to lowest peasant girl in the Philippines. Her *pañuelo* of stiffly-starched *sinamay* was folded across her breast and fastened with a most distracting pink celluloid rose, given to her by a soldier with some chewing gum. What beautiful ironing her garments displayed!

The whole gorgeous vista of dreams flashed upon Benefacio at once: Macaria should marry him, then she should wash his clothes as well as those of the *Americanos* who had lately come to Lingayen. With the money he could make Macaria a very happy wife. Fish and rice they could buy in plenty, for American offi-

cers pay well.

"Tomorrow we shall go to the *padre*, Macaria," he whispered, as he slipped his arm around her. Macaria, half-pleased, grinned in reply: "No, thou hast no nipa shack and no carabao."

"Oh, there is plenty of room in my father's hut for two more." But Macaria was a Viscayan, and whether there is significance in the fact that in their dialect "mother-in-law" is expressed by a word which sounds like "O-my God," is not known, but certain it is Macaria jerked away coyly but firmly and insisted, "No, I want my own hut." Then to add a sting to her refusal, she pointed to the celluloid rose and said: "*Soldado* gave that to me."

It was then that the twins, Jealousy and Sorrow, were born in the heretofore calm and happy mind of the Philippine *hombre*. "Macaria! Come back! I will work!" The word came out as the sweat of anguish. It contained a world of devotion, of unselfish sacrifice. But Macaria, unheeding, was nibbling at a half-eaten *dulce* which had come back to the dishwasher's table.

Abashed and disappointed, Benefacio turned his gaze within, and was for a few moments diverted by the sight of the young army officer whom his fellows called "a dare-devil," dancing the *rigodon* with Carmencita, while the American ladies whispered to each other behind their fans as they sat along the wall and refused to dance with natives. Even the fact that Carmencita's shoes were so painful to her that she had to sit down between the figures of the dance, did not afford the usual satisfaction to a bare-footed *hombre*. Nothing mattered now but Macaria. She had refused to marry him.

Strange is man! Had she given her consent at once, he would have installed her at the rock in the river, which served as a washboard, would have taken her earnings, would have lain lazily beneath the mango tree and smoked cigarettes bought with the hard-earned dollar of his *mujer*. But Macaria was a new woman. She demanded that he furnish a house. That meant perpetual work, for a house means taxes and repairs. He shambled sadly home, and once more lay down be-

neath the mango tree, this time to meditate. Gone were last night's happy dreams. Peaceful as they were, they now assumed the proportions of an idle nightmare. Life meant something now. He would not have gone back to the state of blissful ignorance for anything within reach of his philosophy. Long he meditated, for he now had a problem to work out. At last his decision was made, and that, added to a full stomach, induced slumber.

On the morning he arose, picked a dozen mangoes, wrapped them in his soiled red bandana, and after a breakfast of rice, set out for the Lingayan market. Arriving there, he joined the circle of squatting friends and neighbors, and waited for his prey to come up. The rest were chattering in Pangasinan on how much they would charge for their wares if *Americanos* came to buy. Benefacio's plan was along the same line; he would get enough for the mangoes to buy a nipa hut, for Americans would always pay what one asked.

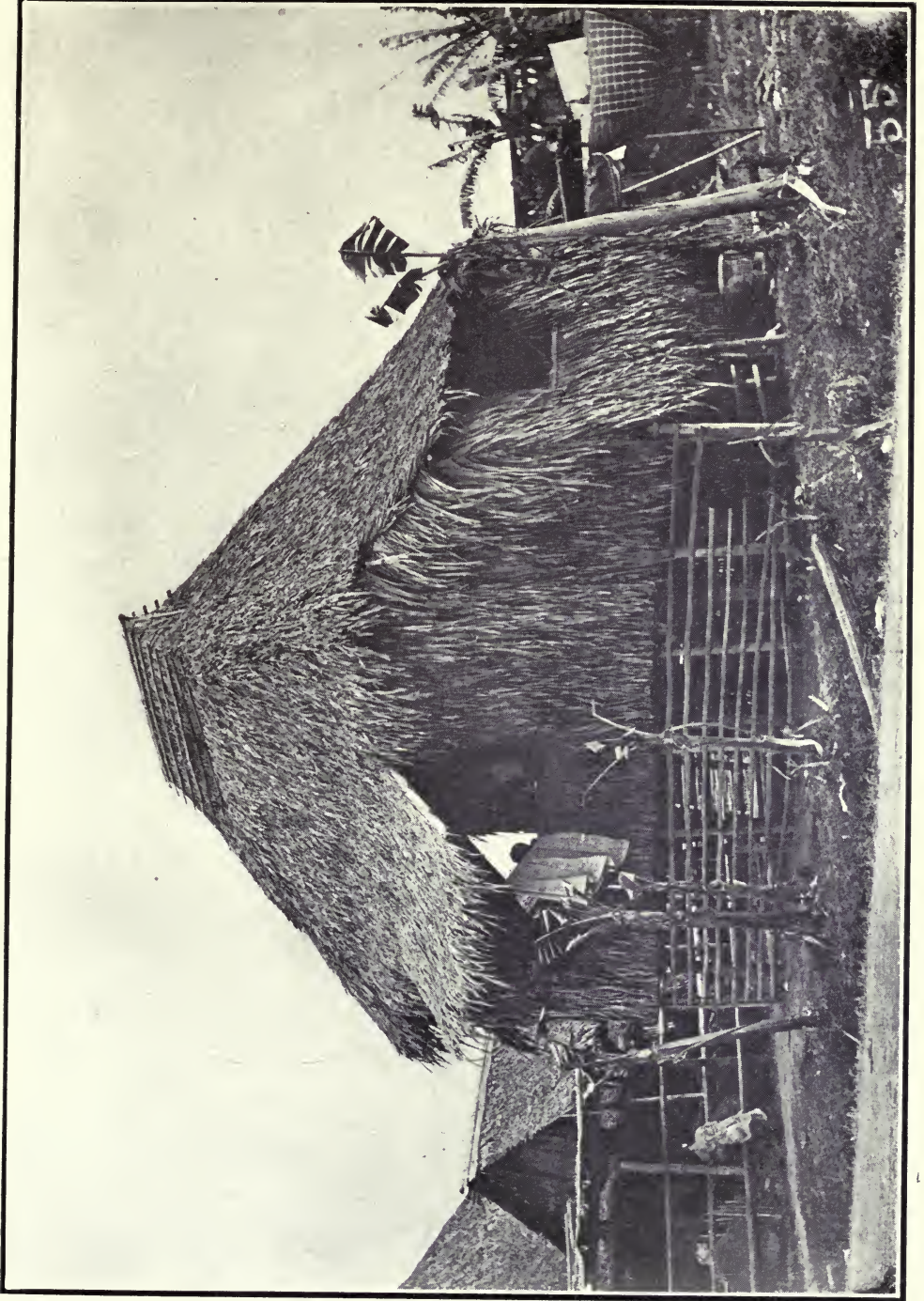
Accordingly, when Mrs. Bertrand was seen to approach, prices suddenly began to rise. Old 'Cinto wanted a half *peso* for the six eggs he had been hovering in a greasy Pangasinan hat; Maria's egg plants were worth a *peseta* apiece, and Eugenio's skinny chicken, thirsty and half-starved, was worth a *peso*.

"Locos," scornfully ejaculated the senora. "Let's see what this *hombre* wants for his mangoes!" "*Quanto vale?*"

Benefacio was startled out of his determination to say fifteen pesos—the price of a nipa shack—for if the senora was wise enough to refuse to pay a peso for a *minook* (chicken) it was useless to put a fancy figure on his mangoes, so he let his voice fall to a low murmur as she glared at him and frightened a price of "fifteen *centavos*" out of the love-lorn swain.

"These vile thieves should be given the water cure," remarked one American to her husband, who had just followed into the *mercado*. "The only decent one is the mango *hombre*."

Pedro, who was marketing for his mistress, another Americana, overheard the remark, which he promptly interpreted for the benefit of Benefacio. The word



BENEFACIO'S NIPA SHACK

that the boy had been flattered was soon the topic of conversation all over the market. Benefacio was the center of attraction, but though this would ordinarily have given him the greatest joy, now he ignored the fact that he was the most sought-for *hombre* in the market. Yet—might not the senora help him to win the fifteen pesos for the shack? Then he could clasp the divinity adorned in sinamay, and redolent with cocoanut oil, to his heart!

He followed Pedro from the market. "Pedro, how much dost thou get for a month's labor with the Americans?"

"Twenty pesos," replied Pedro, whereat Benefacio staggered. In the old days of Spanish rule, that was a year's pay.

"Why dost thou wish work? Thou hast no *mujer*," said Pedro in astonishment. Benefacio looked conscious, and then followed the confession.

"Good! Go and ask the Americana for a place as *muchacho*. Thou speakest Spanish?" the older man asked anxiously.

"Si, senor," grinned the boy. "But I know not their ways."

"Oh, they will teach thee their customs. Cecelio has been their boy, but Cecelio is worthless. He has left them. What ails thee?" demanded Pedro roughly, as he saw his remarks were all unheeded.

"Look!" gasped the boy. As Pedro turned to look, a superior smile broke over his pock-marked countenance.

"Yes, Sebastian wears shoes and has a white *camison*, but he has not one *centavo* in his pocket. He is lazy. The good *padre* was right: It pays to be honest and faithful. But I must to my work. *Adios!*" And Benefacio was left alone to watch Macaria pass by with Sebastian.

* * * *

The broad mahogany boards of the floors in the Bertrand house were dusty and sadly in need of polishing, ants overran the sideboard and threatened the ice box; a row of unpolished and unblanched shoes stood all along the front of the bed, and extended around the foot of it. When the family arose the baths were not prepared. Cecilio, the new *muchacho*, after one day's service, had gone to Dagupan by the "four o'clock bull-cart," taking all of his worldly possessions in a

cotton handkerchief. He had taken also a watch and all the loose change he could find, but that was merely a detail. He had shown great consideration for the family by not awakening them so early in the morning to say good-bye.

And it was on this very day that Mrs. Bertrand, going to the market in the vain hope of finding a new boy, had bought the mangoes. Being favorably impressed with Benefacio, she agreed to try him, when he presented himself humbly at her house, asking for work. Juan, the cook, came in to indicate to the boy what would be required. So in a few moments the usually placid Benefacio was skating over the mahogany boards on all-fours, bearing in his hands an oiled cloth. By noon he was sure his back was broken, but as it was the price of Macaria, it did not matter. He was about to lie down to rest, when Juan called to him to make himself presentable, for it was time to set the table. Never having seen knives and forks used before, it was interesting to watch their arrangement, yet the boy was so tired he forgot the details at once.

Juan, being aware of this, kept up a constant stream of orders: "Put that fork there. No—stupid son of a carabao!—the glass on this side. That small plate over here! Here is a tray cloth. Have a care that no food is spilled thereon. Now ring the bell!"

Several ghastly meals followed. Mrs. Bertrand was almost on the verge of nervous prostration. Had the boy been less anxious to please, she would have dismissed him. He had a great faculty for doing the wrong thing with the best of intentions. Finding that the master took sugar in his coffee, Benefacio would slip quietly up and put two extra lumps in the cup, while Lieutenant Bertrand was talking: the chairs were treated to a coat of blanco to match the shoes; Mrs. Bertrand's cherished Moro brasses rejoiced in a hideous gilding which years of polishing would scarcely be adequate to remove.

However, after repeated lectures on what the Lieutenant, her husband, characterized as the "Buttinsky habit," she succeeded in developing a fair servant. But finally she committed that crowning indiscretion of any mistress who invades the culinary department in the Orient, and

soon her husband heard her voice, shrilly pitched, from the kitchen. Going out, he discovered his wife wringing her hands and delivering her orders to Benefacio with energy.

"Benefacio, for the love of heaven! What *do* you mean by squatting on the floor with your dish-pan and putting the dishes down by your feet to drain? They are dirty—*sucio!*"

"No, senora," gently but firmly contradicted the boy, exhibiting a plate to show that it was clean.

"Oh, the barbarian! What *shall* I do? Lord! There is the dish towel around his neck or mopping his feet!"

"I bathed this afternoon," suddenly came Benefacio's defense. Americans were unreasonable.

Bertrand interposed: "Well, never mind, Benefacio. Next time you wash them on the table. *Sabe!* And don't touch the floor with the tea towel, and don't use it for a neck-scarf. Juan, see that he rinses these dishes."

Both servants said "Si, senor," as they did to everything regardless of whether they understood or not. But when Mrs. Bertrand made the next day's inspection at dishwashing time, she found Benefacio back on the floor as before. And the threats and anathemas she hurled producing no effect, on the third day she issued the following ultimatum:

"If you are not washing those dishes on the table tomorrow, you must go, and then you will not be able to marry. Ah, Juan has told me!" She left the kitchen majestically. The two servants looked at each other in despair.

"Thou will have to do it," said Juan.

"I wonder why she requires it?"

"One of their ways, that's all," Juan shrugged his shoulders. He thanked God it was not *his* work. Let Benefacio wrestle with the problem.

Deserted by his ally, poor Benefacio repaired to the river Agno to meditate and swim. He could not make up his mind to conform to Mrs. Bertrand's unreasonable demand. It was a process fraught with danger to himself. As he lay down in the water beside the carabao, he decided to go back to his father's home, where every one was reasonable and where there was time to rest. At the end of

a half hour he was in a far happier mood than he had been for days. With a light heart he dressed and started to the Bertrand house. But the sight of Macaria riding beside old Eugenio in his bull cart plunged him again into the abyss of despair till the artful miss waved her hand, when hope sprang anew in the faithful breast of Benefacio, and he went toward them. Macaria climbed down from the bull-cart and stood bashfully filtering the thick dust between her bare toes. Benefacio had not dared to seek her during the days of his service, and she had begun to fear she had been too exacting. She had really meant to marry him all along if he got the nipa shack.

"Thou no longer carest for me?" she asked anxiously.

"More than for food!"

"Hast earned thy money yet?"

"Not yet, but in one more week, Macaria, we go to the padre," he replied, mentally resolving to do those dishes according to orders or die in the attempt.

And that night after dinner he labored faithfully, and when all was in readiness, said to Juan, "Go thou and call my mistress. She shall see that I am obedient."

Juan felt grateful that he was only the cook, so fully expecting a scene, he called Mrs. Bertrand to the kitchen.

"The devil!" ejaculated the husband. "The idea of a *muchacho* sending for *you* to come to the *kitchen*. Tell him to come here, Juan."

"No, senor. It is not possible. He wishes the senora to see him at work."

"Decided to mind, I guess. Come on, let us go." Mrs. Bertrand led the way.

On the rickety table were piled the dishes, and there, carefully balanced in the center, squatted Benefacio on his toes, smiling cheerfully as he washed the dishes "on the table."

A week later, Macaria was installed as laundress, and the nipa shack in the backyard was the domicile of Mr. and Mrs. Benefacio.

"The ways of Americans are strange, Macaria. Thou wilt not be allowed to sit on the floor to wash and iron. They require one to stand always. Maybe that is why they are so tall. But they are kind-hearted when one learns what they mean. Likest thou our nipa shack?"



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.—MUIR PARK, MARIN COUNTY.

Photo. by J. W. Henderson

THE HIGHWAYS OF PROSPERITY

III--CALIFORNIA AND GOOD ROADS

BY GREGORY ARCHON



STATE HIGHWAY, the project of the padres and the dream of several generations of Californians, is about to become a reality of tomorrow.

To give it fact rests with those who cast their ballots at the next general election.

While many propositions have been submitted and plans devised as to the form and method of building a great State boulevard from the northern boundary to the Mexican frontier, none took on the form of tangibility until Governor Gillett submitted the measure which has received the favorable consideration of the State Legislature. This in the main provides for a grand highway extending from the northern to the southern extremes of the State, by the most available route. Such a road as contemplated would cost in the neighborhood of \$18,000,000 and be constructed to endure, at a minimum outlay for repairs, for the ages.

That the measure will receive the support of the voting population of the State is not to be doubted. California has made wonderful progress in everything but in its roads; and, with the exception of a few driveways, worthy of the name, separated by great intervals, it has nothing to pride itself. Yet under the past and present dispensations, millions of dollars have been frittered away in disorganized methods of road-building by County Supervisors.

In Alameda County, where a minimum of results in this direction has been attained at a maximum of expenditure of taxpayers' money, there is nothing of an exhibit to show for many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Between the knavery of some and the inexperience of other

Supervisors, the macadam quarries and gravel pits have been veritable gold mines, and the taxpayers have received nothing in return but their tax receipts.

In Fresno County, over \$500,000 have been wasted in the same way. Other counties show about the same proportion of balances on the debit side in the matter of public roads. Political graft, of course, has had much to do with this failure on the part of the majority of Supervisors to give return for the money expended. Criminal politics have stood in the way of permanency. Political friendships and "pull" have awarded fabulous prices to macadam quarry owners and gravel pit possessors. Supervisorial relatives, as road foremen and overseers, primary retainers and election day supporters, are not effective in road construction. Scrapers and poultrices of gravel and macadam have been the agents employed in the building of the average roadway in the majority of the county supervisorial districts.

Incompetency is the other factor. Although millions of dollars in the money of the taxpayer have been poured out in highways to be washed out by the rains of the next spring, this great aggregate has been spent in comparative dribbles.

The supervisor of the district, knowing nothing of the science and intricacies of road building, is the court of last resort in this most important and essential matter of building county highways. Ignorant of the subject, the supervisor himself probably delegates his authority to a vicar as road overseer or foreman. If the latter is not a relative, he is more likely the trusted political henchman of his chief. What they don't know about road building they learn from Tom, Dick and Harry, good fellows, who occasionally stand in need of drawing a few dollars

from the county treasury in the form of wages for labor performed on the county highways.

Under this method there has been no uniformity of plan in construction and no engineering specifications to go by. Old trails have developed into highways, and the only plan in vogue is to spend every nickel in the fund apportioned to each district and to keep the roads in a condition that will enable the supervisor to "save his face."

Between knavery and incompetency a story of shameful official disgrace could be written and all the more shameful because the taxpayers have so long permitted such methods to obtain.

The condition of the roadways affects every grower as well as consumer in the State. Every load of the farmer's produce serves to make up the mighty volume of commerce. In Germany and France they have the constriction of roads developed to a real science, and they realize that the most perfect highways are none too good for the grower and producer. The road that will permit him to reach the shipping point by the easiest and quickest means, and with the least wear and tear to vehicle and strain upon the horses, is the best for him, as well as for those who are dependent upon him for supplies. It is this line of reasoning that has made the French and German highways the counterpart of those that led to ancient Rome, and, which more than the spoilation of its armies and its conquest of the world, made it the greatest city in all history. The German and the Frenchman builds as did the Roman, with the idea of permanency ever before him. Permanence is the greatest factor in the model highway, and permanence is not established by political tyros or supervisory scalawags. Permanence depends upon uniformity of plan and construction, and those qualities call for the skill of the experienced engineer whose services in this era demand a recompense that can be profitably paid out of supervisory district road funds, or met by the budget annually set apart by counties for improving and extending highways.

Moreover, the road problem is not a local matter. It directly affects the entire State financially as well as in its indus-

tries and commerce. It is the concern of all that transportation by the most effective methods shall be afforded to every producer in the State as well as it is to his interest to be given every advantage in the delivery of his products to the consumer.

As an instance of this fact may be cited the recent break of the levees surrounding certain islands of the San Joaquin and Sacramento river. Great areas planted to potatoes were inundated, and, as a consequence, the prices for that vegetable were affected in every city, town and hamlet in the State, and consumers were compelled to pay the highest figures for potatoes quoted for many years. This shows the interdependent relations that every part of the State and its people hold to the other, and yet the shortage in potatoes was a mere bagatelle compared to the exactions which fall upon producer and consumer alike from the inability to reach shipping points and markets without the expenditure of time and the cost of wear and tear occasioned by unfit public highways.

Good roads, like rivers and canals, are a check upon railroad aggressions in the matter of fares and freights. The genius of the age has already gone beyond the experimental stage in providing a way in which remote sections are to be brought into close and rapid communication with populous centers. This is displayed in several types of the auto train which are being successfully operated in freight and passenger traffic in Germany, France, Brazil and Argentine Republic. Going at a speed of from 10 to 20 miles an hour, these trains, of from ten to fifteen cars, carrying five tons of freight each, are being profitably run over distances varying from 50 to 150 miles. It is self-evident that they, however, must have first-class, properly constructed roadways to travel upon.

It requires no seer to anticipate the marvelous advance that will be made along the lines of automobile transportation within the next decade. Every effort is being bent in this direction by the mechanical experts, of the times, as they realize the enormous increase in population will cause demands upon the producing sections to be multiplied, and the

means of transportation must be cheapened and simplified.

The cost of railroad construction during the past twenty-five years has increased fourfold, and indications point to a still higher cost of building in this particular mode of transportation, in which are included both steam and electrically operated lines. To meet the anticipated congestion, which must result, Congress has been liberal of late years in improving the navigability of rivers, and to that end has entered upon the construction of the Panama Canal. The Federal Government is moreover planning a national highway to extend across the continent, which it has the authority so to do, under the clause in the Constitution giving it power to construct and maintain post and military roads. This is a measure which the people of California should urge upon their representatives in Congress to urgently advocate. It is of commercial importance to the entire nation and will be as direct in conferring benefits upon the people of this State as the construction of a State highway with lateral branches as projected in Governor Gillett's measure.

"Good Roads" is a shibboleth that has

passed beyond the clamor of faddists; it is no longer the outcry of sentiment that follows in the footsteps of the padres in their weary journeys when they traced the lines of the King's highway from San Diego to the Mission San Jose.

"Good Roads" in this generation are a commercial and industrial necessity, and, in the light of what we know the future has in store, they are absolutely vital to our prosperity.

The high sea simplifies commerce and makes it possible to bring all nations into communion, and "Good Roads" owned by the State, accessible and of permanent build, will open the way, aided by the advance in mechanical construction, and lift the burden of toll that now hampers the way to market, and falls upon the pockets of producer and consumer alike.

The problem of economy is strongly with us, and its solution is being daily, hourly, urged upon all in the different walks of life. One of the greatest solutions to this problem is improved highways. The relief that is quickly rendered is twice given and finds application in the ease and convenience of inter-communication.



DIRGE OF THE GRAVE-DIGGER

BY HUNTLY GORDON

Or e'er they come to die,
 Men learn to love me. Why?
 My Master's tillage deep
 I sow, nor fall on sleep;
 Yet never crop I reap,
 No harvest-home sing I,
 Nor hear but songs of woe—
 God's acre, there I sow
 Together wheat and tare—
 Nor grain from darnel know—
 Toil, take my pay, and go.
 Comes then another there
 To read the epitaphs:
 Arch-cynic, loud he laughs.
 The sown sleep on, nor care.

WITH THE EUCALYPTUS TREES FROM THE NURSERY TO THE PLANTATION

BY THEODORE R. COOPER

This is the second article in the series being published in the Overland Monthly on Eucalyptus, California's Substitute for Eastern Hardwoods. The great possibilities of eucalyptus, and the extraordinary position California must of necessity hold ere long in solving the timber-poverty problem of the nation, have suggested the publication of these articles. Mr. Cooper, lately associated with the Forest Service of the Government, deals in this article with the care and culture of the seedling from nursery to plantation. In succeeding months various phases of the eucalyptus situation will be handled by authorities.—THE EDITOR.



IT IS POSSIBLE to hold in the hollow of the hand enough seeds of some species of eucalyptus to grow hundreds of trees. It is one of the whims of nature that the mighty eucalyptus should leave parental care with very small equipment, and to this fact is attributable the need of careful nursing while the tree is in infancy in order to bring it to such a size that it can withstand alone the environment of the mature tree. Nature overcomes this difficulty by sowing millions of seed, trusting that one of the seeds will find a suitable seed-bed, germinate, pass through the seedling stage, and develop. Man cannot afford to sow so extravagantly, and it is necessary for him to furnish the seeds with as suitable a seed-bed as possible, and obtain a reasonably large percentage in germination of the seeds sown.

The selection of a nursery for the growth of eucalyptus seedlings is important; the climate should be equable, the site well-chosen for sunlight, drainage, labor facilities, proximity to field op-

erations, and quality of soil. The seeds of the eucalyptus are not fastidious as to soil requirements for germination. They will germinate and grow, under suitable conditions, even in the porous gravel or the heavy adobe, but they seem to give preference to the lighter and more sandy soils during infancy than to any other types. The preference is manifest in a larger percentage of germination, and more healthy and hardy seedlings. The reason appears to be that the soil particles of the lighter soils are more uniform, and the drainage is as near ideal as possible, which is very important for both root and stem growth. However, the black, heavy loams, with the addition of fertilizers, will furnish a quicker and more luxuriant growth, but such trees at the time of germination are very susceptible to the fatal disease of *Phytophthora omnivora*, commonly called "Damping off." This ailment, like all infectious plagues, is prevalent mostly in the dark and damp habitat which it frequently finds in the heavier soils. In sandy soils, water percolates freely, and soon leaves the upper surface dry, in which condition it is impossible for the disease to thrive. Another point in favor of the sandy soil

is that the young seedlings will have to be transplanted, and, owing to the great susceptibility of the eucalyptus to injury, it is very important that the young plants be moved with the least possible shock. The lighter soil is easily removed from the rootlets without tearing and breaking them.

The most common method of raising eucalyptus seedlings is to sow them in boxes or flats four or five inches high and 18x20 to 22 inches square, although they

sown broadcast, in rows, or even single seeds planted. Sowing broadcast is the best, and to insure an even distribution of the small seeded varieties such as *E. tereticornis* and *E. rostrata*, etc., a "salt shaker" may be used to sprinkle the seeds, sowing from 1500 to 2000 seeds to a flat, which will, under favorable conditions, give at least a 60 per cent germination and furnish 900 to 1200 transplants per flat.

Having thus sown the seed by means



A YEARLING



A TWO-YEAR-OLD

can as well be sown in a nursery bed by digging a trench of convenient size and filling with sandy soil. The nursery beds are more economical, but are not so convenient for the combatting of disease and the growth of weeds as in the flats. However, in either case, whether beds or flats are used, it is important that the soil be firmed and smoothed. The seed may be

of a fine sieve a thin layer of sand, about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, is spread over the seeds and gently firmed again. Over this is laid a damp burlap, and smoothed over the surface of the flat or bed. Water can thus be applied in any quantity without danger of washing out the seeds, which require an abundance of moisture for germination. The burlap

must be kept moist, and not removed for a few days after germination has begun and the young plants begin to make their appearance.

This is a critical period for the young plants, and they must be well cared for; that they are not washed out in watering; that they do not receive too much moisture, and "damping off" occur, or too much sun, for they will then wilt and die. For these reasons, many growers have contended that it is necessary to pro-

are more hardy than those of "hot house" origin.

When the seedlings have reached a height of from two to three inches, they are ready for transplanting. The layman may ask why transplant? The reasons are that transplanting is necessary to give the young trees more room, for it is impracticable to so plant them at first. Also the act of transplanting is a shock to the seedling which, though it arrests the stem growth for a while, but stimulates root de-



A COMMERCIALY PLANTED FOREST.



A VIEW SHOWING EUCALYPTUS GROWING ON A SLOPE

tect the young plants at this period by either a glass or lath covering. However, it has been demonstrated that the young trees can be fully protected by giving them partial shade, such as furnished by a cheesecloth, for a few days, after which they are able to withstand the full sunlight. Trees grown under such conditions

development. The seedling which has a well-developed root system is far better adapted to field planting than the seedling with large stem and small roots.

The operation of transplanting is simple. There are several methods in vogue, each of which has its own peculiar advantage. In all cases, however, the young

transplants are set in flats whether removed from other flats or nursery beds, the flats being of the same dimensions as previously mentioned. The soil may be of the same nature and texture as that used for seed bed, the lighter soils will give slower growth, while the loams and fertilizers will hasten development.

Three of the most common methods of transplanting are as follows:

First—Resetting the young plants in a cylinder of heavy paper, one and one-half to two inches in diameter, and four inches high, which is filled with the soil desired. The cylinder is placed in a flat and the vacant spaces filled with soil.

Third—The seedlings may be removed from the seed-bed flat with a trowel or case knife, and setting two inches distant in small trenches two inches apart, firming the soil with either trowel, knife or fingers. This method is the most satisfactory.

The period of transplanting is another critical time for the young seedlings, and for a few days they should not be subjected to the direct rays of the sun, but sheltered as before with the lath or cloth covering. The time that seedlings remain in the nursery depends much upon circumstance. They should be from six to nine inches in height for field planting, and this



PREPARING THE FIELD FOR EUCALYPTUS PLANTING

This method has a great advantage in field planting, as the seedlings may be removed from the flats without any disturbance to the roots.

Second—By thoroughly wetting the seed bed flats, the young seedlings may be pulled up and immediately set out in small holes two inches apart, and then firming the soil about the roots with the fingers. This method is very rapid, and is the usual method under contract labor. There is a great chance, however, of injuring the young plants in pulling them from the bed.

height may be obtained in seven or eight months in the small seeded varieties in the sandy soil, while the larger seeded varieties will reach such a height in six or seven months. The seedlings may be forced into more rapid growth by fertilizers, rich soil, and frequent waterings.

The height to which seedlings should grow before field planting depends upon variety, place of planting, and also the personal tastes of the planter. It has been observed that along the coast and bay counties of California the blue gum seedling of but four to six inches in height is

more desirable than a larger seedling, the reason being that the younger plant withstands both the shock of transplanting and the temperature of this region better. However, in the interior valleys, where the heat is more intense, and the seedlings

plantation or forest is of the utmost importance. Many over-zealous admirers of eucalyptus have reported the tree as adapted to all climes and situations. While it is true that in this genus and among such a large number of species there is a



AN ARTISTIC GROUP OF EUCALYPTUS TREES AT BERKELEY

need to be set deeper, a larger plant is preferable, such as one from eight to ten inches in height.

The correct selection for a site for the

wide variance of suitable habitats, however, the entire genus is semi-tropical, and any commercial planting out of the so-called citrus belt is attended with a large



A 15-YEAR-OLD TREE TWO AND A HALF FEET IN DIAMETER

element of chance for failure. The selection of the soil within this belt is also of importance; the rich, fertile soils give the best growth and returns. The tree responds quickly to fertility of soil, irrigation and cultivation. Under such conditions its maximum growth may be fully realized.

The preparation of the ground must be thorough. If possible it is plowed twice, once in the fall and again in the spring;

then harrowed and rolled. The roller is preferable to the harrow. The seedlings are carried to the field in the flats, one side of which is removed for convenience in removing the seedlings. The soil in the flats must be thoroughly watered, and then cut into small squares with a trowel or case knife, each seedling occupying a square. A hole is made in the ground with the trowel or knife, and the seedling removed from the flat with its square of earth, and with as little disturbance as possible to the roots, placed in the hole an inch or more deeper than it set in the flat. The soil is firmed about the plant with the hands, thoroughly watered, and loose earth scattered about it to prevent the soil from baking about the tree.

The best time for planting in the fields follows the rainy season just as the ground will work easily. The planting may be continued in the interior valleys even in the summer months, where irrigation is practiced, but the young trees should be protected from the hot afternoon sun for a few days by either a shingle or shade. The common spacing is either 6x8 or 8x8; either permits of easy cultivation during the first two years in the field, after which it is not necessary, or in case where the trees are to be irrigated, furrows may be run between the rows and thus supply the trees with plenty of moisture. In some cases it has been noticed that the trees during their second year in the plantation are very branchy, and there is no distinct leader. Such trees should be cut off within one inch of the ground, and from the resulting sprouts the straightest selected, which will develop into trees of clear and straight boles.

Such is the method of developing the eucalyptus from childhood to maturity, from nursery to plantation; eucalyptus, the salvation and solution of the timber poverty problem.



THE DIVINE PROGRAM

V—REDEMPTION FROM THE CURSE

BY C. T. RUSSELL

PASTOR BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

This is the fifth in the series of articles by Pastor Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Interest in these articles goes on apace, and the press generally is giving the arguments of Pastor Russell considerable attention. Letters containing comment of different kinds continue to pour into this office, all of which tends to show that the series of articles is awakening general interest.—THE EDITOR.



AS IN OLD English the word *evil* was frequently used in respect to things unwholesome or hurtful, as well as things morally bad, so also the word *curse* was used

more frequently than now in respect to calamities and the unfavorable condition resulting from the Divine sentence against sin and sinners. We have noted that the evil or unsatisfactory conditions prevailing amongst mankind are the results of the Divine curse or sentence. We have seen that a great mistake was made in the dark ages in the assumption that the curse or sentence against sin was one of eternal torment; that on the contrary it was a just one, a death sentence; that the Creator declares that the life and blessings given to his creatures were forfeited forever because of disobedience under trial, and that all of Adam's posterity share his curse or sentence in a natural way—because he could not give to his children more than he possessed himself. We have seen that the mental, moral and physical imperfection prevalent in the world is all directly or indirectly the outworking of the death sentence on account of which, as the Apostle declares, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain," "waiting for the mani-

festation of the sons of God" and the blessings which God has promised shall come to all the families of the earth through the "elect" Church, after its glorification as the Kingdom of God's dear Son.—Romans 8:19, 22.

Keeping in mind the scriptural use of the word *curse*, in its broad signification attaching to every quality of mind and body, we now come to the consideration of what the Bible teaches respecting the redemption from that curse.

We find the intelligence of the world hostile to the thought of redemption, and specially hostile to the thought of redemption through the precious blood of Christ. We believe that their hostility results from their having the wrong standpoint of view. Their opposition unconsciously perhaps associates itself with the erroneous thought that man was *cursed to eternal torment* on account of Adam's sin; and that redemption from the curse would signify God's purchase of a handful of mankind out of eternal torment. Human intelligence would assent to no such proposition of (1) injustice and cruelty, and (2) a commercial barter in the name of Justice and Love. But this is not the Bible presentation of redemption, and those who hold this view should lay it aside, should rid their minds of it, that they may approach the subject from the standpoint of God's Word and not from

the standpoint of the superstitions and terrors of the dark ages.

Divine Justice Inexorable.

When we view our Creator as the Supreme Judge of the Universe and acknowledge him absolutely perfect in Justice, Wisdom, Love and Power, we can see that there could be no appeal from the decisions of this Supreme Court, and furthermore that this court could not reverse or set aside its own decisions. For instance, granted that the Divine Law is that no creature may have eternal life except upon the terms of absolute obedience to the Divine Law of righteousness; granted also the Scriptural proposition that Father Adam, under a fair trial in Eden, was disobedient and came under the sentence or curse, "Dying thou shalt die," it will be conceded that no relief could reach his case except through a Redeemer, a substitute. That is to say, man having lost his life rights and been sentenced to death justly, the Great Judge could not justly reverse that sentence. He could not declare his original sentence an unjust one. He could not declare Adam worthy of eternal life, nor could he excuse him and forgive him, and yet preserve the laws of the Divine Empire inviolate. For God to break his own laws and to cancel his own sentence, even once, would establish such a precedent as would mar our confidence in his unchangeableness. For instance, if God could lie, and, after having pronounced a death sentence were to revoke it and clear the guilty one, the changeableness thus manifested would call in question the Divine Wisdom which pronounced a sentence which it subsequently desired to cancel. It would call in question Divine Justice. For if it were right to sentence Adam to death, it would be wrong to cancel that sentence and to give him eternal life. The difficulty with us in reasoning on such a subject is, that we, yea, all mankind, acknowledge fallibility—liability to err; hence very properly we know very little or nothing of Justice in its last analysis, which would be fitting only to the Supreme Judge. For four thousand years God exhibited to mankind and to the angelic onlookers his unwavering Justice—in that he permitted the reign of sin and death to proceed un-

interrupted and practically unchecked.

Even the giving of the Law Covenant to the one nation of Israel worked no cessation of the sentence "Dying thou shalt die."

Sin and death still reigned from Moses until Christ, and the nation of Israel under its Law learned still more thoroughly the lesson that fallen, depraved humanity could not keep God's perfect Law and hence could not, under the Divine arrangement, make any claim for life eternal. Then came the time for God to accomplish in another way the seemingly impossible thing of maintaining the dignity and Justice of his Supreme Court, and, at the same time, providing a way by which members of the condemned race might be released from the penalty of original sin.

"An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth."

This line of strict Justice the Lord inculcated in his Law given to Israel to assist them in understanding the great principle of Justice underlying the Divine conduct. The lines of the same Justice extended taught that a man's life is the penalty for a man's life. Thus our Lord prepared us to see how "he could be just, and yet be the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus," and release such a believer from the death sentence which came upon all through Adam's sin.

We do not claim that the method which God adopted for dealing with our race was the only one open to him, but we do claim that the fact that Divine Wisdom selected this method of dealing with Adam's race is an assurance that in some respects, at least, it is the wisest method, the best adapted to the Divine purpose of developing the race and testing its members and their worthiness for life eternal—and also the best method for exhibiting the various qualities of the Divine character to angels and man.

Jesus was the world's Redeemer, and the entire process by which he accomplished that work is scripturally styled *redemption*. It includes the satisfaction of Divine Justice as respects original sin and the penalty imposed upon it. It includes also indirectly the Redeemer's work

of lifting the redeemed out of their sin and death condition—up, up, up to all that was lost in Eden and to all that was purchased back for them at Calvary by the Redeemer's sacrifice of himself.

"Holy, Harmless, Separate from Sinners."

The exactness and particularity of Divine Justice was exemplified in the fact that God could not and would not accept as a redeemer any member of Adam's race. Even if one of them could have been found willing to sacrifice in behalf of the others he would have been rejected; because, as the Scriptures declare: "No man can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." (Psa. 49:7.) To human judgment this would have settled the entire matter and marked man's condition hopeless as respects redemption and a future life. But man's extremity became God's opportunity. What man could not do for himself God arranged for him—he provided a Redeemer, "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," Jesus Christ the Righteous.

But our sense of justice cries out that it would be wrong for the Creator to compel one of his creatures to die for another or others. God's Word sustains this thought and assures us that no such injustice was practiced; that while the Heavenly Father planned a work of redemption, our Lord Jesus was in no sense of the word forced or compelled to sacrifice himself to carry out the Divine Program. There was another and a better way by which to reach the results desired. God could have created another man Adam, and could have allowed him to redeem the first Adam and then could have rewarded him with life on a higher plane of being. But what assurance would there have been that another newly created Adam would have done better than the first? The logic of the situation shows us that there would have been two races of sinners to deal with instead of one. But behold the Divine Wisdom which offered this service, for humanity to the noblest, the chiefest of all the Heavenly Court!—the Logos, the Beginning of the creation of God!—the Beginning of all creation!—John 1:1; Rev. 3:14.

With the proposition properly went a promise of reward; and so we read that

"for the joy that was set before him," our Lord Jesus endured the cross, ignored the shame and redeemed us by the sacrifice of himself; "wherefore God hath highly exalted him and given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue confess." Thus did God reward him who was already the beginning of the creation of God, the Logos, making him the Prime minister of the Celestial Empire, Associate in the Throne and Partaker of his own Divine, immortal nature. Our Lord says: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."—Rev. 3:31.

Every step of the Divine Program is interesting and instructive. The offering of the opportunity to make the greatest sacrifice and to perform the greatest service was made to the chiefest of the heavenly hosts. Had he declined the privilege, the offer might have been tendered to a subordinate—to Gabriel or others of the heavenly host. Being accepted by the Logos, the proposition went no further. He delighted to do the will of the Father—even to humbling himself unto Death, the death of the cross.

Humbled Himself Even Unto Death.

The redemption was not accomplished by the Logos as a spirit being. It was not a spirit being who was to be redeemed, but an earthly being, Adam. Hence the first step of our Lord, the Logos, was the leaving of the riches of the heavenly condition and humbling himself, debasing himself to the lower plane or state of the human nature. But although that was a great stoop, it was not the sacrifice for sin. As the Scriptures declare, it was "the *Man* Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."—1 Tim. 2:6.

Just how the spark of life was transferred from the heavenly one to the earthly one may be beyond our power to explain or even fully to comprehend, but, all the same, it is a part of the Divine Revelation and fully consistent with and necessary to the Divine Program. The Scriptures show that it was because this spark of life came to Jesus, not from an earthly father, not from human stock, but as a transferred



PASTOR RUSSELL IN HIS STUDY

life, that our Lord Jesus was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." At another time we may indicate just how and why it was possible that he could be born perfect and yet have an imperfect mother. This is the Scriptural proposition, and can be shown to be in fullest harmony with the scientific laws governing progeny.

"The Man Christ Jesus."

In consistent harmony with every other feature of the Divine Program he was made flesh, "came into the world to save sinners" by the sacrifice of his life, "the Just for the unjust." He did not make that sacrifice until thirty years old, because it was not a child who had sinned and was to be redeemed, but a man. Promptly on attaining the age specified in the Law, Jesus consecrated his life, renouncing all except the divine *promise* of reward. He symbolized that consecration to death by baptism in water at the hands of John the Immerser. It was then that he received the anointing of the holy Spirit, which constituted him the Anointed One—the Christ—the Messiah. The same anointing constituted his begetting of the holy Spirit as a New Creature to the Divine nature. Thenceforth for three and a half years he was sacrificing his humanity, which was consecrated to death and reckoned as dead and was "dying daily," while his New Mind or Will, begotten of the holy Spirit, was developing day by day. The outward man was perishing, while the inward man (the spirit begotten new creature), was being renewed during the three and a half years of his ministry. The end of the duality was reached at Calvary, when, as a man, he died once for all and forever. There the manhood which he consecrated and reckoned dead at Jordan became actually dead, and the New Creature, begotten of the holy Spirit and developed during his ministry, was "born from the dead" on the third day by resurrection power from on high. The work which the Father had given him to do had been performed, and he who had humbled himself to the human condition, "even unto death, even the death of the cross," was highly exalted and made partaker of the Divine Nature—glory, honor and immortality. He was put to death in the flesh;

he was quickened in spirit; he was sown in death an animal body, and raised in resurrection a spirit body; sown in death, dishonored, numbered with the transgressors; raised in resurrection glory.

We see that our Lord's glory of person was attained at resurrection, but his glory of office he has not yet fully assumed. He awaits the selection of the "elect" Church to be his Bride, his "joint-heir" and Associate in his throne in the Millennial Kingdom for the blessing of the world. It is written that he shall "see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." He is not yet satisfied, however, nor will he be, thank God, until by his Millennial Kingdom reign he shall have triumphed over everything opposed to righteousness and shall have delivered from the power of sin and death so many of the human family as under full light and opportunity will be glad to obey him and experience his uplifting power in that glorious epoch of his reign. The Bible abounds with accounts of the wonderful blessings which will accompany his reign of righteousness, assuring us that the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth and reach every individual; that all the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears be unstopped; that the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God; that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, and that all who neglect to come into the fullest harmony will die the Second Death, from which there will be no recovery.—Acts 3:23.

Bought With a Price—A Ransom.

The Apostle writes, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." (1 Cor. 6:19, 20.) Listen to St. Paul again, "He gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." (1 Tim. 2:6.) There is one feature of the subject seen by remarkably few, even by few Christian Bible students; namely, *how* the one sacrifice of our Lord Jesus could redeem the world of mankind numbering thousands of millions. In their confusion some have suggested that our Lord suffered as much in connection with his earthly ministry as was due to all mankind as a penalty for sin. Some even go to greater absurdity in claiming that all the sufferings of the thousands of millions of Adam's race to all

eternity in hell would have been less than our Lord's sufferings during his earthly life. We sympathize keenly with the poor souls whose minds can accept such nonsense. And we sympathize with intelligent worldly people who, disgusted with such nonsense, turn away from Christianity entirely.

The Scriptural view of the matter is very simple and very reasonable. Its presentation is that Father Adam alone was placed on trial for life; that he alone failed; that he alone was sentenced to death, and that the payment of Adam's penalty to Justice would effect not only his release, but also that of all his children, who share in his condemnation—"born in sin and shapen in iniquity." Hence, how beautiful and simple is this Biblical philosophy! How thoroughly it is confirmed by the Apostle's words, "By a man came death, by a man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive. But every man in his own order." (1 Cor. 15:21-23.) Viewed from this standpoint, God's method in permitting sin to enter by the one man, and allowing his condemnation to pass upon the entire race, was in order that the sacrifice of one man, "holy, harmless and undefiled, separate from sinners," should fully satisfy the claims of Justice. What a masterpiece of economy, combined with Justice and Love, is thus brought to our attention! To catch the full force of the matter, we should see that if one hundred, instead of one, had been tried and failed and been condemned to death, Divine Justice must have required a hundred Saviors. If a thousand had been tried and condemned a thousand Saviors would have been required. If a million had been tried and condemned, a million Saviors would have been requisite.

Let us behold, then, the Wisdom of God in permitting the entire race to share the condemnation of their father, that they might also share in his redemption through the one Redeemer. No wonder the Apostle, noting these things, inquires, "Who hath been God's counsellor?" Who suggested to the Almighty such infinitely wise arrangements?

We have discussed merely the broad, basic plan of redemption which will be

available to all mankind through the Resurrection and the Millennial Kingdom; there is a still higher plane of redemption and a superior resurrection for the church, first. The glorious results at the consummation will be a world of humanity perfect in the Divine image and likeness, fully tried and tested and proven to be lovers of righteousness and haters of iniquity and worthy, under the Divine arrangement, to enjoy life eternal under most favorable conditions—the unwilling, recalcitrants, all being destroyed in the Second Death "like brute beasts."—2 Pet. 2:12.

"His Loving Kindness Toward Us."

Every feature of the Divine Plan is wonderful and gracious, but most wonderful of all is that of the Divine provision for the Church of this Gospel Age. St. Paul beautifully notes this, and declares (Eph. 2:6, 7) that throughout ages to come God will show forth the exceeding riches of his grace and his loving kindness toward us who are in Christ Jesus—members of "the Body of Christ, which is the Church." Here again the Divine character is shown by a procedure quite contrary to anything men could have expected, and yet superlatively grand in its merciful condescension and its strict justice. Those who now accept Christ as their Redeemer and Instructor, who turn their backs on sin and fully consecrate their lives, thoughts, words, deeds, to the Lord's service are accepted by the Lord as members of Christ, over whom he is the Head. This means that such as now willingly, gladly, joyfully take up their cross and follow after their Redeemer, suffering for righteousness' sake and laying down their lives in the service of Divine Truth and its servants, will be granted a share with the Redeemer in all his glories and honors of the Millennial Kingdom—and more than this, a share with him in the highest of all spirit natures—Divine nature.—2 Pet. 1:4.

It is this elevation of the Church that the Apostle designates "Our high calling of God in Christ," and exhorts us to attain to at any and every cost. It is this great honor that our Lord compared to the pearl of great price—of great value, to obtain which one is well justified in selling

all that he has that he may obtain it. Hence, also, the Scriptures represent that only through great tribulation shall the "little flock" enter the Kingdom—obtain this great prize. And our Lord declares, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way (which leads to this superlative life now offered), and few there be that find it."

The redemption through the blood of Christ is general, for all the world. The

salvation secured is alike to all—the privilege of return to human perfection and earthly inheritance, etc. The advantage accruing to the Church of this Gospel Age is the *privilege of sacrificing those earthly rights and blessings secured by Jesus' death*—sacrificing them in the service of the Lord and thereupon in turn receiving heavenly blessings, spiritual life and glory.



ABBREVIATED UTILITARIAN STUDIES

GYPSUM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



GYPSUM, EITHER in the crystalline form or as rock gypsum, is found in sedimentary rocks of almost all ages, and is a product of wide distribution throughout the world.

It is commonly found near beds of rock salt. In the United States the only workable deposits are of rock gypsum, which is of comparatively rare occurrence. The earthy, granular form of the mineral is named gypsite, of which new deposits are reported to have been found in Riverside County in Southern California. In other parts of the country deposits have been developed recently. In 1906 the gypsum mined in the United States amounted to 1,540,885 short tons, or 47 per cent more than was mined in 1905, and far more than was ever mined in any previous year. Alaska and seventeen States and territories produce gypsum, Michigan yielding the largest and New York the next largest quantity of the mineral.

Most of the gypsum produced in the United States and in foreign countries as well, is manufactured into plasters, such as plaster of Paris, cement plaster, flooring plaster, hard finish plaster and stucco. More and more of it is being utilized as a

retarder in Portland cement. Refined plaster is used by dentists, as cement for plate glass during the process of grinding and as an ingredient of various patent cements. At nearly all the places where gypsum is produced there are mills for grinding and burning it. Considerable quantities are merely ground, without burning, and are used as a fertilizer of a low grade; while smaller quantities are used in the manufacture of paint, paper, imitation meerschaum and ivory and as an adulterant. The pure white massive form of gypsum known as alabaster possesses great beauty, and is used by architects for interior decoration. The excellence of certain beers manufactured in Great Britain, especially those of Burton and Newark, is attributed to the presence of calcium sulphate (gypsum) in the natural river water with which they are brewed. Since gypsum is slightly soluble, attempts have been made to add it to water not drawn from gypsum-bearing beds, and English brewers purchase large quantities of the mineral for the "Burtonization" of beer. The artificial addition of the salt to water does not, however, produce so good a result as the natural combination found in the waters of the river Trent, upon which the Bass brewing establishment is situated.



PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA.—MUIR PARK, MARIN COUNTY

Photo. by J. W. Henderson

SEASONAL SEEDING SUGGESTIONS

The following table is a list of flowering plants and seeds most suitable for planting during June, July and August.

	Depth to sow (inches)	How far apart to plant or thin (inches.)	Begin to bloom	Duration of b'm'g to period (weeks)	Color of bloom	Height at maturity (feet.)
Alyssum	¼	4x4	Winter	5	Yellow	1½-2
Adlumia	¼	4x4	Winter	6	Pink	
Aquilegia	¼	4x4	Fall	6	Yellow, orange, scarlet	3
Antirrhinum	½		Fall	Perennial	All colors	1½-3
Begonias, Vernon	¼		Fall	Perennial	Scarlet	1½-3
Correopsis Lancedata	¼		Fall	6	Golden	
Canna, Dwarf	¼					
Candytuft	¼	5x5	August	4	White, red	½-1
Clarkia, a. h.	¼	8x8	Spring	8	Purple	1-2
Cobaea, Scandens	¼	10x10	Fall	6	Purple	
Dianthus, Barbatus.....		12x12			All colors	
Hollyhocks	½	18x18	N'xt Sum	6	All colors	
Moon Flower, a. h.	¾	18x18	Spring	10	White	15-30
(Note.—Blooms at night.)						
Chrysanthemum	½		Late fall		White	
(Note.—Perennial varieties.)						
Delphinium Nudicaule	½	6x6	Late fall		Scarlet	
Eschscholtzia	½	6x6	Late fall	10	Orange	1½-2
Fox Glove	¼		Late fall		All colors	
Gypsophila Paniculata	¼	3x3	Late fall	6	White	1-2
Forget-me-nots (myosotis) ..	¼	4x4	Perennial		Blue	8-10 inches
Gaillardia	½	4x4	Late fall		Red, yellow	1
(Grandiflora Superba.)						
Gloxinia	¼	4x4	Late fall	8	All colors	1
Geraniums	¼	6x6	Late fall	10	Red	1-3
Flowering Flax	½	4x4	Perennial		Silver	
(Linur Pereune.)						
Ipomea Setosa	½	12x12	Late fall	10	Varied	4
(Brazilian Morning Glory.)						
Mexican Eschscholtzia	½	12x12	Late fall	Perennial	Yellow	2
Nasturtiums, h	1	18x18	Sept.		Varied	1-6
Perennial Poppies	¼	Broadcast	Sept.-Oct.			
Perennial Phlox	½	8x8	Sept.		All colors	
Marigold Calendnia	¼	10x10	Oct.	12	Yellow	1-2
Torenia	¼	6x6	Next Spring	12	Yellow	½

Note.—h. is an abbreviation for hardy; and hh, half hardy. The abbreviations refer only to annuals, as only annuals are listed in the table.

Plant vegetables in June, July and August as follows: Beans (bush), beans (pole), cabbage, cauliflower, cress, lettuce, peas, radish, spinach, ruta бага, beets, beans (bush), brocoli, Brussels' sprouts, cauliflower, kale, mustard, peas, radish, turnip. All the vegetables mentioned in foregoing lists are available for the three months specified, and will reach maturity before adverse conditions of weather set in.

It is understood that flowers and vegetables are to be watered or irrigated.



