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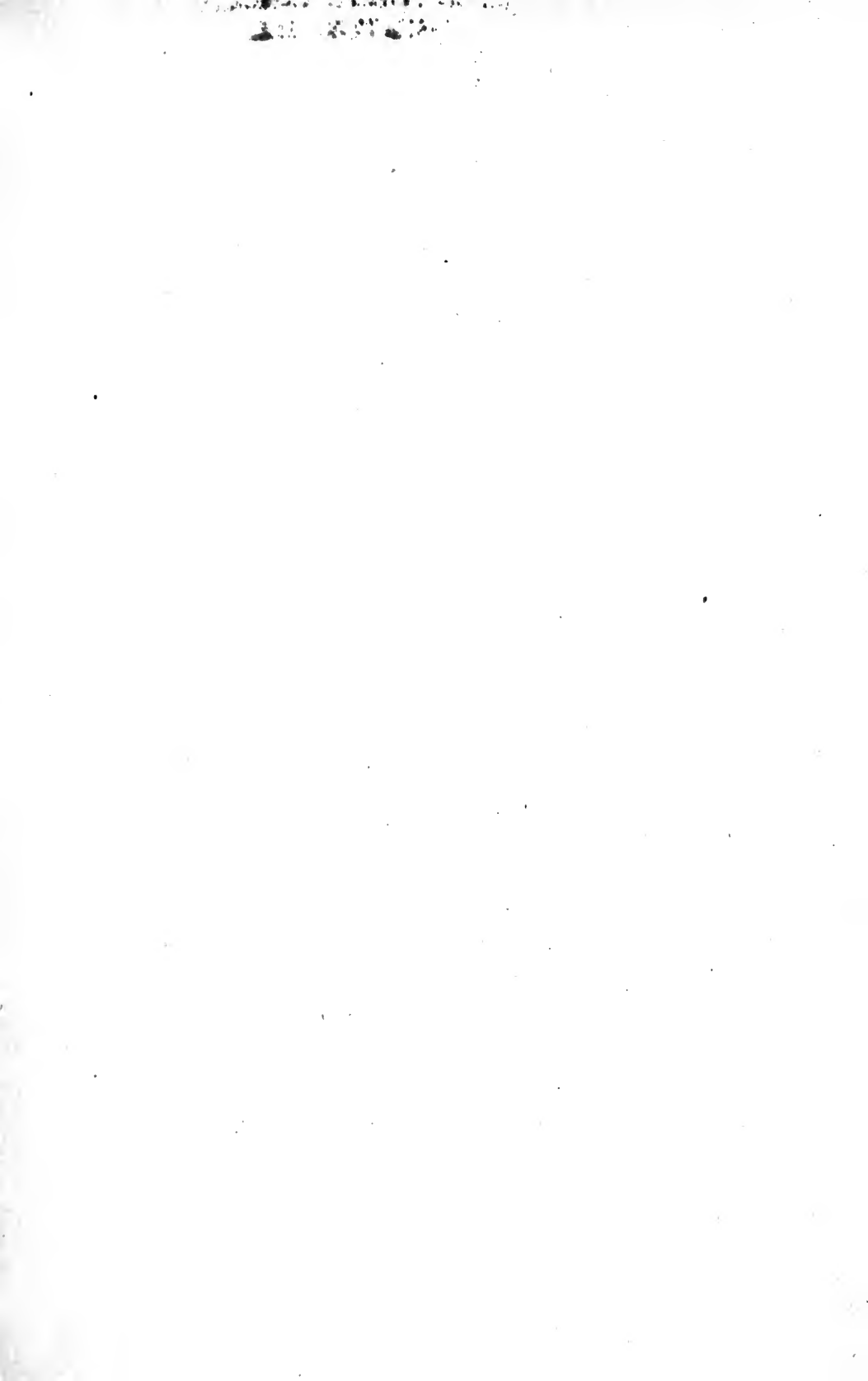
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JANUARY *and* FEBRUARY 1921

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Overland Monthly

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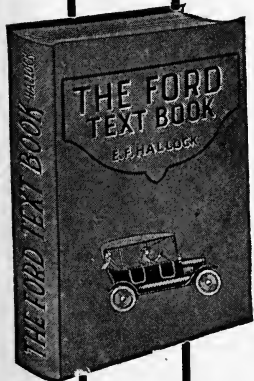
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

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Vol. LXXVII JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 2

Sweet Burning Incense

The Race Question, Garnished by Pathos and Romance

By Jeanette Dailey

[This story received the second prize in a competition of the California Writemany Club, in which many prominent literary people competed.]

MAURICE MOORE and his bride, Lilian, flushed with love and excitement, followed the guide and his party down through Chinatown. The streets were brilliantly decorated with lanterns, bright-colored flags; lilies potted in odd vases bloomed along their path; fire-works illumined the whole district, for it was the celebration of the Chinese New Year.

Lilian's dreamy blue eyes peeped, from under her brown sailor, up at the tall, wide-awake husband at her side; she clung tightly to his arm, but half heeding his remarks, herself charmed into silence by the scene.

They visited the shops crowded with jade, peacock-feathered fans, Oriental parasols, quaint pottery, dragon-embroidered cloths of silver and gold. Then, on they went to a Joss house, smoky with sweet-burning incense, smouldering upon altars where, perhaps, prince and princess had the Buddha.

The guide led them through long dark alleys, down into basements, where several large families dwelt together in one room, divided into apartments by bright draperies and ornamented screens.

From dark alleys, he guided the party up long winding stairways, into one of the finest Tong houses of the city. As they admired the old paintings, the hand-carved teakwood furniture; Lilian, standing apart, saw her reflection in a mirror, framed in blue and gold, enameled with curious Chinese emblems. Closing her eyes, the fumes of the sweet-burning incense cast on the spell of the Orient, vivid with mystery. In place of a brown tailored suit, she saw a silk jacket and pantalets embroidered with blue birds. The blue eyes, the mass of yellow, fluffy hair, that she knew as her own. Why, what strange thing was this? Black hair arranged in Oriental style framed her face, and black, almond-shaped eyes peered at her. Lilian brushed her hand across her eyes and opened them quickly.

"I—I'm mesmerized by this sweet-burning incense. I must go out," she murmured to herself; and immediately pushed her husband out of the room, ahead of the guide.

They stopped next at the Chinese concert. The music sounded to Maurice like a whole symphony of discords. To Lilian there was harmony in the weird sounds—

and something more. A new bewildering emotion possessed her. It was as if the thing she heard was familiar—yet, not familiar. The music pulled at her heart-strings, and seemed to say, "Don't you remember?" "Remember what?" she said, aloud; then blushing for her own silliness, looked around to see if anyone had heard her.

"I've had enough of this!" exclaimed Maurice, and, leaving the party, they went into one of the Chinese tea rooms.

A peculiar odor of burning incense greeted them; and Lilian at once bought a package, with instructions that she must never inhale too much of it in a closed room, for they burned this incense only a few seconds at a time, just to get the sweet Oriental odor, without the sleepy effect. The old Poppy man, as Lilian named him, informed her that he never sold that incense to customers, but she was different, for she had told him of her mania for sweet-burning incense. The tea room decorated with lanterns, many-colored, shed a soft light upon the cozy corners behind the screens. Lilies potted with tiny pebbles sprung forth from clumps of melted bottles. A big round table stood in the center of the room, where tea, cakes, preserved ginger and candied Chinese fruit were served.

"Come out of it, Lilian! Shake the trance and drink your tea," Maurice exclaimed, as he teasingly pinched her arm.

"Do you notice, Maurice, this burning incense mesmerizes one? It fascinates me, yet I'm afraid."

"Oh, shucks, honey!" Maurice said, patting her hand. "Why, there's nothing to fear, with a big husky like me to protect you."

"But, Maurice," she urged, "down in the Tong house I had a strange vision. I saw myself change into a Chinese maiden—black hair, almond-shaped eyes, and all."

"Lilian, dear, believe me it's nothing but the weird atmosphere, and perhaps the excitement of our runaway marriage."

"Look, Maurice!" she insisted; "I was like that little Chinese girl over there, the one who served us tea. Do you think

"Oh, she's rather attractive. But, no China for me! I'd just as soon have colored blood as a yellow streak. But come! It's time for me to take you home, honey."

Later, Lilian placed the burning joss sticks on her dresser, slowing inhaling their perfumed incense. She stood before the mirror brushing her fluffy yellow hair, thankful that her vision of Oriental black hair and almond-shaped eyes was only a dream, brought on by the mysterious influence of sweet-burning incense.

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" she cried as her foster aunt came into the room, "I'm the happiest girl in the world! You can't find any fault with Maurice, Aunt, for he's the best, the dearest, and—"

"Lilian, my darling child!" interrupted Aunt Mary, "I want you to be happy; and I feel Maurice is all that you say." Lilian saw Aunt Mary's soft white hair and troubled face in the mirror over her shoulder.

"But Aunt, why look so serious, then? Maurice is working up a big law practice now; and we are going to have the dearest little bungalow, with yellow and baby crimson roses playing hide and seek all over it."

"It is all on the good qualities of Maurice that I forgive you for getting married without my consent, and against your father's wishes. You were not to marry until you were eighteen; and you were first to read a letter—"

"Yes, but if daddy were alive I know he would forgive when he met Maurice."

Aunt Mary kissed Lilian, and hastily left the room without speaking further upon the subject. Lilian bent low over the joss sticks, inhaling their sweet perfume.

"I wonder why Aunt Mary opposed our marriage before I was eighteen?" she mused. "Well, I'm eighteen today, and we haven't been married so many moons." Lilian shook out her mass of yellow hair around her shoulders, and tucked a flower over her ear. "I wonder, how would I have looked in a bridal veil and orange blossoms; and Maurice, serious-looking, with a white flower on his lapel, standing

honor and obey, while the solemn minister read the ceremony? I can hear the congregation whisper, 'He is so tall, and dark, and handsome; what could he have seen in that baby-faced blonde?' Dreaming, she glanced into the mirror again. Instead of orange blossoms, she saw lilies, Chinese lilies, in her hair! Hurriedly she smothered the joss candles, though something seemed to say, "Look! Don't you remember?"

She told herself, "This sweet-burning incense fascinates me; yet, it is getting on my nerves—I'm seeing things."

"Lilian, dear," said her aunt, as she came back into the room, "where is Maurice?"

"Oh, he's downstairs smoking, and looking over some papers before he goes to bed. Why, Auntie?"

"You are eighteen, dearie, and I feel it my duty to tell you all I know about your family history, even if you did disobey, and get married."

"But, Auntie, you always told me you didn't know anything; that my daddy gave me away when I was born; that I never had a real mother. And that I must not marry before I was eighteen. So we just ran away and got married, anyway."

"Lilian, your father loved you dearly. He never gave you away; he only left you in my care, until his return from abroad; but he died over there. Your mother died when you were born, and your father was so grieved over it that he could not speak of her. He even named you for your mother."

Aunt Mary stroked the girl's soft yellow hair. "You resemble your father some; the same blue-gray eyes, only his were melancholy eyes, while yours are happy ones. He was a large man, and you are such a wee thing!"

"But why did my father put all of these things in the way of my marriage?"

Aunt Mary hastily took a letter from the desk, and handed it to Lilian. "This letter is from your father, dear, and you were to read it upon your eighteenth birthday. It has been all this time in the safety deposit box. I took it out yesterday."

The sweet odor of burning incense filled the room. Lilian tore open the envelope. At that moment did a spirit hand lay a finger of warning on Aunt Mary's arm? She reached out and took the letter. Her hand trembled.

"I—I—I think I've given you the wrong letter, dear." Aunt Mary glanced at the letter, read it again carefully, without looking up.

Lilian spoke a trifle impatiently. "Aunt Mary, is it the right letter?"

Aunt Mary hurriedly tucked the missive into her belt; in a choked voice she whispered, "I—I was mistaken, Lilian, dear; this is not for your eyes." She hastily left the room, without any further explanation, just as Maurice entered, smiling.

"Don't run away, Aunt Mary," he said, "just because I came."

"Maurice," said Lilian, closing the door, "Aunt Mary acted queerly tonight. She brought me a letter, saying it was from father, and after looking it over she said it was a mistake; it wasn't meant for me."

"Well, honey, perhaps she did bring the wrong letter."

"Oh, but my name was on it!"

"That's nothing, honey," argued Maurice, "she may have put the name on the wrong letter."

He walked over and snuffed out the light of the joss sticks.

"Why the burning incense tonight, Lilian? That's what upsets you, honey; it always does; yet you insist upon lighting the darn things. I'm like Aunt Mary—I believe your sweet-burning incense is bad luck."

He took her in his arms and talked to her of other things; of their future, of their bungalow, wreathed in crimson and yellow roses hanging over the front door, sending out the fragrance of welcome. He talked of love and happiness, rather than of sorrow and mystery, until Lilian forgot all else, and her dreamy blue eyes smiled again.

And the days went by in golden procession, Lilian happy in looking toward the future, delighted now with the love of her husband.

The sun came out after the morning shower and shone upon the raindrops, glistening like so many stars in the almond trees. The moisture gladdened the blue bird's throat as he sipped the honeydew. Lilian knelt by her hope chest and gently fingered the dainty nainsooks, trimmed with baby laces and blue ribbons; she laid them one by one on Maurice's lap. Aunt Mary came into the room just as Lilian held up a wee shirt embroidered with button-hole stitch of white silk floss. "Look Aunt Mary! Aren't they darlings?" She hugged them closely to her. Maurice caressed lightly the tiny garments that lay across his knee, fearful that his big hands might crush them. The love light lingered in his frank eyes and his gaze rested upon her golden, sun-kissed hair.

Aunt Mary's kindly face brightened, and tears shone in her eyes as she spoke softly, "I wish every blessing upon you, my children." She took the baby shirt from Lilian and held it out, smiling through her tears. "How tiny and precious! Perhaps this one is as small as was the swaddling cloth of our Saviour."

"Auntie, I wonder if father would be pleased if he were here? And, Aunt Mary, what became of father's letter? Haven't you found it yet? You never speak of it any more."

"It is too late now, Lilian dear. You must never read it."

"Never read daddy's letter? And why not, Auntie?" Lilian opened wide her dreamy blue eyes. The odor of sweet-burning incense stifled the room.

"Lilian, my child, why do you insist upon burning those joss sticks? I—I hate the odor. The fumes choke me." Evasively Aunt Mary had turned the subject, as she had done whenever Lilian had questioned her upon the matter. Maurice quickly extinguished the smouldering fire of the joss sticks and remarked, "Lilian is cultivating a perfect mania for incense, Aunt Mary."

"But why, Auntie," insisted Lilian, not to be turned aside, "why can't I read father's letter? Why is it too late?"

"Because, Lilian dear, you were not to

eighteen. And, besides, it wouldn't bring you happiness to read it now."

"But Auntie, where is the letter?"

Maurice gently tried to draw Lilian away, begging her to forget the past and its mystery, and just be happy in today.

"Oh, Auntie! Where is the letter?" she sobbed. "I want it. I must know my father better, and my people."

"Lilian, dear, forgive me! I love you as my own." She patted her fluffy yellow hair. "I did it for you. I burned the letter—for you are a happy bride. It is all for the best."

The hour of Lilian's trial came, passed. The sun's rays slyly crept through the drawn shutters, playing hide and seek upon the little white crib, with the big blue bow upon the foot, that stood in the corner of the room. The doctor and the nurse bent low over the baby basket. A faint cry, then a louder one, greeted their ears. "Yes, he'll live," answered the doctor.

"But, it's a shame!" the young nurse whispered, "for the child is plainly marked."

"Yes, yes," spoke the doctor worriedly. "I don't understand; there's a mystery somewhere."

Aunt Mary tiptoed softly into the room over toward the little white crib; she pulled the blankets down and peeped in. "May I see the baby now? Is he all right?" As she gazed her face became horror-stricken; she gave a low moan. "Oh, merciful heavens! It's true; it is true! Lilian's father was right after all." Without glancing toward Lilian, Aunt Mary fled from the room.

The doctor called to the young father, who was bending low over Lilian: "Your son will live." A baby's cry filled the room. Maurice came quickly to the little crib and took the child in his arms. He held him up in the light. "Why, Doc!" he cried, "he looks exactly like a Chinese baby—color, hair, almond-shaped eyes, and all." He scrutinized the baby carefully. "Do you suppose, Doc, that Lilian could have marked the child?" He related their trip through Chinatown, the effect upon Lilian, and her mania for

"Perhaps, Maurice. It is possible." The doctor caught at the suggestion. He slapped Maurice on the back. "The baby will doubtless change color as he grows older."

Maurice held the baby up close to his heart. "I love you, little fellow, for you are mine and Lilian's baby," he said with emotion. Tucking the baby in his little white basket trimmed with the blue satin bow, he went back to Lilian again.

"Is baby all right, Maurice?" Lilian enquired eagerly; "does he look like you—or me?"

He bent over and kissed her forehead, her soft yellow hair. "Baby's all right. You must be quiet now, honey, and rest. I have another call for that case out of town that I put off yesterday, and I just can't delay longer. Good-bye, dear; I'll write every night and wire every morning."

"Auntie," Lilian called, later on, as Aunt Mary slipped quietly into the room, "bring baby to me. I want to see him."

"He's—he's asleep," Aunt Mary answered hesitatingly.

"Please, Auntie, I won't wake him. I must see him."

Aunt Mary picked up baby and blanket, and carried them to Lilian, placing the child in her arms. She gave a tender, searching look—then cried:

"Raise the shades! I—I can't see him well. He—he—looks so yellow. Take him away!" She pushed the baby from her and sank back upon the pillow.

As Aunt Mary started away with the little fellow Lilian cried, "Bring him back; I want my baby!" She burst into tears. "Is—is—he—all right? Tell me, Auntie."

"Yes, Lilian, my child; everything will be all right. You must not worry. There, now, go to sleep." And Aunt Mary spoke soothingly.

In her weakened state Lilian was easily persuaded. But there came a day, when the baby was two weeks old, that Lilian, after gazing silently at him for a time, turned determinedly to Aunt Mary.

"His father will be home tomorrow.

Tell me what you have been keeping from me. I must know. Why does this baby look—Chinese?"

"He has Chinese blood flowing in his veins."

"Oh, Auntie; it isn't true! Tell me it isn't true," sobbed Lilian.

"Yes, my dear child, it is true." Sorrow and love were written upon the Aunt's face. "The biggest mistake of my life was that I didn't read the letter the day your father gave it to me to put in the safety deposit box. For in that he told the love story about your mother. She was a Chinese girl."

"Don't, Auntie!" cried Lilian; "I—can't endure it. I hate Chinese people! I hate my mother! I hate my father. I hate myself! I—I—almost hate my—baby."

"But, Lilian dear, your father loved you. If you could only remember how much he made of you, and how he talked to you when you were small." Aunt Mary stroked the girl's hair. "Your father did love you. He gave you his name, Ware, and your mother's name, Lilian."

"Oh, Auntie! Maurice will hate me! He will! he will! I wanted to make him happy."

"No, Lilian; Maurice loves you too well to ever hate you."

Aunt Mary reasoned and soothed Lilian into a more quiet state. She had to go into town on an errand, and must leave her with only a little nurse girl.

"Bring baby to me, Auntie." She kissed him and cuddled him in her arms. "I love you, for you are mine and his, my Maurice."

When the Aunt had gone, Lilian at once called the nurse girl to her. "Get me the incense out of the bottom dresser drawer. It is in that package, wrapped in brown paper. There, that's it. Now, light it, and set it close, here at my side. Close the shutters and leave us alone, for the incense will soothe us to sleep, to rest."

Lilian hugged the tiny babe within her arms, and, her golden head on the pillow, lay with a smile in her dreamy blue eyes.

"Oh, sweet-burning incense! I never knew that I would need you. Baby, we will sleep, you and I, alone, all alone."

The burning incense filled the room with a sweet, soothing odor. Lilian and her baby drifted into dreamland, while the poison fumes grew more powerful. Lilian, with her baby cuddled in her arms, floated on and on, like a sacred

lily in full bloom, with a tiny bud blossoming at her side; tossed upon muddy stream, first troubled, then peaceful. At last she rested in that country where there are no lines drawn, of color, or of race, and where every child is loved of God.

The candles flickered, flickered, then died away, leaving only the sweet perfume of the burning incense.

MY GARDEN

By John Ravenor Bullen.

My garden has within it nothing prim,

Arranged by man, well-ordered or precise;

There is within it nothing neat and trim,

Or formal, for I'll have no such device.

But fresh green lawns closed in by ivied walls

And shrubs and bushes forming fairy bowers,

With stately trees on which the sunlight falls,

And myriads of sweetly scented flowers.

Broad graveled walks and narrow winding ways

Arched o'er with lilac bush and apple trees,

Down which the charmed explorer idly strays

Fanned by the perfumed, softly whispering breeze.

Quaint rustic seats and benches here and there

On which to sit while recollections fond

Creep over one with stealth till they ensnare

One from oneself; an ivy-covered pond;

Sweet carolings that on the breezes float

Gay-heralding the glad approach of spring,

Poured forth at will from many a joyous throat

Of birds that, tree to tree, their journey wing.

Such is my garden.

Wilson's Principles

Showing the Many Things Amateur Farmers Don't Know of Farming

By Frances Hanford Delanoy

THE WILSON boys, Fred and Nat, out early on an exploring expedition, discovered the hired man. The family had arrived on the ranch the night before.

"Hello, there," called Fred; "are you Dennis?"

"Ut's me fore name, me lad; what's yours?"

"I'm Fred Wilson, and this kid's my brother, Nat."

"An' ut's a loikely pair, the two av ye—f'r city kids."

"Say, Dennis, do you know that my dad's going to run this ranch on strictly scientific principles?"

"N yes," piped Ned, "he said last night he's going to show the country bum-kins—whatever that is—a thing or two, and make things hum; he didn't say bees; mebbly that's what he meant, though. They hum, don't they?"

"Yer dumb roight, me bye; but mind ye, if ye makes thim hum too lively, they're purty apt to sting."

"Gee, Nat, dad didn't mean bees; I guess he meant his scientific principles. He said: 'Country folks petrify because they're 'nordinately shif'tess and impoverdent an'—are you petrified, Dennis?'"

"Anyway, he said that if the hired man, what was part and parcel of the ranch, was in a rut, he'd have to get out if he stayed and worked for him. Are you in a rut? Are you a part and parcel—"

"Morning, Dennis." Puffed up with his own importance, Mr. Wilson appeared in the barnyard where Dennis was getting a horse ready for the plow. "We'll postpone plowing for a few days. I want you to dig post holes for fences in the orchard."

Dennis was perplexed. He took off his hat and scratched his head as though trying to scratch up an idea. "Fince in

the orchard? An' who iver heard of finceing an orchard?"

"Cross-fencing, Dennis. Don't you know it's as cheap to keep fancy chickens as to keep mongrel breeds?"

"They ain't never been no sich animal here, sor. I don't know nothin' about fancy birds."

"You'll have opportunity to find out. We'll make eight or ten runs ten feet square and—"

"An' wid all thim finces in the way, how about plowin'?"

Wilson could not tolerate even a suspicion of opposition. The slightest sign brought forth wrathful demonstration, and argument proved a high explosive.

"There is nothing like the faculty of thinking. Take off a few boards and lift the plow through; that's easy."

"Sure, sor, yer dead right about the thinkin', sor." Dennis was studying the inside of his hat. "An' Oi'm a thinkin', sor, the horses'll have to jump the fince to harness up to the plow, and stand on the hind legs av thim to turn around whin they gits to the corners; bejabbers, sor, ye'll have to git some second-hand circus horses what's already thrained, sor."

"Gee! Wonder if Nat and I could learn to ride 'em?"

"The first thing you are to do, Dennis, is to remove those wire fixings off the cellar windows; such contraptions are only dust traps."

"All roight, sor." Dennis put on his hat; his eyes twinkled. "Whin they's off, sor, somethin' else wuss than dust'll be gittin' in."

Mr. Wilson ignored Dennis' remarks, held on to his bridling temper and flicked imaginary specks from his vest. For the time he forgot the post holes.

"When you've finished that job, you may chop up that log by the back door. I'm going to the city this morning, but tomorrow I'll lay out your week's work."

Dennis had met a new phase of human nature. No one had ever talked down to him before, and Wilson's patronizing and supercilious air nettled him. His mind was in turmoil while he went about the work assigned and, struggling to control anger that was about to burst aflame, he thought seriously of "windin' up me connection wid this establishment."

Mr. Wilson, veering as the winds in everything except his colossal opinion of his mental superiority, which his instability had never been known to involve, had been cajoled into exchanging his San Francisco home for a hit-and-miss vineyard and orchard and ancient house. He was positive that a knowledge of farming was his by heredity—a great grandfather had been a Connecticut farmer—and that this knowledge, combined with his scientific tendency, should prove him an authority on agriculture and live stock, and give him prestige in the community.

A slight rustling attracted Grandma Wilson's attention soon after she had gone into the cellar to attend to the milk. She casually glanced about, and saw a pair of bright eyes and bushy tail.

"Minnie! Oh, Minnie!" she called, imperturbed; "do come down and see this cunning little animal. Sam, come and drive it out. It might get at the cream." The Chinese cook, on the way to the well, was passing the cellar door. He seized a broom and, following Minnie, hurried into the cellar.

Suddenly Minnie bounded back up the steps. "Grandma," she yelled, "hurry out of there; it's a—hurry, I tell you; it's a—a—"

Grandma, with a shriek, dropped the pail of cream, gathered up her skirts and bounded after her. Sam dropped his broom and attempted to follow; he slipped in the puddle of cream and, yelling like a Comanche Indian, fell asprawl. As Nemo, attracted by the uproar, leaped into the cellar to interview the "cunning little animal," Sam scrambled to his feet, minus a shoe, and as he reached the landing tumbled headlong.

"Washa - malla? Washa - malla?" he asked blandly, picking himself up.

Dennis, with an axe over his shoulder, stopped as he came upon the group about the cellar door. He heard Nemo's spasmodic barking and his mouth broadened with a grin.

"An' what ye all so excitin' about, Oi'm askin'?"

"Oh, Dennis, is it a—really a—" Minnie began. "What does it look like?"

"O-ho! o-ho, thin! An' wasn't Oi a tellin'? Yer pa, miss, he said as thim gratin's wasn't nothin' but dust thraps. Ut's meself as is thinkin' they's nothin' loike them new fangled scientificals. That dawg, whin 'e's finished wid the baste, 'e'll be wishin' 'imself dead, so 'e will. An' Oi'm belavin', miss, whin yer pa gits here he'll be for finishin' the dawg wid a pace of poisoned mate on thim same principles."

The boys, excitedly talking, were coming leisurely through the orchard, and Minnie ran to meet them; almost breathlessly she told them of Nemo's present engagement. Both, talking at the same time, informed her that Ponto had had quite as exciting an experience.

"We saw a squirrel run into an old stump, and called Dennis, who had come for the axe, to help us catch it. We told him how pretty it was—such a cunning little animal—all black and white.

"Go long with you," he told us—we thought he was joking—it's no squirrel you're tormenting.' An' gee! he must' av jumped ten feet. Fred sassed him back an' whacked the old stump with his axe, an' out the squirrel jumped, and ran, an' Ponto ran after him. Dennis didn't say another word; he just grabbed his nose an' ran the other way, 'cause—well, it wasn't the right kind or a squirrel. Ponto—well, he's tied to a tree on the river bank so's the wind can whistle through his hair. Gee-jiminy-crickets! Hear him yelp!

"There's the dinner bell; I'm hungry as a pig." And with a whoop, they started on a run, forgetting Ponto and his tribulations.

They had kept Dennis in hot water all morning. Their bumps of order were undeveloped; their bumps of destruction

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From A Clear Sky

Moments of Agony in a Prison Cell.

By Caroline Katherine Franklin

[Concluded]

AFTER supper we climbed the rocks. The evening breeze wrought pretty confusion with Carmen's unhatted locks. How could I ever have imagined that her hair would be black? For—

you along the path of life! Give me your heart, that I may teach you the meaning of life!"

And then, before we were safely on level ground, she sprang ahead, fell.

"I've wrenched my ankle," she said,



MRS. CAROLINE KATHERINE FRANKLIN
Clever Author of Many Western Stories

perhaps—twenty years she had been growing prettier every minute, so that in one short week she could knock over a poor dub who hadn't the spirit to tell her what she had done!

The downward path was steep. I said: "Give me your hand; the way is a bit rough."

What I longed to say was:

"Give me your hand, that I may lead

looking up, white-faced but plucky, at me.

I sailed through space, among the stars, for a moment, and then I picked her up.

"I'm going to carry you—"

"What!"

"I'm going to carry you all the rest of your life."

It is possible that she may have been on the point of making some objection

to this statement—I don't know. I didn't have a chance to find out. Walter Peebles came fussing up; and he must "help"; and all the other men in the party must "help". So we did not ride home together. But I managed to slip the card on which I had written the message into her little white hand before I was again sidetracked by Miss Wade.

It was still daylight when we swung into the street where my office is located, on the ground floor. I concluded to drop off there, and see if my real estate "prospect" had thought it worth while to leave a message. To my great surprise, Walter Peebles said he "guessed" he'd go along with me, if I didn't mind.

I grunted, and he evidently took that for a sign of assent. I went in, switched on the electric light in my private office, and motioned Peebles to a chair. I took one myself.

"Now that you've found Miss Rois, you'd better let the policy go through," he suggested, cheerfully.

I was too astonished to reply; and in the moment of silence the office clerk, who was working over hours, announced:

"Doctor John McDonald."

"I'll admit," I thought to myself, "I might at least have inquired again as to the condition of Mrs. and Miss McDonald. I should have rung up the hospital the first thing this morning."

"Show him in," I said heartily.

When he entered, I instantly saw that Doctor McDonald was very much upset about something. He did not take the offered chair, but came close to my desk, his fingers locked together nervously. Then, from a clear sky:

"Miss Peggy Mason is dead!"

I know a wild look crossed my face; I felt my blood turn cold.

"You—you don't think it is w-what I gave her, do you?"

"I'm afraid it was the combination."

"B-b-but," I stammered, "Mrs. Mason told me herself that her daughter had not taken them—I mean the medicine, according to directions; and I gave her the directions on the bottles."

Doctor McDonald's eyes seemed to be looking a hole through me; he flushed

"Why did you tamper with a thing that you should have left alone? Mrs. Mason now tells quite a different story. In her grief, she assails everyone. She is particularly bitter toward you."

Nothing I could say would fit. I felt the cold beads of perspiration stand out on my forehead; the color must have drained entirely from my cheeks. I immediately decided to give myself up.

"I think I'll go down and see the chief of police and give myself up until this thing is straightened out," I suggested.

"You'd better," advised the Doctor. "There is a warrant out for your arrest."

Peebles was at my side in an instant.

"I insured the desk sergeant only this morning. Will you go down and examine him, Doctor McDonald? This thing has to be made straight for Harrington. The thing is absurd from every angle—save from that of the fact that the girl is dead."

VII.

"I a murderer!" I groaned. I mopped my face with my handkerchief. "One thing let me assure you, Doctor McDonald, I'm sorry; and God knows I'd do anything to make this right. You know the address of my father. He'll stand by me."

My first affair with Cupid had certainly led me into a maze of difficulty. I could barely realize what had happened. Cold chills ran up and down my spine. I looked at Peebles. He had turned white. He looked as sick as I felt. Good old Peebles! I'd never again doubt him.

We arrived at the station just as a couple of men were brought in. I was glad I didn't have that disgrace to go through. Thoughts of Mrs. Mason, Peggy's mother, haunted me; yet I felt that there was something wrong about the whole affair—some misunderstanding. I felt that it was not my fault any more than as if I had gone to the drug store and got the headache tablets for her daughter.

Doctor McDonald, after talking to the desk sergeant, went to see the chief. Going to see Miss Mason as a doctor was what got me in wrong—that, and prescribing without a license.

outcome of the Coroner's inquest. By 9 o'clock the next morning, my attorney had been in to see me; Mrs. Wallace had employed him.

Poor Peebles in his anxiety to be of service, helped and advised me. Putting two and two together—what he thought and what he didn't think—before an eager reporter, made a mess of a write-up. The reporter's imagination supplied the missing link; nothing was omitted.

Of course I didn't see the paper—I was a prisoner. But I was told that my picture and Miss Rois' picture, "snapped" by an enterprising photographer, occupied a conspicuous place on the front page. They also had a picture of Miss Mason, and Mrs. Mason gowned in black, coming out of Doctor McDonald's office. The heading read:

"To Whom It May Concern." Then followed a wild story of love and adventure. Such a mess! Carmen Rois, eyes red-rimmed from crying—according to her attorney—had sent for her father, a millionaire of Pasadena.

From 10 o'clock on I paced my cell. Each minute seemed an eternity. When would that lawyer be back? I began to distrust him—the world—everybody.

I heard the stertorous snoring of someone in a cell near by, while snatches of a popular air, hummed by a trusty at work in one of the corridors, relieved the monotony. Then came subdued voices, the sound of the jailer's massive keys and the heavy clang of metal as the bolts shot back. Someone was coming. I craned to see as far down the corridor as I could. My lawyer was coming.

"What's the verdict?" I cried, my nerves at the breaking point from the suspense, the ignominy, the degradation.

For the fraction of a second he hesitated.

"Poisoned by an overdose of some drug, the nature of which is unknown to the jury," he replied, in the even tones of one accustomed to such disagreeable messages.

"But," I protested, "I gave her the directions as printed on the bottle."

"This is only the Coroner's verdict," he soothed. "You will have plenty of time

to present all this evidence when the case comes up for trial."

"Well, I guess I'll have to look around and get someone to go my bail," I suggested more hopefully.

Again the lawyer hesitated. I looked at him inquiringly.

"What is it?" I asked. "You were about to say something?"

"These cases are rather difficult. We cannot do anything about bail until later. You will have to wait for your preliminary hearing."

"Man!" I must have barked it at him from the way he moved back. "For God's sake, have them hurry! This is getting my nerve!"

"Why did you leave her three kinds of pills, as well as liquid medicine?"

"Ask me something easy—anything. Why was I born? Why did Fate pick on me?"

"Romance—but I hate the word," he replied.

"See here," I said, my anger rising. "I've been through enough—so has Miss Rois—because of a lot of meddling people. I've got to see her. Tell her if she won't come here I don't care what happens—electricity, the chair, hanging, anything to have it over with. Tell her it's up to her. If she won't come I'll not fight the case. I'll just go to the chair without a struggle. That's better than life without her!"

"Harrington, you fool! Shut up!" he stormed.

A door clanged and again I was alone. It was a little after the noon whistles blew that Mrs. Wallace came to see me again. She wept over me like a mother; and as she left she said:

"I am going to see Mrs. Mason. Maybe there is something she will do to make things easier for you."

"Anything, so long as I get out of this place!"

I heard the stroke of the clock at one. I was growing despondent. I longed for freedom. I conjured up all the stories I had read of prisoners, and what they did to while away the time. As the clock struck two, I made up my mind that it was no use, that she would not come to see me. . . . There was the sound

of someone coming down my corridor. There were voices, subdued.

I listened intently, straining to hear. It was! It was her voice! My heart pounded violently.

"My father," I heard her say, "will be in on the evening train. He wired me to see no one, talk to no one and to remain at my apartment, Mrs. Wallace, you've made me disobey!"

They came toward my cell. I looked anxiously through the bars. Carmen Rois was as pale as if she had been through a wasting fever. I tried to think what I'd say first.

"What a horrible place! You poor boy! I am so sorry!"

Her eyes held the light with which she must have charmed the little children in her kindergarten classes; which must have made the naughty ones repentant.

I trembled as I tried to shake hands, but our fingers in meeting seemed to understand. They interlaced. Our eyes strove to read the innermost secrets of each other's souls.

"Miss Mason was all right when I left her the other night," I said, earnestly. "The night that I met you. I left a note there for you."

A cry escaped her lips.

"My dear boy! And that note was from you? Of course I got it; but I haven't read it. It came by mail this morning, just about the time that the terrible Extra was yelled through the streets! I forgot to read it, and stuck it into my handbag."

She withdrew her hand. What little composure she had managed to keep, deserted her. She began to weep.

"Now, dear," soothed Mrs. Wallace. "It was simply a chain of circumstances, just as I have already explained to you. There'll be a way out."

Carmen Rois wiped her eyes, reached into her handbag and drew out an envelope. This she tore open. My heart pounded against my ribs. She was beautiful—beautiful! She was the daughter of a millionaire. But what were a few millions, more or less, to me? If I got out of this mess with a whole skin—

I watched her read. Her lips trembled

tears her eyes gazed steadfastly into mine.

"Listen," she said.

"Dear Miss Carmen:

"Dr. Harrington left your recommendation with me. He made a special trip, and told me not to tell you. The first time, he left some pills for me. The pills I didn't take. When mother wasn't looking I stuck them under a corner of the bedroom rug.

"He had such a frightened, new-to-the-business look I'd be afraid to take his dope. When mother gave me the liquid medicine, I spat it into my handkerchief, and made a big spot on the linen—an ugly brown spot. I don't suppose that it will wash out.

"While mother was down town today, someone tried to break into the house. I got scared. Mother said my bad feelings were because I'd taken an overdose of medicine; so three doctors pumped out my stomach. It was something I've always wanted done, because I've had a strange feeling in my left side for years. One doctor would say it was my stomach; another my spleen; and still another my heart. This way, I felt that one of the questions could be settled as to the location of the trouble.

"I feel fine tonight. Mother is going down to the corner to mail this. I am enclosing the recommendation. I meant to send it to you, if you didn't come to see me pretty soon.

"I am tired of not sleeping, so will take two powders instead of one. Doctor McDonald told me a powder would be enough for me to take; but I've had a hard day, and I want to be sure of rest.

"Yours in haste,

"PEGGY MASON."

A stillness followed the reading. We looked at each other. Her eyes suddenly revealed a new hope. I know mine said three times as much. Mrs. Wallace nervously sobbed:

"Who'll—you give—the letter to?"

"To the chief," replied the guard.

Miss Rois handed him the letter. Mrs. Wallace—good old soul!—followed the officer out to his superior's office. Mrs. Wallace felt that she must see where the letter went.

In the excitement, we were alone—Carmen and I. I reached eagerly through the bars. If only my tumultuous heart would quiet for a moment, would give me courage, now that I would soon have the right to liberty, to say what I wished to say!

Our hands met; I drew her toward me.

"Do you—do you really care?" was

Old Grimes' Cashier

Five Dollars Too Much Precipitates a Climax

By Edward T. Langton

MYRTLE looked pale as she took her seat on the cashier's stool. She always felt the pinch of the bitter cold January, for a grocery store is always apt to be cold. It was not only the chill from inadequate clothing, however, that sapped her usual efficiency. The rent on their three-room tenement had been raised and the baby had cold on his chest. Her breakfast had been eaten hastily, while her mother urged the necessity for asking old Mr. Grimes for a raise.

"No use, ma, and he might fire me. He's had an awful grouch on this week. A fancy lot of grapefruit got frozen one night, and he can't stop talking about it."

"Well, I dunno. We hardly got through last week, and I had to let that fifty cents for patching Ted's shoe go over until your next pay, and now the rent has gone up \$3.00."

Myrtle had pulled on her little velveteen hat and hurried away with the worried accents dinning in her ears.

Saturday was always a busy day in the overcrowded grocery. Myrtle mechanically made change and refused or extended credit on various small amounts, while under the sleek black hair went on the eternal figuring over the money problem. The doctor at the free dispensary had looked grave over the cold that lingered so persistently on the baby's chest, and had said positively that there must be no steamy washings hung in the same room with him. This meant either the curtailment of the washings taken in or the heating of another room for baby, and this was out of the question with coal at the rising price.

When 5 o'clock came Myrtle began counting the day's money. Mr. Grimes always demanded the accounting half an hour before closing time. She figured with the apprehensive sensation that she invariably experienced, for she was not very quick at figures—in fact, she only

held her job because of the low salary she accepted. After many interruptions she compared her slips with her total, and discovered she was \$5 over. She began all over again, for she had found that an apparent surplus usually meant a more important deficit. But she had not made any mistake this time. Her cash was correct save for the addition of a \$5 bill. She visualized the look of greed that would suffuse old Mr. Grimes' face. That \$5 would go a long way toward consoling him for the frozen grapefruit. Then another thought occurred to her. That \$5 was almost as much hers; if she should be short on her money she would have to make it up or be fired. Why shouldn't she have the money? She put the bill aside while she struggled with the new idea.

Ed, the clerk, had watched her figuring. "Say, Myrtle, you're not short, are you?" he asked.

She paled. She and Ed had been friends for years, and lately he had acquired an air of proprietorship when he accompanied her home or on their rather rare trips to the movies that secretly thrilled her. "Why, no," she hesitated.

"Because if you are, girlie, you know old Grimes would enjoy nothing better than firing you. He said last night that he thought his wife could just as well come down and sit in the cage all day—that there was no profit on taking in the money," he stopped and plunged his hand in his pocket. "I have some money with me, and if you need—" Again he paused for Myrtle was fiercely independent and quick to take offense.

"I suppose your time is worth nothing," snapped the boss. "Saturday night is a good time for a pink tea conversation."

Myrtle bent over her figures and Ed went on weighing new potatoes. Her head ached and her cheeks burned. How

good Ed was; always kind and invariably looking out for her. She would feel like throwing up the illy paid work and taking the chance on getting something better, but he made the sordid place, with its odors of cheese and old vegetables, endurable. What would he think of her if he knew that she had seriously considered keeping the extra \$5? She could imagine the look of hurt contempt that would replace the expression of pride that his face radiated when he glanced down at her. She would hate to destroy his faith—to feel that his astonished wonder would be succeeded by the blase easy going estimate of girls that some of the fellows affected.

Her reflections were not by any means undisturbed. Demands for small change or all in bills; shrill complaints as to shortages in orders. "Think I expect to pay four cents apiece for eggs and find one cracked?" demanded Josie, who lived in the same tenement and expected Myrtle to let her bill run out of sheer neighborliness.

"Where's the egg?" returned Myrtle, wearily.

Josie bristled. "Did ye suppose I'd carry a cracked egg?"

"Sorry, but I cannot make a refund without the goods."

Josie flounced off muttering, and another woman edged in at the window. Another hour passed and Ed looked over at Myrtle's puzzled face and sagging shoulders whenever he could snatch a moment. "Gee, but it's hard on a slip of a girl to work such long hours and then have the responsibility of the cash she can't add anyway without using her fingers," he thought, liking her all the better for her feminine lack of mathematics.

"Myrtle, want me to add up your slips for you?" he whispered when Grimes had gone out for a few minutes.

The sleek black head shook decisively: "No, they are all done."

There was a commotion near the door, and a thin bent old woman rushed in,

followed by Grimes. "She says she's short on money," yelled the boss, "no use trying to run anything like that on me."

"I ain't trying to run nothin'. I had a \$10 bill and paid my slip of \$1.20 and put the change in my bag. I remembered after that I'd seen the \$5 bill pushed to one side when a man stuck his slip and a lot of change in. The bill was beside the spindle where the girl sticks her slips on." The old woman was crying as they ranged up before the tiny window.

"When did all this happen?" bellowed Grimes. "Yer must be awful rich to go leavin' \$5 bills around careless like. Suppose yer got so much—"

"I was on my way to a funeral and was a bit dazed, but—"

"Yer not over, are ye?" Grimes pushed his way in front of the trembling claimant. "And if—"

Ed drew near. If there was any trouble he wanted to be near Myrtle.

Her soft dark eyes dwelt briefly on the wrinkled old face, on the cheeks wet with the slow tears of age. "Yes, I am over," she spoke swiftly, for she read the unspoken word that had trembled on Grimes' lips. He intended to forbid her to acknowledge any surplus. Reaching into her cash drawer she took out her totals for the day and a sealed envelope marked "Surplus cash." "Here, Mr. Grimes. The money is in this, and the transaction is entered on my total slip."

"Oh, then ye did leave it," Grimes handed the envelope into the eager old hands. "Better not not be so careless again," he added not unkindly. And there was a queer look of admiration in his hard eyes as he looked at the tired little cashier.

"The old girl didn't take any chances leaving her money about with you to look out for her," was all Ed said, as he took Myrtle's arm when they had reached the snowy street, but the girl, looking up and surprising the old look of pride on his radiant face, felt the old love of life surge through her despite her fatigue.



Foo Soon The Heathen

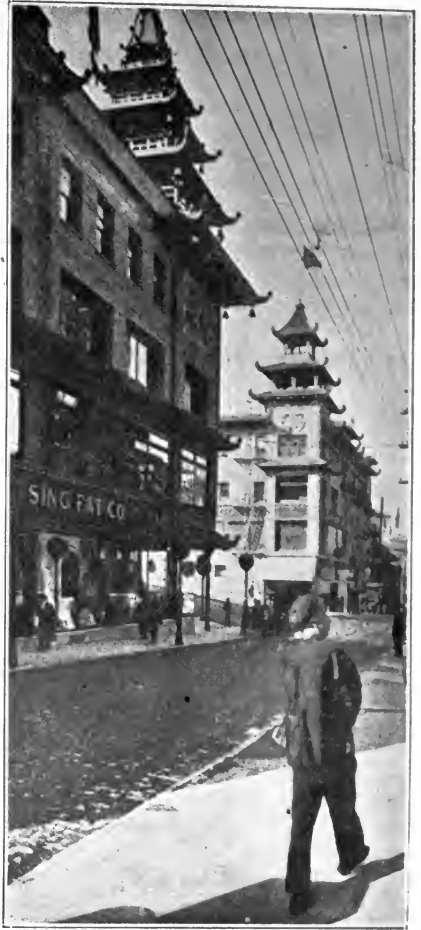
A Losing Battle Against Adverse Fate

By *Frederick C. Rothermel*

WA FO SOON, otherwise proprietor of the Ghong Far My restaurant, adjusted his glasses on the blunt stump of his nose and took up his writing stick. For a space he wrote, a broad grin stretched in complacency across his small amber face, his hand sweeping the narrow strip of rice paper in a debauch of blotches and dabs. When the black ink had dried, he folded the paper into a neat flatness, slipped it into a narrow envelope and addressed it to a certain little old mother in far-away Peking.

It was an intolerably cold night. Fo Soon stood before the small-paned window of his restaurant situated above the Wang Broom factory, and caressed his bony hands. Not that he was himself cold; for the window through which he gazed was amuck with the steam of the heat within. Fo Soon stood in great sympathy for the mass of people that was given to wade through the drenched street, saturated to the skin in the loathsomeness of the splurge of a bleak, late winter. But he would profit by it. Added to the rain, sightseers in Chinatown never considered their trip quite complete without the cup of hot tea, unsweetened and without cream; or the fumbling of chop sticks at one of the small teak-wood tables in a remote corner of the room.

The little heathen stood with hands slipped up his sleeves gazing mutely out at the strata of people on the opposite side of the street. Umbrellas, of dark green and purple and death-black slipped open and closed, nodded and tilted. A bobbing smear of whiteness went by, a napkin-covered tray upon its head. Followed a flower vendor, basket of chrysanthemums on one arm. Small gatherings of people collected in the doorways of shops at times holding forth a hand to the outer



New Chinatown, San Francisco

wetness. A pussyfooted policeman oozed by with the sleekness of an eel, the rustle of his oils sending half a score of small boys helter-skelter into the labyrinths of the crowd. A dog fight had started somewhere in the near vicinity, whereon the doorways vomited forth their parcel-laden people and sing-singing merchants. Windows opened, heads appeared. A mother wailed for her progeny. The dog fight died down and the crowd smeared and curdled back into its old form.

All this Fo Soon saw through the smudge of his window. After a time he walked back into the room, surveying the interior with deep satisfaction. He looked back over the years of his life to the time when the streets of San Francisco were

given to grass-choked board walks. He reflected back over the time when he had sweat seven days a week over an ironing board in the establishment of Sam How at a wage of two dollars a week. He saw the time when Sam How and his brother had been wiped away by the Hop Yiks many years later.

"I go to work in the eating house of Man Li, place of ten thousand profits, O mother mine," he had written. "But the time will come when I will send for you—have no fear. San Francisco is possessed of many riches not dwelling in Peking. Already have I saved two hundred dollars. Should I send for you now, we could retire wealthy. But Buddha has said that we should wait. In another year will I have saved enough to have an eating house of my own. Soon I will go to the house of Hip Kat of the Six Companies where I will pay ten dollars that they will watch over you in the time that you come. No longer will you work in the rice gardens, no longer will you drink trade tea nor eat No. 3 rice. Have patience, for Wa Fo is slaving for you."

Came the big fire of 1906. Fo Soon found himself penniless. Undaunted he began anew. The letters to far Peking spoke of his sending the money soon. For a year he slaved day and night, at the end of which time he had accumulated but a scant hundred dollars. And then like a flash he won the prodigious sum of eighteen hundred dollars in the lottery.

For a thousand dollars he bought the little restaurant above the broom factory on Grant avenue near Clay, giving his note for the remainder. But he did not send for the little wisp of a mother. Things had happened too quickly for him; and shrewd that he was, he was forever looking ahead.

But now that thirteen years had passed and the old mother had not come, Fo Soon saw in where he had been mistaken. Now that the ban on Chinese entering the United States was greater than ever, he came to see where it would cost him five hundred dollars to smuggle her in. And greatest of all, there was the risk, if taken up by Government agents, of not only having her deported but in the loss of his money.

Only the week before arrangements had been made with Wa Yun, the tea merchant. To insure a safe and comfortable passage, Fo Soon had not hesitated in adding another hundred dollars. Thus it was that Wa Yun communicated with his collaborator, who in reply had ventured that within a month the junk would leave for the Land of Golden Prosperity.

As he stood there gazing about, a thrill of fulfillment possessed him. He thought of the letter in the pocket of his silk jacket, telling the mother of their good fortune. He would mail it in the morning.

With the departure of the last customer the place became vacant save for the two waiters in the corner who sat sucking up a hot conglomeration of noodles and fish with all the noise that two pairs of thin lips and chop sticks could make.

The old clock over the door proclaimed eight o'clock. Fo Soon sat at the little cashier's desk and picked his tobacco-stained teeth with a quill. After a time he brought forth a long pipe with a small pewter bowl and filled it with a pinch of fine stringy tobacco. Then he sat placidly smoking while he scanned his account book.

At eight-thirty a man came in, paused for an instant, swept the room with a concerned gaze and then selected a table in one of the small booths. Lee My, the waiter, arose from his supper, wiped his mouth on his forearm and his arm on his side and came to learn the man's requests.

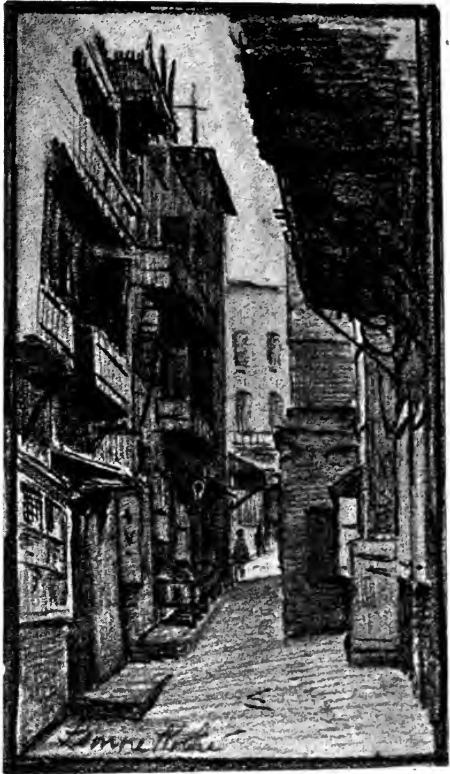
"I'll wait," he snapped in an annoyed tone of voice, proceeding to roll himself a cigarette with very nervous fingers. "There is another coming. Ah—let's see. Two orders of chop suey, a dish of fried rice and a large pot of the best Mandarin tea you have."

As he turned the pages of his account book, Fo Soon vaguely watched the erratic motions of his guest through the open door of the booth. Twice the man's writhing fingers broke the nearly-rolled cigarette, twice he began anew. After that he gave it up; had tied the napkin into an endless tangle, overturned the

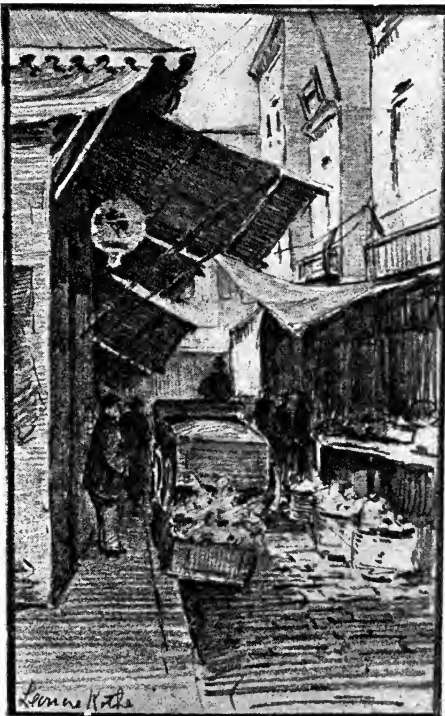
choya sauce bottle and gnawed the edges round of the menu card.

Fo Soon knew people. He knew the type of man with so little pride as to eat out of an ash can; the millionaire's son who brought the college Bohemian crowd after theatre hours on a Saturday night. He knew the gentleman yegg; the slum sniffer; the cut-throat wharf rat; the degraded minister; the man who had never lost his ex-jail grin; the virtuous dance hall girl; and the lawyer who pulled the political strings. Further, he knew the calibre of the man who now sat in his restaurant. Another other than he would have gone to the phone and called an officer from the Hall of Justice on Kearny street. But he was a careful man. There was chance of his being mistaken. The fact that the man was a confirmed user of drugs was no business of his.

The two waiters ceased their mouth noises and retreated into the recess of the kitchen which lay far in the rear. Time passed and Dounahue, the plain-clothes man, came in to spend his usual



Palace of a Thousand Profits



Sam How's Laundry

hour in the balcony overlooking the street. As he entered the heathen proprietor nodded. Dounahue went through the latticed door out onto the balcony and took his seat in the drizzle of rain. As for the man in the booth, he had been too greatly lost in the ravages of his own erratic conscience to notice the entrance of him.

"Damn it!" he flared, sweeping a match tray to the floor. "Why in hell doesn't she come? Here, you miserable Chink, get me a glass of water."

Fo Soon came slowly toward him, his hands slipped up his sleeves, face a little pale.

"What fo' you blokum' mi house?" he muttered. "You pay fifty cent fo' blokum' mi house! Fo' what you say me damn Chink?"

The man half arose, hands gripping the table cloth, a thin foam frothing from his pallid lips.

"Why, you—"

Dounahue came through the door from the balcony.

"What's wrong?" he snarled. "Fightin', eh? Just save it for me, will you? Be back when I nail that beggar across the street."

While Dounahue was arresting the beggar on the opposite side of the street a woman entered the place. The man in the booth arose to new life and ran to her, pulling her in to the table.

"S-a-y," she broke out, "what's the idea? Anybody'd think—"

"Think hell—did you bring it? Oh, for God's sake, don't say no—"

"Oh, I got it—keep your shirt on, will you? And let me tell you something—he's dead!"

"Wa— keep quiet; for—Dead? You—you know I did it for you, Ruth! He was drunk. He would have killed me! That snow was mine! Mine! You hear? Think I was going to see him beat you the way he did? Did you bring it? Did you bring it? Oh, for God's sake, don't tell me you couldn't get it, Ruth!"

"Shut up, you fool! Don't you think there's ears—"

"Oh, I don't give a—give it to me. Will you give it to me? Me! Me! Me!"

And from behind the curtain in the doorway of the booth, Fo Soon saw the woman open her purse, take out a small white paper and hand it to him. A mutter, half a moan, dwindled from his lips.

"You're a brick, Ruth!" the man proclaimed, throwing the white powder into his eager mouth with a toss of the head: "I'll stick by you, by God, I will!"

Then it was that Fo Soon retreated without noise into the street to get Dounahue. And when they returned, the heathen chattering, the plain-clothes man with revolver in hand, it was to find the woman gone; the man, half standing,

half leaning across the table—dead.

In one hand, drawn up to the chest, there was clutched a small piece of paper. Dounahue swept the corpse with a sharp gaze. Pulling the paper from the rigid fingers he touched it to the tip of his tongue. In a flash he had swung about to face the crouching heathen.

"Well," he flared, "where's the woman?"

Fo Soon gazed about him with a blank stare.

"Well?"

"No more. Me go out, she go out!"

"Huh! And you tell me she gave him hop! When I came in here I saw you an' him—an' you was fighting. Now you work that gag! I heard him ask for a drink of water! An' now you tell me he took hop! You know what was in this paper? Potassium cyanide! Hop! By damn, I wish I could spring the trap when your time's up! Now come along!"

Fo Soon had said much at first. Some of what he had said had been in a sing-song tongue. The answer had come with the fastening of two cold steel bracelets upon his thin wrists. As he went about in search for his hat, head low, a soft gurgle in his throat, he thought of the letter in his pocket. Putting half of it between his teeth, he slowly tore it into small strips.

"More of your dirty work," snarled Dounahue, as they passed out into the bleak sweep of street. But little old Fo Soon ventured no reply. People brushed to and fro. From the shop windows came lights of jade-green; of amber and burnt orange. Through the drizzle the cold air ran a gamut of spice, of fruit, of cooking and bad sewerage; while somewhere off in the far nearness a Mandarin orchestra wailed a throbbing woe, filling the Celestial shadows with a forlorn emptiness.



How The Gringo Came

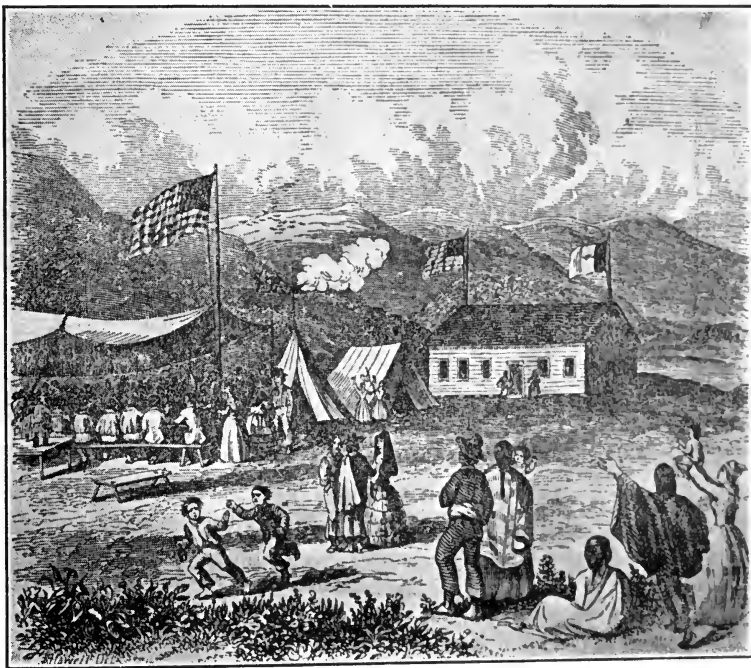
Checkered Career of Swiss Soldier of Fortune Who Preceded the Argonauts

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE doughty Captain Johann August Sutter it was who, arrived at Monterey of California on July 3, 1839, from Santa Fe of New Mexico by way of Vancouver and the Sandwich Islands, established the first Saxon outpost upon the California Coast.

From his nucleus of "eight Kanakas,

guest of Governor John McLoughlin of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver, voyager thence to the Sandwich Islands and back to Monterey; speaking German, French, Spanish and English; an accomplished courtier, and wielder of a good sword, this small, round-faced, blue-eyed gentleman was ideal soldier of fortune.



Celebration at San Francisco July 4, 1836, Showing First Wooden House Erected

three white men, an Indian and a bulldog" and his Fortress of New Switzerland, at present Sacramento, there were born the Bear War, the Conquest, the Discovery of Gold, and a new America.

Native of Baden, citizen of Switzerland, lieutenant under Charles X of France, trader on the Santa Fe Trail,

At Monterey the capital at Alta California he speedily won the favor of that "native-son" governor, young Juan Bautista Alvarado, born at Monterey itself. The new-comer possessed letters of recommendation from the Hudson Bay Company of the Northwest, from the Russian trading companies of the Pacific Coast,

and from Honolulu merchants; and Alvarado, charmed with his speech and manners, impulsively urged him to apply for Mexican citizenship in California. He forwarded the captain on to Sonoma of the north, with introduction to "His Excellency my uncle," Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, comandante-general of Alta California.

The advice by Governor Alvarado that he announce his intention to become a Mexican citizen and that he consequently select a tract of land for his own, seemed good to Captain Sutter. After his agreeable visit at Sonoma and vicinity he em-

site in the clear; and the spot was christened New Switzerland. So here was Captain Johann August Sutter, who, from Grenoble of France, had, by way of Santa Fe, Vancouver, Alaska and Honolulu, brought destiny to California. His little settlement was the farthest north of any in California; no Selkirk on Crusoe Island was more independent; authority other than his own did not reach here, and the land produced for all his needs. In the native Indians he found willing retainers, and in the beaver hunters who followed the Sacramento trail between Oregon and California valleys he found firm friends.



Native Californians When the Gringo Came

barked his "eight Kanakas, three white men, an Indian and a bulldog" in San Pablo Bay south of Sonoma, and sailing up Suisun Bay to the mouth of the Sacramento river, with his pinnace and two schooners well laden, like a Hendrik Hudson he went exploring against the current. After an eight-day voyage he landed upon the south bank of the American Fork, about three miles above its juncture with the noble Sacramento. This was near the middle of August, 1839.

Out of poles and grass two rude structures were erected upon a commanding

The Russian establishment of Ross, on the Coast directly west from New Helvetia, proved not profitable to its instigators. The famous Baron Wrangell, governor of the Russian provinces in America, failing to buy from the vigilant Mexican officials that additional land, back to the Sacramento and south to the bay, which he coveted, put upon the market, Ross itself.

For 30,000 pesos was the port and fort or Ross, with all its furnishings and livestock, offered to Comandante-General Vallejo of the presidio at Sonoma. When



OLD SPANISH MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

This historic edifice was founded on July fourteen, seventeen-eleven by Father Serra, who, with his ecclesiastical assistants and his military escort, had journeyed inland from the Mission of Monterey, a distance of some twenty-five leagues, to a beautiful spot near the Coast Range of mountains, which had been considered as suitable for a new mission. The site of the building was approved by Father Serra, who conferred on the new church its title and called the plain in which it stands the Valley of San Lucia.

Vallejo had refused to purchase for California, the canny Captain Sutter purchased for himself.

This was great good fortune for Captain Sutter. Heretofore he had been of modest ways. In August of 1840 he had completed his year of residence and had been awarded his citizenship papers—as well as a grant of eleven square leagues; from August until December 13, when the Ross equipment was placed at his disposal, he must be subservient to this citizenship; but now, was he suddenly provided with ready-made buildings, with laurel furniture, and with cannon.

As rapidly as practicable he transported the main portion of his new estate from Ross down the Coast and into the Bay of San Francisco and up the Sacramento—all by his own schooners; and set it up again at New Helvetia.

Behold New Helvetia, heretofore only a clutter of Indian huts and a few larger houses grass thatched, expanded to a fortress, of adobe walls fifteen high and two feet thick, mounting a dozen brass cannon and surrounding a group of substantial wooden buildings. Behold Captain Sutter, heretofore humble and apparently content with his privileges, now stirred by the word that Hudson Bay trappers had received permission to hunt along the Sacramento in his neighborhood, protesting arrogantly against such invasion of his thirty-three square miles. He informed General Vallejo, November 8, 1841:

"Very curious Rapports come to me from below, but the poor wretches don't know what they do. I explained now to Mr. Spence to explain to these ignorant people, what would be the consequences if they do injure me, the first french freggate who came here will do me justice. The people don't know me yet, but soon they will find out what I am able to do. It is too late now to drive me aut of the country the first step they do against me is that I will make a Declaration of Independence and proclaim California for a Republique independent from Mexico. I am strong now, one of my best friends a German Gentleman came from the Columbia River with plenty people, another party is close by from Missouri. One of the party arrived here, some of my friends and acquaintances are among them, they are about 40 or 50 men of Respectability and property, they came in the intention to settle here. I am strong enough

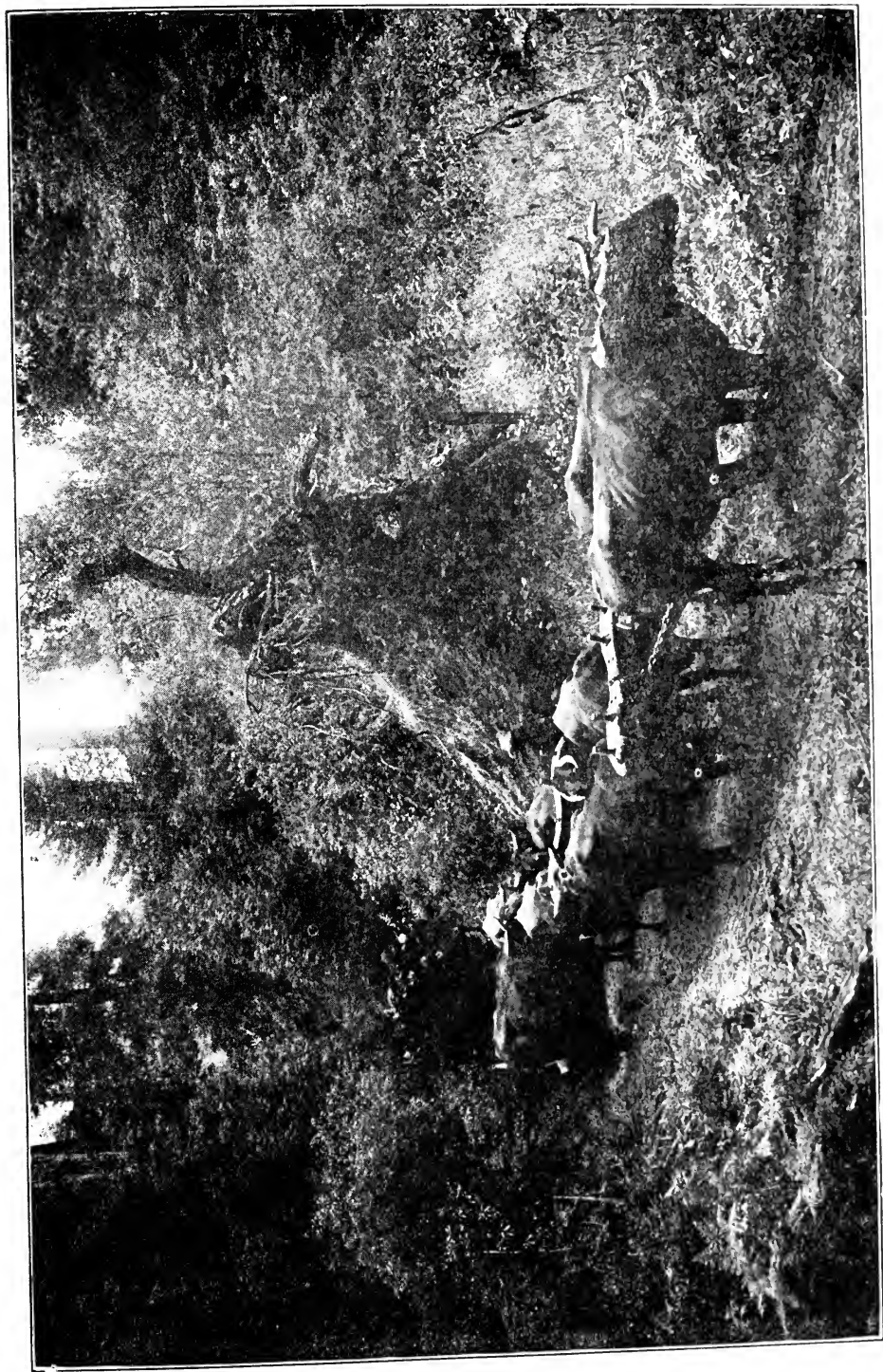
for raise about 60 & 70 good men, an another party I would dispatche to the mountains and call the Hunters and Shawnees and Delawares with which I am very well acquainted, the same party have to go to Missouri and raise about 2 or 300 men more. That is my intention sir, if they lete me not alone. . . . 10 guns are well mounted for protect the fortress, and two field pieces, I have also about 50 faithful Indians which shot their musquet very quick. The whole day and night, we are under arms and you know that foreigners are very expensive, and for this trouble, I will be payed when a french Freggate come here."

Thus as Gobernador de Fortaleza de Nueva Helvecia threatened Captain Sutter. He was unmolested. His New Helvetia became a rallying place for the Americans, both hunters and settlers, sifting in from north and south and east. Here they met with open-handed hospitality; here they were afforded sympathy and creature comfort; and no person west of the Sierras was better appreciated than was Captain Sutter—soldierly, generous, a "hale, blue-eyed, jovial German, short and stout of stature, with broad forehead, head bald to the crown, and altogether a ruddy, good-humored expression of countenance."

His estate was one of magnificence and beauty. Through a broad, gently sloping valley, well timbered, well grassed, and in the spring golden with poppies, under the mild blue sky swept the lordly American Fork—the Rio de los Americanos. From the juncture with the Sacramento was a clear water-way to the ocean.

Forty-two hundred cattle, 2000 horses, 1900 sheep, were Captain Sutter's; in his employ were some thirty whites—Americans, French and Germans—and uncounted Indians. The resident Indians he clothed in cotton; he would instruct them to weave blankets and hats, and to till the fields; a company of them he had armed and drilled, and even had uniformed. The whites were his blacksmiths, farmers, sailors, millers. The settlement was self-sustaining. For trading purposes it sent its schooners clear to Vancouver, and trafficked not only in wheat but in beaver skins.

When in March, 1844, the exhausted party of Lieutenant John Charles Fremont gladly toiled into it, they found the fort



Primitive California



structure, mounting twelve pieces of artillery (two of them brass), and capable of admitting a garrison of a thousand men; this, at present, consists of forty Indians, in uniform—one of whom was always found on duty at the gate. As might be expected, the pieces were not in very good order."

According to Lieutenant Joseph Warren Revere of the United States Sloop-of-war Cyane, in 1846, the walls were flanked by the customary bastions or towers at diagonally opposite corners. There was an inner wall, "the space between it and the outer wall being roofed and divided into work-shops, quarters, etc., and the usual offices provided, and also a well of good water." In the center of the fort was the Sutter dwelling, fitted with the cumbersome furniture, hand-made of laurel at the Ross establishment. The well was supplemented by a "large distillery house." There were blacksmithy and flour-mill, a woolen mill was planned, and a saw-mill.

Thus here was ensconced Captain Johan August Sutter, self-styled governor, first white settler in California north of Sonoma, secure as any baron of rocky-eried castle on the Rhine, a Crusoe with savages for his retainers; here, where he had "instructed them in the mysteries of European drill, built his fort upon the most approved frontier model," and founded "a sort of empire on one's own hook."

The governor, Juan Bautista Alvarado (from slim youth transformed to "a plump and paunchy lover of singing, dancing and feasting") had retired, and Don Manuel Micheltorena had succeeded. The memory of his beautiful wife lingers yet. Out of thirst for more land our hero Captain Sutter supported the Micheltorena administration against the customary revolutionists, and led his rifle corps of Indians and trappers to the field.

Alvarado himself was the opponent of this ungrateful captain; and to oppose the trappers, John Gantt and Isaac Graham, he arrayed other trappers under William Workman of Missouri, and B. D. Wilson. The hired legionnaires respected one an-

the opera bouffe war ended, and Governor Micheltorena's cause was lost. Don Pio Pico was installed in his place. Captain Sutter retired in high dudgeon to his castle.

However, Sutter's Fort was about to play another hand; the cards had been dealt by Destiny, and the game must go on. Now in the winter of 1845 Captain Fremont had come, and gone again; he ascertained that his previous intrusion across the Sierras "had created some excitement among the Mexican authorities"; and in March, at bay on Gavilan or Hawk Peak of the hill-divide about thirty miles east from Monterey, he defied General Castro to eject him. His challenge was not accepted. Like the leisurely retreat of a ruffled bear he marched down the San Joaquin, up the poppy-strewn valley of the Sacramento, and again past Sutter's Fort, for the north.

Alta California and particularly that portion between Los Angeles and San Francisco, where the chief seditions and the chief immigrations were housed, was divided into two principal camps; one of resident native people favoring American jurisdiction, if the government failed, the other of those favoring England or France. And there were the Mexican supporters, and the American settlers, as additional ingredients of the boiling pot.

The anti-American sentiment seemed to be gaining ground. Signed with the popular Mexican watchword, knightly in its ring, "God and Liberty", on the 30th of April, 1846, had been issued from Monterey a banda or proclamation against the "multitude of foreigners abusing our local circumstances without having come with the requisites provided by law." Indeed, these rough-and-ready gringos from the frontiers beyond the mountains certainly were of a type to astound and seriously to disturb the easy-going Californians. Many of them were ex-trappers and backwoods-men, respecting not God nor the devil, and least of all, the don.

Imagine Dr. Robert Semple, "six feet six inches tall and about fifteen inches in diameter, dressed in greasy buckskin from head to foot, and with a fox-skin cap." From English Mexico "tall and spare



SUTTER'S FAMOUS MILL AT COLOMA

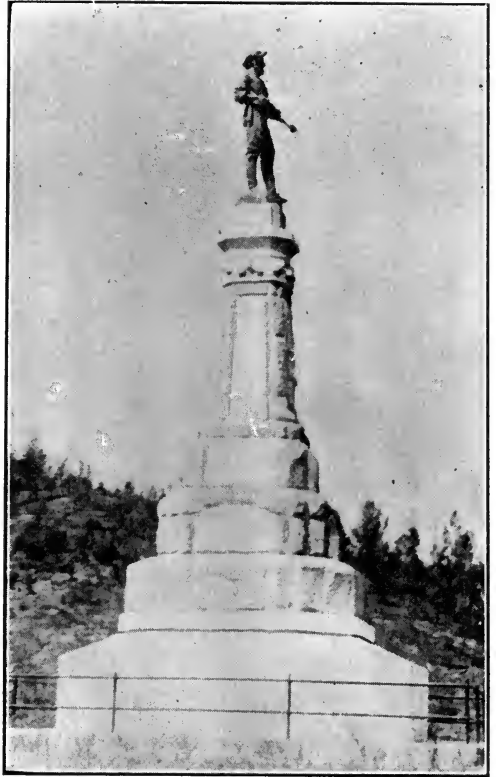
Before gold was found in California, Sutter built a mill, at a place called by the Indians "Kuluma", Pretty Valley. In the sluice of the mill, on January 24, 1848, James Marshall, a mill-hand, discovered gold, and made California famous the world over.

raw-boned; a rugged man, fearless and simple; taking delight in incurring risks and not given to asking questions"; noted as "a phenomenal tobacco chewer." Fancy Joseph B. Chiles, "a gentleman farmer, born in Tennessee, and a harum-scarum, half-horse, half-alligator sort of genius": Fancy the North Carolinian "Bunk," who, with his muzzle-loading long rifle kills by a single ball a lone elk browsing more than 250 yards away, air-line—or as measured with a riata, 318 yards; Fancy this strange race of beings who were invading slothful California, pouring in over the mountains like Huns or Goths upon Greece or Rome, and one and all welcomed at that pestiferous rendezvous of New Helvetia!

And fancy the Fremont company, as they reappeared—"their rifles, revolving pistols, and long knives, glittered over the dusky buckskin which enveloped their sinewy limbs, while their untrimmed locks, flowing out from under their foraging caps, and their black beards, with white teeth glittering through, gave them a wild savage aspect."

Called back again, to the Sacramento, by mysterious courier, Captain Fremont encamped once more beside Sutter's Fort. Now all Northern California was on the qui vive. Events were impending; if the Americanos did not seize the balance of power, England would; Mexico, at least, was impotent.

Down the valley of the Sacramento General Jose Castro, commanding the province, was threatening to expel by force of arms these distrusted barbarians infesting it. Hearing the rumors flying hither-thither, Sutter's Fort had assumed an aspect menacing: "with its crenelated walls, fortified gateway, and bastioned angles; the heavily bearded, fierce-looking hunters and trappers, armed with rifles, bowie knives and pistols; their ornamented hunting shirts, and gartered leggins; their long hair turbaned with colored handkerchiefs; their wild and almost savage looks, and dauntless independent bearing; the wagons filled with golden grain; the arid, yet fertile plains; the caballadas driven across it by wild shouting Indians, enveloped in clouds of



Monument to James W. Marshall, discoverer of gold. Erected at Coloma, California

dust, and the dashing horsemen, scouting the fields in every direction. . . . Everything bore the impress of vigilance and preparation for defense."

June 10, of this 1846, Ezekiel Merritt, the raw-boned tobacco-eater, issuing forth with a dozen comrades, from the combined Fremont-Sutter rendezvous, fell upon Lieutenant Francisco Arce, Castro subaltern, and deprived him of 170 horses designed for the Castro reinforcement. Word was left with Lieutenant Arce that if General Castro desired the horses he must come and take them!

Scarcely had the stolen stock been stowed safely at Sutter's, when Merritt, Dr. Semple, John Grigsby (hard names for Spanish tongues to crack), with some thirty followers, marched across westward for the old mission of San Francisco Solano, metamorphosed into the presidio of

(Continued on Page 72)

The Way Of A Woman

Why Should She Worry Because the Rest of the World Does?

By Arthur T. Vincent

THE LADY sitting at the dressing table placed her hat carefully upon her head and turned slowly from side to side, viewing herself as best she could from various angles. Presently from without there came a jingle much like an impatient dinner bell. The lady laid down her hand mirror and went to a window which looked down upon the street and saw that an electric had stopped in front of the house.

Going out into the hall to the head of the stairs she called, "Norah."

"Yes'm."

"Mrs. Ware has come. Tell her I shall be down immediately."

"Yes'm," and a moment later she heard the door open as the maid went to do her bidding.

Then she went back to the dressing table, sat down and deliberately took up the hand mirror and turning her head slowly, viewed herself, side view, and smiled fondly at herself in the larger mirror, gave her hat a slight tilt upward, then pulled it forward to its former angle and smiled at herself again. She leaned nearer the mirror and with a bit of cotton daintily powdered the tip of her nose, smoothed her already smooth eyebrows, dusted the powder carefully off her nose and then touched her cheeks, lightly, as if to ascertain whether the bloom upon them was correct.

Next, she put a fur about her neck, drawing it up closely and studying her reflection in the glass seriously, then settled it farther back on her shoulders and appeared better satisfied with the effect.

Then she went down, and out to the electric. She greeted the woman waiting, who returned her smile, and stepped in, saying, "Oh, I am so sorry to have detained you. But I have been so rushed. I never saw anything like it. I am simply thrown together," and she readjusted her

fur complacently. "Simply thrown together. I never seem to have any time for myself any more. It's too provoking. People just seem to think one can find time for everything—"

"That's just what I tell my husband," replied the other, skillfully maneuvering the car as they turned on to a crowded boulevard. "Sometimes it just seems that people are conniving to keep one away from home. I told Edward just this morning—well, if you will tell me where you are going, I'll try to keep out of your way—" Her companion glanced at her quickly and then saw that she was not quoting her remarks to Edward but was speaking to a limousine which had wheeled suddenly in their path but had now gone blissfully on its careless way—"I told Edward this morning I'm so tired of never having a day at home."

"Well, it's the age. You and I, who are thinking women, really should have lived fifty years ago, when woman's sphere was in the home, while now—"

"That's just what I think. It's just—well, some day you will do that once too often and I suppose I'll be blamed for running over you," and the lady frowned at a sprightly gentleman who had darted from in front of her and skipped nimbly to a safety zone. "Do you know I was out with a friend the other day in her perfectly new car and a woman crossing the street just deliberately walked right into us. She broke the wind shield to the car she hit it so hard. And when we stopped and got out I never saw a more stupid seeming woman. One of her pumps had come off and we picked it and her up and helped her over to the curbing and she just sat down and didn't say a word—not a word of thanks. I picked up her hat—it was one of those foolish affairs, not at all suitable for street wear—and she didn't even try to put it on straight. I told her several times she should watch

more carefully, and when we drove away, there she just sat—and the broken glass had scratched the new car, too. My friend was so disturbed over it. She said she just dreaded for her husband to see it. Oh, good gracious! can't you see I'm turning this corner," and she spoke conversationally to a man some yards away from her.

They were on one of the main business streets now, and as the traffic became more congested the driver devoted her remarks almost entirely to it, while her companion sifted or translated that part of the conversation which was meant for her.

"There, now, where do you think you are—out in the country?" and she spoke pleasantly to the rumble a huge truck left behind, as it shot around the small car. A passing car "honked" at her and mistaking its greeting for a warning, she jingled her bell resentfully in answer and then recognizing a friend as its driver, she smiled graciously and waved a forgiving hand.

A traffic policeman held up a warning finger, but she bore down upon him, smiling confidently and indicating that she intended going in the direction toward which he was forbidding traffic. Motioning with a white gloved hand, she waved him out of her way, pretending to herself and almost persuading the officer himself, that he was not there at all, she went blissfully on, unconscious that bewildered and frantic traffic was trying to follow in her wake, while an irate officer attempted

to hold it back and shouted direful warnings at it.

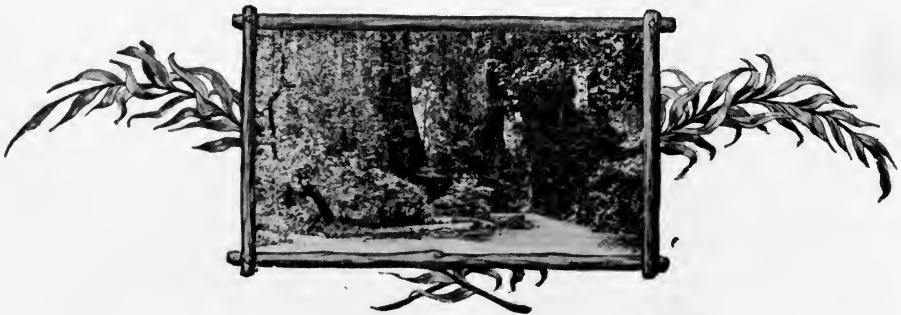
Arrived at the playhouse the driver wheeled her car up to the curbing and after she had come to a stop she looked back and exclaimed: "Oh, my! I'm inside the 'no parking' zone. I thought my car would fit in between that other car and the post." She peered out at the side. "There is no other place but this."

"Why, we'll just move the post up farther. I've often done it when I didn't have room," and the other woman began to open the door.

"I hadn't thought of that," replied the other, and they got out and she locked the door.

They both took hold of the heavy "no parking" weight and prepared to move it when a man's shadow fell upon them. "Oh, how fortunate!" they chorused. "Thank you so much. Please help us move this just about a yard—there, that will do nicely," and they sighed from the exertion.

They brushed off their gloves and "Thank you so much," while the shadow, whose owner they had not troubled to notice, touched his policeman's cap and looked after them, a baffled expression on his face. "Well, I'll—can you beat it! If there's anything you don't like just move it," and he exaggerated a low and sweeping movement of his arm as though doffing his cap in mock admiration, as the unconscious ladies vanished into the theatre.



The Certainty of Forty

Cupid's Pranks Are Impossible to Predict

By B. Virginia Lee

HE WAS her brother's pal, and he was her soul confidante and he was a bachelor, and he was a woman-hater, yet he sat by the hour each day listening to Mary Louise and her tales of woe, with a certain sort of a smile which made Jimmie Banderstan's blood rush to his cheeks and surge a stuffy feeling about his throat, which increased as he watched.

There was Mary Louise with her fluffy curls falling carelessly about her face, which was vivid with the color of life, and there was he, seated a few steps above her, with his pipe in his hand, intently listening while he filled it, mentally debating whether it would not be a better policy to smoke a cigarette.

Although Jimmie had certain definite proofs that Mary Louise could never be attracted to Jeremiah, he was not so perfectly sure that Jeremiah might not have ulterior motives in his interest in Mary Louise's troubles.

Jimmie found, however, a fallibleness in his reasoning power that Mary Louise could never love Jeremiah. She had with the certainty of nineteen, constructed a person in her own golden-thatched mind, and called him "Jimmy K." How well Jimmie knew what this person's qualifications should be, and inasmuch as he scored the first hit on his first name, he felt sure that he would be far better able to qualify than Jeremiah on any of the remaining.

Jeremiah had by no means a soft nor deep voice. Mary Louise's self-created hero had both. Jeremiah spoke in strident tones, dropping g's and r's and he did his best to crowd as many words into a mouthful as possible. His method of talking was that of a phonograph on high gear. He was furthermore as nervous and ate cigarettes by the dozens. "Jimmy K.", the ideal, was big and dark. Jeremiah rose to the proud altitude of

five feet, seven and three-quarters inches, and though once dark, his locks were now plentifully streaked with that substance of the Crown of Glory. "Jimmie K." was young, probably about twenty-five and Jeremiah was experiencing all the bleakness of his fortieth winter. Jimmie was strong and fond of displaying the clinch and impersonations of that swarthy gentleman, the well known Mr. J. A. Othello, with the osculatory cushions. "Jeremiah could never do this," Jimmie argued with satisfaction, "He was," he argued further, "weakness diluted to infinity."

"Jimmie K." was stubborn. He wouldn't let Mary Louise do the things she wanted. "Jimmie K." dreamed dreams with her. Jeremiah was forty and had learned by experience that such dreams were futile and never came true, and therefore nipped them in their infancy. Forty operates on the basis of expecting nothing until it arrives—and expecting least of all those things that may be promised, or half promised. "Jimmie K." was always expecting and therefore furnished much of the backbone in Mary Louise to accomplish those things he might wish most to happen.

The top of Jeremiah's head was overdeveloped as to dome and underdeveloped as to hair and what went into cranium was left out of chin—and he talked incessantly about Jersey and contrasted it with California, which made the problem of supporting Mary Louise all the more impossible to Jimmie, for she had told him only the night before that they would spend their honeymoon in Jersey.

The day before he had overheard Jeremiah's conversation with Mary Louise just as he was hearing it now. It seemed to him, as he recalled, that her visits were too frequent. Jeremiah had put all this into her head with his lie about the East. Jimmie scoffed as he formulated Jeremiah's yesterday conversation. He had

said: "We have real woods there, growing naturally, not hand-planted palms, hopelessly inevitable pepper trees, and reduplicated eucalyptus. And we have trees that are green, and they stay green all the summer, and thunder-storms that come up on a minute's notice and catch you out without an umbrella and you have to run for shelter, which may be a tree under which you huddle, giving her your coat and getting your best shirt wet. Or maybe it happens while you're in a canoe, and then you hastily drag it up on shore, in a real woods, with soft black earth under the trees—not sunbaked adobe, and you huddle under the canoe instead of under the tree. For all around excellence, give me a thunder storm, preferably the banks of the Potomac, and preferably again, the Virginia bank of said Potomac."

"And this," thought Jimmie, "was exactly where she wanted to go," and he supposed she'd want him to spoil his best shirt all for this folderoll. He might only be twenty, but he had never been quite so silly as this man at forty. He recalled also his desire to shake Mary Louise, a native daughter of California, for countenancing what next come from Jeremiah's lips, and even now he wondered why he, Jimmie, didn't rush out from his hiding place and make him eat his words. Jeremiah had deliberately belittled the Golden West, which was an indisputable slap in the face that called for combat.

"When I think of the East Coast as compared with California," he had said, "I weep bitter tears of pity for California. Has it ever occurred to you why California has such a run on its climate? It's because it is better than all the States that lie between it and the Eastern Middle States, where real country begins and progresses eastward. Compared to Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, Utah and others, California is heaven, of course—but it isn't one-two-three alongside of Virginia, Maryland or even Pennsylvania. Florida has got it on California and we think Florida is a pretty bum State."

Jimmie also remembered with growing indignation the glance Jeremiah had given to Mary Louise before he continued.

"You should be in an East Coast environment instead of amongst your native geraniums and poppies. And that's another thing I can't stand—the color combinations of the flowers as they're planted out here. What makes them plant red-violet and red-orange geraniums so close together, and when they do plant them together, what rule is it that makes them plant a purple clematis so that it overhangs them, and a border of those broken egg flowers in front of them?"

She had thrilled to his next voluminous outburst of description. He had asked her with a deep earnestness, "Did you ever see a meadow of real green grass, Eastern green, sprinkled all over with forget-me-nots, or with wood violets? Did you ever see a field of wild iris, their purple heads rising above blue-green rushes? Did you ever see a real daisy field, looking like a snow bank set with gold nuggets? Did you ever wade through buttercups up to your waist—a vast yellow ocean, swept by wind billows breaking against a purple-green woods for a shore?"

Mary Louise had shaken her head in wonderment. The East offered all this—it offered snow—variety. That was where she must spend her honeymoon. But now the sting of Jeremiah's words had swayed and fallen under a greater menace. Jimmie could not distinguish what Mary Louise was saying, but her gestures all but indicated what followed.

Jeremiah Brewster Bryce pushed his tobacco down for the last time, smiled down upon the girl.

"Before you hop into this, take a long breath, cross your fingers and, walking completely around it, look at it from all sides."

Mary Louise nodded helplessly.

"In the first place," he continued, "you are both twenty, and of course you both think this is the one and abiding love. But at twenty, one can be certain by no means of love's loneliness, nor abiding ability, nor at thirty, nor at forty, nor at fifty. At twenty, one lacks the experience of surprise which comes with the discovery that a love supposedly of solid radium has turned out to be a mere phos-

phorescent gleam of sulphur matches dipped in water."

He paused a moment, looked into the eyes of the girl below which responded with an awe-filled soul.

"In other words, neither you nor he can be sure that you won't be able to get along perfectly well without each other in the course of a few months, and you ought to try it out. The chances are that within six months you'll both wonder what you saw in each other to make you so nutty about it."

Jimmie, as he listened, doubled back his fists. "The pig!" he soliloquized, and took a step forward, only to retreat as he heard Mary Louise protest:

"No; I'm perfectly sure now that he is the only one that shall ever come into my life. I love him, oh, so much! I can hardly get along without him, and I think you are perfectly horrid!" She threw back her head tossing her curls from her face indignantly.

Jeremiah regarded her musingly, took a few puffs on his pipe, took it out when ample time had passed to soothe her wrath and resumed:

"Again, the theory of living on a little bit of money is fine, but it's not the same in practice. So if you both have happened to fall so much in love with each other that you'll just pass out unless you cinch things, you should be enough in love not to handicap each other at the start. He'd have a fierce time making a living for two at the first jump off, these days. You'd never get an inch ahead of the game on finances. His nose would be on the grindstone from the start. You think it would be fine to sacrifice everything for him and cook and wash, etc., on nothing a week and you'd continue to think so—for a week. You haven't had to do things yourself, nor economize, nor skimp in your life, and you'd have a large and luscious time doing it now. Making things go on less than six thousand sure money for two people, these days, is no parlor trick to be performed with one hand."

May Louise opened her mouth in two gasps and the listening Jimmie turned his pockets inside out and counted the silver

dollars which fell noisily from one hand to the other.

"That's just it," replied Mary Louise, a bit more comforted. "If his folks would give us enough to start us out right it would be different—"

Jeremiah straightened up, assumed a stern reproach which was not without sincerity. "You ought to be carried out by the undertow, at two in the morning, for even considering for a moment living on contributions from either his family or yours. In the first place, you'd give the other members of both families a nice little black-jack with which to bean you both, whenever they saw fit to do so, and you couldn't call your souls your own. In the second place, if either of you would start out, dependent on such contributions, even though it might be an actual settlement on you both, then that proves one thing positively—you are both only twenty, and instead of getting married, you should start in cutting out paper dolls together. Jimmie ought to be back in school. Let him go and then you'll know whether the thing's built of solid radium or just matches."

Jeremiah rose reluctantly. "I've got to go to town on business right away." He took hold of her hand to shake it. It was ringless. He arched his eye-brows in surprise. "No ring yet?"

"No, he had to get the money himself. His father wouldn't let him have it, so we had to wait a bit—"

"What size do you wear, about?" He held her hand calculatingly for a few moments. "Well, it's a pretty hand, anyway, even without the ring."

Jimmie welcomed more than anything else Jeremiah's disappearance. Mary Louise still sat in the same position watching the adviser's figure fade into a misty shadow.

"I've been waiting for you for two hours," Jimmie approached her.

Mary Louise turned upon him in surprise. "Why didn't you call me?"

"You told me once never to bother you when you were talking with him—"

"Well, didn't I tell you, too, what

(Continued on Page 73)

SUMMER CRUISING

By Howard Speddy.

Summer cruising on the Bay,
Trade winds blowing, fresh and strong,
Pleasant sailing on a day
As wet with spray, you breeze along
On windward tack, and off to lee
A tanker, heading out to sea.

Channel crossing's mighty wet,
Cockpit rail just running clear,
Sticks her nose right in you bet,
Taut as steel the running gear.
Fog bank in the Golden Gate,
Sunshine in the Raccoon Strait.

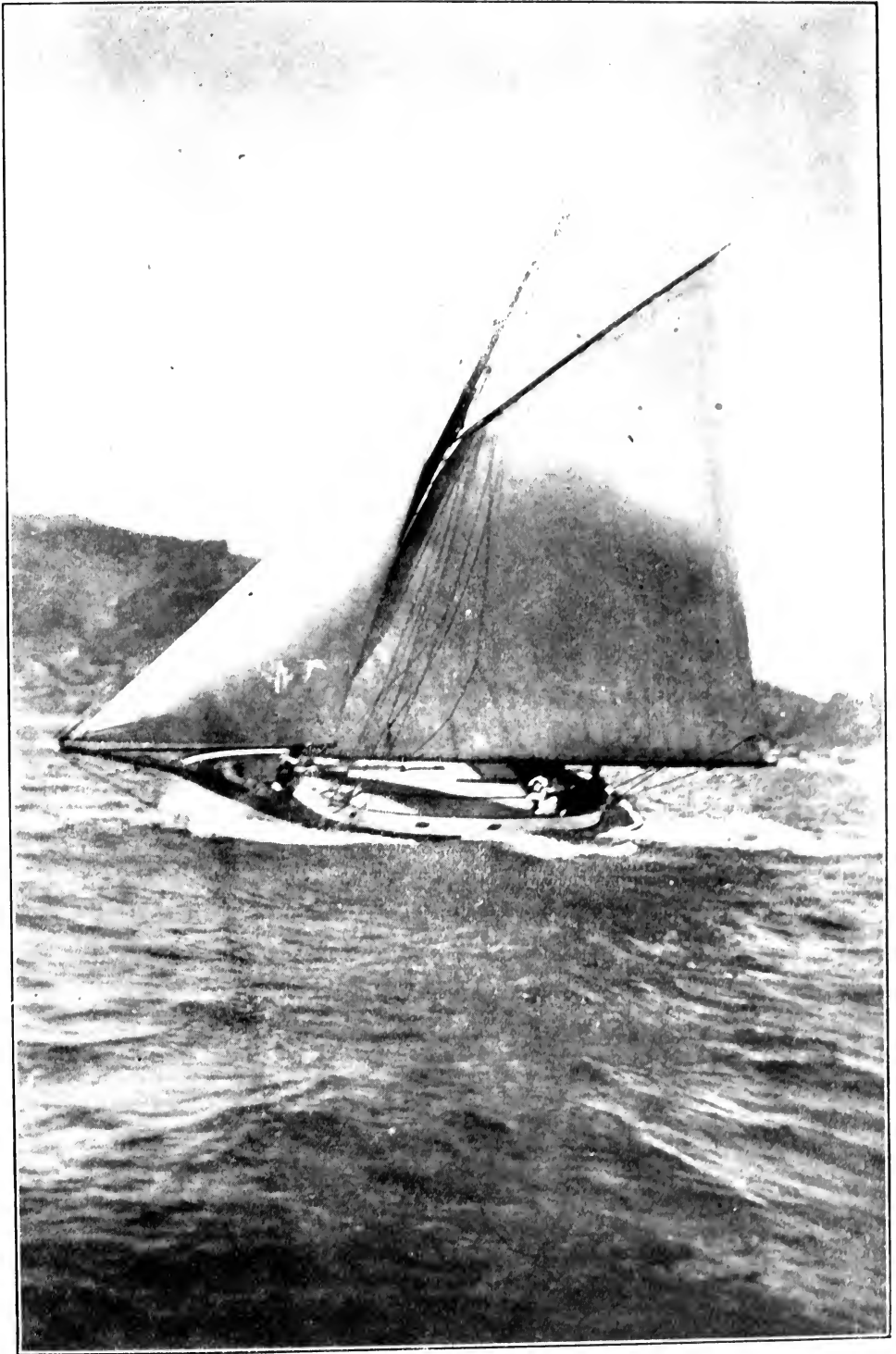
Tamalpais, sentinel,
Of ships that come and go,
Hails a tramp from Cristobal—
Godspeeds one to Tokyo.
Speaks a schooner southward bound,
Steamer off for Puget Sound.

Guardian of the Golden Gate,
Vain to seek by artifice,
Knowledge of elusive fate
From yon ancient Lachesis.
Saw the moulding of the shore
And will see forevermore.

Tell us of the argosies,
Where the ancient treasures rest,
Mysteries of the seven seas,
Secrets, locked up in your breast.
Who the sleeping lady is
Beauteous as Semiramis.

Swinging at our anchor chains
In the cove at Paradise,
Neophytes of many names,
At your feet, oh, Tamalpais.
Dreaming of the Southern Cross,
And the ships that have been lost.

Sail and dream of Ocean lore,
Palm trees rustling on the shore
Of Papeete—the Marquesas,
Prince of Wales, and Hecate,
Nagasaki—Cristobal,
Ladrone Islands—Cape San Paul.
Sail and dream throughout the day,
Summer cruising on the Bay.



Summer Cruising

Why Rents Are High

ESTIMATES placing the shortage of houses in America at more than 1,250,000 will be placed before the National Council of the Chamber of Commerce of the United State at a meeting to be held in Washington January 27 and 28 which will discuss measures to relieve the situation.

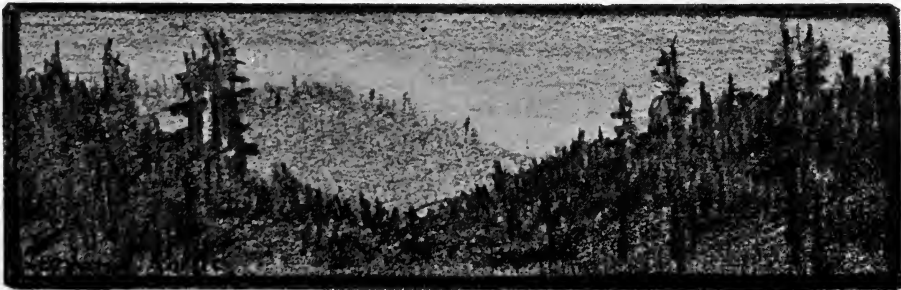
The housing shortage, according to John Ihlder, manager of the National Chamber's civic development department, has reached a point where four million persons are inadequately housed. Mr. Ihlder is helping in the preparation of a program for the conference, which will bring representatives of the 1400 industrial and commercial organizations making up the National Chamber's membership. He has made a close study of the housing problem.

"For a number of years prior to the World War," said Mr. Ihlder "it is conservatively estimated that there were erected in the United States between 350,000 and 400,000 family dwellings in a year. This includes homes and apartments. During the war construction of houses was practically at a standstill with the exception of what building was done by the Government. As a result of this we came out of the war far behind our regular building program. The situation has not improved a great deal since the signing of the armistice except for a brief spurt early in 1919, because those who contemplated building homes put it off until prices became stabilized.

"In 1919 it is estimated that there were built only about 70,000 houses in the United States, while the number erected during 1920 will probably turn out to have been even smaller than that figure.

"While it is true there are many houses for sale, these are nearly all now occupied by tenants. The number of houses for rent in most communities is practically nil and the majority of these houses are not suitable for the needs of the average wage earner. A man with an income of \$5,000 a year or more doesn't have as much trouble getting desirable quarters as the wage earner who cannot afford to pay high rents. The wage earner and those earning small salaries are the ones who are hit hardest by the housing shortage. It is for these folks that decent homes must be built.

"Meanwhile they, as well as many with larger incomes, are doubling up or taking in lodgers. Increased rents, too, have caused many families to share their quarters with outsiders, so we have the anomaly of a block or an apartment house containing a larger number of people than it ever did in the past, yet with an occasional house or apartment vacant because those needing better quarters can't afford to pay any higher rents. This overcrowding of rooms is viewed with anxiety by the public health officials who realize how infectious diseases spread under such conditions.



An Adventure In Courtship

By J. E. H.

JIMMIE MAGILL called me up the other day. "I'm taking you to dinner tonight," he volunteered. "I'm the happiest man on earth and I've got to tell someone about it."

"What's the idea?" I asked suspiciously. "XLZ is going down and you've ridden the stock from start to finish."

"XLZ means nothing in my young life," he replied gayly. "Will you eat on me or will you not? I may never offer again."

I knew that was the truth and it fixed my decision.

"I'll be glad to," I said. "When and where?"

"At the club at 6:30," he informed me. "I have a bill at the club."

Jimmie certainly was the radiant young thing when the waiter showed us to our table, and he ordered a dinner that will stun him when he sees it on next month's account. When we got down to the cigarettes I leaned across to him.

"Well—" I said. "Tell me your troubles. I'm ready."

"Troubles," he echoed. "Fool, you jest. I'll tell you my joys. I'm going to be married."

I almost fell out of my chair.

"Who's the unfortunate?" I gasped.

"Ethel Dade."

"Ethel Dade—," I murmured. Shades of the forgotten past!

I congratulated Jimmie dazedly and told him Ethel should be congratulated still more, and I meant that sincerely, because Jimmie's kind will make a girl happy, if any man on earth can. But I couldn't get over the shock—Jimmie Magill and Ethel Dade—!

Ethel was my first really serious "case." Oh, it had been years and years ago! I had come from college, a very bored and sophisticated sophomore, and Tom Laurie had told me that Marguerite Dade's "kid sister," a fragile, blue-eyed,

sweet-hearted, gloriously blonde youngster, had just started to "step out."

"You'd better run around with her a little bit," he advised. "The four of us would have a good time together and she's certainly easy to look at."

I made a test call one night and something detained me so that I didn't get to the Dade home until 9 o'clock. I expected an icily tinkling "I'm charmed to meet you, Mr. Ainsworth," such as my sophomoric friends would have given me, but I got my first surprise.

"Hello, Dicky," a warmly, tremulous voice spoke up from a porch swing. "I'm Ethel Dade and I'm not going to be stiff and say 'Mr. Ainsworth.' Tom and Marguerite said you weren't coming and they've gone to a 'movie,' but I knew they were wrong."

"Of course, they were wrong, Ethel," I assured her. "I'm sorry I was late, and I'll never, never, never be late again because I'm going to come here lots more, if you'll let me. And we're not going to their old 'movie' because we're going to stay here and be all nicely acquainted by the time they get back—aren't we?"

"We are," she assented.

We did—and we were.

Ethel and I were as madly in love as the average college undergraduate and high school girl get. We remained that way for two or three years, too, and didn't go with anyone else, and finally formed a mad plan to elope; until Mrs. Dade one night made the casual remark that either of her daughters could marry whom she pleased when she pleased, provided the man was the right kind—because, the chances were, if the mother opposed, the girl would run away and do it anyway. When we found it was so easy for us to get married, somehow or other we looked at it more coolly.

We took our time after that and studied our case pretty carefully. I developed a hundred faults and Ethel's temper couldn't stand the test, and we

finally called off all bets. We did it, to the credit of both of us, however, in a most friendly way, agreed to be "second best" to each other the rest of our lives, and really meant it. And, right up to the time when Jimmie told me his big news, we had kept the faith.

"Ethel's a wonderful girl, Jimmie," I told him slowly: "She's pretty and attractive and refined and, above all, she has the right sort of a heart."

"I knew you'd say that, Dick," he responded warmly. "That's why I chose you as the first man to tell my luck to. You went with her so long, and she still thinks the world of you. Tell me—she hasn't a fault, has she?"

I smothered remembrance of the few times she had lost her temper with me, and, besides, she probably wouldn't have the provocation with Jimmie.

"Not one, Jimmie," I answered.

"When are you going to take the big jump, Dick?" Jimmie queried suddenly. "You've been off and on with so many of them, and it's getting about 'that time,' for you."

"I don't know," I said thoughtfully. "What sort of a girl is your ideal, Jimmie?"

"Ethel," he replied promptly.

"Oh, I know—" I waved my hand. "But what characteristics has your ideal girl?"

"Ethel's," just as promptly. "What has yours?"

That was harder to answer—because I was not in love.

"Since I can't have Ethel," I qualified warily, "give my ideal girl Edith Jackson's good fellowship, Georgette Kilmer's talent, Frances Lane's ability to dance, and Helen Blaine's general attractiveness."

"I don't recognize some of the names," Jimmie said. "Explain."

"Edith Jackson was 'The Girl Who Raved About Other Men,' I guess it was a flaw in my make-up that made me unable to fight it out to a finish when I kept hearing about 'Chuck' and Bobby Cole and George Smith. I've always had a jealous disposition. But Edith, I believe, was the most consistent 'good pal' I've ever had in my life.

"Georgette Kilmer was 'The Girl Who Wanted Always to Play.' We 'played' together for a year and the constant parties and late hours she demanded wore me out physically. But she was a splendidly clever actress and a girl whom a man instinctively was proud to be with.

"Frances Lane was 'The Girl Who Danced Too Well.' Of course, one can't dance through life, and Frances will find it out some day, but, at the same time, don't you feel glorious when you go to a big party and the men fight for your girl's program, saying 'You've brought the best dancer on the floor?' Such was Frances Lane.

"Helen Blaine was 'The Girl Who Flirted.' She flirted with me, with friends I introduced her to, with you—I'll bet. It was all harmless enough, but a man doesn't want his wife to 'vamp' the business acquaintance he brings home for dinner. But, Lord, isn't she beautiful—?"

Jimmie heard me through in silence. Then he smiled with the age-old cynicism of the "man of the world," who, at last, has become engaged and now can give pointers to the comrades who fought and bled with him in the fields of courtship.

"Good fellowship—talent—ability to dance—attractiveness," he summarized. "Aren't those four fine qualities for a man to say his ideal girl must have—? Why you've missed the greatest one of them all, Jimmie!"

"What is that?"

"The true heart."

"The true heart—" I echoed, and I wondered.

Jimmie had found a "true heart" for himself, and was completely happy. Wasn't there, somewhere on earth, one for me?

"Let me tell you about it," Jimmie continued earnestly. "What difference does it make how a girl looks, or dances, or whether she has talent or not—if she's square all through and is going to make a real mate for you in the battle we're all just starting on?"

"Ethel Dade hasn't Georgette Kilmer's talent, and she probably can't dance like Miss Lane, and she is not as pretty as

(Continued on Page 74)

For The Love of Mike

Everything Comes Out Right in a True Love Story

By Lewis Wilson Appleton, Jr.

AS IRISHMEN GO, Mike was very docile. Between the black patch stuck over his left eye, and the one pasted around his tail all was peace, quiet and solicitude. Many a cat, however, had taken a dare to disturb an end, and been sorry. Invariably the battle became short, sweet and delicious. London prize ring rules predominating, without the expensive services of a referee or time keeper, you couldn't drive a second with a sledge hammer between the swear words, cross counters and knock-downs. The whole surrounding scenery appearing in the reflex, like a huge giant fur store which had suddenly decided to be rash, beckoned to a bold bad cyclone; locked the vagabond within and teased him into his darndest. Needless to say it pleased the audience immensely. Being admitted free, they promptly lost their dignity and brought down the house, including shoes. Then the other fellow became thoughtful. Having his coffee cooled, he deemed it sufficient grounds to endure a roasting from the gang, swallow his pride and pour a hasty retreat, where in the far off corners of a bashful ash can and newly made spider's web, he could bask in the shade, peep from behind the painful boundaries of his dark brown sorrow, and lick in seclusion the ragged edges of his whole nine lives.

Was Mike conceited? Oh, dear no. Though well he might have been. How would you take it if some Lord High Magician came along just haphazard like, waved on high an awesome, mysterious wand and made you king of the alley? I'll wager a nice, fat, juicy fish head, few felines would ever again be satisfied with the old regime. What? Sleep once more on that old rheumatic rocking chair which creaked aloud in every joint and hollered perpetually with pain? Never! Monarch, real kings of the royal blood demand better quarters. Beds, that are soft,

tender, and affectionate; beds that cling and embrace every pore and hate to lose your company; beds, which are but part and parcel of one's own sweet worldly self. That's what made Mike so popular with his masters. He was always modest and unassuming in their presence. Never spoke unless requested, and in spite of his many hair-raising exploits, and many florid-faced scars, never, never bragged of his conquests. Devil as he may have been on the highway, at home he became the quiet, refined gentleman. Exhaling from between his bowed courtly ribs the pleasant aroma of peace on earth, good will to cats.

* * * * *

"Have you bought up the Bugle yet, Pa?" asked pretty Miss Morgan of her father one day.

"Hardly," growled that flabby-muscled and rotund gentleman pulling his great gray moustache vigorously. "Confound Jackson's obstinacy. He knows that it's the rose-hued dream and blue horizon of my existence to own the town's only publicity sheets, and still, just to be contrary, he won't give in. Yes, there's twain legged mules, too."

Was life in the little anemic town of Oshgosh slow? Did you ever reside in one with two newspapers of different affiliations, one Democrat, one Republican? Need I tell of the high temperatures and feverish ravings; of the palpitating heartbeats, of the nerve shocks, of the goose flesh uncertainties? Never was the arm of the two dailies weary of knocking each other. If the "Trumpet" took one side of a question, "The Bugle" promptly vaulted to the other. Simultaneously both threw up mighty earthworks of wood pulp, mounted their heaviest guns of sarcasm, and belched forth a merry bombardment of hot rimmed ink-stained words. Reading somewhere, probably in a Sioux almanac,

"That competition is the life of trade," they began to work the poor old Indian to death. At times he was positively blue in the face, short-winded and groggy. It seemed that no scheme of business could maintain the high and dizzy pace without a quick lightening drop into a dark deep oblivion. All that remained was a bass note, a cry in the high key, and the embellishments of the finale. In the allegretto movement to absorb the other fellow's rent roll, advertising rates became almost as cheap as last year's popular song minus the title page. Therefore, when the Morgans moved, it irritated a certain part of the town into feverish expectancy. Mike became all ears as well as tails. Did this mean another cat to lick? Was the alley's heavyweight championship title in dire danger? He wondered if the newcomer was a scientific fighter or just a common ordinary rough-house brawler.

The rest of the Jackson family were not so calm and restful. Didn't fate play them a curious prank? Didn't the red-haired imps of Satan seem to be working overtime? Hereafter instead of fighting in the newspapers, they could settle their differences a la Mike, or over a splintery back fence.

Storms and earthquakes seemed due on that rose-hued future and blue horizon which Messrs. Jackson and Morgan dreamed about. Exit the bird's eye-view, and enter the close-up. In vogue became the short powerful jolt instead of the long wide swing.

Being about one of the most stylish bunches of skirts that ever rustled down a pike, a fact that Dolly was perfectly aware of, young Jackson soon began to sit up and take tally. Becoming afflicted in a remarkably narrow contracted space of time with that odious but most familiar disease known far and wide as camel-back and giraffe-neck. Something very seldom caught in the wild state, but easily trapped in hard, cruel captivity. It was positively remarkable how many times Ted found himself pushed by an unknown force, toward that large bay window with heavy, closely-woven curtains. What a step she had, so light, so majestic, so dainty. And that evening, when the

seemed all springs, mufflers and ball bearings. What made him remember the great long sweep of her finely curved eyelashes, and the color, the deep blue pigment of her great blue eyes. Meaningless, vapid, insipid, did he think the facial expression of other girls, but hers—hers was thin in its lines and delicate. Mobile as well as flexible; strong yet transparent to all the different shades and tones of womanly emotions. Once cold, now tender, with just a faint hint of a thinly veiled shadow of a smile which played like truant Cupids about the pure red blood of her full rounded lips. It fascinated him beyond belief to watch the march, the halt, the retreat of her great army of thoughts and guess their destination. Over and over again he wondered if he could hold a winning hand in the card game of Love, bear off the prize in triumph, and avoid the terror, the pain, the humiliation of being dropped or lost in the tricky uncertain shuffle.

Focusing the old folks, they got along famously, just glared at each other when they met, and passed on. But when they reached that old desk over those loud-mouthed presses, and took their pen in hand, oh, boy!

* * * * *

Did you ever see a successful man who didn't have his enemies? Well, Mike was no exception to the rule. Tandem-hoofed as certain as four-in-hand. Chief among the former being Tom Keene, a youthful neighbor, whose parents were such past masters at diplomacy that they had enticed an innocent, unsophisticated college president into surrounding their beloved son with second-handed books on surgery, so that they could have peace at home the greater part of the year. And everyone complimented him on finding his proper sphere, the high-handed art of cutting out a yell of distress from the human body without even scratching the echo.

Didn't Dad take an alarm clock apart when on the bottle? What more proof should one want, that the instinct, the rare, heaven-sent talent "to look into things" was securely his? The "Works of the form divine" should be as clear as

time, Tom needed practice. Ah, the magic of the word, the perfection that is its heir. Mike wished the thing a quick early death. Out of the corners of his almond shaped eyes he watched the house furtively. It put him in mind of a morgue. Everytime Keene gazed his way Mike got nervous and nearly fell off his perch. True, cats can't read, but they can hear, and mighty good, too. And the sound, the rasping noise of a grindstone sharpening the invisible teeth of a long shiny steel blade, didn't strike his highly strung musical nature as just exactly a love song. And he resolved to snub its possessor.

* * * * *

Unknown to young Jackson, Dolly Morgan had fallen in love with him, and woman-like, had already picked out their home and the cut of her wedding gown. Can't a girl peep, too? But how were they to meet? Unhappily, no one can marry without first getting acquainted. If she wrote, it was unmaidenly, if she nodded, it was bold. Oh, if their parents were only reasonable beings and not deadly enemies, how pleasant things could be. Isn't greed a hellish devil? And the desire to possess another's dividends an insane imp? But help came from an unexpected quarter. Who could have believed that there was romance in a cat? "Ah, you little darling," she said between the loud buzzing purrs, "you saw our enigma, you little minx, and came quickly to the rescue." Did he wink?

Being the son of a business man, and wound up on the high gear, naturally Jackson wasn't slow. He had been watching Mike's predicament in the tall high tree, and on receiving the furry traveler over the back fence, promptly made a date, giving the still cold wheels of courtship a violent push in the direction of the marriage license bureau, where the single men were happy, and the others complained of long hours, short pay, and the fearful cost of matrimony.

* * * * *

Isn't life queer? Having his instruments by now all dolled up and ready for company, young Tom Keene gave more serious study toward a subject. Once

lassoed and chloroformed the rest would be easy. But unhappily touring Mike objected. Science be darned. The good of the rest of the world didn't concern him half as much as the good of himself. They had existed long before he came, why not now?

* * * * *

"Do you know," said Keene to his parents, one evening, "that blamed alley rabbit possessed more generalship than a carload of West Pointers, or a crowd of old be-whiskered farmers around a grocery store. Try as I have, with every scheme trick and artifice at the finger ends of civilized man, I have failed to let them meet around his long, skinny neck. He has either ducked, side-stepped or parried every lunge with a trap at the end. Why, just this morning he caught our own deal old Tabby out of bounds and for revenge knocked a couple of teeth out of her mouth, put a kink in her whiskers and a knot in her tail."

* * * * *

Meeting each other now surreptitiously because of parental strife, courtship to Jackson and Dolly Morgan became a thing of great thrilling adventure. Everywhere they went, vivid imagination pictured in the distance a huge fierce ogre in the shape and form of an angry Pa pursuing two passionate lovers to the bitter ends of the earth, in spite of the proven truth that "our world is round." They felt like a bandit armed to the teeth with a fiery tongue and a cold water pistol, plus the awful injustice of a price on his head, and nothing for the rest of his body.

Never under any circumstances did they ever put the whole human frame into a cafe doorway at once. It had to be accomplished slowly, by degrees, first the eyes, then the neck, then the shoulders and lastly the paper soles. Hung by such a splendid thread, it seemed but logical that villainess should step in and seek to put the connecting link of their happiness to the keen edged scissors of fate.

Brought up with the idea forever dangling before her eyes, that she was deserving of a brilliant match in the world's marriage factory, Jackson's old flame.

Miss Ribald Jest, coming face to face with such a discovery, that Miss Morgan was slowly but surely scratching her from the list of eligibles, commenced to get warm blooded, flare up and weep phosphorent tears, some of which scorched her chin. Rage setting in, she resolved to cut young Jackson of his pipe-dream, and cause his heavenly ideas to roam skyward in dense black smoke.

"So, my fine young lady," said Mr. Morgan the next day, startling his daughter with his new found information, "in spite of my warnings; in spite of my efforts to sidetrack that numbskull family, you, my daughter, the pride, the idol of my heart, have deliberately defied me, have been seen not once but many times in young Jackson's unwelcome company. Would that I had never acquired an offspring. Oh, for the days, the good old times when children were kind, meek and obedient. It is indeed true that I have been too indulgent, too easy, too soft-hearted in your management. Yes, I have spared the rod and spoiled the child. Henceforth I forbid you his presence. After this it's the sewing circle and crazy

quilt at nine. What? Married?"

He looked at the handwriting long and earnestly. He believed they might have been engaged, but, of course he got over it, all parents do. Then he began to dance and slap his daughter on the back for her business ability. "Drat Miss Ribald Jest, and all other jokes! Wasn't the Bugle in the family, anyway?"

* * * * *

"Isn't he just the cutest wisest old dear imaginable?" exclaimed the new Mrs. Jackson, some time later. "Think if he hadn't come to our rescue we might have been still strangers to each other." Then the ice cream and the wedding cake had a short respite from the clamping power of Mike's jaws.

Evidently there was some important questions playing battledoor and shuttlecock in the most spacious portions of his small-sized brain. Did you see how thoughtfully he had gazed upward? He wondered if they ever had fleas. And the old folk? Well, they buried the tomahawk of competition in camphor, raised advertising space a couple of francs and kopecs and—lived happily ever after.

MY FLOWER GARDEN

By Emma Chew.

In the dreary winter
When the ground is white with snow
And I long for flowers,
I have not far to go.

The golden-glow I find
In my baby's curly hair,
And the lilies bloom for me
On her brow so fair.

Her eyes supply me violets,
And when the sweet wild rose I seek
I always find it blooming
In my darling's dimpled cheek.

Conchita

Being a Dash and Some Dots from Telegraph Hill

By Adele Ferguson

ANOTHER hour's work and the mattress would be finished. Old Pedro glanced across at the young Mexican girl who was so deftly thrusting her needle in and out, tying the knots that held it together, giving it that soft, puffy look, that made one sleepy just to look at it.

Yes, surely Conchita had been a good investment, and he smiled thinking of his own acuteness and ability to know a good thing at sight.

The business was undoubtedly growing, and, praise the Saints! Conchita was well contended with the wage he gave her. He must see to it that she did not mingle with other girls and learn of minimum wage law, and those other conspiracies against honest men trying to make provision against old age. Pedro sighed as he thought how little time there was left before he should be overtaken by this dreaded period in which he would no longer be able to sew the jute and floss into the near-soft, soon lumpy mattresses—mattresses that he sold at such greatly reduced prices to the transplanted Latins who came to the sales he was always having, thereby providing a nice silver lining for his pocket, and many a nightmare for their restless heads.

No, the dreaded time could not be so very far off, for the beard that just now caught in the thread he was using, was almost as gray as the floss with which the mattress was stuffed, and when he rose to his feet there was a crick in his back that held him in a bow for some minutes. But no, Conchita had not seen it, and in glancing at her to see he noticed for the first time how white her skin was, and the length of her lashes on her thin cheek. Then he began to wonder what her eyes were like, and in order to find out, he said: "It would be better to tie the knot a little closer, *Senorita*." They were large and limpid, and for the first time he won-

dered why they had that sad frightened look—and this was the beginning of Pedro's realization of Conchita's personality, and curiosity about her past. He began with guarded questions that would not require lengthy answers, but when he found that her fingers moved just as quickly when her tongue was going, too, he was less cautious, and became benign, fatherly, and calculated to inspire confidence.

And so little by little Conchita began to regard him as a friend, and told him of herself and the little home in Mexico from which she had fled that awful night when they had come to capture her brother, and not finding him had begun a search for her. Then how fortunately she had heard them in time, and escaping through a window in the little room where she slept, and hiding for days among kindly neighbors, had finally been helped by them to get to California, and this big noisy San Francisco.

And how grateful she was to him for giving her work, so that she might pay for the little basement room in the alley, and for the little food which she required. She told of how the people had accused her brother of committing murder and that they had put a price upon his head, and of how she had helped him to get away, by giving him all her savings. She spoke almost in whispers as she told her story, glancing furtively out into the street where the dark skinned Latins loitered about, and jumped with a frightened air when Pedro dropped his shears.

It was hard for Pedro to hear her low frightened voice, but somehow of late he day not want her to notice that any of the infirmities of age were his, so he even slowed up a bit in sewing the binding around the edge of a mattress, that he might listen more intently.

Then, at last the idea crystallized—that even the small amount he paid her

might as well be kept in his own pocket—that he might have some one with sharp eyes and clever finger to look out for the business, when he could no longer see to thread his needle, or be able to haggle with the Jew from whom he bought the jute.

Then it was that he went out and bought the tortillas and pat of butter, and asked Conchita to lunch with him. She had been pleased as any hungry child would have been and what was better, impressed with his kindness. Yes, it had been good business, for even if he should decide against marrying her, it was as well to put her under obligation so that she should feel she must not leave him in the lurch, or ask for more pay. Really it was quite sufficient, what he was paying her, but girls were apt to get foolish notions about clothes, and want much more than was good for them, and it was never wise to dress up a girl in this quarter of San Francisco where the men had no more morals than pigs. No, he was doing the right thing by Conchita, and if he should decide to marry her, just think what he would be doing for her! He, with his established trade and knowledge of business!

And so the days went on, and sometimes there were tamales for two, and now and then raviolas, and the good black coffee made on the stove in the back room. And Conchita began to look less frightened under his fatherly kindness, and to plump up like the mattress they worked on.

Then one day the advisability of instant action was made clear to Pedro by a young Porto Rican coming into the shop and looking more at Conchita than at the mattress Pedro was trying to sell him.

This young devil with the wicked eyes had said he would think it over and come in again, so as soon as he was well out of the shop, Pedro had said to Conchita: "Go you into the kitchen and start the coffee, and I will run around the corner to the tamale shop and get us something good to eat with it."

The lunch had been a feast that day, a real plunge for Pedro. They had had a tamale each, some enchiladas, dulce,

and he had not hurried her, but allowed the full flavor of the food to sink in, as it were. And when they were both under the influence of the good peppery food, he told her how pretty she was and how he had begun to love her as a father, but that now his youth was being renewed by hers—and of the good home and security against the world and all its danger she might have if she would, as he wished, become his wife.

Conchita had gasped a bit when he finally got to the point, and had glanced at him appraisingly. But she was a thoughtful girl and would not come to hasty decision on any subject, so she told him she would like a few days to think it over.

These few days made her more desirable than ever to Pedro, and the way he squandered money on viands dear to a Mexican stomach made the whole tamale factory force wonder.

And Conchita's mind was working—she knew no English, and was ignorant of any but the ways of her own people—she had no real friends nearer than the brother with the price on his head, and she knew neither where he was, nor how soon he would have to pay up. It certainly was hard to live on the pittance she was capable of earning—it might be a long time before another chance offered—she was seventeen already; Pedro was awfully old, but he was kind, and she did love the tamales she could not afford to buy for herself.

And so the fateful word was spoken, and as there was nothing to wait for, they went out together for the license that very afternoon, and arranged for the wedding on the morrow.

It was after they were back in the shop that Conchita asked the good kind Pedro for fifty cents to buy a ribbon for wedding finery. Pedro's astonishment was genuine. "Why, I paid you for the week!" He gasped! "Yes, but tomorrow we marry, and for a bridal one should be gay." He exercised patience but he made her understand that it was by denying himself the frivolities of life, such as ribbons, that he had accumulated the substantial little property which was giving



How Conchita Wished to Appear

them both a livelihood, which they ought to be very glad to have.

It was a bit of a jolt to Conchita, but she was quiet, and, encouraging symptom, seemed to see his point of view.

All the afternoon they worked together, not talking much, but each thinking, we can only guess along what lines. Then

as evening drew near youth once more asserted itself in desire to celebrate the approaching nuptials, and Conchita suggested that they go to a show across the street. Pedro really was so grieved at this that it was hard to restrain himself from reproach outright, but he managed to hold himself in, and to explain that as

it was going to take more to keep two than one, they would have to work harder and spend less. There was a mattress they might finish that evening, if they worked late, and as the wedding was going to take some of tomorrow's working time, it behooved them to hustle today. Anyway, such things were a wicked waste of both time and money. He so thoroughly believed his own arguments he saw no possibility of anyone not being convinced, so did not notice that Conchita listened in complete silence.

Her hands were certainly deft and swift, and he was lucky to have secured her to himself, and the business—and feeling that she was secure, he allowed a note of command to creep into his voice, and subconsciously decided to see how fast she could work under pressure—something he had long wanted to know, but fearing to lose a good thing had not dared to try it out. So he urged her on in no persuasive manner and as his accents became more and more commanding, Conchita's head bent lower and lower over her work. At last her docility completely deceiving him, he swore a Spanish oath at her telling her to get a move on—and she got. With a nimble spring she jumped up on the mattress, and the fandango she executed left nothing to be desired along that line. Neither was she dumb, but in a voice that left no doubt of her sincerity she requested her husband of tomorrow to "Vete al diablo."

Too astonished at first to realize what she was doing, Pedro's senses soon returned, and reaching up he grabbed her by the neck, and hauled her off. Then ensued a mixup of maid, man and mattress, plentifully punctuated with excited Mexican exclamations. At last she slipped from his grasp and clutching something that might have been either a handful of the stuffing of the mattress or a lock of his hoary beard, "Vete al diablo" she screamed as she disappeared through the door.

Now anger is quite as blinding as the more tender passion, and when one impelled by the former rushes madly up a street, down which wanders one whose

lision is pretty sure to result. So Conchita plumped right into the Porto Rican who was on his way to the mattress shop, and he being a man of action quickly encircled her with his arm, and stooping planted a more or less garlicky kiss upon her anger-heated cheek. Her right hand lost no time in bringing a similar flame to his cheek, by a resounding slap, but he only tightened his hold and said, "Dulce corazon; little one, is it so you receive a lover's kiss? But love is strong as well as tender, and I happen to like a peppery morsel, so here's for another taste," and he kissed her again. Now it is doubtful if the Porto Rican knew who it was he held in his arms till, as he bent his head for the second salute, her face was turned to the light in the struggle, and it is also quite possible that Conchita in the confusion of anger, may have thought all this but a continuation of the battle with old Pedro. Be that as it may, when the street light showed them to one another there was a lull, a temporary suspension of hostilities, and they stared stupidly into one another's faces. At this crucial moment old Pedro came puffing up, waving a paper excitedly with a threatening gesture and sputtering out maledictions upon all females in general and Conchita in particular. He saw the tableau—his wife—for had he not the paper to show that she belonged to him—in the arms of this young devil who wasted the time of an honest man by a pretense of interest in mattresses when he was plotting to steal his wife. Choked by his wrath he was indeed terrible to look upon, and Conchita staring at his distorted features, actually snuggled against the breast she had just been pummeling with her fists. Speech was finally restored to him, but translated into English his remarks would be flavorless as a pepperless tamale. Accusations, maledictions, and threats tripped one another up upon his tongue, in a manner peculiarly Latin. His voice rose to a cracked scream, and an interested crowd began to gather, through which a blue coated "bull" soon elbowed his way. Collaring Pedro he shook a few last expletives from his trembling lips, as he de-

The Darrow Parlor

How the Furniture Problem Was Completely Solved

By R. L. Jonson

LIDA DARROW turned the door-knob very softly and slipped into the empty room. Instantly an icy chill enveloped her. She folded her arms in order to keep her hands warm and gazed about her with wistful eyes. "I wish we could," she sighed to herself. "But we can't."

At a sound behind her she glanced back over her shoulder. Her sister Angie, two years younger, was peeping in at her. "Well," Lida said, "you may as well come in, now I know you're there."

Angie came with a rush. "I didn't follow you on purpose, Lida," she said, putting her arms around the taller girl's shoulder. "I was coming anyway for a look. Seems like I can't think of anything else lately."

"Neither can I," Lida bit her lips. "Of course, it's an utter impossibility. We haven't a cent to spare for anything of that kind and it would cost as much as a hundred dollars."

"Oh, more!" interrupted Angie, breathlessly. "If we got a sofa."

"We'd have to have a sofa. No parlor is a parlor without a sofa. I wouldn't mind so much, Angie, only with Ruth going to be married—"

"Oh, I know! And she wants to be married at home. But I don't see how she can be without a parlor."

"Neither do I." Lida groaned "If I was a fairy—But what's the use? I'm just an ordinary girl earning \$10 a week, and you're just another ordinary girl earning \$12 a week, and Ruth isn't earning anything at all because she's getting her clothes ready. So there you are!" She turned. "There's no use in our freezing ourselves to death wishing for what we can't have. Come on out, Angie."

They went into the next room, where there was a fire, and sat down before it. It was Saturday afternoon. There was

mending, baking, ironing to do, but they sat there struggling with an unsolved problem.

"If we owned the house I'd put a mortgage on it quick as lightning," Lida said.

"Oh, no!" Angie's own experience with a mortgage had taught her. Their little home had been covered with a mortgage of the blanket variety, and, when their father died, everything went out of their grasp forever, leaving them to depend upon their wits and young strength for another shelter.

"Well, I would," said Lida, with a flash of her big, dark eyes that made her look pretty and spirited. It was soon gone, however, and she sank back into dull despair.

"Maybe Zack Fancher will come back for you, rich as a lord," commented Angie, romantically.

Lida's lips twitched with pain. "I guess not. He'll never come back, and if he did he'd come walking with his shoes worn off his feet and no money to get new ones with. That's why I wouldn't have anything to do with him. Did you know it, Angie?"

"I suspected it," Angie replied. "Well, maybe you did right. We've had just about poverty enough for one family. And now, Ruth—"

"Oh, Orley Scudder will get along. He's the kind of man who will, and Ruth will help him. And, anyway," Lida's voice sank, "they love each other; they will be rich in happiness. Sometimes I think that's the best kind of riches." Her voice broke.

Angie looked up at her quickly, then back again to the fire. "Maybe you could have 'pinted' Zack," she suggested, softly.

Lida shook her head. Her lips set in a firm, scarlet line, but her eyes swam. "No, I couldn't. Do you think I'd ever have let him go if I'd had even the

faintest notion I could? Zack's a Fancher, and that settled it for me."

"I'm sure you did right," Angie murmured. Then, as the front door opened, "Here's our Ruth back from the store."

Ruth came in gaily. She was a glowing, lovely girl, dark like Lida, but without so much character in her looks. "I couldn't find a bit of lace like I wanted in this town," she said, as she ran up to the stove to warm herself. "But, oh, girls, I wish you'd seen what I saw. They've got the loveliest parlor suit down at Slater's—a stuffed settee, with cushions to match. But it's \$150."

"It might just as well be a hundred and fifty thousand as far as we're concerned," said Angie. She got up and began to poke the fire furiously.

"Oh, well, I was just telling you about it," said Ruth. "I like to see pretty things. I matched that silk. Look here."

Lida rose and went upstairs. She sang bravely until she had got into her room, and sank down by the bed. "I wish I hadn't sent him away," she said with a sob. "Maybe I might better have been unhappy with him than wretched without him. Oh, Zack, why couldn't you have been more like what I wanted you to be?" Tears came hot and swift. But for all that, she seemed to see Zack Fancher, tall and slender, with his fair hair lying above his white forehead, and his chin that seemed to promise so much strength of character, and he had failed.

The girls were getting tea. Lida dragged herself to her feet, bathed her face and went down stairs.

"You've come just in time to make the tea," cried Ruth. "Make up a good strong cup, Lida. It's going to be a cold night."

Lida put an extra pinch into the teapot and poured on the boiling water. Then they sat down at the table. There was little besides the tea, but Ruth, in her happiness, ate heartily and laughed merrily. Lida only pretended to eat. She was thinking miserably of her troubles.

"Stop laughing, Ruth," Angie said sharply after a moment. "Some one's knocking at the back door."

"It's only Mrs. Madigan," Ruth said. She sprang up and opened the door. The

woman who stepped into the lamplight was small and rosy and showed her red hair slightly ruffled. "Here's a bit of head cheese for your supper," she said, passing out a covered dish. "Now, don't ask me to stay, for I can't. Francis just came home with a whole pocket full of news. Girls," she came to the table and leaned upon it, looking at the three of them, a little breathlessly. "Francis has got him a new job and we've got to move to the city. But we'll only have three or four rooms and I shan't be able to take only a few of my things. Would you mind storing my parlor suite for me?"

"Your parlor suite!" cried Angie.

Mrs. Madigan nodded. "The whole thing—rugs, sofa, pictures, piano, and all. I don't like to put 'em in somebody's attic for the rats to eat up. If you could store 'em in that empty room of yours, you can use 'em for the accommodation. I know you'd be just as careful of 'em as if they were your own."

"Of course we would," said Angie, who was the only one capable of speaking. Her cheeks were red and her eyes sparkling. As for Lida, she sank back in her chair, feeling almost faint with relief. Perhaps their neighbor had guessed the tragedy of the parlor, though they had tried to keep it to themselves. She wondered.

"We'll miss you greatly," said Ruth. "I hoped you'd be able to come to my—"

Mrs. Madigan patted Ruth's shoulder. "So did I, love," she said, "but my prayers will be with you." She looked at Lida curiously. "And maybe there'll be a second wedding in your family soon," she suggested.

"What do you mean?" demanded Angie.

Mrs. Madigan smiled. "Why, that's a part of the pocketful of news Francis brought home with him tonight. Zack Fancher has come back to work for the E. G. people at the biggest salary you ever heard of. Seems he's been studying and picking up all the time he's been gone, and when he got where he wanted to be he wrote to the E. G. people and sent in his recommends and all, and they

(Continued on Page 74)

The Chance

The Best-Laid Plans Do Not Always Develop as Planned

By W. H. Holmes

IT'S GOT US ALL up in the air. I've been railroading for the past ten years, and I've seen all sorts of queer people, but she's got them all stopped." The trainman glanced down the long platform that led from the train gates of the concourse. His companion, an extra trainman, assigned to the local run for the day, followed the speaker's glance.

Two neatly attired men came through the gates, followed by a pair of laughing companions. As the foremost pair drew close to where the trainmen stood, the extra man saw that their hands were handcuffed together.

"We get a bunch of them on this train," remarked the regular trainman, as the two prisoners, followed by their guards, entered the smoker. "It's a great game; guessing whether they are going up for ten years, twenty, life or the chair."

His companion shuddered.

"This woman," resumed the trainman, "has been riding with us for the past two weeks. And every trip she acts the same way. Watch her on the trip, and after we get in and see what you make of it."

The conductor's echoing voice called: "All a-board!"

"Here she comes!" exclaimed the trainman. "She always comes through at the last call."

A slight, quietly garbed woman hastened through the gates, and hurried toward the forward end of the train. She carried a suit case, and the extra trainman noted a wedding ring on her finger as she placed her hand on the platform rail of the coach. He hunted up his companion as the train gathered headway. "She's young and married," he stated eagerly. "I found out that much, anyway."

"Watch her, that's all," returned his mate. "We know that much."

The woman chose a seat in the fore-

ward end of the coach following the smoker, where, deeply absorbed in thought she ignored the presence of those around her. Once only on the trip did anything occur that aroused her from her seeming apathy. Just before the train arrived at its suburban terminal, from which the same crew was scheduled to return in thirty minutes, the train passed through a short, murky tunnel that ran beneath the yard of a state's prison. As the train entered the tunnel the trainmen noted that the woman drew away, as if in fear.

At the arrival of the train at its terminal, the woman gathered up her belongings and entered the station, from which she soon emerged to pace up and down the rear platform. The trainman, his curiosity aroused by her nervous manner, watched her closely.

The station was adapted to the needs of both freight and passenger service. On one end was the waiting room; at the other a fairly large freight house. Along one end of the rear platform, raised in front of the freight end of the station, usually stood several freight cars.

The trainman noted that the woman seemed to be interested in the freight end of the business, and the arrival and departure of the teamsters hauling freight. Ten minutes before the scheduled departure of the local on its return to the city, she took her suitcase from the platform, where it had set during her agitated pacing, and entered the waiting room.

The trainman sauntered in behind her. He was joined by his mate. "Watch her" whispered the regular man.

She entered a telephone booth and remained for a few moments, then emerging she started for the train.

As the train pulled out the extra man dropped back and joined his companion. soberly.

"It's got me stumped," he remarked soberly.

"She has done the same thing for the

past two weeks," returned the other. "The same on the train, same at the station. Never varies a hair from what you saw."

The extra trainman remained silent.

Of all the desirable positions held in the old prison, of which the duties were performed by trusties, the most sought after was that of outside teamster.

The position held its envied attraction in that the trusty engaged with its easy tasks had an opportunity to drive through the small village that lay on a hill above the prison, and down the long hill that led to the freight house, there to see and talk with outsiders while loading the prison freight. In charge of a lenient guard, confident of his charge's honor, the driver was allowed a fair share of liberty around the freight house.

At the arrival of the truck the guard would hasten to the agent's office to transact his business. The usual arrival of the truck was from nine a. m. until the departure of the way-freight, which followed the local from the yard. Thus the driver held a position, that to the inmates of the prison, doomed to grim walls, seemed little short of true liberty.

Inside the brick walls of the prison, two convicts, companions in mind and deportment, were lolling in the wall's shadow. "It's a rank case of 'pull'," the short, stocky one of the pair was saying as he dug the toe of his squat shoe in the earth. "Here is this guy, because he lifts a bundle of bank funds gets only five years, and he ain't here but a year when he gets the truck!"

Handsome Jim, gentlemanly sneak thief, signifies by vicious oaths his approval of his companion's views. "I was booked for that job when Tony got parole," he stated sourly.

"Always before," added the first speaker, "the long term men got the truck on the last end of their bit. It shows what a pull will do." He ended his plaint with oaths that equaled those of his companion.

"Even at that, he ain't got pull enough to get parole," said the other with an intense note of satisfaction in his voice.

"You know how that is," replied the other. "The judge said he would give

him the limit as an example. Ever since he came in his friends have been working to get him out, and the truck's part of their work. There's others to see that he stays his bit," he added vindictively. "Say, Jimmy," he demanded suddenly, "why don't you get him right and have it out with him?"

"Won't I get the same dose as him?" inquired the other with a sneer. "We would both get marked up for punishment."

His companion admitted the truth of this with a curse. An officious guard interrupted the further recital of their fancied wrongs.

The same evening the envied driver of the truck, unconscious of the animosity of the pair, performed his work at the stable with extreme leisure. The last duty for the night finished he started across the prison yard toward the cell-block. Dusk was settling as the various squads of convicts, on their way from the workshops to the cells, tramped across the yard in charge of bored guards. A few trusties, among whom were the disgruntled pair of the yard, were more deliberate in their journey.

The driver of the truck, free to wend his way alone, went toward a narrow passage between two large buildings that offered a short-cut to the cell-block entrance. The two cronies noted his move and with an impulsive motive started after him. As he heard a sudden rush of feet behind him the driver started to turn, when he reeled from a heavy blow on the head. He made an effort to draw himself together when another blow descended and he sank unconscious to the ground.

Two days later the eight-thirty local from the city pulled into its suburban terminal. After the usual glance at the regular rider the crew raced toward a nearby lunch cart for a brief repast. The agent paid the woman a brief glance and went about his duties. The woman, as was her custom, lingered for a moment in the waiting room, and then strolled out on the rear platform.

The platform was deserted, and as she paced its length, she glanced in at the silent freight house. As she started back

toward the waiting room, she gazed up the hill that led to the village. Starting down was the prison truck. She looked around with a quick, searching glance, then sat the suit case near the open door of a freight car. With an appearance of joy she hastily entered the waiting room and darting into the telephone booth she called an exchange located several stations down the road. She awaited impatiently until she had received her connection. "Wait with the car, Jerry," she exclaimed breathlessly. "Everything is all right. He is coming now. Have you the closed car?" The answer caused a pleased smile that lightened the sad lines of her face, and hanging up the receiver she left the booth and made her way to the train.

As the truck drove up to the platform the guard climbed down from the seat and entering the agent's office left his charge to wander around the freight house. The convict noted with eager eyes the deserted suit case. With a quick, furtive glance toward the office he hastily seized and slipped it into the open car. Behind a large crate he deftly undid the fastenings and threw back the lid. Folded neatly inside was a suit of clothing, and lying on top was a roll of bills and a railroad ticket.

He rapidly divested himself of the gray, drab uniform of the convict and robed himself in the garb of a sedate man of business. With firm hands he swept the discarded garments into the suitcase and going to the door peered out with determined eyes. His hand felt into the side pocket of his coat and tense fingers gripped the butt of a revolver. As he

stepped out on the platform he paused for a moment to note the way. The suit case carried carelessly in his hand he started for the far end of the platform. He glanced back as he made to drop to the ground, and his hand half withdrawn from the coat pocket when he noted the guard standing outside the agent's office staring intently at the truck. The guard re-entered the office and the escaping convict breathed a sigh of relief. He dropped from the platform and calmly made his way to the train. He had scarcely entered when the conductor signaled for the train to proceed.

The liberated convict, his face aglow at the smoothness of the escape, started toward the front end of the coach. As the train entered the prison tunnel he paused for a moment to shake his fist at the receding walls. The train emerged from the tunnel into the light of day and the convict once more started ahead. He gave a quick start as a whispered voice guardily hailed him, and with a natural movement he half turned.

The woman of mystery was leaning toward him, her lips parted in a tremulous smile, and her eyes fixed on the well known lines of his clothing.

The convict turned to greet her. The woman's tense look followed his deliberate movement.

With a sob of hopeless agony she dropped back in her seat. Her glance should have revealed long, past miseries of agonizing night, heart-sick days that were to be no more, and the reward of faith and courage; instead her tear-blinded eyes gazed blankly at the smug face of "Handsome Jim."



SPRINGTIME

By Harley L. McCarty.

Out of the ground the sap will be creeping,
Little buds will soon be peeping,
Little flowers will then be peeking—

Out from their winters nest.

Up from the south the birds come winging,
In the trees they'll soon be swinging,
To their mates they'll soon be singing,

Tis Springtime in the West.

Through the woods the bears will ramble,
Little ones will romp and gamble,
Up the trees they'll climb and scramble,

Seeing what the world is like—

Little chipmunks soon will chatter,
Listen and you'll hear their patter,
As they leap and teeter-tatter,

In the very joy of life.

Silver clouds are drifting yonder,
Soon be time to roam and wander,
For the hearts that will grow fonder,

Spring has come for them.

Pretty flowers will soon be blooming,
Lovers will be out and crooning,
Asking for a honey-mooning,

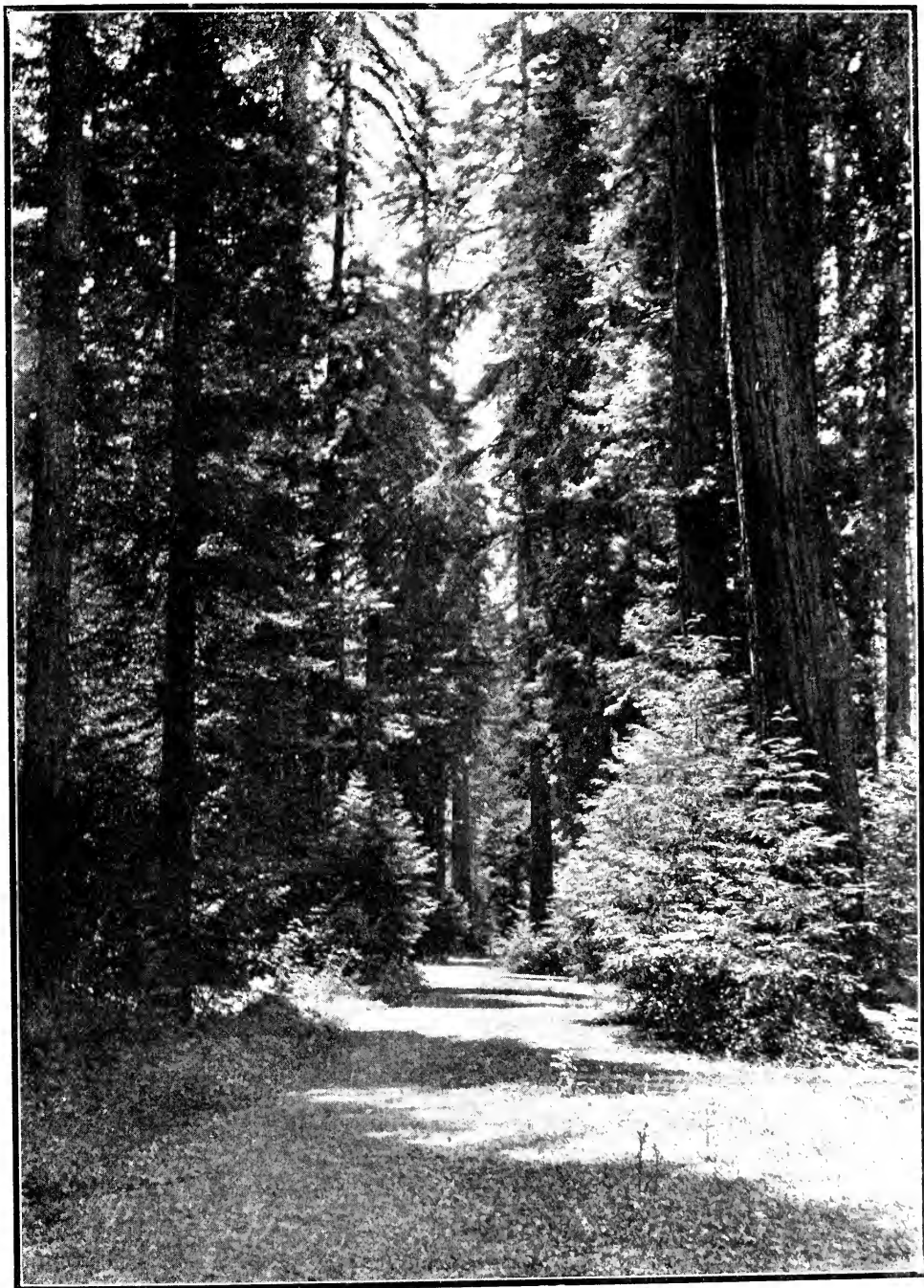
For its loving time again.

Winter winds will quit their moaning,
Soon we'll all be out and roaming,
Over hills and in the gloaming,

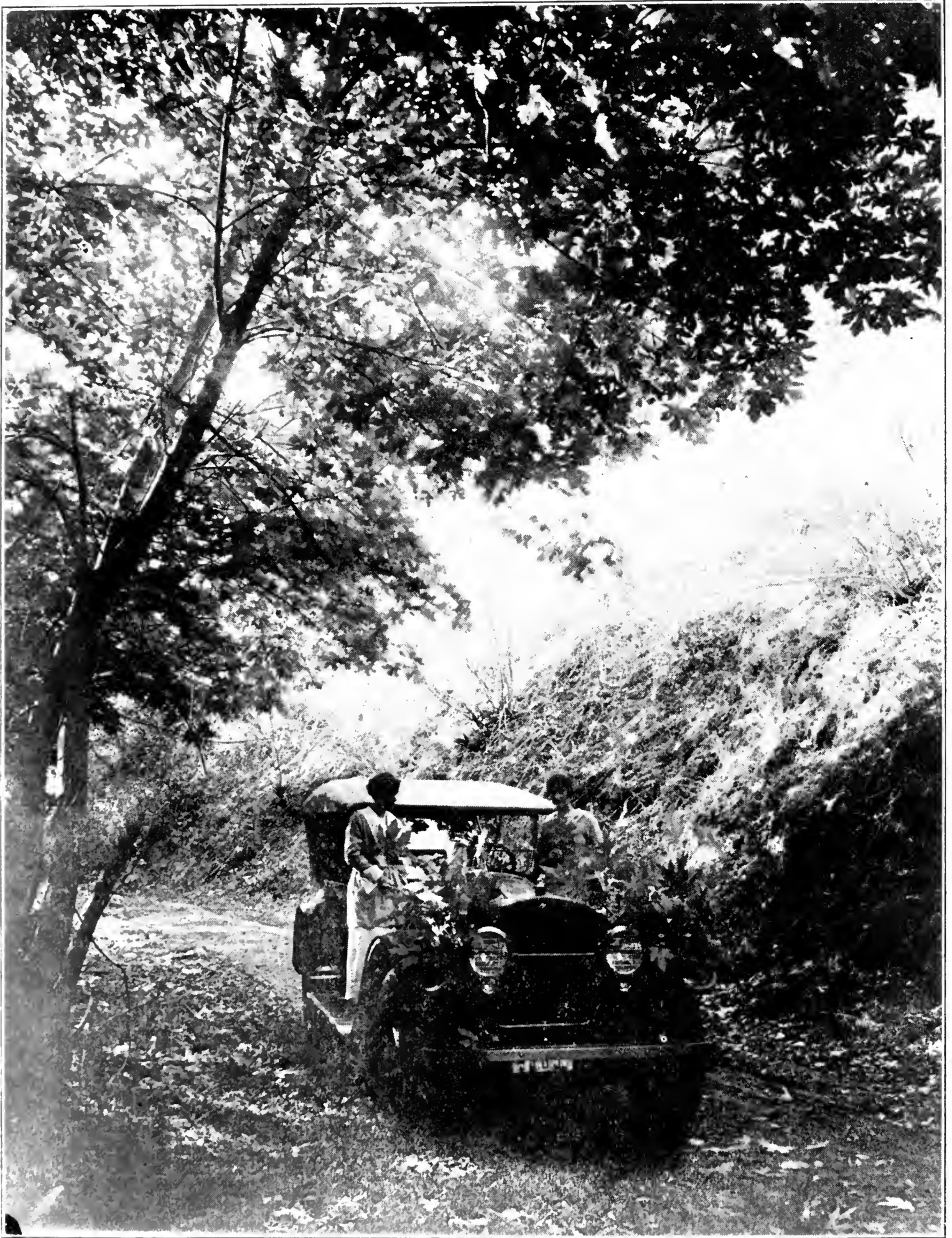
Breathing of the perfumed air.

There's a little sun shine sifting,
While the fleecy clouds are drifting,
From the grass the dew is lifting,

And its Springtime every where.



When the Springtime Comes



Springtime Motoring in California

The Pacific, Sea of Mystery

A Great Ocean Which Presents Science With Many Problems

By Basil T. Chalmers

THE DEEDS of no men in the history of the world are more fascinating to the imagination than those of the "early navigators," the adventurous explorers of the vast island-dotted expanses of the Pacific Ocean, whose logs offered as exciting reading as the voyage of Sinbad the Sailor, together with far more charming pictures for the fancy to dwell upon.

No fiction ever written can compare in romance appeal to primary human instincts, with the narrative of the first visitors to Otaheite, now Tahiti, and other paradisaical spots in the coral-gemmed "South Seas." These experiences can never be renewed—their story is a closed chapter in the annals of mankind.

But the Pacific Ocean, the area of which exceeds that of all the continents

of the earth put together, while it covers not far from one-third of the entire surface of the globe, still remains in many respects a sea of mystery, calling for long-continued and extensive exploration before man will be able to boast that he really "knows his planet."

At Honolulu last summer the Pan-Pacific Scientific Conference prepared an elaborate program for the future exploration of the great ocean, and the research into the many problems that it presents.

Those who are fortunate enough to embark on some of the expeditions proposed by this conference will have stories to tell little less attractive than the narratives of the first navigators, to which they will serve as apprentices or continuations, re-awakening the sleeping interest of the readers of the old books.



Polynesian War Canoe

The fact that this new exploration of the Pacific is to be conducted by scientists for scientific ends should not be thought to promise only dull complications of technical data. Science is the true source of romance in our time. Even its daily labors, in its dustiest fields, cannot be blind to this fact, while poets and novelists hover around the workers, eagerly trying to cull the honey of human interest

place, staring at the stars, a new world of valleys and mountains larger than Asia, Europe, Africa and the two Americas combined, the whole of it sunk like a basin miles below the mean tide level of its former shores.

Science feels out the hidden face of that sunken, invisible land, charts it, reaches straight down a vertical six miles into its profoundest chasms, brings up its



Hawaiian Sport

that is contained in many of the driest-seeming researches. Science has driven mythology out of modern literature.

To the old navigators nothing was open to exploration but the islands and the mighty face of the deep, ruffled by the winds or endlessly glittering in the sunshine. Now science explores the bottom of the ocean. If the Pacific could be dried up there would lie exposed in its

ancient mud, sprinkled with the star-dust of ages, and penetrates the mysteries of submarine communities of organisms which light their way in the black sea night with physiological lanterns, kept luminous by the vital currents of their own bodies. But these things are only at their beginning.

One of the greatest and most lasting sources of interest in the Pacific is the

problem of the origin and migrations of the curious race of mankind that the first navigators found inhabiting its great archipelagos.

There is hidden in the South Pacific a spot—Easter Island—a little knob of volcanic rock covered with earth and ornamented with gigantic carved stone figures which, because of the unsolved mystery of their origin, affect the imagination in a manner that recalls the Sphinx, and the Memnan statues of the Nile.

Who were these people that covered their ocean-girted islet with scores of huge carved human figures, often standing on firmly made platforms of cut-stone blocks?

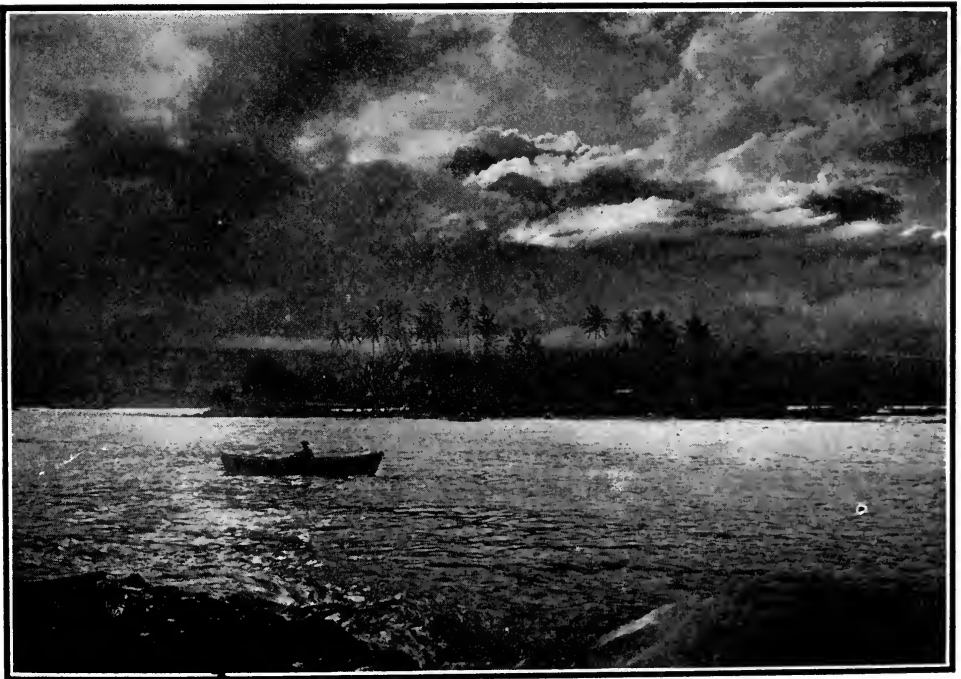
Some branches of the Polynesian race inhabiting the island groups of the Pacific are among the finest physical specimens of humanity that the earth contains. The average white man cannot compare with them in bodily perfection, and the

fame of the beauty of the women has gone all over the world.

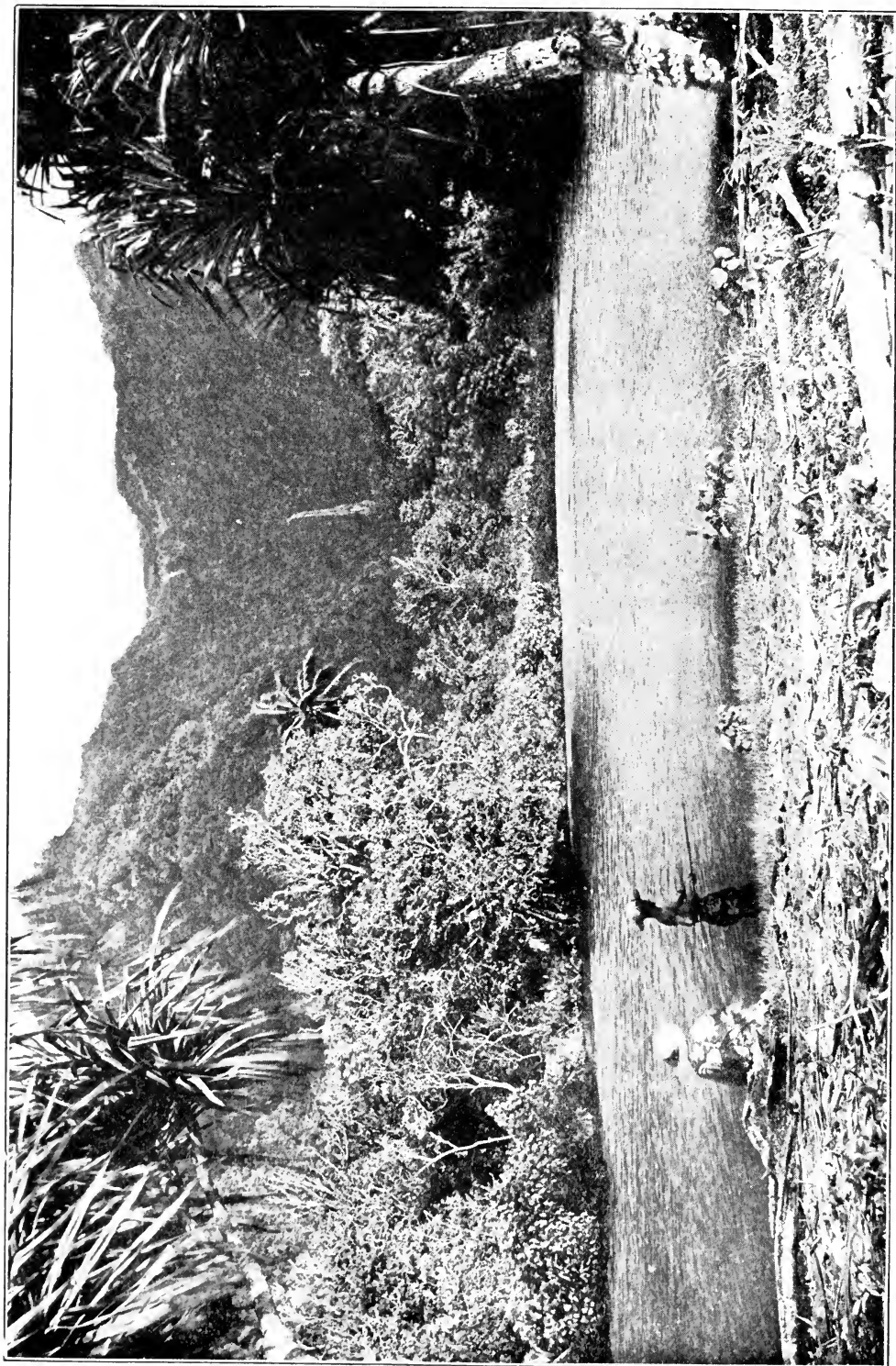
What is the history of this strange race that seems to have dropped out of the clouds upon the face of the mightiest of the oceans, and to have remained attached to its coral-bottomed, palm-shaded, sun-gilded constellations of islands, like humming birds around flower beds?

There they dwelt century after century—and who knows how many thousand years?—scattered about the ocean, far away from its shores, far from the cares and woes of the crowded world of civilized misery.

Nowhere are the native energies of the planet—volcanic forces, upheavals and subsidences—so powerfully displayed as in the Pacific. It is an ocean of un-acquired knowledge—a film, 64,000,000 square miles in extent, whose wonders are only beginning to be displayed.



Off the Samoan Shore



A View in Beautiful Tahiti

Iron and Orange Blossoms

Where the Milk Has More Cream and the Honey Is Sweeter

By Lucius Grant Folsom

IDEALLY, it should not be a long journey from the "City of Brotherly Love" to the "Land of Heart's Desire." In this case, however, it was a journey of more than three thousand miles. And it is no small adventure for the Eastern-reared, with tick-like attachments, to shut their eyes to uncertainties and their ears to the advice of their stick-tight friends and cross a continent, even in a comfortable Pullman.

But Belden Roberts and his young wife, Lora, belonged to the Army of the Unafraid. Moreover, they were in excellent health and spirits and had not lost their job.

Why the journey, then?

This question can be answered only in terms of wholesome discontent, worthy ambition and dreams of achievement. Some blue blood is red.

To the impelling, irresistible Call of the West may be attributed more than four centuries of the world's best progress. To many who feel the smothering choke of the typical crowded eastern city the "Call of the Soil" is equally insistent.

Belden Roberts was born and reared in Providence, Rhode Island, but he had never considered it unprovidential that he went to Philadelphia to find his mate. They were prospering as well as the average pair could on the pay of a first-class machinist, but, without knowing exactly why, had gradually acquired a longing for the freedom of the open country. Should their home be a city home with a country outlook, or a country home with a city inlook?

"O yes, indeed," agreed the superintendent of the shops, "you will enjoy a vacation in California. You deserve it. I will hold your job for you and be glad to see you back. But mind the sharks," which admonition, like some of the ancient oracles, might be interpreted at least two ways.

"My Own Dear Girl," Belden wrote, in less than two weeks, "I have spied out the land. The milk here has more cream and the honey is sweeter. Pack your trunks and come in a hurry, where roses and orange blossoms are blooming and there are no bloomin' blizzards. I've a job in the Santa Fe shops in San Bernardino. Come quick, girl, come!"

Lora's friend, Sylvia, had just gone down the steps when the postman came. As she picked her way through the slush of snow and ice she reflected solicitously, "I'm afraid Lora wants to go to that horrid, rough, coarse jumble of people and things. I'm afraid she is going, to become rough and coarse with the rest. If she does, I wonder if I—"

"Hurry, Sylvia. Lora Roberts in calling you at the phone," greeted her mother as Sylvia neared the home gate.

"O Lora! Don't tell me! Pack up? Tomorrow? You poor girl! I mean—I don't mean—why, yes, of course I shall be over."

Thus it is that life-long friends and chums are separated, and that which brings joy to one brings sadness to another. But summer will come again, roses will bloom again, even in Philadelphia.

To one who had never been west of "The Falls," the wonderful four-day journey, the novelty of the environment, the utter absorption in the jumble of people and things, only added characteristic emphasis to the call of the Pipes o' Pan.

A few weeks later Lora announced at breakfast, "I'm going to look for a ranch today." She had acquired a new word, distinctly western, as in the West any tract of land larger than a city lot is called a "ranch." The same evening at five o'clock the genial real estate agent, with Mrs. Roberts on his comfortable cushions, awaited Belden at the shops. The conditional "buy" consisted of five

acres of seven-year-old orange trees. The ranch hunter had found a "grove" instead.

The trees of this grove had suffered for everything an orange grove needs, namely, cultivation, fertilization, fumigation and irrigation. The former owner was rated as a "booze-fighter," the money which should have paid for water to turn down the orange rows having been turned in liquid form down his ever thirsty throat. Generous neighbors had contributed time and money, in the hours of his penitence, to water the withering trees, but had given it up when he proved himself a hopeless quitter. Only twice during the three hottest months had the trees been watered, and then insufficiently. The leaves had fallen and the branches had died to the extent that the neighbors had said of the grove as they had of its derelict owner, "It is past reclamation."

The agent had bought this abandoned "Sunkist" prospect at his own price and now regarded it worth little more than the raw land. The cottage, by a little repair, could be made cozy as a squirrel's nest, and the agent offered the place at such a price and on such terms that Belden said, "Well, Lora, if this is your choice—and you think our courage is equal to the task of reclamation—and you won't be too lonely out here—we will begin life on the farm at once."

"Some bold adventurers disdain

The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry."

These were indeed bold adventurers, who were even more courageous than they knew. The decision was prompted by an intuitive feeling that careful nursing would bring the apparently dead grove to life, combined with an impulse to attempt the accomplishment of a thing others said was impossible.

Wooden flumes, checked and warped by three months of southern California sun, leaked most wastefully, in spite of weary hours of plugging with sandy mud, tar and oakum. Water came in turns of twenty-four hours each to groves which must use it then or await their turn again, so expert knowledge was necessary to its economical use. This knowledge

was not of the intuitive kind, but must be gained by amateurs, promptly and thoroughly, by studying the best bulletins on orange irrigation and by actual observation of the work in the best groves of the community.

Since the payments and improvements necessitated Belden's continuing his work in the shops, the division of time and labor became a complex problem. Here is the way they solved it:

It is no less true now than in the time of Antony and Cleopatra that

"To business that we love we rise be-
times

And go to't with delight."

So, at one o'clock in the morning of the day on which the water was to be used Belden arose, and, with Dick, the semi-retired old horse who seemed happy in his work (half time with good feed), and a bicycle lamp on his cultivator, furrowed the ground, finishing in time for breakfast. He then went to his work in the shops, leaving the wife to change the water to other furrows when necessary during the day. At night again Belden attended the water until it was turned into the last series of furrows, then, with hopeful dreams of a "Sunkist" harvest bye and bye, slept as late as he dared next morning.

"O, but you are a game girl," declared Belden as Lora insisted that she and Dick would close the furrows with the cultivator. While she was doing it that afternoon a friend from the East who had come West for his health strolled feebly by and, observing the muddy streaks made by rivulets of perspiration through the dust on her face, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be durned if that isn't clear grit! You are taking your physical culture and a mud bath at the same time, Mrs. Roberts! But don't I wish I could do that?"

The neighbors repeated the advice to grub out the trees and start over, attributing the perseverance of this city-bred pair of adventurers to their ignorance. But they only smiled and said, "If we fail we have had our fun and are willing to pay the fiddler."

Equal parts of common sense and elbow grease were mixed most skilfully,

after a study of all the latest bulletins on problems of citrus fruit culture. With never a thought of despair, legumes were sown to aid nitrification and fertilizers were used as seemed best for the soil. Where there are two wills there are at least two ways. "He who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive."

Time came when work was slack in the shops and the machinist-rancher went to work on reservoir construction in Little Bear Valley. Days seemed weeks. Un-speakable loneliness and camp fare tested severely the endurance of a young man accustomed to a companionable wife and a cozy home. An appealing letter home said, "If you were here, Lora, to give both my stomach and my soul a balanced ration for awhile, I could be content to stay. I like the work, but the play doesn't rest me. I am tired of cards and not one of the boys is as good a sport with the gun as you are. Can't you come, girl?"

"To the man o'er the mountains went
the girl that was game;

A 'man's woman' was she, in fact as in
name."

The trail through the foothills and lower mountains of the San Bernardino range was not a well-traveled trail. Progress through the regions of sage brush, greasewood, chaparral, manzanita and live oaks was uncertain and slow, and it was thus necessary to camp for the night in Little Bear Canyon. This required no small amount of courage, since it was known that mountain lions were numerous in the region.

At nine next morning the camp commissary, glancing appraisingly at the early visitors, responded, "Yes, you will find Belden Roberts at the shed just down the trail at your right."

If her Philadelphia friends could see her now, as the wonderingly commissary, with an extra long puff from his pipe and half-closed eyes, watched the gypsy-like outfit disappear down the trail, woman, horse, wagon, dog, they would have said with palm to palm, "Just what we feah'd, she has become one of them—

the rough, coah'se jumble of people and things."

But the starved goose must be fed back to maternal vigor before she could again lay the golden ("Sunkist") eggs, and the husband's wages paid for the feed.

At the sheds the foreman called Roberts out and pretended to retire to a polite distance, but could not resist the temptation to observe enviously the greeting of the pair.

"Well, well, Girl of my Heart, you come early into camp! How are the 'Sunkists'?" (to fill up time while assisting Lora to the ground).

"As fine as the man-kissed!" she responded, after the embrace in which she met her devoted mate at least halfway.

"But where is Phil, Lora?"

"At the ranch. Here is his substitute," drawing from under the seat blanket a Colt's thirty-eight, which she knew well how to use. "He thought he would be able to return to the navy yard at Mare Island in a few days, so I came alone."

"Of course you didn't come all the way this morning. Where did you stay last night?"

"Well, if you aren't a Trojan!" exclaimed the admiring husband after Lora had recounted to him the experience of the night in Little Bear Canyon.

"Wouldn't that rattle your ribs?" ejaculated the foreman after a formal introduction to Mrs. Roberts.

"I've come over the mountain to keep my husband's ribs from rattling, and if he will rustle a tent of some sort we will set up housekeeping at once."

"I'll borrow one from the boys and be with you as soon as I can leave the machine," Belden assured her, and at noon their comradeship was supported by venison steaks, "good gravy," hot biscuits baked in a reflector oven, and other campfire delectations.

Once a month the devoted helpmate returned to San Bernardino for a new supply of provisions and to irrigate the orange grove as needed. She hired the furrowing done, but, like a faithful nurse with a critical case, would trust no substitute to administer the life-restoring fluid. A full share must go to each tree

and all were responding beautifully with vigorous foliage and some fruit.

At night when the water was on Lora would take her blanket, alarm clock and revolver, sleeping on the ground near the flume, changing the water to other rows when warned by the clock, declaring to her friends that she was not the least bit afraid when out in the open, but nervous with fear when shut in the house with locked doors and drawn blinds. How characteristic is this experience also of our tendency to become mental "shut-ins," fearing to come out into the open and meet the world squarely in the field of thought and expression and enjoy the intellectual fresh air which insures intellectual health and vigor. Some of the neighbors said this woman was brave; others said she was foolish; but all agreed that she was sticking to her job and succeeding past all belief.

On one of the return trips she took her forty hens to the camp in the mountains, on another her sewing machine, and with these precious evidences of domesticity eleven months of almost ideal camp life was made possible.

The trip could not be made in a day, so camping in the mountains became a regular feature. Many interesting incidents relieved the monotony and added spice to the adventure. On one occasion a party of rough mountaineers drove in late at night and camped only a few rods away. Thinking she might avoid embarrassment, Lora made quiet preparations and moved on at daybreak. As she drove into the trail one of the men was observed to rise on his elbow and remark, "By jove! It's a woman, and she is alone." Appreciating this rare courage in a woman, men were always quick to offer assistance and she was never molested.

On a high load of pea vines Lora passed a group of men who were irrigating and overheard them placing a wager as to whether the person whose "sombbrero" they could see above the load was a man or a woman. When she slid off the load to open a gate the bet was quickly adjusted and the curious men got busy. They had "rubbered" at her hose,

which, be it known, were not rubber hose.

Thus it was that, by strict adherence to a worthy purpose and the fearless performance of the tasks leading most directly to success, the problems of industrial independence were solved. A pioneer of twenty-five years, who watched with much interest the details of this remarkable reclamation, recently remarked, "Anyone who could do this should be one of the Almighty's first assistants in the resurrection."

The years that have passed since this self-imposed task began have not all been so strenuous as were the first three. The rewards have increased many fold in the fruits of honest toil, which are always the sweetest fruits. By careful pruning the neglected trees were put into almost ideal condition, which resulted in a much larger yield of marketable fruit. Concrete hydrants have supplanted the old wooden flumes and no more water is wasted. The grove is worth more than five times what was paid and is yielding its proud owners a substantial income. A quarter acre in one corner is supplying English walnuts, almonds, peaches, apricots, pears, quinces and figs.

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In announcing the appearance of Mrs. Harriet Holmes Haslett's new book of stories about San Francisco, the Cornhill Company states that notwithstanding San Francisco's prominence among American cities, very few volumes of short stories have been written about it.

The title of Mrs. Haslett's new book is "Impulses," and in a series of short stories it relates various adventures of one "Sandy," who "had lived the average all-round life" and was somewhat alone in the world, "after an unfortunate adventure in matrimony." He evidently sought some solace in club-life. We find his influence in all the scenes where he figures, and which are full of interest and replete with San Francisco color and atmosphere.

"Impulses" is a clean book, which is saying a great deal these days. The author has resided in Alameda for several years and written various stories and one-act plays. The Cornhill Company declares she has done in a literary way for San Francisco what O. Henry did for New York. If the author can do that much, she is indeed to be congratulated.

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Ernst Haechel's great work on "The Evolution of Man" is being republished for the seventeenth time by A. Appleton & Company.

The Century Company announces the republication in the summer of 1921, of "Drifting Among South Sea Isles," by Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the South Seas." The publishers will send free upon application a booklet biography of the author.

Felton Elkins, who has had a play accepted for Broadway (a play in which Childe Harold Field collaborated), has a home in Monterey. The first play he ever wrote was produced, if one recalls aright, at Menlo Park for some worthy object. The young playwright is the grandson of the late United States Senator Stephen Elkins I.

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HOW THE GRINGO CAME

(Continued from Page 34)

Sonoma; on the morning of June 14 appeared before it, easily captured it, accepted the capitulation of the commandant, General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo (previously favorable to the cause of independence), his brother, Don Salvador Vallejo, his secretary, Victor Pruden, and his son-in-law, the American, Jacob P. Leese; and with the munitions and the horses, and the stimulation of considerable liquid refreshment, declared themselves in behalf of a revolution "to make California a free and independent government."

On June 15 "they ran up a flag sufficiently significant of their intentions—a white field, red border, with a grizzly bear eyeing a single star, which threw its light on the motto, 'The Republic of California'. To this flag and its fortunes they pledged themselves in mutual confidence."

So the Bear Flag flew over the rude fortress of Sonoma; the new commander, William B. Ide, was preparing for issuance, June 18, the proclamation of the revolutionists, bidding the inhabitants of the District of Sonoma to have no fear but to rally to the banner; the prisoners—the two Vallejos, Lieutenant-Colonel Pruden, Jacob Leese—had been turned over to the custody of Sutter's Fort, where, as Leese poignantly records, "we pass'd the next day in the most awful manner a reflecting on the citation of our family and property in the hands of such a desperate set of men"; and Fremont, openly announcing his sympathies, drew up his resignation from the United States Army and assigned to the fort his topographer, Edward Kern.

The movement for independence—that preliminary skirmish termed the Bear War—quickly was merged into another movement. The tide of revolt flowed down to Monterey, where was waiting uncertainly, on his flagship Savannah, Commodore John D. Sloat. Emblazoned by the action in the north, where Sutter's Fort had upheaved through the uneasy strata and had spread a distinct quake, the commodore followed the lead. On July 7 the Flag was raised on the flag-

staff of the custom house; on July 9 it was raised at San Francisco, and upon the same date had superseded the Bear Flag at Sonoma. On July 10 it waved officially over Sutter's Fort, to the salute of twenty-one guns.

Sailor's uniforms were sent for the garrison; so that on September 1, when Edwin Bryant, in an emigrant train from Missouri, arrived at the fort he was astonished to see sitting at the gateway several foreign-appearing gentry "dressed in buckskin pantaloons and blue sailor's shirts with white stars worked on the collars. I inquired if Captain Sutter was in the fort. A very small man, with a peculiarly sharp red face and a most voluble tongue, gave the response. . . . He said in substance, that perhaps I was not aware of the great changes which had recently taken place in California;—that the fort now belonged to the United States, and that Captain Sutter, although he was in the fort, had no control over it."

So much for New Helvetia and the part it played as a Plymouth Rock for the California pilgrims.

With the achievement of the conquest, Captain Sutter came back into his own again; and Sutter's Fort prepared for greater things. Immigration was wondrously increasing, and New Helvetia was destined (in the worthy captain's mind) to multiply accordingly.

How mysteriously and unexpectedly move the shuttling hands of fate, dealing as easily with nations as with individuals. Captain Sutter's thoughts were upon the prosaic; his purpose was to sell lumber and flour, and his soul rose not beyond the hum of his prospective mills; but on January 24 James W. Marshall, the eccentric employe, discovered yellow in the soil of the mill-race at Colma, fifty miles above the post—and at once the feeble plans of Captain Sutter, for the future, aye, and much of his works of the past, were made naught.

Who would toil in his mills or in his fields, when gold lay waiting in the hills? Who would care for crops when the Midas touch was free to all? Sacramento City up-sprang almost in a night; that barren

waste just below New Helvetia, without a habitation in 1848, in fifteen months swarmed with 12,000 jostling, lawless residents. The Sutter sawmill of yore had become the City Hotel. The fort and everything about it already "showed signs of dilapidation and decay. The corrals of earth had been tramped down; doors and gateways were broken through the walls, and all kinds of building materials carried away."

The Sutter dwelling or official quarters, of two wooden stories, still stood in the center of the quadrangle, "and low ranges of buildings around the sides were variously occupied as hospitals, stores, drinking and gaming shops, and dwellings." Here was a hospital, for the gold-seekers thronging the up-river trail; and here they received "nursing and medical attendance for \$100 per week."

Thus, as a factor, passed Sutter's Fort—or, rather, thus was it merged into the onward surge of events. Sutter was willing to let people dig where they might, if only they would leave him his sawmill, erected, as he pathetically asserted, at considerable expense. By June of 1848, Sutter was able to retain but two mechanics in his employ, and these at \$10 a day. Deeming his prospects dulled, although he was getting \$100 a month per room, for his store-buildings; thus was Captain Sutter, bewildered by the sudden changes, elbowed aside by the ruthless influx.

At the success of the conquest, he had been one of the leading men in influence and prospects in California; at the Statehood convention of September, 1849, he led the cheering; but so speedily was he dispossessed of his lands and his living, which before the rush of the gold-seeker dissolved like a mound of sand before the roll of a tidal wave, that in ten years he had been reduced to penury.

In 1864 the California Legislature granted him an annual pension of \$3000, but he never was reimbursed for the loss of his estate, whereupon he had so staunchly founded the Forteleza de Nueva Helvecia. A disappointed and embittered man, who could only see injustice in the treatment accorded him, he died in June,

1880, at Washington, whither he had gone, prosecuting his claims. His home was then in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

THE CERTAINTY OF FORTY

(Continued from Page 39)

'Jimmie K.' would do if he wanted anything real badly?"

Jimmie nodded half heartedly. All his resolute decisions had suddenly passed into nothingness and his manner changed. "Why do you come over here, Mary Louise? What can you see in that altitudinous dome with no hair? He certainly isn't like Jimmie K."

"That altitudinous dome," flared back Mary Louise, "is gentility."

Jimmie gasped. "I do believe you like him."

"I do!"

"But he is old enough to be your grandfather," protested Jimmie.

"He's old enough to have good sense, Jimmie Manderstan, and he knows what a woman wants. You're too young. You should be back in school instead of begging to marry me. You haven't been considering me at all, and all that I will have to go through with. How could you take me East on our honeymoon when you haven't even bought me a ring? That is absurd!" She tossed back her head in much the same manner as she had defended him to Jeremiah.

"But Mary Louise, I have bought the ring." He produced a purple box and sprung the lid open for her approval.

She took it gingerly and examined it while he waited breathlessly for her reply. She paused in her examination and drew the ring close to her eyes.

"It look for all the world like Daisy Quimby's."

Jimmie moved nervously beside her as she continued to scrutinize the ring.

"It is Daisy Quimby's. Do you think, Jimmie Banderstan, I'd wear what some other girl gave back to you?"

"But what difference does it make? She doesn't want it and I'll get you another just as soon—"

"You don't need to mind. I'm recalling that Daisy liked the ring pretty well herself and there she is." Mary Louise

pointed to a girl in pink gingham, passing the gate, rose quickly and ran from Jeremiah's yard through the back entrance.

She crossed a vacant lot hurriedly, her cheeks burning with indignation and a sudden realization that Jeremiah was old enough to have sense. Her heart was throbbing with such pulsations that she could hear each beat in her ears. "Jeremiah knows what women want!" called and called to her, beating time to her steps as they clattered down the pavement of the street on which she lived.

It was already dusk and in the shadows stood two men, one was her brother and the other she knew well.

"I may be old," he was saying, "but she's not going to marry him, she's going to marry me, if I've got anything to say about it, and she's not going to flit about either, she's going to make the best little pie-baker in the West, and we're going to settle right down. I'd never think of taking her to the cold, drear old East, so I've sold my property in Jersey and put it into the coziest little home on Winton."

Mary Louse heard no more. She crossed the lawn, her head turning in the dizzy circles, one dream realized, the other nipped in the bud with the certainty of forty.

AN ADVENTURE IN COURTSHIP

(Continued from Page 44)

Helen Blaine. But I wouldn't trade her for the three of them, because I know she'll fight the world hard with me—or with whatever man she would have given herself to—every inch of the way."

We were silent a minute. Suddenly Jimmie rested his arms on the table and looked me square in the eyes.

"Dick," he said, "you've floated too long. The younger set is coming up and soon the 'flappers' will be saying you're 'old.' You can't be a sprinter all your life. Don't you know a 'true heart' whom you want to choose as partner in the distance run which now is facing all of us?"

"Lucile might be the one—" I said thoughtfully.

"Who is she?" Jimmie demanded.

"An out-of-town girl, you've never met her," I replied. "But she's wonderful—"

"Dicky," Jimmie said tensely, "I'm pulling for you so hard. Do you think you're home at last?"

"I don't know," I answered wearily.

THE DARROW PARLOR

(Continued from Page 54)

hired him. Francis was talking to him this afternoon, and he says Zack looks fine and was dressed up like a Prince, and the first thing he asked him was how Lida was."

Lida was as pale as ashes, but Ruth helped her out. "I'm glad for Zack," she said. "I always liked Zack and had faith in his chin. A bad nose gives a man away and a good chin saves him. Zack's chin was all right, and he couldn't help making good."

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted her. Mrs. Madigan jumped. "I warrant that's Zack now," she said. "Well, I'll go home and tell Francis we can begin to bring the parlor suite over here tomorrow. It'll be a relief to us both."

As she went out the door Ruth and Angie looked at Lida. The doorbell was ringing for the second time.

"It is Zack," said Ruth. "And you go to the door, Lida. It's you he's come to see."

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 With joyous beat, while I
 Serenely sit and hold
 Two hands of snowy white;
 And music rippling low
 Grows fainter at the sight.
 O hands of snowy white
 And burnished hair a gleam,
 And fairy form and face
 Of one I love, you seem
 Too fragile, far too fair,
 Too exquisite to be
 My own, my love, my life,
 My jewel from the sea!

CONCHITA

(Continued from Page 52)

manded the meaning of all this rumpus.

Then Miguel, the Porto Rican, smiled pityingly at the old man and said: "The poor old fool is 'a little what you call nutty, and pleases himself by thinking this young lady would marry with him, but she will tell you herself that she has promised to be my wife. Is it not so, Conchita mio?" And Conchita, frightened by outraged age on one side and the star of law on the other, gave one quick glance into the eyes of Miguel, then hiding her face against his shoulder, whispered: "Si, senor." For love in the heart of a Latin maiden springeth up in the twinkling of an eye, and the arm that a few minutes before had seemed a prison bar, had suddenly become the protection of home.

WILSON'S PRINCIPLES

(Continued from Page 16)

were abnormal. Their principles, far from scientific, were mainly exercised in the pursuit of fun. Dennis despaired of

ever again finding anything in its proper place.

"Oi hate thim little divils," he told himself, "but fr all that, Oi can't help likin' thim all the same."

And when the Wilsons' first day of farming was ended, Dennis went to bed more tired than he had ever been in his life; and he had accomplished nothing.

(To be Continued)



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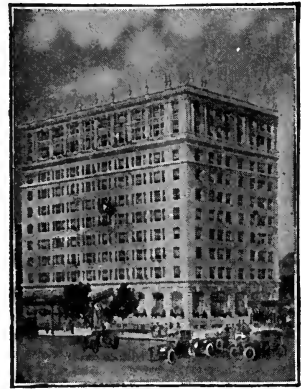
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In Pilon

The Maestrita plays with Fire and has a wonderful Time

By Susan Myra Gregory

SPRINGTIME in Pilon is about as near Paradise as one could wish to get. Paradise—not heaven—unmarred by the insidious puritanical suggestion of goodness that always clings about that word. Youth, and beauty, and pleasure—laughter and song—no goodness, no badness, nothing man-made—that is Pilon in the Spring.

The Maestrita (the little teacher) came from the academic halls of Berkeley to the flower-crowned hills that circled Pilón. The Maestrita, who had sat through long spring hours in the staid atmosphere of seminar courses, half lulled, half irritated by the droning voice of some wiseacre who took no interest in anything more modern than Pliny, glancing at times wistfully through doors that should have led the free spirit afield instead of cramping it in bonds, came now to the cowboy-riden hills of Pilón.

The Maestrita had never seen a spring like that. It was as if all the spirits of the season, all the mad, laughing little elves and sprites and pixies, had fled from the rest of the civilized and stupid world and flung themselves headlong into the soft depths of the Pilón hills.

And into this Pilón of cowboys and

dances and cattle, this Pilón of far 'blue mountains and near, soft, green hills, curious and fascinating medley of old Mexico and western America, came the little Maestra, fresh from the classic charms of the university. But you should know Pilón to understand—Pilón of Conchita the beautiful and Vito the gallant. And you should have ridden once over the green Pilon hills, and watched the yellow primroses open in the dusk before "Beely" Viá's saloon, or hunted with little Antonio for the wild white jasmynes that bloom only at night.

Everyone was good to the Maestrita. When she went to school in the morning little Ramon ran to have the honor of unlocking the door for her. And patiently waiting would be Antonio the beautiful, with his big sad eyes and his classic Roman features that spoke of Caesar's time, Antonio with two wild pink roses, saying in his soft, cooing voice, "I breeng for you. When I com' by the reever I see heem and I say to me eenside, 'La Maestrita like'." And Dona Marcelina, whitekerchiefed, immaculate, smiling, would come to the school house at noon bearing gifts that were revelations in the way of little tamales, "as of Mazatlan," or pep-

pery guisados that invited you with their aroma and taunted you with their sharpness.

And Conchita, dusky Conchita of the shapely arms and brooding eyes that looked as if she were pondering over the thought of immortality when perhaps her mind was occupied with the consideration of whether her brother Felipe's shirt would be dry in time for the dance or not. An immediate friendship sprung up between Conchita and the Maestrita. The Maestrita had read Chaucer and Browning and Maeterlinck, and Conchita had not. Conchita had danced all night and driven home at sleepy-eyed dawn, and the Maestrita had not. But in spite of these surface differences in the accident of environment and education, underneath there was a likeness, a bond, that both felt and responded at once.

Conchita even came to school and studied "espelling." For the Maestrita discovered, early in the game, that spelling was the only thing that Conchita could not learn, and that there was for her an apparent fascination in long lines of strange and difficult words. So bravely the dusky-eyed belle of Pilon struggled over her speller, dozing off sometimes in the hot afternoons, when she had danced late the night before, or brother Felipe's laundering had been unusually heavy.

And then arrived Vito on the scene. Often had the Maestrita heard. "When Vito comes back from the mines," or "Wait till the boys get back from the Navajo!" For when the daily routine palled, often in the springtime "the boys" of Pilon would be seized by the sudden and irresistible fever of adventure. And the Mecca of these wanderlusting souls of Pilon was the Navajo, the mysterious mines over there in the blue hills where the women of Pilon did not venture and of which these returned Odysseuses always had such mighty tales to tell, and from which they sometimes had gold to show. Thither the feet of the young men always turned when the old spring fret came and the red gods called.

So one day came Conchita, aflutter with excitement, running the last few yards to the Maestrita's house, to say, "The boys have come back from the Navajo and there will be a dance tonight. You will wear the pink dress like a rose, no? And I, what shall I wear? And the Soberanes boys will play, and Felipe will come to take you. Will you like to use my pink fan that Felipe brought me from San Luis? It is all feathers and pink and soft like a rose, too. Uf—but I am hot!"

Conchita's excitement was contagious. Gladly the Maestrita accepted the offer of Conchita's beloved fan. Then she remembered a dress, the relic of a college dance, red and dashing, and Carmensque, that might have been created for the little devil of a Conchita, and that she must wear if there was in this world such a thing as "even-handed justice."

That night was one to make the high gods ready to forsake Olympus and seek the soft shadows and mellow moonlight of the little Pilon street. Only Mexicans and Spanish Californians can play dance-music—perhaps because into their music has crept the yearning of their warm nights, soothing and at the same time stirring a vague unhappiness, a gnawing restlessness. When the violin and guitars of the Soberanes boys crooned the wistful notes of the "Tu Eres Mi Amor," a waltz was not the ordinary mechanical one, two, three, but a magic spell, potent while it endured, able to convince one that the wildest dreams were capable of realization, and the most fantastic visions true.

Felipe came, gallant and resplendent, to escort the Maestrita to Pilon in his bronco cart. Felipe was a bit bashful, and no great conversationalist, but any possible awkwardness in the situation was obviated by the liveliness of the little bronco, who bucked cheerfully and consistently from the Maestrita's front gate to the six-housed city of Pilon. The doors of the dance hall annexed to Beely Via's saloon stood hospitably open. Along the wall stood a few saddled horses; inside the corral were more, unsaddled and turned

loose at ease. And through the black shadows and sighing leaves and mellow Pilon moonlight drifted the languorous notes of "Sobre las Olas."

It must be confessed that Vito was a handsome devil, and knew it. Not that he overvalued his good looks—Vito, who had grown up in Pilón, knew that the things that count with a man are strength and the ability to ride anything that can stand up, and these Vito had. It must be confessed that the little maestra look-upon Vita with approval, and, forgetting her handicap of a "higher education," flirted delicately and skillfully with the good-looking vaquero, demonstrating clearly the fact that instinct is more potent than training, and the knowledge inherited from one's grandmother of greater value than a library full of wise volumes. That was an interesting evening for the Maestrita. The newness of it all—the lanterns along the wall; the candles cut up on the floor to make it slick; the unconscious and instinctive gallantry of the men; the subtle deference in the slightest word with which they addressed her; the bolder admiration in this handsome vaquero's eyes, and the feeling that here was one who might forget social distinctions and turn play into earnest at any time—it was all great fun.

So the little Maestrita, who had never known any one very well outside her own social group, became acquainted with a new kind of man. Here was an ignorant Mexican cowboy, good-looking, magnetic, appreciating her charm, and yet appreciating it with no hint of submissiveness or inferiority, knowing that there was between them a rigid social gulf, acknowledging it, and while acknowledging it, calmly disregarding it. For Vito looked at her sometimes as a man looks at the woman he wants, and instinctively the Maestrita knew that some day she would have her hands full. But she pretended, even to herself, that she did not know this, and flattered herself that she was maintaining in this relationship a sweet and gracious dignity that said, "Thus far and no farther."

And the good little Conchita, whose

own special property Vito had always been, looked on and said, "No importa. It is right for the boys to help the maestra have a good time. Some day she will go away and it will be nice for her to have this fun to remember."

So the Maestrita played with fire and had a wonderful time. Vito glowered when his old friend Patricio taught her to dance the Varsoviana; he glared upon the Nunez boys when they took her riding. All of which the Maestrita observed and thoroughly enjoyed.

One night when the moon of Pilón was high in the heavens, and the world a thing of silver shadows and whispering leaves, Conchita must needs give her papa a dance. The fact that Conchita's papa had left his dancing days behind him, Mexican though he was, and had also retired to his slumbers at the pastoral hour of seven, did not deter his loving and dutiful daughter from giving "papa" a little "baile." Conchita's family boasted of two mansions in the classic shades of Pilon—the casa vieja, the old house where they had lived before their recent prosperity, and the "New House." The new house to which they referred so proudly, was a hideous wooden box of a dwelling, very straight up and down, and very uninviting looking. But as Conchita's papa was asleep in the new and prosperous mansion, Conchita gave him his dance in the old adobe house across the way, under the weeping willows, where the music would not disturb him.

The rooms of the old house were bare, and free from the usual rirraff that most rooms are cluttered with. The adobe walls were soft in the mellow light from the candles and the moonlight drifting in through the open doors and windows; the window-seats were deep and inviting nooks of mystery; the wailing violin notes rose and fell with rhythmical insistence—it was all unreal and beautiful. The world was far away; there was nothing but this one languid night, and youth, and summer—and the wistful, old, young notes of the Mexican waltz, "Tu Eres Mi Amor." It all went to the Maestrita's head, and there was in her eyes, as she

looked at the vaquero, a divine wistfulness of youth, and a desire for beautiful things, and an all-unconscious challenge to him. Likewise the Maestrita went to his head, and Vito caught his breath savagely, and said, "Little devil, you will play with me no longer. We will dance no more. Come," and led the way to the shadows outside, where the waltz came, softened from within. "Little devil—," again he said, and then, "Little angel—no longer do I know what words I am saying. I love you. You are like a white star above my head where I ride in the darkness. You are like a little bird that I warmed once at my heart. What do I care that you have studied books? I love you. When you have put your little foot in my hand that I might help you to your horse I have been mad with longing to put my lips there. Look at me. Look at me. You can not help it. You love me? Ay—mi vida—." And while the guardian spirits of Browning and Maeterlinck covered their eyes in horror, the cowboy kissed the lady.

The little Maestra had never been kissed before, at any rate, by a man who adored her, which amounts to the same thing. And when the vaquero, startled at his own daring, said softly, "But I love you," and kissed her hand lightly, she said suddenly with wonder, "You love me like that? Is it like that?"

"See, bien mi vida," he whispered, "even the violin knows it. Hear how it sings, 'Tu Eres Mi Amor.'"

Then the Maestrita knew that he was

right. Books? "I love you," she said, slowly and as if in wonder.

The next day her heart thumped when it was time for Vito to come. Half impatient, half fearing to see the gaily trapped horse appear, she watched the road. How she loved the easy grace with which he always swung from the saddle—and the red rose in the bend of his sombrero—and the very heels of his cowboy boots.

But, oh, ye gods of Samothrace! When Vito hove in sight today he was "dressed up." A cheap gray store suit, humped over the shoulders; a pair of screaming tan shoes: and—I shrink from writing the awful words—a derby hat! Vito, arrayed in purple and fine linen according to the standards of Pilón, was going to call upon his lady.

Poor little Maestra! She was hurled back with a vengeance into the midst of her forsaken household gods. And she hated herself. "Am I only a common flirt? Do I care only for clothes? Have I no character? But oh—that derby!"

And she fled, unnerve! from the wreck of the once picturesque vaquero.

* * *

Conchita mended the broken pieces of Vito's heart, and, when she judged the time ripe, led him to the altar. "No importa," she said. "It was right for the boys to make the Maestrita have a good time. Now that she is gone, it will be nice for her to have all that fun to remember."

YOU NEVER GUESSED

A. L. G.

You loaned me a book three years ago,
 When I gave it back you did not know
 Two yellow pansies were pressed in that book.
 Today I ran through its pages again
 I searched for the yellow pansies in vain;
 Perhaps, perhaps you did chance to look!
 But if you did look you never guessed
 Just why those pansies I carefully pressed
 And kissed, yes kissed, laying them in your book.

THE MARTIAN SPEAKS

Charles Howard Shinn

This is our lovely planet Mars,
Red-named, and feared by you below,
Whose millions, racked with passion, sow
Your great earth-ruining wars.
But here, in one vast brotherhood,
We battle for the common good.

And thus our war with Ancient Death
These hundred-thousand fighting years
Has ended pain, and hate, and fears,
Till now we breathe as with one breath;
We wrest new secrets out of space
To shape our world, and help our race.

Before Semiramis, the Great,
Sat robed in purple on her throne;
Before your desert sands were blown
Above the Sphinx's temple gate;
Before your Glacial Age's frost—
Our ocean's every drop was lost.

But we treasure every seed,
And every inch of soil is dear,
And all the moisture of our sphere
Is gathered for our daily need
In common toils for common good;
For Fellowship is understood.

And thus our cups of life are full
But yet no surplus drop we spill;
No crimes or passions work us ill;
But clear, in every Martian school,
We warn, by tales of waste and flame
And wounds and selfish thefts and shame.

We, too, had lords of peace and pride,
Till each man, in his secret heart,
Dwelt from his fellow men apart,
A slave of slaves, and slaving died!
But now—just Comrades—none have less,
None more—and this is blessedness.

An Acre of Land

The Humble Beginning of the Family Affair

By a Pioneer

A LONG time ago, some 150,000 years, one guesses, there was a Plot of Ground—a very small one, on a gentle slope covered with blossoming shrubs and wild flowers. It looked out upon a wide bay and a superb river that came sweeping down from lakes and forests. As far as the record goes, it was for the temporary use of any and all members of a large and variously-endowed human family—it and many other millions of variously-situated Plots of Ground, Arctic, temperate, and tropic in respect to climate—Asian, European, American, and so on, to the ends of the earth.

The first temporary possessors built shelters of windfall sticks and bark, on growing piles of refuse and rubbish. (In after ages men called them “kitchen-middens.”)

After a while some of these members of the Family died with painful and poisonous diseases. Evidently (as they thought) it was because their evil gods were on the warpath, so the summons sent for those who knew the Rules. Loud noises, invocations and sacrifices followed; the huts were burned and new ones built close by, on the same kitchen-midden. One mind-using neighbor who kept much to himself, ventured to intimate that the spring might be cleaned out, and the rubbish thrown in the river. He was called a fool, and shortly came to a violent end, for he had spoken against the established order of ages. The Plot of Ground had nothing to say.

After fifty thousand years of fragmentary use of the Plot of Ground it occurred to some of the temporary possessors that a wooden floor might have advantages, and at last they began to build semi-fortified houses. They also dug holes under

the floors, and invented convenient lift doors. These holes were used by some to keep domestic animals; others chained their enemies down there; a few bestowed all the refuse and rubbish in these pits. (This happens even now among some members of Juke-like tribes of people.)

After awhile the house-dwellers had painful and noisome diseases; they sent for the Established Authorities who ordered them to sprinkle the pits with rose-water and to whitewash the floors. One mind-using neighbor said this was worse than useless, as it led men's thoughts from the real problem. They called him a nuisance, and as he sarcastically persisted they forthwith abated him, dropping his remains into one of the cellars.

More “Visitations of the Gods” followed hard upon this event, and the greatest of the priests of the land came together in long ceremonial processions, seven times seven times encircling the village. When a spiritual brother of the Nuisance laughed at all this they called him an Abominable Infidel, and presently he also was officially removed. We have no record of what the Plot of Ground thought about it.

The river of time swept on down the centuries. More homes were built on the Plot of Ground by temporary occupants, each of whom began to say: “This is mine—my home, for I built it—my land, for I took it.”

Came then a mind-using neighbor, leaning on one of the newly invented fences, and said: “Of course its your home, for your labor created it, but the land was here in the beginning, and will be here until time is no more.”

"The land," they replied, "is ours and our children's forever."

"Why?" he asked. They cried out against him and sent for the officials. The mildest name they gave him was "crank;" from that it rose to radical, anarchist, enemy of the social order, so they put him in the stocks; they threw dead cats, chunks of granite and the like at him all day long. At sunset they kicked him out of the town and advised him to go and hang himself. The Plot of Ground shivered a little; men called it an earthquake, caused by the eclipse of the sun plus certain failures of worthless people to pay their tithes and taxes to the priests of the land.

As the wicked radical limped off towards the sunset, looking for some unoccupied land, he said within his battered self: "Dead cats don't disprove my fool notion; I am still persuaded that we are members of one Big Family; and that all

the Plots of Ground on earth are our heritage. Still," he added "it's a lovely notion." He sat down on a rock, looking back at the place he had been driven from.

There was a young man resting in the shade of the rock. He heard the exile say, "It's a lovely notion." He arose and asked, "What is?" The two talked long together. At last the youth reached out a toil-hardened hand: "I'll go with you, stranger, all the way. One and one make two."

The Thought had begun to broaden into other places. It was on the road to become a Family Affair. In a few more thousands of years people would begin to think about such matters as single home-acres, the bringing of water and land together, intensive agriculture, conservation. By this road the whole big world-family would learn to pull together.

ONLY A WOMAN—THAT'S ALL

Annis Knowles

Only a woman—her love untold—
Lying unwept in the valley cold;
The mother heart of her turned to stone—
Who should have cherished—left her alone.
Erring woman—but her heart was true—
She only went wrong—as I or you;
Her saddened soul cried out in her fall;
Only a woman, just weak, that's all.
Another woman—called sweetheart, then;
Still just a woman—mother of men;
For you she gave all the best she had;
For you her sweet smile was bright and glad.
Only a woman—just doing her part;
Only a woman with true human heart.
With love protecting she broods o'er the whole
Of all living forms with regal, true soul.
In all the struggles which run through life
Her tenderness o'ercame your strife;
When the world to you looked dark and blue,
Her love was as sunshine rifting thru.

YOU

A. L. G.

For the first time to have seen the ocean
When the sun hung low in flame
And the waves were gold and blue,
To have watched the long waves silent motion,
Sensed that Something without name,
That was finding you!

If I lose you now 'twould be like turning
To the dreamless hills believing that I
Would not see the ocean again.
I would seek the grandeur of the burning
Of the wave-crests and the sky
Elsewhere—but in vain.

THE SUNSHINE HEIGHTS

Annis Knowles

We have climbed up to the summit, from the rugged base below;
We are standing where the sun-lit peaks o'ershadowed the ocean's
flow;

Gazing down in retrospection—as we rest in perfect calm—
We can see where truth of action gave our journey its sweet balm.

There were dim and unknown passes—needing wisdom, courage,
strength;

There were luring, subtle hazes, and steep climb's persistent length.

But we longed to know the secrets of life's lessons—unfulfilled;
Life's muse awoke and sung—again—its minstrel harp was stilled.

But gazing upward to the height, there came streaming down
A silvery golden light—truth's hallowed love did throw.
With quickened heart—intense desire—daring to gain the ascent,
It was from love's celestial fire—that incense aid was lent.

Old loves upon the altar-pyre, we sacrificed—as of old.
And o'er the broken web of life new seraph songs were scrolled.

The things which hurt us as we passed, and shadowy mists, have
flown;

But hearts record their hist'ry well—it is thus—all hearts are known.

At rest upon the mountain height, protected in sweet content;
Truth's silvery light is vibrant with the love of ages sent.

Adventure With A Vengeance

A Romance in Marin County, Prolific of the Unexpected.

By Dorothy Gardner

THERE is no fairer land in all the West than that which lies along the north shore of San Francisco Bay. Here is found that majestic mountain, Tamalpais, and all about are wooded hills, ever semblant of humble subjects bowed before a mighty sovereign. Tiny bays, upon which ride craft of every variety, from the millionaire's palatial yacht to the fisherman's weather-scarred smack blue lagoons threading the lowlands—picturesque marshes grown high with marsh grasses—all tend to make a country of versatile charm.

It was through this portion of Marin County that Perry McBride, in search of adventure, roamed one sunny day in late April. One might think it a poor policy to search for adventure in that peaceful place, but Perry was an optimistic young man, who believed that adventure awaited around every corner, even though it be a corner set among tranquil hills.

Perry was cub reporter on a San Francisco paper. On this particular Sunday he was en route to San Rafael to spend the afternoon with friends, when his gaze fell upon the fascinating scenery. Suddenly he decided to postpone his San Rafael visit, and accordingly alighted from the train at the first stop.

To the left lay Mt. Tamalpais in all its purple glory; to the right, green-carpeted hills and valleys. In this latter direction Perry turned his face. He skirted a small bay, cut across a marsh, proceeded cautiously over a plank that bridged a diminutive channel, and came out upon a meadow-land flanked on either side by low-rolling hills.

Squat ranch houses were scattered in out-of-the-way places; cattle grazed on sun-kissed hills. A Sabbath-like stillness that was almost reverent prevailed.

Along toward the middle of the afternoon Perry ceased his rambling to throw himself in the shade of a giant oak tree.

A gray-coated squirrel chattered angrily down at him from the branches above. Perry grinned lazily, yawned mightily, and folded his arms in back of his head. Then he closed his eyes.

It was at dusk he awoke, and uttering an ejaculation of dismay, sprang to his feet. Jove! To be lost there in the quiet hills was an unsolicited adventure. He rushed madly along in the twilight, but before he had gone far darkness closed about him like a pall.

"Well!" he muttered in disgust. "This is a nice go! Here's where I travel in circles, I suppose!"

With hands groping ahead, he proceeded cautiously. It was his hope that he would chance upon a ranch house, where he might gain shelter for the night. Several times he stumbled and fell, giving voice to impatient exclamations each time he did so.

At length the moon arose to reveal a sky flaked with threatening clouds, and Perry, taking advantage of the moonlight, broke into a gallop, but was soon forced to reduce this pace when an unfriendly black cloud cut off the welcome light. Suddenly the noise of washing waves sounded in his ears, and he surmised that he had arrived at a small bay. The ghostly moans of sirens proclaimed the fact that a dense fog was sweeping San Francisco Bay.

"Maybe I can find the railroad," thought Perry hopefully as he scrambled on. "Then I can easily—"

"Halt!" The hoarse command was given in such a manner as to make young Perry McBride give prompt obedience.

It was at this moment that the moon peeped through a mass of clouds, and the startled Perry saw before him the figure of a man of gigantic proportions—and what was more, an antagonistic-looking shotgun, held in an extremely business-

like manner, was plainly depicted in the moonlight.

Certainly here was adventure with a vengeance!

"Well, I knew I'd get you!" There was such a degree of vengeful satisfaction in the big fellow's voice that Perry shivered.

"My dear sir, you've made a mistake," expostulated Perry.

"Mistake—nothing!" The giant gave utterance to a mad roar of derisive laughter. "I've been watching for you for a long time, and now—" He did not finish the sentence, but chose instead to snap his teeth viciously.

"I say you've made a mistake," reiterated Perry firmly.

"No!" At this juncture the shotgun was given a diabolical wave. "Now, sir, you turn about and march!"

And Perry marched, being painfully aware at intervals that something cold and hard was being pressed against the back of his neck.

Suddenly Perry observed a dim light ahead, and in that direction he was steered by his captor.

"Keep moving!" came the sharp advice. "Straight ahead and into that cabin."

The cabin proved to be a one-room shack. There was a rusty stove in one corner, a rude bunk in another, a shaky table pushed up against one wall and a couple of dilapidated chairs.

"Sit down!" the big fellow commanded curtly, and Perry slumped dejectedly into a chair, the while his eyes took in the features of the giant, who proved to be a much be-whiskered individual of uncertain years.

The captor sat on the edge of the bunk, still keeping Perry covered with the threatening weapon.

"Now," he demanded, "what have you done with my cattle?"

Perry stared in amazement. Good heavens! Was he taken for a cattle thief? "My dear sir," he protested, "I assure you that I have never laid eyes on—"

"Don't lie!" rasped the other. "I'm not to be trifled with. You produce those cattle, or—" He waved the shotgun meaningly.

"You are at liberty to search me," invited Perry solemnly. "And if you find—"

"Young fellow, don't get funny!" came the sour admonition. "I might make up my mind to act—and who'll be the wiser if this gun goes off, eh?"

Perry shivered; then proclaimed almost sullenly, "Well, I'm not a rustler. Good Lord! What use would I have for cattle? I live in a boarding-house, and as my landlady is most particular, I—"

"You shut up!" advised the giant fiercely. "Denials won't do any good. What was you prowling around my place for, if you wasn't up to mischief?"

"I was lost," the young man responded hotly.

"Lost!" sneered the big fellow. "No, siree! You came back to see if there wasn't some more cattle to steal. Oh, you can't fool me! You're one of that bunch of pirates that came into the little bay out yonder, and rustled my cattle on board your boat. I always swore I'd get you—and I did!" he ended triumphantly.

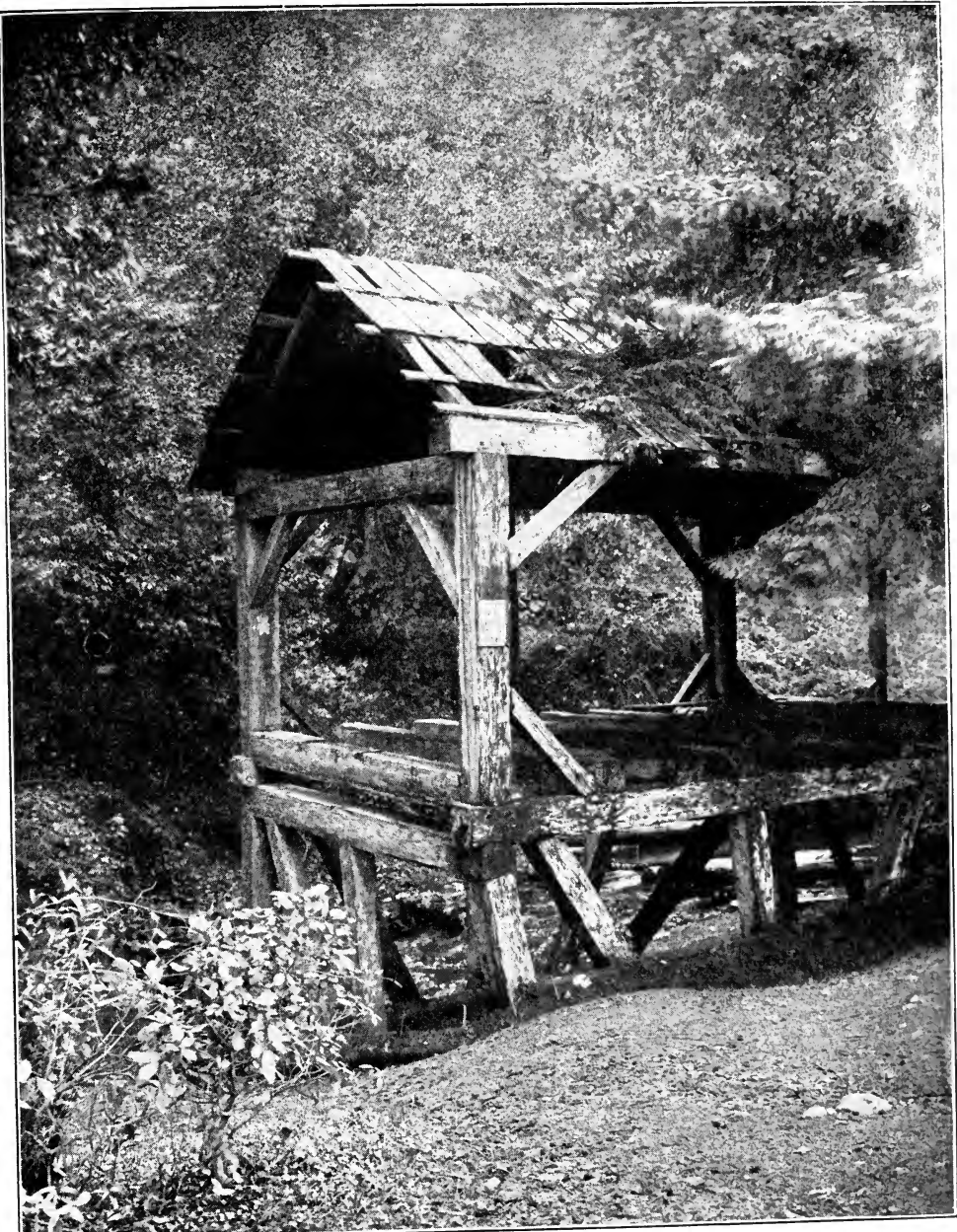
"Do I look like a pirate?" burst out the captive angrily. "Why, you're crazy—"

The giant vented his wrath in a mighty bellow. "You whippersnapper! Crazy—am I? I'll break you in two in half a minute!" He cast the weapon from him, and lunged forward, and Perry, with a cat-like movement, sprang from his chair to meet him.

It was a royal combat while it lasted. Perry danced here and ducked there; at intervals his hard young fist shot out. The giant made no effort at self-defense; just hit out with sledge-hammer hands, which would have soon settled young Perry McBride if he had not been endowed with a lightning-like animation. At length a telling blow on the chin brought down the big fellow, and Perry, breathing heavily, seized the shotgun and sat down on the bunk.

"Easy there!" he cautioned, as the giant groaned heavily and endeavored to sit up. "Just stay where you are—I'm boss of this shack for the present!"

"Oh, Lordy!" The fallen one caressed his chin tenderly; all the anger seemed to have been cast from him, as he whined, "Didn't mean any harm, boy! I was just naturally peeved because I thought you



In Mill Valley, One of Marin County's Show Places.

was one of that bunch of sea pirates come in for another haul."

Perry considered the big fellow for a moment, then said abruptly, "Get up! I'm going to keep this gun in my possession, and the first time you get obstreperous—well, look out! Get me?"

"Sure!" replied the giant meekly, scrambling to his feet.

"Got anything to eat?" demanded Perry. "I'm about starved."

"You bet!" answered the other cordially. "Now, just you wait a few seconds, boy, and I'll have a meal fit for a king."

In ten minutes Perry sat down to the meal that was fit for a king—dry bread, warmed-over mulligan and murky coffee. After he had eaten his fill, he felt more kindly towards his vis-a-vis. In fact, he felt grateful. For was he not on the scent of a corking good story for his paper? Pirates rustling cattle in peaceful Marin County would most assuredly prove an innovation in the way of a write-up.

"Now, about these pirates?" suggested Perry eagerly. "When did you see them?"

"Never saw 'em!" barked the big man fiercely. "How could I? They sneaked in the little bay out yonder in the dead of night, when I least expected, and herded the cattle down to the boat. Next morning there was only the tracks in the soft ground to show where the animals had gone—the finest herd of cattle, boy, that ever grazed these hills."

"It must have been a pretty large boat," reflected Perry.

"Guess it was," the other nodded. "Yes, and what's more, they came three times. Oh, I watched for 'em—but the devils slipped by somehow!"

"Why didn't you notify the authorities?" asked Perry.

"Bah!" snorted the giant. "I aim to catch the rascals myself single-handed—just like I caught you. They'd better look out for Len Morton!"

"Well, you'd better be more cautious

next time," suggested young McBride, grimly.

Perry did not secure much sleep that night; however, he dozed once in a while in his chair, while Len Morton snored peacefully in his bunk. In his wakeful moments young McBride grinned happily as he thought of the neat little story his adventure of the day had brought forth. And at dawn, without waking the slumbering man, he slipped from the cabin.

A tulle fog had spread itself over the land during the night, and the fog horns still whined plaintively on the bay. It was a most dismal morning, but the heart of young Perry McBride was light, and he whistled as he went his way.

At last he came to a road, into which he immediately turned, and had only gone a short distance before he heard the sound of a horse and wagon coming behind him.

"Hey, there! Want a lift, stranger?" sang out a voice.

Perry accepted the invitation with alacrity, and climbed up into the wagon beside the driver, a freckled-faced youth, who eyed him curiously.

They rode in silence for a short distance; then Perry inquired quite casually, "Ever hear of any cattle being stolen hereabouts?"

The youth gave a whoop of delighted laughter.

"You've been talkin' to old Len Morton!" he accused gleefully. "Gee, mister, don't pay no 'tention to him—he's batty!"

"Batty?" repeated Perry vaguely.

"Yep!" returned the boy cheerfully. "He used to own all this land around here an' had a big cattle ranch, but he traded it all away for fake minin' stock. Made him kind o' queer. Imagines that pirates came up in the little bay off his place an' swiped his cattle—an' he ain't had as much as an old molly-cow these past ten years. He figures out that everybody that goes near his shack is a pirate. Funny, ain't it, mister?"





Muir Redwoods, Marin County.

The Melody of Youth

It Vibrated With Romance, But Cupid's Courage Failed.

By H. W. Graybeal

IN an old ramshackle house on one of the semi-respectable streets of Centerboro lived an old Italian musician by the name of Antonio Mezzini. Every one of the three thousand odd citizens of Centerboro knew him, but probably not more than half a hundred knew his last name; most of them never thought of him as any other than "Old Tonio." He was never seen outside his shabby gate except on pleasant evenings, when he would sometimes venture forth for a short walk under the elm trees towards the outskirts of the village. He gained his living by taking a few students in violin and pianoforte, and he sometimes played for special occasions at the Catholic Church.

Old Tonio did not live alone in the ramshackle house; there was a little boy of perhaps seven or eight years—an undersized little fellow, with large black eyes that never smiled, but always had a far-away, melancholy look. He did not go to the public school with the other children of his own age, but was tutored only by the old man. And such was the thoroughness of the old man's tutorship that his scholar spoke Italian, French and English with almost equal ease at an age when most children are learning to spell "c-a-t, cat." Besides this he was quite advanced on the piano and violin. He was called "Young Tonv" by the townspeople, and was supposed to be the grandson of Old Tonio. He was seen less outside the shabby front gate than was even the old man. He did not care to play with the other little boys of the neighborhood, because he did not understand them, and they were likely to taunt and jibe at him, calling him "Dago" and other insulting names. So he contented himself with his music and his books. He would play to himself for hours at a time heart-breaking little melodies, or else sit up in his little room under the gables and

read fairy tales from old French and Italian books.

The only bright spots in his young life came on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons when little Lucy Powers, daughter of the president of the Centerboro National Bank, came to take her piano lesson from Old Tonio. On these occasions he would always brush his hair carefully, put on his best blouse and tie, and hang around the front door for a full hour before she was scheduled to arrive. When she came he would open the door and, bowing ceremoniously, take her music roll and hat, and usher her into the old man's studio. Then he would sit upright on one of the high straight-backed chairs, with his little feet only barely touching the floor, and watch the lesson proceed. At the end of the lesson, the old man would sometimes take the children, one on each knee, and tell them queer old stories about fairies, or about great musicians. Other times he would teach them simple little duets on the piano, or else let Young Tony play the violin to Lucy's accompaniment.

There was one little tune especially that they used to love to play together. It was a composition of Young Tony's; at least he said he had dreamed it. It was a simple piece, but full of pathos and sadness, so that it seemed to tug at your heart-strings whenever he played it. The old man let him teach it to Lucy himself, and after she had learned it they often played it together. Indeed they never seemed to tire of it, even though Lucy took lessons of Old Tonio until she was twelve years old and Young Tony was thirteen.

The failure of the Centerboro National Bank was the cause of the removal of the Powers family from Centerboro to a distant city, and consequently the separation of the two children, who had by this time formed a strange, but nevertheless

sincere and deep affection for each other. After this separation Young Tony was not quite the same. Outwardly he remained unchanged, but in his heart there was a great sadness. This sadness was different from the sadness he had felt when but a little boy. That was something strange, something he could not explain; but this was a tangible feeling—a longing for his little sweetheart. He was ashamed to speak of it to the old man, but often at night his pillow was wet with tears, and he dreamed many dreams of the little fair-haired girl who had gone out of his life.

A year or so after this Old 'Tonio died and left Young Tony alone in the world. The boy was naturally grief-stricken, for he and the old man had loved each other unselfishly all his life. Kind-hearted townspeople saw to it that the old musician had a decent burial, and they tried to comfort Young Tony as best they could. It was found that the house and furnishings were mortgaged to their full value and that the old man had left nothing in the way of material assets but the musical instruments, which were mostly old and practically worthless. So Young Tony was sent away to the County Orphanage, accompanied only by his own violin and a few well-worn clothes.

Life at the orphanage did not suit Young Tony at all. Never used to manual labor of any kind, and never spoken to except in the kindest tones by the old musician, his gentle spirit rebelled at the hard work and cruel words he received. He stayed three weeks, and then one night after having been sent to bed supperless and with a harsh scolding for some mistake he had unwittingly committed, he took his violin case and tiptoed down the creaking stairs, through the cellar door and out under the starry sky to the dusty road. Thus he became a wanderer, a tramp, a traveler of long dusty roads that led he knew not where.

* * *

Ten years later, in the early candle-light of a frosty November evening, a ragged and disheveled man with a delapidated violin case under his arm was walking despondently down one of the fash-

ionable avenues in a large Eastern city, his belt pulled tight around his empty stomach and his faded coat collar drawn up around his stubby chin. Luckily he knew the very goods box in which he was to sleep that night, and he was miserably making his way towards its location, anxious to forget his hunger in sleep as soon as possible.

His attention was drawn to the music of a piano in a large and rich-looking mansion which he was just passing by. Something in that music made him pause, though he could not tell why. He stood there for several moments, listening attentively, forgetting his cold and hunger entirely. Then, with a strange look on his gaunt face, he glanced up and down the avenue to see that no one was looking, and slunk through the hedge and up to one of the side windows which let forth a flood of light from within. He crouched low under the window so the light would not shine on him, and listened. As he listened, the player's mood seemed to change from light-heartedness to melancholy. The music became so low that he had to strain his ears to catch it. And then gaining a little force, it suddenly changed into a little simple, plaintive strain that seemed to tug at his heart-strings. His pulse pounded quickly. It was Lucy! For one blissful moment his memory carried him back to the time when he had played that same simple, plaintive strain accompanied by the little fair-haired girl in his grandfather's studio. He found himself opening his violin case, reaching with eager fingers for his violin and bow. He stopped suddenly, his joyous expression changing to his usual sad, suffering look of pain. No, he could not do it; it would be foolish for him to make himself known. Lucy was probably married to the man who owned this magnificent mansion. She was wealthy, contented; she had forgotten her old sweetheart of childhood days. He listened. The music from within had become cheerful again. With quick change of mood the player was now playing one of the current semi-popular pieces, and no hint of melancholy could the listener detect.

(Continued on Page 72)

The Legend of Singing Water

The Sacrifice Which the Yumas Made to All-Powerful Manitou.

By Reubena Deane

HIGH among the peaks of the Sierras, on the border of the Mojave desert, lies a deep, shining lake. In these days the hand of man has erected a dam at its inlet, thus raising its waters and much enlarging its surface. The hand of man has builded lodges amid the mighty pines that guard it and call to it in their forest language as the breezes sigh through them. But even this day the hand of man has not yet spoiled the impressive beauty of its setting nor robbed this lake of its enchantment.

In time long gone, there lived a lovely Indian princess—daughter to Night-Cloud, chief of the Yuma nation. Black and bright were her eyes, as at night are the desert skies with their myriad stars. Soft and thick and long were the dusky braids of her hair, and high and sweet her voice, as the song of the lark.

Many a young brave had vainly tuned the flute of courtship to her, for the heart of the maiden remained light and unresponsive to its pleading notes.

Then one day, when the summer grew apace, and the desert hotly mirrored the smile of the Sun-god, Still Shadow led his people into the mountains, to their cooler shades, living breezes, abundant game and restful retreats. Still Shadow, great and wise chief of the Navajos. Here in leafy solitudes he came upon the fair daughter of Night-Cloud, and he looked upon her with eyes of love—with desire in his heart. So he sought the maiden from her people, sending an embassy to her father with horses and gifts that he might obtain her.

The Navajo messengers were received with favor, the gifts accepted, thus sealing the girl to their chief for wife. "Great is the wisdom and wealth of the Navajo Prince, mighty warriors and hunters the men of his nation, and desirable is their good-will and a true bond therewith." Such was the bond of the wedding of the

Yuma Princess to the Navajo Chieftain.

But the maiden yearned not for the hogan of the stranger—for the burden of a married woman. Her heart is attuned only to love of her own people, to the sports of her playmates. But the word of her father is given; for the honor of her tribe she may not refuse to comply.

At dawn of the appointed day, great preparations for the nuptial feast commence in the Navajo encampment. There gather the Yuma people, to bow the head and bend the knee in daily worship of the rising Sun-god. Chants their aged priest their invocation:

"He our Father—

He hath shown his mercy unto us—

In Peace we walk the Straight Road."

Later, arrives a party of gaudily bedecked young Navajos, led by their chief in his bridal array. Clad in her finest robe and adorned gaily by her girl friends, the young Princess is led forth to her betrothed. Quiet, but sad of heart, she leaves the house of her father. Goes she with her bridegroom and his braves to the "village of the strangers." There she is led to the hogan of Still Shadow, left alone with her thoughts to await his coming from the feasting without in the village.

Better the hatred of the Navajo and the scorn of her people, than to serve at the hearth of the stranger. So, seizing a dull-colored blanket and enfolding herself therein, she creeps from the hut and escapes to the forest and returns to her people.

Much, the surprise of the Yuma Chief at sight of his daughter. Much the surprise and consternation of his people—their fear of divine wrath for a pledge thus broken.

Great, the anger of the deserted bridegroom in the distant Navajo camp, and fierce the thirst for vengeance at the slight put upon him and his tribe. That night glow the fires of war dances in the



The Daughter of Night-Cloud.

heart of each village, and dawn beholds commencement of combat between the two nations. For five days battle wages amidst the foothills. Then the gods relent to the Yumas and the Navajos retreat. But offering must be made, and Manitou, the All-Powerful—Manitou, God of War—propitiated; Keeper of the Good Road—approached and beseeched. For the stain of dishonor rests upon the tribe of

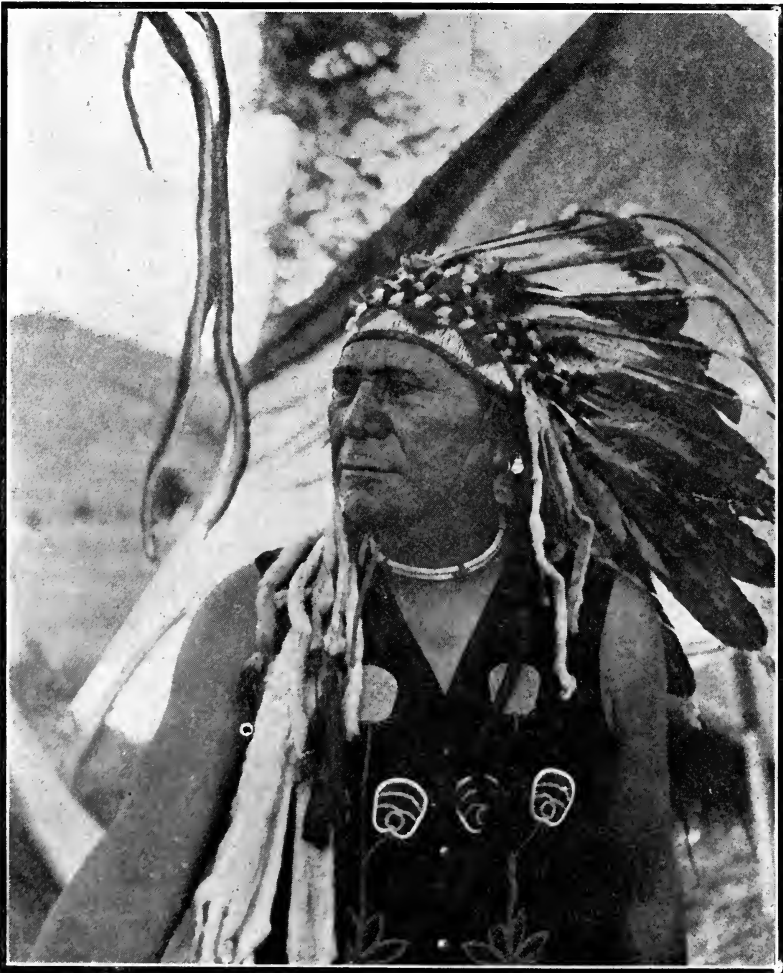
the maiden, and blood atonement for the lives of the men of her nation sacrificed in the recent warfare must be made according to his word.

And so it came to pass that, led by her father and the aged priest of her village, and attended by the braves of her tribe, the young and comely princess ascends the paths of the mountain on the border of the Mojave deserts.

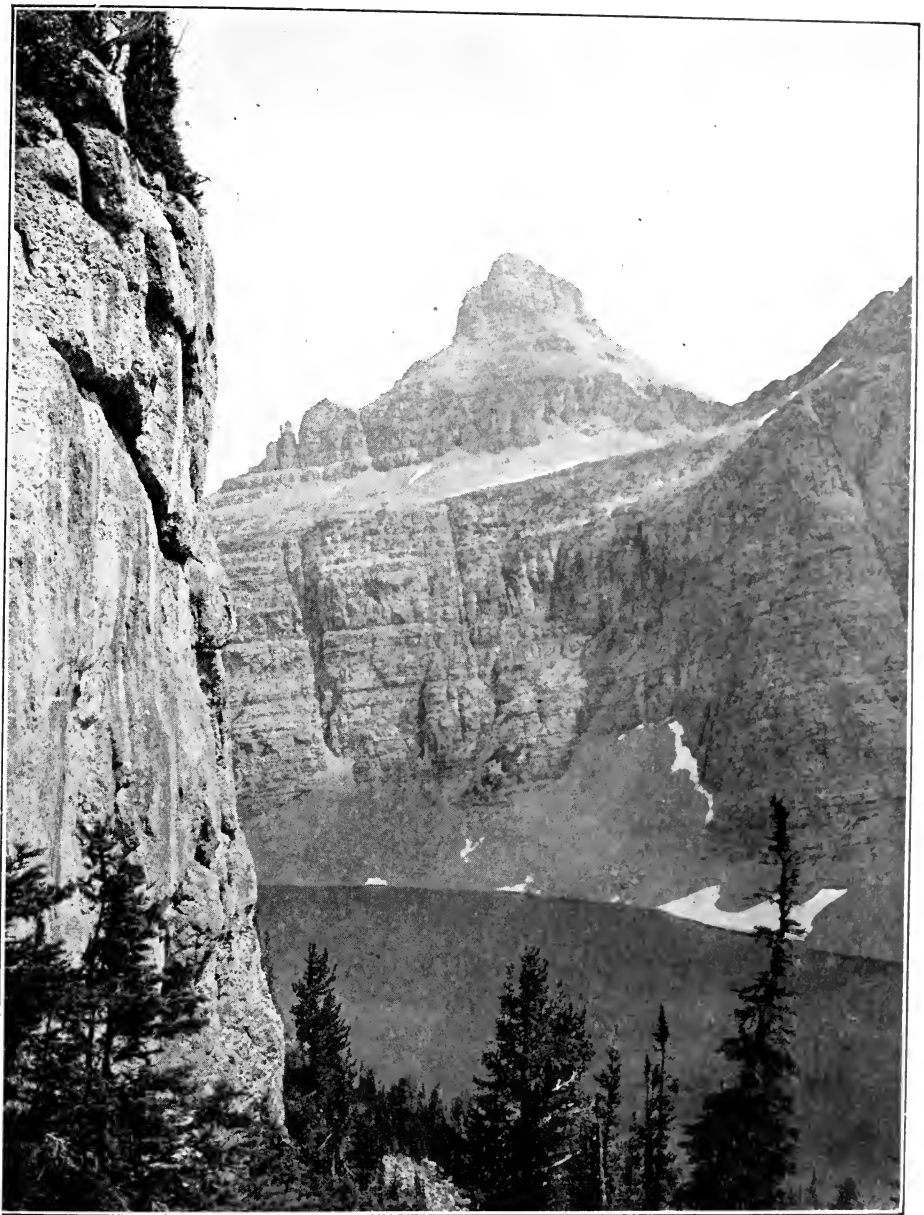
'Mid the upper fastnesses, where the trail leads, is a shallow cave in the rocky walls. The moisture from a tiny spring at one side seeps across its threshold and down the path. The priest pauses before this shrine—also Night-Cloud, the maiden and the young men. And lo, while their people kneel, a tiny fire is laid by the chief and his minister at the cave's entrance. Mysterious offerings are sprinkled and now, while the thin blue spiral of smoke ascends, they kneel, and the priest pronounces invocation. Behold, within the shallow orifice gathers a shadow. Slowly the shadow assumes gigantic shape. More distinct he grows—majestic of mien, crowned with magnificent bonnet

of eagle's plumes—clad with a wolf-skin about his loins, and gold and turquoise-beaded moccasins upon his feet. Adorned with necklace of bear's teeth and claws, with turquoise and silver amulets suspended therefrom. He clasps the "arrows of the storms" in his right hand, and supports with his left arm a long oval shield emblazoned with the Symbol of the Sun. Unto Manitou, the priest of the Yumas makes supplication. The vision moves naught but its lips, though no sound is heard to issue from them. But the priest hears and receives the mandate, and the vision fades and disappears.

Then by his direction, as interpreted by the priest, an adjacent thicket is searched.



Priest of the Yumas.



The Lake of Singing Water.

It reveals a canoe—the half of a hollowed log with prow and stern curiously made and adjusted. The inspired priest holds communion with Night-Cloud, the chieftain, and then turns back on the trail. For he is of many years and too feeble to follow further.

So the maiden, led by her father and

attended by the men of her people, descends to a broad, deep canyon, then follows the trail of another mountain.

Up, up to its topmost rim and over the other side, through shady glens and across whispering streamlets, till they come among giant pines and a deep glistening lake, retained by steep, rocky walls and

mighty boulders that descend into its waters. Elsewhere the wild fowl feed on the celery and rice amidst the reeds on the lake's margin.

Down to the shore pass the Indians in solemn procession, led by Night-Cloud, leading his wondering but not unwilling daughter. The boat is brought forward and launched, the maiden within. It is pushed out on the waters by many strong hands. Thus is the decree of Manitou the All-Father to be accomplished. The maiden must trust the sacred waters to wash away her dishonor. Slowly the boat drifts away from the shore—the Indians watching. Near the center of the lake it paused a moment, then vanishes beneath the waves. But the maiden perishes not.

Forever she dwells in the hearts of her people.

When summer is in the land and fair are the skies, and much good is to come to the nation, the Bride of the Waters appears on the bosom of the lake within her enchanted canoe—gift of the god. Then the voice of Singing Water is heard from the lake. She sings to the pines that call to the waters as the breezes sigh through them:

"*Mai ariwa—*

ariwa—

Mai ariwa—

ariwa."—(Yuma Song.)

"*Thin little clouds are spread across the blue of the sky,*

Thin little clouds are spread—

Oh, happy am I as I sing—I sing of the clouds in the sky."

DOWN BY THE SEA

Mary Butterworth Randol.

When the days drag long and dreary
In my world all things seem wrong;
When my lips have ceased from smiling
In my heart there sings no song—
Then I'm off to the sea
Where the wind blows free,
Alone with the waves and God.

With my head held high 'gainst the
breezes,
Soon my sorrows are swept far away.
Once again my heart leaps rejoicing
To the song of the flying spray—
And I'm down by the sea,
Where the wind blows free,
Alone on the sands with God.

When the day has slipped to its ending,
And the sun in the sea has set,
'Cross the dunes I trudge again homeward
With my clothes clinging briny and wet—
And I'm home from the sea,
Where the winds blow free,
At peace with the world and God.

Two and A Quarrel

By Guy Brockway

IT hath been said by them of old time, "It takes two to make a quarrel."

But does it?

Yes—sometimes.

If a man is of a cantankerous and quarrelsome nature, it frequently is possible to let him do his quarreling all by his lonely self. And therein lies the truth upon which the above quoted proverb is based.

But proverbs should not be, and were not intended to be, swallowed whole and without salt.

Usually a proverb is in the form of a sweeping statement, for the purpose of directing attention to some general principle—or, sometimes, to a situation which may arise occasionally (as in the case of the saying, "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein"). But a proverb should never be carried beyond the idea on which it is based. Men's failure to grasp this fundamental proposition has given rise to all manner of error.

And human experience demonstrates that truth is done despite if the proverb now under consideration is taken absolutely and in the full breadth of its sweeping terms.

It is not always possible to get away from a quarrelsome man. And aggressiveness is a usual accompaniment of quarrelsomeness, if not indeed an integral part thereof. If you are associated in business, or (God pity you) in the home, with a quarrelsome and aggressive man, your case will be exceptional if he does not gouge you until you simply have to fight or else give up your self-respect. The quarrel is made by him alone.

The world war has been a most conspicuous illustration of the truth that it does not take two to make a quarrel. In the case of every nation with which Germany fought, it is a notorious fact that the quarrel was made by Germany alone.

Likewise, if a burglar attempts to loot your home and you resist him, that quar-

rel is not made by two; it is made by one.

Of course there would have been no quarrel with Germany if she had been permitted to plunder and ravage the entire world according to her own will. But that does not make anybody else guilty of having any part in the making of the quarrel.

And there would be no quarrel with the burglar if he were permitted to have his own way. Nathless he alone is the maker of the quarrel.

In like manner, if you would adhere to the policy of "peace at any price" in your home, you would avoid quarrels. But that fact does not render you guilty of having any part in the making of a quarrel which is forced upon you.

Where two people are closely associated—for instance, in business partnership, or in the relation of husband and wife, or of parent and son or daughter—both of them must be generous and considerate, or there is almost certain to be trouble. Aggressive quarrelsomeness is but the logical fruitage of selfishness.

Sometimes infinite tact and patience will enable one to live with a man like Nabal, whose good wife fittingly described him as a man of Belial. But sometimes it is utterly impossible. And more often than otherwise, even in the cases in which it is possible, the game is not worth the candle. Shakespeare has well said, "To thine own self be true." And it is oftentimes the case that a person violates his duty to himself when he sacrifices his life on the altar of some Nabal—in compliance with a distorted and very popular notion that it is one's duty to make a martyr of himself. Furthermore, that has a very marked tendency to increase the crop of Nabals—whereas the opposite course tends strongly to decrease the number of his cowardly ilk.

There are people who stubbornly refuse to meet their just obligations, and there

(Continued on Page 72)

Hawaiian Yesterdays

Keona's Narrative of the Shadowy Menehunes.

By Daisy De Forrest Skaggs

MALIETOA, the Maltese cat, sat on the edge of the Goldfish pool and washed his paws, daintily and reflectively, his green retrospective gaze fixed on the far-off horizon. It was very still in the garden.

"He is thinking of the time when the Egyptians worshipped his ancestors," said I.

"No, he isn't," said Cousin Bruce, "he is going to catch another goldfish and he wonders if Mademoiselle will rub mustard on his nose as she did yesterday when he ate the Guinea pig."

There was a sudden splash, a flash of grey-blue paw, another of gold, and Maelietao retired beneath a pulu fern, a fat, wiggling goldfish in his mouth.

"You see," said Bruce; "I told you."

It was Saturday, the day that old Keona, the fern man, came down from Nuuanu Valley with his load of fern roots, guavas and ripe juicy ohias or mountain apples.

We waited patiently, knowing that when Grandmother had bought his stock in trade Keona would repair to the kitchen for a "kuppa kuppee" (cup of coffee), which meant the usual skirmish with Ah Kee, the Chinese cook, an order from Grandmother and Keona triumphant, gorging himself with o haole (white man's) breakfast.

Ah Kee in starchy white, a huge cook's cap, calling down maledictions in Chinese upon the head of "no good Kanaka allee time come my kitchen"; Ah Kee, the terror of the delivery boys, the best cook in Honolulu, who had refused numerous bribes from other so-called friends of Grandmother's to preside over their kitchens.

To all of them his answer was the same, "I Missy Carlight China boy, long time stay here, Glampa investum money sugar stock bimeby I lich man I go back China, just now I stop Missy Carlight you

go home now. Pau, I tellum Missy you no good friend."

The usual Saturday morning controversy being ended and breakfast over, Keona came down to the garden, to us, over his arm the regular Saturday morning offering, a yellow lei.

"For the little Alii, Aloha nui," he said.

And greetings having been exchanged and questions asked in regard to the health of the entire family, ensued a breathless silence.

Keona sat four feet away from us, smoking the pipe I had given him last Xmas time, an old man of perhaps seventy-five, hale and hearty and broad shouldered—a fine type of the old-time Hawaiian.

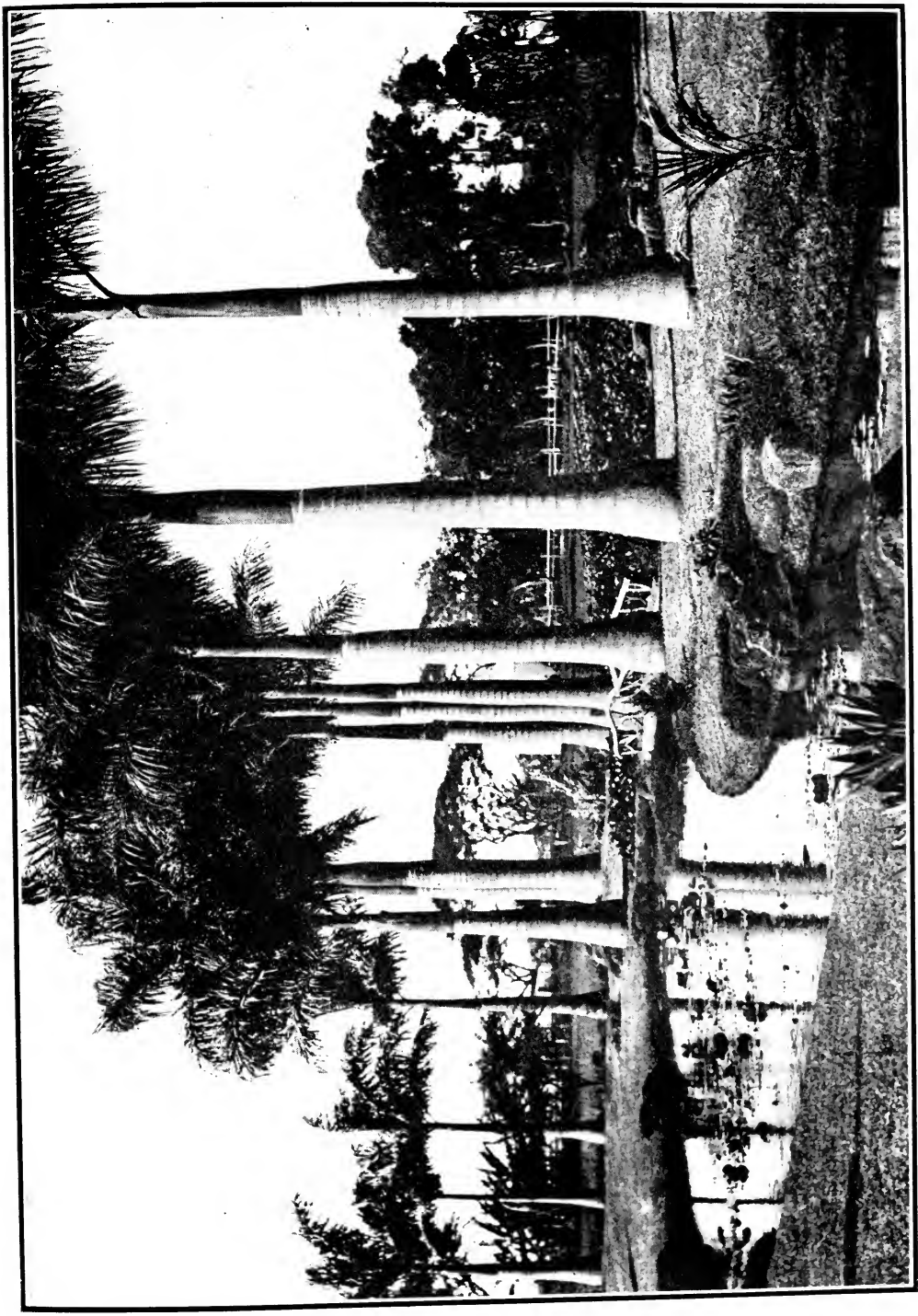
He bore his years lightly and three mornings a week came down from the valley, a bamboo pole slung across his shoulders from each end of which were slung three palm leaf baskets, woven by his wife Melekula, who sat all day on her little lani, rocking backwards and forwards in the American rocking chair that Keona had given her for a hard "present." When he gave her a new dress it was a "soft present."

Keona always kept his finest ferns, his ripest fruit for Saturdays. Sometimes there were rare ferns and orchids. "He wishes to gain favor with the little Alii," said the other fern vendors.

My mother had been of the Kamehameha family and so I was the little Alii or Princess to all of the natives despite the fact that I was more American than Hawaiian.

The Hawaiians, simple people, generous to their own undoing, were ever prone to worship the Alii.

And, though Grandmother had forbidden us to learn Hawaiian, I had managed to surreptitiously glean a word here



Regal Hawaiian Palms.

and there until I had a small vocabulary upon which I rather prided myself.

And the natives greeting me with much deference and ceremony were in a fair way to turn my small head.

But Cousin Bruce took it out of me. "You're nothing but a girl; I'd rather be a boy any time," said he with great superiority. I felt deeply humiliated, but then I felt "one cannot have everything," and let it go at that.

"Is it true, Keona," I began, twisting

Kuleonui (He of the loud voice) was their chief. And they came at his call every evening and accomplished whatever task he set them, always singing as they worked. And so were built all the heiaus, or temples, the great fish ponds and the highways. The Menehunes were greatly loved by the people.

"Aye," said Keona, "it is even as I told you last time, in the days when the Kamehamehas still ruled us the Menehunes were very bold, but now that the



Hawaiian Sellers of Leis.

the lei around my neck, "that the Menehunes gather your guavas and dig all your fern roots for you so that all you have to do is to fill your baskets?"

The Menehunes were the Hawaiian fairies, capable of achieving great feats. There is a legend to the effect that in the old days when the gods still lived upon the earth, Kahano, the god who lay down to rest upon the ocean, stretched out his arms until one rested upon the Island of Tahiti, the other on the Island of Oahu. Across the bridge thus formed walked the Menehunes and so came to Hawaii.

haoles have come they rarely show themselves except by night. Each morning I find under the great Lauhala tree before my house guavas and ferns and ohias in season enough to fill my baskets and over.

"And why? Because in the long ago when I was but a lad and betrothed to Melekula, I saved Napua, the daughter of the Menehune King, from the Shark God, who had fallen in love with her. Small she was, and as beautiful as the rainbow bending to the earth, and her name 'Napua, the Flower,' suited her, for she

was the loveliest of all the flowers of the islands.

"She loved to bathe in the waterfalls of Kapena and there she came each evening with her maidens. And so there in the moonlight the Shark God first saw and fell in love with her. Kamoiliili, the Shark God who could turn himself at will into the form of man.

"I was returning one night from my courting of Melekula, and seeing her there in the bathing place, and knowing that it was taboo for a man to look upon the Menehune Princess, and fearful of being caught, I hid myself in the tall ferns to wait until they had left.

"Soon the Menehune maidens skipped away, dancing and singing, until only Napua was left. It was then that Kamoiliili, the Shark God, came. Tall he was and beautiful to look upon as the silver path of the moon on the sea at midnight. And Napua fell in love with him, thinking him some young chief, and so he wooed and won her.

"Each night she would slip away from her home in Manoa Valley to the Waterfall of Nuuanu, each night Kamoiliili would change himself into a young chief and would sing to her songs of the sea, while Napua wove for him leis of the ginger flower to hang around his neck.

"Never have I seen a young chief who was his equal," recounted the imaginative Keona. "And so the wooing went on until one night when the Shark God tried to lure her to the sea, hoping that there she would marry him, before she discovered him in his true form, the fairies discovered the danger of their queen and sounded the alarm. The fairies hastened from all quarters.

"Then it was that Kamoiliili changed himself back into his true form and caught Napua by the arm, crying out to her to hasten, that he would take her to his home at the bottom of the ocean, and turn her into a shark so that they should dwell evermore in happiness; but Napua, who loved the sunshine and the flowers, cried out in terror of the greatly feared and hated Shark God and fled from him, stumbling over me in her haste.

"Quickly I caught and shoved her be-

hind me and single-handed fought off the Shark God until the Menehunes came and drove him into the sea. Red the sea was with the blood of his wounds, but Napua, heart-broken, cast herself into the waterfall, and to this day at Kapena Falls in Nuuanu one may see her sad beautiful face through the veil of the waterfall, for there she lives and sad is the song she sings. Some say it is but the murmur of the waters but I know better, and this is the song she sings:

"Here by the Waterfall
Dwell I alone,
Napua the Flower,
The daughter of a King,
Napua of the Menehunes,
Sweet was the wooing
But I was betrayed
By the Shark God
Who willed for me
Death in the sea.
So came I here.
Heed ye, all lovers;
Heed ye the warning
Song of Napua,
Napua the Flower,
Napua of the Menehunes.

"So in gratitude that I fought for Napua the Menehunes built me my house and there each night they bring me these ferns that you see, and when Melekula lay ill and I was not able to leave her they brought poi and taro and even fish from the great fish ponds that are reserved for the Alii. Aye, they have ever been my friends, the Menehunes.

"And in my old age they will remember me as though I were one of their own," said Keona. "The day is fine and the sun is warm to my old bones. If the Alii Liili will speak to the insufferable Paké, another kuppa kuffee, and some white bread for Melekula.

"It is a long way to Nuuanu and there is much to be carried home, and even after one rides on the cars there is a long way to walk, and tomorrow we must go to Kawaihau Church to sing the hymns that the missionaries have taught us when we were little.

"Aloha, Alii Liili; Aloha, Brucie; Saturday I will come again."

It was very still in the garden, on the

edge of the goldfish pool Malietoa slept fitfully, opening and closing his green eyes and purring at the sun. A goldfish splashed. Malietoa became suddenly alert, there was a flash of a grey-blue paw, another flash of gold; and it was all over.

"That cat is a cannibal," declared Bruce.

"He is not," said I. "He doesn't know any better."

"He does, too," said Bruce. "Anyway, I don't believe that Napua lives in Kapena Falls."

"Well, she does," said I. "Didn't Keona just tell you so; and besides I've heard her singing."

"Mademoiselle has called you twice to come and practice," said Bruce. "I'm going to stay to lunch. Do you suppose there will be fried taro and sweet potatoes that Keona brought, and guava whip and cocoanut cake?"

There was no use arguing any longer,

for the time being Bruce had lost interest in Napua's fate, so reluctantly I went in to the hated practicing.

After all, Keona's story was worth it, and all that hour up and down the hated scales there were no notes, there was no piano, there were Menehunes appearing beneath my fingers, lovely little brown fairy folk. And the sounds that the piano gave forth were of Napua singing in Kapena Falls:

"Here by the Waterfall
Dwell I alone,
By the veils of Kapena
At the foot of the Rainbow.
Napua the flower,
Napua of the Menehunes."

A faint breeze stirred the curtains, through the open window I could see Cousin Bruce leaning over the goldfish pool on the edge of which Malietoa slept in the sun.

It was very still in the garden and I went on with my practicing.

WHERE THE GOLDEN POPPIES GROW

By Minnie Elizabeth Huffman.

Winding away from tide-washed sands,
Through a pulsing city street;
Out in the hush of orchard-lands,
Lies a valley, cool and sweet.
A lingering blush of sunset glow
Veils the hills of misty blue,
And myriad golden poppies grow
Like dreams of gold come true.

Dreams of stout hearts unafraid—
Dreams of a day long dead,
When men came from afar with pick and
spade,
By the lure of this gold-land led.
And a radiance soft, like a halo, falls
On the yellow fields aglow,
When the moon slips up, and the dream-
past calls,
Where the golden poppies grow.

The Divorce of Ah Lum

Even in the Byways of Chinatown There Are Rifts in the Lute.

By James Hanson

DAY AFTER DAY, year after year, San Francisco's Chinatown bears no change in its raiment—the stores, entrances blocked with chicken crates and smelly with the odors of dried fish and edible herbs; the windows with their exhibits of jade trinkets, Ming ware, pickled snakes, brocades, cloisonne ware, teak-wood carvings, grotesque, scowling images of some Buddhistic god; the evil-stinking alleys; the simian-faced children, incongruous enough in Occidental cloth; the slant-eyed, wrinkled curb-loungers, from a dozen different provinces, with skin like yellow parchment—a human maelstrom, creeping, shuffling, slinking along like an endless stream of ants.

When the elusive scent of sandalwood, and the weird squeak of a musette and the crash of symbals of some hidden orchestra is wafted to the ears and nostrils of the first-time visitor, he immediately succumbs to the mysterious influence of the Far East. All the tales of kidnaping and girl-stealing, as depicted in the best-sellers, are revived in his receptive mind. He shudders while passing an open basement window and draws away as if in fear of a claw-like yellow hand that may reach out from the dark interior to clutch an ankle and pull one within. He wonders what dark secrets are hidden behind those unpainted walls.

Dark secrets indeed! Behind one wall Ah Lum was receiving his daily trouncing. And she who dealt the trouncing was no other than his lawfully purchased wife, Lin Jen.

Lin Jen stood but slightly more than four feet in height. Time had stamped five decades of existence in her lean face, in her eyes, sharp as a sewer rat's; in the ancient fangs of her mouth; in her ninety pounds of flesh, which was encased in a gold-and-blue jacket and straight-lined trousers of black satin; in her arm, scarce larger than the handle of a broom. But



Jang Lee Tong Headquarters.

with all her skinniness, the biceps of her arm tautened, knotted, and relaxed and sent her mongoloid hands out in chastisement of her wayward mate. Her voice was as high-pitched as the whistle of the peanut vender's wagon on the corner.

"Skin of a turtle's egg!" she ejaculated, giving vent to much hair-pulling and ear-twisting. "Slime of an octopus!" she panted, laying on with an abundance of shin-kicking and face-slapping. "Spittle of a camel! Breath of a stink-pot! Think you that I have naught to do but furnish you with money to lose at Pie Gow!"

And while she pummeled and pounded, the rotund Ah Lum groveled and blubbered at her feet in likeness to Bo-bo, who received a lambasting for accident-

ally originating roast pig by burning his parental residence. He cowered and whimpered in lubberly terror like a cur of the streets, in abeyance, expectant of a cracked cranium.

When Ah Lum was permitted an escape he hid himself to the protecting rooms of the Chinese Christian Association and sought solace in the Opalescent Smoke.

While he smoked and deftly rolled the plastic "pill" to perfect, the velvety fumes of the poppy soothed his throbbing head. His aching spine ceased to exist. Pictures born of opium arrayed themselves fantastically above him in the sable rafters of the hop-joint—visions of what he most desired.

Then a strange new thought became engendered in a remote brain cell. The yen hok, in his pudgy fingers, remained momentarily suspended midway between the pipe and the peanut-oil lamp, its tiny globule "green" and uncooked, while the thought rested before his sight.

Thrice-cursed fool that he was not to have thought of it sooner! His eyes, mere gimlet holes that they were, became crafty slits, and a self-satisfied smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. Had not the Honorable Henry Douglas, in whose discordant home Ah Lum had presided in the kitchen, secured redress in the divorce courts? What was good for the West must surely be good for the East. So Ah Lum, after another portion of the dreamy stuff, slouched across Portsmouth Square, chuckling deep within at the sheer lucidness of the idea. He entered the door of a shyster lawyer's office—the very one who gave freedom to Henry Douglas.

When Ah Lum returned to Sam Duck's Pie Gow game, the God of Ill Luck, as usual, stood at his elbow. Previously his losings were accompanied by a vastness of curses; but today he merely laughed boisteriously and played the harder. His fellow gamblers looked on askance and thought that Ah Lum possessed an excess of whiskey.

"Have you gone amuck?" queried Yuey Yim, who manufactured old curios to be sold to tourists.

Ah Lum took Yuey Yim aside and

doubly swore him to secrecy.

"I will impart a confidence," whispered Ah Lum. So saying he transmitted his superb secret into the approving ears of Yuey Yim. From Yuey Yim it was carried to his own prating spouse, who, in turn, permitted it to penetrate to the innermost crannies of Chinatown and to the person of Sam Duck.

Ah Lum's exuberant joy at being free was manifest. It was an epoch in his line of life. He bargained for a roundly quantity of chop suey, roast pork, chow yuk, chow min, and a bountiful supply of see jew and jinger root for seasoning, and an abundance of sugar cane tips, watermelon seeds, li chee nuts, sugared citron, and an ample portion of the liquid which was denied Indians—all of the finest selection to be served in splendid repast to a score of his bosom cronies. Then he ordered the diminutive Lin Jen from his domicile.

"Away with you! offspring of a marmoset!" he commanded imperiously. Ah Lum had resided a year in Mexico before sneaking over the border into the United States, so he also added "Vamoose!"

And Lin Jen at once fell to work and gathered her effects and departed from Ah Lum's presence, with no word at parting save, in her eyes, a curious twinkle, the kind of which Am Lum had never before seen comparison.

He received congratulations anent his divorce. But many of his acquaintances shook their heads dubiously. Ah Lum was not sane, they said. He had cast aside a woman who, in her tender years, had been worth in excess of 2000 yen. Also rumor persisted that she had taken haven in the shack-dwelling of Sam Duck. Rumor became an accepted fact when Ah Lum's estranged spouse was observed purchasing chicken livers enough for two persons.

When Ah Lum heard of it he rose in chagrin. He determined to bear the brunt of no more jokes and jests. Accordingly he approached Sam Duck and demanded money to the amount of \$1000. To which Sam Duck replied that Lin Jen, according to American divorce laws, was free and was accountable to no one.

Whereupon Ah Lum threatened dire vengeance upon the person of Sam Duck, and shuffled away with the taunts of many listeners buzzing around his ears like the blue epithets of Lin Jen.

It lacked but five minutes to the ghostly hour of twelve when Sergeant Lynch of the Chinatown Squad glimpsed at his watch. No sound broke the nocturnal silence save the occasional rattle of some milk wagon on the cobble stones. The sergeant's beat covered Bartlett Alley, a section of the Barbary Coast, now occupied by jabbering Chinese families.

Bartlett Alley stood a grim totem to the days when the Coast was "wide open"; a remnant of the past when footpads and lewd women plied their nefarious trades openly and without fear of the law.

The few electric lights that were burning shone dim and ghastly, scarce giving out enough light to be seen through the thick, yellow mantle of fog that enveloped the city. Sergeant Lynch shuddered and cursed the chilly breath of the night.

Suddenly a fusilade of shots pricked the silence like the explosion of a hand grenade—then a silky patter of feet—then silence again.

At that moment the sergeant was joined by a "harness bull." Together they dashed up the creaky, musty-smelling stairs of No. 40. The acrid odor of burnt powder still lingered on the atmosphere. Under his Pie Gow table lay Sam Duck! Over his inert form was slowly creeping a sticky, crimson cloak. Three bullet punctures in his person bore mute evidence of what had caused his vaporous spirit to ascend to the Celestial sphere.

When the news came to the highbinders in the Jang Lee tong headquarters, of which Sam Duck was a charter member, they at once assembled in solemn conclave. The result, they decided, must be war! They promptly sent out an armed battalion of gun-fighters and hatchet-men to do secret warfare with the Low Nig Tong, of which Ah Lum was one. For they had learned of Ah Lum's threat on Sam Duck's life.

But Ah Lum was innocent! At the moment of Sam Duck's departure, he was in confidential confab with his nephew,

Wing Hop, who owned a cormorant fishery in Hankow. Nevertheless Ah Lum sought seclusion in his dwelling, behind barred doors and shuttered windows, where he lay in wait for intruders with a heavy pistol up his sleeve. Nor did he leave his house. For, with a knowledge born of long experience, he knew that the Jang Lee Tong possessed the best sharpshooters in the Six Companies.

Ah Lum's mind bridged the gay of years when tong wars were monthly events. Of Yee Fook, he thought, who fell in Waverly Alley with four bullets in his vitals; of You Fung, whose head was cleft from his neck by a knife thrust; and of Woey Lai Gow, whose soy was tinged with a strange exotic poison which caused suffocation.

Later information came to him, by a paper that was wrapped tightly around a rock, that a police-looking person was in anxious search of him.

Ah Lum harbored as much abhorrence for the police officials as for pistol slugs. He became frantic. Much of his time was spent before a malevolent-looking joss making offerings and prayers of many-holed papers for divine protection. He cursed opium for the cause of his plight. Also he cursed himself for meddling with American customs. Occasionally he halted his fervent prayers to peer through the peep-holes in the shutters as if in search of trespassers. Should he be killed, thought Ah Lum, whose chattel would Lin Jen become?

Lin Jen! Ah Lum began to long for her. Betwixt his anxiety and longing for her he felt a growing vertigo. His life would he give for one more touch of her delicate hand.

From without came a stealthy noise as of someone seeking entrance. Then to his half-stilled pulse came the voice of Lin Jen in tow-toned query:

"Ah Lum!"

His heart bounded, but he gave no answer save to finger his pistol suggestively. He felt that she had come to decoy him into view for the gangsters of the Jang Lee Tong, who undoubtedly were slinking in the shadows.

"Ah Lum!" came her voice again.

"What do you seek?" he finally ventured.

"A word," she said.

"Speak, then."

To his unbelieving ears came her announcement:

"They have caught the brigand who killed Sam Duck!"

"Hi-e-e-e!" ejaculated Ah Lum. Then he added craftily: "Then why is the law purveyor in search of me if they have captured the killer of Sam Duck?"

"'Tis the man of law with a cross-complaint of divorce—and fifty dollars a month alimony," replied Lin Jen, who also knew somewhat of Occidental doings.

"Hi-e-e-e!" was Ah Lum's involuntary explosion. He made a great haste to unbar the door, immediately preparing for arguments and pleadings. He had not reckoned with the God of Alimony. In faith he had, the last few days of his forced imprisonment, fully decided to seek reconciliation with Lin Jen.

"O Light of the Desert!" he courtied uxoriously. Then he added an extemporized welcome back to the his dismal dwelling. "Flush of Morning, Ah Lum is yet your humble slave. The portals of his niggardly abode have long been ajar to greet his mistress upon her return. No more can Ah Lum play at Sam Duck's Pie Gow game, for Sam Duck has par-

taken of his last roast pig. May his memory be accursed forever! He was born from the devil!"

And while he submissively kissed the hem of Lin Jen's new yee shon blouse, and tried by subtle wiles and artifices to gain reinstatement in her good graces, Lin Jen's eyes roamed the room. She noted the innumerable cigarette stumps and soiled dishes—remnants of Ah Lum's far-heralded divorce banquet.

From the living room to the back yard changed the scene. A dozen top-knotted ducks deserted their mud pond beneath the mulberry tree to waddle about and quack their applause while beholding the exhibition beneath the weeping willow tree. A bronze-green cockroach ceased its tumbling and fastened a garnet eye upon the spectacle. From over the fences that surrounded the sight appeared the lunar faces of the curious who had been awakened from their day-dreams by the sound of a familiar high-pitched voice. Again they witnessed Ah Lum the recipient of a beating. But wonders of all wonders! Ah Lum was—no, not crying, but laughing in sheer ecstasies of joy while he received the thumping. And Lin Jen, with her tinyess, proceeded with her knocks and whacks to the tune of Ah Lum's joyous falsetto:

"Strike harder, Reincarnation of all Loveliness! Strike harder!"

MAN AND BEAST

By Cameo Rudge

Ah! what soul is not sustained
 By a youthful maiden
 In whom pure virtue is engrained,
 And with sweet beauty laden?

But God! how raven evil
 By lust and lucre driven,
 Would make a man a devil,
 And make a hell of heaven!

Wilson's Scientific Principles

Showing Why City Agriculturists Are Not Brilliant Successes.

By Frances Hanford Delanoy

SAY, FANNIE, Lankey, across the river, has some fine little Berkshires for sale. I met him at the station a while ago. He tells me there is nothing more interesting than little pigs."

Wilson sat down to table and continued: "He's going to bring over six thorough-breds this afternoon. You see, we can feed them scraps from the table and see them grow fat—"

"Thunder and chain lightning! What's the matter with the beast?" Wilson leaped from his chair, overturning it, and administering a vigorous kick sent Nemo yelping through the doorway.

"You hurt him, papa; he can't help it—"

"Fred, where's my rifle? If the beast hasn't common sense—"

"Daddy, don't! Don't shoot poor Nemo! You wouldn't shoot me—if—if—"

"He didn't know a thing about that kind of a—cat—"

"'Cause he never saw one before," declared Minnie, wiping her eyes. And the three children, instantly on the defensive, rushed out to put their pet in a place of safety.

"Fred! Come back here!" ordered Wilson. "Go and tell that fossilized Dennis to put Molly into the buggy shafts; I'm going to drive around the county and try to buy a few turkeys.

"Hello! There come the pigs. Hear them squeal? Sounds quite homey, doesn't it? Nothing like rural life, sounds and scenes. Glad I knocked a pen together. I'll have to go now, and see those little darlings put into it.

"Here, Dennis; step lively and help me with those little beauties!"

"The tank's overflowin', sor, an' Oi'll just shut off the supply from—"

"We can't exhaust the river; at present it's a matter of small consequence, and Lankey's waiting."

"Ut's makin' a reg'lar hog-waller, sor;

thim pigs'ud jist gloryfy thimselves a-rollin' in that there mud-hole."

"Were you talking to me?" Wilson spoke sharply and his face wore an ominous scowl.

"Oi wasn't sayin' much; only as thim pigs would—"

"I must tell you again, and for all, I want no advice, no suggestion, no complaint; if you can't get out of a rut and conform to my management, go!"

"Yer manigemint," repeated Dennis under his breath, his blood boiling, as Wilson glared at him, "an' ut's me guess as yer pocket's 'll be turned inside out a-lookin' f'r de profits, whin ye gits trough wid yer manigin', wid de vines nadin' hoein' an' prunin'."

Dennis stalked by the overflowing tank, letting the water run, as he went to the "knocked up" pig pen. He was still grumbling when he backed Molly into the shafts.

"Thim high-falutin' know-ut-all city chaps, what don't know a grasshopper from a tatterbug, or a pumpkin vine from a gooseberry bush, a-settin' up to sass me," he grumbled. And when Wilson and Fred drove away on the turkey hunt, Dennis' contempt for him and his methods boiled over.

"If ye knew me private opinions av yerself, ye gas-bag," he hissed, wrathfully shaking his fist at the departing buggy, "ye'd be knowin' ye's the goldarndest, onery fool what iver set foot on this here ranch. An' the vineyard gittin' choked, an' the orchard wantin' plowin'. Thim scientificall tomfoolery aint a-goin' to do ut. Huh! Ut's goin' agin' his principles to shet off that runnin' water, an' Oi'll let it run, begorrie!"

Half an hour later Mrs. Wilson and Minnie, who had gone for a stroll in the orchard, returned. As they came near the house, a chorus of short, sharp grunts

struck on their ears and they stopped to listen.

"What a funny noise; it comes from the house!" Minnie bounded up the steps and looked into the living room. Clapping her hands in dismay, she cried: "That rug; that beautiful rug—ruined, forever!"

Mrs. Wilson stood rooted to the spot; utter disgust swept over her face, as she called: "Sam! Oh, Sam! Come here! Quick—quick!"

And Sam, mop in hand, presently appeared. He stared in astonishment; then, pointing to the carpet as a peculiar expression flashed into his face, he tapped his forehead significantly, and chuckled: "Him pig, alle same boss. You savey?"

The six Berkshire pigs, grunting contentedly, blinked lazily at the intrusion. Coated with mud, their hides steaming, they lay cuddled together in the middle of the room, enjoying a streak of sunshine, and before they could be ejected they led a lively and disastrous chase; then scampered away into the garden patch.

When Wilson drove into the barnyard, Dennis was on hand to unharness Molly, his face expressionless, sober as a judge.

"Who let those Berkshires out?" Wilson asked, eyeing him keenly. He had seen that the pen was vacant.

Dennis tossed his head and snorted his derision: "Just the devils in thim, sor." His tone of contempt nettled Wilson.

"Did you let those Berkshires out?" he snapped, his face like a thunder-cloud.

"Me let yer bastes out, sor; was ye sayin' ut, sor? Divil a bit! Hogs, sor, is pigs; they don't care nothin' 'bout scientific—Oi knew they wasn't goin' to stay in that imitation—"

"What's the matter with the pen? The idiotic brutes got out, under it; I suppose they tried to jump over it. That pen's all right—"

"But pigs is pigs, sor; an' ut's the nature av the creatures, sor, to dig, sor;

pigs aint got no principles whatsom—"

"Why in thunder didn't you say so? It's your business to—"

"Indade, sor, ye was sayin' as how ye was runnin' things, here, an' I s'posed ye meant—"

"Why didn't you watch them?" Wilson roared, under the smart of Dennis' amusement, forgetting his dignity. "I didn't know that Berkshires were at all different from other breeds—except their hides; I didn't know they could burrow like rabbits."

"Divil a bit they do, sor." Dennis was struggling with laughter that threatened explosion, and tossing his head with an air of satisfaction he declared: "Pigs is pigs, sor; an' they's goin' to do their own, runnin' wid principles av their own, sor, widout the scientificals. An' once they gits a-goin', they digs clean down to Chiny wid the snoots av thim, sor. An' how about hoin' the vineyard, sor; it's late gittin' about it, sor."

Wilson calmed down; he was painfully aware that Dennis was hugely enjoying his discomfiture.

"Mister, the back yard is a regular hog-waller, now," Dennis told him, suddenly sobering, "an' thim fellers is enjoyin' a vigitable dinner. Oi 'spect Oi better git thim cornered, an' thin git to hoein' thim grapevines—"

Wilson blazed with anger. Dennis had unwittingly made a suggestion, and Wilson's temper bounded to explosive point; he fairly shouted: "You are here to obey orders, not to make suggestions. Understand that? Do you keep your brains in your heels?"

"Huh! In me heels, me brains is, is ut? Better be in live heels than in a scientific lunk-head." And with face ablaze, Dennis went, without orders, to turn off the water, and round up the Berkshires. Thereafter, he would make no suggestions; he would follow the example set by the pigs.

(To Be Continued)



ALIEN

By Ina Coolbrith.

*The great world has not known me,
Nor I the world have known;
The great world will not own me,
Altho I am her own.*

*I walk with her a stranger,
Who am of her a child—
A vagrant, and a ranger
Of ways forlorn and wild.*

*Clear unto other vision,
Blind ever unto me.
My soul is as a prison
Whereof none holds the key.*

*No light, revealing, o'er me
Until from her I go—
There, where I stand before Thee,
I trust Thee, God, to know!*

New York, March 12, 1921.

The Light Which Failed

By M. Hamilton

DID SPENCER DIXON, treasurer of the Second American Bank, really take the missing \$500,000 bonds?

That was the question, now in the hands of the jury, which puzzled everyone connected with the case.

Dixon's lawyer had already broken down the testimony of one witness, known throughout the town as a worthless loafer, who had sworn that he saw Spencer actually take a package of the bonds from the bank late one night.

Jerry Ginner, the town ne'er-do-well, had seen all this by the light of the moon, he had declared in court. It was then that Spencer's lawyer had pulled out a pocket almanac and proved that the moon was not shining on the night that the deed was supposed to have been done.

But then, the bonds were missing, and the unfortunate cashier was held responsible, whether the moon was shining brightly or not at all.

The jury was about to be brought in to announce their decision; the judge, head bowed, was lost in thought. A little buzz among the audience in the rear of the court room was scarcely audible. The defendant himself, pale and motionless, was suddenly startled to hear the announcement that the jury had reached a verdict. In a few minutes he would either be released or doomed to a living death behind prison bars.

It had been a long and hard-fought case, although Spencer himself knew that he was innocent of the crime. The evidence was so strong that the best his lawyer could do was to secure one stay after another, and then the retrial which was now concluded. The bank and the prosecuting attorney had decided to make an example of Spencer.

Opening slowly, the door from the jury room was the center of all attention. Judge and prisoner arose as if by common impulse. Filing in, the sombre-faced jury lined up facing the judge, coming to

judge slowly turned and faced them.

"Has this jury during the appointed time arrived at a common decision?"

"It has," replied the foreman.

"What is the verdict?"

"Guilty," was the answer in ghastly tones.

Breaking the intense silence following announcement of the verdict, attendants quickly opened the doors and busied themselves in seeing that the spectators dispersed in an orderly manner.

From the front row of seats a large, healthy man elbowed his way through the people, stepping to the prisoner's seat. It was James Wallace, Dixon's lawyer.

"Too bad, old man, I'm—"

"Oh, that's all right," the prisoner broke in cheerily, extending a limp hand. "I expected that; we were fighting against heavy odds."

"Of course," the other agreed; "but listen, there's still another change. If I can put in a successful plea, we can get another hearing, and in that case we stand a good show. No sane jury would ever give a second verdict like that on the new evidence that was presented here."

Once more hope showed in the doomed cashier's face; his listless air somewhat disappeared.

"That's fine," he said, "but when will you do this, Jim?"

"I am acquainted with Judge Milton, and can obtain an audience with him at his house between seven and eight to-night."

"But the suspense will be awful," answered Dixon, his eyes flashing as if by fire. "How can I know whether you succeed or not? I am cut off from all communication in my cell, as no messages may be received or delivered. Now that I have still another chance, all the old anxiety will return. Can't it be fixed to let me know? Isn't there some way?"

"Let me think," returned the lawyer,

the evident intention of taking the prisoner back to the cell that he had occupied before the retrial, he continued in a low voice, "Your room has a window looking out on Court street, hasn't it? Good!

"Watch the doorway of the old building opposite, between eight and nine tonight. A white light means success, a red one—well, you know."

For the man in cell 35 in the upper tier the time dragged unmercifully. A strange mixture of feelings stirred him. He hoped, yet feared, the crucial hour would never come.

"Freedom or imprisonment." "Life or death." Yes, that was it, "life or death." Over and over he muttered the last phrase, keeping time by rapping his knuckles on the wall—"life or death."

From the stillness of the evening, chimes began to toll the hour of eight. He caught his breath. At the last stroke he turned and peered out the window of his cell. He could see nothing through the iron bars. It would only be a few minutes more, he told himself, then he would know his fate.

For the months that his trials had dragged, he had been shaken first by fear, then encouraged by turns. He had striven hard all through life, then this last misfortune, being accused of a crime he had not committed. With bitter smiles he reflected incidents throughout his whole life. He was glad he had no family. At least if he lost this case no one would be left to suffer.

In case he lost? The thought made him feel weak. If he could only stop thinking for one brief instant, what a relief it would be.

Eight-fifteen, the chimes rang out again. With a leap he sprang to the window, breathing heavily, shaking from head to foot. One look at the window would tell him all. He closed his eyes, then peered out.

Red! A red light shone through the darkness, staring at him like a living

thing. Could it be true, or was he dreaming? He closed his eyes, and looked again.

With a little cry he staggered backward, recovered himself, then stepped over to his bunk.

From beneath the mattress he took a little bottle and held it in his hand, turning it over absent-mindedly.

Sound of voices and footsteps came from the corridor. He listened intently. The sounds came nearer. There could be no mistake now—they were coming for him. Coming to put him away behind gray prison walls.

Deliberately he took the stopper from the bottle. Once more he listened. They were nearly at the last corner of the alleyway. Shifting the bottle from left to right, he tipped back his head and drank the contents at a gulp.

The steps approached and stopped at the door of cell 35. The lock was turned by someone from the outside. Lawyer Wallace and the jailer entered. On the floor, face downward, lay the prostrate form of what had been Spencer Dixon, found guilty of embezzlement. Kneeling, Wallace turned the body over.

"He's gone," said the jailer, briefly.

"Yes, he's gone," replied the other, half dazed. "But I don't understand; I don't see—"

Anxiously, Wallace stepped to the window. Sure enough, there was a red light. That accounted for it. But how could there be a red light there? With his own hands he had placed a bright white lantern in the doorway at the appointed time, announcing the judge's decision to grant a new trial.

Even as he looked, a taxicab in the street outside began to move away, probably with some belated court clerk. And with the cab moved the light.

In its place a pure white light came into view and shone brightly across the now unobstructed space.



Jacob Sahib

Original of a Celebrated Figure in Fiction.

By Albert L. Jones

THERE died, recently, at Bombay, a little, bent, poverty-stricken old man of seventy-one, who in his prime, and under the name of "Jacob of Simla," supplied the inspiration for Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," and is believed to have furnished the main idea of "Lurgan Sahib" in Mr. Kipling's "Kim."

For years this pathetic figure had moved about Bombay in colored glasses, carrying with him not the faintest suggestion of the glory that was his when Viceroy's, visiting members of the Royal Family, and all the leaders of the various Services in India frequented his famous Simla rooms.

As described by Mr. Marion Crawford, "Jacob of Simla" was of Persian birth, but he had been carried away at an early age to Constantinople by slave dealers. There he was sold to a wealthy Turk, who increased his proficiency in Arabic and Persian. Ultimately he escaped from Constantinople with a caravan party traveling eastward to Mecca. There he performed the pilgrimage, and finally reached Bombay. Although in a penniless condition, the present of a few rupees from a young civilian provided the nucleus of a fortune with which he performed some useful deals in precious stones and articles de vertu. His success enabled him ultimately to start as an antiquary, first in Delhi and later in Simla.

At Simla his faultless taste, particularly in Oriental china, his refinement of manner, his charm of gesture and speech, and his extraordinary facility in English no less than in Oriental languages, combined to give him a position such as probably no other "dealer" has occupied before or since. By shikaris amazing achievements were attributed to "Jacob," who was also credited with a capacity for brilliant political intrigue, skill in versification, a fine seat on a horse, and the

ability to carry out most achievements on which he set his heart.

Of Jacob's "infinitely supple, swiftly-moving figure" Mr. Crawford wrote that it was "but the pedestal, as it were, for the noble face and nobler brain to which it owed its life and majestic bearing." The long oval face was of a "wondrously transparent olive tint, while a prominent brow and arched, but delicate, eyebrows fitly surmounted a nose smoothly aquiline, but with the broad, well-set nostrils that bespeak active courage."

Of Jacob's rooms Mr. Crawford said—and Mr. Kipling's description of Lurgan Sahib's collection bore him out—that:

"Every available space, nook and cranny were filled with gold and jewelled ornaments, string weapons, or uncouth but resplendent idols. There were sabres in scabbards set from end to end with diamonds and sapphires, with cross hilts of rubies in massive gold mounting, the spoil of some worsted Rajah or Nawab of the Mutiny. There were narghyles four feet high, crusted with gems and curiously-wrought work from Bagdad or Herat; water flasks of gold and drinking cups of jade; yataghans from Roum and idols from the Far East. Gorgeous lamps of the octagonal Oriental shape hung from the ceiling, and, fed by aromatic oils, shed their soothing light on all round. The floor was covered with a rich soft pile, and low divans were heaped with cushions of deep-tinted silk and gold."

Of all this wealth and reputation, which was at its height, possibly, shortly after King Edward's visit to India, there remained nothing but the little, wizened old man who for a decade or two had lived from hand to mouth in Bombay. And now even he, too, is gone. A long and unsuccessful law-suit undertaken in Hyderabad was the beginning of his undoing, and no young collector was found to give "Jacob Sahib" a second start.

The Furnace of Death

A Display of Bravery Where Least Expected.

By Russell Arden Bankson

I.

FROM Seattle to Chi' he was—and may be yet, for all I can positively say—known familiarly as “Duke.”

There wasn't anything especially interesting in his history. As employment superintendent for the Hammond-Mercer Timber Corporation, I bump into the same sordid story many times a day. When you got to hire an average of one hundred men a day, you can't be too stuck-upish, so when he staggered up to my desk in my Spokane office late one afternoon, looking for a job in the woods, I stopped filing cards in my index card case long enough to glare at him and give him a growl. I ain't usually that gruff, even with the scum that clutters up every employment office most of the time, but I'd faced about two hundred of his ilk that day and I was tired and disgusted.

As he came forward, eyes averted, I studied him, like I do all of 'em. Main reason why I got this job of mine, pulling down five thousand a year, is because I have an instinct that tells me when a man's the sort I want to send up to the woods or the mills. During the whole time the Wobblies had the lumber industry of the Northwest terrorized, there weren't any soap-box reds spouting around the Hammond-Mercer crews, if I do say it myself.

Well, I sized up Bum Duke and booked him for what he was.

“Job in the woods!” I taunted back to his mumbled request. “Say, what y' think we're running? A hospital? We ain't sendin' dope fiends up to our camps for the cure. Not today, thanks!”

You have to talk the language of those birds when you're dealing with them, and I knew I had the right ticket for this one. I can spot a hop-head as far as I can see him. And this here feller was just getting past the zenith of a big “shot”—to that point where his God-a-mighty, exalted

feeling was giving away to ragged nerves. I smelled moonshine on his breath, too.

He started to pull the indignation stuff. Squared his shoulders, doubled his fists and opened his mouth. The shot of hop in him was too far spent, though. He crumpled up—wilted into a chair and rested his head in his arms on my desk.

“For God's sake, can't some one help me, when I can't help myself,” he whined. “I'm a gonner—down to the bottom.”

I watched his trembling hand, flung out across my desk.

“What do you do for a living, besides eat dope and moonshine?” I asked him.

“Just bum around. Ride the blind baggage from place to place, stealing and begging enough to get the—the stuff with.”

Another reason why I hold my job down is because I haven't any soul. Board of directors made it plain I couldn't stick around and show weaknesses like that, when they voted me in.

“I knowed that, too,” I said, gruffer than ever. “What's your name?”

“Duke,” he answered, not even raising his head. “Just call me Duke. That's what they all call me on the road.”

“Duke!” I snorted. “Bum, you mean Bum Duke, that's it.” I was trying to get under his hide good and hard. Looking him over more closely, though, I saw he did have something about his make-up—sort of an air, like he'd known better days. His clothes were about the last thing in rags, but they were all brushed clean. And his face, haggard and drawn and sallow, from the dope and booze, so his own mother wouldn't have known him, was clean shaven, anyway. Those were two mighty good points in his favor.

He leaned back in his chair, gazing past me, dull eyed. There was something kinda pathetic in that gaze.

“Well,” I decided, finally, looking him steadily in the eyes, “I have a place right

now for a guy. How would you like to be a pack-horse for some swells from the East?"

"I don't care what I do, just so's I bury myself in the woods."

"This bunch owns most of the private timber in north Idaho, and is going to spend two weeks tramping through it. Be here tomorrow morning at five o'clock, and—" (I looked sharp at him) "and be in condition for a hard day."

Bum Duke brightened up considerable.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I'll be here—in condition."

II.

Before I became employment superintendent, I was a woods foreman for the Hammond-Mercer outfit, and I know every foot of the Coeur d'Alenes. That's why old Josephus Hammond picked me out to organize and command that tramping expedition, which set out the next morning, and which consisted of Mr. Hammond, two of his cronies, myself and four packers. I didn't mind leaving my desk for a bit, either, for it was like getting back home, to smell the spruce and cedar and pine all about me, and hear the old woods whispering to me at night.

But I had lots of work to do, too. That pack crew I picked was a bunch of rummies. Didn't know the first thing about the woods and laid down on the work, too. That is, all except that there Bum Duke. He was the worst wreck of the bunch, but I'll say he stuck to it.

He was mostly living on his dope, but time after time I watched him when we were on the trail, and he kept up with the procession when every step must have been a little hell all its own. And he never complained. Where the other three packers were grumbling all the time, he kept his mouth shut.

"Why don't you growl a little?" I asked him on the fourth evening out, when we were up in the heart of the Coeur d'Alenes. "You make me think you're sick."

"I am," he answered, and would have stopped the conversation there.

"Cut out the dope," I warned.

"I meant to taper down on this trip," he groaned wearily. "I can't."

Fifth day we come up near the head of the Clearwater. Wilder country I was never in. Mountains piled right square on end and big timber standing in so close there were whole forests of it we had to detour around to make any progress.

I was a little uneasy about it, too. It was late July, and the whole woods were as dry as tinder. One match would have done a million dollars worth of damage there in a day. And if the fire ever came down on us it had us trapped, too, with no trails and no open country to get into. For that reason I was extra careful about all fires we built and about smoking while we were on the march.

On that fifth evening old Josephus Hammond came to me.

"Dan," he says, "I don't like the looks of things. The smoke is getting pretty heavy."

"Several big fires over in the Clearwater National Forest," I assured him, to ease down his fears. I didn't feel easy myself, any, though. I knew there was a big fire a whole lot closer to us than that. I can tell by the smell of it just how far away a fire is.

"Better have the whole outfit—packers and all—bunch in close tonight," he suggested. "We can clear out a little space for a fire, then prohibit the use of matches anywhere except in the cleared space."

That was a pretty good idea, so that night the whole bunch of us, eight in all, laid in close about the little fire we nursed along.

Bum Duke stretched out on the ground with the others, only back out of the light. He was silent, and I saw right away he was all doped up.

"Great cripes, Bum," I urged, sitting down beside him, "why don't you cut the old stuff. I don't want you croaking on us up here in the hills."

"Wish I could," he answered, after a bit. "If—if I have such good luck, just throw me in the brush, somewhere. I'd rather be forgotten just that way."

"Oh, cheer up," I growled, moving over into the firelight.

We were all nervous and restless, what with the pine smoke settling thick and hot all around us like a smothering blanket. Everyone was getting into the dumps, so

I started in to cheer things up.

I brought out a couple of packs of cards and got poker games started, first. Nothing like a poker game with the right kind of stakes to take folks' minds off their troubles. Josephius, his friends and me played a few hands, while the packers dealt out a round or two, then things lagged again.

We tried singing some of the old songs, next. They fell flat. Old Josephius got the drift of what I was aiming at, right at the start, and joined in with me, but we couldn't get nowhere.

No one showed any inclination to want to sleep, though, so I hit on something else.

"Bunch of fellows like us ought to have had a lot of thrilling experiences," I said. "Let's go around the circle, each spilling the thing which has made the greatest impression in his life."

That seemed to strike better than anything we'd started. All of 'em drew in closer about the fire.

"Who is going to start it?" I urged. "Someone lead out."

"Joe, you start it," one of the Old Man's cronies spoke up. "You started out as a lumberjack in these very mountains, which makes you a sort of dean of this aggregation."

"Sure! Start it out, Mr. Hammond," I begged, the others joining in with me. "I heard tell you were the greatest woods boss who ever knocked out a bully foreman in these parts. Give us some of your thrillers."

Old Josephius was silent for a minute, all eyes turned on him.

"Well," he hesitated, "I appreciate the honor." He caught my eye and knew what I was trying to do.

"Well," he said again, "I had my wild days, all right. Pulled some things I've been ashamed of since. Had some narrow shaves with death, in the woods, on the river, and in clean-cut fights."

Again he was silent for a bit, thinking. "Thing that touched my life hardest, though, came to me since I—I got to be an old man."

His voice ceased, and we thought he'd forgotten all about us, looking steady into the fire, dreaming over again the details

of that great something in his life.

We all waited, though.

"Oh," he started. "I—I was thinking.

"I was always strong on the scrapping, when the cause was right, and when we got into the war I wanted to go. They wouldn't have me, though. Too old. That hurt, thinking there would be no Hammond at the front, as there had been in every war since the Revolution. But something happened, then, which—which made things right. My son Dick was a rotter. My fault. I indulged him with too much money. Kicked him out long before that. But just when I was down to the bottom of my dumps he showed up and said he was going over.

"You make good and there'll be a place for you with me, when you get back," I told him.

"He went across with the old First Division. I heard from him once in a while, and he made good from the start. Got to be a sergeant, then, about the time of St. Mihil, he won his bars for bravery under fire.

"Probably none of you gentlemen can understand what that meant to a father who had had a son, lost him, and then found him again. Seemed to me like I would burst with the very pride that was in me, and I went ahead and fitted up offices for him and made arrangements for gradually turning my affairs over to him. Couldn't hardly wait for the war to end and him to get back to me.

"The fighting went on, though, and the First was a battering ram. Mowed down like hay, and over half of it was replacements. Then came the message which made everything else in my life fade out to insignificance. It was a telegram from the War Department.

"Lieutenant Richard Hammond killed in action, August 10, 1918," it read.

"Gentlemen, I—I thought I couldn't stand it—losing my boy again. But a month later details came from his colonel. My son died the hero of his regiment—yes, of the division—leading a handful of men against a forlorn hope, to a victory which probably saved five thousand lives. He fought like an American, sir, and a Hammond, though it cost him his life. I

have at home three medals which stand for what he did.

"To a father who had lost hope, that—that came as the greatest climax possible to an old man's eventful life—as though it had been my fight and I had won."

The Old Man stopped. A deep silence fell over the group. A thought came to me.

"And it was the Old Man who said I couldn't have a soul and hold my job!" I mumbled to myself.

"What say, Dan?" Mr. Hammond looked up. "You go ahead and tell one of your thrillers."

"I couldn't—after that," I answered. Let's roll in."

III.

Ten hours later we were trapped.

Moving up the mountain-side toward the divide, we heard the fire ahead of us, and it was sweeping down toward us through a white pine stand. The smoke pall was blinding and we couldn't even tell which way to turn.

We came to a halt, all close together, on a little shelf of rock projecting out from the mountain-side, while I got as good a lay of the land as possible.

"We'd better head back down over the trail we came," Mr. Hammond suggested. "We'll stand a better chance along the Clearwater than we will up here in the timber."

For answer I pointed back down over the canyon. Through the haze we could see billows of smoke rolling upward from the timber through which we had passed that morning.

Some of the packers began to whine.

"Oh, shut up!" I commanded. "We're past that stage. We've got to fight for our lives, and there'll be no monkey-business from anyone."

That silenced them for a time.

"Two miles along the mountain-side from here is a cave I visited a couple of years ago," I finally got my bearings. "Maybe we can make it, and maybe we can't. It will probably be filled with bear or cougar, but it will hold all of us safely, if we can rout out the animals."

The smoke was becoming more and more stifling. Already it was hard to breathe, and our eyes were watering. Go-

ing single file, with me in the lead as guide, we moved forward again, changing our course to parallel the mountain-side. It was necessary to head almost directly toward the oncoming flames, but I figured the fire was yet four miles away, with little or no wind to drive it, and that we stood a fifty-fifty chance of reaching the cave first.

Stumbling, groping, cursing, we fought for the air we breathed, fought for every foot of ground over which he traveled. It was each man for himself and everyone follow the leader.

Fighting through the brush it seemed my lungs would burst, that someone was gouging my eyes out with daggers. Each minute grew into an eternity of torment, and I got to thinking after a while that I'd lived all my life in a hell of fire and pain.

I looked back once in a while and made out the dim line of human hulks plunging and staggering behind me. No one opened their mouths to speak.

Those men knew what they were up against. Every one who laid down would stay right where he fell.

My mind began to have blank spells after a while. The last half mile of that journey I don't even remember. I don't even know what took place after I got to the cave.

When I came to, my lungs weren't hurting so bad, and I was breathing easier, though it seemed the air was pressing down hot and stifling all about me. Beside me lay the carcass of a big black bear, a fresh bullet-hole through the skull between the eyes. In a daze I looked at my revolver, which I had forgotten to discard in my fight through. One chamber had an empty shell.

Then I looked about the small cave. In various positions of unconsciousness and semi-unconsciousness were the other members of the party. I counted them. One, two, three, four, five, six. I counted them over again—six.

"Two gone," I mumbled.

I crawled to the mouth of the cave. A blast of hot air fairly scorched my cheeks.

Back in the cave I crawled about to the prostrate forms, examining each face. When I had finished, I checked up.

"Josephus Hammond and Bum Duke!" I muttered.

I crawled again to the cave mouth and looked out. I could hear the roar and crackle of the flames in the trees. The fire was sweeping down on the cave now. Then I looked back over the way we had come.

"Why did it have to be those two?" I whispered inanely. Funny I should be concerned over the fate of a gutter dope fiend.

My skin parching in the heat, my eyes throbbing in their sockets, I held my post, though, staring along the back trail.

Down below me a hundred feet something was moving. A grotesquesly-shaped creature arose from the ground and staggered forward—to meet the flames.

"My God!" I cried horsely. Then I groaned. The object staggered a step, tottered, fell forward from sight.

Just insane enough to forget death, I lunged out of the cave, down the mountain-side.

Lying flat on his face, motionless, I found Bum Duke—and on top of him, unconscious, inert, still with his arms locked around the neck of the bum, was Josephus Hammond!

IV.

Bum Duke had had his day.

Dope fiend, drunkard, bum, derelict upon the human sea, he had risked his slender chance at life to bring in a broken, spent old man. My part in dragging them one at a time the hundred feet up to the cave was infinitesimal.

And now we were all alive—would recover.

Two days before the hell had passed over us, and we had lived through it, because in that cave there was a trickle of water, a breath of pure air for each of our lungs.

The Old Man still was in a delirium, tossing fretfully. The rest of us, apparently, were none the worse for our experience.

Just outside the cave mouth I had built a fire, and over it I was broiling chunks of bear meat for the famished party.

Looking off across the canyon, over a blackened, charred world, still smouldering in places, I got to thinking there must

be someone or something bigger than just us mortals, to pull life through a burning world like that. I ain't never been much on that sort of thinking. A feller in my business, where you have to deal with the scum of humanity day after day, don't find much chance for such like thinking.

I brought my eyes back to things about me. Bum Duke was standing there, his tattered clothes brushed clean again, his hat on his head.

"That was about the bravest thing I ever knew a man to do," I said, putting a hand on Bum Duke's shoulder. "What made you?"

He didn't answer for a bit. Then he jerked his head back toward the cave.

"He's rational again. Be up on his feet in a little bit," he said.

"What made you?" I insisted.

"Woods are safe now," he evaded again. "I know these hills pretty well. If I can have a chunk of that bear meat, I'll head out alone, now. Got to go—somewhere."

I looked at him in blank astonishment.

"Why?"

"Well, you see—" he hesitated, looking off across the dead-burned world—"you see, I didn't die, like htey thought I did, over there. Wish to God I had—but maybe the reason I didn't was because there is a chance for me yet."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"You better lie down," I suggested. "Your head is getting wobbly."

Again he brought his eyes back to the fire in front of us. Then from a pocket in his tattered rags he brought forth a little package. Without a look at it he dropped it on the flames.

"It's my head, or—or something," he answered, nodding back toward the Old Man. "He's my father!"

I didn't shout. I just watched him move off down the mountain, picking his way through the black, gnarled ghosts of a once green world, wrapping his tattered coat about a chunk of bear meat as he moved along.

Then my eyes fell to the fire.

The object which Bum Duke had discarded was spread out on the coals.

It was a complete dope outfit.

City Etchings

The Lady who was insulted.

By *L. R. Hamilton*

SHE was an eminently prim and proper person—that could readily be seen by the tortoise-shell glasses that she wore and the copy of the magazine she carried. She was probably an uplifter of some sort or a summer school student or something. Perhaps she had a fondness for Swinburne.

One felt instinctively that she was not the sort of person who would powder her nose in the street car. Probably she never powdered her nose at all. Yet it was a very nice nose, and she had two nice eyes, two of them, awfully nice; nice mouth and nice hair, which you felt instinctively was to her person as Mary's little lamb was to Mary, if you get the drift.

She was, in short, just the sort of person who could walk down O'Farrell street or Powell street in the evening without having a single socially-inclined male person walk up and ask her if they hadn't met her somewhere before.

Still, under the weight of a seemingly heavy cargo, the maudlin young man was in no condition to judge appearances. He was probably at that stage where all girls looked alike to him. Our heroine was waiting for the boat in the Ferry building when Mr. Maudlin came swaying by her seat. She was seated, calm, collected and cool.

Seeing her, the young man careened over toward where she sat, all unnoticed by her. Love at first sight. The crowd

gasped. People showed strong evidences of being highly indignant.

"Hello, dear," he gurgled affectionately, and then, just to prove that there were no hard feelings, the maudlin young man stealthily seized her hat in his two hands and pulled it down vigorously.

The straw in the crown of the hat gave way with a sound like tearing up an old mortgage. Then it was that the horrified commuters saw the girl's blonde hair emerge from the top of the utterly destroyed once perfectly good hat. The rest of the remnants of the hat encircled her neck and the tortoise-shell glasses hung from one ear.

An outrage. That this could happen in 1921. Where were the police? Out from the crowd jumped a big husky individual, who must have measured six feet-four.

"What do you mean by insulting this young lady?" demanded the flower of knighthood in threatening tones, as he advanced on Bacchus.

But Minerva jumped up and blocked her protector's way. "Insult," she said; "why, this low-lived, rum-soaked excuse has been insulting me for the last six years. Been married that long." Then, turning to the destroyer of her perfectly good hat, she mumbled as she caught hold of his arm, "I'll bet this costs you more than a new hat when I get you home!"



Among Formosan Head-Hunters

Weird Narrative of a Camphor Hunt

By J. A. H.

HARBIN was a brilliant conversationalist, and I was proud of his acquaintance. Nothing pleased me better than to visit him in his cozy little den of an evening and chat on subjects of mutual interest. He had traveled extensively, and his apartments advertised the fact.

In it were priceless treasures that had taken years to collect—ancient Chinese rugs that were not inferior to the ones in Golden Gate Park Museum, in San Francisco; blankets woven by some century-old artificer in a Navajo pueblo, lava-gods from the South Pacific, and knives, from Moro bolos to Arabian two-handed swords. And books! He had a library that embraced everything, from Nietzsche to the "Awful Disclosures" of Maria Monk.

There, when the wind moaned about the eaves, Harbin hobnobbed with his thoughts, or chided Ghostie, the Maltese kitten, the sole survivor of the ice-crusher Cyclops.

One of his most-prized treasures was nothing more than a camera picture of a half-clad native. I likened it to a Filipino head-hunter. Decades were imprinted in his wrinkled face, in his thick-lipped mouth, in his eyes of pin-hole tinyness. He was spindle-legged under an excess of stomach. And on his face was an asinine smile that sent hot needles up and down the spine of the one beholding. Altogether it was as bestial an object as ever existed out of a nightmare. And I told Harbin so, when I asked him of it.

Harbin studied the picture meditatively for a moment, above his head floated voluminous wreaths of smoke as he puffed leisurely at his pipe, then a smile broadened on his lips, and a moment later he laughed mirthfully.

"What's funny?" I queried. "Not that, surely; that's hideous!"

He motioned me to a chair, where I ensconced myself comfortably, and in mellow expectancy, for Harbin's tales were rare and

well worth an attentive listener. He, too, settled down in an easy chair, shook his nip of Scotch, till the bead came, gazed reminiscently at his reflection in the amber liquid, before tossing it off at a single swallow, stole a glance at the garnet head of his Havana, then opened up:

"It happened back in 1915. Herbert Starling and I had received a commission from the Japanese Government to superintend the distilling and exporting of camphor on the island, which we know as Formosa, though called 'Taiwan' by the Japanese.

"It was a wild and rugged country. A great portion of our journey up the Tamsui River was made by the ték pai (bamboo raft), which was poled by a quartette of saffron-hued bush-boys with a ragged mat-sail to assist them.

"We voyaged through miles of moss-draped trees, symmetrical palms, and ubiquitous bamboo grass that so luxuriantly garmented the river's banks. It was grand in its sinister wildness. The impenetrable growths emanated a redolent wafture that laved us in a smell like thyme and mint. After ascending up a lesser tributary of the river for several more miles we deserted the ték pai and prepared ourselves for the precipitous climb up the jagged surface of Mount Kampanzan.

"That was dangerous country. The jungles fairly swarmed with the head-hunting hordes. We were well armed, and had to be constantly on the alert lest some skulking yellow devil puncture our skins with poisoned arrow. Fortunately we were met by an armed consort who had been set out in search of us—being alarmed at our tardiness—after which we completed our journey without troublesome experience.

"The scene of our operations was a veritable maze of trees and tangled undergrowth. It was not unlike the Everglade of tropical

Florida. The bosom of Nature was flamboyant with color. On the plateaus grew the camphor laurels and the light-colored tree-ferns; while the lowlands were gorgeous with azaleas, butterfly orchids, and red and white oleanders.

"In the midst of this was a spacious clearing where was located the thatched huts of the help and the camphor still. It was primitive in the extreme. We had not been there two days before we noted innumerable changes that had to be made. Our primary necessity was light—something to supplant the crude torches in the sheds; for camphor oil is highly inflammable, and the jungles were as dry as tinder.

"Starling went out on a short reconnoiter one morning and came back with the information that he had discovered a waterfall in a nearby gorge. It was the very thing for which we had hoped. Later we intended utilizing the electrical power in the distilling process by installing modern evaporizing machinery.

"Accordingly we set out to view it and inspect it. Despite the fact that the falls was but a short distance from us we used up the best part of an hour in traversing the distance. We came to a small clearing in the brush and into view of a giant benhi tree. Herbert suddenly emitted a startled cry and sprang back as though confronted with some loathsome poisonous reptile. He raised his Winchester in readiness to fire, but something caused him to pause for a moment and he lowered his gun.

"Partly concealed behind the benhi was the object of his consternation. There was something menacing in the posture of that yellow half-seen form. Fearing treachery we advanced cautiously, for we expected a trap. Upon drawing closer we observed it to be the gaunt figure of a native."

Harbin waved his hand toward the picture.

"He didn't look like that when we found him," he resumed. "He was the most repulsive sight that ever met my eyes. From his appearance he had been tied to the tree for many days. He was as cadaverous as an Egyptian mummy. His skin was like yellow parchment stretched over a frame of bones. We believed him to be an outcast from his

tribe for breaking some taboo. The tattoo marks on his forehead proclaimed him to be a warrior, for we knew that no Formosan youth could be admitted to the council fires, or receive those marks of manhood, until he had severed the head of an enemy. We had no Formosan, consequently we could not converse with him—indeed, it would have done no good, for he was plumb idiotic from exposure and want of food, and only muttered some unintelligible half-human gibberish."

Harbin paused in his narrative to fill his pipe, gazing the while into the open grate as if therein he saw and relived the days among the simian-faced bushmen. I took advantage of his silence to inquire:

"Did he die?"

"Did he die!" he echoed. "You couldn't kill him with a hatful of hand grenades. I once learned to make tortillas among the Mexicans. They are a sort of a flap-jack. And always on my hunting trips I carry many of them; they are so substantial. It was like throwing them into the Grand Canon of the Colorado. They scarce seemed to touch his lips. For him it was the elixir of life. He left us in a quandary; we did not know what to do with him. We could not leave him to the mercy of the elements; neither to the persecution of his people. But he solved the problem for us. He adopted us.

Harbin gazed at me, a twinkle in his eye. "We named him 'August.'"

I raised a questioning glance as he leaned back, clasping his hands behind his head.

"Robinson Crusoe named his black 'Friday' on account of his finding him on that day: we named this son of the jungle 'August' for the same reason. It was the month of August. And he liked it. To call his name thereafter was to see him come tearing capriciously through the trees like a brindle pup to play. Like some mute animal he realized instinctively that we were his friends and saviors. Under our care he was contented, and waxed obese—at least his stomach did. He had naught to do but gorge himself from our scanty store of grub. He

ate as much as any two of our hard working ax-men. He was as simple as a child; and we had to watch him as we would a child. He was forever getting into some mischief. We hoped that he would, some day, take a notion to take a leave of us; but we couldn't lose him. As sure as our shadows followed us, so did the faithful August.

"He nearly caused our death on more than one occasion. Herbert and I had been earnestly at work building the water-wheel, which was to furnish the motive power for our lights—we had already erected the king-posts—and were engaged in the tiresome labor of constructing the hub. We had forgotten the dangers of the jungle. In fact we were inclined to scoff at the many rumors of murder and thievery.

"But one day we heard a crackling and the sound of stealthy movements in the surrounding brush. A few moments later August came sneaking in like a child who had dipped his lubberly fingers into the forbidden jam. His legs were atremble as though he were obsessed with the ague. But our presence reassured him—especially the sight of our guns—and he, with a coward's bravery, from his refuge behind us, bellowed out a salvo of defiance."

Ghostie leaped upon Harbin's lap and purred her contentment while he gently stroked her fur.

"The arrows flew fast and furious. Starling took a safe position behind a tree and returned a hot fire; while I, from my place of concealment, sent out an equally hot reception. It was diabolical!—made more so by the demon yells of August in his fright. Without a doubt the monkey-men had discovered of their outcast's release and of his whereabouts, and had returned to finish their work. Despite the fact that we made each shot find a living target we were beginning to run short of ammunition. Starling signaled me that he had only one round of cartridges left, and I had but little more. I had visions of my skull being made a present to some maiden from her warrior lover, and a cold perspiration broke out on my fore-

head. And my inward feelings were such as might come from sitting on a nest of ants. But luck was with us. The sound of our firing brought reinforcements in the way of armed guards, who routed out our attackers, completely.

"August was a source of continual worry to us. He was constantly getting himself into trouble. First he tangled up a thousand feet of wire that had come up from Kelung on the backs of coolies, then kicking it, together with a sack of grub, into the rapids, finally setting fire to our sleeping-shack. For that he received a lambasting, after which he disappeared into the brush for a week."

Harbin shifted his position slightly and emitted a chuckle, sucked ponderingly at his pipe, closed his eyes, and again opened them, and stared mistily into the fire.

"Sometime later he again left us," he went on. "We hoped that he had gone to stay. But no such luck for ours. We heard the sound of hammering in the nearby bushes; but, as we were busily at work, we had no time to investigate the cause. Finally—one day, after we had completed the plant, except for the dynamo that was on its way up from Kobe—we decided to creep silently into the woods to search into the matter.

"Of course it was August. Starling and I watched him several puzzled minutes before we understood the why of his carpentry, and made ourselves seen.

"With a great show of pride and an abundance of muttering August displayed his work. He had constructed a large rack out of numerous sticks and branches. And upon the cross branches at least a hundred upright pegs protruded. It was a skull rack. He had succumbed to the grewsome teachings of his race and training. All Atayal savages have their skull rack. In fact their wealth is rated in skulls—the more skulls, the greater the man. From all indications August had an aspiration to become the richest man in all Formosa.

"We were awakened that night by the sound of some devil-song; so we again stole

out and observed two dull white objects on the rack around which August was undulating his demon fandango."

I shuddered involuntarily, at which Hardin laughed outright.

"You shudder!" I assure you that you would have shuddered more than that if you could have seen those gaping eye-pits and the gleaming of those horrible skulls in the dim moonlight. It scared us! We had considered him harmless. In that moment we resolved to watch him more closely. His lust for heads and passion for meddling caused us no small amount of discomfiture. It was uncomfortable to think that he might take the notion to add our own top-pieces to his collection. I caught him a couple of times peering out at me from a seclusion in the bushes, and ever that same ugly grin on his malevolent face. Who could say but that he might have been after a choice portion of my anatomy to manufacture charms against evil spirits.

"After the dynamo came—and we had it installed—we strung copper wire without insulation all around the place, and mainly around our own quarters. This was to be ever-charged with electricity as a guard from nocturnal visitors. The dynamo was capable of generating a high voltage, enough to electrocute any living creature that came in contact with it. We tested it out by driving a bulluck into it—we had a part of him for dinner the next day."

Harbin ceased from his tale long enough to ask:

"Have you ever seen a camphor still in operation?"—continued as I answered dissent—"It is a most interesting sight. The camphor tree is rarely found above an elevation of 4,000 feet. They often attain a circumference of 25 feet at the base. Such a tree generally yields about 7,000 pounds of export camphor. They are beautiful trees, having widely extended branches, and with leaves of a delicate, velvety green.

"To extract the product from the tree is to kill it. For it is felled and reduced to tiny chips. These are placed in a receptacle which in turn is placed over tanks of water

under which is kept a fire. It quickly vaporizes and passes through a long tube and into the molds. It crystallizes slowly, owing to its oiliness. Frequently the crystallization is hastened by sinking the vats under water. After the chips are barren of camphor they then become fuel for the fires.

"The coming of more help meant greater precautions. Once it would become known that but small protection was afforded the woods-men in the camp we could expect an ambush at any moment. Accordingly we extended for a wider region, about the camp, new wires to electric lights which would flare upon contact with one of them, and would serve to warn us of threatened hostilities. Everything would be controlled from the power-house. I went in there one day to test out the apparatus.

"As usual August was at my heels. He was pouting that day like a school girl, for I had admonished him by slapping his fingers for prowling around the bunk-house where slept two boys who had aroused some fancied enmity within him. Heads were heads to August! I paid but small attention to him, so he crawled into one corner where he lay with legs apart and his head hung on his chest, sulking and mumbling to himself.

"But his listless interest was suddenly awakened when I threw in the switch. The little blue flame that spat, when I made the connection, almost set him crazy with delight. He danced about like a lamb gamboling on the village green. It so fascinated his infant-brain that I was compelled to repeat the operation several times before he was satisfied. From then on I had to be on the constant watch to see that he kept his meddling fingers away, partly for fear that he might get his clutches on a 'live wire', also that he might electrocute some unsuspecting person."

A silence fell for many minutes, and Harbin ceased from his telling while he stroked the sleek fur of Ghostie and pondered with his inward thoughts. I sensed the end of his story was near.

"Weeks and months rolled by as if on the wings of Mercury, and everything was run-

ning along smoothly. Christmas came and then New Year's Day was at hand. Starling and I strolled among the crags in hopes of bagging a couple of pheasants or perhaps be fortunate enough to get a shot at a yusa deer.

"Despite the fact that game was plentiful we had not succeeded in downing a single fowl up to the hour of mid-day. I was disgusted! I threw myself down indifferently on a floiferous knoll and gazed out over the valley below. The air was crisp and invigorating, and, owing to the altitude, the atmosphere was as clear as a crystal. The whole view was sublime!

"Overlooking the valley were several ranges of mountains, each a different hue of blue and green, and made the more enchanting by distance. And cresting these were palms, most graceful in their feathery grandeur, their curved stems black against the azure sky. The immeasurable distances stilled the senses.

"Starling had a pair of French binoculars that magnified 8-power. We each had a turn at them. From our situation we could plainly see our camp—even recognize some of the articles about the cookhouse.

"Suddenly I nearly dropped the glasses from the start which I received at what I saw in the camp. Abruptly, as if by a signal, the bushes about the place seemed to swarm with crouching, slinking, yellow men, in quest of human prey. I thanked the Highest that we were safe on the mountain top. Two or three of them went out cautiously to spy about. The camp was deserted at that time of the day, which apparently satisfied them, for they returned to their comrades in the brush. I sensed that they intended to await the woodmen's return and massacre them upon their return from work.

"I thought, how could we warn them? We had neglected to arrange a danger signal whereby we could warn our crew when the power was not on. Certainly we two could do nothing against so many.

"Then I saw a figure emerge from the cook-shack. Through the lenses I could see him clearly as he glanced about as though in fear of some one following him. Appar-

ently he was unaware of his danger, for he, after a few more furtive looks behind him, disappeared in a sneaking manner into the door of the power-house. No doubt you have already guessed that it was August. I realized his intent immediately.

"Bedlam broke loose a few moments later! When August sought the sight of that little blue spark he knew not what was to take place. A hundred forms stiffened with one accord and fell lifelessly into view from their concealment. Even at our distance we could hear the vociferous yell that accompanied the happening. They ran about like yellow ants in aimless directions, intent only on escaping, what was to their superstitious minds, a blow from the Great. They, too, became enmeshed in the hidden wires and received their just deserts.

"We scrambled down the hill in a mad haste. We had no fear after seeing the commotion that August had innocently caused. Our clothes became torn to shreds from the briars, and our skins were bleeding in a dozen different places.

"We arrived just as the culprit, August, was stalking, in a lordly manner, among the fallen bushmen. Evidently he had looked out of the window and had observed the effective result of his foolery, and was, at that moment, no doubt, contemplating constructing a new skull-rack to accommodate new ornaments.

"He did not notice our arrival, or else was oblivious to it, owing to his drunkenness with the sight of riches piled about on the ground, for he unsheathed his knife and prepared, according to tribal customs and traditions, to do his duty. He was gibbering with bewilderment, as, of course, he knew not what had caused the scene.

"I shouted at him frantically!"

August of the picture on the wall grinned sardonically at Harbin, who laid aside his pipe and finished in a few more words:

"After all, I guess it was for the best. As August waded into their midst and grasped the hair of the foremost of them, it completed the circuit—and August, grinning, and a muttering on his lips, joined them."

The Valley Asleep

Magnificent Stretch of Coast Teeming with Romance

By Thomas Dykes Beasley

Where Point San Pedro's rocky base
Runs headlong to the deep,
A valley lies, with shining face
In sunshine laved, asleep.

THE ABOVE lines, appearing in some verses by the present writer, entitled "The Coming of Portola," express however inadequately, his first impression of Point San Pedro as beheld from a bend in the coast road, before the coming of the Ocean Shore railroad. It was in the beautiful valley of the San Pedro, which nestles at the base of Montara Mountain, that Don Gaspar de Portola pitched his camp ere the discovery by Ortega upon the following day, of the Bay of San Francisco. Point San Pedro is, in fact, a spur of Montara Mountain, which in turn, is an off-shoot of the Santa Cruz mountains; their northern buttress, its roots underlying the bed of the Pacific Ocean. It is, I believe, the highest headland on the California coast.

To Harold Edward Smith—my companion on countless tramps—I am indebted for my first introduction to Point San Pedro. He had discovered it years previously in one of his rambles from Palo Alto when a student at Stanford University. I say "discovered" advisedly, for until the building of the Ocean Shore railroad, the coast line south of Lake Merced was to the inhabitants of San Francisco, absolutely a terra incognita. Since the occasion referred to, the tramp from Daly City to Point San Pedro and back; has become one of my favorite hikes. I have seen Point San Pedro under every kind of climatic condition from summer heat to winter storm, but never has it lost its appeal.

When the railroad was first opened to the public, the trains were filled with people who, from the car windows, gaped

with amazement at the precipitous cliffs overhanging the ocean, bold headlands, and beautiful underlying valleys; within a few miles of which they had not only lived, but most of them had been born! Reporters on the daily papers exhausted their stereotyped stock of adjectives over a country they had never seen before, though within a radius of twenty miles of the city hall; while the editors of our "enterprising" dailies, wrote ponderous editorials that would not have been out of keeping in the treatment of such a subject as the discovery by Colonel Roosevelt of his Brazilian river! Small wonder that Los Angeles has made such amazing growth—at our expense! For picturesque beauty, there is nothing in the whole of Southern California, to compare with the coast-line from Lake Merced to Point San Pedro and Half Moon Bay. Long years ago, would the canny Angeleno have blazoned to the whole world the charm of such a wonderland bordering on his city limits—had he possessed it! And equally in accordance with his trained discretion, would he—as he has—maintain a discreet silence concerning the many miles of low rolling hills or monotonous plains, that separate him from his artificial harbor!

San Francisco, like the valley of San Pedro, has been "asleep." In no other country, in no other state in the Union could this magnificent stretch of coast contiguous to a great city, which, apart from its beauty, teems with the romance of the Spanish settlement of "The Two Californias," have been overlooked. It would never elsewhere be left to private enterprise to construct at enormous expense, its first practicable means of approach. To be sure, a road of sorts had existed for many years, pos-



A SPANISH CARAVAL

At the time San Francisco Bay was discovered in 1770, Ship designs had reached the early brig type.

sibly since the Spanish occupation; but except for the thrifty Italians and Portuguese who till the rich alluvial soil of the valleys and incidentally, raise the finest artichokes in the state—whose purposes for getting their vegetables to the city markets a makeshift road had sufficed; until the coming of the railroad, these hills and valleys had been as free from outside intrusion, as if situated in the wilds of Alaska!

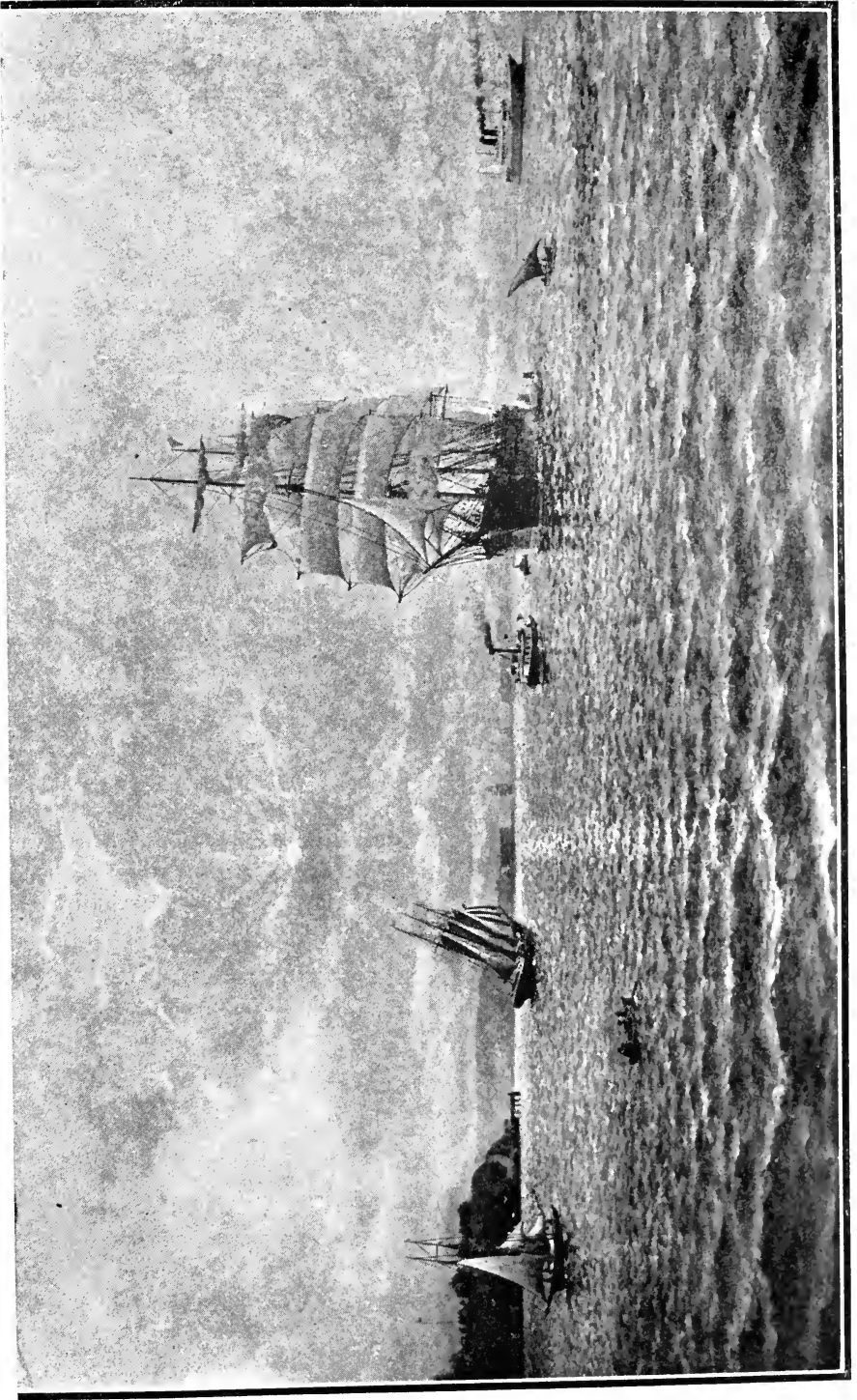
Comparatively few San Franciscans are even now aware that in this beautiful smiling valley of San Pedro, Portola pitched his last camp previous to the discovery of San Francisco Bay. It was at vespers while Father Crespi, cross in hand, was offering thanks to Heaven for the safe arrival at this favored spot, of the little band of less than seventy souls, which had fought its way up the coast from San Diego, through wild and hitherto unexplored mountain gorges and deep ravines; that Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega and two other soldiers, who had been on a hunting expedition, burst into the camp with the astounding news that, they had discovered "an immense arm, an inland sea, some leagues from shore to shore!"

The following morning, Don Gaspar, at the head of his retinue, surmounted a spur of Montara Mountain, and gazed in wonder, at the vast expanse of water at his feet. Here he planted the Royal Standard of Spain, as a token of possession by His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain; and named the "inland sea," the "Bay of San Francisco," in honor of his patron saint, St. Francis. Thus, as but too frequently occurs, he to whom the honor of the discovery was in reality due, not only reaped neither renown nor emulation consequent thereto, but was even rebuked by his chief, because on the previous evening in the exuberance of his spirits, he had upon his return, discharged his musket by way of announcing his achievement!

One may widely wander in many a "far countree", and behold nothing more pleas-

ing to the eye, than this same valley of San Pedro, basking in the sun at the foot of a wild mountain range, with the curved stretch of beach in the foreground, the whole picture dominated by the great headland, thrusting its base like the brow of a dreadnaught, into the resounding rollers of the Pacific Ocean. By following the road, now of solid concrete, which climbs the mountain spur terminating in Point San Pedro, a vast view is disclosed, with Mount Tamalpais to the extreme north; and to the south, Half Moon Bay, at its back the Santa Cruz Mountains, bearing away in grand perspective as far as the eye can reach.

But aside from its picturesque charm, Point San Pedro occupies with regard to San Francisco, and the Golden Gate, a position owing to its height and outward projection, of the greatest strategic importance: for, heavy guns mounted on its summit, would not only command the Golden Gate, but Half Moon Bay. That the war department has had under consideration for several years, the fortifying of Point San Pedro—a proposition in which our representative in Congress, Julius Kahn, has taken great and active interest—is no matter of secrecy. It may be a moot question whether a hostile fleet could land at Half Moon Bay—San Francisco's back door—sufficient men to hold their ground until reinforced; that is a question for military experts to determine, and it is at least known that they are in doubt. But why take any chance? A battery of sixteen-inch guns mounted on Point San Pedro, would render absolutely impossible any such attempt; would in fact, so far as Half Moon Bay is concerned, spell absolute safety for San Francisco. The concrete road from Colma to Half Moon Bay, was built at a cost of \$250,000, by public-spirited citizens owning property in its vicinity, and is admirably adapted for the purpose of a military road, its entire length. It remains for Uncle Sam to do his share.



THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

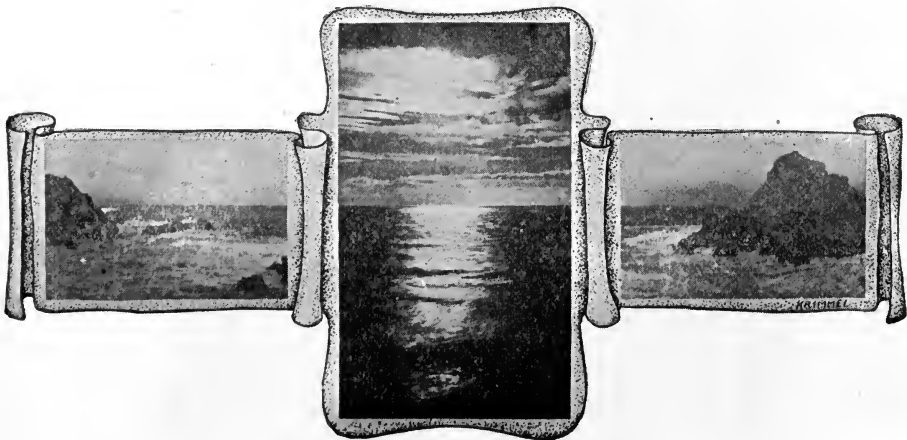
In view of the above combinations of beautiful scenery and the possible defense of San Francisco from a foreign foe, it was a deplorable matter that the Ocean Shore railroad should, even temporarily, be put out of commission; for, in war, a mere road however well constructed, can never take the place of a railway. As to the great inconvenience caused to farmers and inhabitants of the settlements that have grown up along the line, that is still "another story." And whether or not it be true that vegetable men have been hauling their products to San Francisco on motor trucks, reduced freight on the railroad to an extent that made it impossible to operate it at a profit; or whether on the other hand, the vegetable men went into the truck business because, as they allege, the rates for freight were excessive—are questions the writer does not attempt to solve, and lie without the scope of this article.

What does concern all who have at heart the interests and future of San Francisco and the state at large, is a thorough exploitation of the wonderful stretch of coast from San Francisco to Half Moon Bay, upon which Nature has lavished almost all the charms at her disposal, while we for our part, have not only done next to nothing by way of appreciation, but

have even ignored the charms themselves! We poke fun at Los Angeles and her man-made harbor, but at least, the citizens of Los Angeles made it, by unremitting heckling of the Federal Government—the more credit to them.

And now that a genuine interest has been aroused in the improvement and beautifying of the San Francisco city front, the effort should not be allowed to stop at the city limits, but should extend down the coast to Half Moon Bay. Of the possibilities of Point San Pedro, anyone possessed of imagination, can see at a glance. Had such a beauty spot been within fourteen miles of Los Angeles, years ago Point San Pedro would not only have possessed a magnificent hotel, but would have been converted into a second Monaco.

It is time to wake up. San Diego used to be unmercifully chaffed about her incessant harping on one string—"Bay and Climate"—behold the result! Her park, and artistic permanent exposition buildings, together with its charming gardens and an unsurpassed marine view, make her the most picturesque city in the state. In the last decade, her population increased eighty per cent. Needless to add, the scoffers have been forever silenced!





San Pedro's sheep of bold and surf-beaten shore.

Julie of the True-Blue Heart

Once again Cupid triumphs over Narrow Conventions

By D. L. G.

AND you will come back to Julie?" she asked, with a wistful drooping of her young mouth.

"Yes, ma cherie," he promised in his clumsy doughboy dialect, "within the year, my Julie, for I love you beaucoup—beaucoup!"

They clung together in a last embrace; then he was gone, his face turned toward his beloved America. Solèmnly, he swore to himself, that once on his home shore he never again would leave it, and the feeling grew stronger day by day as the crowded transport pounded on toward New York. There was his promise to Julie, of course, but what of that? Somehow, he felt that she had read the lie in his eyes even as he voiced his farewell words.

"Julie is young—she will forget me," he told himself; yet something deep within him echoed, "Julie is young, yes—but she will not forget."

In the pocket next his heart was stowed the last letter he had received from the States before sailing from Brest. Quite evidently his mother had been thrown into a mild panic at the letters she had received from him—letters in which he had mentioned Julie, not merely once or twice, but many times.

"Promise me that you will not marry that French girl of whom you write so frequently," thus wrote Mrs. Graham McCullough to her only son.

Sergeant Wayne McCullough frowned whenever he recalled his parent's words. He could well depict the agitation under the home roof were he to bring thereto as his bride Julie Millet—she whose hands were rough with the labor of the fields and whose face was traced with lines of sorrow. The idea of marrying Julie was little short of mirth-provoking.

He was no snob, of course, but—well, he was Wayne McCullough; his father was a man of money and importance, his mother a social light. There were his sisters, too, to be thought of—they had been more than a wee bit disappointed in him because he had not tried for a commission. How could he bring Julie of the peasant mannerisms home to them? As well try to transplant in the midst of three beautiful roses of hot-house aristocracy a rough little brier of the woods, whose life has been spent in breasting the elements.

Even before the transport headed into its dock, all thoughts of the little peasant girl had drifted from the mind of Sergeant McCullough. Like the mud-filled trenches, the roar of death-dealing cannons, the days and nights of horror on the battlefields, she was of the past.

He was one of a trainload full of cheering infantrymen who took by storm every top-over city and town on their trip across the continent, enroute to California. They were heroes and the world was ready with its laurel.

When at last Wayne hurled himself from the troop train at Oakland, he was greeted by an eager mass of relatives—his parents, sisters, aunts uncles, cousins galore—and miracle of miracles—Carolyn Langford, the sweetheart of his prep school days! One and all they fell on his neck until Wayne struggled for air and in glad desperation shouted "kame-rad!" Then as they drew back to allow him breathing space, the band burst into a noisy welcome, playing with spasmodic abruptness "Madelon," the marching song of the valient poilu. Even then, Wayne did not think of a little peasant girl back there in Southern France. His

eyes were smiling into the charming ones of the loyal Carolyn. Thrice glad was Sergeant Wayne McCullough that he was home.

Within a week, Wayne received his discharge at the Presidio; and then he was back again in the beautiful transbay home of the Graham McCulloughs. On the very day of his return, with his usual impetuosity, he asked the sweetheart of his boyhood days to be his wife.

"But I thought there was a girl over there in France," hesitated Carolyn. "Your mother told me that you used to mention a girl in your letters."

"Oh—Julie?" Wayne's voice was slow. "Poor little thing! She lost her father and two brothers in the war. There's only Julie and her blind old grandfather left. She was like a sister to me—used to help me forget that I was homesick and thousands of miles away from God's country. I just felt sorry for Julie—that's all."

The elder McCullough when told that his son intended to take unto himself a wife, merely said, "Carolyn Langford is a fine girl, Wayne, but of course you will postpone marriage until you finish your college course. That will take about two years."

"I'm not going back to college, dad," returned Wayne, looking his father squarely in the eyes. "I've come to the conclusion that law isn't my vocation, so I've decided to go to work and thought perhaps you could set me up in some business—."

"Not until you graduate from the university," replied Graham McCullough, a trifle warmly. It was hard to get used to this new son of his; to realize that he who had gone away a mere college strippling had returned a man.

Wayne said no more. He would not defy his senior's will—that was one of the many things he had learned in the

school of army life. He began the task of trying to re-adjust himself to civil life, with the keen realization that he could not take up the thread of his existence where it had been broken off twenty months before. He must start life anew but how? "Action" had been the watchword of the men overseas, but "action" in the McCullough set consisted in leading the gay life of a bon vivant.

For a few months Wayne drifted, taking a mild pleasure in absorbing the lionizing welcome-home greetings accorded him on every hand. Home was the paradise for which he had yearned through many long months, yet in the life of Wayne McCullough there was a void—it puzzled him—annoyed him.

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?" Often he awoke himself in the dead of night with the muttered question on his lips.

Then one Saturday afternoon he accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition to San Francisco. Promenading along Grant Avenue, they came face to face with a tall young fellow of rather seedy appearance, who at the sight of Wayne emitted a whoop of uncontrolled joy.

"Buddy!" bellowed Wayne, blissfully unmindful of the passing throng.

Above clasped hands, they looked into each other's eyes as only men can look who have side by side faced death.

Various expressions chased in swift succession across the mobile face of Mrs. Graham McCullough, as she surveyed Mr. Joseph Hackett, late of the A. E. F. In straight-from-the-shoulder words, the young man under observation did not "belong." Mrs. McCullough produced a lorgnette, and that instrument did its deadly work, for Joe, as he was being introduced by the enthusiastic Wayne, felt, as expressed in his own thoughts, "like a mangy pup on exhibition at a high-class dog show."

"Ah—charmed!"

The words might well have been a slap in the face, so quickly did the leather-like cheeks of Joseph Hackett assume a rich cranberry shade; instinctively he felt that the lady was far from being charmed. There was a look of astonishment in his honest eyes. Now, who in Sam Hill would have thought that Mac was a high-brow? Over there, he had been a real fellow—eaten his corn-willie and marched his miles with the rest of them, with never a word of complaint, such as might have been expected from one who had been recruited from the ranks of what Mr. Hackett sarcastically dubbed the "champagne class."

Suddenly Joe came to himself with the realization that he was being eulogized for the benefit of Mrs. McCullough.

"—and single-handed, he brought in four Heinies! Believe me, mother, Joe deserves a Croix—"

"Aw—forget it!" advised the abashed Joe. "Well, Mac, I'll be ramblin'—"

"Rambling—nothing!" snorted Wayne. "You're coming over to my house for dinner and spend the evening with your old bunkie."

If Joseph Hackett had observed the ever so slight nudge given Wayne by the elegant Mrs. Graham McCullough, he might have refused the invitation, but this coup de état escaping his eyes, he accepted after uttering a prolonged "aw!" of half-way protestation.

It was a nightmare, that dinner. Joe was thankful that Mrs. McCullough used her lorgnette sparingly, but then there were Mac's three beautiful sisters to face. They put up a barrier of tolerant amusement that completely unnerved him.

"If this was only army slum, so as there'd be only one tool to eat it with!" he groaned inwardly, totally confused by the array of knives and forks before him.

But once the dinner was done, and he

was alone with Wayne, the guest became himself.

"These quarters are a little bit different than we had in France," Joe observed with his old-time grin, glancing about Wayne's handsome room. "Remember them thirty-six hours we had a turnip field for a boodwa'—with that old machine gun pepperin' away?"

"Gee, how those turnips sizzed through the air!" grinned back Wayne reminiscently; then his face became thoughtful. "I'm not sure but what I'd swap these diggings for that dead old army mule we bunked beside one night, if I had the chance! Joe, what's the matter with me, anyhow? I've been as fidgety as a rookie on parade since I've been home!"

"You've got it, too?" queried Joe. "Everythin' seems different since you got back, don't it? Seems like you can't stand still—gotta keep movin'. Aw, I know how it is! Soon's I got out of the army, I thought I'd take a few weeks' rest. Did I? Well, I guess not! Three days—an' I hit out for a job."

"I've just been sort of lost," groaned Wayne.

The other nodded commiseratively. "I know. What you need, buddy, is a job. Somethin' to occupy your mind an' muscle. Why, man alive! After livin' that up-an'doin' life we lived over there, you can't come back to a soft job of doin' nothin'!"

"My father has his heart set on my returning to college," observed Wayne moodily. "I studied law, you know, but as I never had any real leaning toward it, I'm not going to dawdle away any more of my time at school. I want to get right out into the business world, but dad—"

"Huh!" ejaculated Joe. "What you need, kid, is work—real honest-to-goodness work. Say, why don't you come along to the shipyards with me? There's a bunch of the boys out there, an' they're

always askin' me about my old buddy, Mac."

"They are—are they?" Wayne's eyes were bright with a purpose and he spoke in a queer, strained voice. "Well, you tell them, old timer, that Mac's going to be on the job with them—no, you don't have to tell them—I'll do that myself, bright and early Monday morning!"

That Wayne should stoop to manual labor, defying the conventions of that ultra fashionable set with which the McCulloughs were affiliated, was beyond all human comprehension. Realizing that he was in a state of disgrace, he made a point of sneaking in the tradesmen entrance when he came home after the day's grind. How could he march up the front steps with a whistle on his lips, as of old, when his face was black with grime, and the clothes he wore unfit to grace the brawny figure of a scion of McCullough?

"It's honest labor. Jobs are scarce nowadays, and I'm lucky to have one." With these words, he defeated the vehement protests of the scandalized members of his family.

In the enterprising young mind of Carolyn Langford there was a whirlwind of surprised consternation at the idea of being engaged to a young man who earned his living by the sweat of his brow.

"It's only a fad," she assured herself and continued to be the same sweet young thing who had captured the heart of Wayne McCullough.

Then one day came the acid test. Wayne on his way home from the yards passed a pretentious mansion before which was parked the smart electric of the Langfords. Carolyn, at the wheel, and two charming young creatures seated on the rear seat, were bidding farewell to a fourth girl who stood on the sidewalk.

A stab as painful as that any dagger could render, pierced the heart of Wayne McCullough, for even as he raised his cap and smiled at his fiancee, she made no

move of recognition. As he paused irresolute, the car shot away.

Wayne was white with unadulterated fury as he faced Carolyn that evening.

"You looked like a tramp," accused the girl in a bitter outburst. "I was never so mortified in all my life."

Haughtily she released him from the engagement until such a time as he secured a position worthy of a "gentleman," or returned to college as the elder McCullough demanded. As it were, she was ashamed of him.

"Ashamed of me!" he returned bitterly. "Ashamed of me because my face is begrimed with the dust of honest work!"

Wayne rushed from the Langford home to walk the quiet streets in a frenzy of anger, intermixed with sorrow. The world was wrong—all wrong. He had offered his very life for the sake of Democracy only to find it lacking at home. Well, he was glad that he had discovered the shallow nature of Carolyn. Yet it was not Carolyn alone; even his own people—oh, he was sick of life!

Then the blackness of his thoughts was rift by a spirit of light. He visioned—Julie Millet. Julie of the old-young face, Julie of the work-worn hands, but Julie, thank God, of the true-blue heart!

Quietly Wayne slipped away, his funds taking him as far as New York; then he was given work in the engine room of a trans-Atlantic vessel. He was glad of the strength in his young arms; work was play, now that he was going to Julie.

At last he was in France. Making his way south, he arrived late one afternoon at a sleepy little village; here he learned that Monsieur Millet, God rest his poor old soul, had departed from this earth of travail. But Mademoiselle Julie still lived in her home at the edge of the village.

Dusk was sifting down on the countryside as Wayne rapped at the door of a tiny cottage. His heart seemed to slip up

into his throat and halt there, only to palpitate with a throbbing painfulness. Then before him stood Julie—she of the true-blue heart.

“You have come back!” she wept, her little work-worn hands clasped about his neck, her old-young face upturned to meet his ardent gaze.

“Yes, my Julie, I have come back,”

and lapsing into the lingo of his doughboy days, he added, “For I love you, ma cherie—beaucoup—beaucoup!”

Several weeks later a cablegram darted its way beneath the waves of the Atlantic. “Son and daughter—come home.” Just five words, but they spelt a wealth of happiness to Wayne and Julie, and the former knew that at last Democracy had struck its keynote in the house of McCullough.

THE ELEMENTS

Arthur Lawrence Bolton

“Ten million years and more have we
Worked on this ragged scenery,
And now the human ants sublime,
Our summits mount, our glaciers climb,
And with an egotism bold,
Where'er they hook their little hold,
Or even cast their captious eyes,
On towering peak, or vaulted skies,
They lay a petty, boastful claim,
And give our mighty works a name.”

“At Kelly's Kamp they spend a week,
And cast their flies in Murphy's Creek,
They amble over Olson's Bridge,
And chase the jacks up Jones's Ridge,
They sweat and toil toward Kenyon Peak,
Get out of breath and cannot speak,
And where they halt to rest and pant,
They name the spot Point Elegant.”

“And so you wander where you may,
By mighty falls, 'neath giants gray,
On every side their hand is scen,
In placards white and placards green;
This monarch of the woods you see,
Is named for Governor McKee.
That yonder, oldest living thing,
For Major-General Homer King.”

“For us it is to bide our time,
Our work shall last, so let them climb,
Let them wander in and out,
Fall and groan and sing and shout,
Though they the eons of silence break,
We shall forbear, for pity's sake,
For though their coming seems a sin,
We know that in the end we win.

The Bygone Book-Agent

New Commercial Methods have been his Undoing

By Julius Versinger

WITHOUT any definite realization of the fact on the part of the present generation, the old time book agent, who until comparatively recently was a familiar figure in all parts of the country, is vanishing slowly from contemporary life. His boon companion, the lightning rod agent and the raucous voiced vender of nostrums, who sold his salves and various other compounds under the flare of the gasoline torch, already have slipped into oblivion.

The increasing intelligence of both the rural and urban population has done much to eliminate the traveling quack doctor and the lightning rod man from our social life. But it is the growth of advertising—the realization on the part of publishers that books can be sold in greater quantities at a lower cost through the medium of newspapers and magazines than by the use of agents—that is responsible for the passing of the last figure in the once familiar trilogy of itinerants.

It was only a comparatively short time ago that publishers commenced to learn how to advertise their wares effectively—how to appeal to the emotions and curiosity of the book buying public. Several nationwide campaigns of publicity and advertising were conducted successfully. The phrase, "finish this story for yourself," became, and still is, one of the best known advertising slogans. The works of O. Henry, Kipling, Mark Twain, Jack London, Maupassant and other noted authors were exploited according to modern commercial practice and the results obtained were effective. You cannot slam the door in the face of an alluring magazine ad. and it is folly to set the bulldog on your favorite newspaper just because it is attempting to sell you a set of short story masterpieces or a universal compendium of knowledge. So, in the

publishing business, as in many other enterprises conducted along lines that permit of advertising, the printed word has taken the place and usurped the function of the personal salesman.

There was a certain romantic and, at the same time, pathetic aspect to the wandering profession before the efficiency of new commercial methods. Book agents for the greater part were either innocently young or pathetically old. The field attracted those who were starting out in life because it always offered an opportunity to make a living; and it was the refuge of life's failures, who turned to it when there seemed to be no other niche in the world wherein they could fit.

There were a few agents who were fitted by temperament to the arduous task of selling books to people who were determined not to read them, and agents of this type found the business a lucrative one. The book agents who were successful, however, probably could have reaped rewards as great, if not greater, selling oil stoves in equatorial climes. For the book agent generally was considered a public nuisance and he was given a greeting that accorded with his reputation at the majority of doors at which he knocked. He needed the cunning of Machiavelli to secure an opportunity even to start his sales talk, and before a sale could be "closed" he must have recourse to a forceful and insidious type of salesmanship.

Before an agent was sent into the field he was thoroughly coached in the merits of the proposition he had to present and was obliged to commit to memory various "patters" that might be used in selling his offering. Who is there that does not remember the type of agent who lacked the faculty of salesmanship altogether? He may have been a young cherub cheek-

ed college student who sold books in the summer to pay his tuition during the winter months at school; it may have been an old man with a goatee and an air of faded respectability; but in either case, once having gained admission to a home or office, he would recite his sales arguments in a sing-song, mechanical manner which at one disclosed their origin to an observant person.

The "instructions" to agents included not only various statements intended to prepossess the prospect in favor of the set of books or the ponderous tome which the agent was exploiting, but they also presented various methods of approach intended to pacify the irritation of the busy housewife, whose workaday temper was never improved by finding an agent at the front door after she had discarded her apron and dust cap in response to his knock.

The book agent, however, preferred to deal with women, he found them easier victims to his wiles than men, particularly when his appeal to them could be founded on the assumption that the literature he was selling would be of inestimable value to their children.

Perhaps the last distinctive phase of book agenting came a very few years ago with that type of salesman who urged his wares on the plea that he was endeavoring to work his way through college. For a short time agents who used this method of approach were very numerous. They were both male and female, and their introduction consisted of the simple request for the "vote" of the prospect. This opened the conversation and it then developed, according to the plausible agent, that there was a country wide contest being conducted by some benevolent association and that the person getting the most "votes" would get a free college education.

Needless to say, in order to cast a "vote" in behalf of the apparently sincere and earnest young person who applied for your patronage it was necessary

for you to buy a certain book or set of books. This gag produced splendid results, but the public soon became aware of the fact that in most instances, the assertions of the agents were devoid of truth, with the result that the "aspiring student" type of agent lost much of his or her effectiveness.

Throughout the country what might be termed the genus itinerant is disappearing. Charlatans and quacks of various kinds still linger in the backwoods districts, but for the greater part they have gone and left only memories behind them. The book agent, however, has left his imprint in every community—the book shelves in homes in the rural districts and the smaller cities will testify to his activities long after his species has become extinct. Now, and for a long time to come, the gloomy libraries in old fashioned American domiciles will contain the inevitable doctor's book, "which, madam, will save its cost in three months by eliminating the necessity of summoning the physician for those slight ailments to which mankind is heir." the encyclopedia "which is a beacon light of knowledge and which should be in every family which desires the incalculable benefits of erudition," the impressive little volume with the black cover which exposes the wiles and wickedness of slick city crooks and which states emphatically, among other precepts, that one "must never sign a paper for a stranger."

Few, save those who deplore the passing of certain picturesque phases of American life, will mourn the passing of the book agent. And yet society owes a certain debt of gratitude to the young optimists and the old pessimists who made up the majority of those in the "profession." For, in the face of obstacles that only dauntless or desperate spirits could surmount, they carried the first flickering light of culture and education into byways that otherwise might long have been left unilluminated.



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In Realm of Bookland

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE DUSTER

When "The Mirrors of Downing Street" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) appeared recently, it was evident that the author—who carefully conceals his identity behind the pen name "A Gentleman With a Duster"—was in close touch with the men holding the reins of government. It was clear, too, that he thought the empire's business ought to be in the hands of far better men. So he was invited to outline an ideal Cabinet, which he has done in an outspoken article in *The London Magazine* for March. The following seven are his choice for the supreme council of the nation: Prime Minister, Alfred Zimmern; Foreign Secretary, Lord Robert Cecil; Director of the Commonwealth, Lord Leverhulme; President of the Board of Trade, Sir Alfred Booth; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Inverforth; Home Secretary, Mrs. Bramwell Booth; Minister of Labor, J. R. Clynes. The other Ministers of the Government should be summoned only when occasion required their presence.

EUGENE CUNNINGHAM'S SUCCESS

Though still under thirty, Eugene Cunningham, whose new volume of sailor stories, "The Regulation Guy" is announced for early publication by the Cornhill Company, has crowded more adventure into his few years than falls to the lot of most people in a life-time. Like the boy in William McFee's "Casuals of the Sea," he yielded to the lure of the blue banner and brilliant posters of the Navy Recruiting Station at Fort Worth, Texas, and, as soon as he had finished high-school, en-

listed as apprentice seaman with a roving commission.

Besides his sailor experiences this writer has done newspaper work, sold life insurance, put to sea as deck-hand and first class passenger, ridden the ranges of Texas, Costra Rica and Nicaragua, inviegled boys from plow-tails to the decks of men-o'-war, followed the trail from San Jose, Costa Rica; to Zacapa, Guatemala, as magazine correspondent and stood anti-submarine watch in the war zone. From which it will be seen that Mr. Cunningham has hearkened to the old adage about a year of Europe's being worth a century of Cathay.

In "Ye Good Old Days"

In those spacious Elizabethan times when the Globe Theatre at Southwark rang to the plaudits of sturdy Englishmen witnessing for the first time tragedies and comedies that still remain vital literary achievements through the centuries it was the custom to publish the play. Playbooks were as common then as the novels of Harold Bell Wright and Robert W. Chambers are today. From every bookstall their quaintly printed tomes allured the passer-by. The reading of plays was the principal intellectual pleasure. No dramatist went without having his efforts collected between covers. Today all this is ordered differently. The comedies and dramas that hold our contemporary stage and spell success by long runs are rarely printed. It is true that within the past decade an increasing number of plays have been printed, but the efforts so offered the reading public are hardly the pieces that are (or have been) popular successes.

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THE MELODY OF YOUTH

(Continued from Page 23)

Slowly, the ragged, hungry tramp under the window replaced his violin and bow, closed his case and slunk away through the hedge. He pulled his dingy coat collar closer around his neck and walked faster into the darkness.

TWO AND A QUARREL

(Continued from Page 29)

are people who knowingly make bogus demands upon their fellows and bring pestiferous suits upon false claims. Quarrels thus engendered by such knaves are purely one-man quarrels.

Many unthinking people who "speak evil of those things which they know not" are prone to look askance upon a person who has had disagreements, and especially if that person has been the innocent victim of domestic trouble in regard to whose facts they are totally ignorant. And those persons will hold themselves aloof from a divorce solely because she is a widow by grace of the law, and not because they know anything whatever about the reasons why the law extended to her its grace.

Never make the radical mistake of supposing that the fact that a person has had trouble with others proves him to be of a quarrelsome nature nor to be wrong in any way. It does not always take two to make a quarrel. They quarreled with Christ.

James Hanson, the San Francisco writer of South-Sea romances, who is making such a name for himself in the magazines, will spend the summer at Santa Cruz working on a novel of Hawaii.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, author of "The Age of Innocence," has recently bought a large estate in Southern France, where she will continue writing about America and Americans.

"The Life of Whitelaw Reid," by Royal Cortissez, has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Reid figured actively in the Campaigns of Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. Besides which he succeeded Horace Greeley as editor of the New York Tribune.

Harold Bell Wright is in Tucson, Ariz., rehearsing a play for the benefit of the tubercular hospital there. The redoubtable Emma Carus is to play the principal part, and the play may have a Broadway production next Fall. Mr. Wright has just finished "Helen of the Old House," which D. Appleton & Co. will publish in August.

John Spargo, in speaking of his new book, "The Jew and American Ideals," just published by the Harpers, says:

I do not conceive the book as being in any sense a defense of the Jews, but simply as a defense of American ideals and institutions against a vicious, un-American propaganda. Anti-Semitism is at all times and in all places inseparably fused with the reactionary movement in general, and to oppose it is to serve the cause of progress.

In April the Century Company will publish Camille Flammarion's "Death and Its mystery. The book is the first of a trilogy which will express the spiritual faith and the grounds for belief in a hereafter of the writer. The other two volumes are nearly complete, in the French, and will be translated by E. S. Brooks.

William Lyon Phelps's new book, "Essays on Modern Dramatists," has just been published by the Macmillan Company. His subjects are Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Fitch, Maeterlinck and Rostand. Professor Phelps knew Clyde Fitch and has had interesting contacts with several writers.

THE VALLEY OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS

Chas. J. North

There's a wonderful valley
That lieth away
Where the hills of the morning slope down—
When the warmth of the sunrise
Creeps over their edge,
Through the mists of their brightening crown.

There's a wonderful fountain
That lieth deep down,
In that valley of beautiful dreams—
And its fresh bubbling waters
Catch all the bright hues
Shining out from the morning's first gleams.

All its bright flowing waters
Rise out from the depths
That can never be measured by line—
And they bubble and sparkle,
And laugh as they dance,
When the moonlight and starlight doth shine.

And the maidens and lovers
Look into its depths,
When the king of that valley draws near—
Where they see little faces
That look like their own,
And their soft little voices they hear.

From that wonderful fountain
There floweth to them,
All the essence therein that is sweet—
And the velvety sands
Leading out from its edge,
All are printed with little bare feet.

O that wonderful fountain
Will never run dry,
While the king of that valley walks near—
And the maidens and lovers
Will kneel on its brink
Till the moon and the stars disappear.

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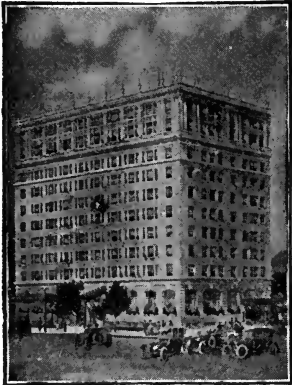
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State of California,
County of San Francisco.—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared C. Van der Zwaal, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary-Treasurer of the OVERLAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Penal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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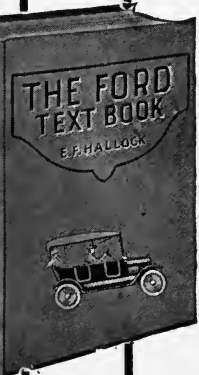
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America's Erratic Judge

How Judge Landis Entered Into Public Life

By HARVEY BROUGHAM

IT would be impossible to reconcile the conflicting opinions of the friendly and the unfriendly critics of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. To one set of fellow-citizens, he is the embodiment of the Good Samaritan. To the other set he is a poseur, more interested in advertising his unique personality than making himself a credit to his high office of judge of the United States District Court for the northern district of Illinois. Since this much-discussed judge accepted the position of High Commissioner of Baseball at a salary of \$42,500, and extra allowances, without resigning his public office with its salary of \$7500 a year, the friends and foes of Judge Landis are further than ever apart. But, while they are disputing whether the judge should be impeached, or promoted to higher public office, let us cast a glance at his antecedents.

He was born fifty-five years ago in Butler county, Ohio, and was given the name of Kenesaw Mountain by his father, Abraham Landis, who had been wounded at that famous battle place and had returned home as an invalid soldier the day before the future Federal judge was born. So Kenesaw Mountain Landis he became on the baptismal records. He was the youngest of seven sons.

The Landis family moved to Indiana, and five of them grew to be men, at Delphi, Indiana. Some clerked in the postoffice, or taught school, and the youngster, Kenesaw, "carried a route" for a local paper during his school days. After a year at high school he got a job as a clerk in a grocery store and worked there for six months before his father found out that he had left school. The father stormed over the change. The son won his point. Then he took up shorthand and became a court reporter at Crown Point, Indiana. He eventually studied law at Cincinnati and was graduated from the Union Law College of Chicago.

From law to politics is an easy transition for young and briefless attorneys, and Kenesaw Mountain Landis became private secretary to Walter Q. Gresham, who was secretary of state under President Cleveland and had commanded the corps in which Landis, senior, had served and been wounded. That was how young Landis got in line for a position in the judicial system of the United States. He was not appointed to a judgeship until Theodore Roosevelt became president, but he had an opportunity to cut such a figure in politics. He no doubt inherited a talent for that line of activity, as four

of the Landis brothers have obtained public office.

Judge Landis never attained a prominent place at the bar. More training as a practicing attorney might have formed habits calculated to make him less unique as a judge. His chief stock in trade is said not to be legal lore, but "a streak of originality," which has made his tribunal one of the most noted in America. A prominent Eastern newspaperman has remarked of this quaint jurist:

"Judge Landis is the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and Chicago is his Bagdad. He is the friend of the oppressed, the scourge of the oppressors; his court reflects every phase of the life of the city and is a field of wonderful adventure. It was in 1907 that he fined the Standard Oil Company \$29,000,000 in the morning and in the afternoon haggled with a loan shark over a few pennies of interest due from a poor man. He ended up by paying the loan shark out of his private purse and telling him to be gone out of his sight before he forgot himself and gave him a thrashing.

"One day he is tracing the missing millions of an old man; another he is threading his way through an amazing blackmail plot, publicly shaming the guilty and shielding the innocent victims, and on the third he exposes, in the course of an hour, organized gambling in Chicago, although the police have denied its existence for years.

"How all these things manage to happen in Judge Landis's court is the wonder of it all."

While all this sort of notoriety is delightful to sensational reporters, and makes Judge Landis' name a household word, in the city of pork packers, learned lawyers shake their heads dubiously when his remarkable deeds are discussed.

One of his recent performances was to discharge a young bank embezzler, because the offender had been paid a miserable salary. That was regarded by many people as "playing to the gallery." It was morally and legally erroneous, for honesty should not be made dependable on salary and a poorly paid criminal jus-

tified in becoming a thief, that his employers might be shamed. That principle, if adopted, would classify various types of thieves—some proof against moderate temptation, some adamant against even greater temptation, and cashiers with princely salaries whom no amount of money would make embezzlers. But as a matter of fact, some highly paid cashiers make off with large sums. Honesty is not so much impulse as character. A thief is generally one, no matter how much he may be paid by his employers. An honest man is one, though the heavens should fall.

A Chicago reporter has told how pleased it made Judge Landis to hear that some of his fellow-citizens approved of his action with regard to the young bank thief.

Passing rapidly down the street en route to the railroad station the other afternoon, a citizen stopped Judge Landis to shake hands.

"I want to shake hands with you," said the citizen, "for the way you handled that young bank thief, Carey."

The speaker wore the garb of toil. "We are proud of you in Chicago," added the man.

"I will try to see that you are not disappointed in the future," replied the Judge.

Then turning quickly to the reporter, he said: "Great Lord! And they tell me that there is nothing in the approval of these people. Why, I would rather have the people of that man's type looking upon me as a man who would protect the public interest than to have all the money in the world. I tell you, that the greatest position any man can achieve is the one upon which his fellow-man looks with approval. The meanest man in the world is the man who destroys the faith of any human being in anything."

The most ridiculous part of the affair was that the young thief with whom the judge sympathized had filched a large sum from the bank, proving conclusively that it was not sore need of the necessaries of life that drove him to crime, but willingness to filch a fortune when the opportunity of-

ered..

Since that remarkable affair another young bank thief has walked off with enormous plunder—almost a million dollars—and attributed his fall from grace to the bad influence of Judge Landis' decision.

The Judge questions the truth of the statement, that the juvenile thief had made such a charge of his own free-will, but whatever doubts there may be on that score, there can be none on the indiscretion of turning a thief loose because he had not been paid a decent salary.

Judge Landis is more popular with the mob than his superiors of the United States Supreme Court, who have annoyed him grievously by reversing several of his rulings. The less judicial a judge, the quicker is he to quarrel with a higher court and attribute its adverse rulings to prejudice or ignorance.

The impressions that one obtains from Judge Landis' erraticisms is that he is constitutionally unsuited for position.

He lacks some of the qualities essential in a calm judge, with sound judgment and a minimum of prejudice. He is more of a politician than a lawyer. Public opinion has rather cooled towards Judge Landis since he accepted the post of High Commissioner of Baseball, for a large salary of \$42,500, and made no attempt to resign his position as United States judge.

The indictment of several noted baseball players for bribery has placed professional baseball under a cloud, and Landis has appeared to the baseball magnates as the best person to help the reinstatement of the game in public confidence. His acceptance of such a position places him in a new light. Money which he probably affects to despise, must have a potent attraction for him, or he would have declined the private sideline with its large pay. Were his desire solely to reinstate baseball in favor, he could have done the work for nothing, as he evidently has time enough. He thinks he can perform the duties of judge and of baseball commissioner, or he would not have accepted the outside job. The Judge

is in danger of being regarded henceforth as a popular idol with feet of clay.

A Chicago reporter has furnished the following description of the celebrated judge:

"It is off the bench that one sees the real character of the man that is reflected in his decisions. As the eye photographs him, he is a live wire. His small, wiry frame is encased in garments that hang with careless abandon. In all my years of news-hunting I found Judge Landis neither hard to meet nor difficult of acquaintance. He has the eye of a Theodore Hook and the visage of a Yankee clock peddler. His movements are quick, jerky and nervous.

"No jewelry serves to betray personal vanity. His hair is long, shaggy and unkempt. It is as white as silver. A faded fedora hat with a Pittsburg shade is his pet headdress. He loves to knock the fedora out of his hat by punching it into every rude, fantastic shape.

"With coat collar turned up, stand-up collar with string necktie half unbowed, cuff unlinked, the much punched fedora on the back of his head—a picture of studied carelessness is the Judge's idea of correct street attire.

"Personally, the Judge is a most genial companion. Admitted that his fedora hat is full of irregular lines and careless indentations, the hat tells the story that less thought is given to that article than to what is under it. In personal conversation with his friends he is frank and open. When it is sought to bring him into public discussion he guards the judicial dignity with care.

"Simple but excellent surroundings give a cue to the home tastes of the Judge. Since the marriage of their two children, the Judge and Mrs. Landis have lived in a modest suite of rooms at the Chicago Beach Hotel, where the windows overlook Lake Michigan and Jackson Park. Books make themselves perfectly at home about the place; so do visitors. There is an easy grace about the whole establishment that wipes out formality and makes the newest caller feel that he has been there all his life.

What Bolshevism Means

Horrible Condition of Russia by a Spectator

By PRINCESS NINA ZIZIANOFF

IN order to understand well the present situation in Russia one must realize that all of this vast Russia in the hands of the soviets is nothing but one great barracks: an immense regiment, where every man from 15 to 55 and every woman from 15 to 45 is a passive instrument in the hands of a band of brigands. This whole mass, called the proletariat, to which had been promised lands, liberty, the ownership of everything, is at present a silent horde—hungry, persecuted and brutalized—a lot of beasts having nothing in common with the human beings of the rest of Europe but external appearance, controlled by terror, and above all by hunger.

This mass has no volition; it no longer thinks; it no longer hopes; it is paralyzed.

When the Bolsheviks seized the government, all factories were requisitioned; all houses, all apartments, linen, furniture, automobiles, were considered proletarian property. The government said: "All this belongs to you; you have suffered; leeches have drunk your blood; they have grown rich from your toil, from your bodies. We return to you all this. Take houses, furniture, clothes. All is yours."

And the people took as much and more than they could hold. For three months they lived in a paradise. Everybody was a master, a director; there were no more servants; all commanded. At the end of three months everything was out of gear; all the machines were stopped at all the factories; life began to be a void.

Then the government showed itself in its true colors. It put the workers back in their places—to do twelve hours of daily work under iron discipline. The government, which had declared the people to be the collective proprietor, has since decreed that the soviet government is the sole proprietor of everything.

People in general have arrived at such a pitch of suffering in Russia that they

have become indifferent. One risks one's life from morning to night. The purchase of food is forbidden under pain of death; yet one's life is spent looking for it. It is forbidden under pain of death to sell furniture or garments. Recently, even the sale of books was prohibited and they were declared national property. Yet more than half the population keeps alive by selling personal effects; and the other half, namely, the new class in process of formation, has but one ideal—the purchase of second-hand furniture.

A man of my acquaintance, a judge who lost his position when the government decreed its new laws, was nevertheless reappointed. For the sake of his old mother, he accepted. On the first day of the resumption of his work he returned from court and said to his mother: "I cannot occupy that post, because this morning forty-two persons were brought to me and all I had to do was to ask them their civil status and sign their sentence to be executed tonight. I cannot do such work."

He then kissed his mother, went to his room and hanged himself.

I know of another case of an old owner of real estate who became so terrified by these condemnations to execution that he went crazy and was turned back in this state to his family.

In Russia the position of women is no better than that of men, because if a woman does not work she gets nothing to eat; if she serves the government she has rations assured to her unless she marries. Marriage is very easy, as the Bolshevik law requires only two witnesses and the signature. Divorce is ever easier; one can get married, divorced and remarried within a fortnight.

The government has decreed that all children from six years of age shall be taken from their parents and placed in a boarding school, which is a barracks,

where they have instilled into them the ideas which, according to the Bolsheviki, are destined to rule the world. Everything is stolen.

It is heart-breaking to see processions of children, haggard, yellow, in rags, badly shod—barefoot in summer—led by their teachers, who cast upon you agonized glances.

But the worst nightmare of all is to see children, the very little ones at the head, led to the national festivals and funerals. A communist is always buried with great pomp, with his picture borne aloft before his body, and surrounded by children carrying little red flags, which they must wave. These children sing songs with refrains like this: "Long live our red liberty! Long live our liberty which is the death of all the bourgeois! We have neither father nor mother: the soviet is our family!"

Russians have become genuine fatalists. When a member of one's family or an acquaintance does not turn up some evening, one ascertains whether any raids have taken place, and if so one goes off to the prison to look the missing person up. It is dangerous to make visits, because, as informing is an everyday matter, it often happens that a trap has been laid at the house of those whom one visits.

People are arrested with or without reason. Perhaps one has tried to sell furniture or buy something; or perhaps there is a belief to this effect. Perhaps a Bolshevik commissary or some other Bolshevik may desire your apartment or furniture, in which case you are led away and some soldiers are placed in your apartment for ten days or so, during which every one putting in an appearance there is arrested, so that it often happens that because of the arrest of one person twenty others are also taken and kept in prison for weeks.

As soon as it became clear that a person is missing measures are taken to find out as soon as possible where he or she is and to take the prisoner food, since none is provided in the prisons. It is forbidden to find out why any one has been appre-

hended, there is nothing to do but wait. Often, when you go up to the wicket at the prison, you are told that there is no longer any need of inquiring about so-and-so: "Justice has been done." For these reasons one never goes anywhere without leaving word as to where one is going.

The soldiers are badly fed and forbidden to return to their native villages. Physical and moral misery is enormous among the troops, so that they desert en masse whenever they get a chance. At Krasnoo Selo, during one night, in one camp alone, eight hundred soldiers, the entire force occupying one of the barracks, including the communist inspectors, deserted and were not retaken. As for the officers, they were shot.

The misery at the front is incredible. There is no aid for the wounded. The Red Cross does not exist. There are no medicines, no nurses. Woe to him who falls—his comrades undress him and relieve him of everything.

Hundreds of persons, including myself, saw, several nights in succession in Petrograd, motor trucks in which hundreds of corpses of men, naked, frozen and bundled together, were being carried, uncovered, across the city to the big factories; we could not find out the reason.

When a foreign communistic delegation arrives one knows about it because the principal streets through which the delegates are to go are put into more or less decent condition. For instance, the roadways are repaved. These roadways are paved with blocks of wood, which greatly pleases the populace, who take away the wood at night for heating purposes. The visiting communistic delegations see some elite troops, Letts, Esthonians or Bashkirs, well-clothed and shod, armed with rifles. The visitors are allowed to be present at conferences, popular meetings, big parades and big speeches made by Zinovieff, surrounded by his staff, with a pomp recalling the old days of the empire.

Soviet money has no value, except in food. The soviets print at least a billion a month and change their notes every

month; these are very easily counterfeited.

A kilogram (2 1-5 pounds) of bread costs from 6,000 to 8,000 rubles. A kilogram of butter costs 50,000, a kilogram of sugar 50,000, a pair of shoes from 150,000 to 200,000 rubles. A needle costs from 100 to 200, a spool of black thread 6,000 rubles, one of white thread 3,000. It is forbidden, under penalty of death, to sell or buy these. The Government divides a spool of thread among from 180 to 200 persons, which comes to about one meter and a half (about five feet) apiece.

To live in miserable fashion—that is, on 400 grams of bread, 2 pounds of potatoes, 50 grams of fat, a piece of sugar—you must pay 10,000 rubles. An egg costs some 700 rubles, a kilogram of gray flour 5,000 rubles, one of salt (unobtainable now), 5,000 to 6,000. Many persons have lived without salt for months. Civilians receive officially 150 grams of bread, but, when weighed, this ration scarcely reaches 100—always the same system of robbery! There is also a soup at one ruble, which one must go to get at the public kitchen; it is, officially, made up of 15 grams of gruel and salted water. The public kitchens, like all other soviet establishments, are shockingly dirty—no soap, no brush, no service, no room ever cleaned. Often—almost every day, in fact, there are 3,000 to 4,000 visitors at a public kitchen, and there are about fifty in Petrograd.

During the summer, at a kitchen in Liteini, 200 persons became ill of glanders because they had been served horse meat. They were in the Rounoff hospital and it was decided to shoot them. There were about ten children and a hundred women

among them. The Russian soldiers refused to execute them and it was necessary to employ Buriat soldiers, who are the Mongols of Manchuria.

Typhus, dysentery, cholera, influenza and scurvy have gained a permanent foothold. The law requires that the sick be taken to a hospital, but this means certain death, as there are no medicines, doctors, care nor heat. The sick are crowded indiscriminately together, those suffering contagious diseases pell-mell among those requiring an operation. The food is the same as at the public kitchens. The heat is no higher than body heat, for there is no artificial heating.

Funerals are nationalized; only the Government buries. Sometimes it delays five or six days in Summer, and we have had cases of deaths from dysentery, cholera and typhoid when the corpse has lain six days in a private house before burial. In the very house where I lived we had a man die of cholera and remain four days in Summer, before being removed. Religious burial has been suppressed.

A coffin costs 40,000 rubles. The digging of a grave 40,000. The dead lie for whole days at the cemetery before being buried. Every morning motor trucks loaded with dead leave the hospitals.

My doctor, who had formerly been the head of the principal Petrograd hospital, was discharged and is living in abject poverty, like all intellectuals. He, as a specialist, has compiled trustworthy statistics and has proved to me that 8 per cent. of the population are actually dying of hunger.

Such is the situation of property owners, bankers, manufacturers, doctors, engineers, lawyers, judges—in short, of all intellectuals. They are dying like flies.



Newspaper Models

An Eminent New York Authority's Ideas

By WARREN L. SMITH

IT is hardly an exaggeration, that everybody believes he can run a better newspaper than is published by any other person. The reason of this is the enormous egoism of humanity. Journalism is largely an expression of personal ideas.

At a dinner given by the Columbia chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, recently Ralph Pulitzer of the New York World, stated that "Journalism is life in ink, and it shares all the ugliness as well as the beauty of life."

That is only a platitude, but being an after dinner speech, should not be taken too seriously. Being the son of a man who made the World successful, and founded an American college of Journalism, Mr. Pulitzer is worthy of a careful hearing. His recent remarks were very interesting, though they may not be very useful in establishing a standard code for professional newspaper writers.

Mr. Pulitzer divided journalism into several classes. First of all there is the "hang-dog" kind, which "has lost the travesty of life."

"It is the journalism which plays up divorce cases, not because they are life but because they are lust; which plays up not the tragedy but the morbidness of crime; not the pathos but the succulency of sin. It slops over virtue and sobs over vice. It has hysterics over heroes and apoplexy over villains. This hang-dog journalism is the creation, in some cases, of cultivated debauchees and in others of virtuous vulgarians.

"Then, on the other hand, you have the polite press, which believes in the sanctity of high society and in the purity of the purse. It sees life through a rosy glow of birth and bank accounts. In its uplifted eyes crime is as sordid as poverty, and sin as unpublishable as club happenings. It maintains distinguished literary and dramatic critics to praise murder,

suicide and adultery when skilfully exploited behind the footlights or between the covers of a book, but when life is the novelist or fate is the dramatist it shrinks from these flesh and blood tragedies and dramas as being "bad form." To this section of the press, dedicated to prosperity and propriety, life unwinds itself as a dignified, decorous frieze of politics and polo, debutantes and dividends, banking, commerce, literature and art.

"This has the merit of cleanliness, but it too gives a dishonest picture of life. It seems to me that between these two extremes lies the path of the newspaper which aspires to portray life in its true and honest perspectives.

"I know full well that my own papers often stray off that path, but it is the path that we aim to follow, that we hope to follow more and more successfully and to which I would advise you to aspire.

"Interest in life, honesty toward life—those should be your watchwords.

"I think my father was the most striking example of those qualities that I have ever known. He would be absorbed in a political or economic question one hour and equally enthralled by a murder mystery the next. To him they were simply different vital manifestations of life. He never printed news superciliously as being beneath his own interest but good enough for the masses of his readers. He was vitally interested in every stick that he printed.

"But he was not alone interested in portraying life but in moulding it. He belonged to that school of journalism which believes in being not merely a chronicler but a champion. He had strong views which he believed to be righteous views, and he used his papers persistently and pugnaciously to carry those views into effect.

"I have been brought up in this school, and I firmly believe in it. But at the same

time I fully recognize that one of the unsolved problems of the day is the irresponsible power of the press."

Mr. Pulitzer might have classified his subject by telling exactly how his respected father came from St. Louis, the "edge of the forest" practically and made a great success of the New York World which had neither circulation nor wide influence. He bought the paper for a small price, embellished it with photo-engravings, then new in illustration, and gave New York and the metropolis a genuine journalistic novelty. New York bought Pulitzer's newfangled World and the metropolitan merchants advertised in it, because of its great and growing circulation; and so it has developed into a great newspaper.

Like all American newspapers of large

circulation, it is primarily an advertising sheet. The American journal which was primarily an organ of opinion expired when old man Horace Greeley and his school of publishers and editors passed.

The American newspaper model of today will also disappear. It aims at too much. It is far too expensive, too hysterical, not sufficiently literate, or honest or sane. Being first of all a subterfuge to get ads from its merchants it can never please everybody, and at last go out of fashion. It is going out now, but the publishers of the huge blanket sheets keep on their course as heedless of the schools ahead as were the New York editors of the period. Pulitzer senior came fresh from the provinces and made them all look like amateurs. Journalism is money-making, not ethics.



Bold Bandit of Other Days

He Almost Carried Off England's Crown Jewels

By Basil Orpin

A DISPATCH from London has stated that unusual precautions had been taken to guard the English crown jewels, which are kept in the Tower. Among these crown jewels are some of the most famous in the world, and perhaps that which represents the leading historical interest, as well as greatest value, is the Koh-i-nur, or Mountain of Light. A most instructive and delightful history of these wonderful crown jewels has been embodied in "The Jewel House," written by Major-General Sir George Younghusband, and published by the George H. Doran Company of New York.

The Koh-i-nur, when first heard of, was in the hands of the King of Golconda, in whose diamond fields it was found. It was first seen by a European in 1665, when it was shown to the French traveler Tavernier by the Emperor Aurungzebe of Delhi, who then owned it. With the Great Moguls it remained until 1739, when Nadir Shah, King of Persia, swept through the Punjab and laid Delhi at his feet. The vanquished Mahomed Shah fled for his life, taking the Koh-i-nur with him. Search as he would, the conqueror could not discover the whereabouts of what was to have been one of the great prizes of the war, until an ex-wife of Mahomed Shah's, made indiscreet by her affection for one of the bright knights of the conquering host, divulged the secret that her former lord kept the priceless gem, day and night, concealed in the folds of his turban.

Armed with this knowledge, Nadir Shah, too much the sportsman to murder his enemy with poison or the knife and then appropriate the diamond, gave orders instead that a great banquet be prepared and Mahomed Shah be brought as guest of honor. During the course of this dinner the guileful Nadir made Mahomed Shah a gracious speech, extolled his late

enemy's valor and wisdom, swore eternal friendship, and as a sign and token of the same suggested that they should exchange turbans. Luckless Mahomed Shah! He could not be so ungracious as to decline an offer which, among Eastern potentates, was then considered a marked compliment. No course but acceptance was open to him, and so the Koh-i-nur passed to the King of Persia.

Nadir Shah was later murdered and the great stone was taken by one of his bodyguard, an Afghan soldier of fortune, who escaped with it to his native land, and there eventually became Amir and founder of the Durani dynasty. The third Amir, to whom the diamond passed by right of royal succession, was deposed and fled to Lahore, the Koh-i-nur serving to buy him the hospitality of Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjab.

When Lord Gough laid in the dust the vaunted military power of the Sikhs the Koh-i-nur passed to the British army as part of the spoils of war. Sir John Lawrence was delegated to care for the Koh-i-nur until it was decided what disposition should be made of it. Sir John, who had many and great matters on his mind, beside which a diamond was of small import, wrapped the stone in a piece of paper, put it into his pocket—and forgot about it. Six weeks later a letter from the governor-general announced that it had been decided that the Koh-i-nur should be presented by the Army of the Punjab to Queen Victoria. Sir John listened unemotionally to this pronouncement until a member of the military board recalled the fact that the diamond was in his custody. Whereupon he galloped off to his bungalow, summoned his valet and said, "About six weeks ago I brought home in my pocket a piece of glass wrapped in a bit of paper. What did you do with it?"

"Cherisher of the poor," answered the native servant, "I placed that piece of glass wrapped in paper on top of your honor's office box, and"—opening the box—"here it is."

The famous diamond traveled from Lahore to London under special guard, was duly presented to Queen Victoria, and was for long worn by her set in a brooch. It now has the place of honor in the front of the crown of Queen Mary.

Such is the history of the most famous diamond in the world, as related in "The Jewel House," Major-General Sir George Younghusband's account of the many romances connected with the royal regalia of England's kings. Among the crown jewels there are half a dozen stones with histories fully as dramatic and picturesque, and the author of "The Tower From Within," who is the keeper of the jewel house, one of the most ancient offices in the English realm, makes equally fascinating reading of them all in his latest book.

Ever since the kings first began to reign on earth inanimate objects which appeal both to the eye and the imagination have been the emblems of royalty. The English monarchy is the oldest in Europe, and the history of England might almost be written around the crowns and sceptres, orbs, rings and swords which have served as its symbols for centuries. The gems which adorn these symbols have been in the midst of the fiercest and most historic battles, have lain inglorious in pawnbrokers' shops, have been buried with kings and recovered hundreds of years later. Murders have been committed for them and wars fought for their possession. They have been corruptly sold for the merest tittle of their worth; they have been carelessly lost, and in one case swallowed by a soldier in the attempt to preserve them from theft.

Major-General Younghusband's vivid account of the single attempt to steal the crown jewels is taken from a manuscript written in 1680 at the dictation of Sir Gilbert Talbot, the keeper of the jewel house at that time.

Although for some 700 years the gray

old walls of the Tower of London have been the outer casing of the casket which has contained the crown jewels of thirty-two kings and queens of England, the country was so truly Merry England in the reign of Charles II that nobody dreamed of an attempt being made to steal the jewels of the beloved sovereign. Such was the spirit of rejoicing after the horrors of civil war and the Cromwellian era that the crown jewels were left in the sole custody of one old man, Talbot Edwards, who was well past the allotted span. These propitious circumstances presented a daring project to the imagination of one Colonel Blood, a resourceful soldier of fortune, who was quick to seize the opportunity presented. Dressed as a parson and accompanied by a respectable looking woman who passed as his wife, Blood went to the Tower on one of the days when the jewels were exhibited to the public. While viewing them, Mrs. Blood was taken with "a qualme upon her stomach," and in faint tones called upon the distressed Mr. Edwards for some spirits. This the old man hastily procured, and the invalid found herself so far recovered as to be able to go upstairs, where the Edwardses had their apartments, and lie down for recuperation on Mrs. Edward's bed. This incident served successfully as an entering wedge for the friendship which Parson Blood wished to strike up with the aged keeper. To cement the friendship, he returned a few days later to express his gratitude for the assistance given his wife and to present Mrs. Edwards with four pairs of white gloves as an expression of his sentiments. Thus he became a familiar and honored visitor to the Tower. Finally, Parson Blood suggested that a match might be arranged between his (entirely imaginary) nephew and Mr. Edward's daughter. May 9, 1671, was set as the day on which the fictitious nephew was to be introduced to his future wife. Seven a. m. was the strange hour chosen for the meeting.

At the appointed hour Parson Blood, accompanied by three friends, presented himself at Mr. Edward's door in the Martin Tower. They were cordially welcomed

by Mr. Edwards. While awaiting the arrival of the ladies upon the scene, Parson Blood suggested to his friend, the keeper, that the interval might be filled in by showing his companions the crown jewels. The unsuspecting old keeper readily consented to the suggestion and, unlocking the door of the treasure chamber, ushered in his guests. Here was exactly the situation to which Blood had so craftily worked up. An isolated chamber, with three able-bodied men, fully armed, on one side and a feeble, unarmed man nearly 80 years old on the other. The crown jewels of England the spoil of the victor in this unequal contest. Without wasting further time, the conspirators knocked Mr. Edwards on the head with a wooden mallet, crammed the king's state crown, in which was set the priceless ruby of the Black Prince and the Royal Orb into bags and fled. The royal sceptre they abandoned, not having time to cut it into two portable halves with the file brought for that purpose.

Except for an extraordinary coincidence the thieves would have got away with their spoils. But just at this crucial moment Mr. Edwards' son, a soldier home on leave from Flanders, appeared unexpectedly and unannounced upon the scene. As Blood and his accomplices were making off, without suspicious haste and with the jewels concealed under their dress, Mr. Edwards, whom they had left lying on the floor of the treasure chamber for dead, rushed out and shrieked, "Treason! The crown is stolen!" This gave the alarm to the Tower sentries, but not before the conspirators had passed most of the barriers. When they saw that they were discovered, Blood and his companions tried to fight their way to liberty, but were overpowered in the end. One of the thieves, named Hunt, who was Blood's son-in-law, managed to get to horse outside the Tower gates, and might have escaped had he not hit his head

against a pole sticking out from a laden wagon and been dismounted by the accident.

In flattening out the state crown to make it fit into the loot bag, the ruby of the Black Prince had been knocked from its setting. Parrett, another of the raiders, had stuffed it in his pocket, where it was found when he was captured.

This ruby, which is as large as a small bird's egg, and which is now set in the king's state crown, belonged, in 1367, to the King of Grenada, who was slaughtered in cold blood by Don Pedro of Spain, who carried off the gem. Don Pedro gave it to the Black Prince in gratitude for the loan of some of the latter's troops. The stone does not reappear in history until the reign of Henry V. That monarch wore it in his hat when he went into the battle of Agincourt. Richard III, the hunchback, when defeated by Henry Tudor, had the ruby in his crown, which he wore during the battle. When he fled in panic from the field he hid his crown in a bush, where it was found by an underling and used in the crowning of Henry VII, which took place then and there amid the dead and dying. When the parliamentarians ordered the destruction or sale of all the emblems of royalty the Black Prince's ruby was sold to some unknown person for £4. How it found its place again into the state crown of Charles II is an unsolved enigma.

Another of the most interesting of the crown jewels, whose histories are chronicled in "The Jewel House," is the huge sapphire which was in the coronation ring of Edward the Confessor. The monarch was buried with this ring, but in 1101 his shrine was broken open and the jewel taken out. The oldest royal piece of plate in the Tower is Queen Elizabeth's gold salt cellar, which somehow escaped the deprivations of the Commonwealth, as well as the necessities of Charles I's days.

Filipino's Favorite Sport

John Chinaman is Impresario and Bookmaker

By Fitzhugh Lee

IN every one of the larger cities of the Philippines and throughout every one of the thousands of little barrios—from Northern Luzon to Southern Mindanao—little barrios that fringe the ocean's edge or nestle among the hills, there is but one universal and adored sport, but one game that is preeminently popular from the mountain fastnesses of the Head Hunters to the southern shores of Moroland, and that is cock-fighting.

Every Sunday morning—for Sunday is the great day for the sport—at the first crack of dawn along the roads and trails that lead into the little settlements and on the streets that twist through the smelly and ramshackle barrios will be met numbers of Filipinos walking with a quick, jaunty step, anticipation written plainly upon their brown faces and an unusual light in their dark eyes. Each carries his favorite gamecock under his arm, and all are converging upon the cockpit.

The usual Philippine cockpit falls far short of the dignity and grandeur of the wheat pit in Chicago, or any other kind of pit we have in this country, but it makes up in color and excitement what it lacks architecturally. The Chicago wheat pit never witnessed the same brand of feverish excitement as can be seen any Sunday in hundreds of pits in the Philippines.

The cockpit is usually a circular shed, made of bamboo and roofed with glass. In the center of the shed is the arena, fenced off from the ten or twelve rows, or rather tiers of seats. It is seldom that the pit is not crowded to suffocation with half-naked men, all of whom have come to bet their scant funds upon their favorite bird.

The fights are not prearranged. It is exceptionally rare that a set contest is to be staged. The natives arrive with their fighting birds and immediately begin to

look around for an opponent that they think looks easy. There is much chattering pro and con before the cocks are paired off, but once the crowd has tasted the excitement of the first fight, other pairs of birds are brought into the pit without loss of time.

The proper handling of a cockpit is an art of which an American knows nothing. Tex Rickard would throw up his hands and yell for help before the Sunday morning sun was over the horizon. He would be lost in the intricacies of the job. The average Chinaman is a better fight promoter (as far as roosters are concerned) than the most efficient pugilistic wizard in this country could ever hope to be. Most of the officials in the pit are Chinese, and the smoothness with which they conduct the affair is one of the mysteries of the game.

To begin with, the officials set the odds—for all birds are not even-money bets, though even bets, too, are common enough. They also give the decisions and receive the bets. The birds are brought into the pit by their respective owners and are exhibited for the benefit of the patrons. It is a sort of introduction. Proudly they strut about the pit, their long, razor-edged gaffs encased in scabbards, while the spectators give them the once over and decide how they will place their money. A Chinese official announces the odds, and immediately from every corner of the ringside money is thrown into the pit. The Chinaman gives a casual glance in the direction of each thrower and puts the money in his pocket. No records is made of the amount, not a note taken. Hundreds of these bets are sometimes made upon a single fight. It would be enough to test the accuracy and speed of a half dozen bookmakers, and this lone Chinaman keeps the whole rigmarole in his head. Mistakes are rarely made and



THE BATTLEGROUND

the winners are paid off with a promptness and dispatch that is little short of marvelous.

The bets made and the ring cleared, the owners of the two cocks begin to unwind the fine string which keeps the scabbard in place. The owner of rooster No. 1 then lays hold of his bird and pulls his head to one side. Bird No. 2 is brought over and bestows two or three lusty and vicious pecks upon the exposed neck of No. 1. The process is then reversed. Having got the cocks fighting blood to the boiling point in this way, the owners face each other, squatting low upon their haunches in the center of the ring, their birds held out in front, with their heads almost touching. Each bird is now tugging to get at the other. The owners back off a little distance and turn the birds loose. Sometimes they fly at each other and meet in the center of the pit. Again they approach very cautiously, pecking here and there at some imaginary morsel on the ground, but gradually working toward each other. No pugilist ever watched with more cunning for an opening than do these fighting cocks, and their quickness is amazing. They can feint and duck and lunge and strike out with unbelievable speed.

Strategy and deceit are often employed by them. No prizefighter feigning grogginess has it on a fighting cock. One will turn tail and run, only to pirouette about and catch his opponent a deadly blow with his long razor-edged gaffs—and the fight is over. They will sprawl out on their backs, apparently dying, and as their enemy comes, lightning like, upon them to finish the job, will stick up their gaffed spur and deal a death blow.

Gameness is the quality that receives the greatest recognition. It is not a rare thing to see both birds killed, nor is it

less rare that the bird proclaimed the victor is killed while his opponent is not.

When a bird has been so badly wounded that he is practically helpless and unable to move his body, it is customary to take the other bird over to test his gameness. On one occasion, when a bird had been mortally wounded and death was a question of a few minutes at best, his opponent was brought over to give the finishing blow. The mortally wounded cock, mustering his last iota of strength, lifted his head and gave his tormentor a vicious peck, at which the practically uninjured bird turned about and fled. Nothing could persuade him to return to the fight, and the wounded bird, which had died in the meantime, was proclaimed the victor. The owner of the cock that showed the white feather promptly wrung his neck and with a gesture of the utmost disgust threw the headless and squirming body into the pit. Such is the penalty for being "yellow."

While the fights are in progress in the pit numberless confabs are taking place just outside. Matchmakers are busy trying to persuade this or that "hombre" to put his favorite pet into the ring with some other fellow's pet. When the match is finally arranged, the owners, with their birds, enter the shed and notify the officials that they are ready to fight when their turn comes.

So it goes from sunrise until sunset—for cock fighting is an all-day pastime and nothing short of approaching nightfall will suffice to call the sport to a halt.

The sport, like bull fighting, offends American sensibilities, and at one time soldiers of the United States were forbidden to attend the fights. Very likely, however, our pastime of fisticuffs would be as repulsive to the Filipino as is their national sport of cock fighting to us.



Art Is Long

Hurry Is Deplored by Famous Sculptor

By Esmeralda Higginson

THAT there is too much hurrying in the world today and that artists are prone to confound present fads with genuine merit, is the opinion of one of the greatest living sculptors in France—M. Bartholome.

This well-known French sculptor at 72, with white hair and flowing beard and deep, thoughtful eyes that seem to have spent a good deal of contemplation on the world, is an impressive figure as he renders his judgment.

In his atelier at 1 rue Raffet, Paris, he stands erect among the massive statues that he has created, the delicate bas-reliefs, the rough-hewn unfinished marble; he brings power and pathos and beauty out of cold clay with the old skill undiminished in his hands—and he seems to be looking on at the twentieth century from some far-away world of his own and to see it clear and undistorted.

"I wish that all my works might be buried for a century so that the competent critics could make an adequate estimate of their worth," M. Bartholome said not long ago. "A most amazing wish, perhaps, from the angle of those modern artists who can scarcely wait for the paint to dry on their canvases in the desire to have them appraised, who hold in scorn the old belief that all worth having demands long, patient striving to attain it." M. Bartholome, when he was questioned about his views, said that a man's whole lifetime must be put into his work before he could give the fullest expression to his powers—and that his workmanship must have the final touch of time to make it complete.

"There is too much hurrying today," the old sculptor continued. "Humanity wants to travel fast, to increase and increase again the speed of trains, steamships, cars; to fly and then fly faster and higher; to build its world quickly rather

than well. And all this is manifested in art as in everything else. If a man can work through all the long years of his life and in the end leave some one, fine living thing to show for his effort, he has done well. But now his ambition is to produce much and quickly—to reach the top before he has even begun to climb. How is it possible to divide the real from the false when ideals themselves are false and merely a passing phase?"

M. Bartholome believes that there is a tendency in any period to mistake present style for genuine worth. There are probably few of us who are not, consciously or unconsciously, slaves to public opinion, and we may as well accept the fact that our sense of beauty and ugliness, like our sense of worth and usefulness, right and wrong and everything else, is largely a matter of the age we live in.

It is too soon to judge how much of good or bad there may be in the changes that have come about, declares M. Bartholome. The influence of the war is a thing which he believes must inevitably and powerfully assert itself in art and in life, to make the beginning of a whole new epoch possible, but as yet it has taken no definite form.

"It may be years before the actual results of the war can be clearly seen. Meanwhile, the young artists would do well to shut themselves away from the confusion and push ahead to the furthest point allowed them. If they are to express the best that is in them and in the age that they represent they must barricade themselves against the worship of false gods, which will carry them far out of the path. The atmosphere in which real and lasting art is created is one where tranquility and peace predominate." Such is the advice of this venerable artist as he works and thinks and is contented in

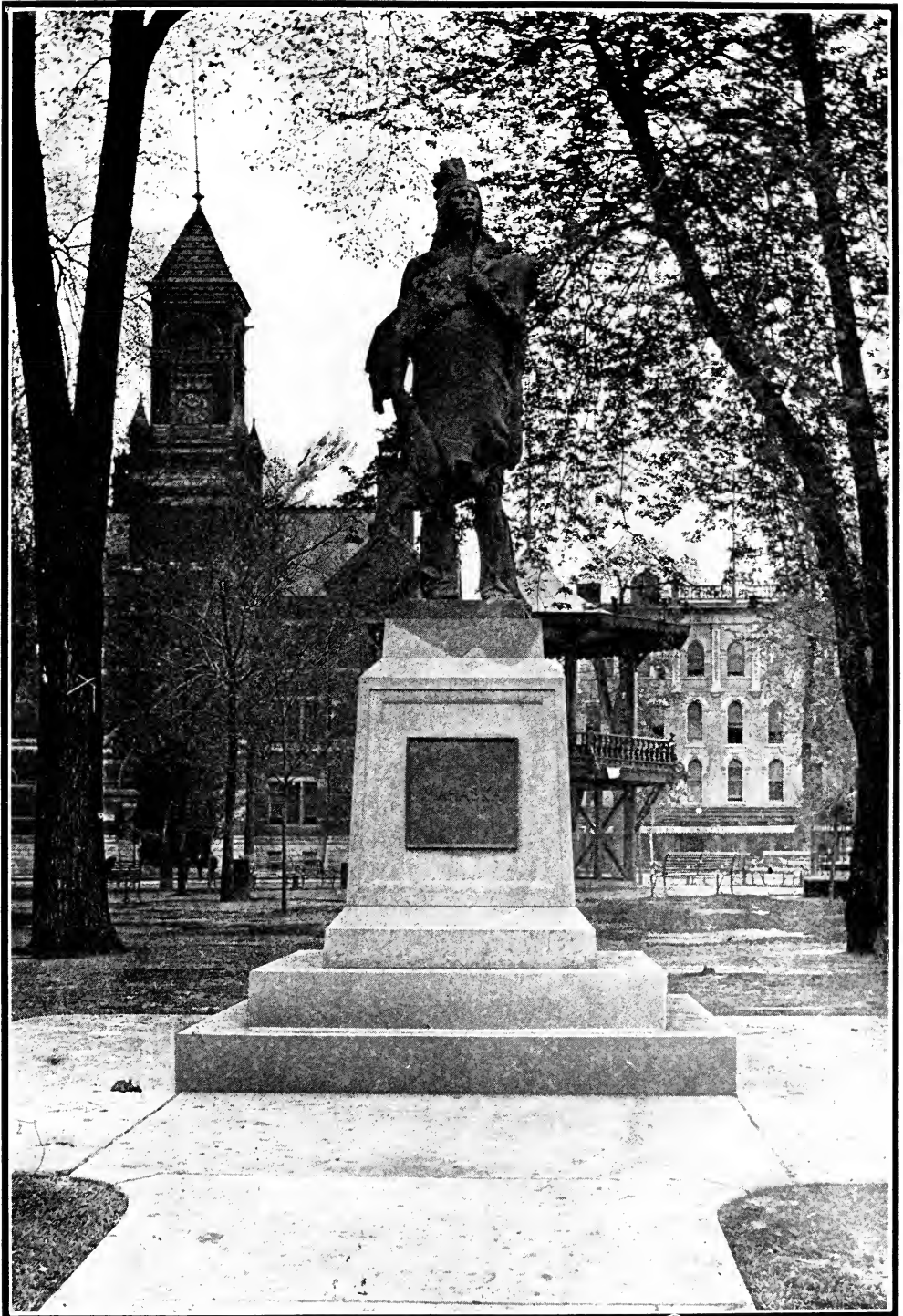


PADUCAH FOUNTAIN
Modeled by Lorado Taft

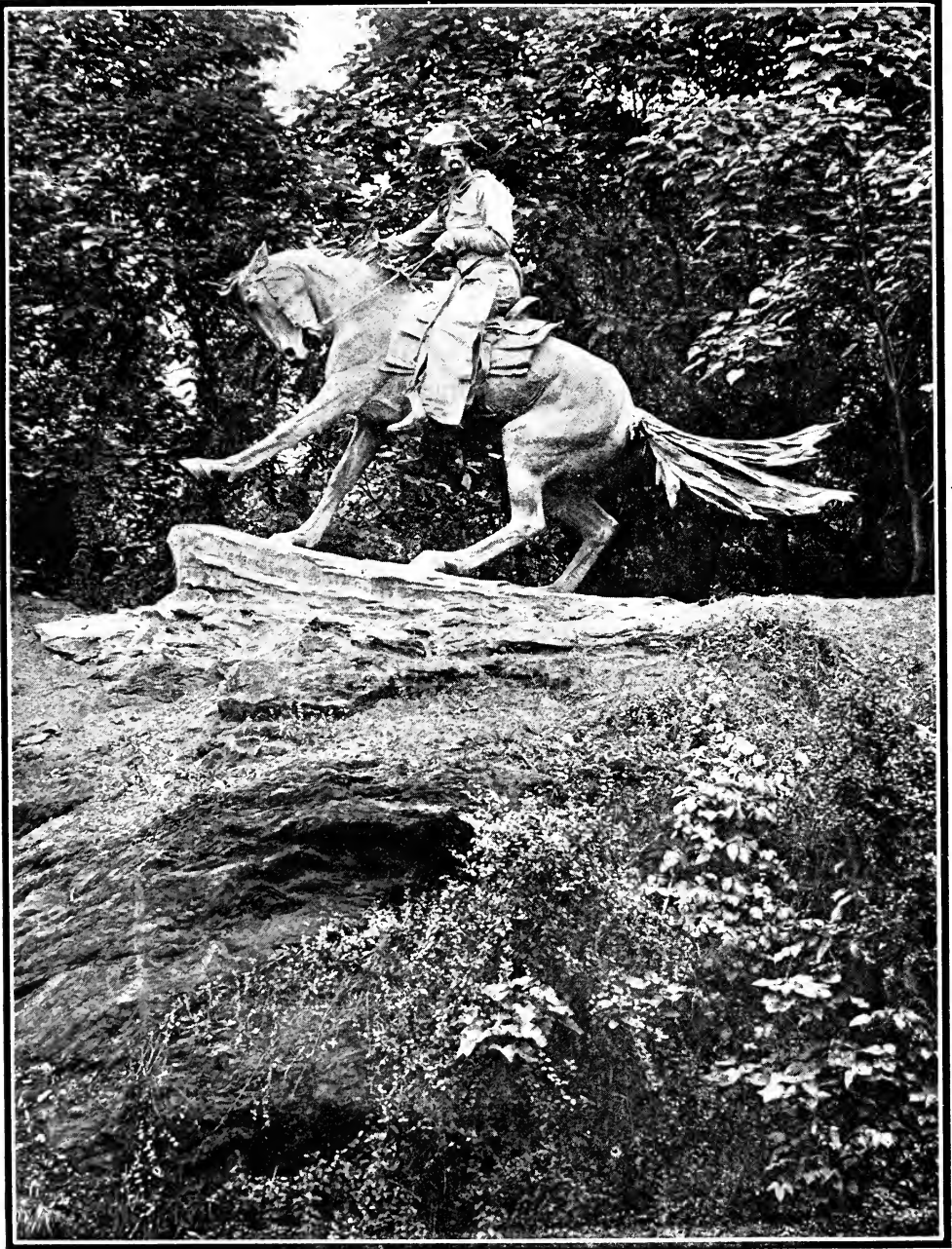
his own tranquil world created by him in the heart of a metropolis.

M. Bartholome was asked what good could be gained by hiding away an art treasure, withholding it from the present generation, even though it must wait a hundred years for a true estimate, and

he said that only in this way it might be taken solely on its worth, with neither the glamour of an old reckoning nor the prop of a present style to support it. And because he cares more for art than for fashion, more for truth than for praise, he would like to have his works come into



CHIEF MAKASHAKI, OSKALOOSE, IOWA
Sherry E. Troy, Sculptor



MOUNTED COWBOY

By Frederick J. Remington

the world that will be when a hundred more years have passed over it.

In one instance it seems that a part of his wish will be fulfilled. He has just com-

pleted a wonderfully beautiful bas-relief, which has been called his masterpiece, and this work is to be hidden perhaps for many centuries within a tomb in Ru-



AZTEC SUN WORSHIPERS
By Louis A. Gudebrod, Sculptor

mania. A statue of a woman at the cross will be placed outside the same tomb. The prospect of such a fate for so magnificent a piece of sculpture would disappoint many sculptors, but it has made M. Bartholome happy. "It is a severe test. I shall not hear it, but it is the only test that matters," he repeated.

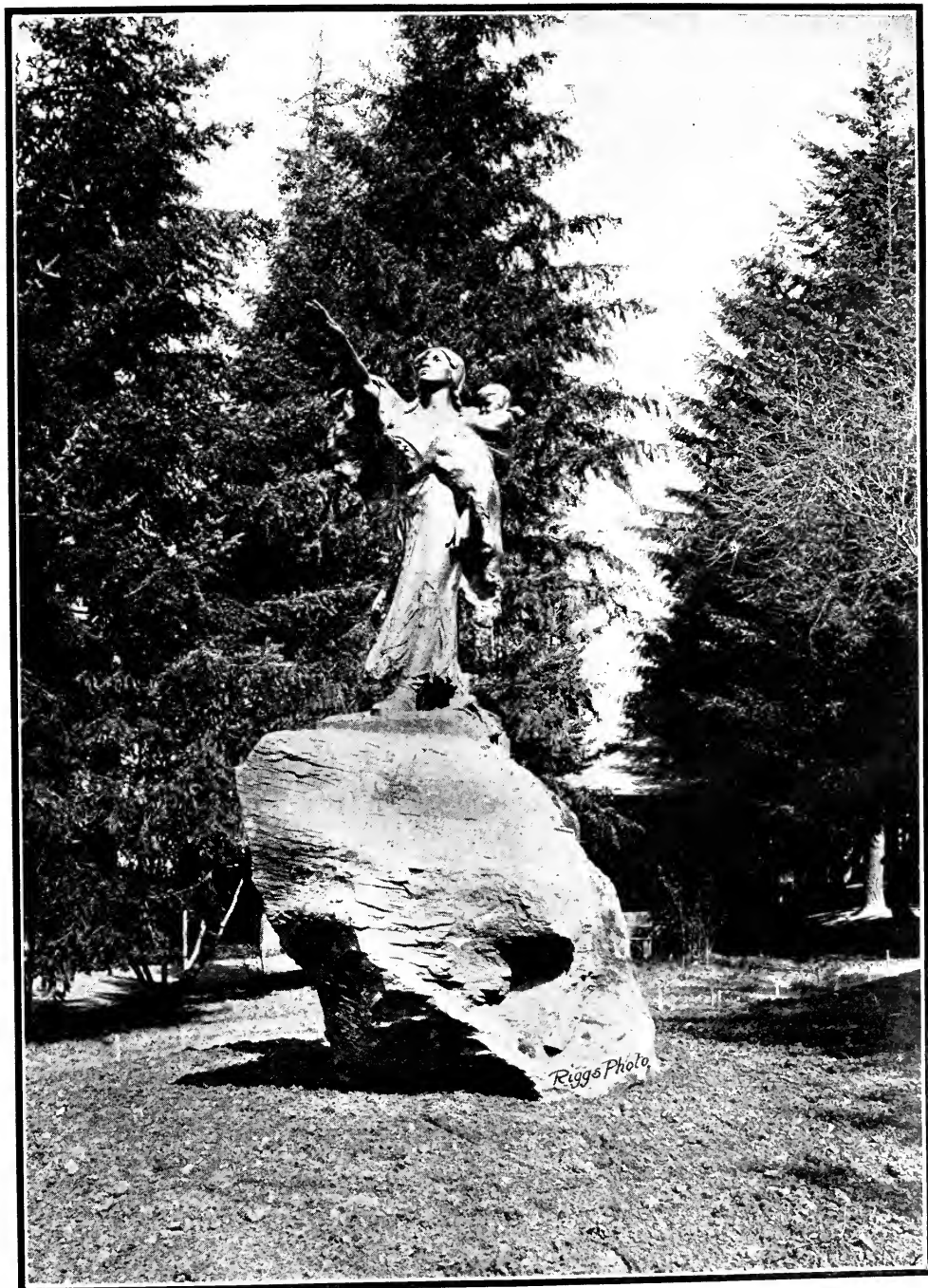
M. Bartholome is much impressed by the class of work which American sculptors are producing. The American school of sculpture, he says, is selecting a new line of work vigorously representative of its national history. American art, though a thing of yesterday, is wonderful in its development. American sculptors are turning to the best account what they have learned in Europe of the groundwork of their profession. The history of America is being graven in marble and cast in bronze. Many of the works of present-day American sculptors will be of great interest and value to their successors. The types of Indians and pioneer characters they depict will soon have disappeared from American life.

M. Bartholome is now completing an impressive statue of "Paris, 1914-1918," a warrior with helmet and rested sword, and the spirit of calm and indomitable courage which the sculptor has put into the marble to live for all time. Within a few months this figure is to stand in the Garden of the Tuilleries in Paris. Another forceful piece of work in which he has symbolized the spirit of France is that which he has called "L'annee, 1870, embrasse l'epie victorieuse de l'annee, 1918."

The victorious age is symbolized in the erect and confident figure of a man who holds a sheltering arm about the sad and dispirited female figure at his side. There is pathos and beauty and power in this conception of defeat finally yielding to triumph, and a lasting tribute to those soldiers of France who at last made good the hope of those who had died half a century before them. A statue of "The Advocate" to be placed in the Palais de Justice, Paris, a medallion symbolizing French-American unity and widely known in America, and many more are comprised in the collection which M. Bartholome has built up in the quiet seclusion of his atelier in the rue Raffet.

This sculptor exhibited his work first in 1879, and it was in 1895 that he produced his "Le Monument aux Morts," purchased by the state and city of Paris, which brought him fame from the moment of its appearance in Pere Lachais. It is a wide, two-story tomb with Egyptian arch. The opening "aux Morts" on the second story is entered from either side by a man and woman, figures expressing youth and fearlessness as they go into the mysterious gloom. Outside are mourners in attitudes of abject woe and hopeless grief. Below are shown a man, woman and child lying dead, while the figure of a woman bends over them in inexpressible horror of death. M. Bartholome has other funeral monuments at the Cimetiere Montmartre, and works of a different sort in the Luxembourg Museum and the Pantheon.





SACAJAMA, THE BIRD WOMAN
Alice Cooper, Sculptor

Making Death Easy

The Voltage That Is Certain to Kill

By Laurentine Figueroa

THE Nevada Legislature has declared against the ordinary methods of executing criminals by devising a law to authorize the asphyxiation of condemned prisoners. The theory is that the condemned is entitled to the most humane process of dissolution and the least cruel will be to smother him with lethal gas. No doubt the plan will be an utter failure. The ante-mortem fears of the condemned will prove to be as bad as a thousand deaths before the final and physical termination.

It was supposed that all the horrors of legal killing had been banished when New York decided to put its murderers out of the world by an electrical device. There would be none of the barbarity of the gallows. But as science advances there is much doubt whether death by the rope is not as merciful as death in the electric chair. The fact is that killing in any guise, is abhorrent to civilized man; by no methods can it be robbed of its hideousness. Perhaps, when all is said and done, the Orientals have the best conceptions of the duties of justice, after capital punishment has been decreed. Without delay, in the shortest possible time that the physical act can be done, the condemned criminal is shorn of his head or strangled. There is none of the long-drawn agony of waiting for reprieves, for new trials, or to give the doomed creatures a chance "to make his soul ready."

But as we have no desire to relapse to barbaric methods, we must go in a modern way to get rid of condemned murderers. Justice having stolen within reach of the doomed malefactors, we shall put them in an air-tight box and chloroform them like kittens. That is the latest conception of the problem, as it appears to the Nevada legislature.

The belief of most scientific experts is

that the smothering of murders by gas when they are asleep is physiologically no improvement on electrocution. By the latter process the doomed man is suddenly struck a tremendous blow, from an agency as invisible as the lethal gas. The first sweep of the electrical current through the doomed man's body must destroy all his brain consciousness. The severance of the spinal cord by hanging does the same thing in a different way.

As to the effects of electric shock on the human body, there are several misunderstandings. The common idea is that the higher the voltage the greater the chance of instant death.

High voltage may be applied to the human body, without fatal effect, provided the "frequency in cycles per second" is also high. Low voltage on the other hand may cause instant death. It all depends on the general conditions.

As death by electricity is caused from paralysis of all muscles, including both voluntary and involuntary muscles, as well as destruction to the mental and nervous systems of the body, it can be seen that this conditions depends entirely upon the amount of current that is forced through the body and not entirely upon the pressure applied. It has been found that a current quantity of three amperes passing through the brain or other vital organs of the body will, in most cases, produce death, and it may therefore be seen that it is the amperage, or quantity of current, that actually destroys life.

On the other hand, the element of voltage again enters, for, as the resistance of the human body is very high, it requires a large voltage to force this amount of current through the body. The vaudeville stage quite often presents what appears to be a very abnormal man who fights gas jets, etc., from electric sparks emanating from different points of the

body under very high voltages. Such feats are performed without the least bit of danger by using currents of very high frequencies or by limiting the amount of current to approximately one ten-thousandths of an ampere.

While these men often boast of their ability to withstand extremely high voltages, they are by no means abnormal, for the average person in the audience could do the same thing provided the conditions under which the voltage was taken was not changed. These entertainers tell the public of their abnormal ability in withstanding such high voltages, but there is not one of them who could withstand one thousand volts of current electricity having a commercial frequency without disastrous results.

The human skin offers considerable resistance to electric current. If the skin is removed from a human body and well dried, it becomes a very good insulate and under low voltages the pressure is not strong enough to break down the resistance of the skin.

It is interesting to note that the resistance of the average woman's body is considerably less than that of a man's, for the reason that her hands are very rarely calloused and her skin is usually softer than that of the male sex, which would allow a given voltage to send greater currents through her body. The resistance of a given person varies largely from time to time, due to blood and skin conditions as well as the percentage of moisture or perspiration. A man whose body is thoroughly dry may stand a considerably higher voltage than on a hot day when wet with perspiration.

The following table of voltages for both direct current and alternating current of commercial frequencies show the general results on the average person:

- 110....Not dangerous to average person, but with good contact will produce shocks to nervous system.
- 220....Not dangerous to average person, but a voltage not to be played with in experimenting its feeling on the body; may produce

slight burning under good contact.

- 440....Semi-dangerous. May cause death where good contacts are made. Produces severe shocks to nervous system. Often produces bad electrical burns.

550....Same as 440.

- 1,100....Dangerous. In most cases will produce death or very severe burns upon slight contact.

- 2,200....Dangerous. Will destroy life. Extreme care should be exercised in handling such currents.

The effects of currents on the human body from either direct current or alternating current source of energy produce one or more of the following conditions, depending upon the voltage applied and the resistance of the body through points of contact:

- Unconsciousness.
- Paralysis of all organs.
- Paralysis of the brain.
- Blood disintegration.
- Burning of body at points of contact.
- Creating excessive heat in the body.
- Muscular contraction.
- Total inability.

When a voltage of approximately 2,200 is applied through good contact to the body the feeling may be described as that of an extremely superpowerful blow at all points of the body, causing complete unconsciousness, in an infinitely small fraction of time. Where good contact is made on such voltages all muscles in the body instantly contract, causing severe contortions of limbs, mouth, face and eyes. If the current is applied for any length of time burning rapidly develops at points of contact. It has been known where currents have passed through the body in amounts great enough to burn the entire limbs off or to the extent that they would have to be amputated, and yet the subject in some cases has regained consciousness and revived. Other cases have shown that even though life is restored, which can only be done provided the current is instantaneously removed or has not passed through the brain or other vital organs,

the person has been left a total imbecile or mentally deficient, due to the tremendous shock on his mental system.

If a current of 2,000 volts were applied to the body for thirty seconds there would be severe burnings at the point of contact even to the extent that the skin could well be classified as in a charcoal state, and if the temperature of the blood is instantaneously taken it will be found to be in the neighborhood of 140 degrees Fahrenheit, which, if this temperature rise alone were only considered, would show that it would be practically impossible to reinstate blood circulation under such feverish temperature.

There are other cases where contact is made with comparatively low potentials of approximately 550 volts which cause muscular contraction or even greater gripping upon the contractors, and, while this voltage may not, at the instant of making the contact, send a deadly current through the body, the person, in most cases, would be held in the circuit until life was extinct, unless seen and freed by a bystander. Even though these comparatively low voltages do not produce unconsciousness, care should be taken on such voltages for the reason that they often prove fatal, inasmuch as a person subjected to this low potential becomes muscularly paralyzed and speechless, thus cutting him off from all communication or calling for assistance.

Within recent years several of our States have adopted the method of electrocution for inflicting of capital punishment. The person undergoing electrocution is strapped in a very strongly built chair, where a voltage of 2,000 is applied to the body. The chair is simply a type of arm chair, having an adjustable back and head rest, as well as stockades at the bottom, where the feet may rest and be rigidly strapped in a fixed position. The person is firmly strapped across the chest, holding his back securely to the chair with additional straps at the abdomen, thighs and slightly above the ankles. The arms are also tightly strapped at the wrist to the arms of the chair and at the upper arm to the back of the chair, which is in-

sulated from the ground by rubber cushions on the back and in the seat of the chair. Contact is made on the top of the head by means of a helmet constructed of copper mesh in which are woven sponges soaked in salt water. This helmet is held on the head under pressure by straps, passing from the top of the helmet underneath the chin and at the base of the brain, in order to avoid the slipping of the helmet when the current is applied, the event of which would cause poor contact, resulting in severe burning and disfigurement of the subject undergoing execution.

The other electro completing the circuit of the current is applied to the calf of the leg and consists simply of a wire mesh, also interwoven with a sponge that is soaked with salt water for good contact, in order that the burning effect may be as small as possible. Prior to the electrocution the person is usually given a close haircut so that the resistance offered by the hair may also be reduced to a minimum. While the head is not shaved, as is the consensus of public opinion, the excess amount of hair is trimmed off, allowing the man to look perfectly natural, and by the aid of the salt water sponges in the helmet this resistance of the hair, when wet with the solution, does not materially increase the resistance or burning effect.

As it is the desire of the State under such electrocutions to extinguish the life in a most humane way, and at the same time with the slightest amount of disfigurement, the voltage applied is approximately 2,000 at the start. This voltage unquestionably produces instantaneous unconsciousness and paralysis, but is rapidly reduced to a very low voltage of three to five hundred after a period of about ten seconds, and held at this low voltage in order that the body is not burnt and at the same time to hold paralysis at a standstill over a period of forty additional seconds that will insure complete death beyond any question of doubt.

Under the starting potential of 2,000 volts, the current ranges from ten to fourteen amperes, and is reduced down to ap-

proximately a fraction of an ampere under the 300 to 500 volt potential. The current is passed through the subject's body for approximately forty seconds at this reduced voltage and then rapidly built up to the starting potential of 2,000 volts, at which time the oil switches are again opened over an approximate total time of one minute, allowing the subject to slump in the straps of the chair as a result of total death produced by the foregoing operation.

As soon as the current is removed from the body the executioner and doctors may make thorough examination to determine

by means of a stethoscope if all muscular action of the heart has ceased. This generally requires about five to seven minutes, and if there are any slight indications of heart movement the subject is again strapped rigidly in the chair and a potential of 2,000 volts applied again for four seconds, causing great muscular contractions and stiffening up the body in the chair. In removing the cadaver of the executed person, the prison guards have to be careful that they do not suffer burns by coming in contact with the hot flesh of the dead.



PROCESSIONAL

(1797—The Sun Dial of San Juan
—1920)

Ethyl Hayes Sehorn

The sun dial stands beside
The ancient mission wall.
On its gray face the shades
Of gone-by centuries fall.
It marked in olden time
The padres' work and prayer,
When redskins danced and wove
'Neath Juan Baptista's care.
Mutely and motionless
It measures passing time;
The laughter of today—
Or yesterday's sad chime.
Beside the wall it stands
And traces hours forgot.
The crumbling years of storm
And stress depress it not,
Nor bitterness of strife,
Nor ruin from adverse powers—
The sun dial measures
Only sunny hours.

A Touch of Nature

Deft Touches on a Lover's Heartstrings

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

I DO not wish to have any confusion connected with this affair," she said, decisively. "It is a matter of pride with me to have everything run as smoothly as possible where anything of this nature is concerned. It would be greatly to my discredit with the nobility to have any sort of contention going on around the place."

She was a small, fluffy, pretty creature, and yet she assumed an air of authority with perfect ease; indeed, this air seemed suited to her, although she had been using it but for a very short time. The one to whom she addressed her mandate seemed much impressed by it, as was evidenced by the crestfallen appearance of his handsome features and by his dark and downcast eyes. He stood awkwardly before her, as if she were a judge and he a prisoner before the bar. It was as if she had the power to banish him forever from a paradise into which he had but only entered and whose delights he long had coveted. And she appeared to fully realize the power that she held and to be inclined to use it to the limit of its strength. Seeing his utter discomfiture and the meekness of his attitude, she followed up her first attack with something else of the same nature:

"Why are you so silent?" she demanded, stamping her small and shapely foot, emphatically. "Have you understood what I have just been saying?" She waited, then, but as he still maintained his perfect calm, she went on, haughtily: "Do you know who is addressing you, or have you forgotten the great honor that has just been bestowed upon me? I wish," she ended, despairingly, "I really wish that I had made a different choice. I might have had someone beside me now who would not only have comprehended what I've said, but who would have expressed his willingness to do whatever I would ask of him."

She stopped, then, and an expression of deep disgust began to settle down over her piquant and charming countenance. The young fellow who was her sole auditor writhed in spirit, as if a stinging lash were being applied to raw and sensitive nerves, as he watched the look of disappointment, and even of repugnance, that grew and grew upon her face. He moved about the room uneasily and cast pleading and affectionate glances in her direction, but he seemed to be unable to command his tongue to speak the words she wished him to. She observed this helplessness on the part of the strong and capable young man, and it pleased her vanity so much that she proceeded to attempt to add to it:

"I should think," she began musingly, as if she were alone, "that anyone possessed of ordinary common sense would know that to be asked to go to court and be presented to the King and Queen of England means a great deal to a girl. It might be," she continued, fixing her bright, blue eyes upon him sternly, "it might be that I would meet, there among those lords and ladies, the noble gentleman who will be, some time, my husband. It would be terrible," she shuddered at the very thought, "if he should be displeased with me in any way—if he would find, here in my home, the least displeasing thing when he comes here to visit me. For, of course"—she saw her victim squirm, but went right on unmindful of his evident suffering—"it would be necessary for him to come here more than once before we would be married; he would have to see my home and everything connected with it, for he would be very particular about what would seem small matters to one who did not understand how lords and ladies feel about such matters. And so," she ended, quite as if she were a little queen herself, "and so, Douglas, it will be necessary for you

to look after everything around here even more carefully than you have been doing, now that I have been asked to go to court and be presented to the King and Queen."

She turned to leave the room, then, but the young man, as if suddenly electrified into action, stepped briskly between her and the door. As he made this move, the girl drew her slight figure to its greatest height, which was not very great indeed, and fixed her eyes upon him as if she were viewing him through a lorgnette from some distance. He was not feazed by this, however, for, having set himself a task to do, he meant to do it, no matter how difficult it might prove to be:

"Millicent," he said, startling her into some slight relaxation of her hauteur by using her full name instead of the diminutive, shorter one to which she had grown to be accustomed, "Millicent, I believe I understand the situation perfectly. I, who have been your happy playmate and your steadfast, even loving, friend," his voice shook, but he went bravely on, "am to be put into the background now because these people whom you have never seen have honored you, or so you regard the matter, by asking you to go to court and be presented to the King and Queen, there to meet some lords and ladies among whom you hope to find your future spouse. I am to be allowed, however," she was surprised to note what sarcasm he put into these words, "I am to be permitted, through your condescending kindness, to so arrange affairs here at your home, that when this proud gentleman, who will, by that glad time have solicited your hand," his eyes caressed the little fist that then was doubling up in indignation, although his voice continued to be stern, "comes to inspect your surroundings, he will be pleased with them. I wish you to understand," he ended, proudly, for, as she seemed about to quail beneath this change of manner in him, he added to it all he could, "that I agree to do the hateful task that you have set for me, but not because I wish to do it, nor yet," he straightened up and came and stood beside her, so that his head

was a good deal higher than her own head was, "because you command me to. I will not take commands," his voice rang out in startling accents, "from anyone—unless, of course," he compromised, "from one who has authority over me. I'm going to do what you have told me to, because I want to see how far this thing will go; because I want to know how big a fool a girl who might have been—who has been, for that small matter—the dearest," his voice broke, but he mastered it, "sweetest, most sensible little creature in all this big, round world can make of herself over what is worse than the most perfect nonsense." He bowed his head, then, and allowed the long, black lashes of his eyes to rest upon his olive cheeks, that then were flushed and rosy, "I did not think a thing like this could ever be!" he cried, at last, with boyish frankness. "I did not think a girl could ever change like this—and for so slight a reason, too! You do not know that you will ever meet this man at all. It may be all that you will meet, there at that court you are so pleased about, may all be married men and old and wrinkled, too. Before you burn your bridges, Madam," he blazed out with amazing warmth, "before you burn your bridges, you would better look ahead of you a little ways and see what you are coming to. You may live to be an old maid, after all—a wallflower," this idea seemed to please him, and he hugged it to his throbbing breast, "and sit for hours and hours and, maybe, watch me dancing with beautiful women—with handsome ladies, it might be," for now that he had given free rein to his imagination, it carried him right on, "with the ——"

But he was interrupted, then, most positively:

"How dare you talk like this? The idea! An old maid, indeed! You know very well, although you are so rude to me, that I have had more than one good offer of marriage, already. You know that you, yourself, would like to marry me." The look that then began to dawn in his fine eyes affected her so much that she ended quite differently than she had

meant to do. "You know you would, Douglas."

"There is no doubt about that, Milly," he broke in, eagerly. "There is not the least little bit of doubt about that. It's just because," he almost sobbed. "It's just because I love you so that I have been behaving like a bore."

He sat down then upon a chair that stood nearby and folded both his arms across the back of it and laid his head, all covered, as it was, with silken, dusky curls, upon his folded arms, as if he had no further use for human life or human happiness.

The girl tried hard to go away and leave him there. She reached the door and even held its knob within her hand, when all at once a sound, such as she'd never heard before, arrested her and made her pause. It was the strangled, husky, gasping, smothered cry that is, at times, wrenched from a strong man's most unwilling throat in spite of all his efforts to suppress it. It gripped the girl as if a hand of iron had been laid upon her pulsing heart—as if her happiness, as well as his, lay dying there between them. This was something she had not counted on. It rather interfered with her bright dreams of her glad future. She shook herself and tried to rid her mind of pictures the strange sound had brought be-

fore her vision. She bit her lower lip, set her white and even teeth, and then essayed again to turn the doorknob that she still held within her trembling, little hand.

As the door opened, she stepped back, and so was almost forced to glance toward the man who had just said it was because he loved her so that he had been so rude to her. He'd raised his head and now was gazing silently at her, as if he had been separated from her utterly—as if he looked at her across a space that was impassable. He sat there grimly and did not even stretch a hand toward her in token of farewell.

And then she saw, as in a vision, all the happy hours they'd had together—all the joyous journeys they had made, walking, running, riding, boating, always hand in hand, always dear companions:

"Douglas!" Her young voice trembled, as does the mother's when she soothes the baby on her breast, "Don't look like that!"

She was beside him, then, her soft arms round his neck. He pulled her down into his lap and whispered:

"Stay with me, Milly. Don't go to court."

The girl brushed some sudden tears away, looked deep within his eyes and answered: "I never meant to go."



The Mother Heart

And Through It All Celeste Was Vigilant

By JO HARTMAN

CELESTE La FERIE, dainty sprite that she was, should have belonged to the age of Pan. Hers was the elfish, yet loving, nature of the woodland nymphs. In the forest she built a house for her great brood of dolls which, with untiring zeal, she would take through the mazes of improvised spring dances. The ancient Pere Guizet, philosopher and poet, watching her secretly one day, sighed as he mused:

"Ah, here is—the mother heart; she shall know much suffering!"

Now came to Celeste one of those sudden transitions which shake the poor, human reeds of memory. Adversity overtook the crippled father, Victor La Ferie; drouth blighted the crops, and there was no bread for the winter. So a letter from his younger brother, Henri, who was "in business" in New York, evoked the vision of wonderful America. Sacrificing his meagre belongings, he and Celeste embarked for the Mecca of the Oppressed.

Celeste was like one in a trance. The huge boat, with its mysterious power, awed her. But soon she found a nook for her dolls, and bade fair to be happy. Then, oh irony of the elements, a wave carried her beloved out to sea. Never on board the mammoth liner was such frenzy and despair. Learning of the tragedy, Captain Morey and his fiancée, Marcella Drew, attempted to comfort her. Finally, she sobbed herself to sleep in Marcella's lap.

At their destination, La Ferie and Celeste looked about for Henri to meet them. At last, and with difficulty, they found his humble abode—but no Henri. Only a week before there had been a fire and Henri's little antique shop had been in grave peril; it was through his herculean efforts that his precious stock was saved. But when the danger was past, Henri was discovered—dead. The shock had proved too much. This they learned from

many garrulous sources, for Henri had the good-will of all. Frightened and alone, father and daughter clung to each other. In the relentless maws of the East Side the future loomed a fearsome thing before them.

But under the grim hand of necessity, La Ferie somehow picked up the threads of his brother's business. With the aid of Celeste, he managed to keep the wolf just outside the door. Often she wondered at his lack of appetite, when he would decline half of his frugal repast—and she did not suspect that the pangs of hunger were even then consuming him. But for Celeste he must save. And he did not know that the coveted morsels of food which he left were divided among the group of gaunt kittens Celeste had adopted. Her dolls gone, she turned to live things. Half famished dogs, too, followed her around, and what she was unable to supply in nourishment she made up in affection. Yet again, was she to be cheated in a labor of love. Her well-meaning comrade-urchin, Mickey, carried off her feline family. In a crude note he consoled:

"De cats am headed fer de ribber. Eat de grub yerself. Mickey."

Celeste fiercely resented his interference. A fistic combat ensued—in which Mickey lost the laurels he had gained from the street.

During the next two years, Celeste blossomed into a modest hedgerow rose, neither vivid nor beautiful, but fragrantly sweet. It was now no uncommon occurrence for a limousine to draw up in front of La Ferie's shop. Sometimes they would buy, sometimes sell, or, maybe, glimpse the bright-haired Celeste. So it was with Raymond Nevers, whose autocratic father was head of the Nevers brokerage firm. Raymond fancied himself greatly misunderstood—and nowhere was to be had such helpful sympathy as from

Celeste. 'Twas she who convinced him that he was in duty bound to accept the position in the West—which the Nevers Company was holding open for him. And when he left it was with the tacit understanding that if he made good he was to "say something."

When Captain Morey presented his wife with the image of a grotesque heathen god, he neglected to purge it of occult influences. "Rot," he would have dubbed any pretenses thereto. But Marcella felt, shall we say, them. From the first, the stoical bit of carving seemed imbued with an uncanny air of wisdom. And, really, her pet fox terrier did sicken and die with undue haste. So with Fidele, the parrot. Hence she would be rid of the statue. To this end she sought out the sequestered La Ferie. Celeste, serene and unafraid, gladly bargained for the ancient idol. Marcella, freed of her burden, noticed Celeste. She was impressed as having seen the girl before. Then it came to mind—the tragedy of the dolls. She made herself known, and Celeste, in a burst of long-treasured gratitude, flung her arms about Marcella's neck. And from this time forward, she was Marcella's self-elected ward.

Celeste might have won fame as an illustrator, a clever touch had the girl, but for the fact that the father daily leaned more heavily upon her. And all along, she wrote to and heard from Raymond. Her letters held him to his post against his will—"appealed so to the manliness in a fellow." Thus he developed into a full-fledged broker and, moreover, was to return to New York as a partner in his father's firm.

Raymond was charmed with the loveliness of Celeste; she had far exceeded her early promise. He must break the news to "Dad"—who was strangely old-fashioned and traditional—that he intended to marry this little neighbor to the slums. But the Captain Moreys would help. And they did.

The venerable Pere Guizet was a guest at the wedding; he, too, had hearkened to the call of America. After the service, he looked after Celeste and Raymond as

they walked away—and shook his head.

"The maternal in some women leaves no room for passion. So, they must share with others!"

With the fifth returning spring, there was no visible reef to strand the tranquil bark of the young Nevers. Raymond was absorbed in work, and his clubs—a man's man. Celeste, not forgetting her friends of the East Side, was always helpfully, unobtrusively active. At last, the La Ferie shop fell into new hands. La Ferie, with Celeste's future assured, no longer felt the need to struggle, and one soft autumn dusk they found him with his head bowed on his littered writing table. His soul had embarked for another promised land. But there was still the faithful Pere to be cared for, and suffering to alleviate and hunger to appease, so Celeste was vigilant.

It was for Raymond's favorite club's anniversary that Madlaine Thebe—a sinuous, velvet-eyed daughter of New Orleans—danced. "The Creole at its superbest," remarked the secretary in an audible voice. Raymond was lost from the outset. He imagined her to be the reincarnation of Cleopatra and himself her Antony. He flung discretion to the winds, not caring for the rumors that reached Celeste. He must possess Madlaine. Though terribly hurt, Celeste reasoned kindly with him—in vain. He blurted in her face:

"I didn't know, but I've never cared for you except like a mother."

Stunned and humiliated, yet Celeste realized the truth of his assertion. That sublime passion was not for her to inspire. Devotion, yes, and gratitude and trust—but only the semblance of love. Finally, she consented to obtaining a divorce—and again was it proved that "man proposes and heaven disposes."

An enchanting night lured Raymond and Madlaine for a spin along the Hudson. The moon threw silvery white tufts in their eyes; the spell of summer madness infused the dreamy air. The thought of Celeste flitted across his vision. He brushed it aside:

"This, heart of my heart, is worth—

any sacrifice." The soft purr of their machine was interrupted by a shriek. Too late, an oncoming car swerved. In the crash Madlaine was found lifeless and Raymond a hopeless cripple. A huddle of mental and physical debris, he is carried back to Celeste. Gently she bends over him and lifts his hands to her forehead:

"My boy—oh, my boy!"

In the succeeding months Raymond came to listen eagerly for the sound of Celeste's footsteps. Her invariable, sweet temper was his sunshine. It is not hyperbolic to say that he worshiped her. When they knew that the end was near, he

deeded her his fortune, without clauses or restrictions.

Out in the green country, where the breezes blow fresh and cool and the birds sing, is a hospital and nursery dedicated to the dwellers of the East Side. And a youthful woman with an angelic face—but whose lustrous hair is snow white—is ever seen going softly to and fro. Would you wonder, had you seen the aged Pere break a bottle of rare wine against the cornerstone, with only himself and Celeste present at the simple ceremony, why he christened this haven: "The Mother Heart?"



THE CRYSTAL

Edee-Lou Frazee

I looked into the Crystal of the night,
 Where fairy cobwebs made of moonbeam tints
 Were gilding every bush and tree and flower,
 And on the glistening pond the little prints
 Of fragrant water lilies, shed their silver light.

From overhead a thrush's silver tone
 Broke in trembling ripples on the air,
 And, catching it, the wing'd winds of night
 Made music of it on their tuneful lyre;
 And far beyond the reach of mystic light
 A shadow lurked about the trees, alone.

Then Night bade all her wondrous gems farewell;
 The white moon's train in silence crossed the sky
 And passed beyond the purple peaks, and on:
 All mystery had fled, and with a sigh
 The night winds saw the coming of the dawn—
 The Crystal was a hollow, broken shell.

Our Great National Parks

Federal Care for the Public Welfare

By ANDERSON WILMUTH

IN less than ninety days of the summer of 1920, 25,000 people, mostly motorists, camped out in Yosemite National Park, and this year it is estimated that a great many more sightseers will find their way into the wonderland of California.

The Yosemite is not alone in this summer concentration of campers and tourists. In Yellowstone National Park, last season, 35,000 visitors were registered.

The National Park service, which has supervision of the great Federal park system, is doing all in its power to encourage and develop the use of these wilderness reserves by visitors who come to them in their own cars bringing their camp equipment and supplies and making camp wherever night overtakes them, stopping over as long or as short a period as the limits of their vacations permit. In Yellowstone National Park, which is the largest and oldest of the system, there are over 300 miles of improved automobile roads, and most of these highways follow beautiful mountain streams or shores of lakes, the water of which are filled with game trout. Along these roads campgrounds have been designated in advantageous places, but there is no obligation on the part of the motorist to stop in these particular places. Within the park every visitor is free to select his own camp site.

However, the average motorist and his family like the specially designated campgrounds because of their facilities. These grounds are equipped with comfort stations, garbage disposal pits, fuel, and wherever a stream is polluted in any degree, or is not readily accessible, water is piped through the camp sites. In order that camps may be kept clean with a minimum of effort, cooking spits of rocks laid in cement are being constructed.

When completed, the Yellowstone system of free automobile camp grounds will number fifty sites and will comfortably

accommodate 10,000 individual campers per day. At the present time only about ten of the major sites are fully developed, several of them being in the neighborhood of the great geyser basins, Yellowstone Lake, and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. During the summer of 1920 thousands of campers used these grounds daily. In Upper Geyser Basin, near Old Faithful Geyser, a single campground was occupied each night for weeks by from 800 to 1200 people. This camp, which lies in a large forest, presented all of the sanitation problems of an ordinary American town; pure water was piped more than a mile to the camp site, where laterals were run from the main line pipes to the various forest avenues; comfort stations were placed at convenient points in the camping area; garbage was hauled away each day with teams and deposited where the bears could have access to it, and where the tourists could see these harmless animals enjoying their civilized food; and fuel was provided in sufficient quantities to meet the needs of the visitor for cooking purposes and for small evening fires.

Near this huge camp stood Old Faithful Inn and Old Faithful Permanent Camp, with total capacity of over 800 visitors coming by train or in their automobiles, but without camping equipment, yet the public campground each night accommodated more visitors for weeks together than did these two hostleries combined.

During the coming summer at three of the main points of interest in Yellowstone Park another very important service will be provided. Congress has authorized the construction of new ranger stations which are to include large rooms to be opened to campers at all times. Each station will be a community center, where visitors from every state in the Union can foregather in the evenings and exchange ex-

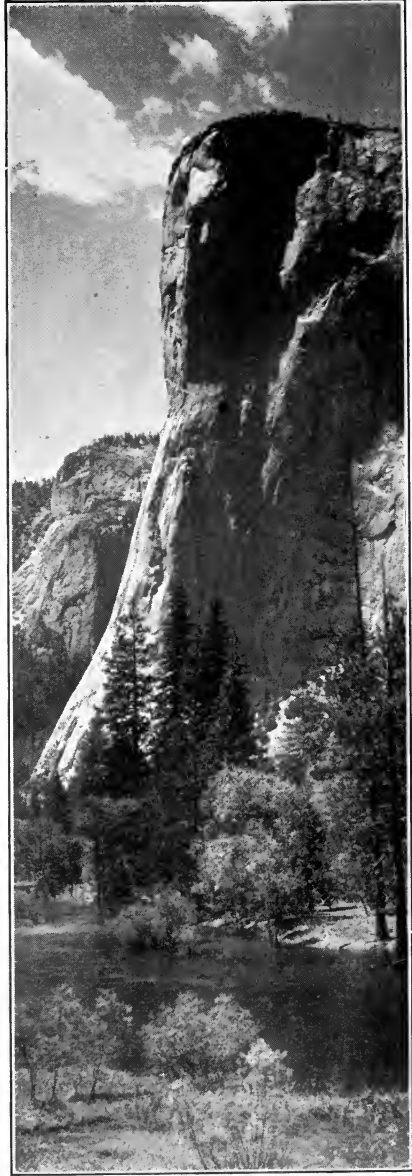


MAGNIFICENCE OF THE YOSEMITE

periences of the summer's tour. There will be a big fireplace in the end of each room, and in the light of the flaming logs on the grate the rangers will give talks on the birds, animals, flowers, and fish of the park, as well as upon the geysers and geological phenomena. Such lectures were given last year before an outdoor camp-fire in one important public camp. In the community room there will be maps and charts of the region, and information of all kinds regarding the Yellowstone and other national parks will be available. These rooms in the various camps will be invaluable from the educational standpoint, and will be especially appreciated by the thousands of teachers who annually tour the park.

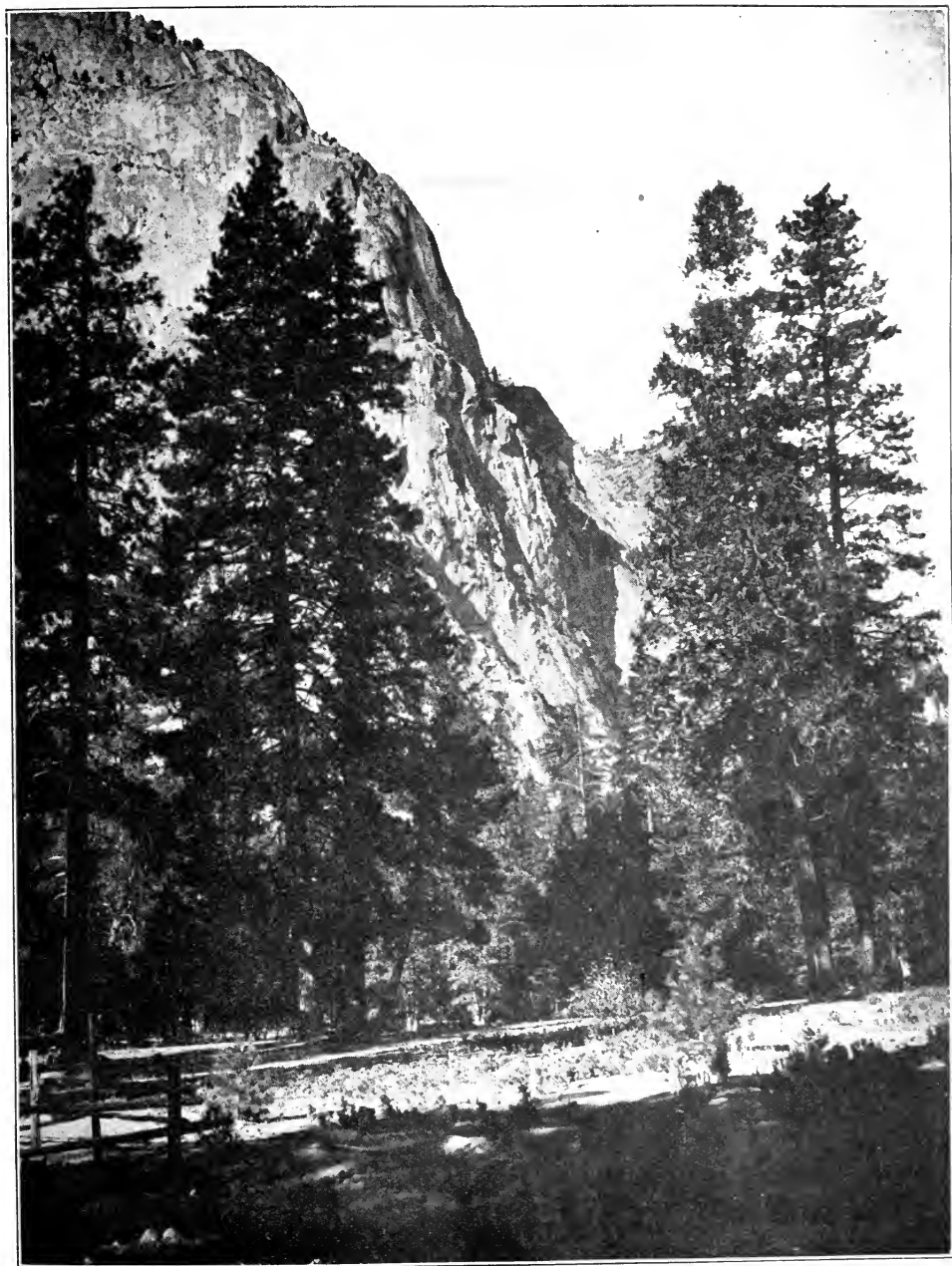
The ranger service of the Yellowstone is composed of thirty trained men, who are skilled in woodcraft, who know the habits of the wild life, and who, through long experience in the park wilds, are familiar with every trail, whether made by man or big game. To this permanent force is added in summer forty-five young men, physically strong and mentally alert, most of whom are college men who have had some experience in camp or in other outdoor activity. These rangers, both permanent and temporary, protect the park, guide and inform the visitors, and help in every way to make them happy in their own playground, and in truth the national parks belong to those who use them and to the nation at large, not to the states in which they lie or to nearby communities.

While camping in this forested wonderland of 3300 square miles, the camper unconsciously is not only protected by the rangers, but also by the telephone system, 279 miles in extent, and a checking device that is exceedingly simple and effective. As a motorist enters the park he and his party are greeted at the gateway by rangers who hand them pamphlets of advice and suggestions regarding the park tour and answer any questions that they may be asked. Here the party is registered and all guns sealed in order that wild animals and birds of the reserve may not be frightened by the discharge of



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE

these weapons. The number of the car also is recorded. Suppose a telegram comes to the superintendent announcing sickness or a death in the family of a visitor, something that has happened many times in recent seasons. The gateways of the park are called by telephone at once and information is secured as to when and where the unfortunate visitor entered



HALF DOME, YOSEMITE VALLEY



CAMPERS AMONG THE REDWOODS

and what the number of his car is. This information, when obtained, is telephoned at once to every ranger station in the park, and in a few moments men on horses and motorcycles are searching their district for the party sought. In an incredibly short time he is found and the message delivered. Likewise messages regarding serious business matters have been delivered to campers in the park.

Medical service is available in the park throughout the summer, and fresh milk can be obtained for children. In every respect conditions for camping are ideal and there is no danger of crowding, because the campgrounds are being enlarged and improved constantly, and in addition to these special tracts there are thousands of other places where camps can be established amid most charming surroundings. In fact, the possibilities for camping in the national parks are practically unlimited.

What has been said about the Yellow-

stone National Park will give an idea of the plans being worked out for the entire National Park service. The Yellowstone unit has attained the greatest development. Yosemite National Park will benefit equally by the efficient service.

It is hoped that in a few years a man may start from the Atlantic seaboard with his family, camp outfit and supplies and go to the national parks, stopping each night in a city or State park and using his own equipment in camp grounds already prepared for him and his fellow travelers.

The establishment of such camps is a good business proposition for any community or State, because the tourist is a potential investor or settler in the new lands he visits.

Should tourists prefer the regular train tours, to the national parks, they will be available this year in greater variety than ever before, and in the parks themselves ample facilities, at rates carefully fixed by the Government, will be available for



FLY-BEAR IN WOODS
EMERSON BROWN PHOTO 316

316
E. BRADY

BROWN BEAR IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY

your accommodation and entertainment. Trips within the parks are very reasonable in cost and are usually much cheaper than similar tours outside. In Yellowstone Park, for instance, the visitor can secure for \$54 a complete tour of the park requiring five days and four nights and including transportation over road mileage varying from 160 to 300 miles, depending upon the entrance and exit gateways chosen, and board and lodging in fine hotels. If the facilities of the permanent camp system are selected, this tour costs only \$45. Considering present-day costs and the fact that these parks are high in the moun-

tains, these rates are exceedingly reasonable.

That the people are using and enjoying their national parks is abundantly proved by the fact that over one million visitors spent more or less time in them in 1920. That this number will soon be doubled is the hope of the National Park service, and of all its officers, who are striving to make conditions pleasing to every guest, whether he be rich or poor, or whether he comes with his own camp outfit or avails himself of the facilities of the authorized public utilities.



HER DOWRY

Nancy Buckley

Oh! the rich, rich gold in her shining hair,
 And the sapphires in her eyes.
 And the rubies red in her lips so fair
 As the flame in sunset skies

Oh! the rich, rich gold in her loyal heart,
 And the bright gleam in her looks,
 So like the sunbeams that quiver and dart
 And ripple the shiny brooks.

Oh! the rich, rich gold of her faith and love
 Of her soft tenderness.
 That have come like soft visions from above,
 My poverty to bless.



YELLOWSTONE LAKE, YELLOWSTONE PARK

The Real Cleopatra

Has History Done Fairly With Her?

By JAMES MORROW MALLOCH

THE curtain rises on an oriental scene. A cloud of incense floats over the audience. All eyes are turned on the stage expectantly, for the program announces a "Cleopatra dance." Suddenly a young woman, clad in vaudeville's latest creation, emerges from behind the scenery, followed by the white glow of the spotlight. Stopping in the center of the stage, she announces in a voice which betrays no misgiving as to her identity, "I am Cleopatra—the world's greatest vampire!" And behind the footlights we see the resurrected form of the great Egyptian queen. No other historical figure, sleeping beneath the sod of two thousand years of human history, has been so mistreated.

What kind of a woman was this star-eyed Egyptian, who has left the impression of her personality on the memory of mankind for sixty generations?

1. Cleopatra was a young woman. She appeared on the stage of history as a girl of fourteen years, became joint heir to the throne of Egypt at seventeen, attracted the attention of Julius Caesar at nineteen, and secured the friendship of Mark Anthony at twenty-eight. At the time of her death she was but thirty-nine years of age. Throughout life, the bloom of youth never passed from her cheek. Flung into the whirlpool of the political and military intrigue of the Roman world, she achieved in the beautiful hour of youth a name which time has no power to erase.

"Let no man despise thy youth," said St. Paul. It was good advice. The deeds of young men and women have shaped the destiny of the world. Washington was appointed adjutant-general of Virginia at nineteen. William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at the same age. John Calvin wrote his "Institutes" when he was but twenty-six. Young man, young woman, give the world your best! Your time

is coming; your day is dawning. Over the hills and valleys of earth the star of destiny is shining.

2. Cleopatra was a beautiful woman. Her beauty is described by ancient writers as transcendent, irresistible, and characterized by its variety of expression. It was ever new—never the same on two occasions. Cleopatra was a Greek. No drop of oriental blood flowed in her veins. Her beauty was chiseled after the Greek pattern. Well-moulded features, although small and delicate, an aquiline nose, large eyes, a well-rounded chin, dark hair, small in stature, giving the impression of daintiness—these are the elements of personal appearance possessed by the most attractive woman of antiquity.

3. Cleopatra possessed a wonderful voice. She charmed with the music of articulation. "There is tremendous power in a voice." In it there is magnetism which draws the soul.

4. Cleopatra was a woman of great intellectual gifts. She was a woman of culture, acquainted with history, skilled in music, fluently speaking seven or eight languages, patron of art and science. Without an interpreter, she conversed freely with Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Troylodytes, Parthians and Medes. At her request, Anthony gave to the library at Alexandria 200,000 volumes, which had come into his hands through military conquest.

Cleopatra lived in a great age. Rome, a city of millions of people, had nearly conquered the world. She mastered her age. She lived in a great city. Alexandria was the commercial center of the world and contained the largest library of the time. She ruled her city. She descended from a great line of kings. The Ptolemys, established on the Egyptian throne by Alexander the Great, had reigned for three hundred years. She was worthy of her ancestry. She won the love

of two great men. Caesar was the military hero of the Eternal City and author of one of the greatest Latin classics. Anthony was a general of no mean ability and one of Rome's greatest orators. Cleopatra retained the conquests she won over these men—the work of a woman of intellectual power, who was not a sensual beauty.

“Mind is the master-power that moulds
and makes,

And man is mind, and evermore he
takes

The tool of thought, and, shaping what
he wills,

Brings forth a thousand joys—a thou-
sand ills.”

5. Cleopatra had a genius for statecraft. Genius has been defined as “supernatural application.” It is capacity for hard and persistent work along a natural bent. This conception of genius is the explanation of Cleopatra's astonishing success in her opposition to the Roman empire. With an unusual tenacity of purpose she held on to a vanishing throne

while all around her ancient states and kingdoms were falling before the sweeping tide of the imperial armies.

6. Cleopatra was a woman of ambition. She had a purpose. She knew where she wanted to go, and humanity stood aside to let her pass. She was a brilliant star moving in a well-defined orbit of her own creation. Independence for her nation and recognition of her throne were the things she sought from Rome. No doubt she also dreamed of universal power, imagining herself seated on earth's greatest throne with a worshipping world at her feet. But the odds were against her. In another age her dreams might have been realized.

7. Cleopatra was thoroughly human. She was well-balanced and natural on all occasions. Her attractiveness was unpremeditated art. She was youthful, merry, always ready for a joke; at times wild and “game” for any adventure—but she never failed to maintain the dignity of her position as a woman and a queen.

(Continued on Page 66)

A SUMMER NIGHT

George E. Quinter

While lightning flashes still the sky
I watch the sable night go by.
Hour by hour it creeps along
While the locust rasps a strident song
High in the top of a shadowy tree,
And while the east wind whistles free
And through the low clouds here and there
The stars are glimmering white and fair.

Unconsciously the eye now seeks
Those sombre, star-crowned mountain peaks
Behind whose curtain waits the dawn,
Above the valley's wide, dark lawn
The first hint of her glory soon
Will pale the stars, but a crescent moon
Rising in time through the first pale blue
Will quicken the sky with its dazzling hue.

John Burroughs

He Found in Nature the True Inspirations of Life

By **WHITNEY M. LODGE**

THOUSANDS who never saw John Burroughs felt a sense of personal loss in his death, and their thoughts go to Roxbury in the Catskills, where the body has been laid to rest under a boulder which was the naturalist's favorite lookout from boyhood and all through his ripened years. He lived down the river, but Roxbury was his birthplace and always seemed home to him. For the span of two generations he wrote himself into his books, and his love of birds and flowers, his constant theme, and the gentle philosophy that he evolved from the everyday incidents of rural life, appealed to the love of nature innate in humankind.

There was nothing of the dramatic in his life or in his pen. He had turned vine and fruit grower at forty on a plot of twenty acres, which he afterward extended, on the banks of the Hudson above Poughkeepsie, and at seventy-five he felt the secrets of the land had so eluded him that he enrolled as a student for a term in the State Agricultural College attached to Cornell University.

In his twentieth book—supplementing uncounted magazine and newspaper articles—written in 1918 and called "Under the Apple Trees," he disclosed the joys that came to him, when he was nearly eighty, from an orchard on the hill back of his dwelling, where his companions were robins, cedar birds, goldfinches, flycatchers, jays, little red owls, woodpeckers, orioles, olive-green warblers, phoebe birds and chipmunks. In this joyous and friendly company he had no thought of proprietorship in the orchard, but he was there as visitor, a wingless biped, with a bark nest of his own in the adjoining hollow, having some claim on the hospitality of the real tenants because of his intimacy with many generations of their kind. In token of his welcome there the warbler perched daily on the edge of his

writing materials, pouring out its song to him, and a chipmunk ate hickory nuts from his hand as graciously as if it felt the white-beard almost an equal.

The public did not count Mr. Burroughs's age by his years. He carried with him always the optimism of youth in dealing with nature, and the love of his work kept what he said and wrote always fresh and captivating. He seemed like a boy let loose from the prison of the city for a holiday in the open, where communion with the birds and trees made him boyishly and enthusiastically happy in all he did; and to this cheering attitude were added the reflections of years that enabled him to apply to life in general the lessons of his own contentment, and to issue his thoughts with a simplicity, grace and literary charm of the very first order.

Here is a pen picture of him by his friend, Dr. Clara Barrus, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday:

"At eighty he has, in look and step, and above all in his attitude toward life, something of perennial youth. He seems to have decided not to grow old. His hair and beard are snowy white, but the skin is clear and rosy, the blue-gray eyes are keen and bright, his movements forceful and agile, the whole bearing giving one the mingled impression of energy and repose. Hospitable as he is, he is more at home with nature than with men. He soon gets tired of company, but is healed by natural solitudes. He has written to me:

"I love my fellowmen and like to serve them, but a human crowd attracts me far less than a crowd of trees, or a flock of birds, or a herd of sheep or cows. I am more myself with nature than with man. Social obligations sit very lightly upon me. In fashionable circles I should die of inanition. Confined in the city my heart would break. A chipmunk digging

his hole is of more interest to me than a man building a house, though this house-building is about the most interesting thing a man does.'"

At seventy-five, defining the "Rule of Life" that he was following, Mr. Burroughs said: "I wrote to a friend only yesterday that at seventy-five I find myself in good heart and health, with my interest in life unabated, and I have more work to my credit in the last year than in any one year of my life. I never work more than three hours a day.

"After you have reached seventy, it is an art to keep well, but it is one that can be cultivated. I live simply; I have to, keeping out in the open and living plainly, the lightest of suppers at night and a big meal in the middle of the day. As I go on I feel it necessary for me constantly to eliminate things from my fare. I gave up coffee and tea long ago. I have given up eggs, for I found they were poisoning me.

"I think the secret of my health is that I watch the machine, keeping an eye on the way it is working, for I want to see and keep the bloom on the grape. The bloom is beautiful, and yet you can rub it off. If I would keep my work sound and fresh I must try to keep my body sound and fresh. Life cannot stay the same as you grow old, of course, but I like the afternoon sunlight. It is different, I know, from the morning sunlight, fresh upon the grass and hillsides, but it is pleasant with its lengthening shadows."

At seventy-six he issued his book, "Summit of the Years," in which he had this to say of his enjoyment of mortal life: "I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet and the sound of the running streams by my side, the hum of the wind in the treetops has always been good music to me and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.

"One may have a happy and not altogether useless life on cheap and easy terms. Essential things are always near at hand. One's own door opens upon the wealth of heaven and earth. All things are ready to serve and cheer one. Life is a struggle, but not a warfare. It is a day's labor, but labor on God's earth, under the sun and stars, with other laborers, where we may think and sing and rejoice as we work."

Nature's law gets this comment from him: "Nature is not benevolent; nature is just, gives pound for pound, measure for measure, never makes exceptions, never tempers her decree with mercy or winks at any infringement of her laws. And in the end is not this best? Could the universe be run as a charity or as a benevolent institution, or as a poorhouse of the most approved pattern? Without this merciless justice, this irrefragible law, where would we have brought up long ago? It is hard gospel, but rocks are hard, too, yet they form the foundation of the hills. Man introduces benevolence, mercy, altruism into the world, and he pays the price in his added burdens; and he reaps his reward in the vast social and civic organizations that were impossible without these things."

Of animal intelligence he wrote an article on "What Do Animals Know?" in which he said: "Animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are apt to rate their wit either too high or too low. With their knowledge does not fade into ignorance as it does in man. The contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between, so keen one moment, so blind the next."

Here are some of his estimates of birds: "Crows and other birds that carry shellfish high in the air and let them drop upon the rocks to break the shell, show something very like reason, or a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Froude tells of some species of bird that he saw in South Africa flying amid a swarm of migrating locusts and clipping of the wings of the insects so that they

would drop to the earth, where the birds could devour them at their leisure. Our squirrels will cut off the chestnut burrs before they have opened, allowing them to fall to the ground where, as they seem to know, the burrs soon dry open. Feed a cage coon soiled food, a piece of bread or meat rolled on the ground, and before he eats it he will put it in a dish of water and wash it off.

"How many birds have taken advantage of the protection afforded by man in building their nests? How many of them build near paths and along roadsides, to say nothing of those that come close to our dwellings? Even the quail

seems to prefer the borders of the highway to the open fields."

Mr. Burroughs could use on occasion the gift of quiet humor to silence speech that was not agreeable to him. On a visit to his brother Eben, who lived in the Catskills, a fox hunt was proposed. Eben shot the fox and was quite proud of having shown himself a better man than John on that occasion. One day when Eben was boasting of the exploit among a party of friends, John said: "You have bragged about that fox long enough. You shot the fox, sold the skin and got \$5. I wrote a little account of the hunt and got \$75 from the magazine that published it. So there you are."

TO JOHN BURROUGHS

George Dawson

Pass on, great soul, pass on
 To heights sublime;
 Four score and four bright years
 Hath been thy time
 In this fair realm of thine.

Song of birds, bloom of flowers,
 Clear, rippling streams,
 Sunset's glow, radiant dawn
 And moon's pale beams
 Were to thee poetic dreams.

Sleep sweetly in thy tomb,
 Oh man, whose eyes
 Hath seen the glory of
 Earth, sea and skies;
 From us thy soul arise.

Dust thou art, to dust returned;
 Nature calls her own.
 Thy spirit wings its flight
 To God's eternal throne;
 Pass on, great soul, pass on.

Walk and Be Well

Why Should Mankind Die So Young?

By HENRY R. FULLJAMES

OF making many books on longevity there is no end. Every one wants to know the secret of long life, and in the last year or two all sorts of writers think they know it. Some of the revelations run to physical exercise as the great universal remedy, some put their hopes in glandular transformation. Can an old man be made young by means of a monkey's thyroid gland? is the question that they raise. One work even goes beyond the known physical equipment of humanity and finds in the "aura" a lozenge of faint illumination that encases the body, the secret of well-being. A dint in the aura is a danger signal of disease.

Dr. John B. Huber, author of "Why Die So Young?" (M. D. Harper & Bros., publishers) has no quaint discovery in sanitary occultism to expound. There is nothing more sensational in his book than the introductory declaration: "I, a physician, am urging my readers to emulate the oyster which, I am more or less credibly informed, has no diseases—is either healthy or dead." He divides up his book—and human life—along well-known Shakespearian lines, and discusses with scientific accuracy, but in popular language, the diseases and dangers that beset "the seven ages of man." He absolutely disavows hygienic pessimism. He sees some reason to think that the century is the allotted period of life according to natural law, so he aims to help his readers to attain, easily and pleasantly, at least fourscore.

"Does God fix the death rate?" is an interesting question which is answered in the negative. "Who does, then? Human-kind itself, for the most part." Thus theologians who teach too tame a submission to visitations of pestilence, faith cures and mind healers, who would ignore the facts of disease and prevent true curative effort; venders of patent medicines and sure cures, profiteers who cause under-

nourishment, poor cooks, mothers who will not nurse their children and those who overwork women and children in dangerous trades are bunched together in dire condemnation as "agencies for which we are to blame, making for millions of occasionless deaths before our natural span is reached." Despite this somewhat sweeping classification of objectionables, the book is not specially combative. It is rather genially persuasive and some of the therapeutic agencies recommended leave no bad taste in the mouth.

One of these prescribed for youth, and (presumably) after, is open air exercise. Few can work hard daily with both body and brain, "but we should all regularly use both, choosing which to work with and which merely to exercise." For those who do sedentary work the physical exercise taken should be equivalent to a five-mile walk. The author, in his own phrase, is "very strong for walking." He cites Johnson and Goldsmith, Blaikie and Hazlitt, Stevenson and Dickens in its favor. A young woman asked a doctor for a recipe for a good complexion. He replied: "Get one pot of rouge (any kind of rouge) and one rabbit's foot (not necessarily a left hind foot). Bury them two miles from home (or from the line of any trolley or other conveyance) and walk out and back every day (in any and every kind of weather, wearing, if necessary, arctics or rubbers in rain or snow) so as to be sure these articles are still where you buried them." There were other doses: eight hours' sleep, cold baths, three square meals, six glasses of water and cutting out pastry; but the walk was the main thing.

How to walk: "Throw back your shoulders, military fashion, the chest out, the pectorals expanding, the nostrils dilating, the mouth closed, the head erect, the arms swinging, but not like a windmill." As

(Continued on Page 66)

Stories from the Files

An Example of the Work of Ambrose Bierce

By CLARENCE O'DAY

One of the most popular of the California writers, who contributed to the Overland Monthly in the "eighties," was Ambrose Bierce, unequalled as a Western satirist and famous in the field of short-story writing. Though an American, Bierce first became noted as a member of the London Figaro staff. Returning to his native land, Bierce contributed to several important journals and was a contributor to the Hearst publications when he mysteriously disappeared some years ago. It is believed that he lost his life in Mexico, when that country was in the midst of its revolutionary distress.

PUSHING his adventurous shins through the deep snow that had fallen overnight, and encouraged by the glee of his little sister, following the open way that he made, a sturdy small boy, the son of Grayville's most distinguished citizen, struck his foot against something of which there was no visible sign on the surface of the snow. It is the purpose of this narrative to explain how it came to be there.

No one who has had the advantage of passing through Grayville by day can have failed to observe the large stone building crowning the low hill to the north of the railway station—that is to say, to the right in going toward Great Mowbray. It is a somewhat dull-looking edifice, of the early comatose order, and appears to have been designed by an architect who shrank from publicity, and, although unable to conceal his work—even compelled, in this instance, to set it on an eminence in the sight of men—did what he honestly could do to insure it against a second look. As far as concerns its outer and visible aspect, the Abersush Home for Old Men is unquestionably inhospitable to human attention. But it is a building of great magnitude, and cost its benevolent founder the profit of many a cargo of the teas and silk and spices that ships brought up from the underworld when he was in trade in Boston; though the main expense was its endowment. Altogether, this reckless person

had robbed his heir-at-law of no less than half a million dollars and flung it away in riotous giving. Possibly it was with a view to get out of sight of the silent big witness to his extravagance that he shortly afterward disposed of all his Grayville property that remained to him, turned his back upon the scene of his prodigality, and went off across the sea in one of his own ships. But the gossips who got their inspiration most directly from heaven declared that he went in search of a wife—a theory not easily reconciled with that of the village humorist who solemnly averred that the bachelor philanthropist had departed this life (left Grayville to wit) because the marriageable maidens had made it too hot to hold him. However this may have been, he had not returned, and although at long intervals there had come to Grayville, in a desultory way, vague rumors of his wanderings in strange lands, no one seemed certainly to know about him, and to the new generation he was no more than a name; but from above the portal of the Home for Old Men the name shouted in stone.

Despite its unpromising exterior, the Home is a fairly commodious place of retreat from the ills that its inmates have incurred by being poor and old men. At the time embraced in this brief chronicle they were in number about a score, but in acerbity querulous, and general ingratitude they could hardly be reckoned as fewer than a hundred; at least, that was the estimate of the superintendent, Mr. Silas Tilbody. It was Mr. Tilbody's steadfast conviction that always, in admitting new old men to replace those who had gone to another and a better home, the trustees had distinctly in will the infraction of his peace, and the trial of his patience. In truth, the longer the institution was connected with him, the stronger was his feeling that the founder's scheme of benevolence was sadly impaired by pro-

viding any inmates at all. He had not much imagination, but what he had he was addicted to the reconstruction of the Home for Old Men into a kind of "castle in Spain," with himself as castellan, hospitably entertaining about a score of sleek and prosperous middle-aged gentlemen, consummately good-humored and civilly willing to pay for their board and lodging. In this revised project of philanthropy the trustees, to whom he was indebted for his office and responsible for his conduct, had not the happiness to appear. As to them, it was held by the village humorist aforementioned that in their management of the great charity Providence had thoughtfully supplied an incentive to thrift. With the inference which he expected to be drawn from that view we have nothing to do; it had neither support nor denial from the inmates, who certainly were most concerned. They lived out their little remnant of life, crept into graves neatly numbered, and were succeeded by other old men as like them as could be desired by the Adversary of Peace. If the Home was a place of punishment for the sin of unthrift, the veteran offenders sought justice with a persistence that attested the sincerity of their penitence. It is to one of these that the reader's attention is now invited.

In the manner of attire this person was not altogether engaging. But for this season, which was mid-winter, a careless observer might have looked upon him as a clever device of the husbandman indisposed to share the fruits of his toil with the crow that toil not, neither spin—an error that might not have been dispelled without longer and closer observation than he seemed to court; for his progress up Abersush street, toward the Home in the gloom of the winter evening, was not visibly faster than what might have been expected of a scarecrow blessed with youth, health, and discontent. The man was indisputably ill-clad, yet not without a certain fitness and good taste, withal; for he was obviously an applicant for admittance to the Home, where poverty was a qualification. In the army of indigence

the uniform is rags; they serve to distinguish the rank and file from the recruiting officers.

As the old man entered the gate of the grounds, shuffled up the broad walk, already white with the fast-falling snow, which from time to time he feebly shook from its various coigns of vantage on his person, he came under inspection of the large globe lamp that burned always by night over the great door of the building. As if willing to incur its revealing beams, he turned to the left, and passing a considerable distance along the face of the building, rang at a smaller door emitting a dimmer ray that came from within, through the fanlight, and expended itself incuriously overhead. The door was opened by no less a personage than the great Mr. Tilbody himself. Observing his visitor, who at once uncovered, and somewhat shortened the radius of the permanent curvature of the back, the great man gave visible token of neither surprise nor displeasure. Mr. Tilbody was, indeed, in an uncommonly good humor, a phenomenon ascribable doubtless to the cheerful influence of the season; for this was Christmas Eve, and the morrow would be that blessed 365th part of the year that all Christian souls set apart for mighty feats of goodness and joy. Mr. Tilbody was so full of the spirit of the season that his fat face and pale blue eyes, whose ineffectual fire served to distinguish it from an untimely summer squash, effused so genial a glow that it seemed a pity that he could not have lain down in it, basking in the conscious sense of his own identity. He was hatted, overcoated and umbrellaed, as became a person who was about to expose himself to the night and the storm on an errand of charity; for Mr. Tilbody had just parted from his wife and children to go "downtown" and purchase the where-withal to confirm the annual falsehood about the hunch-bellied saint who frequents the chimney to reward little boys and girls who are good, and especially truthful. So he did not invite the old man in, but saluted him cheerily:

"Hello! just in time; a moment later

and you would have missed me. Come, I have no time to waste; we'll walk a little way together."

"Thank you," said the old man, upon whose thin and white but not ignoble face the light from the open door showed an expression that was perhaps disappointment; "but if the trustees—if my application"—

"The trustees," Mr. Tilbody said, closing more doors than one, and cutting off two kinds of light, "have agreed that your application disagrees with them."

Certain sentiments are appropriate to Christmastide, but humor, like death, has all seasons for his own.

"Oh, my God!" cried the old man, in so thin and husky a tone that the invocation was anything but impressive, and to at least one of his two auditors sounded, indeed, somewhat ludicrous. To the other—but that is a matter which laymen are devoid of the light to expand.

"Yes," continued Mr. Tilbody, accommodating his gait to that of his companion, who was mechanically, and not very successfully, retracing the track that he had made through the snow; "they have decided that, under the circumstances—under the peculiar circumstances, you understand—it would be inexpedient to admit you. As superintendent and ex-officio secretary of the honorable board"—as Mr. Tilbody "read his title clear" the magnitude of the big building, seen through its veil of falling snow, appeared to suffer somewhat in comparison—"it is my duty to inform you that, in the words of Deacon Byram, the chairman, your presence in the Home would—under the circumstances—be peculiarly embarrassing. I felt it my duty to submit to the honorable board the statement that you made to me yesterday of your needs, your

physical condition, and the trials which it has pleased Providence to send upon you in your very proper effort to present your claims in person; but, after careful, and I may say, prayerful, consideration of your case—with something, too, I trust, of the large charitableness appropriate to the season—it was decided that we would not be justified in doing anything likely to impair the usefulness of the institution intrusted (under Providence) to our care."

They had now passed out of the grounds; the street lamp opposite the gate was dimly visible through the snow. Already the old man's former track was obliterated, and he seemed uncertain as to which way he should go. Mr. Tilbody had drawn a little away from him, but paused and turned half toward him, apparently reluctant to forego the continuing opportunity?

"Under the circumstances," he resumed, "the decision—"

But the old man was inaccessible to the suasion of his verbosity; he had crossed the street into a vacant lot and was going forward, rather deviously toward nowhere in particular—which, he having nowhere in particular to go to, was not so reasonless a proceeding as it looked.

And that is how it happened that the next morning, when the church bells of all Grayville were ringing with an added unction appropriate to the day, the sturdy little son of Deacon Byram, breaking a way through the snow to the place of worship, struck his foot against the body of Amasa Abersush, philanthropist.

(From the collected works of Ambrose Bierce: copyrighted by the Neal Publishing Company)



Prohibition in Scandinavia

Features That America Might Have Imitated

By WIRT W. BARNITZ

OF all things, that which mirrors forth the splendid common sense of the Scandinavian people, is the manner in which they have gone about the liquor problem. Instead of fanatically dashing headlong into a senseless and non-sensical prohibition law, they have coolly and with profoundly sound judgment proceeded to work out a sort of regulation in the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages which is actually bringing about a vast moral improvement of the very kind that American prohibitionists have been dreaming of for the past four or five decades.

To begin with, both Sweden and Norway look upon human beings as creatures of flesh and blood and take man for exactly what he is. Instead of making the blank blunder of supposing that a utopia can be created overnight and some type of idealistic realm produced by the mere waving of a wand, they face conditions on this good old earth of ours honestly, and as a consequence really get somewhere when it comes to healthy, lasting results. And then, perhaps best of all from our American point of view, they bring into being no legislation that directly deprives the individual of his most cherished and God-given right of reasonable personal liberty.

But in doing this they have not lost sight of the fact that to deprive man of the most spirituous of his liquors entirely drives him to manufacturing privately his own. They are a thoroughly educated people and know full well that so long as man can find matter that will ferment he will successfully devise ways and means for getting his "high percentage" drink, and getting it even stronger than any article ever turned out of a distillery. They know that it is easy to produce a fermented mash and that it is just as easy to run the liquid gotten from it through a still, which is a very quickly

and simply constructed device. Consequently they face the situation as it is and permit themselves a couple of quarts of the best and full strength spirits a month. The head of the family may have a little more than this amount.

Now with this condition of affairs in Sweden you find the Swedes a rather temperate people. You find them happy and contented, without a class strife threatening, helped along by the fact that the rich man can have what the poor man cannot get, and the poor man unable to procure in any way his beloved beer or ale. You find few drug addicts, or those who drink hair tonic or bay rum or any old thing that may contain any old sort of alcohol—wood or otherwise.

You can find no cases of blindness due to wood alcohol, or worse yet, deaths due to it, which is so frequently the case now in our good United States. You do not find old-time smuggling being resurrected with a vengeance because of a crazy prohibition, or a horde of bootleggers peddling their stuff in every dark and shady way that human mind can devise. You cannot find a blind pig or a blind tiger. In a word, the evils which, like mushrooms in lightless places, have sprung up everywhere in America, are nowhere in Sweden.

The Swedes are a very independent and democratic people. They were really never burdened with a feudal system such as retarded the growth of the more liberal political ideals of many of the other European countries and are, consequently, exponents of all those things which make for personal freedom in its every phase and broadest aspect. So, when they came to map out a plan for limiting the use and sale of alcoholic beverages, they kept before them this ideal of personal rights and liberty, and proceeded accordingly.

First of all, there was the question of wines. They soon concluded that anything of the kind was safe, and to ban it would be to defeat from the very beginning the goal which they had in mind. Like sane and sensible humans, they decreed that the entire wine list should remain unsullied, even permitting the driest champagne and the heaviest of the wines. Then, naturally, beer, even of the most potent variety, was not even discussed, as it is considered to be of far greater value as a meal-time beverage than either coffee or tea, and capable of producing infinitely less harm to the human economy than either tea or coffee. Water is good between meals, they argue, but a man or woman must have beer, wine or coffee between the courses and during them if his or her digestion is to function properly.

Perhaps the Swedes take a greater amount and a larger variety of wines with their repasts than is entirely necessary from their point of view; yet, with it all, they believe in living well and living in the right way. Frequently they begin a meal with schnapps and end it with their delightful and surprisingly sweet Swedish punch; but these drinks they do not consider absolutely requisite to their health or to the processes of digestion, and so when it comes to alcoholic beverages of the strongest sort they are perfectly willing to limit themselves.

Inasmuch as the human race everywhere always has its few who break the law in some way or other, Sweden has now and then a sporadic case of moonshining. Some hill dweller occasionally tries to make his living by cheating the government out of its revenue, but then this is a characteristic of hill dwellers the world over.

I recall the trial of a moonshiner in the upper corner of picturesque Dalecarlia which I attended late one afternoon. I had been rambling about the quaint village of Orsa and had come to the county courthouse. There was unusual bustle about the place. Someone informed me what was the cause of it and I stepped into the rear of the thronged courtroom.

The judge, a young man only a few years out of the University of Upsala, sat at the head of a long table, about which were gathered the members of the jury, who were in the main much of a kind with those types who sit on our rural juries in America. Some were old men and some very young men, while several of middle age wore the queer garb of the Province of Orsa—a thing of short trousers with red-balled tassels hanging from the knees and a long, square-cut coat of dark material. One of these men had put on under his coat, which hung open, the ancient leathern apron of rather aristocratic purport.

They gravely listened to the argument of the counsel for the defense; then, after a few words from the judge, solemnly filed out. I later learned that the moonshiner had been given five months to think over his illicit business in the quiet little Orsa jail. This, I was further informed, was the only case of its kind in two years.

Shortly after I had returned to Stockholm I was seated in the reading room of the Grand Hotel. A Swedish-American whom I knew and who was "back home" on a visit, came over to me and sat down.

"Well," he said, "I notice that prohibition is the root of much trouble in the states just now, and the good which it was supposed to bring about is pitifully slow in materializing. The people here are getting somewhere by exercising common sense in regulating the sale of alcohol."

"That's correct," broke in a friend of his who had happened to pass the door and spied us. "We Swedes believe in doing things in such a way as to produce worth-while results. What's happened in America recently? Are you putting your splendid constitution out of the way entirely by allowing the very fundamental interference with personal liberty to take place? Is personal liberty to be flung aside?"

He had struck an extremely important note in remarking this fact. He had asked a question which I have heard time and again. No thinking European can under-

stand why we of the United States are so ready to contribute to the world turmoil by permitting a fanatical prohibition to step in at the very worst time and help to unsettle things nationally and internationally.

These remarks by foreigners should not be considered so much as criticisms as mirrorings of opinions which other lands are forming of our fanatical foolishness. As a matter of course, every country now looks up to the United States for help and guidance; and above all things, they consider us the nation which can now stabilize the earth; so, consequently, when they find that we are letting loose forces which tend to help along rather than offset the universal unrest, they are astounded. My notebook contains many more reflections by people of prominence and position who dwell in northern Eu-

rope of the same sort that I have just transcribed. When it comes to prohibition, this is exactly what they think of us.

The Norwegians have a little more common ground with us in the matter of limitation of alcohol than have the Swedes. Just as in the case of Sweden, Norway has wine and good beer, but only the lighter wines. Whisky, rum, brandy and all of the strong liquors are entirely banned; but a doctor's prescription is not hard to secure when one needs this kind of alcohol, and most certainly there are plenty of places to find alcoholic stimulants, as prescribed by doctors.

The manager of one of the largest factories in Sweden assured me he would resign if prohibition was undertaken on the same lines that America had so imprudently adopted. He could no longer manage his workmen, he declared.



WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG.

When hearts are young and hope is strong
The days trip merrily along;
Night is a wink, to youthful eyes,
Wherein the light of gladness lies.

When hearts are young and free from care
Life's weather every day is fair.
There is no time for being sad;
It is youth's duty to be glad.

And when Youth turns to Age—in years—
Our laughter need not turn to tears.
Let laughter ring, glad songs be sung;—
Years do not count, when hearts are young!

Britain's Problem in India

Can the White Man Retain His Hold on India Much Longer?

By ALLANSON MCKENNA

THE remarkable provincialism of our American newspapers has been demonstrated by their silence with regard to India, to which the former chief justice has gone as viceroy. Some months ago the Duke of Connaught was dispatched from England to inaugurate home rule in India, as the only possible method of averting a revolutionary outbreak.

First of all, it had been intended to send out the Prince of Wales as the representative of the empire, but the duties to be performed were of too serious a nature to be intrusted to so young a man. The Duke of Connaught was finally selected as the most available representative. His record is full of creditable performances. He had represented Britain in various important capacities, and if anybody could smooth the way for innovations in India he should prove to be the soldier. But the Duke, with all his diplomacy, has not been a success. Will any other British notable prove more competent? Certainly not a soldier.

The Indian population adopted the policy of non-co-operation with the Duke of Connaught's program. That is what their native leaders advised. They offered no objection to the plans of the royal Duke, but they gave no help. They tacitly refused to join the proposed movement to inaugurate Indian home rule. The Duke is given credit for having "softened them somewhat," but according to the *London Nation*, "his last drive was through deserted streets" on the way to his steamer.

Now the hopes of India's conversion to the British point of view rest on the former chief justice of England, Lord Reading, who began at the English bar as plain Mr. Isaacs and has worked his way up to the greatest civil post in the British empire. He resigned his position as a law lord to undertake the difficult feat of making India once more obedient

to British rule. The eyes of the British empire are observing his movements, and it is safe to say all the millions of Asia are watching him. Can he succeed in changing the attitude of the great country which England has held in subjection so many years, and to which she would grant a measure of home rule to prevent a widening of the breach?

For a century and a half the great mass of the Indian peoples have lived in peace, have multiplied in numbers, and have seen none save most infrequent local bloodshed. Railroads have been built. The telegraph and the postoffice have been established. Men of every race, religion and latitude have come into contact with one another, and while caste continues, citizenship is struggling to the birth. The kind of disintegration which you find in China was brought to an end by those means of communication which India now has and China still lacks.

There never has been a time under the British when India was governed by military force. Only one white soldier is stationed there for every 3000 or 4000 of the people, and at any moment during the occupation the slender tie could have been snapped. If it has held firm, despite the shock of war, there must be a reason. British rule may not be beloved, but it has brought to India certain solid benefits which, perhaps, are apt to be overlooked by enthusiasts. The finances are honestly administered. In the courts there is law and justice. No civil service could be more free from graft and bribery. Against famine and plague there is waged an incessant war. By the initiative of missions medical science is brought to bear, for the first time, upon the silent accumulations of unremedied though often remediable suffering, especially among secluded and hitherto helpless womanhood. These are facts, and they explain why missionaries, American as much as British,

so strongly favor the present sovereignty of the country, not for what it accomplishes merely, but for the evil that it prevents. To some extent the Nationalist movement in India is reactionary. In India the territories least affected by Britain are the autonomous native states. With certain exceptions, they are less advanced than the provinces which are under direct British rule, and the movement of population is from the states to the provinces and not from the provinces to the states.

The unrest of India originated sixteen years ago. Lord Curzon was then viceroy and he represented the official idea. Indians were natives to be dazzled by poms and ceremonies; to be treated as children rather than as citizens; to be educated slowly, if at all, and to be kept divided by race and religion. The Moslems were to be played off against the Hindus, and if the province of Bengal became too nation-conscious it must be partitioned and its prestige thus destroyed. The partition of Bengal was found to be as provocative an act as the partition of Poland, and among the Hindus there arose the national protest. Men like Lajpat Rai were exiled or imprisoned, and Lord Morley, who had become secretary of state, realized with his instinct for history that India must feel her way to a constitution. The Liberals of India were feeding their minds on the very books that Lord Morley had written, and quoted him, somewhat after the manner of radicals here who quote Woodrow Wilson. Lord Morley was constantly in the dilemma of appealing for liberalism in India while applying coercion to Liberals who, in his judgment, played too inflammatory a part.

With the outbreak of war a thousand distracting influences swept over India. The East was watching the stupendous spectacle of the West convulsed by emergent ruin. Later came Bolshevism, while suddenly the Moslems were for the first time aligned with the Hindus, owing to their natural sympathy with the Turks, whose empire had fallen. The effect of this alliance of religions was the development of a common citizenship, united at

any rate for the moment in demanding a constitution, and expressing its aims in the word *swaraj*—self-rule. And the strange thing is that the leader of the movement is not a Moslem, but Gandhi, the Hindu.

Four years ago a full inquiry into the whole situation was made on Indian soil by Mr. Montagu, the present secretary of state, who has since secured the passage through parliament of the Indian home rule act, which is now being put into operation. This act, like the simultaneous though, of course, very different measure for Ireland, goes far further than any previous proposals. In territories where the very word "vote" was, until recently, unknown, it creates an electorate of, say, 5,000,000. It establishes the principle that each province should enjoy a qualified autonomy similar to that of a state in the American union. For each it sets up an executive and legislature into which the native and elected element is introduced. Arrangements are made for increasing, year by year, the responsibilities of the legislatures as they gain in experience, which means that the entire system of what has been known as British rule is transferred into a kind of political university, where the rising generation of merchants, lawyers and men of position may learn the mysteries of Anglo-Saxon constitutionalism. The proposals are, of course, imperfect. The franchise or suffrage is narrow. Special groups, like the Sikhs, have had to be allowed to vote for themselves, which means an anomaly and an offense against the ideal of one citizenship enrolled on one register. The native states, with the rulers, are not really affected, and in their case there is the complaint that by the support of Britain many a Maharajah or other potentate is able to hold back his people in the bonds of oriental feudalism. But taken broadly, the Montagu scheme marks an era, and it has this great recommendation that it is not final. Every ten years it comes up automatically for revision and extension.

It will be seen at once that the scheme must be accepted in the first instance by the intellectuals, who will have to work

it out from the Indian side. Hence the importance of the appeal by Gandhi that the whole business be boycotted. To some extent this attitude is born of exasperation. The unrest during the war was marked by the outbreaks at Amritsar and other cities—outbreaks vigorously suppressed—and the orders by General Dyer to shoot have been generally condemned. Following the practice of governments, the India Office delayed inquiry until the maximum of prejudice had been created, and when General Dyer had been put upon half pay, a newspaper in London raised £10,000 by public subscription as a testimonial to him. These serious incidents were aggravated by the Rowlatt acts, which limited, among other things, the freedom of the press. The acts sound much worse than in application they have proved to be, and in Britain during the war similar restrictions were accepted without serious demur. But the text of the acts makes an admirable anti-British pamphlet. There is, too, the complaint that a proclamation of amnesty for political prisoners, issued in the name of King George, was stultified by the interpretation put upon it by the officials responsible for carrying it out. It will be the particular business of Lord Reading to smooth away these incidental causes of offense. In so far as the boycott is a gesture of anger, it will not amount to much.

The Nationalist leader Gandhi is, however, much more than an agitator. He is a symbol. And what he symbolizes is the relation between East and West. In South Africa he fought and worked for the British empire, but he found that South Africa is as much opposed to the immigration of Indians as California is opposed to the immigration of Japanese; that British subjects in a British dominion had to be finger-printed like criminals because they happened to be Asiatics. Gandhi was thus disillusioned, and he

sought refuge in the piety of asceticism and sacrifice which is characteristic of India. He is the kind of man who would send a whole city on a hunger strike, who asks that all children be withdrawn from school and young people from college, whose devotees suspend the traffic on railroads by the simple process of laying their bodies in scores across the track.

In Gandhi's philosophy there is, too, an intense and perhaps an impossible conservatism. His followers want the old India back again, without foreigners and factories and their commerce. This school of Indian thought is even more hostile to British and American missionaries than to the officials. The ancient customs, castes, superstitions and—I am bound to add—iniquities are threatened by the mere distribution in India of a book like the Bible, which is actually more read there today than any other book.

Experience has shown that revolution by passive resistance, which Gandhi is attempting, never proceeds very far without the passive resistance developing into active operations. Gandhi and his followers may be quite sincere in their resolution not to shed blood, but they cannot control all who are led into sympathy with their aims. Under these circumstances the only peaceful path to a better India lies along the lines of co-operation with the Montagu scheme, as explained above. One hopes that the officials will make this path as plain as possible for the Indians of moderate opinions to follow. For the United States, with her increasing interests in Asia, a collapse in India would open up problems of the utmost gravity, nor would it be any consolation to argue that the collapse, if it occurred, was England's fault. Assuming that to be hypothetically true, the question of what was to be done about an India in collapse would still have to be answered.

Is Civilization Breaking Down?

Famous English Novelist in a Pessimistic Mood

By ARTHUR L. SWANSON

AS the reception of European writers on the lecture platform in the United States has not proved to be as profitable as the promoters expected, several famous names among British penmen have been withdrawn from the list of promised lecturers.

One of the most noted British writers who will not take the platform is H. G. Wells, the novelist and everything else in a literary way who has been making so much copy for English publications. In normal times, Mr. Wells may be worthy of his reputation, but he has covered such an enormous field that he cannot at present be judged by the ordinary standards. His recent trip to Russia to analyze the social position of the nation was farcical. He had not the time, and we do not know that he has the talent for that sort of analytical task.

Mr. Wells has become pessimistic on the subject of civilization. His thoughts, that were to have edified American audiences, have been put into a book which the Sunday Times is publishing in serial form. A famous writer's conclusions on a great subject like the failure of civilization are always very interesting, whatever we may think of his deductions.

Mr. Wells expresses the belief that the world can only be saved if it becomes politically united—if it remains securely and permanently at peace. Peace or destruction—that seems to be Mr. Wells' theme—a theme based on real facts. Its urgency he proves beyond all doubt.

"I want to say that this civilization in which we are living is tumbling down, and I think tumbling down very fast; that I think rapid, enormous efforts will be needed to save it; and that I see no such efforts being made at the present time," writes Mr. H. G. Wells.

"In the past year I have been going about Europe. I have had glimpses of a new phase of this civilization of ours—a

new phase that would have sounded like a fantastic dream if one had told about it ten years ago.

"I have seen a great city that had two million inhabitants dying, and dying with incredible rapidity. In 1914 I was in the city of St. Petersburg, and it seemed as safe and orderly a great city as yours.

"I revisited these things this summer. I found such a spectacle of decay that I find it almost impossible to convey it to an audience that has never seen the like.

"Now I want to theorize about this shadow, this chill and arrest, that seems to have come upon the flourishing and expanding civilization in which all of us were born and reared.

"The gist of my case is this: That the civilization of the past three centuries has produced a great store of scientific knowledge, and that this scientific knowledge has altered the material scale of human affairs and enormously enlarged the physical range of human activities, but that there has been no adequate adjustment of men's political ideas to the new conditions.

"Let me make a very rough and small-scale analysis of what is happening to the world today. And let us disregard many very important issues and concentrate upon the chief, most typical issue—the revolution in the facilities of locomotion and communication that has occurred to the world, and the consequences of that revolution.

"There has been a complete alteration in the range and power of human activities in the last 100 years. Men can react upon men with a rapidity and at a distance that was inconceivable 100 years ago. This is particularly the case with locomotion and methods of communication generally.

America's Unique Growing Up

"The growth of the United States is a process that has no precedent in the

world's history; it is a new kind of occurrence. Such a community could not have come into existence before, and if it had it would, without railways, have certainly dropped to pieces long before now. Without railways or telegraph it would be far easier to administer California from Pekin than from Washington. But this great population of the United States of America has not only grown outrageously, it has kept uniform. Nay, it has become more uniform. The man of San Francisco is more like the man of New York today than the man of Virginia was like the man of New England a century ago. And the process of assimilation goes on unwoven by railway, by telegraph, more and impeded. The United States is being more into one vast human unity—speaking, thinking, and acting harmoniously with itself. Soon aviation will be helping in the work.

“Let me now make a brief comparison between the American and the European situation in relation to these vital matters—locomotion and the general means of communication. I said just now that the United States of America owe most to the revolution in locomotion and have felt it least. Europe, on the other hand, owes least to the revolution in locomotion and has felt it most. The revolution in locomotion found the United States of America a fringe of population on the sea margins of a great rich, virgin, empty country into which it desired to expand, and into which it was free to expand. The steamboat and railway seemed to come as a natural part of that expansion. They came as unqualified blessings. But into western Europe they came as a frightful nuisance.

“The states of Europe, excepting Russia, were already a settled, established and balanced system. They were living in final and conclusive boundaries, with no further possibility of peaceful expansion. Every extension of a European state involved a war; it was only possible through war. And while the limits to the United States have been set by the steamship and the railroad, the limits to the European sovereign states were drawn at a much

earlier time. They were drawn by the horse, and particularly the coach horse, traveling along the high road.

“If you will examine a series of political maps of Europe for the last 2000 years, you will see that there has evidently been a definite limit to the size of sovereign states through all that time, due to the impossibility of keeping them together because of the difficulty of intercommunication if they grew bigger. And this was in spite of the fact that there were two great unifying ideas present in men's minds in Europe throughout that period, namely, the unifying idea of the Roman empire and the unifying idea of Christendom.

“Both these ideas tended to make Europe one, but the difficulties of communication defeated that tendency, and the eighteenth century found Europe still divided up into what I may perhaps call these high road and coach horse states, each with a highly developed foreign policy, each with an intense sense of national difference, and each with intense traditional antagonisms.

“Then came this revolution in the means of locomotion, which has increased the normal range of human activity at least ten times. The effect of that in America was opportunity; the effect of it in Europe was congestion. It is as if some rather careless worker of miracles had decided suddenly to make giants of a score of ordinary men, and chose the moment for the miracle when they were all, with one exception, strap-hanging in a street car. The United States was that fortunate exception.

“Now this is what modern civilization has come up against, and it is the essential riddle of the modern sphinx which must be solved if we are to live. All the European boundaries of today are impossibly small for modern conditions; and they are sustained by an intensity of ancient tradition and patriotic passion. That is where we stand.

“The normal inconveniences of the national divisions of Europe in peace time are strangling all hope of economic recovery. For Europe is not getting onto

its feet economically. Only a united effort can effect that. But along each of the ridiculously restricted frontiers into which the European countries are packed lies also the possibility of war. National independence means the right to declare war. And so each of these packed and strangulated European countries is obliged by its blessed independence to maintain as big an army and as big a military equipment as its bankrupt condition—for we are all bankrupt—permits.

“Since the end of the great war nothing has been done of any real value to ensure any European country against the threat of war, and nothing will be done, and nothing can be done, to lift that threat so long as the idea of national in-

dependence overrides all other considerations.

“All these powers are under one urgent necessity to sink those ideas of complete independence that have hitherto dominated them. It is a life-and-death necessity. If they cannot obey it they will all be destroyed,” concludes Mr. Wells.

If Mr. Wells wished to collect his thoughts and give the world something valuable (provided he may be able) the first thing he should do would be to put Europe as far as possible from his viewpoint. A writer would need to be a superman indeed to write calmly on civilization in Europe today. One might as well try to compose a lovely poem on Spring in the center of a boiler factory working overtime on a rush order.



SHOWERS

By Arthur Edison

I love to watch the clouds sail by
 In puffy rolls across the sky,
 And hear the distant thunder's peal
 That follows close the lightning's heel.

I love to see the world grow dark
 And lightning draw its awesome mark
 Like some mad painter 'cross the sky—
 I feel how very small am I.

But best of all, I love to hear
 The tiny sounds that reach my ear:
 The patter, patter on the roofs
 Of tiny raindrops, tiny hoofs.

THE REAL CLEOPATRA

(Continued from Page 49)

Her manner was graceful. During her great struggles, she displayed a spirit of bravery beyond that of her sex.

Cleopatra believed in the supernatural. In an age which regarded the religion of the past as dead and the future life as an uncertainty, she believed in the divine right of the line of kings from which she descended. In a world that was giving itself to epicurean self-indulgence, she lived a life as temperate as that of Caesar, Anthony, Charlemagne, Cromwell or Napoleon. Like many great men and women who see beyond the superficial, Cleopatra was slightly superstitious. To her the spiritual universe was real.

Cleopatra was not perfect. She possessed human faults, as well as virtues. Living in a ruthless age, the natural kindness and tolerance of her disposition were somewhat clouded by the cruelty of a political world that regarded murder as a convenience. Cleopatra lived in a pagan age, being born sixty-nine years before the first gleam of the light of purity in the cradle of Bethlehem. It is enough to say that she was better than her time.

8. Cleopatra was a great lover. Love is the magic key that opens the golden door of opportunity which leads to the solution of the problems of life's drama. In the hands of Cleopatra love was a most effective instrument. With it she plunged a thorn into the side of the Roman empire, influenced the lives of two great men, carved for herself a place in the granite monument of memory, and built a little nest for her soul which men call "home."

In our time, two enemies lurk among the roses of hope and aspiration which border the pathway from the marriage altar, where friendship is enthroned. One is the high cost of living; the other is divorce. In Cleopatra's time, the legal rights of marriage were violated on every side. Social life was blighted by immorality. But against the dark background of the life of her time the character of Cleopatra stood out in bright relief. True

to the instincts of her being, she shared her love with but two men. She lived with Caesar, who would have made her his legal consort had death tarried a little longer. She married Anthony. Their relationship seemed to contain most of the elements of a happy marriage—compatibility of character and temperament, an understanding by each of the other's history, partnership in home and state, mutual kindness and love. Said Anthony:

"I can scorn the Senate's triumphs
Triumphing in love like thine."

Cleopatra was the fond mother of four children. The love of her heart centered in this family. She deserves a place among the mothers of men who pass through the shadowland of birth into long days and nights of tender care and un-failing interest. Motherhood makes marriage sacred.

What, then, is the secret of the charm of Cleopatra's personality? The answer is in one word, "variety." Shakespeare wrote:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom
stale

Her infinite variety."

WALK AND BE WELL

(Continued from Page 53)

for refreshments, Weston's favorite was an egg beaten up in a cup of coffee. "Some of my own most agreeable recollections," adds Dr. Huber, "are of my seat atop a convenient barrel in any crossroad or country store, crackers and cheese in one hand and a bottle of tonic (ginger ale or sarsaparilla with a straw in it) in the other hand, with discussions of the perversities of our political system with the congregated rural citizenry."

As a whole, the book is an encyclopedia of hygienic information for all ages and for all sorts and conditions of men and women. It is so agreeably written that the reader brouses on and on gathering sound advice, while he often thinks he is only being amused.

A Royal Road to Art

Story of the Lady Who Arrived Without Trouble

By **NORBERT UNGER**

ONE of the most amazing things in connection with the unveiling of the statue of Bolivar in Central Park, New York, this week is that the sculptor, Sally Jones Farnham, is said to have never had any training in sculpture. Most artists will hear that statement in surprise, and perhaps with undisguised doubt, but it has been given wide publicity within the past few months.

First, it appeared in the May number of the *Delineator*, and next the *New York Times* reprinted it by permission of the magazine. Both of the publications are very reliable, so that until somebody of good repute shall appear with the proofs that Mrs. Sally Jones Farnham is not what she is represented, we must accept her as a superwoman among American, or any other kind of artists.

Her statue of the South American liberator is a gift to the city of New York by the people of Venezuela, and is the largest piece of sculpture by a woman which has been erected anywhere. Across the Hudson from Riverside drive there is a fine statue of Joan of Arc, made by Anna Hyatt, but Mrs. Farnham's equestrian figure of Bolivar is the larger and more heroic.

In the words of the *Delineator*, "Mrs. Farnham is one of the few instances on record where an art taken up in adult years has been carried forward to the goals of financial and critical award."

The curious thing is not merely that, when she decided to become a professional sculptor, she was well past the age and circumstance popularly assigned to a novitiate, but that a year prior to this decision she had never even thought of such a thing, never dreamed that her now unmistakable gift was in her. Looking back now on the earlier years, there were only two clues to what was coming—very faint clues at that. One was a trick that she had as a child of carving with

scissors, of cutting out of blank paper all manner of figures of men and women and elephants and giraffes and such appealing subjects. To this day Mrs. Farnham can pick up a piece of paper and, with her fingers, tear out a perfectly recognizable portrait of the person sitting opposite her—a disconcerting trick, by the way.

The other foreshadowing of the Bolivar was her very special passion for sculpture—not as something to do, but as something to look at and adore. As a young girl she had seen a good deal of the best the world has to show. At an age when most girls are at school Sally James and her father—the late Colonel Edward James—were jaunting over the face of the earth. In Paris, for instance, instead of strolling in the Luxembourg Gardens or standing with nose glued to some beseeching shop window in the Rue de la Paix, her friends would often find the usually sportive Miss James subdued to abject silence before the winged "Victory" in the Louvre, the incomparable mutilée whose ageless spell held her hour after hour, day after day.

The discovery of her talent was not only late, but comically casual. It happened when she was bedridden for some weeks in a New York hospital and craved something to occupy her mind. She had quite exhausted the amusement afforded by her medicated surroundings, when a friend chanced to place some modeling clay in her hands. She soon found herself greatly diverted and somewhat surprised by the figures into which one, or this one at least, could shape the stuff—using for the purpose an orange stick, the only sculptor's tool available.

When she was permitted to go home her mind was full of this new accomplishment, and she found it amusing to go on with it. Her friends said it was very charming and all that, but what of it? "What," they asked, would you do if you

ever had to earn \$2?" The nonchalant taunt had an extremely irritating effect on Mrs. Farnham. It goaded her into engaging a studio and trying to show them. As it happened, it was just as well, for before long the whirligig of time had brought in a decided necessity for her to make \$2 and more. Yes, a good deal more, for in her first professional year she cleared more than \$20,000.

More than anyone else, it was the late Frederic Remington who had encouraged her to this point. In her new studio she had fashioned a mad Spanish dancer, and hearing that Remington, whom she had known all her life, was over at the Roman Bronze Works in Brooklyn, she got a cab, took her little statue in her arms, and, in a pouring rain, set forth to find him so that she might put the question squarely. "Am I fooling myself or is this really good enough to justify my going on?" The cabman lost his way and Mrs. Farnham got greatly rained on, and the important legs of the dancer fell off, so that on her arrival a much-bedraggled sculptor had to sit down before them all and repair the havoc the journey had wrought in her work of art. Remington watched with undisguised and slightly profane astonishment.

"Well, L'll be——," he said at last. "I don't know how you learned it. Of course, she (referring to the dancer) is as ugly as——, but she's full of ginger. Keep it up, Sally."

So she did. Her first order was for a fountain. She had made a sketch of it which so delighted Colonel Emerson of Baltimore that he bought a garden just to justify its purchase. His check was the first money she ever earned. The amount was \$5,000.

The combination of professional and domestic existence seems to have been

taken by Mrs. Farnham as a matter of course, though she has occasionally been obliged to remind folk that she had other things to do besides adorn public parks. Once when an up-State committee, needing her services for a soldier's monument, telephoned her casually to step up to Rochester she wired back that she was busy completing an important piece of work which would take about six weeks more of her time.

As that interval approached its end they made further inquiry. Was the new job finished? "The new job is satisfactorily accomplished," she replied in effect, "and weighs about ten pounds. I am nursing him at present, and have my oldest boy to install in school and am moving into town for the Winter, and I also have a few guests to entertain, but I think I can tackle your monument next week."

The Bolivar is by far the biggest and most ambitious thing she has attempted. General Simon Bolivar was born the year peace was signed between the British Crown and its upstart colonies across the Atlantic, and he came to be the Washington of South America. The liberator of Venezuela, Peru and Ecuador and the founder of Bolivia, he died in exile and poverty; but in time his memory took on lustre, and his name became the greatest in South American history. As one expression of the feeling that we of North America have been rather negligent of the heroes bred on the other side of the Isthmus, Venezuela wanted to place a monument to him in Central Park, particularly as a quite painful equestrian statue of Bolivar had previously been taken out of that playground and hidden somewhere by New York's Municipal Art Commission. For the new statue twenty sculptors competed, and of the three models finally chosen and sent to Venezuela Mrs. Farnham's was accepted by acclamation.



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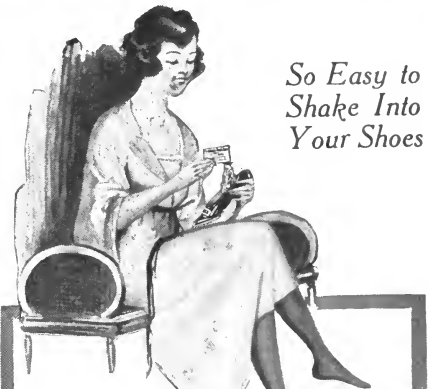
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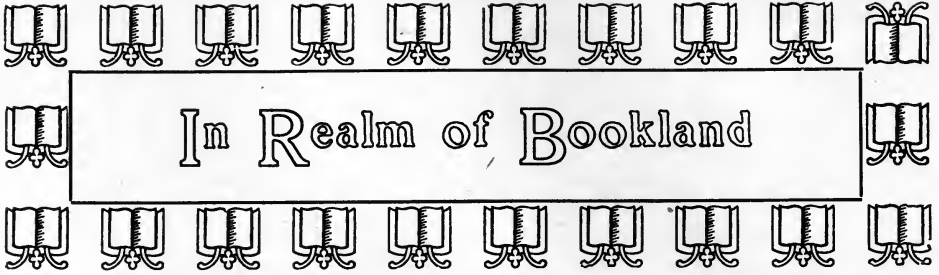
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A GREAT ARCHITECT

Few names were better known in San Francisco after the great fire of 1906 than Daniel H. Burnham, who was invited by the municipality to plan for the rebuilding of the burned city on new lines. Mr. Burnham came with his assistants and planned, and as usual in such civic matters the great architect's ideas were highly commended and then utterly cast aside. Now, after many years, when Mr. Burnham is dead, San Francisco is beginning to realize that he was correct when he told us that the future civic center would be at the junction of Van Ness avenue and Market street. San Francisco is considering plans for her new opera house near that point.

The name of Daniel H. Burnham furnishes the title of a book by Charles Moore, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, was the director of works at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. In 1901 he was associated with McKim, Saint-Gaudens and Frederick Law Olmsted in preparing the new plans for the city of Washington, which are being carried out now. Later, he helped on plans for West Point, Cleveland, San Francisco, Manila and Chicago. He was the architect of the railway stations in Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago and New Orleans, and of office buildings in innumerable cities. Finally, he was chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts until his death, in 1912. Mr. Burnham established the principles of city planning in this country.

COW COUNTRY

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try. The breath of the plains, valleys and mountains on the sunset side of the Rockies is reproduced with a fidelity possible only to a writer who has known and lived amid the scenes described—or, at least, in an environment wherein such incidents as one finds in the story could conceivably occur. The characters, too, are clean-cut, particularly as to the men, and Bud Birnie, the hero, has all the attributes of the young cowboy who fears nothing, is absolutely straight, and has a warm corner in his heart for children, horses and the "right woman."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A STRANGE START

Joseph Conrad is not only a very successful London author, but his entrance in the field of literature was remarkable. It must have been about twenty-six years ago that Conrad suddenly turned author. As a sailor, treating himself to a rest in London, he rang the bell one morning in his lodgings in Bessborough Gardens and desired his landlady's daughter to clear the breakfast things away at once. When this was done he sat down and began to write his first book, "Almayer's Folly." He has assured us that up to that moment he had never noted a fact or an impression or an anecdote in his life. That is very interesting, but he goes further: "The conception of a planned book was entirely outside my mental range when I sat down to write." The "ambition of being an author" had never occurred to him. And he ascends in negation: "It was not the outcome of a need—the famous need of self-expression which artists find in their search for motives." The necessity which impelled me was a hidden, obscure necessity, a completely masked and unaccountable phenomenon."

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STAR DUST

The widespread and well-earned reputation as a writer of short stories which Miss Fannie Hurst has now possessed for several years makes the publication of this, her first novel, "Star Dust," an event of no little interest. So many short-story writers have failed disastrously as novelists, so many novelists failed disastrously when they attempted to write short stories, that for one of established position in either class of fiction to venture into the other is always a more or less breathtaking experiment. Miss Hurst's novel is thoughtful and sincere; if it shows the tendency frequently observable in first novels by those who have heretofore written only short stories, the tendency to permit themselves undue license in the matter of space, and to imagine that, because they are no longer bound by the restrictions imposed by their former method of expression, they are under no restrictions at all, this is a matter which care and experience will correct.

The story covers the life of Lily Becker, its heroine and outstanding figure, from her childhood to the day when, at about 40, "her heart beat high with what even might have been fulfillment." Many events, many places and many people lie between the two. First, there is Mrs. Schum's boarding house, "Middle West, middle class, medium price and meager of meal," in the St. Louis of some thirty years ago, where the girl, Lily Becker, lived in one room with her father and mother. Those who know Miss Hurst's work will readily credit the statement that one would have to go very far indeed to find a better drawn, more lifelike picture of this particular kind of existence than the one she gives us. It was in this setting that 9-year-old Lilly played Rubinstein's "Melody in F" and dreamed of becoming a great singer, and having her thick, chestnut braids suddenly and miraculously metamorphosed into ropes of gold. She was fourteen when she graduated from grammar school, and teased her mother into letting her study singing.

Then came high school, and the young teacher of English literature, "his degree

rather heavy upon him," who first proved to Lilly that there were "men-creatures outside the English 'Fireside Novels' she was permitted to devour without interruption by parents to whom books were largely objects with which a room was cluttered up, who . . . did play tennis in white flannels, turned down the page at a favorite passage of poetry . . . were guiltless of sleeve garters, and attended Saturday afternoon symphony concerts." But presently high school was over, and Lilly found herself with nothing whatever to do. Her desire to go to college was met by her usually gentle father's decided: "It is as bad for a young girl to permit herself to be educated into one of those bold, unwomanly woman's rights girls as it is for her to be frivolous and empty-headed." She was a finished stenographer, but she didn't care for it, and her parents did not want her to work. As for her singing, they thought it quite all right for a girl to have "a parlor voice," but it must stop there. Lilly tried to write, unsuccessfully. The house her parents, now more prosperous, rented as a setting for their grown-up and ornamental daughter, she did not care to use for its real purpose—the entertaining of marriageable young men. The girls at the sewing class "with nothing on their brains but fellows and fancy work" bored her to extinction, and try as she would, she could not get interested in housework and "French knots." There were constant altercations between her and the mother who loved her devotedly, and would have made any sacrifice for her—except the sacrifice of permitting her to live her own life in her own way. Then Albert Penny appeared upon the scene.

It was at the end of her third week of wedlock that she ran away from him and from the situation which had become unendurable.

Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

THE MAYFLOWER

One of the tales of his native Valencia, which first made the name of Vicente Blasco Ibanez well known among his countrymen is "The Mayflower."

"It must be remarked," says T. R. Ybarra, that long before The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse gave him fame all over the world, Blasco Ibanez was among the foremost novelists of Spain. Not only that—he was known far beyond the borders of his native land. A number of his books had been translated from the original Spanish into other languages. 'The Mayflower,' the English version of which is the subject of this review, has already appeared in French. As for *Sangre y Arena*, it was known not only to Europeans outside Spain, but even to Americans (under the name of "The Blood of the Arena") long before the tremendous fame of *The Four Horsemen* caused the appearance of a new version in English, bearing the title 'Blood and Sand.'

"Blasco Ibanez began his career as a writer by putting into books the characteristics of the people of Valencia and its neighborhood among whom he was born. 'The Mayflower,' like 'Entre Naranjos,' 'Arroz y Tartana' and other volumes from the pen of this most indefatigable son of the new Spain, is laid amid the landscapes and seascapes of that still partly Moorish region. It deals with the grim battle for existence fought by Valencia's humble fisherfolk who, with a land of flowers and sunshine at their backs, have ever before them a sea only too ready to turn from shimmering expanse of peaceful blue into a thing of fury and horror and death."

As in many another of his books, Blasco Ibanez, in this one, jumps straight into his story.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

"BEST ENGLISH NOVEL"

The London Times of March 25, says: The winner of the 1920-21 prize offered by the French newspapers, *Femina* and *Vie Heureuse*, for the best English work of imagination, though open to men and women, is for the second time a woman. The prize has been awarded to Miss Constance Holme's "Splendid Fairing." Last year it was won by Miss Cicely Hamilton's "William an Englishman."

The award is the result of the joint voting of two committees—a committee of British women writers meeting in London and one of French women writers meeting in Paris.

Lady Northcliffe, the president of the British committee, is offering a prize for the best French work of imagination. The French committee have recommended three novels to their British sisters, who will make the final award early in May.

Professor Jastrow's "The Subconscious" has just been translated into Japanese. The translation was made by the editor of the Japanese Journal of Abnormal Psychology. The book has already been done in French.

The English publishers of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" write that they have printed 106,000 "Rebeccas"; that, added to 544,000 over here, makes an impressive figure.

Rupert Hughes is writing a novel about movie life in Los Angeles. It will run as a serial in the Red Book.

Zona Gale has returned to her home in Portage, Wis., after a winter in New York.

Edmund Gosse's "Books on the Table" will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in an American edition. It is an assemblage of Mr. Gosse's latest literary papers. Some of the subjects included are "Edgar Poe and His Detractors," "The Essays of Mr. Lucas," "The Last Years of Disraeli" and "Autobiography and Mrs. Asquith."

A CORRECTION

By a typographical error, the clever story, "Conchita," by Lida E. Cranston, which appeared in the January number of the *Overland Monthly*, was accredited to Adele Ferguson, the author of some verse. The mistake was due to the confusion caused by a strike in the mechanical department, and is much regretted by the publishers of the *Overland Monthly*.

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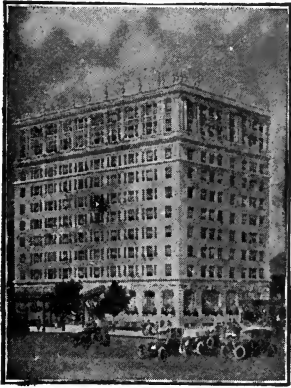
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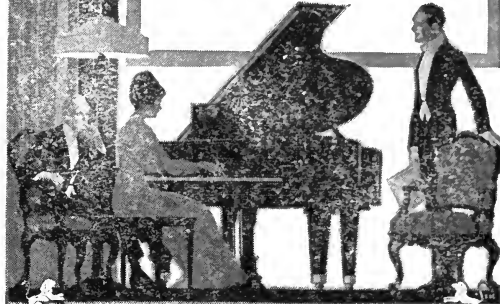
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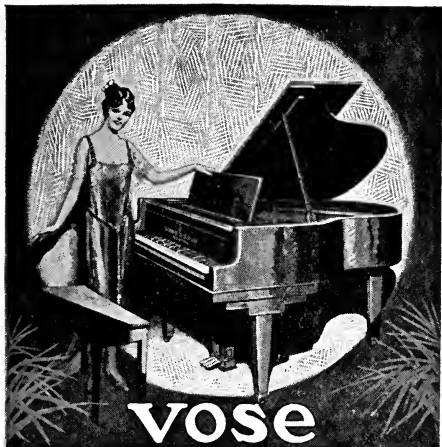
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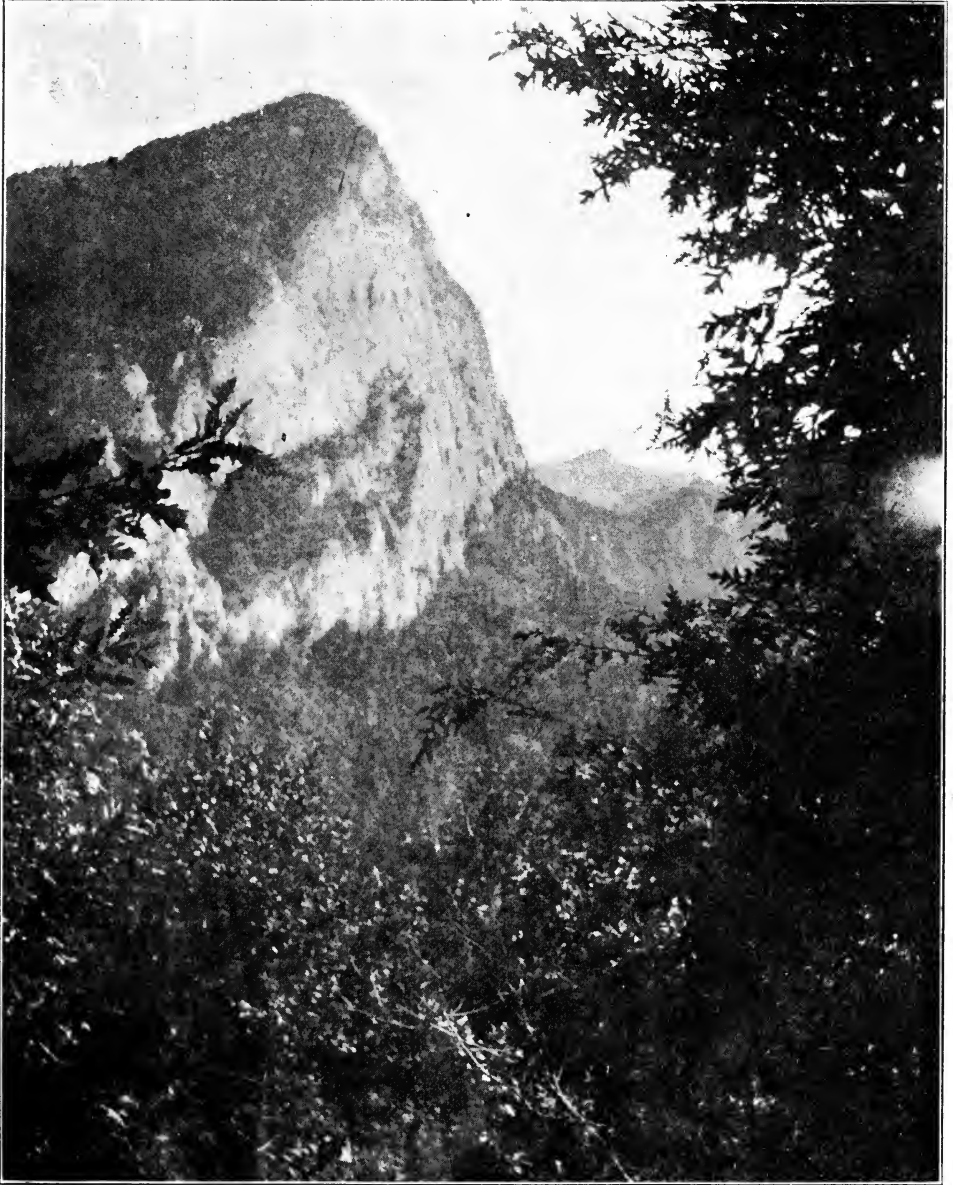
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Mt. T. The view above Lake Tahoe in the High Sierras



In the Yosemite Country

The Spur of Fame

By BAILEY MILLARD

"The other night, while raining hard,
I walked along the street.

"Now what rhymes with 'hard'? Card, lard,
regard, bard; yes, bard.

"I was but a poor old bard,
Who walked with limping feet.

"No; 'walked' will never do. I used it in
that second line. Better make it 'strode along
the street' in that line. Wonder if they'll send
this back, like they did all the rest. Well, I
can't help writing, and they'll want all they can
git of my poetry by 'n by. It's in me, any
ways, an' it's jest got to come out."

Old Massey had begun his eighth poem for
the week. Verse came very easily to him. He
had a natural gift for it, so all the folk along
Mission Street said, and he believed in himself.
Byron was never prouder of his verse than
was Royal Massey of his wonderful quatrains.
He always wrote in quatrains. Couplets he
despised.

The bell over the front door of the bakery
jingled.

"Simsie, go 'n see what's wanted," called
the poet.

Simsie, girlish, eleven and lightsome, pushed
aside the wrinkled portiere, and went into the
shop. Soon she tripped back and chirped,—

"It's a gen'l'man, oh, awfully stylish; an' he
wants to see you, Pop. He don't want to buy
nothin'—jus' wants to see you."

"Show him in," said the poet, in a voice loud
enough to be distinctly caught by the caller.
What the caller did not catch was the magnifi-
cent wave of the hand that accompanied the
command.

Bruce Poston, the star reporter of the Herald,
walked into the back room majestically. He
was only twenty-six, but he had already seen
all of life that was worth seeing, and blase
cynic that he was, the sight of the old poet,
whose long, gray hair hung down to his paper
while he bent over the table and wrote, moved
him not in the least.

"That old chap's head might make a good
half-tone," was all that Massey suggested to
him, at first sight. Bruce had expected the
occupants of the room to be awed by him and
his clothes. These "proletariats," as he wrote
of them, were generally so impressed.

"I'm from the Herald," announced the star
reporter.

"Have they, have they—" The old man's
voice shook like a cello trill. "Have they—?"

"Have they what?" asked Bruce.

"Have they sent you to say they've accepted
my poem—the one on 'The Lost Child'?
They've got it, you know."

Now Bruce had come to "write up" the old
man as the Bard of the Bakery. The Sunday
editor had thought that he might make a good
two-column story of him.

"Well, I may be able to use some of your
poetry," said the reporter. He did not say how
he would use it. He had thought to make a
slashing good article on how the Bard of the
Bakery wrote his verse. It was to be a very
clever story, and there would be no end of fun
in it. He had come to see the poet, because
he wanted to get material for a description of
the place where he wrote, and he had thought
he would talk freer there.

"You are engaged upon a poem now, aren't you?" asked Poston.

"Yes; I've got one verse wrote and the first line of the second. I think there'll be twelve altogether." The old man's voice continued to shake. He was tremendously excited. He felt that fame was coming at last.

"Oh, 'n he's got a whole box full of beautiful verses, all written out. They're in the closet." It was Simsie who spoke. "Sit down 'n I'll git 'em for you. You can read 'em easy 'nough. I copied 'em all off for him."

She ran to get the box. It was a great green affair that had held three dozen fancy Easter eggs. She laid it on the table before Poston.

"That's good," said he. "But let's see what you're working on now. That ought to be the best, you know."

"P'raps. It's goin' to be about 'The Little Match Boy's Mother.' An' it's going to be very pathetic."

He passed the lines he had written to Poston, who read them with professional interest, which was quite another thing from the interest he felt bound to affect in the presence of the poet.

"The other night while raining hard, I passed along— Good enough!" he said to himself. "There's a whole lot in the old man. He's no end of fun."

"Do you like the lines? Do they begin too pathetic all to once?" asked the bard.

"Oh, no—not a bit too pathetic," Poston replied. "Now," he thought, "I'll see the machinery run and hear it creak." He passed the paper back to Massey. "Just go ahead and write off the rest."

Although he trembled all over, and his pen made strange jerky movements, the poet went at the grind, and the second quatrain was soon finished.

"Why," said Poston, who had to say something, "you've got a natural gift for poetry."

"That's what they all say," replied the old man, with a pride that was protrusive and eloquent, "that's what they all say—a nat'ral gift."

"I'll just look about a bit while you finish up the other ten stanzas," said Poston. He was anxious to get the descriptive stuff, the setting of the story, without which it would be no better than common reporter's work, which he, as a sophisticated special writer, abhorred.

"I'll show you the bakery," said Simsie, leading the way toward the front and into the shop. "Of course we don't bake any bread ourselves. It comes in twice a day, mornin' and afternoon, an' the cakes an' snaps an' doughnuts. Now

here's the showcase. The candy man comes every two weeks."

The showcase was a dull little affair, but it evidently seemed bright enough to Simsie.

"Sometimes it's a'mos' full," she asseverated, "but the school children come in today at noon an' bought nearly all the things we had. My, I was busy!"

"So, you don't go to school?" was Poston's aimless query.

"Not now—did once. But I can write an' figger pretty good. I'm goin' again when Pop makes a lot o' money writin' poetry. He said he would send me to high school some day, sure, an' I could have music lessons."

A little of the cynic fell through a crack in Poston's composition. Would this thing be so funny, after all?

"We keep all the pretty things, the fancy candy, the toys an' the pies in the window," said Simsie. "But you can't see 'em very well unless you step outside."

Poston followed her around to the front of the shop and looked through the window. There were three pies there, a few sugared things that Simsie called "Bolivars," some jujubes, a little tin wagon and a fly-specked horse, a cheap little doll that a mouse had gnawed so that it was suffering severely from loss of sawdust, and a little china pig up to his knees in dusty beans, that lay in a saucer. Above these hung a few faded signs, one of which read, "Simpkin's Pies," and another "Three Bread Tickets for Ten Cents."

Of a sudden an awful thought struck Simsie. What if she could not get the reporter back in the shop again? Then Pop would lose the chance of selling his poetry. It was with much nervousness that she saw him look up and down the street, as if about to take his departure.

"You haven't seen all of it yet," she said, watching him very intently. "Won't you come in now?"

"No; I guess I'll take a smoke out here."

"Oh, you can smoke inside. Pop does. Come in."

The shop had seemed insufferably stuffy to Poston. He had thought of describing it as a "deoxygenated doughnutry." He lighted a cigarette and took a step or two up the street. Then he felt a small hand grasp his, and heard Simsie's appeal,—

"Oh, please come back, won't you? Don't go away!"

"I wasn't going away," he said, permitting himself to be led into the "doughnutry" again

and feeling austere benignancy come over him in a gentle wave.

"Ah," he heard the voice of the poet saying; "Ah, the muses are with me strong today! Seems like I could write a'most anything. Come in, young man, and listen to this."

Nothing of the condensation that lay three inches thick over the reporter's manner toward him was seen by the bard. He began to read the poem all over again, intoning and swelling the happiest lines with wonderful effect. The reading and the style of it decided Poston. He had been wavering for some reason or other. Now he was firm. It would make a rattling good story. Nothing of it should be left out. He felt sure the Sunday editor would be highly pleased.

"Now when you publish this, young man," said the poet, "you want to be sure to get in all the lines. "Don't you think that one that ends "surcease of sorrow" is good? And where the little match boy's mother dies, ain't that affecting? I a'most cried when I wrote it."

"Oh, it's so sad!" declared Simsie. "Don't you think so?" she asked of Poston.

"Oh, very!" was the reply. "Now let me make some selections from the box."

"How many are you goin' to print?" asked the bard.

"Can't say—perhaps six or eight of the best."

"Six or eight? That will be just grand!" said Simsie.

In taking the poems from the box Poston observed that many of them were in the envelopes in which they had been returned from magazine editors and newspaper folk. He mentioned the fact to the old man.

"Yes," he said, with a deep sigh. "I'll tell ye honestly, they've all been refused, some of 'em as much as twenty times. It takes a lot of postage stamps to keep 'em goin' the rounds. I was kind o' waitin' to git a little money before I sent 'em out again. This poetry writin' takes a heap of patience."

"Patience and postage," repeated Poston to himself. "That's a good subhead for my story."

He made his selections, and the bard looked them over.

"I think," said the old man, "I'd take out 'Father's Lost His Job' and put in 'The Gas Is Burnin' Bright.' You don't want all sad pieces, do ye?"

"But they're the funniest—I mean the most fetching," said Poston. "Better put that in

extra. That will make nine. If I don't want to print 'em all I can leave out 'Father's Lost His Job.'"

Simsie put the verses in a little paper bag she brought from behind the counter. Then Poston prepared to take his leave.

"I'm awful glad ye came," said the poet. If the Hurruld prints these they'll want more, I s'pose. I'll write a good one tonight. I feel like I could allus write best after dark, any way."

He swelled grandly. He knew that his fame and fortune were assured now.

Poston said "Good-by!" and walked away. He had not reached the corner before Simsie again grasped his hand.

"Is it really so?" she asked. "You're not foolin'? Once a editor wrote and said he'd print one of the pieces, and we waited and waited and it never come out. You ain't foolin', are you?"

Poston did not relish this. That hand pressed his with too much friendship for present purposes.

"No; I'll print 'em," he said, but he could not look down into Simsie's eyes when he made this promise.

"Oh, I thought you was all right," she explained. "I only wanted to make sure," and the pressure of the hand increased to one of perfect confidence and trust.

Poston began to hate himself. He did not give up the plan of printing his article and some of the worst instances of the poet's rank incompetency and unconscious humor, but he wished that there were no child in the matter. He was not quite blase and cynical enough to keep this factor of it from pricking him.

"Good-by," said Simsie. Then she ran back and threw a kiss at him, that seemed a benediction of the unworthy, and Poston got aboard his car.

At the office he did not seem to enthuse when he told the story to the Sunday editor.

"You can make a good thing out of that, Bruce," said the editor. "It's the best kind of fun, and you've got a bully chance for that descriptive genius of yours. I'll bet you are full of clever phrases at this moment."

But Poston was modest. He slightly deprecated the idea of the story, but he gave the editor the address of the Bard of the Bakery, that he might send a photographer out to get a picture of him.

"There's a girl out there," concluded Poston, "just a little thing. He might want to photo-

graph her, too; but ask him to leave her out, will you, old chap? She doesn't come into the story at all."

The editor smiled. He felt there was some sentiment there, but he let the matter pass without reference.

Poston went to his desk, took from his pocket the paper bag, spread the poems before him and began to write. He threw away the first six sheets of his manuscript as they came off the pad, and then (for the atmosphere of his dingy box of a room had again taken hold upon him) he warmed up to his work. When he was about to pencil a paragraph, which was to be exceedingly humorous, making a very sarcastic allusion to "The Little Match Boy's Mother," the office boy came in and said there was somebody to see him.

"In a minute," said Poston, plunging into the paragraph. Soon the door opened and in glided Simsie.

"Here's another piece he wanted me to bring you. He wants 'The Broken-Hearted Factory Girl' left out and this one put in instead. He wrote it since you left. It's beautiful. She sat down and began to read,—

"If I was dying—dying,

And the night wind blowed about me,

I know you'd be crying—crying,

For you could not live without me."

There were nine other verses, and to Poston this seemed the gem of the collection. When he took it in his hand he wondered why he did not enthuse more over its possession.

"If he wants to put any more in, he can, can't he?" asked Simsie. "He thinks you'll want a good many after this."

"Well, not for quite a while," said Poston, stroking his chin, reflectively. He glanced down at the cheap little frock Simsie wore, and the thought came to him that one week's cigars would keep her in clothes for a year.

"When will you pay for 'em?" she asked. "Not till after they come out, I suppose."

"Well, that's the usual thing." He had not thought of this matter of payment. Of course something was due to Old Massey, but how much or when it should be paid were not matters he had considered very deeply.

"He thought he could get enough out o' these verses to pay some o' the rent. It's away behind; but the man is awfully good to us. We don't make much out o' the shop, but now we've got a start on the paper, with our poetry, we ought to do pretty well, don't you think?"

"Oh yes," temporized Poston.

Then Simsie ducked her head to make her highly effective bow, and withdrew, silently.

"Hang this job, anyway," growled Poston. He glanced at his neatly written manuscript, folded it fiercely and laid it away in his drawer. It was a week before he had the heart, or the lack of it, to take "Old Massey's roast," as he called it, out of the drawer, finish it up and hand it to the Sunday editor. He had to tell eight different and very ingenious lies to account for the holding back of the manuscript, and there were a few throbs of indecision as he handed it over.

The matter was set in type and the proof was sent down to Poston from the composing room. While he was reading it, and felicitating himself sweetly upon some of his happy phrases, Simsie came in and sat beside him.

"He got kind o' anxious, an' wanted to know if anything had happened. You know you had the poetry quite a long while—eight days."

"Yes, but how did you get in?"

"I told 'em outside I was a friend o' yours."

"Oh, well," said Poston, "the poetry's in type now, and it's going in next Sunday."

"Oh, it goes in the Sunday Hurruld? That'll be grand. We thought it 'ud come out 'most any day, an' we've been lookin' all over the paper, even among the 'vertisements."

She went out, and in an hour came back with two more poems.

"He thought you'd want some ahead, so he's writin' a whole lot. These is both sad. He said you seemed to like the sad ones best. I believe he likes to write that kind."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I don't know how many more we can print," said Poston, wondering what to say or do. Then he noticed a feeling of keen disappointment in the child's manner and expression. "Well," he said, "you'd better leave these anyway."

She laid the manuscript upon the table and went away. As she walked out he noticed that her shoes were very ragged. Perhaps—

He ran out into the hallway, and caught hold of Simsie's arm as she stood by the elevator.

"Look here," he said, handing her what loose change he had in his possession. "We want to pay this much on account. We'll pay the rest after the first poems are published."

The child's face turned pale with excitement, and her hands trembled as they closed about the money. She tried to say something but failed. Then her big eyes glanced up at Poston, and they pictured the fulness of her heart.

She put the coins into her pocket and held her hand in it to keep them from falling out. She gave a little gasp as she got into the elevator, and then looked back at Poston with a fixed stare, which the sudden dropping of her face and form from his sight broke abruptly.

Poston went back to his box and sat a long time looking out of the window over the roofs (for the Herald building was taller than any other in the neighborhood and the editorial rooms were on the fourteenth floor), and down at the people, who from that view of them, sprawled their legs and spread out like four-footed animals, with no apparent height, their heads seeming close to the ground and their shoulders prodigiously large and out of proportion. He had what he called a snap assignment, which consisted in taking a "skate's" story and rewriting it—something that he was frequently called upon to do and which made him more lofty than was necessary. He had prided himself on the fact that no "skate" ever recognized a line of his own work after he had revamped it. But he was not thinking of the article that lay on his desk nor of anything beside Simsie and the Bard of the Bakery, and of the fact that his "roast" of Old Massey would be made up that evening and go to press as soon as the daily paper was run off. He looked along up Market Street, past the Phelan statue, up to where the Lady of the Dome of the City Hall then lifted her torch. It was evening, and there was a world of pink mist beyond the Twin Peaks, for the sun had just gone down over the gray Pacific, and the Lady of the Dome was standing out in dull black against the sky. To him, reflecting, she seemed the embodiment of Old Massey's dream of fame, and as she faded into the gathering darkness the dream seemed to blur out and lose itself in nothingness. What would Old Massey say when he read that article? What would Simsie say?

After dinner he went up into the composing room, where the Sunday editor's assistants were superintending the making-up of the "magazine" forms. Two long rows of stout little tables that stood on wheels supported the forms, several of which had the appearance of being ready for the press. Some had a few stray picture blocks in them, and in others the bright, glinting linotype metal was being carefully placed by the printers. Yet with all the care the work did not go smoothly. Poston was accustomed to the scene, as he had directed the making-up of Sunday pages on occasion. The two assistants were quarreling with each other about the disposition of a large cut which

should or should not have been reduced or enlarged to a certain size, and their angry voices rose above the whirr and click of the long rows of type-setting machines that ran down the middle of the composing room.

Poston, leaning over one of the forms, saw a half-tone cut with a proof lying beside it. The proof was daubed with ink on its margin and was not an attractive thing to look upon, but it caught his eye, for out of the streaks of ink peeped the picturesque face of old Massey.

He stood looking at it, while the make-up men jangled and finally stopped short when the Sunday editor came in and asked abruptly, and with a significant air,—

"Well, gentlemen, are you going to be all night getting these other forms made up? Where's the proof of that 'Most Astounding History of the Calaveras Mastodon'?"

"Here it is," said one of the assistants, "Did you order that Princess of Wales picture five or seven columns?"

"What have they made it?"

"Five!"

"And I told 'em distinctly to make it four. What's the good of giving those asses any instructions? They are the biggest numbskulls and doughheads I ever saw." The Sunday editor swore harshly and then said: "Hello, Bruce! Trying to learn something about the business?"

"No—just looking around." Then Poston came over close to the Sunday editor, and said in a low voice, "Haven't you got something else to run in the place of that 'Bard of the Bakery'?"

"Yes, I've got a heap of stuff—no end of it, in fact."

"Good!" and Poston's countenance lightened.

"But I'm not going to make any change in that lay-out tonight. That's the best story I've got in a local way. The city chaps fell down on me this week."

"Oh, you can just as well leave 'it out,'" pleaded Poston. "I don't think much of it—that is, for a story."

"That's just the way you fellows are. You write something that is read by three people—the editor, the proof-reader and yourself—and you think it's great. Then when you write a really good thing you talk it down. No, I wouldn't leave out that story if you were to talk all night."

Poston's pride (and he was fuller of it than any policeman) got the better of him.

"Oh, I don't care," he said. "You're the boss." Then he glanced regretfully at the form

where the printers were framing Old Massey's picture with the cruel matter he had written about him, and went down stairs. He plunged into the "skate's" story and penciled rapidly. "He'll never know he wrote this yarn," said Poston, puffing at a cigar and tossing the other man's manuscript into the basket.

This was Thursday night. The "magazine" would not go out to the world until Sunday morning, when the daily would be off the press for that day and the several sections of the great journal would be folded together.

On the afternoon of the next day Simsie came in with another string of verses. She entered the room confidently, and handed the manuscript to Poston.

"He was awful glad to get paid for those other pieces," she said. "It's the first money we ever made writin' for the papers. He stayed up nearly all night las' night writin' 'an planin', an' I know you'll like these new ones. They're the saddest he ever wrote. He said it was hard to write sad things when he felt so good about gettin' the poetry into the paper. But he knew you liked that kind best."

"Now, look here, Simsie," said Poston, with unwonted abruptness, for he had always spoken very kindly to her, "I don't want this stuff! I've had all I can stand of it!"

In a moment he was cursing himself inwardly. For Simsie's face showed how cruelly the blow had fallen. The suddenness of the awful words nearly took her feet from under her. She grasped wildly at the table for support. The room was going round very rapidly and there was a strange buzzing in her ears. She did not cry, but looked at him with an intensity of despair that caught at his heart and held it.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Simsie! I was just joking. I wanted to see how you'd take it—that's all!"

"Sure?" she asked with a gulp, her face brightening wonderfully.

"Sure! And I'll pay you now for this. The money will come from the office on Saturday to square up the other account."

"An' you want more, an' you'll print it? He's got his head full of i-deas, an' you know we haven't taken half o' the verses out o' that box yet."

"Yes, bring it in. But not before next Monday." He knew that the old man would see the Sunday paper before that time and would not trouble him any more. He gave Simsie two small, bright gold pieces, and she went away, treading air.

She took the money to the old man, who

gloated over it as though it had been thousands.

"Now," said he, "I'll git to work on 'The Tired Carhorse.'"

"But you'd better eat something, first, Pop. Ye ain't eat nothin' today," said Simsie. Had she been old enough to observe how haggard the old man was and how much he needed good nourishment, she would have insisted upon his eating then and there. But for the poet there was now naught but poetry. He was so full of inspiration that there was no necessity of thinking about other food.

He worked hard all the rest of the day, and ate only a scrap of bread before going to bed. On Saturday he walked up and down the back room and over the floor of the shop with a fever of impatience burning within him. He could not write a line of verse. Not a single rhyme suggested itself to him, and as for a subject there was but one, and that was glory. The spur of fame had kept him at this writing work for years, and now his reward was about to come.

It became known in the neighborhood that Old Massey was going to blossom out in the full flower of fame in tomorrow's Herald. The neighbors all came in to see him and give him their rough congratulations, and they said to each other when they met in the shop:

"I allus knew he had a nat'ral gift."

Which words pleased Old Massey more than anything, for he had proved his worth as a poet. If there were any cavaliers, any envious men or women, who had tried to belittle him, as the tobacconist at the corner, who wrote couplets occasionally, they should all be quieted forever when they saw tomorrow's paper. Couplets? Why, he never wrote such common things as those. They should see.

He remained up all night that he might get the paper from the carrier's hands in the morning. He was very weary, but he knew it not. His feet were cold, and there was a numbness in his knees. At times there were strange flutterings of his heart, and his head throbbed violently. But out of all his ills there blazed one warming, inspiring thought, and it kept him up and took the place of sleep and rest.

When his lamp had burned itself out and the milk wagons had begun to rattle over the cobbles his legs grew more and more stiff and cold. He had to rub them with all the strength of his enfeebled arms to keep up a circulation of blood sufficient to enable him to stand erect.

He looked at Simsie's sleeping face proudly.

(Continued on page 62)

Mission Indians

By GEORGE LAW

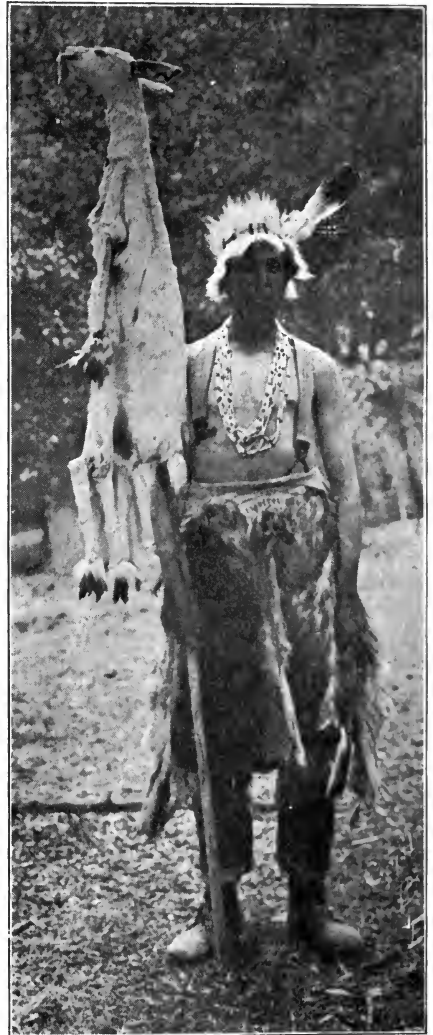
INDIAN PROBLEMS" sounds out of date in 1921. The general supposition is that they were all solved shortly after the last stand of Sitting Bull and the rounding up of Geronimo. But with 300,000 Indians in various parts of the United States, and more than half that number still dependent wards of the Government, there continues to be more or less Indian talk at each session of Congress with corresponding appropriations and occasions for benevolent or malevolent white interference. There has come recently an order to allot the lands of the Mission Indians of Southern California. So once again, and probably for the last time, the remnant bands of this tragic group of red men face precarious change.

In January the forty or fifty members of the once populous Agua Caliente rancheria held their annual Death Dance—as peculiarly appropriate a ceremony for the California red men as is that masterpiece of sculpture "The End of the Trail" a significant monument to the red race in general. But the Death Dance of the Mission Indians is not associated in the minds of the performers with their nation's astounding record of decline. It is simply an old observance instituted by their half-divine first progenitors to felicitate the journey of the dead of the past year to the happy hunting grounds.

From an original population estimated by the most conservative historians at 100,000, the Mission Indians have dwindled during two centuries of contact with civilization to less than 3,000. Ninety-seven per cent of them are gone, owing, it is said, to war, famine, whisky and disease. The main cause of their phenomenal death rate—greatly in advance of all other Indians—is credited by C. Hart Merriam to "the gradual but progressive and resistless confiscation of their lands and homes, in consequence of which they are forced to seek refuge in remote and barren localities, often far from water, usually with an impoverished supply of food, and not infrequently in places where the winter climate is too severe for their enfeebled constitutions."

Naturally the promoters of civilization could not leave the "fairest acres in the world" to an indolent race of wild vagabonds. Notwithstanding the ardent manifestos of sentimental writers, the California Indians were, according

to the records of white people who lived among them, the lowest grade of human beings on the American continent. Particularly was this true of the coast tribes later known as Mission Indians. They did absolutely nothing toward the betterment of their lot. They subsisted upon shell-fish, insects, rodents, acorns, seeds and whatever wild bounty they could gain with least effort. They acquired the opprobrious name of "Digger" because of their slothful habit of digging roots. Their houses were huts of brush.



Sacred White Deer, Emblem of the Dance

They possessed nothing of cultural value with the single exception of basketry. Infanticide was widely practiced.

One of the early missionaries, Father Boscana, who spent more than twenty years in California, concludes his quaint account entitled "Chinigichinich" with these words:

"The Indian, in his grave, humble and retired manner, conceals a hypocritical and treacherous disposition. He will deceive the most minute observer, as has been the case with many, or with all, who have endeavored to learn his character, until time has revealed to them his true qualities. He never looks at any one, while in conversation, but has a wandering and malicious gaze. For benefits received he is never grateful; and instead of looking upon that which is given, he beholds only that which is withheld. His eyes are never uplifted, but like those of the swine, are cast to the earth. Truth is not in him, unless to the injury of another, and he is exceedingly false."

But we must not overlook the fact that the aborigines were products of their environment. The easy, hospitable clime of Southern California nurtured a shiftless easy-going animal man subject to all the vicious and degenerate concomitants of idleness. The tribes farther north, the Serranos or mountain Indians, and especially the inhabitants of the desert, were of a higher order. Rigor of climate and the necessity to work were dynamic factors in the production of a higher man. In the same great stock of Shoshones, we find such extremes as the Diggers of the east and the Hopi Pueblo Indians of northern Arizona.

The first and greatest enemy of the Mission Indian was his own indolence. Had California not been discovered for another thousand years, the probability is that the natives of the coast would be just as they were at the beginning of the eighteenth century. They overtaxed the energy and wearied the patience of all that had to do with them. They responded only to coercion, and the moment this was relaxed they drifted swiftly back into stolid indifference.

The Mission Fathers intended them well. The Indians were compelled to accept the Christian religion, but along with this came practical instruction which in a remarkably short time made great numbers of them into fairly skilled artisans and workmen. These ignorant despicable red men built all the churches and houses in early California; they planted all the vineyards and orchards, farmed all the fields, herded the cattle and sheared the sheep. They were weav-

ers, potters, millers, tailors—yes, and even musicians. The plan was to fit the Indian for industrious, moral and civilized lives, and then to portion farms and stock among them. The Padres expected to accomplish this in a reasonable length of time—certainly within a generation, after which they intended to depart to new fields of missionary endeavor. But the work dragged on for the better part of a century, and still the Indians were obviously incompetent to own land and look after their own interests.

In 1834 the Missions harbored 30,650 Indians, leading comfortable and industrious lives. The Mission property real and chattel amounted up into several millions of dollars.



Ten years later there remained only 4,450 Indians, all paupers and outcasts, while the Missions retained neither wealth nor power.

What happened?

A Spanish colonization plan for turning the Mission centers into pueblos, known as the Secularization Act, was put through. The civil authorities decided that the Padres were altogether too slow about distributing the land and herds among the Indians. Accordingly they decreed that this should be done by themselves. But the Mission estates proved too great a temptation. A period of fraud and pillage set



A Blind Flathead Indian in Holiday Attire

in, with the politicians the chief gainers and the Indians the most hapless victims.

The great decrease in their population is not to be attributed entirely to death. Many of them fled to the interior valleys and hills where, mingling with other tribes, or establishing new rancherias, they continued to practice agriculture and husbandry.

This is where we found them in the latter half of the century. Here begins the saddest and most deplorable part of their history. For they were no longer the slothful aborigines of pre-Mission days. Driven by necessity to seek livelihoods in sterner regions, practiced in the arts acquired from the Mission Fathers, they were in a measure civilized: they were showing themselves worthy of consideration and respect.

Between the various bands and our Government a number of treaties were entered upon shortly after the southwest territory came under our jurisdiction. Spain and Mexico both had passed legal measures for protecting the land rights of Indians settled upon the public domain. We signed a clause subscribing to these measures in the Guadalupe Hidalgo document of 1848. The subsequent treaties were intended by the Indians to clinch, under the new government, their possession of the lands upon which they had established rancherias. But none of these treaties were ratified by Congress, and all were soon forgotten. A few executive order reservations were made; the Government took the rest of the land, agreeing to pay for occupied portions of it in cattle, flour, clothes, tools, the establishment of schools and blacksmith shops, and the providing of farm instructors. Some of the Indians are still wondering when their rancherias are to receive these things.

When the whites began to settle up the interior, the Indians quickly learned the insecurity of their position. Most of their rancherias were on lands outside the reservation surveys. When the whites wanted land they filed upon it and served notice through the county sheriff for the Indians to get out. If the desired land happened to be inside the surveys, the white settlers wire-pulled in Congress to have the executive order revoked. The Indians seemed to have no rights whatsoever. They were preempted from their farms and homes; they were robbed, maltreated and shot; they were the Alessandro and his outcasts of the world-famed "Ramona."

The agitation started in their behalf by Helen Hunt Jackson and continued by Chas. F.

Lummis in his magazine "The Land of Sunshine," resulted in the increasing and enlarging of reservations, and, what was still more important, in the vesting of the fee in the Indians. From 1891 the remnant bands of Mission Indians have owned the lands they now occupy, with the Government acting as their trustee. Their situation was further alleviated in 1903 when the California Indian Association persuaded Congress to appropriate \$150,000 for the purchase of land for homeless Indians in California. Thus from movements started outside the Government by individuals and associations the lot of the remaining 2,855 Mission Indians has been largely ameliorated. Nearly all of them now have homes, land, water, work; though some are, by accident of location, much better off than others.

Their problem is now nearing final solution by reason of the order from Washington to allot their lands. This means that a certain acreage of the tribal property—5 or 10 acres of agricultural land and a quarter section more or less of hills or desert (grazing land)—will be placed on record as the private property of each head of family or single adult. The Indians will then be situated exactly as we are—that is, those of us that own property. With their private ranches will come all the privileges and obligations of full-fledged citizenship. A special agent is now in the field carrying out this last transaction—the same, by the way, as that contemplated by the Mission Fathers in the long ago; only they had a population of 30,000; we a scant 3,000.

But the Indians are worried—possibly by force of habit—as to the practical result. Not that they do not want the private property institution, the ballot, taxes and so forth; they have been wanting to get upon their own feet with deeds in their pockets for two generations. But they are mildly curious and rather sheepishly anxious as to just how the white man is going to fraud them this time.

They know that they own their reservations. And they know that the lands are more extensive than the sum of the legal moieties to each individual will aggregate. So what is to become of the rest of their land? It cannot be opened to white settlers as though it were public domain, unless the Government complies with the 5th amendment to the Constitution—"Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." So they are wondering about the compensation and whether they will get it.

The Indians feel that they and their fathers

have already paid heavily for schools and such other small perquisites as some, but not all, have received from the Government. They do not consider themselves in the debtor class, and should the Government appropriate what is left over of their lands upon a reimbursement plea, they will feel that a new and final injustice has been done them. And who, surveying their tragic career, will not believe so too?

Assurances have come from the head Indian Office in Southern California that the remainder of the unallotted land will be sold for the benefit of the Indians. I passed this on to a member of the Agua Caliente rancheria. He did not appear to be moved by it. "We'll see," he replied, compressing his lips.

It so happens that this special rancheria is situated on land, parts of which possess con-

siderable value for residence purposes. The sale of one single section much desired by Americans for subdivision, would place the two or three score Indians in a class with the Osages—provided, of course, the land were sold at market valuation and the money distributed among the Indians.

But it would seem fairer for the returns from this and the other less favored reservations to be lumped together into a common fund for all the Mission Indians. In that way a few might not be made rich; but all would be assured of a neat nest-egg. And truly no one, be he propertyless native born white man or naturalized home-seeking immigrant, can begrudge these red Americans the very best material advantage obtainable in their new adventure of citizenship.



The Other Man's Game

By MACK McCAIN

JIM DRISCOLL, driver of the Denver auto-stage, jerked back the brake and tossed a nearly empty mail-sack onto a chair on the porch as he brought his machine to a stop before Snead's General Store.

Driscoll was of the old West, before the Fords outnumbered the horses, and he handled the stage with something of the same gentle roughness with which he had been accustomed to treat a well-trained cow-pony. There was a friendly smile on his sun-tanned face as he turned toward the two men who were climbing from the car.

"Well, so-long. I hope I see you when you start back," he called. "I don't see anything of Colonel Stevens, but here's the best place to wait for him." And with that, he started up the street of the little mining town.

Charles Mulvay, the taller of the two late passengers, set down a heavy suitcase and turned toward Ted Vickers, welterweight champion of the world. The glare of the afternoon sun was reflected by the sand of the street and Mulvay wiped the perspiration from his brow with a handkerchief, better revealing his clean-cut, keen face. A face keener because of the half-humorous twinkle about his sharp, brown eyes.

"So this is Corna?" he remarked. "Well, I can't say that it's particularly lively, so far, and I don't see anything of the Colonel."

"Oh, the Colonel will be here to meet us all right," Ted replied. "He isn't the kind of man to go back on his word, and besides, he was just as anxious for us to make the trip as we were to make it."

With the easy grace of a perfectly-trained athlete, the champion caught up the two suitcases and stepped upon the porch. Mulvay, deciding that there might be a chance of shade inside and a chance to open his suitcase for a clean handkerchief, did likewise. Just outside the door, Ted stopped.

"We're liable to be questioned," he warned, "so you'd better remember I'm supposed to be the Colonel's nephew, Doctor Carrol."

"All right, Doc. You're the doctor," and Mulvay followed through the door. Inside the store, they again stopped and Mulvay used the pause to look around.

A partitioned case, over a desk at their right, bore the sign "Postoffice" and further back,

another sign informed the world, or at least any of its inhabitants who entered, that the proprietor was a notary public. Mulvay peeped into a barrel of sugar, made a brief inspection of a ready-to-wear suit and allowed his glance to wander to the bolts of calico, tin coffee-pots and Stetson hats along the wall. As his eyes took in the brooms, saddles and Ford casings for sale further back, he heard Ted remark: "There doesn't seem to be anyone around?"

"Maybe this guy's also the village undertaker and is conducting a funeral? I see he advertises caskets for sale here."

Ted would have replied, but he did not have time. A heavy step sounded on the porch and a moment later, a pleasant-faced, heavily-built little man walked through the door. He laid a small black-leather case on the counter.

"Howdy do, gents," he greeted. "I'm the vet'inary around here and I was out lookin' after a crippled horse." He chuckled to himself before asking: "Was there somethin' you wanted?"

Mulvay's first impulse was to tell the man he had come in to have a tooth filled; but he didn't.

"You know a rancher by the name of Stevens?" Ted was asking.

"Sure, I know Colonel Stevens," the storekeeper replied. "He owns one of the biggest ranches in the country. I'm kindly anxious to see him myself—over somethin' that just happened."

Ted didn't ask why, but his frank, quiet smile invited confidence, and the storekeeper went on: "The Colonel himself is all right, but he's got three young fellows workin' on his ranch that just naturally ought to be shot." He stopped to laugh and his laugh was the kind that compelled his visitors to smile in sympathy.

"You know I told you I was a vet'inary?" he continued; "well, I was workin' away in here, unpackin' some goods, just now, when these same three jokin' maniacs I'm tellin' you about come ridin' up and told me there was a horse down the street with a broken leg. I grabbed my kit and hurried down there, and what do you think I found?"

"Maybe you found a horse," Mulvay guessed, adding a smile that robbed the words of any sarcasm.

"Well, sir, that's just what I found; a horse

with a broken leg. But it was a wooden hobby-horse that John Timmon's little Jimmy got last Christmas. Can you beat that for a joke on a horse doctor?"

They laughed and said they couldn't, then the storekeeper inquired: "Was you aimin' to go out to the ranch?"

"Yes," Ted replied. "The Colonel was to meet us here today."

"That so?" the little man remarked, giving a box of thread a more conspicuous place on the show-case. "The Colonel seems to be gittin' kindly popular of late. A nice-lookin' young lady was in this morning, and she's goin' out to the ranch, too."

Ted replied with another question, but Mulvay didn't catch the words. He was a newspaper man by profession, and, with the curiosity of a good reporter, had continued his examination of the store. And he found something that held his interest.

Along the front of the counter, below the mail-rack, were numerous posters; circulars offering rewards for the capture of outlaws, the rewards ranging up to five thousand dollars.

"Are you the sheriff, too?" Mulvay suddenly asked the proprietor. "I see you have a few choice samples from the Rogue's Gallery here?"

"Nope. Pete Gregory's the sheriff, but he always posts the circulars here so the ranchers can see them when they come for their mail." The storekeeper came from behind the counter as he finished speaking and called attention to one poster that offered a reward of five thousand dollars for three men.

"These fellows are what you might call local talent," he stated, "because they operate right in this neighborhood. You notice their pictures ain't shown, because nobody's ever had time to take their pictures when they're in action."

Mulvay struck a match on his thumb-nail, the way Hart does, and lit a cigarette.

"When it comes to nerve, the Coverall Brothers just about take the mustard," the little man continued. "There's three of them, you see, and they call them that because they always wear long suits of coveralls over their clothes when they do a job."

He stopped and pointed through the door, up the street.

"You see those 'dobe buildin's, up at the turn? Well, those are the offices of the Corna Mining Company, and just about three weeks ago, the Coveralls dropped in on them, unexpected like, right at noon, and made a clean

getaway with all the gold dust and ready cash in the company safe. And they ain't been seen since."

There might have been more to the story, but at that moment interruption came. A small boy ran up to the porch and breathlessly exclaimed: "They're waitin' for you over a Johnson's, Mr. Snead."

"By Jove! that's right," the storekeeper said. "That means I'll have to go, boys. But you're welcome to wait here for the Colonel if you want to. You see, I'm the Justice of the Peace here and there's a couple waitin' at Johnson's for me to marry them."

Mulvay laughed openly, but Ted replied: "We'd rather walk about some, but we'll leave our suitcases here, if you don't mind."

"Sure, you can. I'll be back in a little while." Snead started toward the rear and Ted and Mulvay stepped outside.

Commenting on the little town, the storekeeper, and other subjects of interest, they unconcernedly strolled up the street. Rather suddenly, Ted exclaimed: "Well, what do you know about that?"

Mulvay turned.

Across the street was a picture-show; the only one they had noticed in Corna. And across the front of the building was a sign that read: "Pictures of the Vickers-Malloy Fight Shown Here Tonight. See the Welterweight Champion in Action." They crossed the street.

Before the ticket office was a big lithograph; a picture of Ted in fighting pose. Astonishment was evident on Ted's face, but Mulvay saw humor in the situation.

"Rather a small old world, after all, isn't it?" he inquired.

"You sneak out of Chicago in the middle of the night, travel seven hundred miles into the wild and woolly West and pretend to be a Boston doctor, all to escape publicity while you take a little vacation—and stumble onto your picture as soon as you get here."

Ted smiled in reply and stood looking down at the picture. And at that instant a girl walked by. She merely glanced at them, and Mulvay offered her no more attention than a casual look—until she did something that drew more of his attention.

She stopped, glanced from Ted to the picture before the theater and back again, as a slow smile crossed her face. For an instant she hesitated, then she stepped toward the champion and held out her hand.

"You're Ted Vickers, aren't you?" she inquired, smilingly. "You see, I read the sport-

ing pages of the papers too, so I recognized you from your picture."

Mulvay felt a sudden impulse to ask if she wouldn't like to meet a man who wrote sporting pages, but he forgot that impulse as he heard Ted reply: "I'm quite often mistaken for Vickers because we look so much alike, but I am Doctor Carrol, of Boston. My friend and I are visiting my uncle, Colonel Stevens, who owns a large cattle ranch near here."

To Mulvay, the girl's startled "Oh!" was significant of several emotions. Surprise, disappointment and something akin to consternation all seemed combined in that little exclamation. She followed it by saying: "I beg your pardon," to Ted, and with a slight lift of the dainty lashes and another glance from Ted to the picture, turned and walked on up the street.

"As a doctor, you don't seem to be much of a social lion," Mulvay remarked aloud. To himself, he was saying that the girl's recognition of Ted had seemed a wee bit unusual; as though she really knew the champion and his denial had prevented her from reminding him of where and how they had met.

"She seemed to freeze right up as soon as I mentioned Doctor Carrol," Ted answered. "I always thought doctors out-classed prizefighters from the social standpoint."

"Maybe you've picked the wrong doctor? This man may have a bad reputation that she knows about."

"That couldn't be," Ted stated, the expression in his firm, handsome face showing his bewilderment. "In the first place, the Colonel wouldn't have suggested that I use the name unless his nephew was all right, and besides, he said Doctor Carrol had never been West, so how could she know anything about him?"

"Well, it's your game," Mulvay laughed. "All I can do is to back your play." He started to strike another match on his thumb and missed; perhaps because three men had just walked up and he was surprised to see so many of the population on the street at once. He made good with the match on a second effort and re-lighted his cigarette as he stood watching the three.

They were tough—and they didn't care who knew it. That was evident from their walk, from the way their hats were pulled down over their eyes and from the steady, scrutinizing looks they shot at the two partners. As one noticed the fight advertisement, he made some comment on Ted's ability as a boxer, though Mulvay didn't catch the words. Then they stopped before the picture.

"Aw, these pugs always give me a pain," a big, red-haired, rough-featured man who appeared to be the leader remarked. "They may be able to do some fancy side-stepping in a ring, but I'd like to bet I could handle a dozen of 'em in a real fight." The words were an idle boast and the look he gave Ted was only for the purpose of seeing what effect the boast had made. But a quick look flashed across Ted's face at the remark; a look that Mulvay had seen there twice before—and both times Ted had won fights with a knockout soon after.

With a certain cat-like quickness, the champion shifted his weight and faced the speaker, though he stepped no closer.

"Any particular amount you'd like to bet?" he asked easily.

Mulvay, remembering that he was in the West, and remembering another trick of Hart's, exposed the butt of an automatic as the three faced Ted. For a few seconds there was silence.

"You might be a fighter yourself?" guessed the leader. "You look an awful lot like this Vickers."

"I might be," Ted made answer, a certain "hard quality" in his voice. "And you fellows might be the Coverall Brothers for all I know, but whether you are or not, I'm willing to give you credit for being able to play your own game. See?"

The red-haired man exchanged glances with his companions.

"I guess you win this hand, Mister," he said evenly. "Any objections if me and my partners wander on down the street?"

"Not in the least," Ted laughed. And they did.

"I think we'd better go back to the post-office," Mulvay suggested, pocketing the gun as the three passed beyond hearing. "You're findiing more excitement here than a farmer boy could on Broadway."

Ted laughed as they started back. Just before they reached the store, Ted exclaimed: "Here comes the Colonel." An instant later, a Ford car drew up before the store, a smiling, white-haired old cattleman at the wheel.

There was a certain air of sincerity about Ted, as, with one foot on the step, he shook hands with the old ranchman, that somehow made Mulvay feel prouder of his friendship with the champion. And when he, too, felt the hearty grip of the old cattleman, he understood better why Ted and the Colonel were such good friends.

After the greeting, the Colonel jerked open the door of the car.

"Jump in, boys," he invited. "I'm sorry I was late getting in but I had a bad blow-out on the way to town. I got to go by the hotel a minute, but we'll be at the ranch in time for supper, anyway."

Ted climbed into the front seat beside the Colonel and by the time Mulvay had arranged the suitcases at his feet, they were stopping before the building the Colonel pointed out as the hotel.

"You boys can wait in the car if you want to," he said, stopping the machine and stepping out. "I'll be right out in a jiffy."

"The more I see of the Colonel, the better I like him," Ted remarked, as the old cattleman entered the hotel.

"Same here," Mulvay answered. "That's why I 'front-paged' his picture with you that time in Chicago and ran that story about how you first met him. He was so tickled over that little yarn he bought a dozen copies of the News to take home with him. And it was the best 'human interest' story I ever wrote, at that."

The Colonel wasn't gone long and when he returned, he brought a surprise. The surprise was a young lady; and the same young lady who had spoken to Ted before the theater. Whatever feeling Mulvay had at the meeting was more than overcome by Ted's embarrassment at seeing the girl. From his position in the rear seat, Mulvay noticed the champion's face coloring, even as the Colonel came out with her.

"This is Doctor Carrol, my nephew, Miss Reynolds," was the introduction the cattleman offered; and Mulvay could have sworn that he heard a faint chuckle with the words.

Mulvay was watching the girl's face now.

At first, he thought she merely displayed interest; as though she might have been pleasantly anticipating the meeting. Then a closer look showed a lurking smile in her eyes; a smile that meant she remembered the previous meeting.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Reynolds," Ted had acknowledged, offering his hand in much the same gingerly fashion in which he usually touched gloves with a dangerous opponent before a fight.

The girl was smiling sweetly now.

"It almost seems as though I've known the doctor before," she answered, touching Ted's fingers.

The Colonel's hurry saved Ted from further

embarrassment. He introduced the girl to Mulvay, helped her into the rear seat, made room in the car for her suitcases, and climbing into his place, started the machine.

"I've heard of you quite often, Miss Reynolds," Mulvay said, as the car started. "In fact, I've several times intended getting over to see you play since you've been in Chicago. You're at the Broadway, now, aren't you?" He had felt it necessary to open conversation with the girl and had chosen her work for that purpose.

Her quick look registered surprise, but she nodded—or at least, Mulvay thought she did.

"I don't remember meeting you before," she remarked—then caught herself, evidently remembering his being with Ted at the theater.

"You haven't. I'm on the Daily News, but I've heard Art Roach, our theatrical man, say some very nice things about your acting."

A slight change of expression crossed her perfectly-molded face; just a tightening of the little muscles about her mouth that hinted of annoyance, but Mulvay noticed, and with quick tact, changed the subject to books. A subject on which they were still interestedly talking when the Colonel drove up before the ranch house.

The house, made of adobe, was low and rambling in structure, with an air of inviting coolness. Giant cottonwoods surrounded it on all sides, their branches gently swaying to the slight breeze.

"Looks inviting, doesn't it?" Mulvay said to the girl as he helped her from the car. "I can't think of anything I'd rather do than just stretch out on that porch and take a nap."

However, that wasn't to be. The Colonel set the suitcases on the porch as an elderly woman came to meet the girl and with a glance up at the sun, remarked: "If you boys ain't too tired, I can give you a general idea of the layout here before time for supper."

Getting a general idea of the ranch took an hour and by the time they had returned and the Colonel had driven the car into its place at one end of the barn, darkness was coming on.

Mulvay received a little surprise, as they started toward the house. Grouped around a wash-bench, near a pump in the back yard, were three young men. They were dressed in true western fashion; big Stetson hats and plain leather chaps over their overalls, but the point that surprised Mulvay was that the girl—the same Miss Reynolds who had ridden out in the car—was laughing and talking with them as though she had known them all her life.

The Colonel stopped and put a finger to his lips.

"Here's the boys I told you about in Chicago," he said. "They're the worst practical jokers in seven states, and if they ever find out you're not a real doctor, Ted, they'll make life miserable for you."

The boys shook hands with western freedom; soberly, and as though they were really glad to meet "The Doctor" and "Mr. Mulvay." Then the Colonel led the way to the house.

Mrs. Stevens, whose kindly smile and gray hair reminded Mulvay of his own mother, was taking up the supper from a big kitchen range when they entered the back door, but she stopped long enough to greet Mulvay pleasantly and indulge in the faintest wink as she pretended to remember Ted. The meal was almost ready and as soon as the boys had washed, the Colonel invited them to the table.

Supper started off nicely, with the girl on one side of Ted and Mulvay on the other. The Colonel and Mrs. Stevens occupied the end chairs, and the practical jokers, whom both the Colonel and his wife addressed by their first names and spoke of as "the boys," were side by side, across the table.

For a time, the conversation was general and commonplace, then the girl, with a teasing little smile, looked up and said: "Suppose you tell us something of your work, Doctor. I'm sure a prominent physician must meet with many interesting experiences."

The remark caught Mulvay napping, but he looked around in time to notice one of the boys slyly nudge his companions.

"Charlie tells me you're a famous actress," Ted countered. "I'm sure we'd much rather hear of your stage experiences."

"I'm modest, too," the girl replied. "Suppose we talk about the Colonel's ranch?" And they did till supper was over.

When the chairs were pushed back, Miss Reynolds announced her intention of helping Mrs. Stevens with the dishes, and the Colonel, with a box of cigars under his arm, led Ted and Mulvay to the front porch.

Ted couldn't partake of the cigars. Athletics forbade him that pleasure, but he did help to make the conversation interesting and the better part of two hours had flitted by when the girl suddenly came out on the porch and hurried to them.

"Oh, Colonel!" she exclaimed. "One of the boys is terribly sick, and Mrs. Stevens wants you and the doctor." Perhaps it was because his wife had sent word that caused the Colonel

to act so promptly, but at any rate, he arose hurriedly and led the way around to the side of the house where the boys had rooms.

One of the three—the one Mulvay had heard the Colonel address as "Cal," was stretched out on the bed, his shirt open at the throat, and apparently suffering great pain. Mrs. Stevens and the other two boys were trying to quiet him. The older woman surrendered her place to the girl and hurried to the Colonel.

"I don't know what's the matter with him," she quavered, "but he's awfully sick." She fluttered from the room and the Colonel stepped over to the bed.

"What's the trouble, Cal?" he asked, but a deep groan was the only answer. In a moment, Mrs. Stevens returned, bringing an old-fashioned family medicine-box, filled with bottles and packages.

Mulvay turned toward Ted. The champion had stopped just inside the door, his face the picture of surprise. Evidently he realized that this sudden turn of events meant his denouement.

"Where's Doctor Carrol?" the girl asked from the bed. "Why doesn't he come and take charge?" And then Ted did a surprising thing.

With a brisk step and an air of supreme self-confidence, he stepped across the room and caught up the sick man's wrist, then jerked out his watch and stood, apparently counting the pulse-beats.

"Pulse normal," he announced an instant later, releasing the arm. Then he leaned over the bed and said: "Show me where the pain is."

The man groaned again and Ted placed a hand on his stomach.

"Does it hurt here?"

Cal nodded feebly.

"Just what I feared," Ted remarked. "Acute indigestion—and a very bad attack." He turned to the medicine-box that had been placed on the table and took up a bottle.

"This man's in a dangerous condition," he continued, facing the others in the room. "Here's one of the most effective remedies known to medical science, but physicians always hesitate to use it—because, if it doesn't cure—it kills." He held up the bottle as he finished speaking. It was labelled "strychnine." Then he turned to the Colonel and spoke in an undertone.

"Go ahead and use it if you think best," advised the Colonel. "You're a doctor and I guess you ought to know your business."

(Continued on page 65)

O LITTLE TOWN OF NAZARETH

By Katherine M. Peirce

O little town of Nazareth,
 Among the quiet hills,
 How sweet the vagrant early breeze
 With heavenly music thrills,
 A melody of wondrous grace
 An anthem rare and clear,
 Sings thru your calm and peaceful streets
 As dawning draweth near:
 The Carpenter is in His shop,
 With hammer, plane and square,
 He draweth lines of new designs—
 Of love and praise and prayer.

O little town of Nazareth,
 No splendor or renown,
 No stately dome of sacred fane,
 No mystic violet crown,
 Nor plastic art of human hands
 Doth grace your humble streets,
 But in your midst a lowly task
 With heavenly passion meets:
 The Carpenter is building men
 With power and purpose new,
 By patient care with plane and square
 He makes the pattern true.

Some Memories of Charles Darwin

By L. A. NASH

WE had the happy fortune to be near neighbors for about four years, living at one end of the village of Down, while his house and grounds were at the other end. Between, the village street seemed to crawl its lazy length, never any bustle or stir, save when the little ones turned out of school twice a day, or on Sunday when the villagers walked to and from the old parish church.

The neat little houses, no two or three alike, stood near together, but with trim gardens fronting the clean street, each with picket fence and wicket gate, and gay with old-fashioned flowers all the summer time. Some of these cottages were old-time houses, built of unbaked clay bricks, set in tranverse frames of timber, which had held up the old thatched roofs for hundreds of years. Within might be still seen the great square fireplace, with its chimney corners, or ingle nooks, where the old folks had sat and kept warm for generations, while the hams and sides of bacon were hung high up in the wide chimney to smoke.

But these old whitewashed houses had mostly given place to the warm red brick, with slate roofs that brighten and silver in the sunshine. Three little stores had been made, by the enterprising tradesman, building out over his front garden to the village street. At the head of the village it branched out into two more roads, widening at the branching point into an open space. On one side of this stood the old parish church, and had stood for eight hundred years, restored, as the parson called it; spoiled, as some of the rest of us thought, at a recent date. Still the solitary yew tree stood its sentinel at the churchyard gate, and had stood for the same eight hundred years, fit emblem, our forefathers called the yew, of the immortality of the soul, while they laid the body to rest in God's acre by its side.

There were several breaks in the rows of cottages as you passed up the street. The trim little houses gave place to low flint stone walls, with trees peering over from the inner side. Open iron gateways (that had taken the place of the old oak doors) revealed a large house within, where the "great folks" dwelt. In one of these lived Miss Elizabeth Wedgewood, Mrs.

Darwin's eldest sister. In another such house lived Dr. Frank Darwin, the helper and collaborer with his father through his latter years. And in the largest of these houses, at the end of the village, as I have said, lived then, and had lived for thirty years, the great naturalist himself.

These larger houses all open out at the back on their lawns, gardens, meadows, and little farmsteads, with a gardener's cottage scattered here and there.

So do the well-to-do English people live, side by side, and often heart-to-heart, with their poorer brethren, going in and out among them, ministering to their wants, and sympathizing with their joys. Ah! the happy, simple life of the English of that time is a sweet picture that did not find its counterpart on this side of the water, and that few Americans have seen, and consequently few appreciate.

Such was the little Kentish village, eighteen miles from busy London, and at the time the Darwin's chose it for their home, fully twelve miles from a railroad. But then the roads were so made and kept that a lady could walk on them, or drive a two-wheeled cart all the year round except when the snow might fall and hide the road a little while. The English people have not yet forgotten the roadmaking lessons of the old Romans, and have not, so far, arranged for every man to work out, or play out, his road tax. One road, where Mr. Darwin often walked, opened out on one of the veritable old Roman roads, the highway between London, Maidstone, and the Kentish coast. Legends survive. Near by is Caesar's well, where Caesar stamped his foot and the water rose through the chalky soil, and still rises fresh. A few miles farther the soldiers saw a raven fly. Caesar said, "Follow the raven's flight, and it will bring us to a stream," and the river they came to is called the Ravensbourne today.

Now the village of Down seems sacred to the memory of Charles Darwin. The place stands high up, level with the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, which shows itself on rarely clear days, through the murky cloud hanging over the distant city. The air is pure and brack-

ing, and Mr. Darwin thought he could count on quiet and seclusion for his work. Still people found him out. He would tell how a strange German got into his study one day, sat down, and said, "Now tell me all about your theory," and so sat for two mortal hours, spoiling one whole day's work. A contrast to an American brother who drove all the way from London in a hansom cab, sent his card in, and on seeing Mr. Darwin said, "Now, sir, shake hands," shook, and was off again.

Up to the last few years of his life Mr. Darwin would make expeditions into the country round, sometimes on an old pony, oftener on foot, looking for the English likenesses or parallels of the plants he was then studying. In his greenhouse were still the orchids made famous by his researches into the modes of their fertilization.

Room was needed for another set of plants, and he gave his orchids to us.

How he would gaze on a plant from under his heavy eyebrows! Those eyebrows used to trouble his wife when his photograph was taken. She used to say the photographer gave him no eyes at all. Speaking of them himself, I remember, one day he called my attention to the oil painting of his father, which hung on the dining room wall. I said I could discover no likeness to him.

"Well," he said, "my father used to wonder I came by my eyebrows, not by inheritance, he was sure, and he used to say he never noticed them until I returned from my long voyage on board the *Beagle*, and he believed they grew to that size because of my observing all the time," and then he laughed heartily.

His laugh would do you good to hear. I think I never heard a heartier laugh from him than once when he asked me about some bird, on which the conversation hinged, and I answered, as if talking to the children, "Oh, it was only a little dickey bird." With shame I blushed at my definition. But the truth is that there was such a sweet, childlike simplicity about that great man that one forgot that he was great, because he was always interested in the littles that make up so much of life.

Once I went to see Mrs. Darwin with a young niece who chanced to have a bunch of some wild berries in her hand. We had left, and got as far as the gate into the road, when Mr. Darwin came running after us. "You will think me crazy, but after you had left I thought I should like your niece to let me have some of those berries; you see the bloom is still on them. Just then he was studying the wherefore of

the bloom on the fruit. When his mind was at work on any subject nothing cognate to it ever escaped his notice.

Before leaving England, I stayed with the Darwins for a day or two. I remember so well Mr. Darwin's coming into the dining room bringing carefully some precious plant, some change in which he wanted us all to observe with him, and excusing himself for the interruption, for he was the most courteous of men.

He varied his study and observations by frequent rests in his study room, or by having some light book read to him, or by a game of backgammon with Mrs. Darwin. It was only by thus husbanding his little strength that he was able to get through the gigantic tasks he did. Between four and five in the afternoon he generally came into the drawing room for the ladies' tea, and to chat genially with any one calling at that time. He had often to leave the dinner table before the meal was over, and go and rest.

Once when there had been some music and singing in the evening, Mr. Darwin said to me in such a simple, regretful way: "I am not able to get the enjoyment from music that I did when I was young. I suppose from turning my attention always to other things the musical corner of my brain has got atrophied."

If the musical corner had got atrophied he had not allowed the philanthropic corner to wither. Any case of trouble or sickness met his ready sympathy. Many an appetizing dinner was carried from the Darwin's table to the sick around them. They had the faculty of attaching closely all their neighbors and dependents to them. The poor blessed them. In their own household there were four or five trusted old servants whose homes had been with them ever since they kept house. I remember once, during an illness, inquiring of the butler how Mr. Darwin was, when he said: "Master's illnesses nowadays are nothing to what they used to be. About thirty years ago many's a time when I was helping nurse him, I've thought he would die in my arms."

Mr. Darwin sought to make the villagers thrifty by himself managing their Benefit Club, or village insurance society. It delighted him to tell that Down was such a healthy place, and the people so much longer lived than in other places, that he had got the actuary of the parent Benefit Society, of which the Down Club was a branch, to allow a special grade of bonuses for the Down villagers.

I notice, he says, somewhere in the *Life and Letters*: "As for myself, I believe that I have

acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from committing any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures." From the great benevolence of his nature, I can well believe that at times this regret was very strong.

His life work did not debar him from the pleasures of home. Home was his experiment station, his laboratory, his workshop. So that when his family saw that he needed rest and change, they would persuade him to leave it all for a few weeks.

Home never had a more united family than this. The children had been delicate when young, and had tutors at home. In winter time, the whole house had been their playground, with the sole exception of their father's study. I remember once when I was discussing the bringing up of children with their wise and gentle mother, she said to me: "When we were young, Charles and I talked over together what we should do. The house was new and expensively furnished. Shall we make the furniture a bugbear to the children, or shall we let them use it in their plays? We agreed together that, as they must be within doors a good deal, and five of them were boys, we would not worry about things getting shabby. So chairs and other furniture used to get piled up for railways and coaches, just as the fancy took them." An then she added, "I believe we have all been much the happier in consequence."

Mr. Darwin used to tell a story about this against himself. He suddenly appeared at the drawing room door one day, to see one of the boys jumping up and down on the new springs of the sofa, at which he said to the child, "Leonard, I am sorry to see you doing that. I thought that was the one thing you were not to do in this room."

Then, looking at him archly and determinedly, the boy replied, "If that is what you think, father, it is you who had better make haste and go out of the room." Whereupon the father beat a hasty retreat.

These indulgent and wise parents invented a charming staircase joy for their children—just a planed board, about fourteen inches wide, and eight or nine feet long, with a little rim fixed on either side. This placed on the sloping stairs made the most delightful slide imaginable. Another toy was the rocking boat, a segment of about a third of a circle, wide enough to hold a child seated at either end. These two toys relics of past childhood, used to be brought out

every summer when the children had an annual frolic on the Darwin's lawn.

I have heard Mrs. Darwin say that they never thwarted the children needlessly, but would say: "You seem to care very much about so and so, and I don't care at all, and when you are older you won't care for it, either, so you may have it now."

When those children were grown up, the family characteristic seemed to be their deference for each other's opinion. If one felt like contradicting another, it was only in the form "Don't you think so and so?"

In fact, that was one great charm in Mr. Darwin's conversation: "Have you ever noticed so and so?" proceeding to tell you of some observation of his own. Or, "Don't you think the reason is this?" whatever it might happen to be, thus putting his listener on a par with himself, both as an observer and a reasoner.

The courtesy of his manner seemed to spring from the true simplicity of his nature, together with an innate regard for others. Wherever he saw a spark of the naturalist's soul in a young person, he knew how to fan it into life. This was the case with Sir John Lubbock, when a lad. Living in the adjoining parish, Mr. Darwin used to meet him on his country rambles, poking over living things. He encouraged these boyish researches, and that boy became one of the world's great scientific observers.

All the children of the family were brought up with a reverent love for living things; to them in all their after lives nothing seemed "common or unclean." Whether an insect crawled or flew, were its colors bright or dull, its life above or below ground, they all appeared to be, so to speak, on respectful terms with it, because it lived.

Mr. Darwin was always very much alive to what the world said, not of him, but of the evolution theory. Anything that appeared in the public prints Mrs. Darwin would collect and read to him. Once when we were sitting under the garden veranda, the peculiarity of which was a glass roof, that all of the timid rays of the English winter sun might be enjoyed, Mr. Darwin told us that he lately had received a letter that had given him more pleasure than he had felt for a long time. It was a letter in Hebrew, from a Polish rabbi. He added: "You know I can't read Hebrew, so I had first to get it translated." The rabbi thanked him for his work on evolution and said it was the best elucidation of Genesis he had ever come across. Mr. Darwin added: "It is the best piece of praise I ever received." He went on to say how re-

ligious people found fault with his theory, "but I tell them I only state scientific truths as I have discovered them, and I leave it to the theologians to reconcile them with the Scriptures; that is their province, not mine."

In his later years Mr. Darwin rarely walked out beyond his own grounds. They were pretty home meadows, with dry paths, which he had carefully measured, so that he knew when he had walked a mile, which, in his failing health, he considered a good "constitutional." Some member of the family was always ready to be his walking companion. On one side the lands slope upwards to the Cudhan woods; on the

other side down to the Vale of Keston. In the distance was the high ridge of Sydenham, with the shining towers of the Crystal Palace.

In lashing strictures on Charles Darwin's lack of faith, because his theories upset the old idea of an instantaneous creation there is one sentence in his book that Christians overlook. It runs thus: "When through successive evolutionary developments the body of man was prepared for his spirit, it required another creative fiat to implant the soul within that body." It is for this little sentence that the school of strict and avowed materialists disown Charles Darwin as a brother.



THE INDIAN GUIDE

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

He stands alone at last against the skies,
 Upon the cliff's edge, like a figure spun
 In vast tapestry at set of sun—
 And what lost world wakes there before his eyes?
 From glint of marshes down below arise
 Faint calls of loons and shadowed waters run
 Through sway of lofty grasses. One by one
 Known things fade as a bird to distance flies.

What bronzed skin of his sires caught the glow
 Of sunset on this cliff? What lifted face
 Of some great warrior turned in calm to meet
 The coming night? This guide may only know
 Vague longings here where his defeated race
 Left him the heritage of its defeat.



The Orchid Death

By JAMES HANSON

RILEY HESLOP, I am going to kill you!" "That's a good bluff, Grayson," laughed Heslop, "but it won't work."

"It's no bluff," came the ironical rejoinder. "I mean exactly what I said."

Heslop half-started from his seat, then sank back.

During the cryptic silence that followed, Grayson's eyes, through narrowed lids, focused on the florid face opposite him at the table.

Heslop realized that it was no bluff. He knew that the happenings of the last half-hour was the result of a carefully pre-arranged plot. Grayson, in his own limousine, had accosted him on Van Ness Avenue and had requested to be accompanied home. Upon arriving at Grayson's residence he had been overpowered by four rowdies whom he recognized as members of the notorious Forty Strong Gang. He knew, when it was too late, that he had carried his nefarious work too far. He resolved to bluff.

"Have a care, Grayson," he insinuated.

Grayson leisurely selected a cigar from the humidor at his elbow and calmly bit off its end.

"Heslop," he began at length, "there is only one thing on earth that is lower than a snake, and that thing is you—a blackmailer. For the past year you have been clinging to my side like a loathsome leach, always with your freckled paw outstretched for blood-money. It was

the old, old game—the badger game. A blind fool and a clever trap! You had your witnesses; you knew that the police could not act without publicity, and you had me powerless."

"Yes," broke in Heslop uneasily, "I'll admit that I went a little too far. I—"

"Don't interrupt," snapped Grayson. "You went a little too far, all right. You would expose me with your false evidence if I did not pay. I paid, all right—until I was on the verge of financial ruin, so that my domestic harmony might not be broken, for I could not hope to convince anyone of my innocence."

"For God's sake, don't say any more," pleaded Heslop, cringing wretchedly in his chair. "I'll promise not to bother you again."

Grayson laughed sardonically.

"Promise! Hump! Your promises are worthless." Grayson was half-speaking to himself. "A little too far, Heslop, when you fixed your greedy eyes on my girl. Did you have mercy on me when I pleaded with you not to exact this terrible toll from me? No! So you must pay, and in your own words: 'I've got it on you.'"

Heslop sprang from his chair, assuming the air of a bully, his arms upraised above the other.

"By God!" he roared. "You can't intimidate me, Grayson. You can't get away with it."

Grayson touched a bell.

"As well as blackmail," was his cool answer. Heslop was seized by the gangsters and held fast.

"You see?" said Grayson, with a wave of his hand. "Nobody knows you are here; nobody saw you come; and nobody will see you go. As for these men; they are well-paid, which has its significance."

Heslop looked around the room anxiously. He resolved to bide his time and perhaps some avenue of escape might offer itself through which he might flee; yet as he saw the fixed gaze in the other's eyes he knew there was no hope.

Grayson threw open the door. A musty smell came from the pitch-dark interior. He switched on a light.

"I fixed up this little room for you, Heslop," he said, "while my family is away. It's noise-proof, and I want you to get acquainted with some of its inhabitants. You can take your choice. And tonight my yacht, the Vagabond, sets sail for a short cruise up the coast. Your remains will be on board—until we pass the red bell-buoy off the Farallone Islands, then you'll disappear forever." Then to the gangsters: "In with him!"

The door snapped shut.

Heslop ventured to a table. He shrank back from a small oval object. He knew it. It was a poisonous puff-ball from the New Hebrides. A pin puncture, and one sniff of its brown dust would make a gibbering maniac of a strong man for the rest of his life. The words of Grayson came to him: "You can take your choice."

He sickened.

He stood before a glass of ants. He well knew that the Filipinos buried their victims in the ground with the exception of the head—the ants did the rest.

He recoiled, wide-eyed with fear from a coverless box. It contained a pair of swamp-denzens from India.

He caught a glimpse of the orange-and-black beaded body of a Gila Monster. Then the lights went out—then silence.

He was horror-stricken, and he dared not move for he knew not what the other boxes contained. Perhaps there were trap-doors through which he might fall, or perhaps poisoned nails were protruding from the walls. He had heard of people being trapped in places where the ceiling came down and crushed them.

The darkness was oppressive!

A tiny stream of light filtered through a nail-hole. He advanced toward it cautiously, inch by inch, and applied his eye. He could see some greenery through the hole, and the odor of warm loam came to him. The hole was in a door. And the door was unlocked! Ah! He would make Grayson pay dearly—more dearly than ever!

He stumbled through a knee-deep tangle of vines and blooms to the end of the hot-house and attacked a window pane. It was frosted iron! Perspiration broke out on his forehead, and an oath was emitted from his thick lips at the discovery of artificial light.

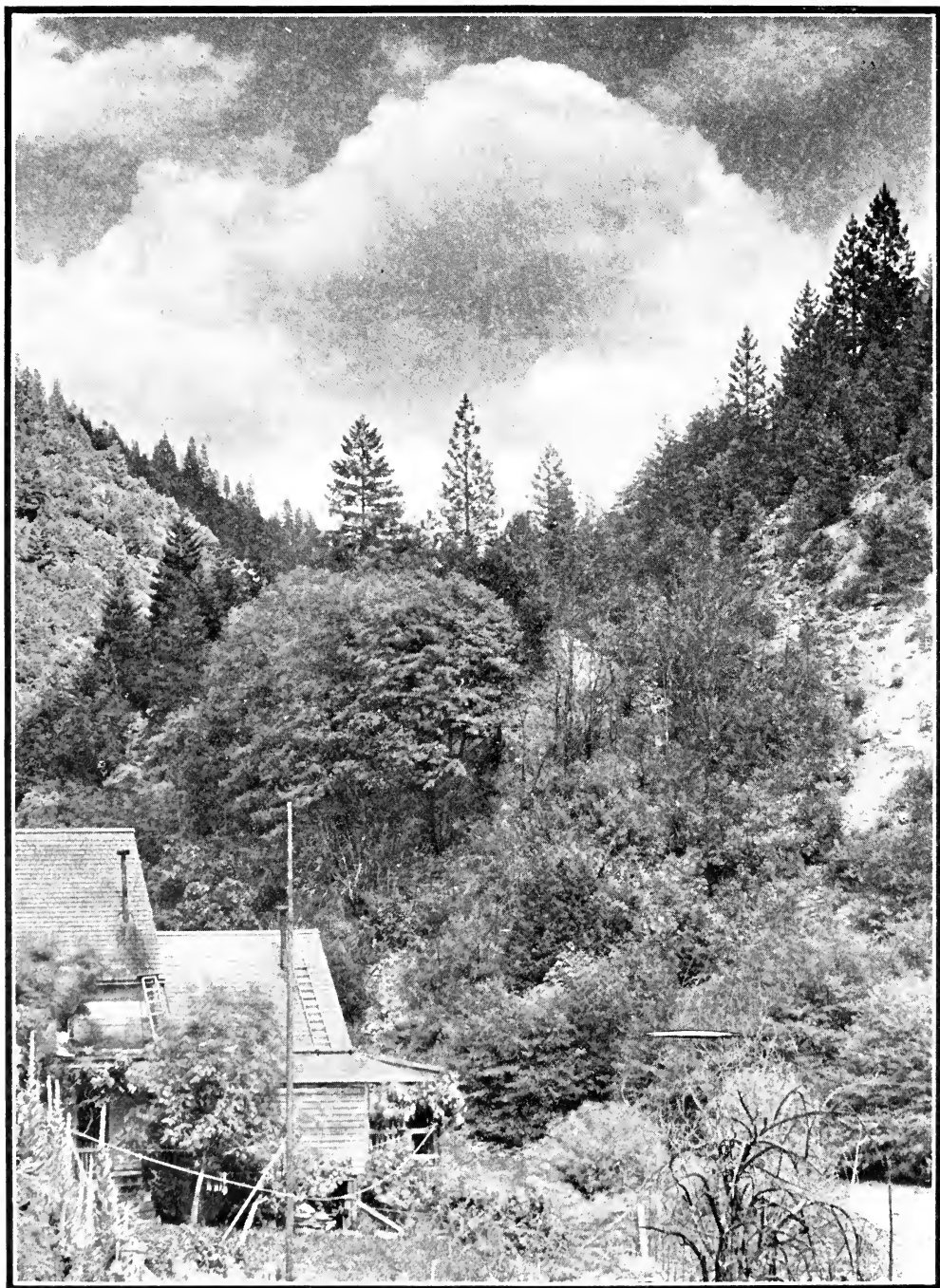
He would try another place. The vines held him fast! His arm became entangled in them when he stooped to slash them away. He cursed and struggled to free himself from the snake-like arm which came creeping across his back.

A mauve-and-pink blossom was within a foot of his face. Like an orchid, it was, delicately frail and deathly beautiful. Ugh! Its odor was nauseating!

And the leaves. The underside was rough, as a cat's tongue; dark velvety-green on the upper side, with red veins as though filled with blood. Heslop almost fainted with horror. Blood! His own blood! The orchid death!

Up reached a creeper that was gnarled and slimy-cupped as the tenacle of an octopus. Slowly it came. Now a foot from his throat. Three inches! One! It tightened! And just before his murky soul passed on he saw visions—visions of cold green water closing over his weighted bulk, and of sinking, twisting, sinking—slowly sinking by the red bell-buoy, in the Pacific, off the Farallones.





"The Little Cabin Beside the Creek"

"Gold Smith's Strike"

By RUSSELL ARDEN BANKSON

GOLD SMITH ELLISON sat on a bench against the sunny south side of his log cabin.

Gold Smith was old, so old that the wrinkles in his face reminded one of the chopped up brown clay of a roadway, yet in all the years he had lived this was the first time he had sat still in the open sunshine, with no other purpose than to absorb the warmth.

He sat there without a sound, his cheeks caving in like vacuum pouches with each slow puff on his pipe. A young woman stepped out through the door of the cabin and faced him.

"Aren't you feeling well, daddy?" she asked with concern.

Gold Smith ignored the question, continuing to suck at his pipe and stare off across the canyon.

"It's nearly time for dinner," the girl tried again.

The old man turned his head and looked into the clouded young face above him.

"Nope," he answered shortly, going back to her first question.

She moved close to him and touched his shoulder with a slim brown hand. Through the nineteen years of her life Tavie Ellison had never known a caress from her to fail in gaining what she sought from her father. Now she felt him stiffen his body against yielding, as he stared stonily away from her.

"It's the first time you ever rested a whole morning, daddy," she coaxed, combing her fingers through his grizzled, sparse hair.

"Time I did, ain't it?" he demanded savagely.

"Why, yes, daddy. It's not only time you rested a few hours, but all the time. You shouldn't be doing that heavy mine work now, and Joe and I have begged you to quit it and move down to the city so we can be married."

There was no response to this, so presently she continued:

"Joe expects his final discharge from the army any day. He has a good position waiting for him in Spokane, and he will have to go down to it in a short time now. But he says he won't go until we are married, and we can't be married until—daddy, please don't be hurt, but we—I can't go away and leave you up here alone at your age."

Gold Smith, who had prided himself on his vigor, stiffened himself, then he put his arm

about Tavie's waist and drew her to his knee.

"It—it comes kinda hard, givin' everything up, gal. But I made up my mind to it. I ain't goin' to work in the old tunnel anymore. You an' Joe go ahead an' get married, an' I'll go down with you."

Tavie jumped up. Her brown eyes were sparkling and her clear skinned face was aflush. Even her plain blue calico apron added life to her slim beauty.

"You are the most wonderful daddy that ever was," she whispered, putting her arms about his neck and holding her cheek close to his.

"Well, you got a right to your sparkin', gal, but it ain't all that, nuther. Lately I just kinda lost hope, I guess. Forty years now I been sayin' I'd make the strike, but it ain't come an' I guess it ain't never gonna come.

"We panned enough gold dust outin' the creek to keep us livin', but we ain't never had nothin' else. Bein' burried up here in the hills an' never havin' anything—an' the hard work, too—was what took your ma, gal, an' I ain't aimin' it should take you. So—so get things packed an' we'll figger to go out about tomorrow."

Tavie, like a child, would have snuggled on his lap again, in her happiness, but the old man pushed her gently from him.

"You get about fixin' dinner, gal," he urged. "You got a mighty lot to do this afternoon."

While Tavie tripped about the cabin singing light tunes of her own composition, Gold Smith watched her through the door. She was his very life he believed, and he could never fully bring himself to the realization that she was his, without a fear that she would leave him some day, so that he could not be near her.

Watching the girl now, the years slipped from him, and he was again a young man of thirty, full of life and the belief that the world held much for him. He remembered how he and Marthy, his bride, had set out on their trip up into the stillness of the great Coeur d'Alenes and how, when they found this quiet little canyon, they had thought it made for them. They would quickly wrest from the earth the treasures which would give them everything their hearts desired.

Was it forty years now since they had set up that first little cabin there beside the creek?

Forty years? Why, it seemed scarcely yesterday! And yet that slender bride had grown to be a middle-aged true helpmate, while he grew wrinkled and bent of shoulders. Even in those early years, he remembered, Marthy had been tired, though uncomplaining. Then had come their little girl, Tavie, like a bright ray of spring sunshine to their hearts that were growing heavy with the winter of life. Tavie, with Marthy's eyes and voice!

The wait for the sunshine had been long, but Marthy had enjoyed it until Tavie was in her teens. Then the mother had given up and had been laid to rest out there by the creek she loved so well. Tavie then had gone to the city to live with a relative and get her schooling. A grown young woman, two years before, she had come back to him. And now she was taking him away—away from that which had been his existence through all these years!

Half an hour later when Tavie went to call him to dinner she found him slumped forward on the bench and she was startled at the dull grayness of age that seemed to have settled down over him like a mantel. In that moment she grasped something of the great sacrifice he was making and a doubt that she should leave the canyon crept over her like a chilling hand.

That afternoon Gold Smith worked about the tunnel, a hundred yards down the trail from the cabin, gathering together his tools, while Tavie packed their few belongings.

It was midafternoon when Tavie heard from down the road toward Hammond the whistled notes of a tune that had become a gladsome signal to her during the last month. Joe was coming and her heart quickened. Her impulse was to rush to him with the glad news, but the woman in her asserted itself and when Joe swung up to the cabin door she was a prim little lass busy at her work, as though she had not heard him.

"Tave!"

A bronzed young giant of twenty-four, still wearing his lieutenant's uniform, with three gold chevrons on his left sleeve and one on his right, stood in the doorway, joy flashing in his blue eyes.

"Joe! You startled me!"

But the sparkle of her eyes which she sought to hide under her drooping black lashes did not deceive him. In three strides he was across the room and had her in his arms.

"Tavie! You little fraud! You knew I was coming, and that the grandest sight in the

world would have been you hurrying down to meet me."

"You're getting terribly bossy, Mr. Lieutenant."

She would have said more, but—it was several seconds before she was free to use her lips again. Then she danced from his arms.

"I can't wait another minute to tell you!"

"I'm all ears—and eyes and heart and everything."

"Daddy is boarding up the tunnel and we are going to Spokane!"

Joe caught her again.

"Tave, if you're teasing me I'll—" He made a threatening movement with his head but she avoided him.

"Honest Injun!"

"Those words mean more to me than Chateau Thierry."

"I have most everything packed."

"I'll have Parson Jennings up here from Hammond in two hours if I have to carry him."

"Oh, Joe, it can't be for days yet. Not until after we get all settled down to the city."

"I can't wait that long!"

"Well—not until day after tomorrow, anyway."

"Gal! You packin'?"

Tavie looked over Joe's shoulder and into the face of her father framed in the doorway. She was startled at his appearance. In the hour or so that he had been away from her, he seemed to have aged. Where he had been simply bent and wrinkled before, there now seemed a suggestion of feebleness.

"Dad! Oh, Dad, Joe's here!" she exclaimed, rushing to him and throwing her arms about his neck.

"Pears that way," the old man commented with an attempt at his old humor. "Howd'y Joe?"

"Tavie's told me—and I was never more tickled over anything in my life. It's going to be just one big vacation of pleasure for you from now on." The straight young soldier shook the bent old man's hand in a way that was good to see.

"You got a right to your day, Joe, you an' Tavie."

"I'm sorry about the mine, but we'll make it all up to you."

"Tut, tut, boy. I'd oughta knowed the old hole wasn't worth the powder I was puttin' into it, years ago."

Gold Smith seemed unable to talk further, and left the cabin walking toward the mine, with an attempt at his old spryness. The young

people stood in the doorway and watched him.

"I'm terribly worried over Dad," the girl said. "He isn't like himself, what with talking so hopeless like and—and somehow looking so sort of different and older."

"It's hard on him, leaving the place he's lived in so long," Joe answered. "But he's a rattling good sport, you bet! Never a whimper or murmur. You got good reason to be what you are, Tave, with a dad like that."

The next day, the one before the big day in Tavie's life, was to be a busy one, and she was up at dawn. But as early as she was, Gold Smith had beaten her and was already down at the mine.

During all the forenoon her "dad" was gone, and when he did not return for dinner at noon, she became worried and made a trip into the tunnel. She was familiar with every angle of the deep, dark passageway, and hurried along without a light. Far down ahead of her in the heart of the mountain she caught the dim flicker of her father's miner's lamp, and presently she made out the form of the old man, huddled beside it, staring at the quartz face ahead of him. In one sweeping rush of emotion she knew he was bidding farewell forever to that which had been his life work.

Subdued, she moved quietly up to him and put her hand on his head. He did not stir. She took in every detail of the unfinished work, where he had dropped it the day before. His short handled pick and shovel leaned against the fallen chunks of quartz, from the blast which he had not cleared.

"Poor Dad!" she whispered. "Poor Dad!"

Then she bent her face to his.

"Come, daddy, dinner is ready."

The old man raised his head and smiled at her. And on the way out he clutched her hand like a child that is being led.

When evening came and Gold Smith sat in the doorway with his pipe aglow, Tavie nestled beside him. She was a quiet little girl and there were traces of recent tears in her eyes. She reached over and stroked a gnarled hand with her soft ones.

"Daddy, dear, it's all over with us now, and Joe and I are not going to be married," she whispered.

The old man, startled, turned toward her. "Gal! What's that you say?"

"I'm g-g-glad we came out and said it before it was too late and our lives were spoiled," she said. "I didn't love Joe like I s-s-should, so when the Wright boys went by here on their way to Hammond from their claim, I gave them

a letter to take to Joe. I—I told Joe it was a mistake, us planning to get married, so—so—so now you and I won't go to Spokane."

Gold Smith was gazing off into the fast gathering dusk. Slowly a great anger was kindling within him. Someone had hurt his gal—someone had played fast and loose with his blood, and that someone was Joe, who had shaken his hand and called him Dad.

"He's a dirty buzzard!" at last he broke forth. "Right along I set so much by him, an' all the time he was playin' with my gal. I gotta go down an' kill him now!"

Daddy! Daddy! No! No! I-I-I It was I who broke it off—who made him let me free. I did not want to marry him. I'm glad—I'm free. Daddy dear. Hold me tight, Daddy. I just want to cry."

"There, there, gal. Don't you worry none. You still got your daddy." Awkward, yet with infinitely gentle clumsiness, Gold Smith stroked the dark head against his soiled clothes, and soon the sobs ceased.

"I never want to leave you," Tavie whispered, after a while. "It would kill me, leaving the mountains and the mine and all."

"What—what say, gal?"

"Let's just live right here always."

"Why, gal, I don't want to go away, nuther. It was night killin' me, figgerin' on leavin'."

"I know, daddy, so we won't ever say anything more about it. And daddy, please, you must promise me that you will never say anything to Joe. We're still going to be good friends, and he might even come up to see me, and visit with us once in a while. You just be friendly like, and don't ever say anything to hurt him. Promise me, sir!"

"Why, I reckon I will, gal. Only it pears mighty strange he'd come hangin' around here again."

"Oh, he'll be interested in the mine and want to know how you are coming on with it."

"Gal, I bet I make the strike afore the summer's over!"

"'Course you will, daddy."

Gold Smith was up the next morning early, ready for a full day in the tunnel. He was in high spirits and eager to hear the ring of his drill in the face of the rock. But this time it was Tavie who beat him up. Dawn found her watching the road from Hammond, on the alert for Joe. The woman in her told her that an unreasoning Joe soon would be demanding explanations of her. When Gold Smith finally disappeared toward the tunnel, with sprightly step, Tavie felt a part of the load lift

from her. Her father must not know the ordeal through which she must pass.

The sun was not two hours up when Joe came. She watched him swinging along the road, and when he was close to the cabin she caught her breath at the grim look on his face. Her heart seemed to be stifling her, but when he pushed open the door her back was to him.

"Tavie!"

"Joe! I told you not to come!" She turned on him defiantly.

"Come! Do you think you can trifle with a man like that—play terrible jokes on him, and then ask why he comes?"

"I told you—"

"Oh, I read that. What does it mean?" What has happened? I've a right to know and you're going to tell me!"

"I don't love you. I thought I did. I tried to make myself believe I did. It would have been wrong, wicked."

Crushed, beaten down, helpless, Joe stood staring at her.

"You mean that?" he asked, coming closer to her. "That wasn't just fair!"

"I'm—Joe, I'm sorry!" She half caught at his hand, her eyes brimming with tears.

For a flash the spark of hope brightened Joe's eyes, then they dulled again.

"Good-bye. I—I— so long, Tave!"

"Good-bye, Joe!"

Then he was gone, leaving Tavie standing alone there in the cabin, her fists clenched until the finger nails bit into the palms of her hands.

Though she stood near the open door she did not see him move down the road past the mine, and from view.

Just beyond the dump, in a clump of small firs that screened him, Joe's lagging feet refused to carry him farther and he sat down. He wanted to think but he could not. Instead he sat there while the minutes rolled on, and stared at his feet with unseeing eyes. Somewhere near noon his ears caught and held a weird sound, growing more distinct, issuing from the mouth of the tunnel above him. He listened and in another moment there came clearly the words of a sourdough's ballad familiar through the Coeur d'Alenes:

"I'm a sourdough bad an' bold;

Name is Trigger Fingered Bill,

Been a-scratchin' o're the hill,

Lookin' for a pot o' gold."

Joe heard also the rumble of a mucker's car, and the singer burst into the open. His sleeves rolled to the elbow, his gray head bared, Gold

Smith pushed his load along the crude plank track to the edge of the dump and heaved it over with the ease of one half his years.

The commotion aroused Joe, and he slipped away, moving down the road to Hammond.

"Two days ago Gold Smith was an old and feeble man. Heart's always been set on digging something out of that hole in the ground, and he's like a young man again, now that he's going to get another chance at it," Joe mused dully. "Seen old sourdoughs like that before. Spend a lifetime digging to make the strike, then lose all interest in it the minute it's made."

He stopped suddenly in the road, facing toward the cabin, a queer look on his face. Then he pushed on. But two hours later when he reached Hammond there was nothing of tragedy about him, for he was humming softly, "I'm a sourdough bad an' bold!"

"And Gold Smith's strike will come pronto," he added to himself as he bounded up the steps of his boarding house and to his room, where he doffed his uniform and donned working clothes.

During the week that followed Joe cut some strange antics, most noticeable of which, to his friends at Hammond, was his elaborate lack of interest in the Ellison cabin or its inmates. Another thing was his taking a job driving an ore truck with the night crew of the Eclipse.

A careful scrutiny of the books of the Eclipse, however, would have failed to show his name on the payroll, though there was no question but what each night he loaded a great Charger truck at the ore bins of the company and started off down the road that led to the smelter.

What Joe was really doing was executing the details of a deep laid hoax against trustful, peaceable Gold Smith Ellison.

"I want to buy a few truck loads of your best ore at smelter prices and I want to rent one of your trucks for a week," Joe told his old time pal, Manager Harry French of the Eclipse, after his final visit to the Ellison cabin.

"What in blazes you trying to do—clean up on my ore," Harry asked.

"Well, in a way, yes. But I'm not selling your ore. It's a sort of an affair of the heart. I'm 'salting' a mine in a way that it won't ever hurt anyone, and may do a lot of good."

"I sort of follow you, Joe, and I'm with you. It's time Gold Smith made a strike and got out of that hole in the ground."

"Mum's the word, Harry. If this ever gets out I lose all the way around."

(Continued on page 63)

An Athabasca Romance

By LOUIS ROLLER

IT was nearing spring and the wild geese were honking in the land of the Athabasca. Once more the odor of tundra and balsam was in the air. The long monotony of the northern winter was breaking, the Chetcos were creeping from their haunts and at noonday sat basking in the sun. Tenewa was happy. It was good to feel the breath of the chinook which was sweeping up from the southland, cutting the snow in the hills and melting the ice from the lakes and streams. It had been a long winter, dreary and cold, the

be many a recounting of thrilling adventures, tales of that lonely land bordering on the Arctic Circle, known only to the Athabascans, the Takullas, and the voyageurs.

Tenewa was happy for more reasons than one. Spring is always a season of great rejoicing in the land of the Athabasca, for it is the *fue de poie*, the home coming of the trappers, and Tenewa was waiting, hopefully and happily. There was something more than the mere fact that the wild geese were honking again, or that the warm chinook was whispering in the land which caused her heart to beat



"The Chetcos Sat Basking in the Sun."

frost had penetrated far into the earth, and the wolf hounds had moaned from hunger. The little store of provisions had barely held out, but the inhabitants were filled with a new hope now, for soon the voyageurs and trappers would be returning, and life at the fur post would take on an added impetus. There would be trading and bartering as each fresh pack of furs was brought in to the post, and there would

in ecstasy, for amongst the hardy voyageurs was Henry Losanne, the betrothed of Tenewa, and this spring, when he had returned from the long winter's hunt for pelts on the far Mackenzie, in the land of bleak ice and snow fields, Henri and Tenewa would go to Father Le Clere and be married.

Since they were small children the venerable Father had known them, and here he had

watched them grow up, side by side, children of the northland, and in their little affairs the old Father had taken a kindly interest and shown a paternal affection.

For twenty years had Father Le Clere braved the rigorous winters of the northland, and here amongst the Chetco's, the hunters and trappers, and the voyageurs, had he ministered to the few simple wants of the little trading post; and, counselor and advisor, he was beloved by all. But Father Le Clere was getting old. His youth and robustness had departed and he could no longer withstand the severe winters of the Hudson Bay country, so, with the first southbound caravan of spring, he had decided to leave, to leave forever the great, thrilling, romantic land of the Hudson Bay and the Athabasca, and the simple inhabitants whom he loved. Father Le Clere's life work was finished now and back in sunny France he would spend his declining years amongst the people of his youth.

Wistfully did Tenewa scan the far reaches of the Athabasca, searching the horizon from morning until night, in the hopes of seeing Henri Losanne mushing in across the ice, driving his team of dogs before him. At the little trading post she had obtained calicoes and gingham, bits of ribbons and silk, buttons and thread, and through the long winter had worked on her trousseau, simple though it was, and plain. Now it was complete; everything was ready, and she had but to await the return of Henri.

Now that she had heard that Father Le Clere was going to leave, she became all the more impatient; restlessly she counted the days; one, two, and the venerable Father would be leaving.

One by one the trappers returned. The season had been good and the trading post was the scene of the *fue de joie*. But back of it all there lurked the shadow of sorrow as each in turn learned of the near approaching departure of Father Le Clere. There would be sorrowing when he had gone and the memory of him would linger in the hearts of these simple folk long years after he had given up the little mission in the land of the Athabasca.

The day came and an ominous silence hung over the trading post. Tenewa felt the tenseness of it more than any of the other inhabitants for it meant much to her, and she was sad—for Henri had not returned.

All night long she had lain awake, listening. Each protracted baying of the wolfhounds brought her to the door, and beneath the northern stars she would stand and search the broad

glimmering bosom of the ice-coated lake and river, gazing long and intently, while her heart welled up in her bosom and the tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Oh, Henri," she had sobbed; "Henri, mon cher, why do you not come? Why do you not return to Tenewa—tomorrow it will be too late. All winter long have I waited patiently; in the twilight of the long nights have I lingered here thinking of you; thinking of the day when the wild geese came honking into the northland again; when the warm sun crossed the far line of hills and brought back the thrill of life and love to the valleys and the streams, and when the singing voice of the chinook accompanied by the breath of balsam stole again into the ice fields. Oh, Henri, I am sad—so very sad."

Morning dawned and the little caravan slowly departed, creeping across the broad flat tundra, south toward the sun. With it went Father Le Clere, and with it went all the joy and happiness of the little trading post. There were many sorrowful *au revoirs* bidden the venerable Father; and he had blessed them—his children. He was loath to leave the land where he had spent his life and robustness following the long line of trading posts in the Hudson Bay Country. A half century! Oh, a long, long time. It was well; he had done his duty, and now he was returning to the land of his childhood.

At this time Henri Losanne was trudging in from the Mackenzie. He had passed the Great Slave Lakes and was well on his way to the Athabasca. His winter's catch was divided into two lots. Half of it he had with him and the balance was cached in his winter cabin miles and miles behind. Never before had he experienced such a run of good fortune. Henri was in the highest of spirits and spurred on by the thoughts of his betrothed waiting for him, and picturing in his mind the simple little wedding ceremony with Father Le Clere blessing them, he hurried on.

Night came and he camped upon the shore of the Athabasca. After preparing his meal of dried fish and reindeer meat he crawled into his sleeping bag and slept while the northern lights spread through the heavens above. Henri dreamed of the happy morrow, when approaching the trading post Tenewa would be watching and seeing him from a distance would come far out upon the ice to greet him. As she approached he would see the happy smile upon her face, and he would take her into his arms and she would have many things to tell him. Tenewa would be so happy and Henri would be

with her all the joyous summer. They would live in a little cabin along the lake and he would go out daily and bring in fish and game. Each evening she would be awaiting his return and the smoke would be curling up from the chimney; there would be a cheery fire when the nights were cool, and they would be the happiest people in all the northland.

The morning dawned and before the sun had topped the rim of hills Henri was upon his way. He was singing an old Chetco song as he munched out upon the ice of the lake and as the first rays of the sun lit up the sparkling ice fields he glimpsed afar for the first time the little cabins of the post on the opposite side of the lake. Soon now, he thought, Tenewa would see him and in her walrus cap, polar bear coat and reindeer boots she would come out to meet him. He noted with his practiced eye the well-worn trail and knew that most of the trappers were back; possibly he was the last to come in; he knew that many times Tenewa must have been disappointed in watching the distant figures drawing near only to discover that it was not he—Henri Losanne.

Nearer and nearer he approached the little post; he vaguely wondered what could be the matter; surely Tenewa must be there, watching for him. Then he saw her, dressed just as he had pictured, but she was coming slowly, walking as though some great weight was upon her. Urged on now by the sight of her he coaxed his dogs to greater speed and his sled sped swiftly over the smooth trail.

In a few minutes more Tenewa was in his arms.

"Ma chere Tenewa," he greeted her; "my little girl, I am so happy. It seems I have been so long a time getting here."

As he drew her to him he noted the faint lines of sorrow upon her face.

"What is wrong, darling?" he inquired anxiously. "Do not tell me that you are sad when I have returned to you."

"Oh, Henri," she sobbed; "I too am happy, but such a great sorrow has come over me; never in all my life have I seen the glorious spring return when I was so sad. I have wept day and night for a whole week. It is this way—the good father is gone and we cannot be married."

"Mon Dieu! it is the fœ de joie, and we cannot be married? Have you come to greet me and sadden my heart by telling me this, Tenewa? Can it be, is it true?"

"Truly, Henri, truly. The good father is gone; he has left only a week ago, back to

the land of his childhood he is returning, far from the land of the Athabasca, and never more will the good people of the Chetco see him."

Tenewa sobbed as though her heart was breaking and Henri tried to comfort her.

* * * *

The summer in the northland was slipping away and the quacken asp and birch were shedding their leaves. The wild geese were honking overhead south bound again. Out in the hills the sable and fox were taking on heavy coats of fur. Winter—the long, long, lonesome winter of the ice land was coming back once more.

The little fur post of the Hudson Bay Com-



"Tenewa was waiting hopefully and happily."

pany on the Athabasca was a scene of activity; the trappers and voyageurs were assembling their winter supplies for soon they would be scattering away to the north and stringing their trap lines through all of that wild country north of the sixtieth parallel.

All the summer long Tenewa had prayed that Father Le Clere might return; that the letter she had written would reach him and that he would come back. She had tried to console her weary heart with that one thought—that Father Le Clere would return—he must return, and a thousand times she had told Henri Losanne that they could not be man and wife until the good Father, in whom she had the greatest of faith, came back to the land of the Chetco and the voyageurs. In the long twilight of the summer nights she had assured herself of this one thing, over and over. She had dreamed in her dreams more than once, and had reasoned with her lover that beyond a doubt Father Le Clere would be back before the streams and lakes were frozen over again.

The supplies for the winter were all packed now and the trappers were leaving. One by one they left until only Henri remained. He purposely had delayed his departure, remaining a day longer to console the grief stricken Tenewa, then with a heavy heart, he kissed her good-bye and swinging his long dog whip in the air he was off toward the land of perpetual ice while Tenewa watched his going on the far horizon until he was only a speck on the tundra, miles and miles away.

* * * *

On this day at Fort Nelson, away below the Athabasca, an old man in priestly garb and snow white of hair stepped off from a limited train. Full of years and honors the old pioneer had found himself an alien back in sunny France. He was a stranger to civilization and the land of his childhood. The wilderness had called to him again and he could not resist; the life of the frontier was in his blood; the land of the voyageur and trapper was drawing him back, and he was going—willingly. As he stood leaning on his cane, a smile made his face radiant. Clergymen and sisters of his church surrounded him, embraced him and welcomed him with demonstrations of affection. Father Le Clere was traveling the old trail, and this was the last lap of the journey; he was coming back to the Athabasca. His remaining span of years he would spend now in the far north-land, he would be at home again, and happy.

Hidden beneath his clothing and next to his heart was a letter, a precious missive he had

received on the other side of the Atlantic; a letter so full of tears and pleading and prayers that possibly it may have had something to do with the venerable Father's return. At least a dozen times in the last few days he had opened and read the letter and the tears would trickle down his kindly old face. It was the letter Tenewa had written him begging him to come back, and he was coming. He knew now that the far away settlement was a part of his very life; he realized that the simple folk there must have him; that the efforts he had spent there would be efforts in vain unless he returned; that the education he had given the children and the idols he had taught them to worship—all would be shattered in a very short space of time without his guidance and advice.

It was in the quiet of an autumn evening. A cold breeze was creeping up off the tundra, and the sun had dropped down early across the frosty horizon. The air was chilly and the gray sky was blurred with smoke curling up from the chimneys. The old Chetcos who were no longer able to follow the trap lines were sitting about smoking their pipes while the women of the post were preparing the evening meals. It was a lonely place since the voyageurs had gone and none felt the loneliness more than Tenewa. Somehow, this night she seemed not so depressed as usual, and chatted with those who were grouped about her fireside.

There came a creaking of rusty bearings and then the cheerful peal of the old mission bell rang out in the night air. The inhabitants gazed in wonder at one another; the women ceased their work and looked questioningly at the old men who had laid aside their pipes and stood looking out through open doors. The bell clanged on and its deep resonant tones echoed throughout the village. Indeed this was a strange occurrence. What could it mean?

As the first strains of the old bell pealed forth Tenewa heard and understood. It was the answer to her prayers. Father Le Clere had returned and she thrilled with a new happiness. Out of the cabin she ran and as she passed the open doors and silent old men and women she cried out joyously: "The good Father has returned! Father Le Clere is back again!"

The heart of Tenewa was near to the bursting point with happiness. She cried and the tears ran down her cheeks. Her emotions were beyond all control as she ran to the old mission. And there in the twilight she saw him—Father Le Clere, with a strange new look of

pleasure and satisfaction upon his wrinkled face as he toiled away at the bell.

A candle light flickered and its glowing radiance danced upon his gray hair and black robe like the brilliance of the northern lights in the Arctic heavens. Father Le Clere was back again—back in the land he knew and loved; this far outpost upon the fringe of everlasting ice and snow, and his return meant much to the little handful of inhabitants; as much as the return of the warm sun in spring-time, and more. It meant that the tearful prayers of Tenewa had been answered and the girl's happiness exceeded all bounds.

Then the bell ceased ringing and the kindly father faced them; the sight of the little assemblage was so pathetically touching as to render him almost speechless. Those grouped about stood listening, then there came from far away the cracking sound of a dog whip and the grating of sled runners upon the ice. They turned and peered intently into the northern twilight. Beneath the dim light of the stars they beheld approaching a dog team. Nearer and nearer it drew until it reached the first

cabins of the settlement. Now it was headed toward the chapel and the little group was tense with expectancy. Not until the weary dog team had stopped almost within the circle of candle light did those assembled there recognize the driver seated upon the sled.

"Henri!" cried Tenewa joyously, "Henri! can it be true? Am I dreaming?"

Quickly Henri sprang to her side. Into the chapel the father turned with the two lovers following. One by one the little throng filed inside—the old women who had left their evening meals in the preparation and the old men who had left their pipes behind. There they stood, Tenewa and Henri Losanne before the crude little altar. The hush of the chill night was upon them while Father Le Clere pronounced the words which made them man and wife.

When he had ceased they embraced him, this gentle old man of the Hudson Bay Country and then outside they turned to face the twinkle of the stars while the lone wolf hounds bayed to their mates in the hills of the Athabasca.



AT EVENTIDE

By Katherine M. Peirce

O dream enchanting, old, yet ever new!
 Ye High Sierras crown with winter snow—
 Your mighty rampart 'gainst the orient blue
 Is burnished splendor in the golden glow
 Of evening's far flung banners. O, ye heights!
 Thru shimmering veils of misty pearl and rose,
 Ye lure me with the promise of delights
 In fair Elysian realms of calm repose.

The meadow-lark in one exultant strain,
 Hymns the sweet vesper of declining day,
 And when the glory dies along the plain,
 Your silver summits hold their tranquil sway,
 And lead my spirit to the mystic shrine
 Of grandeur, beautiful, remote, sublime.

Out of the Night

By HERBERT W. DODGE

THE long and patient wait had terminated. The yearning for revenge which crazed the mind of Antone Cappelli would soon be satisfied. Two arduous months had the black-eyed Italian awaited the desired opportunity to become the assistant radio operator to Paul Ward aboard the S. S. Happiness.

Punishment could not be inflicted upon the chief operator's father—the older man had died before Cappelli could strike—therefore the younger man must receive the penalty of his parent's recklessness. Antone was determined; nothing could deter him. The wireless operator must die.

With an amiable shake of the hand the Italian greeted his senior. The extreme hate of the demented man was cleverly concealed beneath his mask of friendliness. No action of Cappelli warned Ward of the impending danger; in fact Cappelli was an excellent operator and spoke very good English. The chief operator enjoyed the company of the Italian.

It was not until the S. S. Happiness was five days from San Francisco that a conversation between the two operators caused a little uneasiness on the part of the young American.

"Your father died a little over two months ago?" inquired the second operator casually.

"Yes," replied Ward, surprised because of the nature of the question. "He died last August. Why do you ask, Antone?"

The eyes of the second operator had narrowed until they had become gleaming balls of fire. The dark-skinned face had turned a deep scarlet, and the hands twitched nervously.

"He ran over my little girl two weeks before his death," sobbed Cappelli. The cunningness of the man warned him to withhold his raging temper. Ward must not suspect his life was in peril.

"Your father killed my Mary," murmured the man. "He sped onward leaving my dear daughter to die on the highway. My poor little Mary."

Ward stared with wonder at the wild eyes of the Italian. The obnoxious anger of the grief-stricken man was quite evident. How the man glared with uncontrolled hate.

"I am familiar with the occasion," said Ward. "My poor father was unaware of the fact that he had run down your little girl. He worried very much after he was informed of the acci-

dent. No doubt your daughter's death helped to bring on his own."

"You lie," snapped the furious Italian. "He did not care for my Mary. He did not even come to me after her death."

"He tried to locate the girl's parents after her funeral," explained Ward. "Not until this moment could we find a trace of them. You had disappeared. Your wife I believe is dead."

A knock sounded at the cabin door. A message was delivered to be sent immediately. Ward, who was on duty, adjusted the apparatus and threw the aerial switch to the transmitting position. Soon the radiogram was flashed into the ether.

After the transmission was concluded Ward looked about for the second operator. The man had left the wireless cabin.

"He appeared quite angry," thought the young man. "The death of the girl caused my poor father more suffering than anything else in his life. I hope Antone has no ill-feeling toward me. The accident was unavoidable."

Throughout the afternoon Ward remained on duty. Cappelli came to relieve him at six. All trace of animosity had disappeared. The man seemed very much himself again. His speech was pleasant to hear as he greeted the chief operator.

"Please forgive me," he apologized, after accepting the head telephones. "The thought of my daughter's death was a great loss to me. My wife is dead and Mary was an only child."

"One cannot help but feel sorrowful," soothed Ward. "My father's death was also a great loss to me. I assure you Antone, the accident could not be avoided. My father did not even know it happened."

The Italian's eyes gleamed as Ward said the accident was unavoidable. If the chief operator suspected danger he would be on the lookout. Cappelli asserted every effort of will he possessed to refrain from striking the son of his daughter's killer. He must wait. Slow but sure must be the death of young Ward.

Little did Ward think of the impending peril as he enjoyed the last meal of the day and also the cigar which followed. He was sorry for the Italian, but one must bow to Fate. Tomorrow he would talk to the man and try to relieve him of his deep sorrow which was only too familiar to himself.

He retired for the night happy in the thought that he might help a fellow being. He must again go on duty at midnight and some sleep was necessary. He closed his eyes, and after revolving certain things of the past in mind, slumbered peacefully.

About a half hour after midnight Ward was aware of the inaction of his blood in arms and legs. Again and again he tried to open his eyes. His brain did not seem to function properly. He failed in an attempt to speak, and was quite certain his arms and legs were unmovable.

A voice hissed in his ear but the words were not intelligible. Something slapped him across the face. The blow jarred his nerves and he opened his eyes. Funny he did not remember going on duty, for here he was seated before the receiving apparatus. For several minutes his tongue remained inactive. Then he tried to move his arms; they seemed glued to the chair.

"Oh, Antone!" he called weakly.

"What do you want?" The Italian's voice was guttural.

"Why is it I feel so funny, Antone?"

"You'll feel worse yet," threatened Cappelli.

"That was only a knockout I gave you. See this?"

The Italian showed a long steel knife. He passed it slowly just below the operator's eyes and laughed harshly as the weapon came too close and drew blood.

"You mean to kill me, Antone?" cried Ward turning slightly pale.

"Your father killed my daughter. You'll die for your father's crime!" The man's black eyes were like blazing coals as he talked calmly to the chief operator. He played with the knife; every moment he tested the edge. Then the man began to sing an Italian song. Only too well did Ward recognize the weird song as one of death.

Very well had the Italian bound the young man to the chair. Neither arms nor legs could the radio man move. Cappelli laughed grotesquely as he noticed the sudden commotion of the operator to free himself.

"One hour after midnight," said the crazed man, "I will kill you. I now go to eat. Very strong shall be my stroke, for food and wine make me powerful."

The Italian left the cabin, locking the door after him.

Immediately the man had gone Ward noticed the aerial which was ready for sending. If a few switches on the transmitting panel could be thrust to the "on" position all would be ready for the flashing of a distress call.

There was one chance in a hundred that some ship might be near enough to speed to his rescue. He would at least take the only chance he had to save his life. To cry out would do no good; the radio cabin was situated far from the bridge.

He endeavored to accomplish the task of throwing in the necessary switches. After what seemed an eternity the whirl of the dynamo told him he was successful. He must now send his message and send it quickly. The rotary-gap was in, and the loud spark might be heard by the Italian, if not the rotation of the motor-generator.

With great effort he stooped forward and pressed the key with his head. Slowly he formed the letters of the Continental Code:

"S. S. Happiness. Operator in danger. Rush help!"

The loud spark roared the message about the vicinity of the wireless cabin. Cappelli came rushing in.

"You die now!" he yelled, and raised the knife.

"Help!"

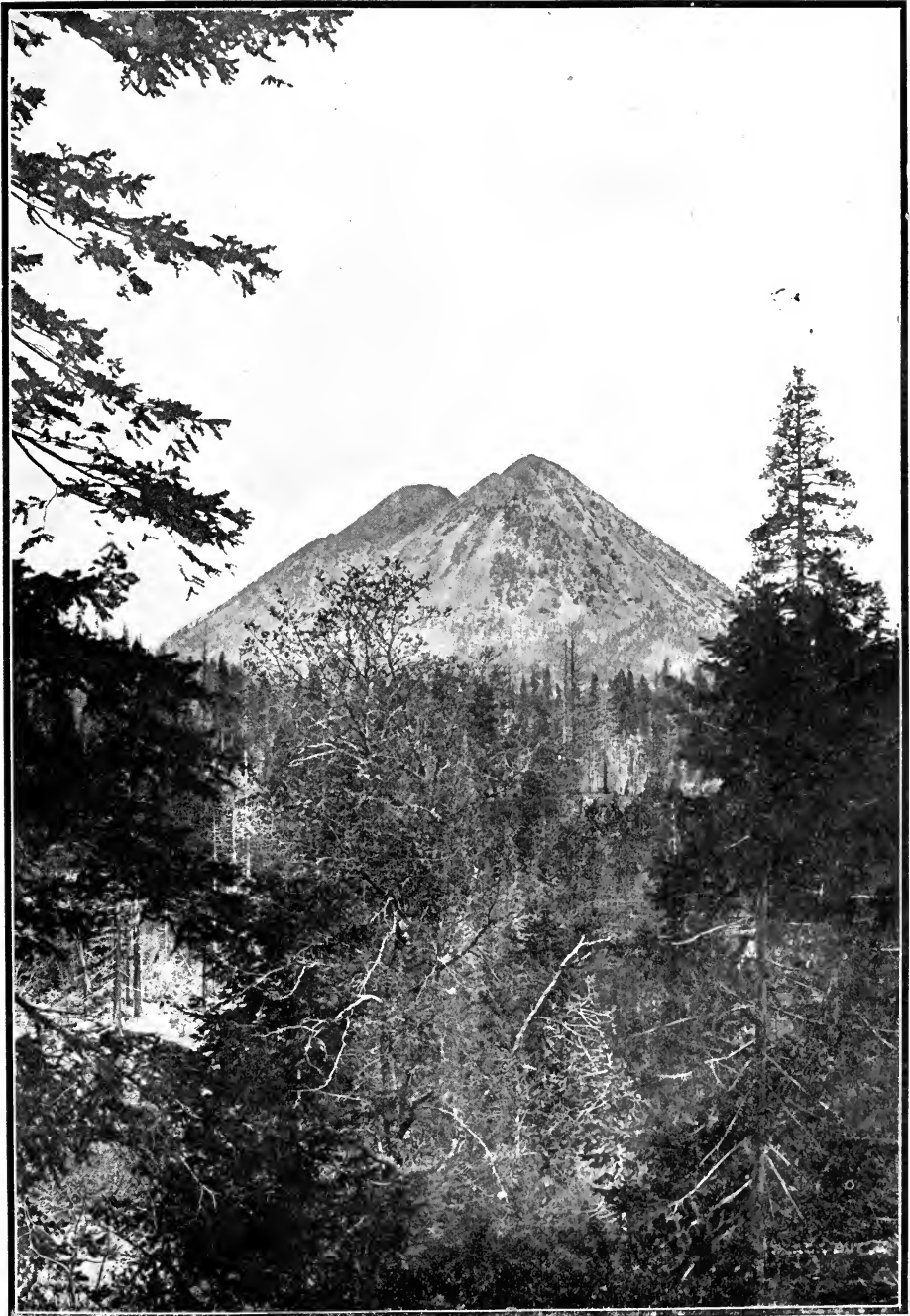
The second officer of the ship rushed into the cabin followed by a young man in pajamas. The officer grasped a revolver and fired as the knife was midway to the breast of Ward.

"Killed outright," said the wireless amateur who had heard the distress signals. "Lucky the spark awoke me and I began reading it. I yelled the message to the officer on the bridge and he immediately rushed for this cabin. That poor Italian was surely a lunatic!"

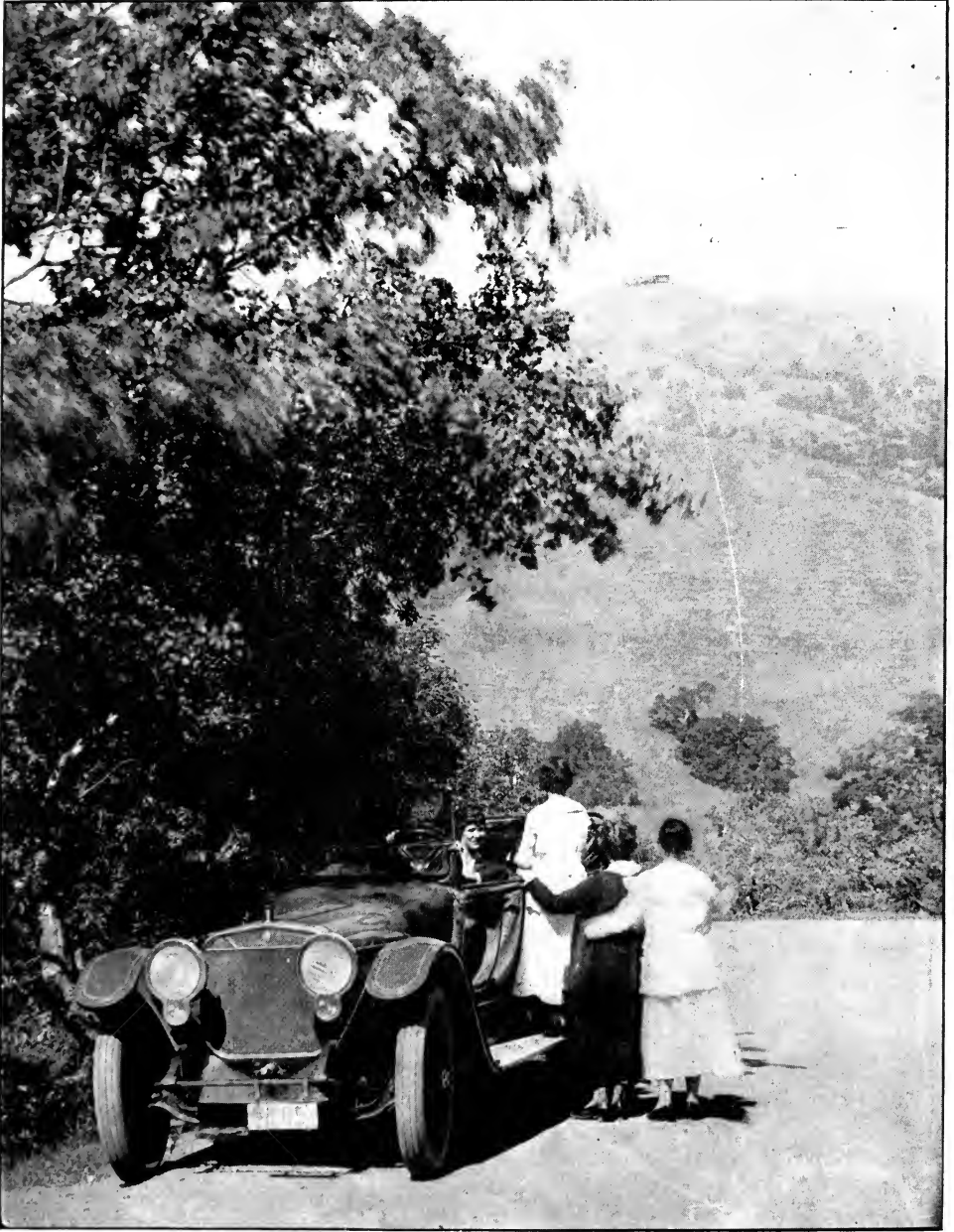




Dipsea Beach and Duxbury Reef from Mt. Tamaulpais



Mt. Lassen, California, the Only Periodical Volcano in the United States.



A Last Glimpse of Mt. Hamilton on the Coast Range. Lick Observatory on the High Peak.

Chud Takes a Hand

By KENNETH UDELL

J. A. HARDING, president of the Harding Disc Wheel Company, slammed the front door and stormed down the hall and into the living room. There was belligerency in his every move, from the way he threw the evening paper on the table to the fixed stare he gave his daughter over the top of his silver-rimmed spectacles.

Iris Harding, nineteen, pretty, and quite aware of both these rare attributes, waved a graceful hand at someone outside, then turned from the window and faced her father's wrath, entirely unperturbed.

"Haven't I told you—" began her irate parent, shaking his fist—and got no further.

"You're late, dad. We've been waiting dinner for you," interrupted Iris, sweetly. Then, linking her arm in his, she continued, endeavoring to propel him toward the door. "Come on, old grouchy, I know you're hungry."

But for once father was adamant. He was not to be wheedled tonight, and he made it plain by refusing to budge. His daughter sighed, resignedly dropped into an arm chair, and stared at the tips of her expensive shoes as one who knows what is coming.

"Haven't I told you," Harding began again, "not to let that young Bassett come here any more? And now I bump into him, leaving the house just as I get here! He's a spineless incompetent, and I won't have him on the place!"

"You talk as if he were asking you for a job," returned his daughter, with spirit. "Even if he were an incompetent—which he isn't—why should that bar him from visiting at our house? At least you'll have to admit he's a gentleman, and it seems to me that is all one can demand of a friend!"

"Yes, but he's not content to be a friend—he wants to be a son-in-law! Personally I like him fine, and you know it—he's agreeable and well-mannered. But as a business man he's a fizzle—and it will take an A-Number-One producer to pay your bills, little girl."

The grimly calculating glance with which her father surveyed her costly clothing, as if every article bore a price tag, made Iris flush angrily.

"Don't you worry about Chud's ability to make money!" she returned with heat. "Just as soon as he gets his real estate business established and people get to know him, he'll

make money, all right! And while things are getting started, I'll economize and enjoy it!"

"Yes?" inquired her father, dryly. "I have my own opinion about that. Meanwhile, Bassett's not to come here again. And this time, if you don't tell him, I will! Now, that's settled, so let's go to dinner."

It was a rather sulky young lady that complied with this ultimatum, but, though she said nothing, there was a set to her mouth and a flash in her eye that bespoke anything but submission.

* * * *

Charles Bassett, more familiarly known as "Chud," would have been neither startled nor pained if he had overheard the remarks of the man he intended to acquire as father-in-law. The former, because he was pretty well convinced of the truth of the older man's sentiments, as regarded his business ability; the latter, because it was as constitutionally impossible for Chud Bassett to suffer from mortification as for Billy Sunday to be overcome by stage fright—he just wasn't built that way.

Easy going, happy-go-lucky, with always a smile for everyone, such was Chud. He would have agreed with Mr. Harding with perfect equanimity that such qualities had never gotten him any material gain, nor were apt to do so. And such rewards as the friendship and good-will of everyone who knew him could not be calculated in worldly terms.

Yes, he would have admitted that he was somewhat of a fizzle as a business man. But he was always full of hopes for the future. Iris's faith in his latest venture, his real estate office, was a reflection of the rosy pictures which he painted as they talked together of his prospects.

On the following morning Chud dropped into Mr. Harding's office at the busy factory that was turning out "the automobile wheel of the future," in the words of Harding's advertisements.

"Hello, Mr. Harding. I was in a hurry last night and didn't have time to talk. I don't very often slight anyone that way, do I?" His infectious laugh rang out at his own expense as good-naturedly as it would have at anyone else's.

"Hello," returned Mr. Harding, gruffly.

Chud, apparently unaware of the other's unresponsiveness, chatted light heartedly of the day's events, of baseball, of his prospective real estate deals, of anything else that came into his head. Mr. Harding gradually thawed. There were few who didn't, where Chud was concerned.

"And how's business in the spokeless wheel line?" queried Chud, at length.

The wrinkles of worry returned and deepened in Mr. Harding's face. He leaned forward and spoke earnestly, as one who would unburden his mind.

"Chud, it's make or break with us now. We're right at the crucial point. We've made a big outlay for equipment, advertising and publicity, and we've aroused a country-wide interest that's gratifying. The public is beginning to buy disc automobile wheels. But that method is too slow. People who would buy cars equipped with disc wheels at the factory, still aren't willing to junk the wooden wheels they have bought and paid for and then turn around and spend more money buying solid steel wheels. On the other hand, the car manufacturers are afraid to take a chance on a new thing and equip their cars at the factory—they all know it's coming, but each of them wants to wait until the others have fallen in line. Meanwhile, our capital is getting low. If we land just one really big car manufacturer now, get the order to put disc wheels on every car he sends out, we're safe, we're made. The banks will extend our credit, and we will have weathered the crisis. And in another year we'll have more business than we can handle. There's the situation. Now do you wonder that I'm getting so I snarl at my best friends?"

"Well, the main thing is to do your best and not worry," philosophized Chud.

"Maybe I do worry too much," returned Harding, more genial now that he had told his troubles to some one. "But," he continued, "I wish you would worry a little more, Bassett. I like you, and I always shall, but if you don't begin to take things more seriously you're never going to get anywhere, and I'd hate to see that happen."

"You're right and I know it," admitted Chud. "You're dead right, But it just seems impossible for me to act that way."

"I'll tell you, though," he continued with more confidence in his tone; "I think I have myself pretty well sized up. I don't worship money, and never will. But I do seem to think enough of it to want enough to satisfy my immediate needs—and I've always managed to get

that much. So here's my conclusion—I'll always rise to the occasion and meet whatever demands are made on my pocket book. The only hope for me is to get married, so I'll have to hustle. If I have to I will, and I'll be as hard-hearted a business man as you could wish for."

Chud hesitated, then added impulsively: "I wasn't going to ask you today, Mr. Harding, but now that we are on the subject, I want your permission to marry your daughter, Iris."

Chud's laughter was gone now. He was a little flushed, his breath came quickly.

Harding stared, and muttered something that sounded like, "Gad, he's got nerve, anyway!"

"Sorry, Chud," he said gravely, "but the man who gets my daughter makes good on demonstration, not at some indefinite date after the honeymoon. I've seen how things were going, and I told Iris last night that she was not to see you any more. Maybe you'll show some business sense and backbone some day, but I doubt it. When you do, we'll talk this over. Until then, I'll have to ask you to drop it, and, please, don't attempt to see Iris again."

Harding swung around and glanced over some correspondence, leaving the attractive young man sitting on the edge of his chair, twisting his hat in his hands, an unwonted look of suffering on his face. He rose, made as though to speak, thought better of it. His mouth set in unaccustomed hard lines; then he turned and left the office abruptly.

* * * *

It was while eating his nine o'clock breakfast next morning that Chud got the inspiration which a sleepless night of cogitation had failed to produce. He had the morning paper conveniently propped up on the sugar bowl and his spoon poised for an attack on the luscious grapefruit in front of him, when his eye struck this item, under the heading, "Notables at the Hotels":

E. S. Cunningham, prominent automobile manufacturer of Detroit, is registered at the Baltimore.

"Ed Cunningham in town," mentally exclaimed Chud. "I'll have to drop around and see him."

They had met in the service in France, been inseparable pals for a time, and later had corresponded briefly at increasing intervals. A year had now passed since the last letter from Cunningham.

"Wonder what Cunningham is doing in Buffalo," Chud mused. "Maybe he's going to order Harding Disc Wheels for all the Cunning-

ham output. I'll have to put in a good word—By George! why not? I'll talk Ed into it and show Harding what sort of business man I am! If I could turn a deal like that for him he'd have to admit I'm not so slow."

Cunningham was delighted to see him. Though well under forty, he was the owner of one of the largest automobile factories of the United States. After a half hour of reminiscing about events that were more pleasant in retrospect than they had been in happening, Chud remarked: "And what brings you to Buffalo?"

"Several things," replied Cunningham. "I'm looking over some new developments in the automobile field—disc wheels, for one."

Chud's heart skipped a beat. Maybe the fort would capitulate without resistance. His hope was short lived.

"I've about decided to equip all our cars next season with Tristeel wheels—know anything about them?" was Cunningham's next remark.

"Yes, a little," answered Chud. "They're a good wheel, all right. Ever see the Harding wheel?"

"Yes, I've investigated them all. Either the Tristeel or the Harding will give the service, I'm satisfied. My choice lies between those two. The question is, does the fickle public want a concave wheel, such as the Tristeel, or a convex wheel like the Harding? I'm undecided which one to take a chance on—it's a gamble either way. But I always was a pretty good gambler."

This was music in Chud's ears, and with his characteristic frankness he instantly decided on making a clean breast of his predicament to Cunningham. Accordingly he told him the whole story, ending up with his plan for overcoming Harding's prejudices by attempting to land Cunningham's business for him.

"I'll help you out, Bassett," decided Cunningham. "The Harding wheel is good enough for me, and after what you've told me about the integrity of the man at the head of the company I'd rather give them the business than some one I know nothing about. But if Harding wants his future son-in-law to be hard as nails when it comes to business, why not give him a dose of his own medicine? Tell him you can land him the order, but make it contingent upon his removing his objections to you as a member of the family. How's that?"

"That would be putting the screws on for fair, wouldn't it?" grinned Chud. "That's just the sort of stunt the old boy wants his son-in-law to be capable of—and I'd rather stay poor but honest all my life than hold anyone up that

way. But, as you say, he's practically invited me to do it, so here goes. It's a bargain, is it? If I give the word, you'll sign a contract with Harding for him to supply you with disc wheels for every car you manufacture this year? And if I don't express myself in favor of the Harding wheel, your business goes to a competitor—is that the agreement?"

"You have my word on it, Chud," returned Cunningham, and they shook hands.

* * * *

Before leaving the hotel lobby, Chud dropped into a telephone booth and spent some five minutes in conversation over the wire.

Thence he strolled in the direction of the Harding factory. Twice he aimlessly traversed the block in front of the building, backward and forward. A closed car drew up at the curb, the sun's rays glinting from the bronze metal of its convex wheels, and Iris Harding stepped forth. A motion of her gloved hand that might have been a furtive wave, or merely a careless gesture, followed the turn of her head in the direction of Bassett, still strolling. She disappeared in the building; Chud looked at his watch, crossed to a cigar stand on the corner, and engaged in a sincere but vain attempt to convince its proprietor of the superiority of Babe Ruth's batting record over that of the no less renowned Ty Cobb.

Fifteen minutes later he looked again at his watch, and progressed to J. A. Harding's sanctum.

He greeted Iris and Mr. Harding with his accustomed joviality. Iris murmured something about seeing Miss Jenkins, Harding's secretary, and went into the adjoining office. Chud drew a chair up close to Mr. Harding's desk and sat down.

"Mr. Harding, you've lectured me now and then about being more business-like," he began. "To quote your own words, you have admonished me to 'go after my goal like a bull-dog after a tramp.' You have at various times stated that I am too prone to let friendship or acquaintance deter me from driving a good bargain. I am about to refute your statements, and prove to your satisfaction that I can, in a pinch, drive as hard a bargain as yourself or anyone. So much for introduction."

Chud smiled a rather sarcastic smile, then went on.

"I have taken the liberty, unauthorized, to propose to one of the largest automobile companies in America to equip all their cars this year with Harding wheels. I have received their unqualified promise of this business, contingent

only upon my telling them to close the deal.

"Whether I give them the word depends upon you, Mr. Harding. After what you told me the other day, I realize that this order can transport you from the verge of bankruptcy to prosperity. In view of the value of this order to you, I feel justified in asking a large return for the service I will be doing you. Also, by turning this deal I feel that I have disproved your statement that I am unbusinesslike, which I understood to be your only objection to me as a son-in-law. In short, if I turn this order to you I want your permission to marry Iris."

His oration complete, Chud sat back and gave his hearer a satisfied smile—in fact, it just escaped being a grin. If he had wished to startle Mr. Harding, his hopes were fully realized. It was some moments before that astonished gentleman found words for reply.

"If I didn't know your honesty, Chud," he said, at length, "I'd not believe a word you've said. You'll have to permit me to ask you how the devil you, alone and single-handed, got the promise of this business from a firm which, if they are really a big concern, we must have been hammering away at for months without getting any action—that's what I don't see."

"The owner of the plant is a close friend of mine—knew him in France," replied Chud, still smiling.

"Oh, your big business deal simplifies itself down to taking advantage of a lucky friendship, eh?" Mr. Harding caught him up astutely. "And then you hold it over me as a club—hardly ethical, that, is it, Bassett?"

"Go after your goal like a bull-dog after a tramp," quoted Chud again, his grin undisguised now. "You've been telling me to add 'business' to the old proverb about love and war for so long, Mr. Harding, that maybe your advice has begun to take effect."

Harding stared at Chud thoughtfully for a long moment, then nodded and held out his hand. He believed in quick decisions, and lived up to his belief.

"You win, Chud," he said, smiling and giving the young man's hand a hearty grasp. "If Iris thinks you are good enough for her, I'm satis-

fied. And it's not to get the order, either, though it's no joking that will rescue us from the brink of bankruptcy—it's because you are the sort I want Iris to marry. To let the cat out of the bag, I've had my heart set on the match for a long time, but I wasn't going to let her marry a ne'er-do-well. You've showed your mettle just now in a way that is enlightening—it shows the kind of stuff you really have in you. You've convinced me that you can and will rise to the occasion when responsibility is placed on you. You lined up the order—that took clear thinking and quick action even if the man is your friend. And the way you drove a bargain with me—ha! ha! That's what I like to see in you! If the other fellow won't come to terms, and you've got the upper hand—"

"Don't say it, daddy," interrupted Iris, coming in just at this moment. "I don't want Chud to be that kind of person at all. You call it business—I call it barbarism!"

"Don't scold him, Iris," said Chud, quickly. "Your father has just consented to our marriage. Give him a kiss, and then let's run."

Chud accompanied his news with as intimate an embrace as the surroundings seemed to allow. Iris bestowed a score of kisses on her father, and assured him that he was "just the bestest daddy in the world."

"Come on, Iris," said Chud, taking her hand and starting toward the door. "I'm going to indulge in a little shopping for a diamond ring."

"Wait a minute, young man," commanded Harding, "hadn't you better call up Cunningham and cinch that order for me?"

"Oh," returned Chud, nonchalantly, "I got to thinking about it while I was coming over here, and it didn't seem quite right to practice black-mail like that, especially on a friend, so I dropped in at a cigar stand and phoned Cunningham to close the deal. Your sales manager is over there with him now."

The door closed and they were gone, leaving behind a man whose face betrayed at once bewilderment, disappointment and chagrin.

But at that, paradoxically, he didn't look unhappy.



A HAUNTED ROAD TO THE WEST

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

It was ever thus—the Builders pass
But their spirits and works remain,
And they haunt with their strength and beauty things
That need not be done again.
Here's a road to the West and it winds away
Out over the Great Divide—
Oh what do you hear and what do you see,
All you who walk and ride?

From idleness riding to idleness,
In your great glistening car,
What do you hear of the builders' shouts
And the scrapers clank and jar?
What do you see of the faces bronzed
And muscles steeled for the day?
Here brain and brawn of men who are gone
Met rock and made you a way!

From futile things to futile things,
On feet some end would find,
What do you feel of the builders' faith
Still tense on this western wind?
What do you know of the strain of arms
And eyes burned red in the sun?
Here faith and thew made a dream come true
And gave you a way to one!

From heavy task to weary task
In fields along the road,
What do you gain from the builders' dream
That puts less ache in your load?
What do you feel of the brotherhood
And the workman's will and pride?
Here toil and hope on plain and slope
Made your little world grow wide!

A haunted road to the West this is—
As the haunted roads are spread
From year to year and Age to Age
And join the quick and dead,
And ever the strength that goes before
And ever the faith of the thing—
Its beauty and might—that men built right,
Lives on for the following.

It was ever thus—the Builders pass
But their spirits and works remain
And they haunt with their strength and beauty things
That need not be done again.
Here's a road that is haunted with dreams of men—
And once it was only a trail!
O Builders of Roads to Brotherhood,
Our Nation's Fathers, hail!

The Atavism of Mrs. de Lancey

By H. L. COGGINS

DE LANCEY sat in the smoking room involved in a rich oriental atmosphere of nicotine and gloom. For the first time possibly since his marriage to old John Lunk's daughter and recently acquired fortune he was confronted by the inexorableness of fate. That evening he was to entertain an exclusive and gilded coterie who rightfully expected much from his famed originality. In view of this the sudden death of Beppo the chimpanzee that De Lancey found in a local menagerie and raised to an exalted position in the Four Hundred was nothing less than a disaster. A careless and as yet unconvicted man servant had allowed Beppo to find his way to one of the wine cellars, and the latter so far forgot his native wisdom as to indulge in a drunken debauch, which despite the ablest physicians in New York, ended in his death.

In the midst of his gloom a servant entered with a roughly swaddled, squalling bundle that had been picked up on the brown stone threshold. De Lancey looked at it in constrained disgust, gave a peremptory order as to its disposal, and again fell back into sullen abstraction. But the little paw-like hand that clutched so aimlessly at the flannel covering stayed pictured in his memory. Then in a flash the genius that inspired New York's best and wittiest and flamed forth in a hundred Sunday supplements burned at white heat. With his old-time vigor De Lancey grasped the satin bell cord.

Despite the recent and widely known demise of Beppo, De Lancey's palatial dining room that night was the focus of social interest. As by the wave of a wand, the huge hall had been changed into the most magnificent of nurseries. With the exception of a single butler retained for emergency, maid servants garbed as nurses attended table and poured gurgling liquors from simulated nursing bottles. Over head and around all pink and blue baby ribbon, favors of toy rattles and colored worsted balls were woven into a maze of splendor. In a tiny throne next to Mrs. De Lancey and scarce recognizable in his silk and either-cushioned glory sat the ill-fated castaway of the morning.

Despite the unintelligible confusion about him the latest attraction indulged copiously in the tri-certified liquid served by two white aproned attendants. He showed great interest in his specially prepared French confection, but paused when the orchestra played its opening bars and the famous prima donna, emeshed in white infant attire befitting a resplendent French doll, poured from her throat five-thousand dollars worth of velvety music in the form of a world-known lullaby. An odd little snuffle came from the direction of Mrs. De Lancey and the baby, and the guests as well as the host, were startled into the realization that De Lancey had struck twelve in the achievement of the unique and brilliant.

Cloyed in both vision and appetite De Lancey's fink began a simpering little cry that at first awoke a titter of interest, but soon grew to a disturbing effect on the guests. For once De Lancey, accustomed to the well-bred, self-contained Beppo, was non-plussed. A subterranean command but increased the embarrassment that was partially allayed by the spell of the orchestra. Feminine glances of pity were centered on De Lancey as, despite all efforts of the servants, the tiny guest relapsed into a weary, heart-broken sobbing.

The next moment society received a shock to its inmost core. Before anyone could control his astonished glance the round, bare arms of Mrs. De Lancey reached over to the throne and, picking up the sobbing, drooling infant, gathered it to her fortune jeweled bosom to nestle there against a king's ransome. The general consternation as she started to rise was calmed only by the masterly behaviour of the butler who emerged from the screen, plucked the baby from her clasp, and passed it on to a waiting maid. Mrs. De Lancey was overcome.

"I almost felt as if it were part of me," she said in honest mortification.

A visible shudder ran around the table, pausing most with those who had more often shared company with the well-mannered Beppo.

"How absurd," whispered Mrs. Van Nuys to her neighbor. "poor Mrs. De Lancey, and poor, poor Mr. De Lancey."



The House that Jack Built

By LaVERNE STEWART McCLELLAN

THIS is the house that Jack built. This is the cheese that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the cot that caught the rat that ate the cheese that lay in the house that Jack built. . .” and we might go on to mention the dog and his mission, and even the cow with the crumpled horn, because, figuratively speaking, they are all concerned in the plot. Most particularly “the maiden all forlorn,” but this maiden did not remain forlorn for very long. And of course, there was “the man who kissed the maid,” and as for the “priest all shaven and shorn” who married the man to the maid, that’s going altogether too far into the future.

When Jack Stratton died he left a lonely little daughter of nineteen or thereabouts, a rambly old, but comfortable house, a cow, and a small old-fashioned iron bound box that contained his savings accumulated through years of stinginess. Why he distrusted banks no one knew. Lastly—mentioned last because it is least—he left a son. An unworthy possession, this son, and one of which his father had never been proud.

Old Jack Stratton had built that house in an earlier day, and it had nooks and crannies and curves and corners, and defied all the laws of architecture and art. He had built it to his own eccentric taste. That it was the village joke disturbed him not a bit, nor likewise did the phrase “the house that Jack built” by which it became officially known, bother him in the least.

Violet missed her father. He had never been a generous parent, but neither had he ever been unkind, and he had been her only friend. Now her loneliness would be unbearable.

“There’s enough in that there box, Vi,” he had murmured weakly with his last breath (and here we beg to introduce the cheese that lay in the house that Jack built) “to keep you in comfort for a long time, a long, long time.” And so he had passed away.

The neighbors had been kind and sympathetic, and even Brother Will had been sober for the occasion of the funeral, and forgot to be disagreeable. However, Violet’s heart was breaking as she mournfully watched them carry her father away.

A few nights later, as she lay unable to sleep, she remembered the box, and began wondering

how she would invest her treasure. Brother Will must have more than half, she decided, and with a little money he might make some sort of a decent start, eventually redeeming himself. A Pandora-like instinct grew strong within her, and she determined to ascertain definitely the amount of her legacy.

Stealing out of her bedroom, with an unlit candle in one hand and a solitary match in the other, she padded down the little hall to the “store room” where the box and a miscellaneous collection of unused pieces of furniture were stowed away.

On the threshold of the room she paused to light the candle. The slight noise made by the match startled her. Had she heard another noise? She felt suddenly chilled, and it was an early summer night. Having succeeded in lighting the candle, she lifted it high above her head, the better to peer through the darkness of the cluttered room. A draught from somewhere extinguished the flame of the candle. Or was it a draught? Did she imagine something brushed past her in the room? She carefully extended her hand, but gasped as it came in contact with something very much like another hand—a much larger, stronger hand—a hand that grasped her roughly by the arm and threw her not too gently to the floor.

Her head struck the edge of something sharp, and though it pained her cruelly, she did not lose consciousness, but the noise of her fall covered the departure of the Something that had felled her.

Moaning from pain and shivering from fright, she crawled back to her bedroom. Her brother’s room was at the other end of the house. She had not the courage to walk that far, nor to raise her voice to call him. Bewildered, almost paralyzed with fright, she crept between the bed clothes, finding relief in their warm comfort. The pain in her head from the fall now overcame every other sensation, and her fear for the time was forgotten. Very exhaustion shortly brought sleep, a very troubled sleep, which, however, lasted until late the following morning.

A large and angry looking bump on Violet’s forehead the next day, and the fact that the old iron box was missing, were plain confirmation that the events of the preceding night were very real.

Brother Will was astonished and ashamed

that not a sound had reached his ears. He was indignant, too, and for about the first time in his life showed an interest in his sister's welfare.

"I'm going to the city, and I'll find that thief, if it takes the rest of my life," he declared. He seemed not so much to regret the loss of the money, as to resent the treatment accorded his sister. This made Violet warm to him, and she was glad. She told herself that she was almost glad that the money was lost, if it awakened for her some spark of affection in the heart of her brother. However, stern facts must be faced. That money was their all. And it was gone. The thief (or in other words, the "rat that ate the cheese that lay in the house that Jack built") had disappeared magically, which was not to be surprised at in a small, not efficiently policed village.

Now with Will gone to the city to recover their fortune, nothing was left to Violet but the cow and the large roomy house. Summer boarders, thought Violet, would be the solution.

* * * * *

Jack Moreland was young, a prosperous architect, and had once been a genial, pleasant person. In the past year, however, he had developed an almost surly disposition, seemed intent on nothing but business, and had lost most of his old friends. This last did not bother him.

Summer came, and Moreland courteously refused the pleasant invitations that came from his few remaining friends. Business was too pressing, he pleaded. He was tired and was even now seeking some quiet remote spot where he might rest.

Motoring through the country he beheld and was enchanted with the tiny, slow-moving village of Elmville. "No one will know or bother me there" he decided. At the combination store-postoffice, he made inquiries as to a suitable boarding place. He was directed promptly to the House that Jack built.

Violet was undeniably "fussed" by the appearance of so distinguished looking a guest, and trembled apprehensively as she led the way to the very best bed chamber. She need not have worried. The large, cool, white simplicity of it appealed highly to Moreland's mood, although neither by word or look did he show his appreciation. When it came to naming terms, Violet was speechless. Shamefacedly she acknowledged that this was her initial business experience, and that she had not the slightest conception of what was a fair amount. Wouldn't he please name his own terms?

Prompted, not at all by gallantry, but by his very fair sense of justice, he named a price which was quite nominal, but which made Violet feel like a profiteer.

Almost reverently she set about preparing a meal for this princely stranger, and she could scarcely find her voice when it came time to call him. If she only knew how to cook some complicated city dishes. But, alas, she didn't.

Moreland sat down to a beautifully browned ham omelet, a bowl of fresh lettuce from the garden, into which had been simply cut the reddest, firm tomatoes that that same garden yielded. Tiny wreaths of warm vapor rose from the brownest buns ever turned out by good old-fashioned oven. A glass of the richest milk he had ever tasted stood invitingly cool beside his plate. There was an enormous dish of wonderful red berries and a pitcher of cream, rich and golden.

Violet ate little, but so absorbed was Jack Moreland in satisfying his appetite—an appetite that had miraculously revived after about a year of finickiness and indigestion—that he scarcely noticed her. He ate so hungrily, so raptly, that Violet began to wonder how long the poor man had been without food.

When finished he felt almost guilty of being a gourmand. It was in his heart to express appreciation of the excellent dinner, but the habit of the past year held him silent. So murmuring an inane remark about being fatigued, he retired to his room, to indulge in dreams—very, very earthly dreams—of meals to come rivalling the one which he had just enjoyed.

The house that Jack built was large, and Violet was a little girl. There were chickens to be cared for, and a cow—not to mention the dog and the cat. Nevertheless, that capable young person managed beautifully to accomplish all these laborious tasks—and in a "workman-like manner," so to speak, and yet appear each day at dinner, fresh, straight, neat and rosy. Moreland, accustomed to taking things for granted, paid little heed to the trim orderliness of the small menage.

That its fresh cleanness and homelikeness satisfied him was evidenced by the fact that he prolonged his stay far beyond the two or three short weeks originally planned. With the usual stupidity of an absent-minded absorbed young man, the fact that his room was at all times immaculate, meals on time and the cooking excellent—with no sign of servant or assistant about the place—made no impression on him whatever.

If Violet felt at all piqued by the indifference

of the first personable young man that had entered her life, she had tact enough not to appear injured, or affect a cold aloofness which she did not feel.

Things might have continued in this fashion indefinitely, had not Moreland's chivalry been awakened by a very trivial incident.

Leaning far out over the sill of his open bedroom window, the better to enjoy the soft evening air, he saw below him the efficient Violet lugging a big bucket heaped to the brim with freshly unearthed potatoes. Let it be said to his credit that a shamed blush appeared on his tanned cheek, and he jumped quickly to his feet. His impulse was to assist her immediately, but the same spirit of sulkiness that had held him in its morbid chains ever since a certain summer—well, he resolved he would not think of that—now seemed to root him to the spot where he stood and watched the slight girl. However, it set his brain to working. He looked about his commodious room. For the first time he noticed the cleanness of it. He reflected on the fact that this was only one of several such rooms in the house. He even went so far as to remember the long halls, and the three flights of stairs.

He crossed the room to the south window. From here he could see the well-kept vegetable garden. No play garden this. A man had planted this garden. But the thought smote him at once that it must be kept up by a mere wisp of a girl. It attracted him. Freshly turned earth in the potato patch and a recumbent hoe jerked his thoughts once more to the panting girl and the bucketful of potatoes. He was turning away from the window when that very same girl again came within range of vision. This time she carried a smaller bucket, and as she cut through the path between the trim rows of vegetables, it could easily be arrived at in one guess that she had designs on Hortense. Hortense knew it, too, and started up clumsily to meet her mistress. Hortense was an accommodating cow, and would do her very best to save steps for Violet.

Jack made one mighty effort to submerge his lately acquired self in real good-natured self, and softly slid down the banisters. Dashing out in the yard, he confronted the astonished Violet.

"May I do it for you?" he stammered.

Hortense eyed him suspiciously.

Violet was a mischievous girl at heart, but had had small opportunity to use her talents.

"You're very kind," she answered simply, and

presented him with the pail. Mirth lurked in the corners of her mouth, and in her wide eyes.

In what he supposed was a professional manner, Jack seated himself on the little stool, and began operations. Hortense's worst suspicions were confirmed. Indignantly she raised her left hind foot and smote him firmly in the stomach. With another well-directed kick she overturned the bucket, and flipping her tail haughtily, made her way back, almost with dignity, to the field whence she had come.

With a little cry of horror, Violet ran to the prone Moreland. While she had merrily anticipated all this, she was not quite prepared for such a completely successful victory for the erstwhile gentle Hortense.

While the impact of Hortense's hoof on his stomach was not in itself a serious matter, it had taken him off his guard. He fell backward, striking with the back of his head the sharp edge of one of the large stones that bordered the patch. The force with which he struck stunned him temporarily, and the blood from the cut in his head made him appear in a far worse condition than was actually true.

As white as the helpless Moreland, Violet aided him to his room, where she ministered to his needs quite capably. He was not as badly injured as he pretended to be, but his head pained frightfully.

"Do you think you will be all right while I run over and bring Doctor Hersom?"

Moreland sat upright. He was proud of his good health and strength, and forgot for a second to be desperately ill.

"You'll get no doctor for me!"

Two purple eyes looked very hurt.

"I beg your pardon, Miss—Miss—." Moreland was plainly ashamed of his brusqueness. "My head pains somewhat, but I am quite all right."

Nevertheless, the following day Moreland kept to his bed. His head ached dully now, and his eyes played tricks. Furthermore, it was more than pleasant to have a very good-looking young person, with wavy brown hair and two adorable dimples, and who wore a wide white ruffly cool-looking collar, fussing around one, and bringing dainty eatables and cooling drinks to one's bed. Moreland asked her if she would direct a letter to his office, requesting that his mail be forwarded to him.

The day the mail arrived, Moreland appeared quite troubled. That same day Violet received a letter from the city. Her heart jumped when she saw the envelope. It would be the first letter from her brother since he had left. Per-

haps he had found the thief. Perhaps even, he had the money. She was lost in reverie.

The most prominent picture in her day dreams was of herself in fetching sport clothes, reclining in a comfortable chair on the deck of a smart yacht. The name of the yacht was "The Violet." The proud young owner was immaculate in flannels. He bent tenderly over her as he murmured in her ear, "Are you quite happy, dearest?" The yacht's owner bore a startling resemblance to the sick young man upstairs.

Sighing happily, Violet looked for the first time closely at the envelope which might make her dreams come true. Her air castles went crashed as she noted that the writing was not her brother's.

When she finished reading the letter she sank in a dejected little heap and cried until the pretty white collar was moist and wrinkled with her falling tears.

The sound of her sobbing reached the ears of Jack Moreland. He reached for a little bell she had placed on the table at his bedside. He rang it vigorously. The sobbing ceased, and soon a little red-eyed girl appeared in the doorway, trying to smile and appear as though nothing in the world had happened.

Now that he had called her, Jack did not know what to say.

"Please come here, Miss—Miss Stratton."

She advanced to the bedside inquiringly.

"I don't want to seem—that is I mean I wouldn't—or rather—" stammered Jack in a clumsy effort to be kind.

Violet needed only a little sympathy to plunge her back into her recent despairing depths. Her lip trembled and she gulped.

Jack had noticed the last few days that the young lady who nursed him so willingly was indeed very, very good to look upon. He had seen many good-looking women, and was not particularly susceptible, but Violet was—well, Violet was just herself—which was more than could be said of many others he had met. She raised her hand to straighten out the little stand at his bedside, in order to cover her confusion somewhat. The hand trembled. It was a pretty hand—a little bit rough from much hard work, but small and pink.

Before he realized just what he was doing, he had reached out and covered it with his own. This finished Violet. The tears came and she dropped to a little footstool and cried as though her heart would certainly break. Jack patted her hand. He wanted to say something, but couldn't. Not only would the words not come,

but if they had he would not have dared to speak. There was a big reason. She must not know, and surely would not understand.

"There, there, now." Jack tried to make his voice sound paternal, and succeeded.

Violet rose and bounced out of the room. On the top stair she wiped away her tears. Then she cried some more and stamped her foot. It was most aggravating to a maid to have the man whom she fancied most become almost loverlike, and when she was about to capitulate, have him turn fatherly.

But Violet had a real grief and a real trouble, and needed sane advice. Stiffing her pride, she determined to go to her boarder for the counsel she could ask of no other.

The following day, as she brought a lunch to the sick man, the way was made easier by his question.

"Miss Stratton, something has upset you. Is there anything I can do for you?" It might be remarked here that Jack Moreland was not so ill as he pretended, but attention was spoiling him. He hated to grow well enough to lose his nurse.

"Yes, you can." Violet was her old brisk self, but plainly troubled.

She began by telling him of her father's death. Carefully she related the story of the robbery and of her brother's departure for the city.

"I know he went to the city to look for the thief, and as I have not heard from him, I am afraid something dreadful has happened to him. When this come, I was sure it was from him." Violet was on the verge of tears, but restrained them as she passed the note to Morland. It was typewritten and unsigned. It read, briefly:

"Have information of interest to you. I can tell you who the thief is who took your money, but I'm not working for glory. If you want to know more, you can come alone to this address. Be sure you are alone, or you won't gain anything. Don't wait to find your brother or you'll wait a long time.

Yours for fifty-fifty,

122 State St."

"What do you suppose they mean by saying I will wait a long time to find Will? You don't think they have killed him, do you?" Violet was trembling.

Moreland pondered.

"No," he replied finally. "If they did that, you would never hear from them. I don't understand it. However, I must go to the city at once to attend to an urgent matter of my own."

Jack frowned. "We'll go together and look into this somehow."

A taxi drew up at the door of 122 State Street. A very young and very pretty girl stepped out, and ran up the steps. She pressed the button and when a footstep sounded in the hall, turned and spoke in a clear voice to the driver.

"You may go now. Please return in half an hour."

The driver nodded, and started the car. The door of the house opened about half an inch. The driver abruptly stopped the car. The young lady turned rather impatiently, and spoke in a higher, clearer voice.

"You may go now. Please call for me in half an hour."

The house door opened part way and a negress motioned for her to step inside. She was almost inside, and the negress would have closed the door, but for the voice of the taxi driver.

"I beg pardon, Miss, but you forgot your gloves." He was running up the steps holding a very small pair of gloves in his hand.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl in an annoyed tone. The negress hesitated for the smallest part of a minute, but long enough for the driver to get his stalwart form through the doorway.

The amazing chauffeur now whipped a mean looking firearm from his pocket and placed his finger to his lips. (He can be the "dog" because he is going to "worry the cat." in a minute.) The negress turned a slate color, but held her peace and led the way to the rear of the narrow hall. The young lady did not appear at all disturbed, but turned and smiled knowingly at the taxi driver.

Arrived at the door at the end of the corridor, the negress stopped and looked inquiringly at the chauffeur. He motioned for her to open the door. Following closely on her heels the two intruders entered the room.

It was a small disorderly room, and although the bright sun shone outside, the shades were drawn and the lights turned on. A woman stood at the far end of the room with her back to the visitors, silently regarding them in a mirror.

She turned and scrutinized the girl. The chauffeur had concealed his weapon.

The woman was tall and rather well-formed, but the face that she turned them told all too plainly her story. It was a face that might have been beautiful once, but dissipation had made it almost hideous in its settled coarseness.

"Send your driver away," she commanded the

girl in a harsh voice. "I thought I told you to come alone."

Violet turned to the chauffeur. He raised his hand to his cap and pushed it far back on his head, looking directly at the woman. Had he struck her, the woman would not have recoiled more suddenly. She put her hand over her face.

"Jack Moreland." It was a scream of mingled surprise and fear.

A portiere at the left fluttered slightly. Alert as a cat, Jack stepped quickly toward it and jerked the heavy hanging aside, revealing in the short rear hallway exposed to view, the slinking figure of a man—as sodden, as repulsive as the cowering woman.

"Will, Oh Will, my brother!" The young girl would have rushed to him, past the astonished Moreland, but she was arrested by the angry voice of the woman.

"Sneak!" The woman's face was white with fury. For the moment she ignored her visitors and fastened her wrathful gaze on Violet's brother. "What brought you here? Since you decided to spend the rest of that money on someone else, I suppose you thought you'd—." She checked herself, suddenly remembering the others.

Then with a defiant toss of the head she faced them.

"Well, I guess you've got the drop on me," she remarked vulgarly. "Your darling little brother," she sneered at Violet, "took the family strong box right under your nose in the dead of night. Half of it's gone, anyway, I guess, and he's taken a fancy to some other dame. But I was going to put you wise to his game, and" she continued very coolly, "split with you." (Here, of course, we have completed the unpleasant duty of presenting the "cat that caught the rat that ate the cheese—" and have revealed the identity of the rat.)

Violet covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out at the same time the sight of the odious woman and the wreck of her brother, whose attitude left no question as to his guilt.

The woman apparently enjoyed Violet's agitation. Maliciously she looked from Violet to Moreland, and then laughed unpleasantly.

"What," she asked, mockingly, "are you doing here with my husband?" She indicated Moreland with a nod.

Violet's hands dropped from her face, and she gazed in unfeigned stupefaction at Moreland. Her eyes were two great purple interrogation points.

Moreland's face turned a deep, painful red, but he said nothing.

But Brother Will was taking in the situation of Violet and Jack on his own account, and whether to spite the woman, or whether some remote fragment of conscience roused him to his realization of what he owed his sister, he played his ace.

"Don't let her fool you, Vi," he said slowly, as he looked savagely at the woman. "Your friend there thinks he is married to her, but she had a couple of husbands before she ever saw him."

The chagrin on the woman's hate-distorted countenance confirmed his accusation. Thereupon she and Brother Will engaged in an altercation and such fierce and fiery nature that Moreland, turning swiftly, picked Violet up bodily and ran to the waiting taxi.

Later that day he told her all.

It had happened not so long ago, but he was younger, much poorer, and had married the girl on an impulse, to save her from an unpleasant fate. Discovering immediately that she was a fraud and a thief, he had left her. Success and riches had come to him. About a year previous to this the woman had heard about it, and had made demands for money or for his protection. She had fallen so low that

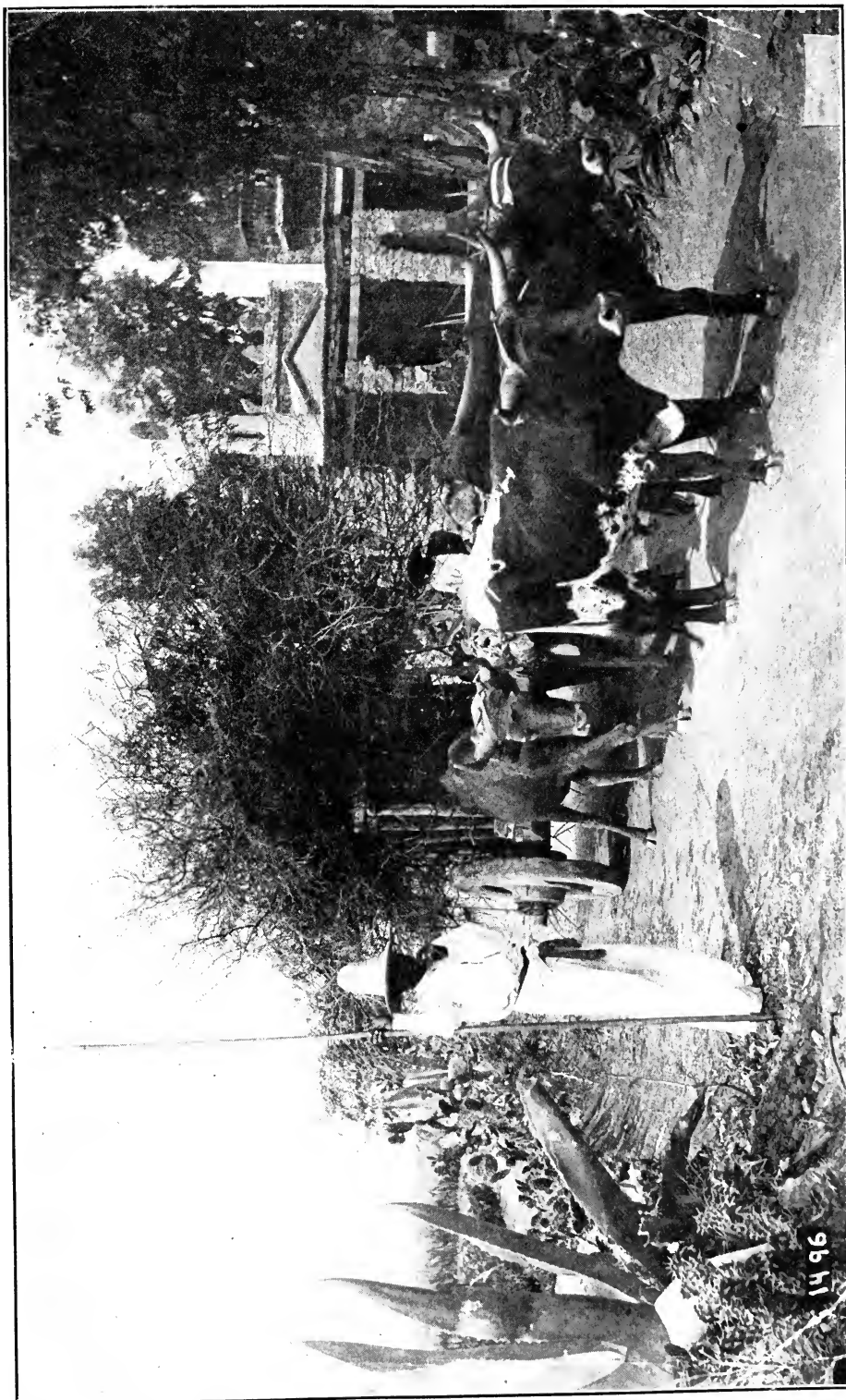
he dreaded the exposure of a divorce court, still believing that she was legally his wife. So for one miserable year he had been the recipient of her letters, demanding, threatening, ruining for him all the joy he might have found in his well-earned prosperity. It had also planted the weed of bitterness in his heart—bitterness toward all womankind. Then all he had ever longed for materialized itself in Violet, and made him more miserable in the realization that it was impossible for him to speak of that love while this woman existed.

"But now from what your brother says, I am a free man. I should have suspected that before, and I can easily enough have the woman's career traced, and confirm your brother's statement, and then when I do—why—."

Violet was a simple young thing. She just couldn't pretend that she was not almost suffocated with joy, and as for asking him to wait for his answer, or that she couldn't make her decision then—and all that stuff—it was impossible! She fairly bounced into his arms.

Then the "man kissed the maiden all forlorn who had milked the cow Hortense with the perfectly straight horn, who didn't hook the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that stole the iron box that lay in the house that Jack built."





Resting in the Shade in Old Mexico

TO AN AMERICAN DESERT

By Burt Franklin Jenness

O, vast and incomparable land;
Fearful in your vastness, like the sea;
Immeasurable as your shifting sands;
Indescribable place of mystery.
With your leagues of shining billows which,
 though still
As the purple peaks you stretch away to meet,
Appear to move across your breast like tides,
When seen beneath that veil of radiant heat,
Which rising from your surface through the
 day,
So blends your tuft of sage and drifts of sand,
And lifts your tiny hills in dull mirage,
That it brings you phantom lakes and wooded
 land.

The transient twilight is your wonder hour,
And in the splendor of the setting sun
Your cooling wastes put forth their kindest hues.
And like some giant canvas, deftly done
In sepia touched with gold and softest gray,
You blend your restful colors in the view,
Until in dreamy distance you are lost
Beneath a haze of purple and of blue.
At night your world is cool, and strangely still,
Save the cry of lone coyotes through the gloom;
Your cacti and your giant ocatilla,
Like stalking spectres, in the darkness loom.

Where, years before the Long-Horn cropped the
 range,
The bison and the redskin used to roam
Your arid tracts, and free and unafraid
The lobo and coyote made their home,
The feet of science, ever marching on,
Have trod within the bounds of your domain;
Your alkali expanse has been re-claimed,
And soon may waving fields of golden grain
Replace your low mesquite and hardy sage,
And soon the sound of reapers may be heard,
And flowing streams may mingle with your
 sands,
And time may change your types of beast and
 bird;
But if your rainbow hues must fade away,
And all your desert splendor disappear
When through your barren wastes are fertile
 lands,
And you are bathed in humid atmosphere;
If we must cease to gaze in breathless awe
Across the miles of your stupendous plain,
And all your sunset beauty there must change,
Then give us your primeval sands again!



Prominent Leaders in the Flathead Tribe

SPUR OF FAME

(Continued from page 14)

How pleased she would be! He saw her start at times in her sleep, and knew that she was dreaming of the printed poetry.

At last in the gray of the muggy morning he heard the whistle of the carrier. He had told him to whistle that he might know he was coming, and he had asked him to knock at the door in case he were asleep. But there was no need for knocking. He grasped the paper from the carrier's hands and gave him the five cents he had kept ready for this great occasion.

"Hold on," he said, as the man turned away with his bundle. "I'll need more than this one copy. Give me a dozen."

The carrier passed the papers over and took the money. He wished there were waiting poets on every corner.

Trembling with such jerkiness that he could hardly open the folded paper that he grasped from his pile as it lay on the little table in the back room, Massey fumbled with the leaves. Somehow his glasses would not sit upon his nose, and had to be adjusted a score of times. His first grab and the eager search that followed it resulted in nothing more than a survey of a great mass of want advertisements. Next he blundered upon a row of headlines that told of battle, murder, sudden death and destruction. Then came a page devoted to a great wedding. He turned the leaves. Here were the editorials and then more news and advertisements.

A maze of streaky pinks and blues ran before his eyes. It was the color supplement, "The Sunday Magazine," and he glared at it uncertainly. Could his fame be wrapped up in these pinks and blues? "Society Women as Astresses" was the subject he read, and he turned over the sheet. Then he gave a great gasp and the paper shook in his clammy clutch. "The Bard of the Bakery," and his own face gazing solemnly forth from the page!

He stared hard and said:

"Wal, that ain't so bad! And look at the verses! But what's all this readin' matter about? Ah-ha: There's 'The Match Boy's Mother,' and here's 'Dyin,' Dyin'.' Lord but it's great!"

He rubbed his hands and adjusted his glasses again.

"Hooray!" he shouted. "An' here's my favorite, 'The Ol' Man's Darlin'.' That's Simsie. Hooray!"

He read a few of the lines. At the first the type seemed all to run together. Finally the blur cleared.

"They've got 'em all right, though the print's

mighty fine. But this here readin' matter. Let's see: 'A new poet has been discovered in the Mission.' That's pretty good. 'He is known as the Bard of the Bakery. There have been Byrons in San Francisco and there have been Swinburnes, but nothing was known of any Homer; yet here is one who has drunk the true, the blushful Hippocrene.' What does that mean? Well, it's mighty high-soundin' and it's a way-up send-off—a reg'lar puff!"

He read on down the column, slowly and laboriously. At the top of the column he had been all smiles, but as he read his brow began to take on a puzzled look. Then he looked up very thoughtfully. Under the "Match Boy's Mother" was the comment,—

"Is not here a source of infinite delight?"

"Infinite delight, infinite delight!" he repeated. "Delight about what? This is a very sad piece. He ain't joshin' me, is he?"

He read on to where at the bottom of the first column the sarcasm grew thinner, and at the top of the next column, just above his portrait, he caught the phrase, "juggling with hexameters," and a little further along, "scooping out verse by the shovelful," "song foundry," and "immortal lyrics while you wait." Then came the prefatory comment on "Dying, Dying," in which appeared the words: "Out of this de-oxygenated doughnutry has come the following, which anybody can see, without reading twice, is far greater poetry than any railroad time table ever hung up in the Oakland Ferry waiting room." And from that on to the end of the article there were spear-points, stocks and the rack.

The old man began to moan low over his table, and his head sank and sank as he read on. The cobra sting at the end felled him. It read:—

"And if any of the lion hunters wish to see this oud verse founder making poetry, all they have to do is to go out on Mission Street to the number mentioned in the foregoing paragraph and see him at his immortal work. He will reel you off one of his precious absurdities while you revel in the sight of sugared sinkers, palate-inviting fluffies and caraway cakes.

"If you don't happen to fancy the awful rhymes you will soon ascertain that you are not one of the discerning. The ancient poet will tell you he knows it's good poetry, for he wrote it himself."

Massey's head fell upon the bony arms that rested on the table. The candle burned itself out, but he did not move.

An hour later Simsie was awakened by the

knock of the man with the bread. She ran past her father and received a dozen loaves which she laid upon the counter.

"Why, Pop!" she cried. You didn't go to bed a' tall. An' you went to sleep out here. Oh, the paper! That's so. Is it in? Let's see!"

Massey's arms held the sheet down, but they did not cover it.

"My, but that's a good picture o' Pop! Ain't it though, for all the world? And there's the pieces. It must 'a made him awfully happy." She touched his shoulder gently. "Pop, wake up, an' go to bed now. You mus' be nearly worn out. Sat up, poor old Pop. But he can't sleep good there. Come, Pop; git up!" She shook his shoulder, her fingers grasping the rusty old coat. "Pop, Pop! You've got to git to bed. D'ye hear me? Pop!"

An early customer came in for a loaf of bread.

"Help me to wake Pop, Mis' Wiggin. I can't git him to bed."

The woman looked at the old man a moment, then she touched his hand, and drew back in alarm.

"Why, he ain't breathin', an' he's cold as a stun! He's dead, that's what he is! Oh, Simsie!"

And that quick, searching grief which smites at the heart rose up and smote the child.

Poston took complete charge of the funeral and dressed Simsie suitable for it. In the carriage coming back from the cemetery, she said:

"I'm glad he died happy, anyway. That was a splendid piece you printed about him. There was some things I didn't quite understand, an' what did you say 'precious absurdities' for?"

"Oh, the printers got it wrong! I say, Simsie, will you do me a favor?"

"I'd do anything for you—you've been so good, promisin' to take care o' me, an' all."

"Will you burn up all the copies you've got of the Herald with that poetry in? I mean all the copies you've got—every one, and not keep any?" He urged the request so insistently that she could not help saying "Yes," though she wanted to keep the printed verses for her father's sake. "You wouldn't like them when you grew up," he said. "That is, they would seem different to you, you know, and then you've got all the written copies you want."

They were silent for a while. Simsie was thinking of the strangeness of the request her friend had made, and Poston was thinking of something else, which finally developed itself in the question:—

"Now, Simsie, what school would you rather go to—the Horace Mann or the Mission Grammar?"

"Oh, the Mission Grammar! It's nearer to the bakery."

"But you're not going to live there any more. You're going to stay with Mrs. Wiggin."

"Yes, but I'd like to be near the old place, on account o' Pop."

The girl sighed and looked out of the carriage window through wet eyelids.

GOLD SMITH'S STRIKE

(Continued from page 36)

"Mum's right!"

At the end of his six-mile trip each night to the edge of Gold Smith's drop, Joe unloaded his ore and camouflaged it under muck from the tunnel.

Never in his life had Joe worked so hard, but he sang while he did it. His deed was the blackest that can be committed in the code of the honest miner, but he gloried shamelessly in it.

Then there came a night when he was ready for his master stroke. So carefully had he laid his plans that a few minutes after Gold Smith left the tunnel, Joe, Harry and a gang of the latter's trusted muckers, seized the muck car and began loading it with the rich ore from the Eclipse for a trip to the head of the tunnel. They worked desperately until break of day. Then they drove hastily away to Hammond, with the knowledge that their work was well done. Where worthless muck had been piled against the tunnel head there was now a heap of rich ore, as though it had been broken from the wall with Gold Smith's parting blast of the night before.

At noon Joe, again in his overseas uniform, walked up the road to the Ellison cabin. A pathetic little figure sat huddled on the doorstep and Joe's heart leaped. He had been unfair to her. He had not communicated with her during the whole week. Screened by the brush he watched for a moment. Tavie—his Tavie—was suffering, but he suffered with her. And while he watched he saw Gold Smith come wildly up the trail from the mine. He was shouting excitedly and Tavie ran to meet him.

In the old man's hand was a heavy sample of ore which he held out to the girl.

"The strike! The strike! I made the strike!" he kept shouting.

Tavie examined it carefully. Then she laughed hysterically, only to break off short and throw herself on the ground, sobbing.

That was enough for Joe. He dashed from hiding and bent over her.

"Tavie! Tave, sweetheart, I came after you!"

Gold Smith was shaking Joe's shoulder and demanding that he look at the ore, but Joe pushed him away. Talking incoherently to the girl, he held her until her sobs ceased.

"Tavie, it's Joe, and I came after you!"

"Joe! I don't want you. I hate you!" Suddenly she tore herself from him and sat back on the ground staring at him.

"You sent me away so your father could stay at the mine," he charged her. "Now he has made the strike and we can all go away."

"You stayed away. You didn't try to come back."

"I came. I stayed away as long as I could."

"She's the richest strike ever made in the Coeur d'Alenes," Gold Smith insisted, irrelevantly, thrusting his precious sample upon the attention of the young couple at the height of their tragic moment.

Joe and Tavie looked at each other, and somehow there wasn't any tragedy to it, and they laughed, and Tavie found herself again in the arms of her lover.

"We all got to go right down to Spokane

an' you'ns can get married tomorrer," Gold Smith was saying, though they scarcely heard him. "I'll turn the old mine over to you, Joe."

"Say, now, that's the proper thing, and you get right away where you don't have to be worried with it," Joe said, looking up at the old man.

"Funny thing," Gold Smith went on. "Spent most o' my life diggin' that tunnel, then go an' make the strike sommers else."

"Somewhere else!" Suddenly Joe was on his feet, staring at his prospective father-in-law. "What do you mean, somewhere else? It was at the head of the tunnel, wasn't it?"

"Why, nope, Joe. I ain't been down to the head of the main tunnel since—since you was up here last. Sort a got discouraged an' give up. Thought mebber it 'ud change my luck to follow up that drift I started off the main tunnel, 'bout fifty feet from the mouth, ten years ago. An'—an' the strike come on the fourth charge I set off. What y' lookin' so queer about, son?"

"Why, nothing, only strikes are the darndest things I ever heard of. I went down to the head of the main tunnel this morning and never dreamed of looking in that old drift!"



THE OTHER MAN'S GAME

(Continued from page 24)

Mrs. Stevens started to protest, but the Colonel interrupted and led her from the room. Ted turned toward the bed as the door closed. "Wait, Doctor, I think——" began the girl, catching Ted's sleeve.

"Just a moment," Ted checked her, freeing his arm. "I've got to get some instruments and medicine from my suitcase and you'd better come with me, Charlie."

"Keep him on the bed, you fellows," Ted admonished from the door, as he stepped outside. Mulvay bumped into the Colonel and Mrs. Stevens as he stepped out—and both were laughing.

"Look!" Ted whispered, pointing through the partly opened door. The sick man had jumped off the bed and frantically grabbed his coat.

"I guess the doctor wins this trick," he said to the girl. He caught up a blanket from the bed and stepped out into the night, followed by the other boys.

"Well, by Jove! You were right!" the Colonel remarked. "Cal was pretendin', but he sure had me fooled at first."

Ted laughed and nodded.

"How did you happen to tumble?" Mulvay asked. "I sure thought they had the goods on you, all right."

"The looking-glass of the dresser did it," Ted replied. "I thought I was up against the real thing myself, until I saw the sick man wink at the girl in the mirror. I'll bet twenty cents she planned the whole thing." And with that, he stepped back into the room.

"Where's my patient?" he asked Miss Reynolds.

She was smiling now, with an effort at composure, though it was plain that she felt chagrin that the joke had failed.

"I think the boys were only trying to fool you," she made reply. "They don't believe you're a real doctor."

Ted stepped over to the girl and looked down into her face—a smile in both their eyes.

"Now I wonder just where they got that impression?" he remarked. "Do you suppose someone coaxed them into doing that?"

The Coloney nudged Mulvay.

"I think those two want to have a talk," he whispered: "suppose we give them a chance?"

The Colonel led the way to the porch where he and Mulvay spent another hour talking; but without Mulvay getting a chance to learn anything about the girl. Shortly after he had gone to the room that he and Ted were to occupy,

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the champion came, apparently well pleased about something.

"Believe me, Charlie, that's some girl," he volunteered, starting to unlace his shoes.

"Watch your step, or you'll be falling in love."

Ted laughed boyishly.

"I think I've fallen already. You know how it is when you meet the right woman?"

Mulvay knew. He had met his "right woman" seven years before, and had lost no time in buying the ring, but as he crawled over to his side of the bed, he worried a bit over Ted's statement. And when he awoke, late the next morning, to learn that Ted and the girl had already gone for a horseback ride, his worry returned.

He didn't quite like the situation. Of course, Ted was old enough to know his own business, but, in the absence of Rube Connors, the champion's manager, he felt a certain responsibility for Ted. In fact, when they had left Connors at the hotel in Denver before starting to the ranch, the manager had jokingly cautioned Mulvay to "keep a close eye on my breadwinner while you're out there."

Mulvay wouldn't have felt so much anxiety had he been sure the girl was Miss Reynolds, because Miss Reynolds had the reputation of being a mighty fine young lady. But he almost knew that this girl was not the actress.

In the first place, she wasn't the type of girl he had understood Miss Reynolds to be. And secondly, he remembered her unwillingness to talk of the stage. What puzzled him most, however, had been her quick recognition of Ted and her efforts to make him admit his identity. It seemed as though she had known him from the first.

Mulvay begun wondering if Ted's trip to the ranch could have had anything to do with her coming there. Of course, he might learn something about that by asking the Colonel outright, but she had seemed to know the Colonel and was his guest—so he couldn't do that.

The trip had been carefully planned, because of Ted's desire to remain unknown. Only two others—Ted's manager and a fight promoter, Dick Godfrey, who was trying to arrange an important match for the champion—knew of their whereabouts. And both were above suspicion.

Still, Mulvay remembered the immortal Bobby and "the best laid plans of mice and men," and he figured that something might have slipped in this case. Perhaps some crooked fight promoter, despairing of beating the cham-

pion by fair means, had planned to trap him with a clever woman? At any rate, he decided it wouldn't do any harm to have a little talk with Ted at the first opportunity. And that opportunity came while they were in their room together, just before dinner.

"There's something I'd like to mention, Ted," Mulvay used as an opening; "that is, if you won't think I'm butting into your business."

"All right, Charlie," Ted replied, with a knowing smile that rather disconcerted the other. "You know I always bank on your advice. Only, if it concerns this girl, I'd rather you waited a bit. You see, we're playing a nice little game, she and I. And I want to be fair."

"Then you don't think she's Miss Reynolds?"

"I'm sure she isn't, but I'd rather wait to find out who she really is. Right now, it's a kind of a contest in which we're both trying to make the other admit our real names. See?"

Mulvay didn't quite "see," but before he could ask any more questions, the Colonel came to the door and called them to dinner.

As soon as they had finished eating, Ted and the girl struck out for a lawn-swing in a distant corner of the yard, and Mulvay, feeling a bit lonesome, accepted the Colonel's invitation to ride over the ranch.

It was nearly five o'clock when they returned and Ted met them at the gate. He motioned Mulvay to get out of the car as the Colonel started toward the stable.

"Say! I just talked to Connors over the phone—from Denver. Godfrey was with him and they're all ready to sign articles for that big fight. I told him we'd try to meet them in Denver tomorrow. What do you think about it?"


"We'd better go. That it—if you can get the Colonel to take us in."

Ted brought up the subject at the supper table that night, merely stating that they must go to Denver on business. The old rancher studied a moment.

"I've got to go over past Corna tomorrow; to the 4X ranch to see some calves," he stated. "Suppose I take you boys into Corna in time for the ten o'clock stage to Denver and meet you when the stage comes out at five? You'll have about three hours in Denver, if that will be time enough?"

"That's plenty time," Ten replied. And the plan was accepted.

It was nine-thirty the next morning when



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the Colonel let Ted and Mulvay out of the car in front of Snead's store.

"You'll have about a half hour to wait before the stage leaves," he remarked. "I'll stay at the 4X for dinner and aim to meet you here when the stage gets in." He reached down to release the brake.

"Hey! Colonel," called the storekeeper, from the door. Then he came out to the car.

"There's somethin' I think I ought to tell you," he began. "The boys from out at your place was just in the store and the funny part about that was that they bought three suits of overalls and three new handkerchiefs. They were jokin' and laughin' with Jim Driscoll, the stagedriver, and I noticed they paid particular attention to that poster of the Coverall Brothers. They're plannin' somethin'—and Driscoll's in on the deal—whatever it is."

The Colonel's teeth turned over his cigar as his mind turned over this information. Finally, he smiled.

"Don't tell the boys you seen me," he said to the storekeeper, then he jerked open the car door and remarked: "Get back in, boys, and we'll frame a little joke ourselves while we have time."

"You see how it is?" he continued, as the machine started up the street. "The boys heard you ask about that stage at supper last night and they've beat us into town to frame up another joke." He stopped before an office that bore a sign, "Sheriff's Office," and led the way inside.

"Mornin' Sheriff," he greeted, as a big, roughly-dressed man arose. "These boys are friends of mine—Doctor Carrol and Mr. Mulvay."

The sheriff's nod was a greeting.

"You know the three boys out at my place? The ones that are always pullin' some kind of a joke?"

The sheriff grinned as he nodded.

"Know 'em?" he repeated. "I'll never forget 'em. Nor their confounded jokes either. I was over on the western slope one time, with a posse, when those gol-darned jokers turned a pet bear loose among our horses while we were eating dinner at a ranchhouse and it took us all the rest of the day to round up our mounts."

"Well, I think it's about time somebody broke them of this jokin' habit," the Colonel stated, "and I've come to get your help. We just learned they intend to dress up like the Coveralls and pull a fake hold-up of the stage this afternoon. If you can spare the time, I wish you'd try to catch them dead to rights and

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lock them up in the calaboose all night. You can pretend you think they're the real Coveralls, and I'll back your play all the way through."

This time, the sheriff laughed outright. "Where do you figure they'll try to pull it?" he asked.

"There's only one place within ridin' distance of the ranch where they can do it—that strip of timber along Red Creek."

The sheriff must have been picturing to himself the would-be holdups being held up in return for the time the bear had stampeded those horses. He was smiling broadly.

"Sure, I'll do it," he stated. "I'll get three or four deputies and we'll be here in my car at three o'clock. You want to come along yourself, don't you?"

"Ted and Mr. Mulvay will be in the stage—that's what the hold-up's for," the Colonel replied, biting his lip because he had unthinkingly called Ted by his first name. "And I don't want the boys to see me with you. After you've made the capture, I'll drive along—accidental like—and pretend to be surprised that the Coverall Brothers have been working for me all this time."

After a few hurried instructions from both the Colonel and the sheriff, Ted and Mulvay returned to Sneed's store, where Driscoll's car stood waiting. The driver pretended to be surprised at seeing them, but there was a peculiar smile on his face as they climbed into the car; the smile of a man who has something he would like to tell—but can't.

The car—the same open Ford they had ridden out in, was in good running order, which, coupled with Driscoll's willingness to "turn her loose," was responsible for their reaching Denver at eleven-thirty. Ted and Mulvay climbed out in front of the American Hotel and Connors and Godfrey came down the steps to meet them.

"I'll pick you up here at three o'clock," Driscoll called, as he started up the street.

Mulvay talked with the others a few minutes, then excused himself and walked over to the Western Union office. There he carefully worded a telegram to Archie Roach, of the Chicago Daily News. It concerned a certain Miss Reynolds, and after Mulvay had eaten lunch, witnessed Ted sign the agreement for the fight and was ready to start back to the ranch, he received the reply he had been expecting.

He determined to show Ted the wire and have another talk regarding the girl as they rode out in the stage, but circumstances prevented that. When the stage stopped before the hotel, Driscoll

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coll already had another passenger, a well-dressed, quiet-looking man of middle age. And the stranger was in the rear seat. Accordingly, Ted took the place beside the driver and Mulvay climbed into the vacant rear seat.

At first, Mulvay, with a newspaper man's freedom, tried to lead the stranger into conversation, but when he realized the man did not want to talk, he gave himself over to his thoughts and his cigar as the miles flitted by.

As the car neared the strip of timber, Mulvay felt his pulse quicken. He expected something to happen—and he wasn't disappointed. The Ford bumped across a little bridge over the creek and entered the timber, and, just as it did so, a man stepped from behind a boulder.

"Hands up!" he barked. His voice had the chilly smartness of an army officer. He wore a Stetson hat, with a red bandana over his face and a long suit of coveralls covered his body. Instantly, another man, similarly garbed, had appeared on either side. All of them held wicked looking revolvers—and held them ready for use.

The man who had first appeared stepped closer.

"Get out," he ordered, "and keep your hands in the air."

Mulvay, Ted and the driver obeyed with alacrity but the man in the rear seat seemed slow.

"Get a move on," snapped the nearest outlaw.

"Better leave him alone, boys," cautioned Driscoll. "He isn't in on this."

"The Hell he ain't," retorted the bandit who had spoken. "Who asked your advice?" He sprang upon the car-step and shoved his gun close to the stranger's face. "Come alive—pronto," he hissed.

"Wait a minute, Tom."

It was the man who had first stopped the car who spoke. He appeared to be the leader and he held up his hand for silence. From back up the road, came a sound; the whir of an approaching motor.

"Get back in the car, you fellows. Quick!" ordered the leader.

As his command was obeyed, he sprang onto the car-step and another bandit took the opposite step. The third, with a safe grip for his feet on the baggage-rack behind the car, swung his body up behind the rear seat and hung there.

"Drive into the timber and look where you're going."

This order was meant for the driver and he started the car.

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The timber was heavy and as the machine passed under the low limb of a tree, it was necessary for those in the car and on the steps to duck forward. Just ahead was another low branch that threatened to scrape the car and Mulvay saw Ted, Driscoll and the outlaws lean forward again. Then something happened!

Ted's right arm, close to the face of the nearest outlaw, shot upward and caught the man on the point of the jaw, then whirling instantly, the champion leaned across the hunched body of the driver and struck the bandit on the opposite step with a straight right cross to the face. Both men toppled backward off the steps, and Ted, too late to duck now, caught the branch overhead with his hands as the car passed under it.

Mulvay remembered the third outlaw and whirled about, but his help wasn't needed. As the forward movement of the car caused Ted to swing free of the seats, he locked his legs around the neck of the bandit who was hanging onto the rear and pulled him off backward.

Ted and the surprised outlaw struck the ground together and even as they landed, the champion, with the slightest shift of his shoulder, whipped a terrific right hook to the man's chin that put him out for the time being.

Mulvay saw the champion spring back and look around. With his head slightly lowered, body crouched forward and face keenly alert, Ted looked every inch the perfect fighting machine that Mulvay had often called him in the sport column of the paper.

Another bandit—the first one Ted had struck—was on his feet now and searching for his gun. Before he could pick it up, the champion darted closer, and with a left jab to the mouth that made the man lift his guard, sent a straight right to the stomach that knocked him out.

The third man, a red-haired giant, had lost his gun, mask, and hat, but he still had the fighting spirit left, and as Ted turned from the second outlaw, the red-haired man struck him in the face.

For a moment, there was a splendid battle, the bandit trying to throw his lighter opponent to the ground and the champion breaking each hold. Then, just as the driver finally got the car stopped, Ted's left arm came free and began shooting hook after hook to the outlaw's face. An instant later, it was all over. The bandit, protecting his face, gave Ted an opening for a right uppercut that ended the battle.

By the time Mulvay had jumped from the car and reached his side, Ted had jerked the rawhide hatband from the nearest outlaw's hat

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and was calmly tying his hands behind his back with it. He treated another in the same manner and turned to the red-haired leader.

"What do you know about this?" Ted remarked. "Here's the same chap who wanted to bet he could handle a dozen prize-fighters in a real scrap, day before yesterday." Driscoll had turned the car now and drove up, a puzzled expression on his face.

"I thought this was a frame-up," he said to Ted. "Just a little joke by some boys from the Stevens ranch."

"That's what I thought, too," Ted answered, "until I noticed the leader's red hair and heard what they said to the stranger." Ted favored their fellow passenger with a glance and the man smiled as he stated: "I knew it wasn't any joke, and I guess I know just what these fellows were after. I've got six thousand dollars—the money for the payroll of the mines at Corna—in a bag under that car seat, and they must have known that I was coming out on the stage."

"I guess I owe you something," he continued, stepping over and offering his hand to Ted. The champion laughed and shook his head.

"No, I had a little personal bet to settle with these fellows," he remarked; and Mulvay alone, understood why he smiled.

"The sheriff's somewhere in these woods," Mulvay stated. Let's load these chaps into the car and see if he knows who they are."

Two of the bandits had recovered now and were able to climb into the car, but the third man had to be lifted. With the paymaster in the front seat beside Driscoll and Ted and Mulvay riding the steps, the stage returned to the road.

Rounding a bend, they came upon an unusual sight. The sheriff, with three deputies, was loading three handcuffed prisoners into a car. They were the boys from the Stevens ranch and they all wore Stetson hats and coverall suits. At one side of the road, calmly watching proceedings from his Ford, sat the Colonel. And beside his car, stood Miss Reynolds.

"Good Lord! Here's the girl mixed up in this," Ted exclaimed. Before Mulvay could answer, the stage pulled up beside the sheriff's car and Driscoll asked: "What's the excitement, Pete?"

"Just caught the Coverall Brothers right in the act of holding up a tourist car," replied the officer. "I had a tip they were going to stop the stage this afternoon but they must have got excited and stopped the wrong car."

"That was a joke—holding up the stage,"

Driscoll stated. "They had that all framed up with me."

"That's all it was, a joke," remarked the girl, stepping between the two cars. "Just a little plan to capture Mr. Vickers and make him admit his real name."

The sheriff noticed the bound men in the car.

"Who you got there?" he inquired.

"We had a little hold up ourselves," explained the driver, "and this Ted Vickers—or Doctor Carrol—which ever he is, captured three armed bandits with his bare hands."

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed one of the deputies, glancing down at the men in the car. "They're got the real Coveralls, Sheriff—and they've been living right in Corna all the time. No wonder they've been able to give us the slip so easy."

The sheriff turned toward Ted.

"So you're Ted Vickers, are you?" he began, holding out his hand. "Well, I've seen you do some wonderful fighting in the ring, once or twice, but darned if I thought you could handle the Coverall Brothers in a real fight, single-handed."

Ted glanced at the red-haired man who had regained consciousness now, but he didn't say anything. The sheriff spoke in an undertone to the Colonel, then turned toward his own captives.

"Listen," he said to the boys from the ranch. "Maybe it's true that you fellows were only planning a joke this time, but remember, I've got a bona fide charge of highway robbery against you any time I want to push it. And I'm going to push it the very next time I hear of you pulling any more jokes."

"We got enough this time, Sheriff," one of the boys answered, and the others nodded assent.

"All right, I'll let you go on parole," stated the officer, unlocking the cuffs. "I need my car to take the Coveralls into town."

As the boys started to get the horses they had hidden in the timber and the officers put the Coveralls into the sheriff's car, the girl stepped over to the Colonel.

"I think I deserve some punishment, Colonel," she said. "You see, I planned this whole thing and the boys only carried it out."

"You did!" Ted exclaimed. "Why?"

"Because I've known—ever since the night before you were coming—that you weren't Doctor Carrol. And I wanted to make you admit it."

"Well, you know now," Mulvay broke in. "Suppose you play fair?"

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"Play fair?"

"Yes," Mulvay laughed. "We've both known all the time that you're not Miss Reynolds, and I received word from Chicago today that Miss Reynolds is still at the Broadway theater."

She smiled easily.

"No. I'm not Miss Reynolds. I saw that name in a Chicago paper as I came out on the train and persuaded the Colonel to introduce me as the actress at the hotel—because Mr. Vickers' impersonation of Doctor Carrol prevented the use of my own name. That's why I spoke to you before the theater—I intended to explain things and then offer to keep your secret."

"I don't understand—" Ted began.

"Of course you didn't," the girl went on. "I came West unexpectedly and when you insisted that you were Doctor Carrol, I simply had to take another name or spoil the neat little plan you and the Colonel had worked out. You see, I'm Doctor Carrol's sister."

Ted didn't say anything for a few minutes, but as Mulvay rode to the ranch in the front seat with the Colonel, he overheard the champion say something to the girl about changing her name again—and her happy laugh caused him to remember what Ted had said about finding the right woman.

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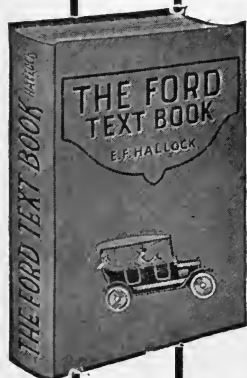
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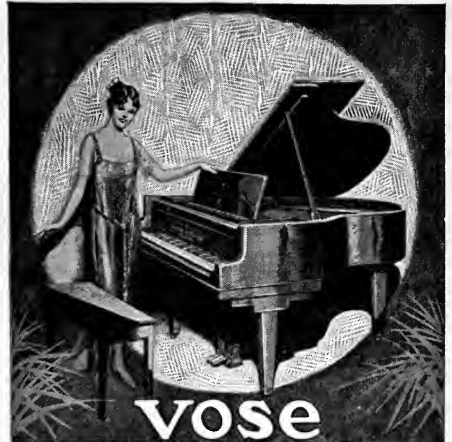
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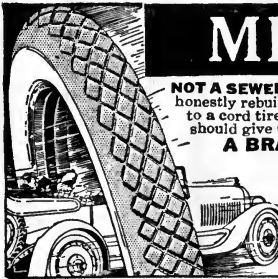
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Vol. LXXVII

JUNE, 1921

No. 6

Playing Square With the Pueblo Indians

By GEORGE LAW

MANY years had passed since I last set foot in the pueblo of Santo Domingo. However, I noticed no change. It was the same unmodernized congregation of mud houses with their dabs of whitewash and startling blue, receding second stories, long pole ladders, chimneys capped with earthen jars, strings of red chilis dangling from projecting beams—baroque crudity perfectly becoming the desert, and ingenuously attractive. There was the same colorful bustle of life; slim erect females balancing jars and baskets on their heads, half-naked children, frowsy males.

Notwithstanding the lapse of time my Indian friends knew me. They even called me by name, which was more than most of my former American neighbors could do.

But shortly I became aware of an undercurrent of uneasiness.

"What is it, Ventura?" I asked my old friend.

His lively black eyes seemed to search me. Satisfied that I was the same (in heart) as the white boy who had passed days beside his hearth, sharing full in the Indian life, he mouthed a significant "Come," and led me to a house buried deep in the village.

Here a number of middle-aged and old men were gathered. It was a dim interior receiving light only from one small window. In a corner-fireplace red coals were glowing. A pile of cornhusks lay on the floor. The air was thick with tobacco smoke. I attempted to roll a corn-husk cigarette; succeeded in amusing the

assembly. Santiago deftly accomplished the trick for me, and another Indian held up a glowing torch. Then they told their story.

"So it is citizenship again," I murmured.

A paper was thrust into my hand. It proved to be a communication from a New Mexico congressman stating that the time had arrived when the Pueblos must choose between two masters—Washington or New Mexico. The old question of wardship or citizenship.

"Which do you want?" I enquired.

Out of the soft jargon Santiago interpreted: "We want them to let us alone."

I had not the heart to try to vindicate our policy of aggressive interference, nor to try to lead them to see the necessity for chance. Then in the course of my visit, remingling in the blithe happy life of the Indian village, I began to ask myself: Why can't we let the Pueblo Indians alone?

Twelve thousand human beings, or nearly that number, comprise the Pueblo Indian nation. They dwell in twenty-eight villages in tribal groups spread over the territory between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and the Grand Canyon in Arizona. All of the men, and many of the women, are natural born farmers, having always, so far as our histories and their traditions go, dry-farmed and irrigated the desert. The barrenness and dreariness of their chosen land have repelled the white man. But now with America's overflowing population, the contracting of the public domain and the develop-

ment of reclamation projects, the lands of the Pueblos are at last being coveted.

The protectorate of isolation is no more. And because the Pueblos are a primitive people, not only undisciplined in our way of life, but actually incapacitated to make the great leap from semi-barbarism to civilization, they are now the unhappy brunt of frontier depredation. They are preyed upon by traders, worried and unsettled by missionaries, harrowed as to their civil rights by local politicians, and neglected by petty representatives of Washington. Obtrusive Mexicans, whose grandfathers the Pueblos saved from destitution, now occupy tracts of the Indian lands; and the local courts sustain them in their possession. Moreover the Pueblos along with all other Indians, are now threatened with the specious boon of citizenship, which, if granted, or, as they look at it, thrust upon them, is certain to complete the property loss, disintegrate their social life and seal their doom.

They are not a people to carp and whine. They take life joyously and ignore trouble. Still they are human beings; they are capable of friendship with foreigners; they even stake the hope of their future upon the fellow-feeling and power of those whom they call "white brothers." In the face of all they are suffering they ask but one thing—not to be supported in idleness—not to be helped with gratuities—not to be furnished with schools, implements, seeds, or in fact anything; but simply to be let alone.

While dreaming of the freedom to work out their own destiny, most of them realize that literally to be let alone is not exactly the thing to be desired. While longing to be left to their own devices, they recognize the need of being protected. To us citizenship is freedom; but to them, unqualified to maintain their rights, it is subjection. Indeed if their lives are to continue either we must enable them to protect themselves, or we must take it upon ourselves to protect them. One thing is certain. They are doomed to perish utterly and miserably unless they are shielded from the forces of evil on the fringe of civilization.

This is no uncommon situation. The War awakened the world to the fact that small nations of defenseless peoples require protection. A new light of justice has dawned upon civilization in this regard. We have been talking about a mandate to save Armenians from Turks. Why not consider the justice and feasibility of saving Pueblo Indians from ourselves? Why not play square with the only red people

left in our territory who still maintain their native social and tribal organization?

The Pueblos possess their own government, a citizenry, well defined and long established civil and religious institutions; their way of life is developed and organized, if not highly developed and organized. They do not need intervention or any sort of close supervision. All they need is a strong, sympathetic friend to protect them from abuse and exploitation. Our Government could easily and inexpensively make itself such a friend, not by continuing to force upon them an aggressive service full of



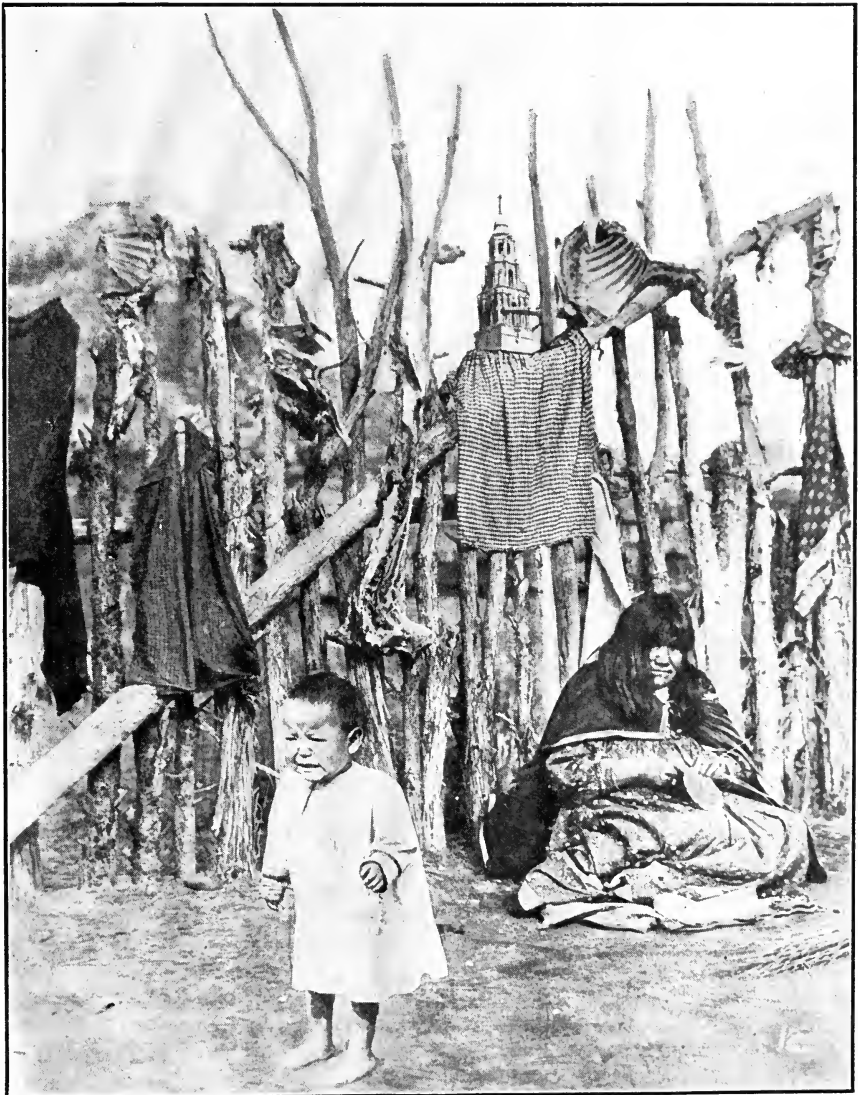
Navajo Woman

overbearing benevolent mistreatment, but simply by a sort of official mandate or protectorate which would assure the Pueblos of the right to their native mode of life and protect them in the pursuance of it.

The Pueblos have not gained recognition politically in that they do not belong to the family of civilized small nations. But it is a fact that their natural development has advanced to a stage of distinctive civility, though not properly civilization. They are remarkably and peculiarly advanced in culture every

way except materially and militarily. That they are deserving of special consideration is recognized by travelers and scientists, in fact by all educated people acquainted with their life and customs.

The name Pueblo Indio was given them by the Spaniards because they dwelt in houses in compactly built and permanent towns or pueblos. They were not wanderers nor fighters. Unlike the common redskins of the hills and plains they were not a predatory wild people. Their development was superior. Not only did



I Wanta Play with the Wash Clothes

they possess houses of an architecture which is now being copied by white residents of the southwest as the sort best suited to the country, but they were considerably advanced in arts and crafts, agriculture and husbandry. While in social organization and government they had worked out a system in many respects superior to those of the semi-civilized nations anteceding our own.

But their evolution had taken a different tangent from that of our forebears. Among us are thinkers who preach collectivism, socialism, communism, as means to the happy adjustment of our social and industrial perplexities. These natives of the Southwest were socialists from the start. They were Marxians before Marx had ancestors. When discovered by the white race they were in possession of an elaborate, complete and workable system of communism. This they still possess, and it is for the sake of this birthright that they do not wish to participate in the white man's mode of life.

They may not have achieved much as we compute achievement. But consider their environment—a desert almost destitute of productive promise. They have always wrested a meagre though sufficient subsistence from the desert. But for the thrift of the Pueblos the Spanish conquerors had perished utterly by starvation. Their simple brand of communism, though permitting some to possess more than others, prevents any from suffering poverty. They are not speculators; they know nothing of manipulating and profiteering. The products of the field and of the hunt, when conveyed into the villages, become the property and dispensation of the women. The ambition of the men must find a different vent from that of material gain.

The influence of their system of government, blend of religious, clan and civil rule, has been such as to produce a morally exemplar people. They are honest and upright in their dealings among themselves and with outsiders; they are industrious and innured to hardship; they are monogamous; they love their homes and children; they have gentle courteous manners; they consider the wants of one another, and among them old age is invested with respect and comeliness. They appear to possess the secret of happiness, though the simplicity and crudeness of its expression may not attract persons of superior intellectual development.

Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which the southwest territory passed from Mexico to the United States, the property and civil rights of the Pueblo Indians are explicitly

guaranteed. Some of their Spanish land grants, though not all, have since been recognized, re-surveyed, and patented to them by our Government.

But we have never seriously considered the right of these people to live in their own way. Tacitly, if not openly, we have ignored, so far as they are concerned, the declaration that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have looked upon the guarantee of their civil liberty as mere rhetoric and have proceeded to deal with them arbitrarily as wards. But the Pueblos are not natural or actual wards. Unlike all other Indians they have continued self-supporting and have never needed nor received gratuities (aside from a few wagons and tools) or material aid.

They are a distinct and independent nation—industrially, socially, politically, every way except legally and militarily. They are not a nation able to assert its right to self-government. They cannot declare independence and launch forth upon a policy of freedom of thought and religion in the pursuit of happiness. They are helpless little communities, woeful anachronisms in our Twentieth Century America. Their communism may be archaic—perhaps, as some might say, prematurely Utopian. Anyway they are in a sad civil plight, be they anachronisms or precursors of a different economic day. Their rights, their happiness, their very lives, hang upon our willingness to grant them the recognition and the protection which small nations throughout the world are beginning to receive as the expression of that higher justice of the New Day.

But these people are Indians, and some of us are pretty sure to question whether they are worthy of such consideration. Moreover is it practicable? and would there be real advantage to them, and to us, in altering our attitude and policy toward them—in ceasing to try to adapt them to our way of life, and in beginning, on the other hand, to safeguard them in the possession and natural development of their own institutions?

Let us look at them more closely.

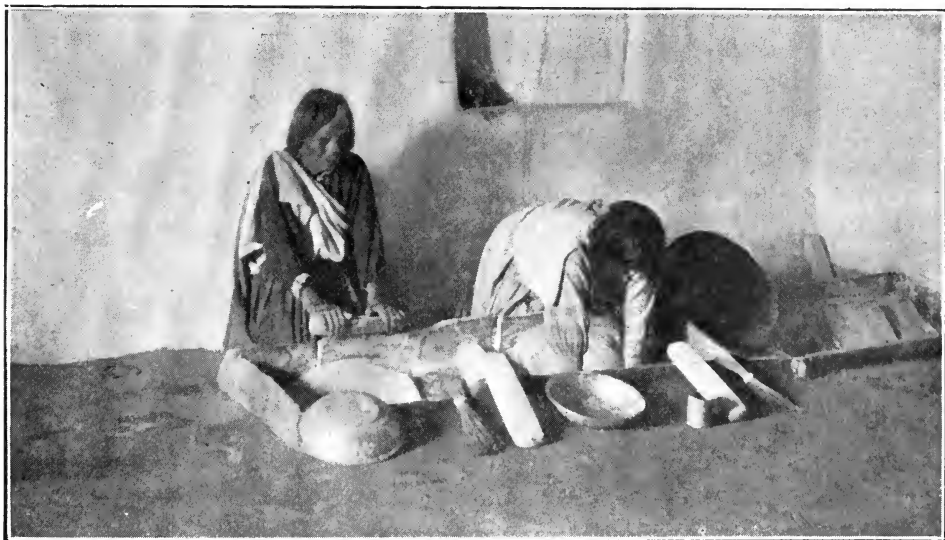
Shortly after the discovery of America, Marcos de Niza, a priest, was firing the minds of the first colonizers of Mexico with extravagant tales of rich cities lying to the north. Under Coronado the region was visited and conquered in 1540. But the rich cities were not found. Instead the explorers came upon the rock and mud villages of the forefathers of the present

Pueblo Indians. Some of the villages had a population of several thousand; others only a few hundred. There were about seventy towns in all with a total population of about 30,000. Six or seven different tongues indicated slight differences in stock. But social development, civil organization and customs pointed to a common origin and bond. The towns though independently governed were federated into tribal groups. The next step promised in the course of unhindered development (and tried by the Indians under pressure of Spanish tyranny) was a union into a single nation.

Though lovers of peace and industry, the Pueblo Indians were perpetually engaged in defensive warfare against the nomadic redskins, later known to us as Apaches, Navajos, Utes

Indians there is now little distinction. It has been give and take from the very start. What of arts, crafts, methods and means of industry and agriculture proved practical, were readily interchanged. The Pueblos gained herds, new plants and trees. The colonists learned the secret of gaining a comfortable livelihood from the desert. But there has been comparatively little voluntary mixing of blood on the part of the Pueblos.

There were many bitter and cruel aspects to the Spanish conquest. Towns were destroyed, the Indians were often enslaved, girl captives were taken, and a strange civil code and religion were thrust willy-nilly upon the natives. Several tribes were obliterated; the Pueblo population decreased two-thirds. The arid, inhospitable



Zuni Women Grinding Meal

and Comanches. These tribes apparently subsisted by pillage. This was one reason, no doubt, why the Pueblos gave the Spaniards so friendly a welcome. In the newcomers they saw a possible ally and champion, while at the same time feeling closer in sympathy with the new colonizers than with the red nomads. The colonizers were for their part greatly attracted by the life of the Pueblos. The lure of riches was actually surpassed, so far as the common people were concerned, by the charm of social organization. It was apparent that in the hands of the Pueblo Indians nature had placed the red man's beacon light of progress.

Between the life of the descendants of the Spanish-Mexican settlers and that of the Pueblo

nature of their environment proved to be the Pueblos' best friend. The conquest lagged and finally stagnated. The life of the Pueblos continued as before with but superficial alterations. To the new religion they diplomatically framed a peaceable attitude. They accepted Christian names donated by the priests, built churches and learned the forms of Roman Catholic worship. A number of villages are now known by the names of their patron saints. Once a year each holds a fiesta, when the barbaric ceremonies are celebrated in traditional form to the honor of some San or Santa. The formalism in their own religion permits the Pueblos to appreciate the signs and rites of Catholicism. If an extra immunity or advantage may be pro-

cured in this way, why not add the rituals of the white man to their own? But when Moses and Jesus are talked to them by Protestant missionaries, they are wholly at sea.

When the United States came into possession in 1848 the condition of the Pueblo Indians was essentially the same as it had been for two centuries. Neither Spain nor Mexico had altered their mode of life to any appreciable extent. They occupied their ancestral lands. They enjoyed the freedom of self-government, while nominally coming under the jurisdiction of the New Mexico administration. None of their customs had changed, while the new religion was an additional form merely. They were without doubt the most independent, conservative and reserved barbarians ever encountered by civilization.

The Pueblos were passed on to us, not as a troublesome charge, nor a source of embarrassment, but as a blithely prospering people owning certain tracts of land in a desert region where few white people cared to live. For many years we did not bother them. Except in the cases of the Hopis and the Zunis, the old grants were patented to them.

Then about forty years ago the Indian Office in Washington became aware of the existence of the Pueblos. To it all Indians were Indians. It had dealt summarily with the redskins of the East and Middle-West. With the empirical knowledge thus acquired it proceeded to deal with the Pueblos.

Washington knew little about Pueblo Indians beyond that they dwelt in quaint terraced houses connected by unnecessarily long ladders. It took for granted that their native organization was about on a par with that of all other Indians. It did not know that they were adepts at agriculture—irrigators and dry-farmers practising methods recently "discovered" after expensive experimentation by the Department of Agriculture. Did not know that they were peaceable and industrious, eschewing friction and able to support themselves. Did not have the faintest notion that nature was treasuring a social ideal as she brooded over their institutions.

Moreover the Southwest has always been remote and backward. Local residents never took interest in the Pueblos because of nearness. The politicians deliberately contrived to have them treated as common Indians because of certain choice pieces of land which might reasonably be expected to go the way of all Indian land in accordance with American tradition.

So our Government came to look upon the Pueblos as troublesome wards, dangerous if left alone, and likely to be good for nothings if aided. The land grants were credited to Spanish carelessness and converted, to all intents and purposes, into reservations. Schools were established. Agents and superintendents transferred from posts in the contracting field to the east and north. Civilization began to be crammed down their throats.

This is a day too late to question the right of the Government to proceed in so high-minded a manner with an independent, land-owning,



Miss Jennie Wallace, a young lady of the Mountain Crow Tribe

unburdensome people. The Pueblos themselves were too trusting and reserved to entertain suspicions of the gymnastic intended for them. Moreover a people who had barely been able to maintain themselves against the nomads of the desert, recognized their own helplessness in the hands of the powerful white nation.

Cramming of civilization down the Indian's throat is accomplished theoretically in three important doses. Education is of course the first. When this has made what the Indian Office considers a competent, the second dose, Land in



Pueblo Indian Baking "Piki" or Paper Bread

Severalty, is administered. Then, supposedly sweet with liberty and privilege, comes Citizenship.

The educating of the Pueblos has been going on since the eighties. Now and then you may run across a middle-aged man who talks first-rate English and converses with surprising intelligence on the incapacity of his people to adopt the white scheme of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. This is usually Carlyle education, accomplishing for the fraction of one per cent who have received it a certain mental clearance in favor of their own institutions.

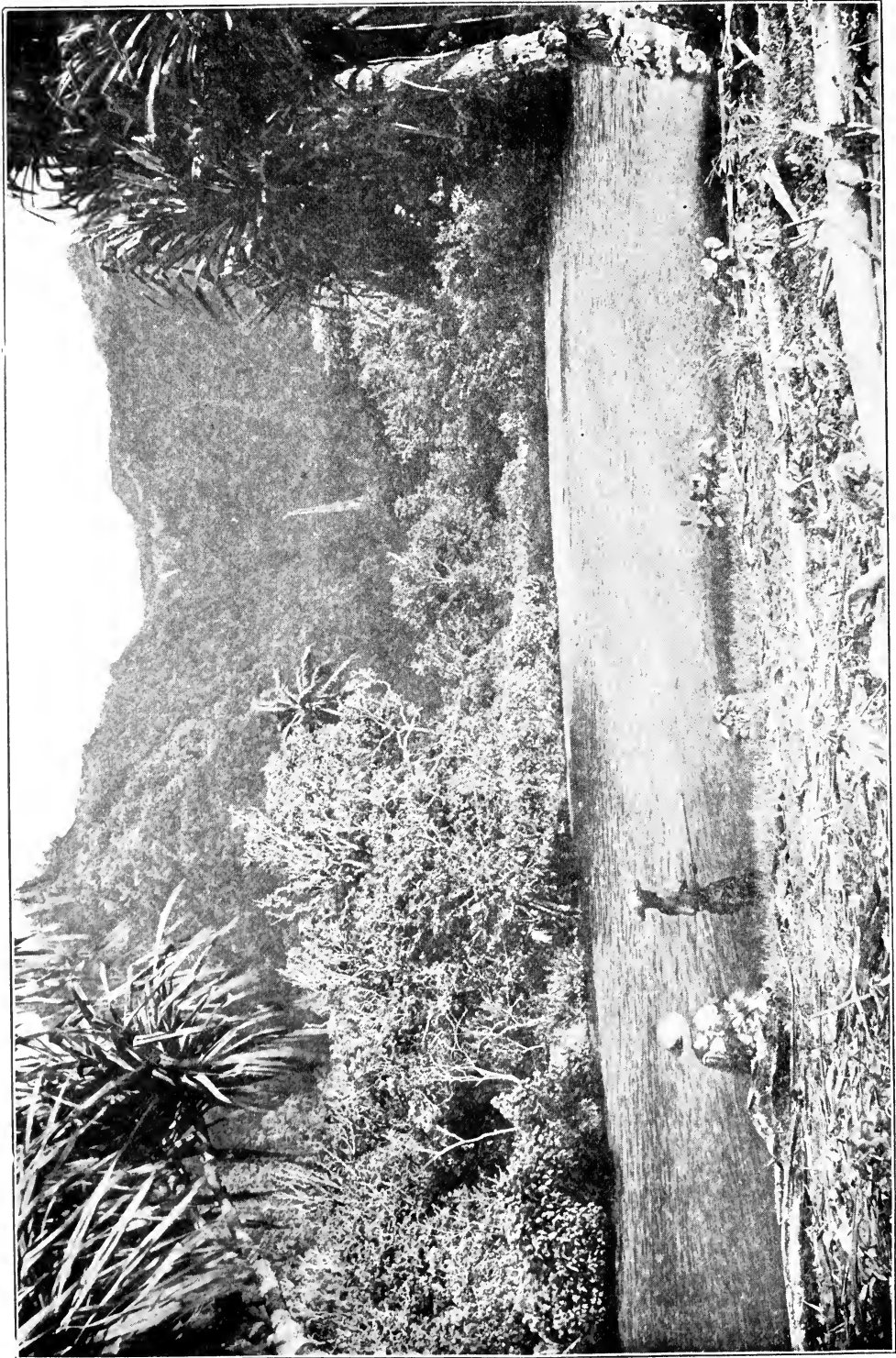
Possibly ten per cent of the Pueblos might be called educated to the extent of using English passably, and of having acquired a precarious insight into the shifty methods of American scalpers. The actual schooling is equivalent to that obtained by a white child of ten. The great bulk of Pueblos possess no education whatsoever, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts, the cruelty and the great expense of the Government. I have known the Pueblos over a period of thirteen years. They use more cook-stoves, lamps, grist-mills and furniture now than they did in 1908; but as regards education they are confirmed amateurs. They get so much but no more. Both the ratio and the effect are constant. They are learning to wear American education in the same way that they

learned to wear the white man's religion. Many practical difficulties obstruct the machinery of education. But aside from these the native virulence, pride and concentration of a people in love with their own scheme of life, render educating the Pueblos a fruitless expense to the Government.

And of course until they can be educated out of their communistic ideas, they will not be fitted to hold property as we do. The second dose, Land in Severalty, is certain to upset them. This is just what a number of Americans, I regret to say, are hoping will happen. It is the quickest and simplest means by which the Pueblos can be deprived of their property.

But there are obstructions of a physical geography order in the way of allotting Pueblo lands.

The experiment was tried long ago upon the brow-beaten Hopis, whose Spanish grant—possibly owing to their persistent hostility to missionaries—never materialized. The Hopi Indians of Arizona, though Pueblos and entitled to own their lands the same as their more fortunate kinsmen of New Mexico, have always been treated as Reservation Indians. This means, according to a decision of the Supreme Court, "that the fee is vested in the Government; that the Indians have nothing more than a right of occupancy; and that the power of Congress to work its will with such reservations



A Fine Trout Pool

is practically limited only by its own sense of justice in dealing with a weakened and dependent people." So Congress decided to divide up Hopi lands and compel each Indian to farm his own patch like a white man. The surveys were made. Then the winds of the desert held their usual frolics with the sands. Stakes were covered up, lines obliterated. Many fields which had been arable formerly became sand dunes. Such unfortunate red men as were compelled to farm the tracts selected for them by the white men were impoverished in a single season. Washington then heard for the first time of the Hopi method of dry-farming the desert, experience having endued these aborigines with an acumen about selecting spots where beans and corn will grow quite beyond the ken of the white man's science. Then Washington saw fit to cancel the allotments and permit the Hopis to return to their traditional farming methods.

But neither this experience nor fee vested in the Indians deterred the Government from a further attempt to carry out its pet scheme. This time the pueblo of Laguna was the quarry. The people patiently struggled for several seasons to make livelihoods after the manner of white farmers. A few succeeded wonderfully, being happy recipients of favored tracts. But the majority were soon reduced to seek charity of their neighbors. Then the Lagunas petitioned Washington to permit them to go back to their system of farming the land in common. The investigating committee reported in favor of granting the petition. So incipient private ownership again relapsed.

In short, experimentation has demonstrated that the Land in Severalty proposition is impracticable for Pueblo Indians. They themselves already possess a system much better adapted to the conditions of the country. (The white settlers do not even attempt agriculture. Land from which the Indians raise corn, wheat, beans and melons, is considered by the whites as good only for grazing.) Furthermore their ability, unique among later-day Indians, to support themselves, appears to depend upon the continuance of their communistic land policy.

Why, then, should our Government insist upon making them change? Through private ownership we have developed a mighty and prosperous nation. But we have striven and succeeded under circumstances and in an environment radically different from those of the Pueblo Indians. Their own system has stood the test of centuries. It has amply demonstrated its suitability for them. As nations they

known among them. Paradoxically, we, by private ownership, build up the national might; the Pueblos, by a communistic scheme, secure the welfare of each individual.

The vexing question of citizenship was brought to a sudden head last year by the Indian Citizenship Bill. The status of the Pueblos has always been uncertain. The Government was proceeding with them as with other Indians, considering the ward as being graduated into citizenship as soon as he began to reside on allotted land. But this procedure—authorized by the Dawes Act of 1887—has been exceedingly slow in making redskin citizens. So early in 1920 a bill was introduced in Congress, and passed by the House, providing for the immediate allotment of all Indian lands and the enfranchisement of all Indians. Its sponsors were under the impression that the Indians had been making great strides toward civilization. They therefore conceived of a great economy in pushing the Indian problem to a quick and permanent solution. I believe that their subsequent personal investigations in the Southwest rather altered their impressions. The bill is hanging fire before the Senate committee on Indian affairs. Friends of the Indian, or all who believe in fair play, should exert what influence they can to have the bill amended to exclude the Pueblos and other tribes still maintaining the native mode of life.

The Pueblo Indians have held many weighty councils over this impending legislation. I had the interesting privilege of being present at several. Individuals from nearly every pueblo opened their minds to me on the subject. The sum of their attitude is a deathly fear of citizenship. They realize that they are qualified to take proper care of their own interests in open competition with the white man. They have petitioned the Government to continue to treat them as wards and act as trustee for their lands.

By granting the petition our Government will confer at least temporary immunity upon these much harassed unoffending people—that is, they will be treated no worse than usual.

Government trusteeship means: (1) exemption from taxation; (2) prevention of property loss under state law of adverse possession; (3) protection from land swindles; (4) restriction on Indians from selling out shares of tribal property.

This modicum of consideration should be granted them at once. It is the least that our Government should do for them. What they want and need, what they deserve and should have, is complete guarantee of liberty and

protection in the pursuit of happiness in their own way.

Playing square with the Pueblo Indians means that we should recognize them as being small nations, self-supporting, self-governing and independent. Our present classification of them

guaranteeing them undisputed possession of the lands they occupied. But then we began shortly to thrust our own ways and institutions upon them. Our cruel obtrusiveness hardened into a set policy; from custom in dealing with the less advanced tribes, this policy acquired in time



Some of the Native Sons of that Day

as "small dependent nations," while acknowledging their advanced organization, is misleading. Pueblos never have been dependent. The sort of "dependence" they may be said to suffer is not economic; it is disciplinarian. We found them on acquired territory; we signed a treaty

the appearance of justice, or even benevolence. Now we have come to look upon the Pueblos as dependent simply because our civilization has grown up around them and they are naturally incapacitated to take part in it.

The time has come to be fair with them, to

acknowledge their economic independence and to afford them such protection as is needed to save them from the evils in our civilization.

So long as they are not an economic burden why should we concern ourselves with their mode of living? So long as they prefer their own ways why should we go to the trouble and expense of forcing ours upon them? The question of right has remained hidden in the background. We have acted first upon the supposition that the Pueblos were a burden, and second upon the faith that our culture is the best for all peoples. There is the further element of land greed, an illusion mainly; for very few white men would accept the Pueblo lands as a gift, if they had to live on them and derive livelihoods from them as small farmers. These lands support an Indian population of about twelve thousand. It is doubtful if they could be made to support twelve hundred of us, as we insist upon utilizing semiarid land and upon living.

We can play square with the Pueblos only by keeping our hands off, while protecting them from legal entanglements, swindles, robberies, demoralization and the many kinds of wrongs that a certain element are always ready to perpetrate upon a childlike defenseless people. Playing square means live and let live, being happy in our way while permitting them to be happy in theirs.

But what of the schools and agencies already established at considerable cost to the Government? Many of the Indian schools could be converted into district schools, thus affording means of education for rural white and Mexican children whose parents are eager for them to have it. Other buildings could be used as hospitals, sanitariums and centers of scientific research. The most radical change needed in the present Indian field service is one of Attitude; aggressive interference should be replaced by friendly unobtrusive helpfulness.

A good many Pueblos perceive the value of education to their children. The ability to talk English and to figure is not to be despised in this day. Hence there is always likely to be a percentage of Pueblo school children. Let the opportunity of education be open to such as want it, in the same way it is open to the rest of our population; but where there are only Indians who want to remain Indians, white education is a curse to them and a useless expense to our Government.

The Government force could be considerably contracted. Not many attorneys would be need-

ed to look after the interests and protect the rights of the people in these twenty-eight small communities. But they must be men not only of ability, but capable of understanding Indian character and of putting heart into their work.

A large sphere of helpfulness is now open through the willingness of most of the Pueblos to receive medical aid. My visits among them have amply revealed the worthlessness of the present agency medical service. Except in rare instances the agency doctor is politician ahead of doctor. He is not the white man who would give the snap of his finger for an Indian's life. The Indians quickly learn to distrust him. He doles out pills to such as hunt him up in desperate emergencies. But his visits to the homes are limited to the officially required weekly round, which generally consists in walking through the village. Moreover he rarely ever extends his prescriptions beyond physic for all ailments indiscriminately.

Yet herein is a sphere of activity in which we can be of real and welcome assistance to our red brothers. Small-pox, tuberculosis, trachoma and other infectious diseases ravage the lives of these simple house-dwelling Indians uncontrolled. Through lack of understanding on their own part and neglect on ours, they succumb to insignificant minor disorders. Their own herb remedies and faith-healing medicine-men can not cope successfully with the many new and dread diseases introduced through contact with civilization. Could some of the present school buildings be converted into hospitals for the treatment of acute diseases, and others set aside as sanitariums for the tuberculosis, etc., with first-class doctors and nurses in charge, a real blessing would be conferred upon the Indians and our money would pay for true humanitarianism. But it will, however, always remain a fact that only such white persons as feel kindly disposed toward the Indians can help the Indians medically or otherwise.

The Zunis told me of a colored doctor who had proved an eminent success among them. No doubt attracted by the social felicity of Pueblo life, he took real pleasure in visiting their homes. Thus he won the confidence of a varied clinic such as a great many ambitious young physicians would barter the best years of their lives to obtain. But for some reason the Government removed this successful black medico.

In pleading for a radical change of policy toward the Pueblo Indians—in presenting the plea of the Indians themselves, I do not lose sight of the fact that an individual here and there and a small percentage from time to time,

may come to prefer our mode of life and wish to withdraw from the tribe to establish a home and business in our environment. The desirability of civilization will be more apparent to the Indian if civilization is not thrust upon him. And he will value that for which he has to strive. Our attitude toward him in this relation should be identical with that toward any foreigner. When he proves himself worthy of citizenship, it should be granted him.

But the mass of Pueblos are certain to desire to continue in the life and traditions of their ancestors. It is their one way of happiness the necessity of their place in evolution, their unique means of retaining a hold upon life, and the only certain means of preserving their moral integrity. The claim has been made that "no primitive race of men, attempting to govern themselves by methods which, however well adapted to an advance civilization, are alien to their own traditions, has made a success of the enterprise." This touches the case of the Pueblos with prophetic acumen.

I think, when we consider their case from all angles, we will not only believe in their right to self-determination, but we will also discover a greater value to ourselves in keeping hands off.

Nowhere in the whole world does there now remain a more picturesque and interesting people. They are a living wonder of nature, an animate monument to ages long since dead.

The ethnologic treasures of the natives of the American plains have melted from our grasp in a few decades. Only here in the desert Southwest still exists a field rich with the material of living research. The horizon of ethnology and kindred sciences is not here the setting, but the dawning, like the clear brilliance of the desert sunrise. Anthropology and sociology are certain to come in also for valuable shares. Here is a people living in a stage of development many thousands of years antecedent to our own. Can it be that the remote forebears of our highly individualistic and materialistic civilization were communists like these semi-civilized Pueblo Indians? It is certain that these people and their institutions are worthy of study. Even ethically, in that they set a certain simple happiness far ahead of the business of getting, they harbor a secret of value to the world. To us there could be no more interesting and instructive field of observation than that afforded by these conservative Pueblo advancing upon the future naturally and unmolested.

But these considerations of advantage to us from the point of view of the curiosity seeker and the scientist are, or should be, incidental. Paramount is the right of the Pueblo Indians to their own way of life—a right which they are unable to assert by force—but a right, in this great era of justice and emancipation, which we can generously assert for them and guarantee to them.



The Laziest Man in the Settlement

By HERBERT BASHFORD

HIRAM GREEN, seated on a cedar block beside his cabin door and bathed in the airy gold of a September morning, surveyed the surrounding landscape with a look of supreme content on his usually expressionless countenance. With long legs crossed and lean hands clasped over his knee, his appearance was far from prepossessing. He had a short reddish beard that dripped with the tobacco-juice escaping from the corners of his small mouth, hair of a similar hue hanging in uneven locks over his forehead and completely covering his ears, a lean neck whose color attested its owner's aversion for the bath, and blue, sleepy eyes.

"Mornin', Green!" cried a pleasant-faced, broad-chested ranchman, coming from around the cabin.

"Mornin' yerself, Wilkins! Jest a-thinkin' about ye," answered Hiram.

"Folks all well?"

"Tol'able, jest tol'able. Maw's been havin' a tech o' newralgy, 'n' my rheumatiz hez been botherin' of me some; but Melindy's peart 'n' sassy. Olly, Ted, Jake, Jim, Webster, Lizzie, 'n' Jonas is out pickin' salmon-berries; I told 'em they might 's well be doin' that ez nothin'. All we hev to eat now is berries 'n beans—pore provinder, I tell ye. Don't seem to be no cabin-buildin' ter dew, er nothin', so ez a feller kin pick up a dollar."

"That's so, that's so," observed Wilkins, seating himself on the end of a charred hemlock log lying near; "there'd be more a-doin' if we could git a survey in here. We've all hed blame hard luck, 'specially you folks."

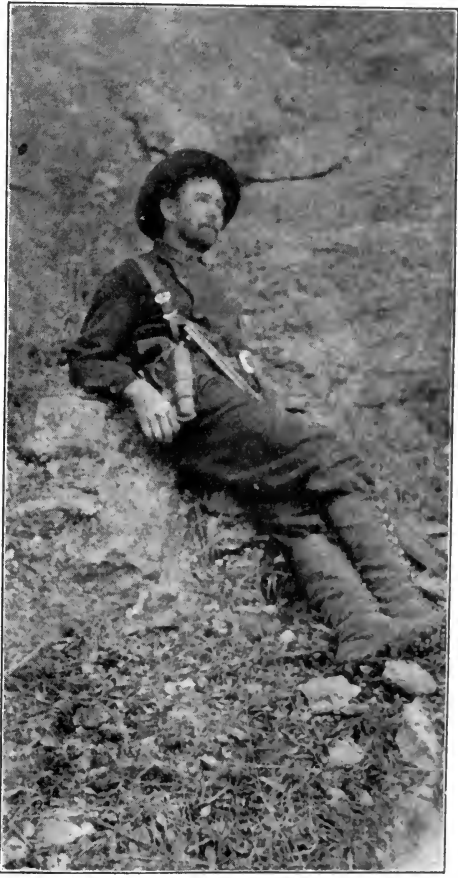
Here the speaker hesitated, cleared his throat, and pounded a chip into the dirt with the heel of his brogan.

"Th' boys up the river all chipped in yistid-y," he continued, "'n' p'inted me a committee o' one ter see you folks 'n' find out what grub ye was a-lackin' of. I got six dollars 'n' thirty-three cents in my pocket, that they raised fer ye. Jest say what ye need, 'n' it 'll be got."

"Th'—th— boys is powerful kind," replied Mr. Green, gazing across the muddy waters of the swift swirling Queets and to the log house on the opposite bank, with the sign "Hilton's Supply Store" painted on its front. "I don't know how ter thank 'em, but I'll help any o' 'em in gittin' out their shakes or chinkin' up

their cabins. But—I don't 'zactly know what we do need most. Maw! maw! come hyur!"

A tall, angular woman, with a kindly, careworn face and hair slightly grayed, appeared in the open doorway. Explanations followed concerning the boys' benevolence and Mr. Wilkins's mission, at which Mrs. Green began to weep softly, saying she could not find words big enough to express her thankfulness, and thereupon enumerated the various necessities of life she considered most wise to purchase with



"The Laziest Man."

the money. They found, however, after counting up the cost of the articles desired, that it took all but three cents of the sum in hand, and left Hiram without any tobacco. Nor could they see any way to overcome the deficiency in

the list. Finally, to her husband's evident satisfaction, she told Mr. Wilkins to strike off the coffee and write tobacco instead, as "paw couldn't git along 'thout his terbacker no-how." This was done, and the two men immediately crossed the river in a rather dilapidated canoe, to the store, where the goods were bought, Wilkins secretly informing the boyish-looking proprietor—John Hilton—that it was not pity for Hiram that prompted the boys' generosity, but because they felt sorry for his wife and "the kids."

After the things purchased were safely deposited in the rude cabin, where the numerous young folk had just gathered, bearing pails filled with great pink berries, the good-hearted Wilkins departed; and Hiram sat down in his accustomed place, to rest from his recent exertions and bask in the autumnal sunshine, while his wife carried in the wood she had been chopping.

"I sartin'ly must be favored o' Providence," said Mr. Green, meditatively, as he gnawed desperately a huge plug of tobacco; "things seem to come my way, even if I don't git a cabin ter build."

Ever since his arrival, six months before, he had apparently been waiting patiently for a chance to construct a log dwelling for some of the settlers; but, although many good opportunities presented themselves, his health at these times was sure to prevent him from performing manual labor, which caused his wife to feel disheartened and alarmed over "paw's fast failin' constitution."

It was more than hinted by the residents of the region that push and energy were qualities foreign to Mr. Green's nature, and that shiftlessness in its worst form troubled him greatly. Despite the fact that his fellow "squatters" were in no wise considerate of his feelings in their remarks concerning him, his mental tranquility ever remained unruffled. "I don't keer what nobody sez 'bout me," he frequently said to his wife; "they kain't hurt my repertashun none." His idea of life was one of unalloyed serenity; and if grim poverty did often stare him in the face, he calmly blinked his eyes, calmly stroked his dripping beard, and was seemingly lost in profound meditation.

This undisturbed placidity and firm belief that "all things come to him who waits" was truly remarkable; and, to the restless, ambitious man of the world, such perfect repose of body and mind as he exhibited would appear almost incomprehensible. It was therefore from this

striking characteristic he was dubbed "the laziest man in the settlement."

Perhaps you may wonder how a man of Mr. Green's peculiar temperament could muster up sufficient courage to enter the wilderness as a pioneer; but, through the advice and persistent efforts of his brother-in-law, a land-locator, he had been persuaded to take his flock and join the band of claim-seekers bound for the beautiful Queets River valley in Northwestern Washington. The boat which carried them, left Tacoma in the stormy month of March. Owing to the fierce winds, they experienced considerable difficulty in reaching their destination—the mouth of the Queets—into which they discovered their craft could not enter, thereby compelling them to lie outside in the restless Pacific, the passengers and freight being taken ashore in large canoes manned by stalwart Indians.

During all these hardships and hours of anxiety, no one on board the "Lucy Lowe" heard a word of complaint from Hiram. When the storm raged the hardest, when the climbing, dark-breasted seas smote the vessel's side until she trembled as with fear, and a voice shouted "We've struck a rock!" when cries of terror made hysterical women swoon, and all was a scene of the wildest confusion, Mr. Green sat demurely in the cabin, rolling a quid of unusual size from cheek to cheek, and humming through his nose the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

The brother-in-law had chosen for him a fine piece of bottom land, lying some five miles up the river, and had built a comfortable cabin thereon, into which the family moved without delay. As the country was unsurveyed, and it was uncertain where the lines would come, Hiram thought it prudent to make no improvements on his claim, whatever; insisting that, if he did so, his labor might be lost to him. Meanwhile, his more ambitious neighbors had planted gardens and were rapidly clearing their future farms of giant timber. Later on he acknowledged his folly in this respect, frequently sending the children to borrow a "leetle garden-truck," always charging the youngster to say that "paw was a-goin' ter hev a garden hisself next year, pervidin' his health's good." Thus, in quiet and peace, he passed the days within the shadow of the snow-crested Olympics and where the low, dull murmur of the ocean stole through the boundless forests of spruce and hemlock.

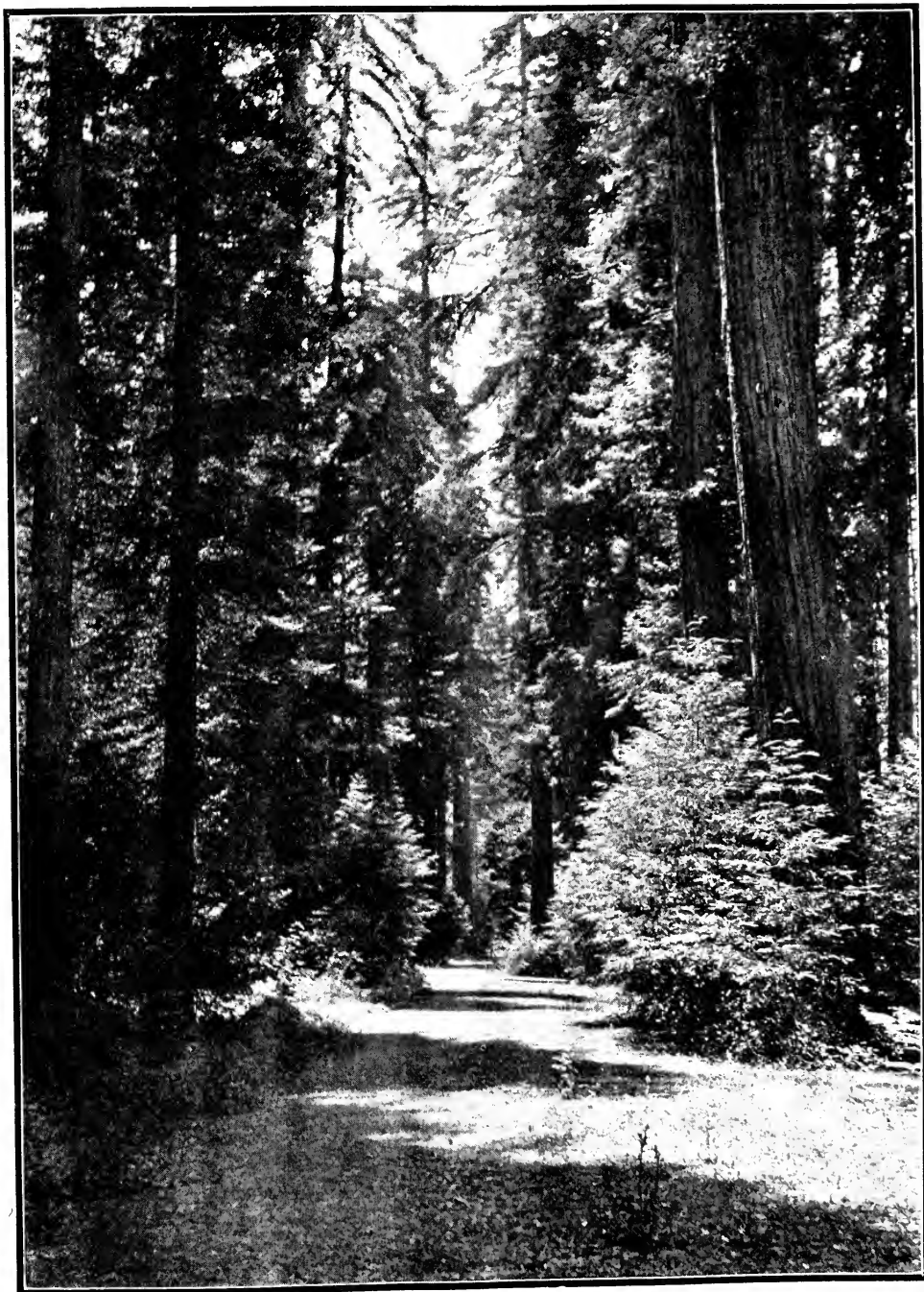
"Where ye goin', boys?"

Mr. Green, as he made this inquiry, was settling himself comfortably on the cedar block, having just finished eating the first substantial

meal he had had in two weeks. The young men to whom this query was addressed, and who were seated in a canoe that was floating with the murky current of the Queets, glanced

up at the familiar figure sitting by the doorway, and one of them, Hal Tompkins, a fine specimen of robust manhood, said:

"Down to Pete Sampson's. His girl fell into



"Boundless Forest of Spruce and Hemlock."

the fire yesterday and got near burned to death. Want to go along?"

"Waal, I dunno but what I might," replied Hiram, rising leisurely and shambling down the bank to the water's edge, as the occupants of the canoe paddled toward him. "Jest et th' bigges' dinner I've et in four year. S'ful I can hardly naverigate. Seems quar how a Siwash kid 'ud come ter git burnt?"

"They were dryin' some elk-meat over a fire near the shanty," explained Tompkins, "and she was playing around it and got her dress on fire—so Sea-lion Jim told me."

"Pore leetle thing," observed Mr. Green, seating himself in the bottom of the graceful craft.

Although he had travelled the river many times in canoes, he had never become quite accustomed to the strange sensation these thrilling rides produced. The canoe is easily overturned, requiring skill to manage, yet it is the only thing in the form of a boat that can successfully navigate the rivers of this region, owing to its lightness and the shallow water at intervals.

Swiftly they glided along between thickly wooded shores where the clustering elderberries glowed like living coals among the green. The yellow autumn leaves fell into the swirling current below. Around beautiful bends they rode with such silence that Hiram scarcely realized they were moving, now with frightful velocity shooting the rapids where jagged rocks churned the raging waters into foam that was tossed and blown about like the snowy manes of horses in a fierce, mad race, then sweeping into deep, still pools, where lay the floating debris of many a mile, and at last landing before an old, weather-beaten shanty with a hole in the roof, from which smoke was slowly curling.

On entering this antiquated structure, Mr. Green beheld a small fire burning on the earthen floor. Near by sat a sad-faced squaw, with straight, black hair falling over her shoulders. She wore a greasy calico dress. The sickening odor peculiar to all Indian habitations of the northwest pervaded the place. On a rudely constructed bed, covered with mats woven of swamp-grass, lay a little girl of perhaps five summers who looked at the visitors with a world of suffering in her great, black eyes. She had an uncommonly pretty face for an Indian child—winning and gentle. A string of blue beads encircled her neck.

"Is she feeling better?" asked Tompkins, of the mother, in Chinook.

The woman dolefully shook her head, then, sadly lifting the blanket from the child's body, pointed to the fearfully burned side and shoulder. It was a pitiful sight. The flesh was literally cooked.

Hiram shuddered. A lump rose in his throat. How he pitied the little creature lying there patiently, silently enduring unspeakable agony. He thought how he would feel to see one of his own in the same condition, and he could do nothing to relieve the awful misery.

"Pore kid," he said, tenderly smoothing the raven hair with his hand; "wish I could do somethin' fer ye."

"Appa," the child said, faintly; "appa."

"Apple," the squaw murmured; "tenas tickey apple."

"She says the little one wants an apple," said Tompkins, sorrowfully.

"Nawitka," replied the mother, "apple klosch muckamuck sick tenas," which meant that fruit would be good food for the child.

"We can git her one up ter th' store," put in Mr. Green—forgetting, in his compassion, that he did not possess the small sum of one cent.

"Yes, we'll git her some and send them down," said Tompkins.

At this juncture, Pete Sampson entered. He told the men that he had been down to the "Hotel Dick," a hostelry at the mouth of the river, kept by a half-breed and his dusky "kloochman," within he had gone in search of an apple for his little girl, but was forced to return without one. He explained to them that she had eaten nothing since the accident, and only craved an apple, for which she had been begging all day. Then Pete sat down on the bunk beside her and buried his face in his hands, as the men silently withdrew into the bright sunshine.

Hiram's heart was touched as it had not been for years. As his companions forced the canoe up the river by means of long hemlock poles, he sat thinking of what he had seen, haunted by those dark, imploring eyes that had gazed at him so piteously. He could see them now as vividly as when they watched his every movement from the rude bunk of mats in that dreary house. He fixed his attention on a woodpecker clinging to the rotten trunk of a leaning alder, he scanned the variegated shores, he let his gaze rest on the heavily timbered ridges and the cold, flaring peaks of the Olympics clearly etched against the violet sky, he looked in all conceivable directions and at all objects, hoping to blot

from his vision those sorrowful, pleading eyes; but in vain—they refused to be banished.

"Th' kid wants a apple," he thought; "'n' she'll have it, tew, er I'll eat my old hat."

He did not speak all the way to the store, and was the first to enter. Mrs. Hilton was sweeping the floor as the trio walked in and stood awkwardly before the counter. She struck savagely with her broom at a small black dog sleeping under the stove, screaming shrilly: "Tricksy, go to your box!" which Tricksy did without the slightest hesitancy.

"You've got that dog under good control," remarked Tompkins.

"I'd skin him alive if he didn't mind," she said sharply.

"Whar's John?" inquired Hiram.

"Gone up the river, fooling around. Was never known to stay at home about his business."

Evidently the proprietor's wife was in a disagreeable mood—a frame of mind not uncommon with her and to which the settlers paid little heed.

"I want a few apples," said Tompkins, plunging a brawny hand into the pocket of his corduros.

"Can't have 'em. Ain't got but half a box left, and want them myself," she snapped, viciously beating the dust from her broom on the edge of the doorstep.

"Only want a few for Pete Sampson's little girl that got burned," resumed the young pioneer, quietly.

"Don't care who they're for. I ain't going to do without apples myself for any Siwash young 'un. Just hate the miserable creatures."

Tompkins looked crestfallen.

"But, Mrs. Hilton," he continued, "the child's very badly injured and may not live, and craves apple. I'll pay you double price for them—or one, say?"

"I don't care if she does die; then there'll be one less of the dirty tribe. And when apples are as hard to get in here as they now are, and I've only got half a box left and won't sell them to my best friends, it isn't likely I'm going to sell them for Indians to eat—not much," and she flew like mad at Tricksy, who had ventured to leave his box.

At this decided denial, the two young men abruptly left the store, hoping to find an apple among the supplies of some settler farther up the river. Hiram stood reflecting on the conversation that had ensued, now and then send-

ing a thin stream of tobacco-juice toward the empty wood-box.

"Now, mum, ye surely won't refuse that dyin' kid a apple?" he said.

"Yes I would, too."

The reply came with such suddenness, Hiram was startled. Its quickness may have been prompted by his failure to reach the wood-box, and the several brown streaks on Mrs. Hilton's newly swept floor in consequence.

"Waal, I wouldn't a believed it of ye—I wouldn't thought no human could refuse sech a triffin' thing as a apple to a pore, weak, sufferin' leetle creeter. Why, just think once what if 'twas your own—"

"Thank God, I hain't got any," put in Mrs. Hilton.

"Yes, thank God, ye hain't," returned Hiram thoughtfully; "fer if ye had, I'm feered they'd have a sorry time o't. 'N' ye pertend ter be a Christian, don't ye, Mis' Hilton? Waal, have ye forgot the teachin' o' th' Holy Book? Have ye forgot that Jesus blessed the leetle uns 'n' sez ter his deciplers: 'Ez much ez ye have done it unto one o' these My leetle uns, ye hev done it unter Me'? Now, don't ye s'pose He meant Siwash kids jest ez much ez He did yourn or mine? I 'low He did. Pore young un, layin' down there in that old shack, ain't ter blame fer bein' a Injun. She couldn't help it. When we kin dew a act o' kindness fer th' humblest o' God's creeters, we should order dew't; we should order dew unter others ez we'd hev 'em dew to us. I'd give my last apple ter thet leetle gal—don't ye know I would?"

"Why don't you provide for your own family, then, if you are so liberal?" said the woman, sarcastically, "and don't preach to me. Such talk doesn't sound well from you of all others."

"I know I'm pore 'n' hain't got a cent ter my name," replied Mr. Green, feeling his poverty keenly; "but I got a jack-knife ez cost me six bits, 'n' I'll give ye that fer the leetlest apple in the box."

He threw down upon the counter the companion of years. Mrs. Hilton's lip curled scornfully. She turned away without replying.

"Come, mum, ye will sell jest one o' 'em?" persisted Hiram. "Ye'd never miss it, mum, 'n' 'twould dew thet gal a world o' good. Come now, ye shorely won't hev it on yer soul, thet ye refused grub ter a dying child—ye shorely won't say no."

"I've said no, and I mean it. I guess I can manage my own affairs," she answered, giving the would-be customer a withering glance.

"May God strike me dead if I ever git ez mean as you!" he cried, fiercely, his voice shaken with emotion and the tears springing to his eyes; 'n' if ye ever have a child, 'n' somethin' orful happens it, may 't please th' Almighty not ter let it suffer for this selfish deed o' 'ts mother's."

Mrs. Hilton poked the fire vehemently, plunged her hand into the extreme depth of the wood-box as a shade of disappointment swept over her face, then closed the stove door with a bang, muttering something about "no wood," the exact import of which Hiram did not catch.

"If yer out o' wood, I'll cut ye some," he said kindly.

"You cut wood!" she ejaculated, looking exceedingly puzzled. In truth, she could not have been more amazed had a tree suddenly fallen on the house.

"Yes, I've cut wood 'fore this, 'n' p'raps fer a apple I'd cut some more."

Mrs. Hilton thought of her husband far up the river, from whence he was not likely to return before night, of her bread ready to put in the oven, and of the dying fire in the grate. The full realization of her predicament dawned upon her in all its intensity.

"I'd split up that whole pile out yunder," continued Hiram, pointing through the open doorway to a large pile of blocks.

"Well, I guess you can; I must have some wood," she said, hesitatingly.

Hiram's face brightened. He quickly threw off his coat, seized the axe standing in the corner, and went at his task manfully. The afternoon sun, riding above the tops of the stately hemlocks, shone down upon him with considerable warmth; and Mrs. Hilton, observing the beads of perspiration dripping from the end of his nose, felt a keen sense of gratification to know that she was the first person in that section who had induced him to labor energetically. Selecting the smallest apple in the box, she laid it aside to give him when he had completed his job.

The pile of blocks gradually diminished under his steady blows, and at each stroke of the axe the surrounding woods were set to commenting on his unusual performance. A Douglas squirrel, scampering across a log, stopped and regarded the toiler with a look of perplexity in its sharp, little eyes, a blue-jay perched on the topmost branch of an alder praised him for his industry, while a lean, long-nosed Indian dog sat down close by and gazed at him in silent wonder.

The different settlers, on their way to the store, grew doubtful as to the infallibility of

their eyesight; and not indeed, until by conversation with the perspiring, hard-working individual, were they fully convinced that Hiram Green and none other stood before them. Could this be possible? What had happened? Surely he must have become demented; for when they asked him "what was up," he deigned no reply, but, dashing the drops of sweat from his brow, plied the axe more vigorously. How he did work! Great blisters rose on his tender palms. He puffed and wheezed. The sticks of wood flew right and left. "Gee whiz!" "What's struck Green?" "He'll die, sure!" and various other exclamations of surprise escaped the lips of the passers-by.

Mrs. Green, seeing the toiling man across the river, remarked the striking resemblance he bore to her absent husband; but, upon maturer reflection, she arrived at the conclusion that the mere fact of his labor decided the question beyond a doubt in the negative.

"There, by jocks, I'm done!" cried Hiram, triumphantly, as the last block fell into pieces. He had been laboring continually for over two hours. His arms ached. He rushed into the store, and, amid a bewildered group of customers, demanded the apple; which being given him, he seized his coat and started hurriedly out, with many curious eyes watching his departing figure. Mrs. Hilton relieved the minds of those present by explaining the cause of Mr. Green's peculiar behaviour.

He would have taken the old canoe, his brother-in-law's property, but, without the assistance of another man, the venture might prove hazardous, therefore he followed the narrow pathway winding along the bank of the river between massive trunks of spruce and hemlock, with salmonberry bushes growing in rank profusion on either side. Leaves crimson and scarlet rustled upon him as he strode, and crackled beneath his feet like sheets of flame. A rabbit, frightened by his approach, went bounding away and hid behind a huckleberry bush, and joyous birds in cool, delightful dells down which he passed showered through the fragrant air, clear drops of melody. His way led over monstrous logs half hidden by the scraggly sallal, glossy with leaves and dark with berries, into deep ravines where the dense foliage held the night in thrall and the deep silence was broken only by the sound of his footsteps, across cold, rippling brooklets singing merrily e'en though their lives are spent in shadow forever away from the sun, and up steep, wooded hillside beneath long, swaying banners of moss

(Continued on page 65)

Poems By Allen Crafton

HOME

Is home a spacious monument
 Of stone piled high from prosperous years?
 Or simple cot, through sorrow's tears
 And love grown doubly reverent?
 Or is it some bright accident,
 A place of laughter chance appears?
 Or yet some ruin time endears
 Through memory of a child's content?

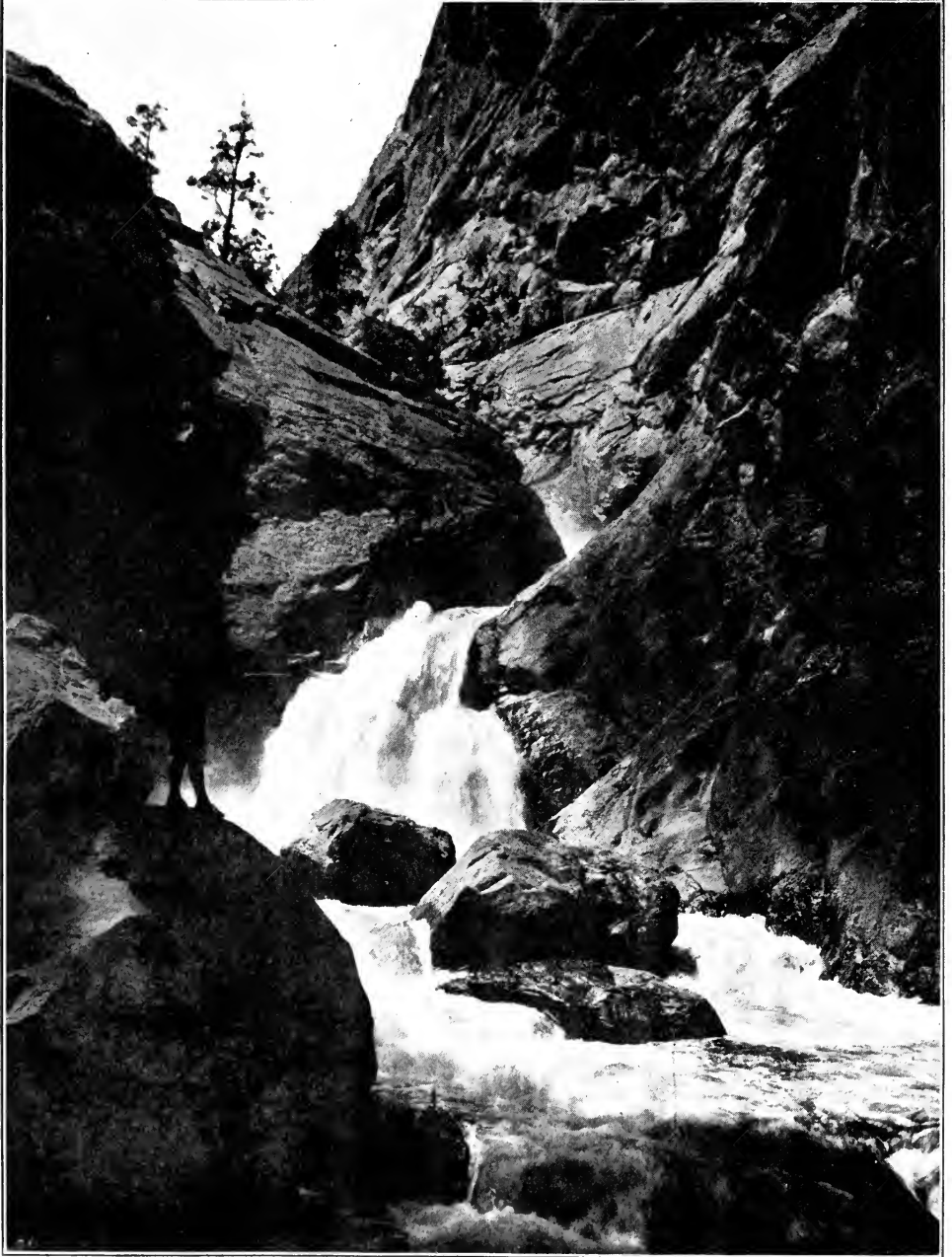
Home is reared unseen in the dream of life,
 And found in the heart of the smallest flower,
 Or the smile of a man, or the challenging power
 That leads the spirit and keeps it filled
 With the rest of quiet and rush of strife;
 Its joys are for him who can quickly build
 In desert or mall, at shrine or mart
 A transient abode for the growing heart.

DREAM-TRYST

Oh, come to me in dreams!
 The wedge of hard, long miles is driven deep
 Between us; lost, red hours
 Have lengthened into redder months of days;
 And all the ways
 Of life are twisted. Yet in fevered sleep
 I still may keep my rendezvous with love.
 Oh, come to me in dreams!

Meet me above
 The torn and graveless dead,
 And my weak faith will once again be fed
 With visions of the past, with far-off gleams
 Of home and peace within a sunrise land.
 And in the brief, sweet tryst, 'ere you depart
 I shall find strength to stand
 Day's iron hammer pounding on my heart.





Trout Stream on the Way

Early Rising

By W. T. CLARKE

"If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures."—Emerson.

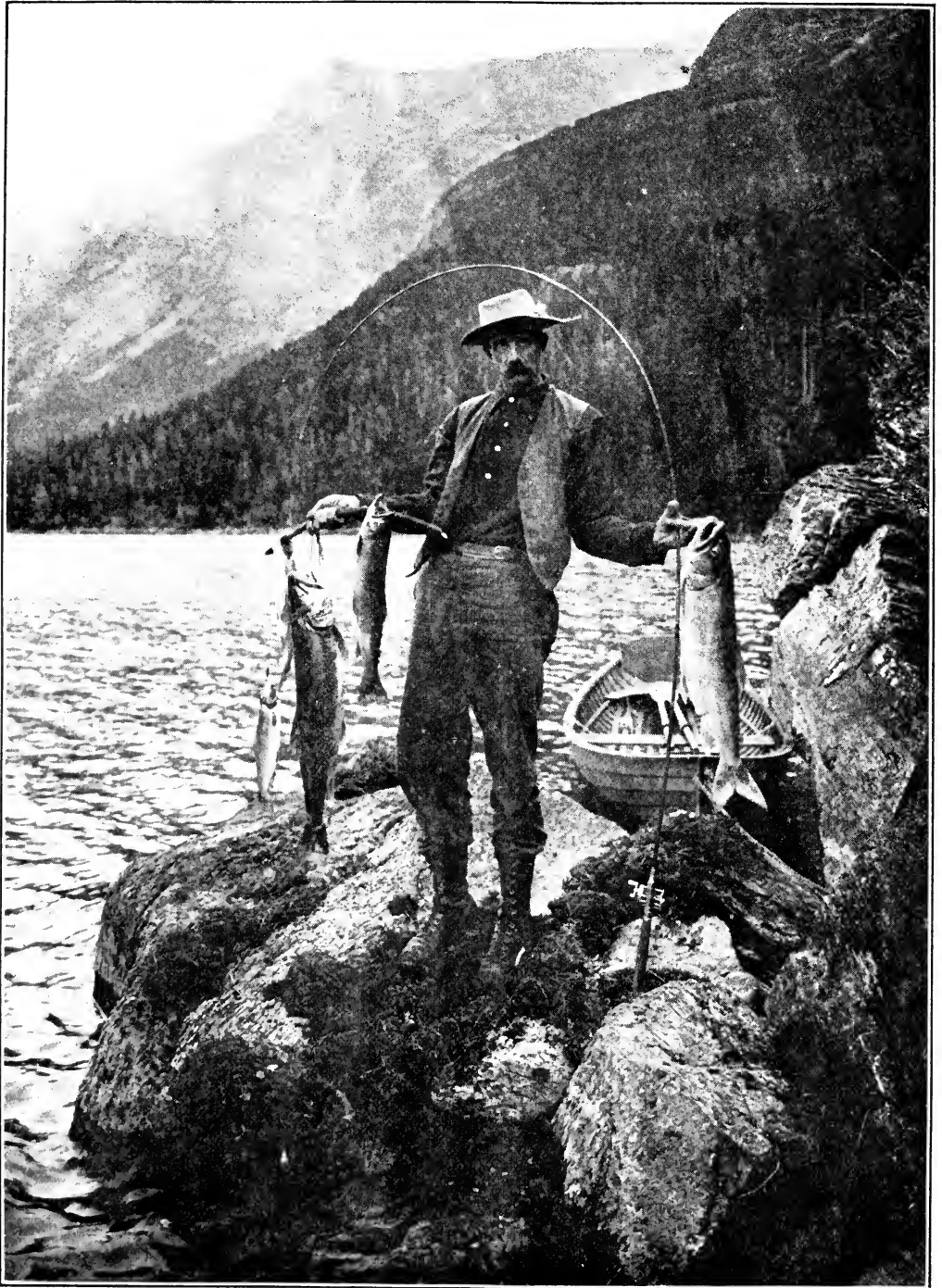
MUCH has been said, sung and written extolling the virtues of early rising. Almost our first conscious memory of connected words is the venerable nursery jingle: "Early to bed and early to rise makes you healthy, wealthy and wise." From that point on, there seems to be a traditional conspiracy to drive the idea home on the young mind. Middle-aged folks constantly present the thought to the youths near and dear to them. Old men tell, with senile pride, how they in their youth continually disturbed chanticleer in his morning nap. The tradition of the unmixed virtue of early rising is an integral part of our folk-lore and as such is blindly, nay reverently, believed in. He who would attempt in any way to belittle this hoary tradition, to lay rough and violent hands on the fondly cherished idea, may expect the fate of the martyrs, may expect to be read out of the pale of right thinkers. His name will become a hissing and a reproach. He will become anathema for has he not cast a black shadow of doubt on one of the beliefs that are a part of our sacred shadow of doubt on one of the beliefs that are a part of our sacred inheritance from antiquity? Yet all such inheritances should be able to withstand the shock of the investigator's probe. If they survive this, then their right to be is established. If they cannot stand the shock then away with them! Let them be cast into the dust-bin of shattered beliefs—let them no longer cumber the fair earth with their gibbering presence. The real, the true will give enough to at least keep the mind busy.

In spite then of the penalty that the iconoclast who lays rough hands on ancient beliefs can expect, I wish to enter a protest against the time hallowed worship of the idea of early rising. Early rising can be defended only if the person practising it has a real reason for his action. Have you some task to perform that can best be accomplished in the early morning hours? Does some real duty demand early attention? Does some recreation demand for its successful outcome that it be done in the hours of early morn? In short, is the enterprise you contemplate one that requires early atten-

tion? If a real reason is present then, and then only, is the early rising action justifiable! It was Carlyle, I believe, who somewhere remarks that too frequently the early riser is an abomination to his fellow men. Insufferable during the forenoon because of his conceit. Insufferable during the afternoon because of his sleepy stupidity. Do not join the Carlylian classification!

The insistent tattoo of the alarm clock would not be stilled. It continued as though its one object on earth was to waken the world. Drowsily we pull the bed clothes about our ears hoping to drown the awful sound. Half consciously we assure ourself that soon the din will cease. There it has stopped! But no, it begins again—louder, brassier, more discordant than ever. No use to practice half-way measures, we will have to get up and heave the vile disturber of the calm morning peace out of the cabin door. We arise determined to act firmly in the matter. Then suddenly the consciousness comes that there is an excellent reason why early rising should be practised this morning. There is a fishing trip planned and what better excuse could one have for early rising than this? So we get up half awake, half asleep, and grope our way into our clothes. Gradually the sleep stupor wears away, and then, tackle gathered together, we are ready to start. It is a good hour before sunrise and there is a two-mile walk before us to that part of the stream where we will pit our lures against the trout's uncanny sagacity.

The trail leads dimly, in the half-light of the early morning, through forest and opening, through half marshes and over dry stony places. In the covert of the trees and bushes we can hear the drowsy twittering of the birds. A belated owl occasionally adds his mournful hoot to the early morning sounds. There is a sense of expectancy to be felt as though the world awaited some momentous event, and we feel almost as intruders. This hour really belongs to the wild things who live closer to nature than do we, burdened as we are with our load of conventions. Thoreau remarks that man drags about with him an encumbering load that his civilization prepares for him. Houses, furniture—all the accumulation of material we foolishly consider necessary to our happiness. Cumbered with this load, galled by its chafing weight, we are but illy able to understand the messages of



A Catch worth bragging about

free nature and so I say that by rights we should either humbly mend our ways or give place to the wild things, to the birds and animals who are not cumbered as we are, when nature reveals herself.

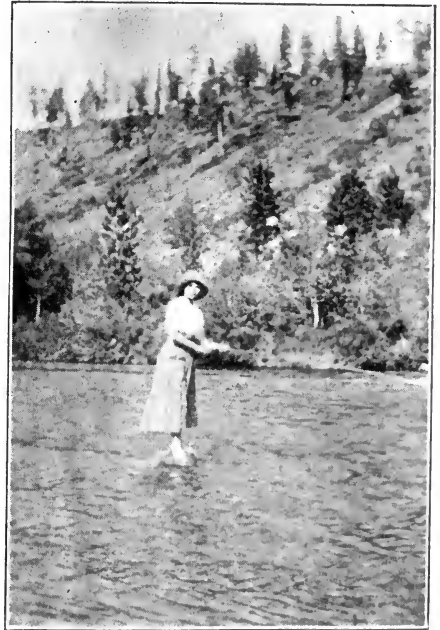
Our powers of observation are dulled, and we do not, as we grow older, retain that power to see things that was ours as children. We have to school ourselves in an acquired ability to read the word that nature imprints all about us and as with most laboriously acquired knowledge our grasp of the subject is weak and uncertain. The book of nature is never closed and is always in circulation, and the more adept we are in reading the language of this book the more of joy we will get out of life.

At last, after a steep scramble, we are at the stream-side, our tackle out and ready for business. Do not think you are to read a narrative of lures, flies and bait and big fish caught after a doughty struggle, a disquisition on methods of action and style of casting. Rather would I speak of the quieter, accompanying joys that come to the true angler. Walton, the patron saint of honest anglers, tells of crossing a bridge in the early morning and seeing there a fisherman casting from the bridge to the stream below. In the evening Walton passed the same way homeward bound and in the same place was the same man. He asked the fisher "what fortune," and the reply was: "Splendid, splendid! I had a grand strike about noon." This was carrying the thing to extremes, no doubt, yet we should belong to that school of anglers who delight in fishing quite as much as in catching. There is so much to interest one in a clear flowing stream where man is but seldom seen. The sun has not risen but the light is clearer. Mist rises from the stream, vaporous, ghostly tendrils reaching out from the river to the parent fleecy clouds above. The river reflects a clearer light and now we catch a glimpse of the sun. The daily miracle is taking place once more.

In olden days men felt they were honored could they be present when the king arose. Men crowded the antichambers of royalty that they might have this doubtful honor. We have assisted at the grande levee of the sun. We have been honored by an early audience with his majesty. Our part in the ceremony has been small. It is to be seriously doubted whether the ruler of day has been conscious of our presence and assistance at the ceremony, yet we indeed are uplifted, taken out of our sordid selves for a time at witnessing this re-

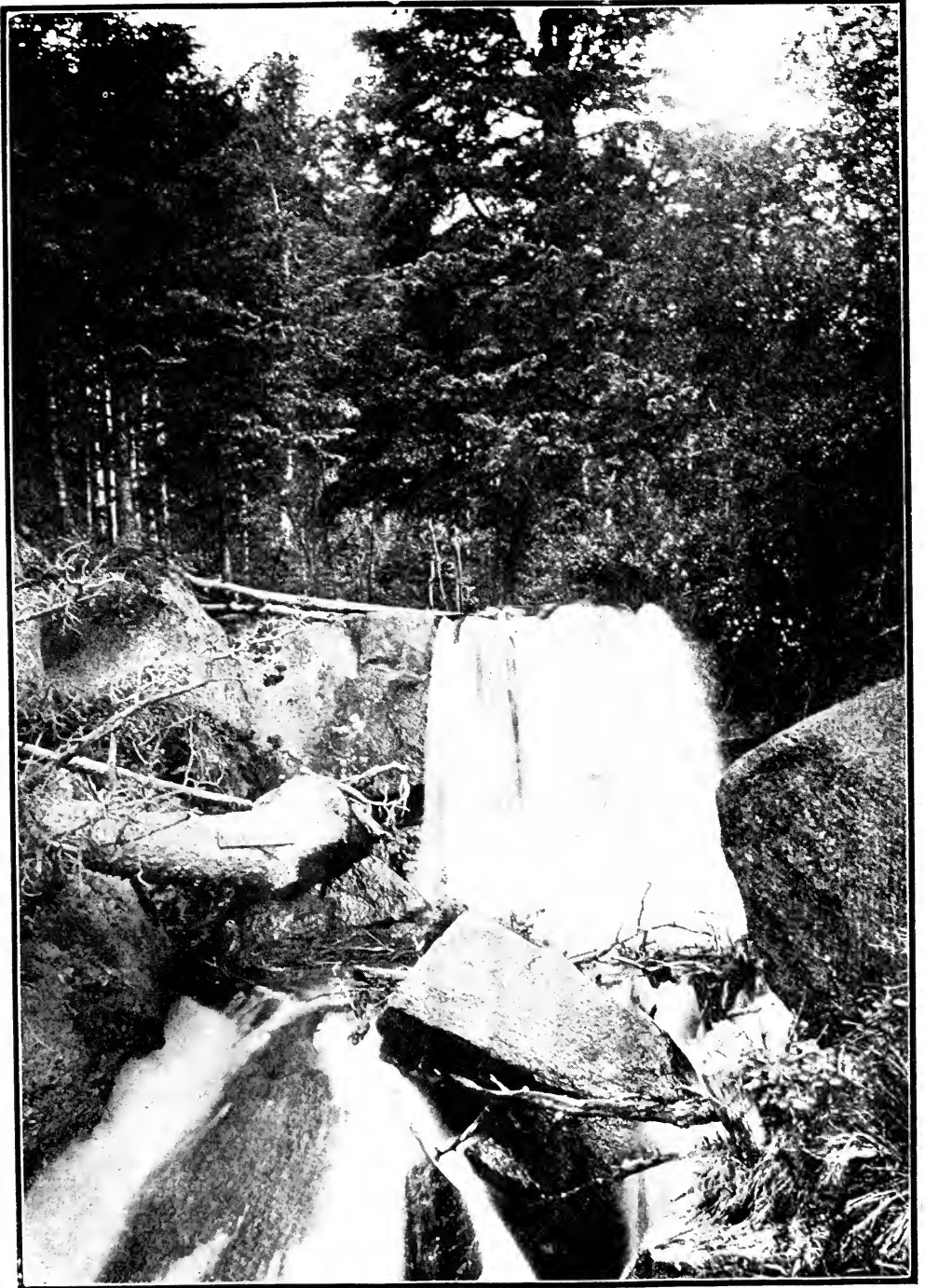
newal of day—a common enough phenomenon, yet wonderful with each repetition.

The riffles and pools yield an occasional tribute to the creel, but there is so much to distract the attention from the angler's art that it could hardly be a matter of wonder were our fortune to be less generous. We are at the head of a pool, long, wide and deep. In its shallower parts the water is silvery clear and the rocks and sand of the bottom can be easily seen. The water lies dark, sullen and forbidding in the deeper parts. On our side of the pool the stream has formed a bar and the only obstacle to the going is the alder trees that partly line the stream side. They offer a certain amount of concealment and so they are an advantage. On the opposite side of the pool the bank is somewhat steep. Ferns and waving grasses and an occasional tiger lily grow on this bank. As I waver between making a cast at



Hooking a big one

the head of the pool and absorbing the beauty of the scene, my doubts are resolved for me. The cast is postponed. Out of the brush at the edge of the bank steps a buck. Lithe, graceful, sensitive, free, he moves across the clear space of the bank stopping now to sample the browse and now with head erect, half startled, he seems to feel the presence of danger. Without haste, however, he crosses the clear space

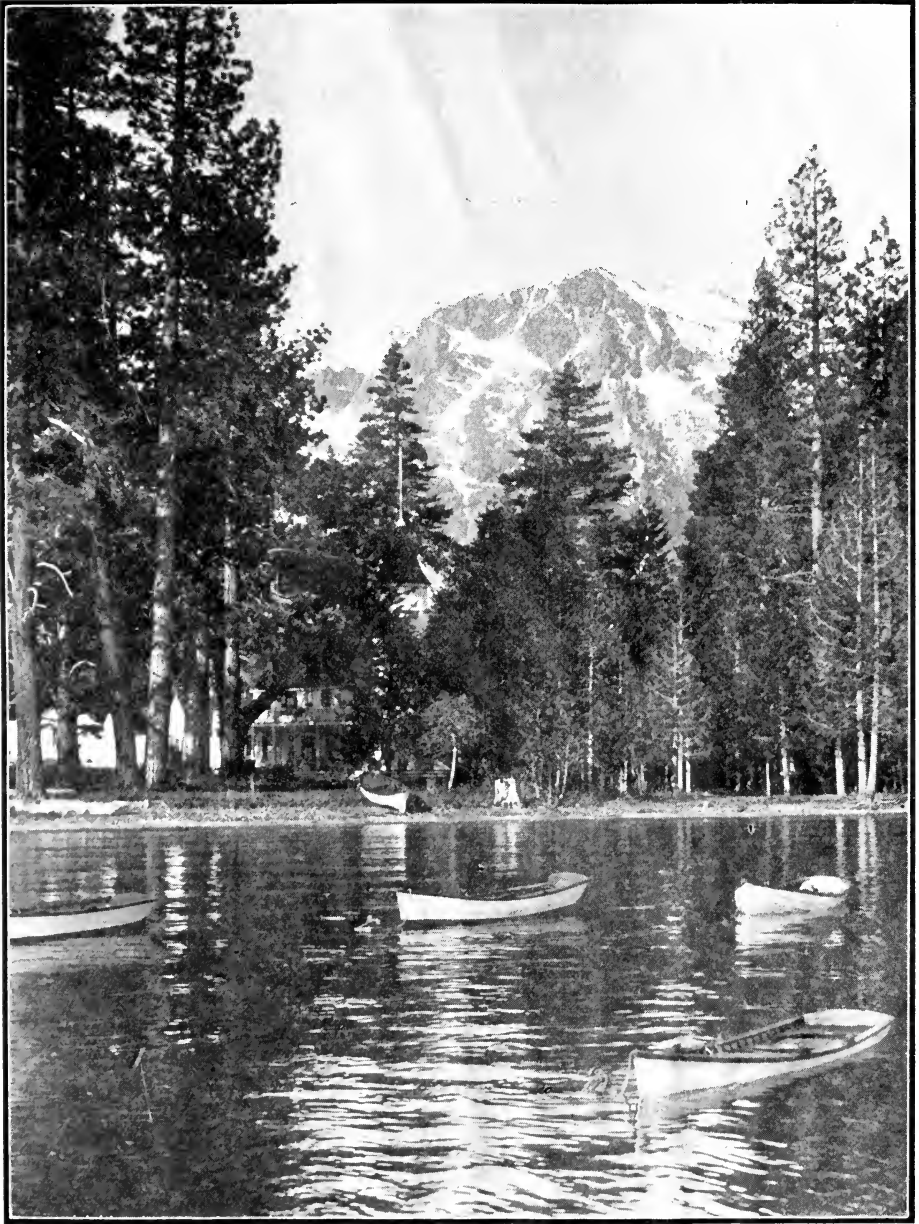


Roaring River Falls



JTMAR & VALENTIN

A California Trout Stream



A Glimpse of Tahoe

and suddenly, with a bound, disappears in the brush. What matters the postponed cast? I have seen one of the true proprietors of these wilds under no stress of fear or hurry and the sight is one to carry away as a memory to give delight when conventionality once more makes its insistent claims.

Fishing some, and looking more and now it is time to turn homeward. The ostensible reason for the excursion has been accomplished and the creel has a fair burden. We follow the backward trail, the same that we covered earlier in the day, but now the full sunlight bathes it—the mystery is gone or perhaps appetite makes

us less appreciative of its beauties. Whatever the reason we hurry our footsteps and soon are at the cabins and in time for a late breakfast at which ceremony fresh trout play an important part.

Ability to eat after such an excursion? Well, I again quote from Walton: "This is too good for any but anglers or very honest men."

So our little venture in early rising is ended and we return to our original thesis—if you must rise early, have a reason for your action and be not governed by tradition. And, I may repeat, no better reason than this, a fishing trip, can be found to justify early rising.



The Princess and the Pauper

By JAMES HANSON

WHAT a furore there was in Keen-lang! It was no common occasion. The Princess Li Moon, of the august province of Sinkiang, had returned from the foreign land of America, where she had received teachings at a finishing seminary for girls.

Gongs sounded, bells tinkled, and bandrols were a-flutter. Keen-lang was flamboyant with color in her honor. Everywhere dimly lit lanterns swung from painted balconies, whose edges were lined with sweet-scented lilies and tulips. The tawdry streets were strewn with multihued bits of paper from bursted firecrackers. Orchestras blared their welcome from every eating palace.

What a fluttering of hearts there was. It needed no poet to chant eulogies of that royal one; for all knew of her ancestry that was as barren of blemish as the lotus-buds of Heaven.

Kim Kee, the student, saw her. He, too, stood agasp at her sublimity, as she in her gilt-ornamented, crimson palanquin, was borne past on the shoulders of four felt-shod coolies. Behind her strode the high, silk-robed officials of the province.

Ah!—of her beauty!

Her face was as pleasant to behold as a pomegranate spray at morning. She was such a princess as Kim Kee had often dreamed of, in his somber loft where he studied after his toils.

His pulses all but stilled their beat. Had she not looked at him, and bestowed a smile upon him? Joy was his.

And then—

That night, ere he sank to slumber, came a knock at his door. He bade enter.

Nig Lee, his bosom companion, stood before him, breathless with excitement.

"You are the chosen one!" cried Nig Lee.

Kim Kee paled; his hand went to his bosom as he sat erect in his couch.

"Impossible!" he protested, bewildered. "Why should I be chosen? Why should I be marked for death? I am affiliated with no tong."

"Fool," laughed Nig Lee. "Tis the word-message from Fook Wong, who conducts the eating bazaar. He requests your services on the morrow; for the Princess Li Moon will be there banqueted. Fook Wong has said: 'The

food must be the finest, and the attendants the handsomest.'"

Kim Kee all but swooned.

II

Kim Kee rose and attired himself in the finest robes of blue-and-gold silk with amber ornaments, and brushed his hair till it shone like thrice-polished ebony. Then he repaired to the restaurant to await the banquet hour.

There he helped prepare the choice and succulent dainties which were of the finest selection—such as tender bamboo shoots, tiny cakes dusted with poppy seeds, foo young har and chow mein.

He awaited on her graciously, and assisted her to the huge porcelain joss, before whom she made obeisance and a coin offering. It was he who tenderly lit the great, ochered candles, whose pungent aroma sent the room into a sensuous sleepiness.

And while she sipped and dined Kim Kee basked in her smiles and listened to her laughter that seemed as cadences of a bird.

From it all was born a love for her. It goaded him to diligent study.

In the squalid attic-loft he pored over the pages of departed sages and sought a great learning so that he might converse fluently on the teachings of Chung-tzu or Lai Fu.

A weariness was in his tone, as he closed his book and confided to Nig Lee.

"O, but were I a prince!"

"Then——?" prompted Nig Lee.

"The princess——" faltered Kim Kee, with lowered lids.

"Rat!" burst out Lee, glowering contemptuously at him. "Cease your tongue, lest someone hear you, and slay you. Are you crazy, that you talk thus, or have you partaken of opium pellets? The words of a coolie pollute her purity."

Kim Kee shed the words like water on oiled silk, and returned to his tablets.

Until late that night, when his eyes were red-lidded and longed for the taste of sleep, did he recite excerpts from Shun Chih and Ho-shang.

He forever studied. He was never without his lesson tablets.

III

Kim Kee wandered aimlessly into the countryside. Chance took him into the spacious

gardens that surrounded some nobleman's palace.

To the lotus pond he strolled, and sat upon the coping that encircled it. About him the grass was mottled by the citron shadows of a nearby hibiscus hedge.

The surface of the pond was crystalline and had all the seeming of liquid jade. Clear went his brain and lucid his thoughts as he gazed down at the myriad-hued goldfish that swam lazily therein.

The day was generously warm—with brilliance that accommodated his exuberance to such an extent that he spoke as he inwardly felt:

"Today is a day of great thoughts. Today shall I read the tellings of Confucious, the greatest of all sages."

It was not the joyous song of a lark that rose above his words, nor the languid breeze-whispering of the atmosphere that rose above his words, though in the instant Kim Kee thought he had never heard anything so soft, lustrous and deep.

"Who so scholarly quotes from Confucious?"

From over the blood-red hibiscus hedge a face beamed at him, was turned full to him.

He knew her. But one face in the whole Flowery Kingdom bore such limpid eyes, such an ivory skin, and such lips that he likened to the crimson webs of dawn.

Princess Li Moon!

He bowed low before her.

"Your humble slave, Most Highest," he whispered.

"Hush," she cautioned. "We may be overheard. Today have I evaded my hand-maids and guards of escort. Address me not by my title, for I may be recognized."

Since her return the princess had caused discord in her royal family. She refused aid from her hand-maids while dressing; she spurned armed escorts, while touring the bazaars; and she insisted on being permitted to cast her opinion with those of the Three Imperial Wise Men, much to their discomfiture.

American styles had changed her whole demeanor; so plain was it that word was whispered broadcast that all was not right with her. She must be infested with some evil spirit; else what had caused her great change of manner?

Kim Kee, though trembling with his love for her, made to excuse himself from her presence.

"Stay," she cried. "Cease not from your lessons—but nobly favor me with a verse from some poet."

And while she lolled beside the lotus pond,

Kim Kee, with a body and mind of which he was scarce conscious, recited for her.

"Glorious!" she cried; "grand."

"But no more dignified than the words of the unknown poet," cast in Kim Kee.

"Of him I have not heard," she murmured.

"Hearken:

"The white bull slumbering at the harrow saw her,
So fair was she that he thought the moon had risen.
The crimson dragon and the wolf sang their love for
her,

And the lotus and the lilies wept at her passing."

For many moments she was strangely silent. Then:

"Well could I love such a composer."

"Perhaps those couplets came from a rice-field coolie," he laughed, in jest.

"Even then."

"The words were inspired by yourself, even now," he said, in fear.

"I must return," she said hastily. "I fear I have been missed."

IV

They were surrounded by a score of red-tasseled guards, some of whom whisked her away, while others beat Kim Kee with their swords. Though his body was bruised and torn, he felt it not; he was heedless to all, save her last spoken words of love, while in his hand he clasped a trinket which she had flung him.

But that was not the end. Ere the lapse of a fortnight, friendship had broadened into deep, sincere love.

Like her Occidental sisters, Princess Li Moon cared only for the customs of modernity. She spurned the ancient manners of ancient China, whereby caste must associate with castes of their own equal. The maidens of the Occident married only for love, be he rich or poor.

And Kim Kee made no comment. He, too, knew something of Occidental doings.

One afternoon they sought diversion. Into the vast sands they wandered, where grew the desert lilies.

They became lost.

To worry them more a storm rose. Sands cast about by the angry winds so darkened the skies that it seemed that night had descended. So violently raged the tempest that the princess was thrice stricken to earth.

Kim Kee tenderly gathered her in his arms that were as unyielding as iron, and stumbled blindly onward.

A traveling Tartar observed them and reported it. Soldiers of the Imperial Palace sought and found them. Life had all but departed from them.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE HYMN IMMORTAL

By Charles J. North

It comes like the strain of an anthem
That may tremble on hidden strings,
Hung out through the endless spaces,
To herald the unknown things.

It comes on the wings of the morning
Through the mists of an azure screen,
To tint with prophetic linings
The shadow of things unseen.

It comes like the beating of cymbals
That may sound through a rhythmic dream,
To measure the stroke of oarsmen,
Who cross on a silent stream.

It comes like the breath of a garden
That may lie between dark and dawn,
To bring its unfolding blossoms;
Their Orient perfume gone.

It comes like a note that may linger
In a vesper we've heard before,
With kindred, in restful gardens,
On some forgotten shore.

It comes with a glow that's abiding
Where the faded twilights sleep;
Where all of the garnered harvests
Are laid, with those who reap.

We try in all the ways we know
To fathom the hope that binds,
And lifts itself like a dim mirage
To float where the desert winds.

We speak, and the words are soundless;
We look, and our sight is gone.
We hear, and the promise trembles
In dreams of another dawn.

All they who have caught the vision
Where reason and sight grow dim;
May stand within the temple,
And hear the Immortal Hymn.

The Lost Owners

By PERCY WALTON WHITAKER

WHEN Hardy first came to board with Mrs. Lissom and her niece, the elder lady thought of it merely as a domestic problem. But now there were dreadful complications looming up. To begin with, he did nothing but read and take long walks in the hills. Everybody worked in Haywell; Hardy was a drone in a hive. Haywell prided itself on being the busiest town in California of its size. There were planing mills which screeched and moaned all day; sweetly odorous canning factories; miles of quiet tree nurseries in the outskirts; and back in the hills, an immense power dam was under construction.

The new boarder settled quietly enough into the family rut, and Mrs. Lissom said that he seemed to fit in very nicely. This was in the beginning. But a dreadful contingency had arisen, quite unforeseen. Robert Hardy was dark-eyed and handsome. Her niece, Gladys Brinkley, gray-eyed, shapely, and glowing with vivid health, was easily the beauty of the district.

After the first week, Mrs. Lissom passed through the stage of acute uneasiness, into one of positive fright. Gladys began to accompany him on the long walks through the hills. Mrs. Lissom sensed that propinquity caused many marriages between young people, which nobody approved of but themselves. "It was so inconsiderate of them; if they would only be guided by their elders, it would be much better," she thought.

One balmy August night Hardy retired to his room early, and sat at the window with the lattice opened wide. The moon, radiant as a sphere of golden orange, lifted clear of the wooded hills, throwing a stream of white light over the beds of crimson flowers. Gladys stood by the garden gate, and Hardy looked longingly at her. A soft white dress, moonlight, the glowing garden, Art could do no more for a pretty girl.

Mrs. Lissom came out and he moved away from the window, unwilling to listen longer, as he caught part of their conversation. It seemed too practical for the unearthly beauty of the night.

"Auntie, I'm going to spur him on. Get him a job: I'll prove you're wrong in thinking him an idler."

"A girl in your position should be careful."

"Bosh! What's the good of a girl being in my position unless she can do as she likes?" So much of the discussion he heard before he closed the window.

Hardy did not understand the mysterious allusion to position, but he did understand that he wanted this girl, and wanted her badly. Evidently they expected things of him, and he sat down to consider a plan of strategy. His first move was made on the following day.

He left the house early in the morning, but reappeared smiling at the supper table. His campaign had begun.

"Hollingsworth, the chief engineer at the dam, engaged me as time-keeper and commissary man. It pays one hundred and fifty," he remarked casually.

"I'm glad," and Gladys looked at him with favor in her eyes.

"His assistant book-keeper quit. I told him you had taken a course. You can begin tomorrow," added Hardy carelessly. The elder lady seemed dismayed, but Gladys answered instantly.

"I'll be glad to work with you, Robert."

"That's fine. You know I have a car stored in San Francisco. I'll go get it tonight, for the daily drives," Hardy answered, the light of victory in his face. As a strategist he had scored brilliantly. Ten miles every day with the girl he wanted to crush in his arms, and carry off on her honeymoon. Propinquity incarnated would ride with them.

While Hardy walked rapidly to catch the 7:10 at Haywell depot, Gladys gleefully searched her room for dresses suitable for business wear, and laughingly parried Mrs. Lissom's objections to a business career.

"I'm competent, and took the course for a safeguard against possible necessity. You advised that yourself, so don't worry, Auntie."

"You will be riding in a shabby little car, and it's not as if you had to work," retorted the old lady.

The car which Hardy drove out from San Francisco, turned out to be a handsome and expensive roadster of the latest model. Mrs. Lissom felt slightly reconciled as she watched them glide into the hill lane which led up to the dam.

Five miles of winding road brought them into

the huge circular cleft in the green hills, which lay hideous with acres of yellow clay banks. Hardy handled the car well, and she wondered how he had acquired the skill of a professional driver. When they turned into the gap, she looked interestedly at the busy scene. Small locomotives hauled dump cars over diminutive tracks. Steam shovels chugged and clanked. It was all very raw and unsightly.

The office buildings stood out stark and bare in the ugliness of unpainted boards, emphasizing the general crudity. When they stopped at the door, Mr. Hollingsworth stepped out to greet them. He was a tall man with a sharp serious face, and Gladys liked his appearance.

"Glad to see you, Miss Brinkley. Looks rough to you, but it's warm and comfortable inside. Here's Mr. Gray—kindly show them the routine and details of the work, Gray," and the busy superintendent strode away.

Mr. Gray, bald, rosy and smiling, diffused an air of clerical efficiency, and quickly explained the office methods to his new assistants.

In the afternoon they met Mr. Glass, the general manager of the company, who had come from San Francisco on one of his visits of inspection. He talked genially for a few minutes, and then made a tour of the plant with Mr. Hollingsworth. While conferring with the engineer, he made a remark which impressed Gladys and Hardy greatly.

"It's vexatious, Hollingsworth, but this project is bound to expand beyond our original estimates. Costs of material are increasing. The Eastern capitalists who own the shares have dropped out of sight, and their agents, Grosser & Hays, New York, and Brown & Co., of Boston, wire me to cut expenses until they get in touch with their principals. Said principals' whereabouts unknown—can you beat it?" he concluded wrathfully. The general manager left after some further discussion of technical matters with the engineer.

"Those are the kind of men I admire. Men who do things," said Gladys on the homeward trip.

"And I admire the girl who works—the girl who is not a slave of whims and fashions," he replied enthusiastically. Gladys drew imperceptibly closer to him. Mrs. Lissom's hope of marrying her niece to a rich man received many setbacks that day.

When they talked of the plant and their own work at the supper table, the old lady listened deeply interested. She concealed her misgiv-

ings that day, and throughout the week, hoping that nothing would come of the daily drives to balk her own plan for a brilliant match for her niece.

Her worst fears were realized, when Sunday with its holiday came, and for the first time she regretted inviting her niece from her Virginia home.

They had breakfasted late that morning, and the young people were strolling together in the big garden. The path was barely wide enough for one, but they walked side by side, so close that his dark hair brushed the beautiful wavy hair of the girl. Mrs. Lissom stuck bravely to her observation post at the parlor window, and saw the wreck of her plans. She fled to the kitchen where she plunged into pie making as a practical panacea for a dreadful climax. Unless it was all a horrible optical illusion, she had seen Hardy kissing her niece's mouth, eyes and hair indiscriminately.

"Auntie, Robert and I are engaged," announced Gladys simply, when they returned to the house.

"I hope—hope you'll be happy, dear," replied Mrs. Lissom feebly smiling. She sank into the soft depths of a rocking chair in resigned defeat. The ablest diplomat can not cope with accomplished facts, and there remained only the usual procedure of opposing relatives—she would hope for the best.

At the end of another week, Mr. Glass visited the works again, and surprised Hardy with a substantial increase of pay and a better job.

"You will take charge of material, and purchasing of supplies. Hollingsworth has enough to do with the engineering problems." After this announcement, he drove away, apparently having come for the purpose.

"It's Robert's wonderful business ability," explained Gladys to Mrs. Lissom that evening at the dinner table.

"Glad you think so, little girl; if you were the owner, I could understand it," said Hardy fondly patting her hand. Gladys seemed slightly confused. "I'll wager you a pair of gloves that you're promoted inside of a week," he added, seizing the other hand.

"I'll take them as a present, for Mr. Gray is a fixture," replied Gladys demurely.

But Miss Brinkley's surprise was deep and unfeigned when four days later Mr. Glass ordered Gray's transfer to the San Francisco office, and engaged a stenographer as assistant to herself. Her surprise grew when the

monthly pay check came—her salary had been doubled.

"I don't like mysteries unless I can unravel them," she complained to Robert, wrinkling her pretty face, completely puzzled.

"It's a mystery how you can look more beautiful every day. I adore such mysteries," and Gladys pulled her hands away laughingly.

During all this time Mrs. Lissom's attitude to the engagement had been one of reserve. She guardedly pointed out to Gladys, little of Hardy's early life was known to them. He had told them he had been ward of a Trust Co., his parents having died young, and that he had sufficient money to live on. He had some distant relatives whom he had never seen.

"Isn't he lovable, Auntie?—and he's all mine," answered Gladys, completely routing Mrs. Lissom with this irrelevant answer.

With the advent of the second month, another mysterious promotion occurred. It was Hardy this time. A new quarry had been opened where a narrow ledge of surface rock topped the hill, and this employed two shifts of a hundred men. The work of the office staff immediately doubled with the addition to the plant. The heavy boom of blasting now punctuated the clanking of steam shovels, and the coughing of heavily loaded engines.

Mr. Glass came over from the city, and called Hardy, who had just finished checking up the men on the morning shift, into the office.

"It's rather unusual, Mr. Hardy," he began, "to advance a new man—I might say, untried man, so rapidly, but we are going to make you assistant superintendent. You will take charge of all the work, which will leave Hollingsworth free to arrange for 'right of way' and the power lines. He had too much on his hands. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I'll do my best, Mr. Glass," he replied, too amazed to say more.

"Very well; and you'd better engage a time keeper to take over your present duties—good-bye," and the general manager hurried to his car.

"From a remark Glass made, I infer you have influence with the company in New York—one of the missing owners. It's unbelievable, but we can't get in touch with them. Glass is worried. There are important plans to be approved by the heads of two different estates," said Hollingsworth after Glass had left.

"I'm more surprised than you are. If there's

influence being used to boost me up the ladder, I know nothing of it," answered Hardy.

"Well, don't kick at a raise of a hundred a month. You suit me all right," answered Hollingsworth cheerily.

His new position brought Hardy vastly increased responsibilities, for the entire management of the plant was in his hands. He took keen enjoyment in the work, and the daily drives gave the lovers ample time for their own personal interest in each other. There was no flaw in their happiness, but a business trouble loomed up.

The ledge of surface rock which the engineers calculated would widen, and yield the stone required in the work, pinched out. As the excavation deepened, it deteriorated into dirty black shale and slate.

"If we have to haul rock from the valley, it will cost thousands," said Hollingsworth gloomily. "We'll take a last chance with a shot heavy enough to blow the hill top off, and if that doesn't uncover it, we'll quit spending money." Hardy agreed to the plan, and gave the necessary orders to the quarry foreman, and laid the night shift off.

Late in the evening, he and Hollingsworth walked into the quarry alone; they had arranged to fire the blasts themselves. They lit the row of sputtering fuses quickly, and ran to the shelter. For five minutes after the heavy booming of the shots echoed through the hills, a black cloud of dust drifted from the pit.

"Let it settle, we've either found something or nothing," said the engineer lighting his pipe. Hardy admired his professional coolness.

When the men went out, the big blast had done its work, for a large section of the hill had risen and settled outwards, leaving a gaping irregular hole of immense dimensions. They slid down the steep sides, and the engineer stared at the shivered black blocks incredulously.

"What is it?" said Hardy, noting Hollingsworth's excitement. Clearly there was no rock in this black seam, which covered the face of the hill.

"Coal—that's all, and I should judge an unlimited quantity of it, which can be mined by scratching away the top dirt. It widens with the downward dip of the seam. I must see Glass at once, for it's up to him for decision. The lost owners must be found."

Hardy drove Gladys home, and Hollingsworth caught a train to San Francisco, first telephon-

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REVERIE!

By Robert D. Little

Often when the day is over,
 And the tasks are left behind,
 My thoughts go winging southward
 On the whispering evening wind
 To a quaint old town in Texas—
 Hovering near to borderland,
 Circled by the fields of cotton
 Stretching to the Rio Grande.

I can see it just at evening,
 As the night is drifting down,
 And the lights gleam by the river
 Like a spangled satin gown;
 Crowned forever with its glories
 Stands the Alamo's retreat,
 While the endless tide of khaki
 Flows from camp to city street.

And I wonder if the moonlight
 Glistens with its olden sheen;
 Did the vows of love there spoken
 Hold when distance lay between;
 Have the soldier hearts forgotten—
 Back again in northern climes,
 And are southern maids regretting
 Promises of warring times?

Do the camps that knew the marching
 Of the youth of every state
 Echo with a ghostly legion
 Tramping onward to their fate;
 Are the fruits of intermingling
 Ever to the four winds blown?
 Ah! I think some memories linger
 Round the hills of San Antone!

Trail of the East Wind

By ARCHIE JOSCELYN

MacKINNON'S reason for seeking the West was, as he himself admitted, pure wanderlust. Inheriting a little store, a small home and a good name, long respected, he could have stayed on where he was and made a comfortable, uneventful living, and there would have remained the comfortable, green-coated little cemetery to receive him at the end; also, his fellow citizens would have said a few nice things about him, after which, forgotten, he would have reposed in peace.

Further, by staying, he could later have married pretty Grace Allen, whom he had always expected to marry; from her came the only opposition to his scheme that he cared about. She refused to go Westward with him. "Why must you leave all—this?" she asked, indicating with a wave of her arm the land of gentle prosperity.

And he answered: "I am going to follow the East wind West. As a boy I have lain awake nights, listening to it, as it swept by my window, always going Westward. It beckoned me then, beckoned me with an ever-increasing power to follow it, and after I would be lulled to sleep by its murmur, I would still dream of it—following its trail to the Land of Promise. I have always intended to go. Now there remains but one reason else to stop me, so I am going. If you will come with me, well and good. But if you will not, I am going, anyway. Perhaps you will come to me later."

"No, I will never come," she had replied, thinking thereby to stay him. But even as she spoke the wind was rising, blowing stronger towards the West. And on the next day MacKinnon had followed.

He had sought the West of which he had dreamed and read—the West of rolling, unfenced prairies, vast roaming herds, cattle thieves and cowboys; the West of rugged mountains and mighty distances. Afar off on the train he had sighted the mountains, and he saw that the sweep of the prairies was there; but he had alighted in a Western city of thirty thousand souls, a city with miles of stretching pavements, fine modern buildings and more automobiles of every type than he had found in his own cities of the East. The only thing that seemed really different was the movement, the air. In some vague way it was different, with the stir and the air of the West in it; and MacKinnon had felt this without knowing

why, even while he still felt vaguely disappointed. For he had come to see the wild West, and finding it not, he sought it still.

A man, scarce older than himself, driving a high-powered car, first attracted his attention. Just what there was about him, MacKinnon could not have said—it was the West about him, as about the country—there, surely, but indefinitely. But it was evidently intended that they should meet. A child tried to dart across the street as the car started, was confused, and hesitated—that fatal fraction of a second. MacKinnon leaped, and snatched the boy to safety. And in that manner did he fall into conversation with Walter Parker, owner of the ancient Circle Y outfit; so it was that, on that evening, MacKinnon found himself forty miles from the city, at the last outpost of that vanished West which he sought.

Circle Y ranch was a kingdom of twelve thousand sweeping acres, acquired by Parker's father, who had built the first sod house on the place forty years before, and had run his herd of cattle over the open range. Fortune had favored him, and his herds had increased; when the sheepmen came there had been the usual war—with Parker victorious. Then had come the more dreaded menace, the homesteader. But one kind of fighting had proved successful against the ever-increasing numbers who continued to come, and that method was to homestead the land first. A few might be frightened out, but too many of hardier nature followed in their footsteps. Therefore, in fear for their range, the cattlemen and sheepmen alike, proceeded to buy up the land, by the simple method of hiring their herders to file on a claim. A claim shack, mounted on runners, could be hauled from one claim to another, so that the homesteader might sleep at least one night a year on his land. For improvements, he could pasture his employer's herds over it. And when he proved up, an extra month's wages, and a solid job, was his reward. So was the range made safe for the cattle kings.

Parker had held onto his land, selling off outlying pieces and buying again close to home, to secure an empire of his own. The empire, now fenced, was intact. Gasoline plowing outfits ripped up a thousand acres for grain each year. Cattle roamed over the remainder of the land, for Walter Parker, while progressive, loved

the cattle, and the cattle brought in their share of the profit. The meadows were seeded to alfalfa, to furnish the hay for the winters. A few cowboys were still left, a very few of them being almost of the old type.

The dug-out sod house had given place to a log house, and that in turn had yielded place to a large and modern frame house, wherein Parker's sister presided as mistress. And the beauty of Eleana, combined with her fine womanly qualities, had turned many a young neighbor's head. So why should MacKinnon, practically penniless though he was, fail to feel the charm of her presence?

At his request, Parker had given him a job. MacKinnon had stated, simply enough, that he wished to be a cowboy. It being then the slack season of early summer, he had been given the closest approach to it possible—the time honored and necessary, but prosy, job of riding the fences. Equipped with a trusty old cowpony, MacKinnon rather enjoyed the job. A few minutes ride from the house, into the hills, and there would remain nothing to remind him of civilization save the never ending line of fence. The sweeping prairies or the brush-covered coulees and broken lands were yet wild. The grass in them was never picked short. Parker knew better than to run too many cattle. Occasionally would be found the depressions in the ground which spoke eloquently of the country that it yet was in location, and had once been in reality—the grass-grown buffalo wallows.

Adventures were few. The first day out he had neglected to drop the reins over his horse's head to the ground, and the horse had taken advantage of him and returned to the home ranch buildings, three miles distant, taking MacKinnon's dinner with him. While MacKinnon had worked on at the fence, Eleana Parker had ridden up an hour later, leading his horse, and so saving him from going hungry, and the added discomfort of having the men know that his horse had gotten away from him. She had left her baking to help him, and had thoughtfully brought along a few warm cakes which they ate together. Then she had to return to her housework, and MacKinnon had been left to wonder if he could safely let his horse stray away on some other occasion.

But he had known better than to try, and had pursued his job faithfully during the early summer days. When he at length reported that the fences were all in good shape for the summer and that it was a mere waste of time for him to ride them steadily, he had been made

Parker's personal assistant while overseeing the work, rather than set to putting up hay. And there had been enough to do, for Parker worked with his men at whatever was necessary, and MacKinnon worked with him. But the work was constantly different, as work is sure to be where diversified farming is practiced on a large ranch, therefore it never grew wearisome to MacKinnon.

It was during the last year of the war, and during those long rides that the two men discussed things intimate to them. MacKinnon confided that his mis-shaped foot, broken when a baby, had prevented him from going, and Parker, waved to the sweeping fields of grain and the herds of cattle, and no other explanation was needed. Twelve thousand acres devoted to the raising of food was better than one soldier, when others were to be had.

But of some things they never spoke.

At harvest time MacKinnon shocked wheat for a week, and then worked with the wagons until it was threshed, priding himself that he was doing it, and doing it well. After that, instead of driving a truck to haul the crop to the railroad, he was given a horse again, as the fall round-up began, and through it he saw something of the range riders' skill, but mingled with it all was the modern note of a progressive land. Then came the end of the war. Soon after, late autumn on the last frontier was followed by an early winter.

"This is the last frontier, here among these few big cattle ranches," Parker explained. "It's forty miles to the nearest city where you can get anything except a few of the bare necessities of life. Ten miles away is the post office, with mail three times a week. When winter really sets in we'll be lucky to get it even once a week. If the railroad would go through we'd have a town close at hand. But the war has delayed everything."

"The roads must be bad when the snow and winds do start?" ventured MacKinnon.

"Rather. When the wind comes from the East—it's some job to get through then, and a Southeast wind is the coldest thing that ever blew. Many a man has frozen on the prairies, and horses and cattle with them, if they get caught out away from shelter."

The truth of this became apparent with the falling of the second snow storm. The first had come late in October, but had quickly gone again. The second, early in November, lasted three days, days during which the wind blew steadily, driving the snow before it, and the mercury dropped ever lower. That snow never

melted that year, and others followed it. Parker himself, accompanied by MacKinnon, started out with a sleigh the twentieth of December, and returned the twenty-third, having been to the city and done the Christmas shopping for the ranch.

"You've seen the land in summer," said Parker, "and you've seen a land flowing with milk and honey, if that word can be applied to any land. But now you see the winter, which is usually temperate in this Northwest of ours, but sometimes—and this is evidently one of them—it ceases from being exactly temperate. But it will be a gay Christmas."

And so it proved to be, though the wind steadily blew, piling up the snow. Because of that snow, all hands left the home ranch buildings on the following day and journeyed to the farther side of the ranch, where a herd of cattle crossing the snow-covered fences, had wandered through a deep coulee and on the meadows beyond. The coulee was now choked with soft snow and impassable, yet the cattle had to have hay or starve.

It was work, man's work, for the next few days, with the weather bitterly cold. Then, getting the situation in hand at the end of four days, Parker sent MacKinnon back to the ranch buildings to see how things fared there. Arriving there, as another storm was beginning, MacKinnon found only the housekeeper and an old man. The few remaining men of the ranch had been working to feed the other herds, and had been gone since the previous morning. But what caused MacKinnon concern was the fact that Eleana Parker was gone. That morning she had started, riding her favorite cow pony, for the city, forty miles away, declaring that she could make it by night and would there secure a few small but much needed supplies, which through an oversight had not been stocked up. On the following evening, she had said, she would be back to the ranch. MacKinnon, gazing into the driving East wind, did not wait for the following evening. Instead, seeing that all was now well enough about the ranch, he began his ride.

By two o'clock that afternoon it was dusk, and the going was hard. He had selected a fresh horse, but the snow lay two feet deep on the level, with occasional deep drifts, so that the going was a constant succession of plunges, and through these MacKinnon was forced at times to dismount and aid his horse. Through it all, the wind grew more bitterly cold, driving the stinging snowflakes biting into his face, so that he would more than once have turned

back, but that she was ahead, and the snowflakes were driving into her face. So MacKinnon rode on.

She had a three hours start of him, but, as the cold increased, while the terrible wind yet prevailed, MacKinnon did not fear for his ability to overtake her. What he prayed for was that he might not pass her somewhere, a silent, huddled heap amid the drifting storm. And when he thought of this, he cursed the East wind. Truly, as Parker had said, it was the coldest thing that ever blew.

At early night he came in sight of her, her horse, a white ghost in the bleakness, stumbling heavily along. MacKinnon had ridden hard during the long hours, but, mounted on the lighter pony, she had done likewise. And they were now, therefore, but twelve miles from their destination—yet twelve miles—on such a night! Could Eternity be longer?

Another half-mile, and MacKinnon came up with her. She was crouched low over the saddle, shielding her face as best she could, but it was already white in spots. MacKinnon's feet were ice, and his face, he knew, was likewise whitening, while her horse was all but ready to drop. An ancient homesteader's shack should be a short distance ahead, MacKinnon knew, and, spurring savagely, lashed the other horse with his quirt. Even then he would have missed the house, but the weary beasts, with some sixth sense, turned aside through the night and came to it. Arriving there, he drove the horses through the doorway, and for firewood, knocked away the lee side of the house itself. But the thin, half-rotten boards burned quickly, with little heat, and within a few short hours it would all have been gone, with the bitterest part of the night still before them. Therefore, warmed again, they faced the storm, and MacKinnon lashed both stumbling animals onward for the last few miles. Then, leaving her at a hotel, he stumbled off to find a livery barn, railing at the first garage he came to.

She was warmed and chatting gaily, too gaily, it seemed to him, after the bitter tragedy of the storm, when he returned an hour later. No words were needed to express what they were to each other, although they told him, but the warm hand-clasp which the stranger gave MacKinnon seemed scarcely sufficient thanks. Thanks, he reflected, were so empty in themselves—yet he wanted no more. But he felt curiously lonely as he turned away. And then—she entered the room, slowly, looking wonder-

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"Carmencita"

The Corporal's Story

By ERNEST HAYCOX

WHEN Pancho Villa made the columbus raid our regiment was shipped to San Diego and from there marched to a small town, half way to the border, where the regimental headquarters were established, and from where the various companies were sent out as patrols. "B" company was stationed just opposite the old fort at Tia Juana, near a little border village. Officially we were to repel any attempted invasion. But we old timers knew perfectly well that there would never be any such invasion. Governor Cantu was making considerable money by being friendly to the tourists that daily swarmed across the line to the race track and the casino. We were simply a part of the theory that the War College was working out.

Nevertheless the young bloods who had enlisted at the President's call found it perfectly thrilling, so to speak. All the elements of romance were present, and their imaginations worked overtime. They gathered on the knoll of the hill and gazed ominously across the valley at the rickety old fort and spoke seriously of our being bombarded; in reality there was only one cannon in the fort and that too old to be safely fired. They spied a group of men digging on the crest of the opposite hill and conceived it to be the advance guard of the enemy throwing up earthworks; it turned out to be a few Mexican farmers building a barn. In the evenings the young lads on sentry duty peered intently into the shadow of the river bank, and every rustle of the bushes brought their guns down to the "ready," waiting for the Mexican army to emerge from the thicket; more often than not the noise was caused by some cow grazing. Off duty they went down to the village and hung around, glancing admirably at the few Spanish girls there, or walking with them along the straight road that led to the boundary, under the stars, in the soft southern shadows.

Romance! Romance! It's a precious thing, but it never comes to an old time soldier. To many of the lads this was their first taste of life, and it fairly intoxicated them. They took everything for granted and let their imagination supply the missing details. They were continually moving about, investigating this or that, hunting rattlesnakes, exploring abandoned wells, working off their surplus energy. We old timers

smoked our pipes and in the evenings pitched horseshoes while the light lasted, then "reminded" a bit, and turned in. We had been doing this sort of a thing for a good many years.

Of all these young fellows Dale Hawkins was, I suppose, the most imaginative, and the cleanest cut. He was a good looking boy with his black eyes that were constantly sparkling with enthusiasm, his fresh smooth face, and his slim frame, and brown, curly hair. Most any girl would have liked him, and I saw many glance at him rather wistfully. He was so young and unspoiled. I remember the night he came into the squad tent all excited. He had to wake me up to tell me all about it.

"Corp.?" He always called me "corp.," and I never had the heart to scold him for this minor infraction of discipline. "Corp., I've run onto the girl! Oh, Lord, but I wish you could see her! She's a peach, Corp. There ain't another girl like her in the whole darned U. S. The blackest eyes ever! And red lips, and—and—well, there just ain't another girl like her, Corp."

"I'll give you just three minutes to crawl into your bunk, Hawkins," I said, "or I'll have you put on K. P. for a week." I suppose I sounded harsh to the boy, for he crawled off without saying another word. But eleven o'clock is no time to wake a man up. And my leg was bothering me again—rheumatism I got in Cuba, standing all night, hip-deep in water.

I made up to him the next day and got the particulars. I had been thinking about the matter—sort of liked the lad and felt it my duty to look after him. So I pumped him a bit.

"She works down at the store, Corp. I sorta hung around and got acquainted. She's a peach, Corp. They don't make 'em any finer." That's about all I could get from him that was coherent.

I made it my business to amble down to the store and take a look for myself. She was easy to look at, no mistake. Regulation Spanish—glossy black hair, dazzling smile, big luring eyes, crimson lips—I found myself thinking about another little girl down Juarez way; years ago that was. Then I looked again and something about her struck me funny. She saw me and came down to where I stood.

"What will you have, Senor Corporal?"

"Give me a sack of Union Leader," I said, looking at her hand.

She reached back, got the tobacco and threw it on the counter, smiling at me—the sort of smile that gets men going.

"Senor Corporal has seen much service?"

Flattery, thought I, but agreeable. "How do you figure that out, young lady?"

"Oh, I can see it on the Corporal's face. He looks wise. He has seen things, and he knows things."

I thought on this a while. "Well, maybe," I reflected. "Maybe, Seniorita. But there is one thing I don't know much about."

"What is that, Corporal?" she asked, leaning over the counter and giving me another one of those heart shockers.

"Women," said I.

She pouted. I'll admit it certainly made her look attractive. "But they are so easy to understand, Senior. Perhaps you have never really tried?"

An opening left for me, I said to myself. "I've known quite a few of them in my time, Seniorita."

"Good women?"

"Both kinds," I said, looking her squarely in the face.

She made a gesture—everything the woman did added to her charm.

"Quite a few of the boys seem to have a lot to say about you," I remarked, filling my briar and lighting it.

She made another of those gestures. "Silly boys, Corporal, and all so young. They don't know their minds. Now a man like the Corporal would know what he was doing—" I can't describe the look she gave me. If I had been ten years younger—but I have grown past that stage. I strolled to the door.

"Yes, you're right, Seniorita. I'd know what I was doing."

She gave me a throaty laugh. "I shall see you again, Corporal?"

"You will," I answered.

She troubled me. I couldn't prove that she was bad; but I've seen a good many of those kind of women, women of that race. They are of a different morality, and I didn't want Dale to be mixed up in anything, if I could help it. Ordinarily I wouldn't have cared. A man has to learn a lot of things in this world before he gets through it and the sooner he gets his knowledge the better off he is. But somehow Dale's very freshness and air of buoyant youth made me want to protect him. Some people

do affect us that way. But do you suppose he would listen to me? He came near striking me with the butt of his gun.

"Dale, my son," I began, very troubled, "I'm an old man. I've seen all kinds of these women. They ain't like our women. And you can't ever tell what they'll do. Angels grow around Tia Juana. She's dangerous, lad. Take my advice and stay away. I wouldn't want you to go back home all smutted up."

He was so angry that he was crying. "Just because you're my corporal isn't any sign that you can insult her. She's as good as any other woman on earth. How do you know she's bad? You're just evil-minded. She's absolutely pure, I tell you. Don't dare say anything against her. I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me." And he flung himself out of the tent.

"That far, is it?" I said to myself. But I think it was only the statement of a loyal clean boy, who, in order to demonstrate his faith in her, anxious to prove her goodness, said the most convincing thing he could. Such lads are that way.

Well, I saw that I couldn't do much except keep an eye open and learn all I could of the woman. Carmencita was her name—Carmencita something-or-other. I questioned the natives but they were a clannish and taciturn lot and I didn't get anything from them. There was one thing, however, which I didn't give much attention to at the time, and that was the appearance of a mulatto in the village about every other evening. Evidently he came from the settlement near the race track, a short ways below us. He would come trudging up the road in the dusk, disappear, and later come trudging back.

So it drifted along. I would lay awake nights waiting for Dale to come in. He never got in before taps, yet I hadn't the heart to scold him as he came stumbling through the door of the tent, stood with face turned to the sky for a minute or so, then go toward his bunk with a deep sigh.

One thing about the lad, he never talked to other men, except to me, about her. She was a sort of shrine to him, I think, something to be very reverently and deeply loved, and not to be profaned by being discussed in mens' mouths. I guess he rather shrank from hearing her name bandied about, and associated with the inevitable crude remarks that soldiers are apt to make. And incidentally I ran across a diary he was keeping, one day. What that boy had poured out on paper! He'd simply turned to

fire and wrote—with all the feeling of young, first love.

Then we got our orders to move back to headquarters at Imperial Beach—being relieved by another company. Of course, several of the boys had gone pretty sweet on the few girls about the village, and they got up a dance as a sort of farewell. I strolled over to watch the proceedings. And I got an eyeful. Any one but a lovesick lad could have seen through the girl by her actions. She flirted with every man in the place, and treated Dale miserably, then she would apparently relent and the two would disappear in the shadows of the porch for a while, and when they came back Dale would be lit up like a house afire.

She saw me and motioned for me to come over. I can't dance, so we slid out on the porch.

"Senorita," I said, "what are you going to do with Dale Hawkins?"

She looked at me with well-feigned surprise. "Do, Corporal? I haven't anything to do with him."

"Stuff!" I exclaimed. "There's a lot of men about the place, Senorita, that'll give you amusement. Dale's only an inexperienced boy. Do me a favor and send him on his way. He's too young to be mixed up in anything serious."

She didn't take that very easy. "And who am I, Senor," she said with an angry glitter in her eyes; "who am I to spoil your young friend?"

"Come, come, you know what I mean. You are causing him a lot of unnecessary trouble."

"I have nothing to do about it. He comes and goes at his own will."

"Stuff! He comes and goes when you jerk the strings. I have a little sense. Senorita."

She flared up again and started for the door. But I wasn't finished yet, so I stepped in front of her. Man! The look she gave me! Fire and daggers! That's the Spanish for you.

"Come, Senorita; you haven't answered my question yet. What are you going to do with him? There's plenty of men around here that you can play with—real men—without having to pick on a young boy."

"Bah!" she flares back at me. "Men! You mean animals. They all are animals that watch me with the same look in their faces; they all have the same question to ask. Don't you suppose I have a little sense too? Dale—she pronounced the name with a funny note in her voice—"is the only man in the company who doesn't insult me."

I figured it was time to speak plainly. "Come off your high horse, Senorita! I've got eyes, and you're no angel. I guess maybe there's a reason for the boys giving you the wicked once over." Then I tried the flattery argument. "You're too good looking to be wasting time on Hawkins. Pick some of the boys that know the ropes."

Then she did speak! Called me all the names in the Spanish calendar of devils. "Don't you think, Senor," she said, fairly spitting it at me, "that I like me-men who look at me with clean eyes—who give me clean love—and use clean words? Don't you think I ever get tired of those men—those beasts that 'know the ropes'?" She stopped to get her breath, her eyes blazing with fire. Lord, but she looked beautiful! I remember feeling a pity for her, at the time—pity that such a thing of beauty, so full of life, should throw all that beauty and life away to the chance bidder, in a dingy village. Maybe it wasn't so much pity as a sense of waste that struck me.

"—You don't know women, Senor, and you never will. Bad women are bad—to you—all the time. Let me by."

"Hold on," I said, taking her by the wrist. "I ain't said anything to Dale yet—not much—but if you don't let go of him I'll tell him the whole works."

She flung her head in a kind of scorn. "He wouldn't believe you! He wouldn't believe you! He thinks clean!"

"More's the pity," I returned, "that he should be brought to think otherwise—and that's what you'll do."

"That's what you think—bad women are bad—all the time. Let me go!" And she rushed into the building.

Well, sir, that woman gave me a bad half hour with her heroics. I couldn't figure out how much of it she meant, and I wondered as I slid into my bunk, if the lad's cleanness had struck home. But tush! The woman was only a jade; it couldn't have been so.

On the march back to headquarters Dale was moody and silent, and once established in our new quarters he moped around and took long hikes by himself. Then one night I missed him and woke up about three o'clock the next morning, just in time to hear him turning in. Of course, I rode him hard and demanded an explanation. And where do you suppose he had been? He had walked back to our old outpost—ten miles—to see that woman. Ten miles down and ten back, in the course of the

night! Well, I should have raised hob with him, and had him confined to quarters for leaving camp without a pass. But I let him off with a few harsh words and some talk about the regiment getting a short-moving notice and leaving him behind. But it didn't do any good. A couple of nights later he repeated the trick. And it got to be a regular every other night performance. I threatened and scolded and argued; but it didn't do any good, and I didn't see how I could mend matters any by confining him to camp.

I had an old bunkie in the outfit that had relieved us and I dropped him a line and asked him to just keep an eye on the couple for me. It was partly through him, and partly through what Dale told me himself that I was able to piece together what happened afterwards.

I can picture the lad striding down the lonely road, hurrying to see the girl, and I can see him come stumbling home, refusing rides from passing automobiles, desiring to be alone to nurse the pangs of sorrow and happiness, jealousy and remorse—all the hodge-podge of feelings and tangled emotions that a lad of eighteen is possessed of—with all the intensity of youthful passion.

Some nights he found other men on the porch—men from the company that had relieved us—and he would sulk in the shadows for a time, then stumble home. In the mornings I found him alternately happy and dejected, silent and voluble. He hinted of marriage in mysterious tones, and the very next day sat on the edge of his bunk and eyed the guns in the rack with a look of despair.

Then one evening as he emerged unexpectedly from the shadows, walking toward the house, he saw Carmencita standing, talking with another man. He heard the man mention something about "the same place the next time," as he handed her a paper bill; he saw him seize her roughly and kiss her; then he heard the girl laugh lightly and push him away, and when the man turned Dale saw that it was the mulatto, the one I had observed around the village so frequently.

I was frightened at the boy's behavior after that, he was so white and so still. He drilled

in a sort of daze and twice I had to send him to the rooky squad in punishment. And he kept strictly to himself and disappeared for long stretches of time, when off duty.

He stepped up to me one afternoon when I was washing a pair of socks in front of the tent.

"Excuse me, Corporal," says the lad, with a hard-bitten look on his face. "I apologize for getting mad at you, that time."

"All right, Dale," I said, trying to be funny. It embarrassed me, somehow. "But don't try to lick your old non-com again."

There was a hole in the sock I was washing and I remembered thinking, at the time, that socks and people were considerably alike; some wore like iron, while others went to pieces on the first march. You never can tell what is shoddy or pure by just looking.

The Government got tired of playing tag with Villa and the regiment went back to its station, and Dale was discharged soon after, and returned to school. I happened to be in the orderly room when the skipper gave him his discharge.

"You are a very lucky lad, Hawkins," said the old man. "You've had a first-class vacation on government pay, and you have seen things that will turn your chums green with envy. Now if you run across a likely chap that wants to enlist, steer him to company 'B'."

But I think it left a scar. Consider the case. There he was, on the flood-tide of romance—a soldier in southern lands, under a southern moon—all his imagination stirred by romantic fancies—then a southern love, the very height of romance—then the sudden, drab, sordid end of it all. I think that if it had been a white man instead of the mullato that the boy, in the cleanness of his being and in the extravagant chivalry of his age, would have excused her, and continued to worship. Such lads are capable of that.

Impetuous youth! They bruise themselves sorely in the eager search for romance, instead of growing out of their illusions and into experience gently. But long, long ago the Kingdom of Romance closed to me. So I am no judge.



Escape

By MAGERY LEE

IN one more week she would have her divorce! Helen glanced at Steve as the bristly-chinned lawyer announced it. Steve inclined his head with dignity and smiled quietly at her, without changing the expression of his mournful eyes. Steve, being an involuntary artist, never missed an opportunity to do the irresistible thing. Helen had to admit that if she hadn't understood how carefully studied was his attitude, she might have found it irresistible even now.

They had met the lawyer to discuss the question of the custody of little Steven. It had been a mere formality for the child's father apparently cared little about having him. Helen cared tremendously; in fact that was one of the principal reasons she had hesitated in getting her divorce. Steven was really a wonderful father! But she felt she had stood what he pleadingly called his "harmless flutterings" long enough.

Waiting for the street car to carry her to her lonely apartment, she thought over these flutterings. Of course, before she married him she had known Steven would be like that—it was partly that charm he had for other women that had made her notice him. There had been a merry little creature who was visiting one of their friends, while she was engaged to Steven. He rushed her shamelessly for awhile and then in happy relief, returned to Helen. She understood him so well, she couldn't be jealous. She understood the necessity of stepping in and eclipsing all the other men in the town, merely for the fun of doing it. Throughout their early married life, she hadn't lost her perspective when Steven seemed involved in a desperate flirtation with some new woman. She knew all the symptoms leading up to the malady and all the signs of recovery, with an affectionate understanding that was almost maternal. But now, when Steven was older and she was beginning to want to settle down, it seemed as if he ought to grow up. Where it had amused her once, now it humiliated her to have her friends remark on his spasmodic neglects.

When the car came, it was crowded, and a well-dressed woman with a tired face, offered her half of her strap. At the next corner more people boarded the car, and everyone crowded closer together. Among the newcomers was a tall and interesting-looking man with sombre eyes, and sensitive, rather restless hands. He

stood near the well-dressed woman apparently without seeing her, although she glanced unobtrusively at him a number of times. Finally he turned and looked steadily into her eyes and then smiled a deliberate quiet smile. The woman's face, colored with confusion, and fumbling with her beaded bag, let it slip with a rustle to the floor. The tall man stooped to rescue it, and, continuing his stare, said: "Your same old nervous habit of dropping things when you are excited, Elizabeth!"

"George—" she said, then falteringly, "are you visiting here? I thought you were living in Chicago."

"Oh, no. We've moved here recently. We have a charming apartment. I'm sure my wife would be glad to have you call. This is the first we've attempted housekeeping. I was anxious to get our furniture out of storage. We have just been down today buying furniture to match the half of the library set you and I had. We didn't get the table you always wanted with it. Grace didn't seem to like it. I was sorry. We bought the wrought-iron candlesticks for the floor that you planned to give me for Christmas. Remember? I've always felt guilty about having the library set. It was absurd for us to divide the furniture as we did."

"Yes, I suppose it was," she murmured.

"Tell me about Georgina," he said cheerfully.

"She looks more like you all the time, George. I think there is nothing of me in her."

"Oh, but there was once! I remember on the day she was born she was entirely you. I was almost angry over it. Lord, I was queer then!"

"No!" she said, with suddenly lighted eyes. "You were wonderfully dear—that day, George!" Then eagerly, "Have you any children—now?"

"No," he said, "I think Grace doesn't care for children. She has a different way of looking at things. —It's strange I should have seen you today. After all this time—a found something of yours this morning when I was arranging the books on the library shelves. It fell out of a book. It's a letter I wrote to you when I was in New York that time. Funny it happened to be in that book."

"Oh—I remember," she said softly. "I think I can say that letter by heart. I adored it!"

Wasn't I a ridiculous little thing then?" Her face grew harder.

"From the tone of the letter, I was just as ridiculous."

Helen was nauseated by their conversation, which she couldn't avoid hearing. It was so tragically hard, and so hopeless. She wanted to cry out to them to be still. But they seemed unconscious that there was anyone else on the car. It was more than she could bear; she hurriedly pushed her way through the people, and got off.

It was just beginning to get dark and the streets were filled with hurrying people, eager to reach their homes. Everyone was hustling along with that particular, homing look of people let out from their work. Helen was suddenly alone, and bewildered. The thing she was doing seemed all at once so hideously final, and so impossible. "It can't happen!" she gasped, "I simply can't let Stevie go! We could never meet casually like that on a street car and talk so cold-bloodedly." Suddenly she darted into a drug store and trembling violently, she found Steven's phone number. Hardly able

to control herself, she shut herself in a dark, tobacco-odored booth.

"Steve?"

"Yes. Who is this?" he answered.

"This is Helen—Will you come and see me? Steve—I'm afraid I have been making a mistake! There was a couple on the car—I believe you're right after all."

"My dear—do you mean—" said Steve huskily.

"Do you still want me back?" she said breathlessly.

"If you knew how I want you back!—When may I come?"

* * *

After he had hung up the receiver, he waited a moment and then picked it up again. He called the number of his lawyer's residence:

"This is Croft, Mr. Bryant," he said. "I wanted to tell you that it worked splendidly. I'm unendingly grateful to you. Will you pay your stenographer and the clerk, and put it on my bill? I hardly know how to thank you!"

"Not at all, old man. Always glad when I can prevent a little mistake like that."



HOW CAN ONE HEART HOLD THEM BOTH?

By William Herbert Carruth

Snowy bosoms, silks, and musk,
 Music, laughter, jesting, wit:—
 Thin forms slinking through the dusk
 Where despair and famine flit:
 Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,
 How can one heart hold them both?

Books, seclusion, lettered labor,
 Burning thirst for name and fame;
 Helpful love for friend and neighbor,
 Sympathy for blind and lame:
 Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,
 How can one heart hold them both?

Art, aesthetic teas, and science,
 Pride, precedence, pedigrees;
 Gaunt toil full of fierce defiance,
 hovels full of fell disease:
 Poet, statesman, tell me sooth,
 How can one State hold them both?

The Specter Witness

By JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

JOHN CAMERON stood looking down at the unconscious face of Elsie Snow, regardless of the confused clamor of voices about them. The girl lay on the sofa in a dead faint which had lasted so long that a physician had been sent for.

Every boarder in the house had been summoned to the parlor by the sound of screams followed by a pistol shot. Horror was written upon every face. A terrible index to Elsie's swoon was the body of Leonard Harmon lying on the floor, shot through the heart.

Mrs. Mack, the landlady, bent over the sofa with officious zeal, chafing the girl's cold hands and applying restoratives. As the strong ammonia came near her nostrils Elsie responded with a shudder, opened her eyes and raised herself, only to faint a second time.

Mr. Cameron's brow contracted.

"She should not have seen that body the first thing," he said with vexation. "Mrs. Mack, could you——?"

"It cannot be touched," answered the landlady hastily, "not till after the coroner's inquest.—There, I will turn her about, but she must face the facts finally.—I wrested the pistol from her myself."

The woman's tone was brutally decided. As she uttered the last words Elsie unclosed her eyes once more and fixed them upon the speaker's face. She was slowly recovering consciousness. Several of the lady boarders, who had seemed sympathetic over her condition, now shrank back and covered their faces. She was left to the care of the doctor, who had at length arrived.

The lawyer's instinct in Cameron prompted him to linger. He continued to contemplate the crime and the girl with professional interest.

Elsie was acting in a wild, frightened way, flushing scarlet one moment and turning pale the next; asking what had happened, then incoherently protesting her innocence. Cameron had met her, only in the dining room, daily; when she had appeared quiet, demure and self-contained, talking mostly to Leonard Harmon, who sat beside her at the table. She was little and blond, her one beauty being a superb suit of golden hair, so heavy indeed that it seemed burdensome to its owner. But under her present excitement and distress the girl's face had grown beautiful and appealing. The

lawyer studied it in thoughtful silence. And all through the wakeful hours of the ensuing night Cameron mused upon the change in her personality. With Leonard Harmon he was well acquainted.

When the coroner arrived, next day, Elsie had become calmer, and was able to tell her own story.

"I came home from the store, yesterday, very tired," she said, "and was going up to my room when Mr. Harmon called to me from the parlor, and I stopped in there for a moment. I had a letter in my hand from a chum of mine. Just to tease him I made believe it was something very important. Of course, he tried to get the paper from me, but I did not really want him to see the nonsense. He caught hold of my wrist and— and then I saw a face at the window. I screamed and jumped, upsetting a chair. 'What's the matter?' he asked. I told him that somebody was trying to look in at the window. And I remember he answered with a laugh, 'Don't kid me. Let me have that letter.' I said, 'You can take it if you will only pull down that curtain. I am afraid to go near it. I have such a terror of people out in the dark; they can see you while you can't see them.' 'All right,' he cried, 'it's a bargain.' Why, you are as nervous as a humming bird, Elsie.' Those were his last words."

She paused and shuddered, then nerved herself to proceed. "As he started across the floor, the shot came. I saw him throw up his arms and fall back. I screamed, and then I did not know anything more."

There was silence for a few moments, broken by a question from the coroner. "Has any one seen the letter referred to?"

No body had found even a scrap of paper in the apartment. All testified to having heard a scuffle and screams. The landlady produced a small pistol, and asked Elsie if it was hers. The girl made a frantic gesture, and answered quickly in a tone that implored mercy.

"Yes, it is mine; but I don't know how it came here. I keep it locked in my bureau drawer."

* "Do you deny that I snatched it from you?" menaced Mrs. Mack, and Elsie cowered.

John Cameron had but little to relate. He had been the last person to arrive on the scene of the tragedy. But after listening attentively

to all that was said by the other inmates of the house, there was in his mind no question of the girl's guilt.

She offered no resistance when taken into custody. She was so small and frail and powerless against force of any kind; but she looked in the face of the officer with a dumb appeal which made Cameron think suddenly of his own young sister at home. All that afternoon he was haunted by the idea of the heavy iron door at the jail, which clanged to behind its victims. He imagined Elsie crouched on the single chair which her cell afforded, with no more privacy than an animal behind the bars of its cage. Again he lay awake most of the night wondering if she could sleep, pity for her helplessness effacing the horror of her crime.

Mr. Cameron came down late to breakfast in the morning. He also dawdled over his meal till all the boarders had left the room. Then he hesitated. He had an aversion toward his landlady, despite her excellent table. If asked to describe Mrs. Mack, he would have said that she was a gaudily handsome young widow with insinuating, affable manners. He made it his custom to avoid her. At length he looked up from his plate.

"Mrs. Mack, may I beg the favor of a few moments conversation?"

"Certainly, Mr. Cameron," smirked the lady, edging her chair confidentially closer. Her guest drew his away about the same distance.

"I am nothing but nerves this morning," sighed Mrs. Mack. "I never closed my eyes all night. Such an awful thing to happen in this house!"

Cameron humored her wordy self-importance before proceeding.

"I wanted to ask you, can you tell me anything about Miss Snow? Has she any relatives,—friends?"

"Miss Elsie has been a guest here for the past five years," returned Mrs. Mack with slow precision. "She is an orphan, and has no kin, I believe. She works in one of the big department stores down town. But she was that close I never could find out nothing about her. She gets excited easy, and has an awful quick temper. I always suspicioned something queer. I seen her and Mr. Harmon together a great deal."

The widow raised her eyebrows significantly before she continued.

"I hear they had a time at the jail last night. She screamed like a maniac. They were afraid to leave her alone."

Cameron turned away from the heartless recital in pain and disgust. His mind was made up. Guilty or not, he would offer his services in defense of the unfortunate girl. He went to the court house, where Mrs. Mack's information was verified. The jailer had called on the sheriff early in the morning; later the sheriff had reported to the judge, and a physician had been sent to examine the prisoner. He had declared that he could not be responsible for her reason if confined any longer in a cell.

Something had to be done. The crime being a capital one, the prisoner could not be set at liberty on bail. Inside those four stone walls she must remain, despite the close air and the revolting surroundings. The jailer's wife, a kind hearted though coarse woman, offered the use of one of the two rooms which they occupied in the front part of the prison. It was hastily emptied of all but the most necessary articles of furniture, and the girl was placed under lock and key in a safe place which yet did not resemble a cage. It was relaxing prison discipline, but the case was unusual and urgent.

It was here that Cameron sought her, and found her condition too hysterical for any conference. Disappointed, he turned to go away. The jailer's wife followed him to the door, insinuating and communicative.

"So you're to be her lawyer, are you?" the woman asked in broken Irish; "may the Lord love your handsome face for it. Sure, the poor pitiful-looking kiddie ain't done nothing to be sent to the likes of this place. We thought, last night, for true she'd gone mad; my man and me was waked up by her yells. Och, when we went to see what the matter was, she clutched me tight. 'Don't leave me,' she cries. 'I can't bear it—them dreadful men.' You see, we let the boys that ain't committed worse than stealing have the freedom of the corridors; and the blithering idiots had to go staring in at the poor thing. But you look smart enough to clear her, God bless you. I'll get her quiet so she'll talk to you."

During the long weeks awaiting her trial Cameron did talk with her many times, and brought all his persuasive talents to bear against her determined attitude of being non cognizant of the murdered.

"Come, now," he coaxed, one day, "tell me the whole story. Drop this assertion about seeing a face at the window. It is untenable. Recollect all about it. You had a quarrel with the deceased—a lover's quarrel. You did it by accident—or in self-defense, didn't you, now?"

Elsie drew away from the lawyer's familiar address, and bit her lip in sharp shame. He apologized instantly.

"But this is no time for false delicacy," he added; "I want to help you. You see the advantages of what I urge,—a full acknowledgment. That letter now—he was jealous—?"

"I never had any quarrel with Mr. Harmon," she averred.

"Yet," persisted Cameron, "the people in the house overheard—"

"I tell you," she interrupted, "that I never thought of Leonard Harmon as a lover. He was the same as kin. Why— why— I'm engaged to his brother." The confession came from her in short sobs.

"Who?" exclaimed the lawyer. "Aleck Harmon, who went out to India five years ago?"

"Yes,— I was only seventeen then; but I had promised to marry him. We have corresponded regularly."

Mr. Cameron began to feel baffled. The girl's honest eyes, her very refusal to accept the fraud he suggested her practising, led him to think that perhaps she was the victim of some villainous plot. He went back to his office to rack his brain for some possible clue.

"She is innocent," he brooded, "I feel convinced of it; and I shall put up a fight to the last. That missing letter was from Aleck Harmon—she was engaged to him. Could there have been jealousy between the two brothers? Hardly; he is in India. I have a dogged belief in her innocence, and I have, too, my suspicions."

Wearied by the endless maze of thought, he took up a book of old law cases, and read on and on with deepening interest. Once he rose and locked the door against possible interruption and walked up and down the room with nervous haste. A sudden idea had come like a revelation.

The morning of the trial dawned clear and propitious. Excitement was intense. It was not often that the little town had its monotony broken by anything so thrilling as a murder case; every sensational development must be gloated upon to the utmost. Men and women thronged the sidewalk to see the black wagon from the jail unload its bit of wretched, terrified humanity. She looked very slight and child-like escorted by a tall police officer on either side, her golden hair glistened in the sunshine and overshadowing her head. Every seat in the gallery of the court room was occupied to see how she walked to face her ordeal.

Cameron, himself, watched Elsie with deep anxiety when she was led into the crowded court. Her frightened eyes were fixed in awful fascination upon the judge, the jury,— those stern upholders of the law which she had violated—so many strong men arrayed against one feeble woman. It would require so little to crush her out of existence!

Her defender stirred and cleared his throat. It succeeded in attracting the unhappy girl's attention; and he smiled encouragement to her. In all that vast assembly drawn together by duty or curiosity, the young lawyer alone sought to make her feel that she had a friend.

She pleaded, "Not guilty," in a voice that trembled in spite of all her efforts to appear calm; and the dreary formula of legal investigation commenced. The testimony which had formerly been adduced at the coroner's inquest within half an hour, was now dragged slowly along throughout the space of a whole day. Witnesses were examined and cross examined; every petty detail of the tragedy was given an exaggerated importance; the exact location of each one of the boarders when the noise, the screams and the shot were heard had to be succinctly ascertained. The pistol was brought in and passed from one learned pair of hands to another for inspection. No doubt remained that it had been fired. More than once the pitiful object of all this circumlocution was in a half-fainting condition under the harrowing effects of the endless repetitions.

And so the first day of the trial came to an end, and nothing had been accomplished. The second and the third were as tantalizingly fruitless of results. Some of the spectators, who had attended in hopes of sensational scenes, yawned and went away. Yet, under the tedious steady probing process a mass of circumstantial evidence began to bank up against the accused.

Only once did Elsie change the death-like stillness of her demeanor. Mrs. Mack had taken the stand, and was relating in her bland tones how she herself, being in the dining room, had heard Elsie conversing with Leonard Harmon in the parlor; how she had glanced in an opposite mirror, and seen them reflected, engaged in what she described as "a playful romp"; how she had been horrified by the pistol shot, had rushed to the rescue, and snatched the weapon from the wicked girl's hand, throwing her to the floor senseless.

"It is not true," shrieked the prisoner pas-

sionately, her pale face flushing scarlet, "she never touched me. I fainted."

The complacent widow only noticed this interruption by a pitying expression of contempt, and proceeded to state that Miss Snow's conduct was "very peculiar at times and secretive—" Then, hesitating, she tapped her own forehead as if to indicate that all was not right mentally as well as morally.

Mr. Cameron rose and objected to the use of implications, demanding that the witness speak plainly; and Mrs. Mack withdrew her last remark.

Several shop girls with whom Elsie had associated, now gave testimony to the defendant's good character; yet, such is the gregarious tendency of human nature, their kind words were only luke warm for one under the cloud of public suspicion. Every action in the past was seen under the shadow of her present criminality. In fact, the accused was so very reticent that she had formed no intimate friendships with any of her fellow clerks.

When the prosecuting attorney began to sum up the case in its most heinous aspect as premeditated and treacherous, the miserable girl's prostration became so great that the court was forced to take a recess. Cameron took advantage of its adjournment to talk with her earnestly.

"Try to control yourself," he urged gently, "do not, I beg of you, have the case postponed on account of your illness."

In answer Elsie threw her arms above her head crying out, "I am guilty,—I must be. You heard what he said—I must be guilty."

"Hush!" commanded Cameron with tender firmness, concealing his own alarm. "Remember what I told you. My time has come, and I am going to prove your innocence."

But his hopes sank as he noted that her excited imagination was on the verge of hysteria. Perhaps he could hypnotize her until the hour was ripe for his scheme. He would try.

"Listen to me," he said impressively. "You are innocent—innocent! You know it. I know it. Don't pay any attention to what they say. It is all clap trap. Keep your eyes on me. I am going to clear you of every imputation of guilt. this day. Understand? You are innocent."

A smile came into her clouded eyes, intelligence glimmered back, and his fears for her sanity were quieted. He had galvanized her with his own determination to conquer.

When the court resumed its session he observed with satisfaction that her eyes were fixed obediently upon himself. Nor was she the only one who gave him undivided attention. Every person in the room turned eagerly towards the counsel for the defense when he rose to speak, for by one of those curious reversals of sentiment, each one now was anxious to catch at any arguments which might mitigate the prisoner's sentence. It was not without purpose that little waves of sympathy for her youth and beauty had rippled through the room.

These ripples broadened to the swell of emotionality when Cameron's clear, full-toned voice broke the silence with persuasive eloquence.

"I ask the patience of the court," he said, "while I summarize the statements made by the witnesses for the defendant. Elsie Snow was left an orphan in early childhood. The matron of the institute in which she was nurtured has told you that she always found the little girl quiet, peaceable and docile. At the age of fifteen she became self supporting. The young women employed in the same department store have testified that while Miss Snow was never very sociable she had an obliging disposition. As one of them expressively put it, 'she minded her own business, but would go out of her way to do a kindness to a neighbor.' This record of good character must be weighed in the balance against the purely circumstantial evidence of the case. Furthermore, her nervous timidity is such as to render her incapable of committing the crime. She kept an unloaded pistol in her bureau drawer; she never could have summoned the courage to pull the trigger in case of need. I know of a nervous woman who keeps a policeman's whistle under her pillow at night, and she does not even know how to blow it. It acts as a kind of sedative and encouragement, like a talisman. The colored watchman of this building probably has a rabbit's foot in his pocket to ward off evil. Each of these acts is the helpless prayer of the weak for protection, superstition replacing the physical power of self defense. Miss Snow has never swerved from her first statement that she saw a face like a passing shadow at the window. In the early darkness of these winter evenings there might have been a nocturnal visitant, bent upon some sinister deed. Who knows? She called the attention of the deceased to what she had seen, but he laughed at her imaginary fears. No one else was in the parlor but themselves; no one to prove the truth of her conversation with Leonard Harmon prior to the

shooting,—no one except (and I say it impressively)—no one except the murdered man himself.”

As the young lawyer paused, several persons in the spell-bound audience stirred and cast cautious glances over their shoulders.

“Your honer,” Cameron proceeded, “this seems to me a case so cruelly hard that even the dead might rise to clear this helpless, innocent child from the imputed criminality of such a deed, that it was impossible for her to have killed a friend in so treacherous a manner. Stranger things have been, mysterious interventions. Miracle is not confined to any century. The trial by God has often pointed the way to detecting the real criminal. It is alleged that the blood of the victim has flowed anew when the murderer’s presence was felt by the yet unburied corpse. The spirit of the outraged dead strives to speak in vindication.”

While Cameron was speaking, the day which had begun cloudless, was overcast. It grew so dark, indeed, that the gas was lit and cast mysterious shadows about the corners of the room. A creepy, supernatural sensation, born of the speaker’s words diffused itself with irresistible force. The judge, himself, felt it; and, wishing to break its influence, he rose to interrupt the young lawyer with a reproof.

“Mr. Cameron,” he said, “you are beside yourself. Your sympathy for the accused is causing you to forget the respect due to a court of justice. We do not live in the middle ages when appeals were made to a trial by God, or other superstitious rites. Miracles have ceased to eventuate. This is the twentieth century; and it is almost an insult to the intelligence of your audience to suggest such mummery.”

For one brief instant the lawyer turned toward the doorway at his back. Then with graceful inflection in which, however, no pleasantry mingled, he gravely resumed:

“I am not mad, your honer, although I allude to things not credited by this materialistic age—such as the possible resurrection of the dead. Still, I repeat it, the only witness qualified to speak in this case is the murdered man, himself. You cannot refuse to listen to his testimony if, in the name of the Eternal Judge, who wills that justice be done upon earth, I call upon Leonard Harmon to appear before this court and answer—”

He ceased, and solemnly pointed to the witness box. All eyes, which had been riveted with intense interest upon himself and the judge dur-

ing their short altercation, now followed the direction his finger indicated.

A thrill of horror swept through every heart, for as if the grave had indeed yawned in response to the adjuration, a specter stood in their presence. Its face was ghastly white, its eyes mournful yet stern, never altered their fixed expression. One hand slightly raised pointed to its breast where the shirt was flooded with crimson. More than one of the jurymen, who had known the deceased personally, shrank back from the proximity of this ghostly witness. More than one woman in the assembly showed symptoms of fainting. But, if any body had had time to observe the prisoner, it would have been noted that her countenance was lit with sudden joy. The young lawyer alone stood calm and unmoved by the dreadful spectacle he had evoked.

It was impossible that the tension of feeling prevalent could endure. The solemn hush throughout the court was broken by a solitary voice of anguish.

“I can bear it no longer. I confess the deed.”

It was the person who had acted the part of the chief accuser. She, who had boasted that it had been her hand which snatched the death-dealing weapon, who had shown no mercy for the culprit—she had come forward and fallen on her knees.

“Mercy! take his eyes off of me! They have haunted me night after night, but this is worse. Leonard Harmon, I took your life—I hated you for reasons best known to our two selves. That silly child is innocent; but you maddened me by your admiration for her baby face. I stole the pistol from her room. I tried to throw the blame upon her. You remember, you insured your life for my benefit. I could not touch that money, the price of blood. Oh, do not look at me so! Your eyes are awful. I confess the deed.”

When the stir which succeeded the confession and removal of the real criminal had subsided, Mr. Cameron advanced and deliberately held out his hand to the specter. Facing the judge once more, he said:

“Your honor, gentlemen of the jury, I ask the pardon of the court for the deception that has been practiced. Many who are here present were the friends of Aleck Harmon, twin brother of the murdered man, whose timely arrival brings to this innocent, orphan girl, unjustly imprisoned, not only the happiness of a restored lover, but freedom and life itself. The

likeness between the two brothers was striking in their boyhood. They were often mistaken one for the other. When Aleck Harmon, returning home suddenly from India, after five years of absence, first looked in at my office, last week, it gave me a shock. Not only was he the walking image of his brother—face, gesture, voice were identical.

“His coming was almost miraculous—call it telepathy, if you will, for the idea had already occurred to me that the remarkable likeness between the two men might be turned to some account. I told him my plan. No one had met

or recognized him on his way from the station to my office. I kept him concealed, and coached him to do this bit of solemn acting.

“Your honor, the scheme was not entirely original with me, I must admit. In my study of old law records I had read of a case where a similar expedient had once been resorted to, in Spain, to bring the real culprit to confession. I had my suspicions—almost intuitive ones they were; but I risked trying the efficacy of this singular test; since conscience is the same in every clime; not only in the old world, but in the new; not only in Spain, but in America.”



THE SPIDER WEB

By Ellen V. Talbot

Through the long night
The builder builded and the structure grew;
With skillful art from spray to spray he drew
His slender thread, while hidden from the sight,
And on an ancient pattern builded there
His castle in the air.

And still he thought
Of the new home and what should be therein,
Of the dear friends that he would shortly win.
To dwell there, and of all that should be brought
Of beauty, to make delicate and fair
His castle in the air.

When the morn rose
His work was done; woven from stem to stem,
Lighted by chandelier of pearl and gem,
And shimmering with a thousand rainbow glows;
His castle in the air.

When a spring breeze
Passed by, and brushed them rudely to the ground,
Just as his foot had reached the topmost round,
Snatched off his web from the syringa trees,
And left the builder seeking everywhere
His castle in the air.

Silvertip

By ARTHUR REAL

YOU give Naylor that note, Maxfield," ordered Cutts, "and don't forget. We ought to have a hangin' round here soon, if he makes good on his promise."

Maxfield placed the note against the mirror back of the bar.

"All right, Cutts, I'll see he gets it," he replied.

As Cutts tossed off his drink a man entered, at sight of whom Cutts stiffened, and his hand twitched downward slightly. But he didn't draw. The other man's reputation deterred him.

"Hello, Max," greeted the newcomer; "business good?"

"It sure is, 'Silvertip,'" replied Maxfield, the owner of the Last Chance Palace of Pleasure. "Anything new in the rustlin' line?"

"Nothin' at all," responded "Silvertip," ruefully. "Hello, Cutts, going to Black Canyon? Tell the boys the Association's after them cattle rustlers, and they promise 'em a rope over a limb if they catch 'em. You lost any lately?"

"Two," replied Cutts, shortly. "I'll tell 'em," and he sauntered from the Palace nonchalantly. When he reached the street, however, he ran to his horse and galloped off at breakneck speed.

"Silvertip" Lamb, Sheriff of Humboldt County, was a man of thirty years of age, six feet tall and broad in proportion. He was slow and quiet until he went into action; then the name "Silvertip" fitted right.

"Never draw unless you draw a shootin'," was his motto, and as he always drew ahead of the other fellow on an even break, he had so far always brought his man in, some alive and several dead.

"Say, Silvertip," said Maxfield. "You goin' to let the Association lynch them rustlers if they get 'em?"

"There isn't goin' to be any lynchin' in this county," replied Lamb. "If they ketch any, they've got to bring 'em in to be hung legal." "I'll see you later; s'-long," and he walked out and rode away.

* * * *

Annie Neal's little ranch was two miles west of Humboldt. She ran the ranch with the assistance of Winep, an Indian who was devoted to her. Adjoining her place was the small place

of Runt Fogarty, a mean little rascal who was not above branding stray calves without trying to find the mothers.

Winep was in Annie's yard chopping wood when Annie came out of the house and spoke to him.

"How's your foot today, Chief?" she asked.

"Yes'um," answered Winep; "him sore, but me can work. That Cutts be sorry he kick me, an' make my axe slip. Maybe he lose foot someday, close to ears."

"Don't start anything, Chief," advised Annie. "That Black Canyon Cutts is one bad man, and he's got Fogarty to do his dirty work. Here they come now, a foggin' it up from Humboldt. You better hide out and avoid any trouble."

Winep faded away into the stable, and Annie stepped into the house. The two riders turned into Fogarty's place, and dismounted at the stable.

"Is it in there?" asked Cutts, in a low voice.

"It sure is," answered Fogarty, "come inside," and he led the way into the stable. On the wall hung several cowhides, branded with Fogarty's own brand—Z (Bar Z). He rummaged under a pile of straw and pulled out a bundle in a gunny sack, which he opened and took out a fresh cowhide which bore the brand—O—(Bar O Bar). Cutts clapped him on the back.

"Good boy," he praised; "we'll plant it in 'Silvertip's' barn. He's gone down to the river. I bet old Naylor will pull the rope himself when he thinks that fresh sheriff's rustlin' his cows. Then I'll grab my girl and get out of the county."

Once more Cutts slapped Fogarty heartily on his back, in token of his great admiration, then the two withdrew, Cutts carrying the sack containing the—O—cowhide. A dark head rose cautiously behind the pile of straw, and Winep crawled out through a rear window. He returned to Annie's house, and told her of the plot against "Silvertip." She listened with alarm to Winep's story. In her heart she hated Cutts, and she believed he was a rustler, but he had covered his tracks so well that no evidence had ever been found against him. As she meditated Cutts rode past, with the sack tied to his saddle. He waved to her, and she smiled as she returned the greeting. When he was out of sight, she saddled her pony, and

rode to Humboldt. Winep caught a pony and rode away in the opposite direction.

Naylor, owner of the Bar O Bar Ranch, stopped at Maxfield's place as he rode past on his way to the Sheriff's office. Maxfield handed him the note left by Cutts, which Naylor read slowly, then he passed it to Morgan, his foreman. Morgan glanced over the note, a frown puckering his forehead:

"If you want to know where the cows is, look in Lamsey's barn. He's a sweet sheriff, he is. A friend."

"That's all slush, John G.," said Morgan, disgustedly; "someone's tryin' to ride you."

Naylor shook his head.

"Don't look reasonable. Still, we pass 'Silvertip's' place, and we may as well look in. It don't do no harm."

Morgan shrugged his shoulders. As they mounted their horses, Annie Neal rode up and dismounted.

"Mornin', Annie," called Naylor; "how's everythin' over to your place?"

"All right, John G.," she replied. "I lost a cow the other day, but I found the hide where they'd tried to run a brand, but couldn't."

"We're goin' to stop this rustlin', Annie, if we have to hang someone. I've lost eighty head in the past thirty days, and I'm only one. So-long, come over to see us when you can," and he rode on with Morgan.

Annie stopped at the Sheriff's office, only to learn that Lamb had gone after a horsethief down on the river, and was not expected back before noon. She re-mounted and galloped out to Lamb's ranch.

As she approached the ranchhouse, she was astonished to see Naylor and Morgan come from the barn with a bulky bundle. As she watched, they took a cowhide out of the gunny sack, and spread it on the ground. After examining it carefully, they replaced it and returned the bundle to the barn. Annie concealed herself in a thicket to await their departure. As they rode past her place of concealment, she heard Naylor say:

"You were right, Morgan. It looks like an attempted frame-up. That hide belongs to Lamb, and never had no other brand yet. Wonder who's trying to commit suicide by fooling with 'Silvertip' Lamb?"

Annie mounted again as soon as the men were out of sight, and rode home.

As Naylor and Morgan cantered towards their own ranch, they met Winep limping along the road, leading his horse.

"How, Chief," greeted Naylor; "where you goin'?"

"Annie Neal's. Me work there," responded Winep.

"Seen any strange branded cattle with 'Bar O Bar' hides on 'em?" asked Morgan.

"Seen 'Bar O Bar' hide in stable," replied Winep.

"Where?" asked Naylor and Morgan in chorus.

"Over that way," answered Winep, waving his hand to include the entire west. In sack. Under heap barley straw. You catchum?"

"All right, Chief, I guess I catchum," replied Taylor, thoughtfully, as Winep mounted and rode away. "That Indian's a cute one. He don't accuse no one, only says he found a hide branded 'Bar O Bar' in somebody's stable west of here under a big pile of barley straw. Now, there's only one man raises barley in this county. Let's go over and 'catchum.'" And they rode westward.

Cutts returned to Humboldt that afternoon, and gathered together half a dozen cowmen.

"Boys, I've found out who's rustling our cows," he said, and if you'll foller me, I'll show you the hides hangin' in his barn."

"You show us any hides that shouldn't be in such a barn, and we'll soon make said party hard to catch, that owns it," promised Bill Borland, grimly. "Come on, boys, we'll see what Cutts has found."

Cutts led the six men to "Silvertips" ranch, where all dismounted and entered the barn; Cutts proceeded to produce his evidence. He dug around in a pile of hay for some minutes, and then the sweat began to stand in beads on his forehead. The cowboys watched him curiously.

"What's the matter, Cutts?" asked Borland, "Can't you find the hides?"

"They're here somewhere," answered Cutts, tremulously, "I seen a 'Bar o Bar' and a 'Bar Z' in this very place not two hours past."

"Maybe he got suspicious and took 'em away."

"No, he's not been here, and anyways, he didn't know—" Cutts stopped short. There was a rustle of surprise amongst the cowboys. Then an interruption occurred.

"He's here now," said a voice, and "Silvertip" entered, both guns drawn. "What's the meaning of this? What are you boys after in my barn?"

"This hombre says he seen some 'Bar o Bar' hides here, fresh ones, too. We don't say who

put 'em here, but ther's been too much rustlin' goin' on in Humboldt, an' we're goin' to find out who done it."

"All right, boys, if that's all, go ahead. You're welcome," replied the sheriff, as he returned his guns to their holsters and sat on a feed box to watch them. Cutts started.

"I remember, boys. They're in that feed box. Open it up, boys," he suggested.

"No, you ain't a goin' to pry into my feed-box," asserted "Silvertip"; "there's nothin' interestin' you there."

"Are you goin' to let him get away with it just because he's a sheriff?" sneered Cutts.

Borland jerked out his six-shooter.

"You've got to show us, 'Silvertip.'" he said, "if you're innocent let us see what's in that box, and if you're guilty, your buckin' ain't a goin' to help you none. Get off that box."

"Silvertip" hesitated a moment, but the odds were against him. He got off the feedbox, and Cutts threw open the lid. He shouted in triumph, and drew out a bulky bundle in a gunny sack. The men gathered and Borland removed "Silvertip's" two guns.

"Sorry, Lamb," he said, "but you shouldn't have did it."

"Why not? There's no disgrace in it," said Lamb. "What's the use you makin' all this fuss over a suit of clothes?"

"Aw, a suit of clothes," sneered Cutts, derisively. "Yes, off a cow, and branded 'Bar o Bar,' I'll bet."

"Open her up, Cutts," commanded Borland, impatiently, "we can't fool around all day. It'll be too dark to shoot soon."

Cutts opened the sack, and dumped its contents on the floor. It was a full dress suit. The cowboys stared incredulously a moment, then roared with laughter, while "Silvertip" blushed and fidgeted. Borland thrust his gun into its holster, and handed "Silvertip" his two guns.

"'Silvertip,' you'll excuse us? But you ought to be lynched anyway, for having a thing like that around the place."

"A fellow has to dress up some to get married, don't he?" defended "Silvertip."

"Married?" shouted the boys, "when was you married?"

"I ain't married yet, but I'm goin' to be," replied "Silvertip," much embarrassed.

"Who's the unfortunate bein'?" asked Borland.

"I ain't asked her yet," replied "Silvertip," hanging his head.

There was a roar of laughter, amidst which

Cutts saw his opportunity to sneak away. But as he reached the door, Naylor and Morgan stepped inside and took him by either arm. Morgan had a sack in one hand at which Cutts gazed with astonishment, mixed with fear.

"Don't rush off, Cutts," said Naylor. "What has 'Silvertip' got to say, boys?" he continued.

"He says he's going to be married," replied a chorus.

"I mean about the hides."

"There isn't any hides, John D," replied Borland. "Cutts was lyin'."

"No, he wasn't lyin', only he'd described the wrong barn. The hides was in a barn, but they was hid under a pile o' barley straw," explained Naylor, and he emptied the sack onto the barn floor. The boys eagerly examined the brands, "Bar O Bar" and "Bar Z." Cutts looked wildly around for some avenue of escape. "Silvertip" took in the situation at a glance. He drew his guns.

"Hands up, everybody," he called. "You, too, Cutts; I mean business, boys, so up they go."

When all hands were properly elevated, he snapped a pair of handcuffs on Cutts, and allowed him to drop his hands in front of him.

"I appoint you men deputies of the County of Humboldt, and you all agree to uphold the laws of the State of Nevada, so help you God. Say yes, quick."

"Yes," thundered the hearty chorus. "Can we drop our hands, now we're all in the same boat?"

"Sure," said "Silvertip," as he replaced his guns in the holsters. "Now you can all go home, and I'll take Cutts down to the jail." And they trooped outside. Before they could mount, Annie Neal and Winep rode in hastily. Annie dismounted.

"It's all a mistake, boys," she said. "Fogarty bought a cow from Naylor and killed it for beef without changing the brand. Then Cutts come along and bribed Fogarty to put the hide in 'Silvertip's' barn. Winep heard the plot, and took the hides over to Cutts' barn and planted them there. So after all nobody's going to jail, although "Black Canyon" Cutts ought to, he's so mean."

"Silvertip" unlocked the handcuffs and set Cutts at liberty. Cutts slunk over to his horse and mounted hurriedly, pursued by a burst of laughter that hurt him worse than being lynched.

"Annie," Silvertip's goin' to get married,"

(Continued on Page 65)

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

The late Orlow Black, who, during his successful career as Journalist and "all round" newspaper man, was at one time editor of the Overland.

The following sketch of Mr. Black's work and his characteristic traits is furnished us by one of his old friends and associates, Sarah Williamson:

"Orin" Black, as he was always known in the newspaper offices, came to San Francisco shortly after the "Examiner" came into W. R. Hearst's hands. Black was a brilliant writer. At that time, however, it was not the custom for press writers to sign their stuff, only the printers who set it and the editors who looked it over knowing the writer's identity. After the 1906 fire, Black was in charge of the Sunday supplement and feature editions of the Bulletin, when the offices were down at Sansome and Lombard streets. He always did a lot of work himself, in the way of writing, even when his job was that of editor only. He didn't care, at any time in his career, for glory. He liked to do the work. When any glory was going around he as often as not passed it on to one of the youngsters just starting in. He was one of the most human of men, and had a cordial, sympathetic way about him that made him popular at once with his chiefs and his subordinates. He was reserved, too, but there was nothing freezing or "stand-offish" about him. A small, slight figure, he did not appear strong, but he could stand any amount of work, protracted sessions of it. He put wonderful energy into everything. Nothing he did was ever flat. And he always insisted in having his facts facts. If no one else could

get the stuff at first hand, he would go out and get it himself.

He went after human interest stories. Rode on a hoboe's train and talked with the men themselves. "Followed the sun" with the fruit and hop pickers. Dived into the heart of the reason for a strike. Then he had pedigrees and history and prominent people at his finger-tips. His knowledge was universal. If ever the word "all round writer" fitted any San Francisco newspaper worker it fitted Orlow Black.

Changing the pronoun to the masculine gender these lines might well be applied to him:

"She doeth little kindnesses

Which most leave undone, or despise."

He was the most encouraging editor to work for. The writer knows from experience, having worked with, and for him, in various local offices. And he was thoughtful in other ways. Working on a weekly, when on Wednesday nights the staff had to stay along until the wee sma' hours, Black would not let the girls find their way to the last car alone. He would put on his hat and coat and see them safely to their car. Those were the days when San Francisco was a rather safe place for women to go about in the night, too; but this editor wouldn't take chances for his girl assistants.

He had splendid mental gifts. Only a few of those in his office ever knew that he could write fiction. But he had a rare talent at short stories. He did not care enough about fame or fortune to go in for magazine work, and so the stories he wrote are practically buried in the files of San Francisco papers. I remember one especially strong and dramatic story, about a

Salvation Army officer. He did not sign it—just let it go with the other unsigned fiction in the *Town Talk*, for which he was then writing. Another about a little artificial rose maker was a perfect gem of a short story. A novel twist to a plot not so new. He would come into the office obsessed with an idea for a story and sit down to the desk, reeling it off, and in an hour or so would turn out the finished product. He wrote a beautiful hand, clear as print, and the linotypist would as soon set it, he said, as typed manuscript.

With Black gone, there are only a few left of the California newspaper writers, who worked here in the eighties. He was a contemporary of "Jack" Bonnet, who passed away last year. Bonnet and Black were great friends and whenever the *Town Talk* editor had to be absent from his desk Black substituted for him. The latter was editing the *Overland Monthly* when stricken with the illness from which he never recovered.

Ina Coolbrith, who with Harte, Miller, Stoddard and others placed California on the literary map, has returned from New York after an absence of a year and is again living in San Francisco. While she finds the literary atmosphere of the East conducive to creative effort, the heat of the summers there is not so inspirational, consequently she expects to remain on the western seaboard until October or November.

Miss Coolbrith's pen has not been idle during her prolonged stay in New York. In fact a new volume of poems bearing her name may be expected in the not far distant future which proves that the Muse abides even in the turmoil and traffic of the Great Metropolis. Then, too, her health is better in the land of the "four seasons." However, it is gratifying for her many friends to know that she has not entirely forsaken the city of her heart's delight, but will spend her summers here, at least. Other California authors and poets who have drifted East visit us only at long intervals

Speaking of those whose names are unidentified with western literature, having won their laurels while residents of California, yet who come back to the "old home" at intervals of five or ten years, one is reminded of Edwin Markham. Following the great success of "The Man With a Hoe" this son of Song yielded to the lure of the commercial east and has kept altogether too close to the gates of New York to please his California friends. They see too

little of him. Last month, after an absence of five years, he paid a "flying visit" to the Coast. His stay here was limited to a week and he was busy day and night.

The famous man usually pays for his fame. To be lionized is a physical strain and how Mr. Markham, who is nearing the allotted "three score and ten," can fill one lecture engagement after another and become the center of attraction at social affairs and receptions between times, yet apparently maintaining a youthful zest and enthusiasm throughout the ordeal, causes many younger men to wonder how he does it. Mr. Markham has discovered the secret. With Dr. Holmes he knows the joy of living and the buoyant spirit of youth when "seventy years young."

But poets never grow old. Their interest in humanity and in the affairs of the world never flags. Each day reveals a new miracle. They walk in God's house of Wonders. To the poet there is always something new to color and glorify this mysterious thing we call Life.

A complete edition of Mr. Markham's poems is to be published next year. The volume is to contain a portrait of the poet from the painting by Lola Hall Coggins of Berkeley. Not all portrait painters live in New York. Some of exceptional ability are to be found hereabouts. Mrs. Coggins is one of them.

It has remained for a Californian, Mr. Will Irwin, to write the most impressive and logical argument against the "great destroyer of civilization" that has yet appeared. The title of his book is "The Next War: An Appeal to Common Sense." Of course it is an almost hopeless task to bring people to a common sense view of things, but Mr. Irwin's volume should, at least, awaken in many a sense of the danger which threatens the world from the competition in armament and the new devices for destroying life. He shows that in the next great war cities will be blotted out, men, women and children will die by thousands from deadly gases and our so-called civilization be swept away. Ten million soldiers died in the last war. But in the next the dead will not be confined to the fighting ranks. Extermination of peoples by every possible means will prevail whether by fire and steel, poison gas or disease germs.

Says General Swinton, as quoted by the author: "We have X-rays, we have light rays, we have heat rays. We may not be so very far from the development of some kinds of

Bitter-Sweet

By RALPH DYER

TWENTY dollars is my price," said Papa Jacobson, in his thin, wheedling voice. "For a fiddle that is too much yet. But you are my friend. To you I pay a little more. Well, Herr Baum, it is a bargain—yes?"

"Hein! You are like all the others," Old Ludwig complained, bitterly. "My violin is priceless. Priceless, do you not understand?" He looked down at it and an old, half forgotten tenderness crept back into his grey eyes. "All through the night I could not sleep, thinking how soon I must part with it. But times are hard. Engagements are scarce. My wife and I will starve unless——" His slender, artistic fingers were suddenly flung out in a gesture of hopelessness. Papa Jacobson nodded sympathetically, after the manner of pawnbrokers with an eye for business.

"Yes, yes," he said, his eyes already upon another customer; "times are hard—so I make for you a special price. Come, decide!"

"I will wait—until tomorrow," Old Ludwig muttered, closing the cover of his violin case and carefully tucking the bulky object under the folds of his long, black cloak. "There will, perhaps, be news before then."

Leaving the shop, he started homeward, footing his way cautiously across the icy pavements. At the first open corner a heavy wind nearly caused him to lose his balance and his

heart pounded furiously at the thought of the precious violin under his cloak. His arm tightened about it protectingly.

For twenty years, ever since that glorious day in Munich, when his brothers of the Symphony Orchestra had presented their leader with this token of their love and esteem, the violin had been the one big thing in his life. Each year he devoted his best hours to it, nursing, scolding, cajoling it, all with the patience that is born of love and genius. Under his supple fingers the responsive strings of the instrument revealed new beauties in the works of the composers—of even the great Mozart himself. Had not the Kaiser insisted that Baum was the only man to play the former's "Jupiter"? And had not he, Ludwig Baum, given a "command" performance that was the talk of musical Germany?

Glowing with the memory of this and many other triumphs, the old musician was scarcely conscious of his direction. As was always the case when this absent mood was upon him, he trusted instinct to lead him in the right path. In the present instance it led him to a mean little street whose twin rows of shabby, red brick lodging houses gave it a certain, belated air of respectability. At one time the place had been known as the "residential quarter"

(Continued on page 71)

lethal ray which will shrivel up or paralyze human beings. The final form of human strife, as I regard it, is germ warfare."

Think of it! Can the mind of man picture anything more terrible? International disarmament is the most vital question before the world today and Mr. Irwin's book should be read by every citizen of this country that the conscience of the people may not be dulled by thoughts of national glory builded on military strength. Germany had this dream and ruin and desolation followed. Let us build for World Peace.

Mr. Irwin's book is published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

Mr. Percy Walton Whitaker, whose story "The Lost Owners" appears in this number of the Overland, is the brother of the late Herman

Whitaker, author of "The Planter" and other novels.

Mr. Percy Whitaker has written a number of clever short stories which have appeared in eastern publications. He is a resident of this state.

A book of timely interest and one which should prove particularly enlightening to members of labor unions is Marshall Old's "The High Cost of Strikes." The author presents statistics sufficient to convince any sane person that organized labor can be very tyrannical and unfair when it sets out to be and very detrimental to the progress of the community. Mr. Olds is an advocate of the Open Shop which is, at least, American in principle in that it stands for a fair deal all around and permits a worker some liberty of action, which the Closed Shop denies him. The book is published by the Putnam's New York.

SILVERTIP

(Continued from Page 61.)

shouted old "Windy" Smith. "Here's his carnival outfit? All he needs is the gal. Know any female gal who'll have a nice sheriff, warranted not to bite, or pitch under the spurs?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. 'Windy' Smith," retorted Annie, "but I'm not going to tell you who she is."

The boys looked at her, and then at "Silver-top." Then all hands marched away and left them alone. "Silvertip" took her hand.

"Tell me, Annie darling," he whispered, boldly.

"It's the girl who loves you, Mr. 'Silvertip' Lamb," replied Annie Neal.

THE LAZIEST MAN IN THE SETTLEMENT

(Continued from Page 26)

that clung to mighty, far-reaching limbs. Once he heard a loud crash, and, peering through the tangled undergrowth in the direction from whence it came, caught a glimpse of black, shaggy fur a few feet distant. He waited to see no more, but plunged ahead with increased rapidity, the thoughts of a former experience with Bruin adding speed to his momentum. High over the crests of bleak ridges, the trail led him, from which he could see the shining river creeping noiselessly below or thundering madly against opposing boulders. Now he followed a winding course along shelving walls of rock made smooth in ages past by the feet of hurrying red-men, now carefully walking the slender, swaying trees thrown across the mountain streams that mingle their crystal waters with those of the sombre Queets, then threading the bushy, boggy lowlands where the poisonous "devil club" stands forever armed with its projecting spears.

The sun had sunk in the west, his last golden arrow had pierced the great, slow-breathing forest, a lone frog blew a bugle-note from among the rustling reeds by the river's marge, a night-hawk circling in the deep, upper blue plunged earthward with a sullen cry, and the grand, old peaks of the towering Olympics—veritable kings in purple robes—looked down upon a darkening landscape, as Hiram, trembling from his toilsome journey, neared the dingy home of Pete Sampson. As he approached the house, unearthly moans, shrieks and howls, mingled with the din of rattling tin pans and beating "tomtoms" assailed his ears. Instinctively he knew what was going on inside.

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"Them blamed fools is a-doctorin'," he said, entering the doorway.

Seated upon the ground in a semicircle were the relatives and friends of the afflicted child, all wild with excitement as they swayed to and fro, wailing like demons, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and rooting like swine the hard-beaten earth, sincerely believing that by such weird demonstrations they would drive away the evil spirit hovering around the injured one. So engrossed were they in these strange proceedings, that Hiram's arrival was apparently unobserved by them. Advancing into their very midst, he shouted: "Shut up yer infernal yawps!" at which they lapsed into silence as deep as their wails were loud. One of the swarthy group, the medicine-man, not wishing to be quieted, glared at him savagely, occasionally giving utterance to a series of guttural ejaculations.

Mr. Green glanced about him. The rows of dried salmon hanging above his head, the fire-light flickering on the mother as she moaned over her suffering child, the bright flames flinging a golden glow over emaciated, bleary-eyed creatures who clutched with lean, hooked fingers the red blankets enwrapping them, the tangled manes of black hair half concealing dark, evil faces, the small, glittering eyes peering at him from beneath scowling brows, and the surrounding gloom formed a picture wild and fascinating.

Hiram quickly made his way to the rickety bunk in the corner, over which the blazing pitchwood cast a tremulous light, and tenderly looked upon the little form lying there.

"Here's a apple fer ye, baby," he said, huskily, putting in her hand the diminutive Rambo for which he had labored so hard. A glow of childish gratitude shone in the marvelous, up-turned eyes. She tried to raise it to her mouth, but her strength was too far gone, so contented herself with cuddling it against her chubby neck; then her eyelids drooped wearily.

"Thank God, I wuzn't too late," murmured Mr. Green, bending over her. She smiled at him faintly. Thus nestling the apple between her brown, dimpled hands, she sank into a deep sleep, from which Hiram knew she would never waken; and as he dashed a hot tear from his cheek and walked out into the glorious twilight, the stars came flocking out to see him, and the moon showed a sympathetic face from the crest of a lonely ridge.

"Hiram, hain't ye 'feered ye'll lame yerself 'n' hurt yer constitution, a-luggin' 'n' liftin' all the time?" asked Mrs. Green, looking admiringly at her husband as he threw a good-sized

log on a burning heap of rubbish; "ye hain't stopped fer a week."

"Waal, the truth air, Sally, I hain't goin' ter hev no more kerlections tuk up fer me," he replied, wiping his sweaty face with the back of a grimy hand.

"Somethin's changed ye mightily, Hiram," she said.

But Mr. Green was too much absorbed in his work to make reply; and after watching him a moment in silence, she slowly walked to the cabin, saying:

"I 'low somethin' queer come over him the night he wuz out so late; he hain't bin th' same man sence."

THE LOST OWNERS

(Continued from Page 45)

ingly about, and MacKinnon stepped forward, curiously hesitant all at once.

"You here, Grace?" he said wonderingly, half unbelievably yet.

Then she saw him, and came quickly forward, with a glad little cry, and the man in khaki, remembering the own little cry which he had heard but an hour before, walked from the room, and, though it was public, closed the door in the face of one who would have entered.

"The wind brought me," she explained, reaching up to softly touch his face where it now glowed red, after the white. "All during the summer it kept blowing, softly, beckoning me, urging me to come. I held back from its pleadings, but as the autumn days came, it grew more insistent. Then came the storms, driving Westward, pointing the way. And I could hold back no longer. I followed the East wind West—to you."

"And it has swept away the bitterness," said MacKinnon slowly. "Yet I consider it my enemy—back there twenty miles. But—it has always been my friend. It has brought me you. It pointed me to the Land of Promise—and it has fulfilled the Promise."


THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

(Continued from Page 37)

Poor Kim Kee!

He was summoned into court and sentenced to do penance at the kang.

Each day he was led out into the streets, his legs shackled, and his shoulders bore the heavy, teakwood board which bit cruelly into his flesh. And on the board were the hieroglyphs that advertised the nature of his offence.



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Many the urchin that stunned him with a rock, spat at him, and cast evil words at him. "Fool! Snail!" they mocked and jeered. "A coolie would keep company with a princess. And the princess is also obsessed with a craziness."

But Kim Kee paid small attention to their jibes and thrusts; his mind was filled with anxious thoughts of his betrothed. Had she survived? Was she well? Why had she not sought him out?

Suddenly a stillness smote the street. People conversed in awed, guttural whispers, and passed ominous looks about. What meant it? Then a tremor rippled the throng. The motley crowd scurried about, and into the dark doorways, as though some leprous beast pursued them.

"Unclean! Unclean!" they cried.

Who was unclean?

The Princess Li Moon was unclean.

She was sightless!

Superstition reigned highest. It was beyond the conception of the simple minds of the populace that a princess could suffer with such an affliction. They believed that some great calamity would descend upon them if they were touched by her.

Down the alley-street she came, clad in robes of mourning, her arms extended before her, jostled about like a bit of driftwood in turbulent waters.

Rage rose within Kim Kee and he wept in tender pity at her plight. He called out in anger to the crowd who followed at her heels.

"Cease, dogs of the canal!" he stormed. "Oh, but were I free, that I might slay the gang of you."

Though her sight had departed she found her way to his side. She cried out aloud at his condition and clung to his neck, smothering him with tremulous affection.

"Set him free," urged the mongrel crowd, "so that we may banish the twain of them from the clean shores of China."

And they were set free. They were put aboard of a huge, bat-winged junk, the sails were set, and they were put off from the shores.

* * * *

"Vipers!" laughed Kim Kee, to the fair one who lay in his arms at the junk's prow. "Had they but looked they would have seen that your sight had vanished but for a short space. The sands of the desert were cruel to have treated them so."

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Then a storm rose and drove them back and wrecked them on China's soil, where, when they discovered of the return of her vision, they were forgiven and were extended haven in the Imperial Palace of Kleen-lang.

THE LOST OWNERS

(Continued from Page 41)

ing to the general manager. When the engineer walked into the general manager's office, he found him staring wrathfully at a pile of telegrams.

"This is all I've got to show for a busy hour," he growled. "One of them's an old maid who lives in Virginia, but thought to be in Newport. She owns a half interest, which is managed by Grosser & Hays. They can't find her."

For another hour questions and answers flashed across the continent. Six operators and receivers in San Francisco, Virginia, and Newport did their best to find the missing lady, and failed. Glass hung up his receiver moodily. "You might as well go home, Hollingsworth," he said. "I'll come over in the morning, and if those two crazy owners are not found, we'll have to close down temporarily, for the dam site will have to be moved. We can't put fifty feet of water over a million dollars worth of coal."

"It's bigger than the power project," assented the engineer. "But I hate to lay the men off, for most of them are married, and they're as good a crew as we'll ever get again; it's too bad."

When the general manager walked into the office the next morning, there was an absence of the usual business stir. Hardy and Hollingsworth were smoking, and Miss Brinkley's books had not been opened. All the crews had gone to town seeking recreation. Outside, a strange quiet displaced the usual clang and clatter. The office was pervaded with the general air of a crisis. After a cordial "Good morning," Mr. Glass sat down and looked meditatively at Hardy and Gladys for a few seconds.


"I've been over the ground," he began impressively, "and it's a big discovery—a big thing. We're organized to run smoothly, and it would be a pity to close down, for every man knows his work on this job—and does it. I'll say, it isn't every plant that runs smooth as this one. Can you suggest anything, Miss Brinkley—or you, Mr. Hardy?" he asked sud-

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denly, turning his eyes on them. "Because I received another wire at 3:10 a. m. this morning." He laughed genially, and added: "I'll read it to you: 'Though disobeying positive instructions, emergency justifies. Our principal Miss G. Brinkley. From Brown & Co. learn Robert Hardy, sole owner for them. Both addresses, Haywell, Calif. Signed, Grosser & Hays, Attorneys.'

"Come, Glass, I want to show you the mine, until the owners decide what to do," said Hollingsworth tactfully; and they left the office laughing in sheer relief. Love of work, and love of youth held sway.

"I wanted to marry and help a poor business man," murmured Gladys.

"My promotion's explained," smiled Hardy. "And mine, too," rejoined Gladys; "but somehow I'm glad that you are my mysterious partner. We'll leave them full powers to act and——"

"Go to Virginia. Can you guess why, Gladys?"

"Home's the sweetest place for a girl to get married," she whispered happily.

"Gladys, propinquity is ordained from above. I always predicted a rich husband for you," said Mrs. Lissom piously, when she heard the news.



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BITTER-SWEET

(Continued from Page 64)

and the "residences" still retained the quiet, dignified aloofness which had been their chief claim to distinction. At another time, no doubt, Old Ludwig would have appreciated the one, redeeming charm of these old houses. Now the sight of them sent his mind hurtling back into a world of humdrum existence.

One by one the little, everyday worries which were part of his lot, came stabbing back at him. Had Hedwig been able to secure more credit with the grocer, he wondered. What if they had been ordered into the streets? Might there not be news from the Opera House—

In the hall of his lodging house, he stopped to examine some letters on the little table, reserved for the mail. Two of them were his. Eagerly his stiff fingers tore at the corners. He held them up to the dim light. Bills! Stuffing them into his pocket, he went on, upstairs.

Old Ludwig's wife, a fat, dull-eyed German woman, was staring listlessly out of a window as he entered the room. She turned at the sound of his step, a sneer in her thick voice.

"So you decided to come back!" She greeted him derisively. "I thought, perhaps, you had deserted me. It would be like you to run away and leave me to face the music. Well, my pretty one, did they not implore you to sing at the Metropolitan this afternoon?"

"No, hardly that, Hedwig." The sensitive old man winced under his wife's stinging sarcasm. "I cannot get near Gatti himself. He is busy—always busy. Three weeks ago it was that I sent the note, asking him to hear me play. Once he hears "Jupiter" my engagement is certain. Then our troubles will be at an end, Hedwig."

"Fine words," scoffed the woman. An angry red flooded her broad cheeks. "But they won't pay the grocer—or the landlady. And what of me, Ludwig Baum? Do you imagine I am enjoying myself, living in a hovel and all but starving to death, while you prate of Munich and of your 'triumphs'? You and your 'profession'!"

"Hedwig, please, not now," Ludwig began, weakly. His protest was drowned in a fresh tirade as she caught sight of the violin case bulging under his cloak.

"You should have sold it!" Her voice rose hysterically. "At least, the money could have kept us from starvation for another two weeks. But no. You prefer starvation to parting with an old fiddle. Well, we shall see. To—"



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morrow you must either sell the violin or move into the streets."

"You are right, Hedwig."

Old Ludwig accepted the ultimatum with no more outward manifestation than a convulsive fluttering of his slender fingers. Inwardly, he was a seething crater of conflicting emotions. "I will sell it tomorrow—if no news comes from the Metropolitan."

The following day he went to the Metropolitan. The preoccupied Gatti, as usual, could not be seen. Old Ludwig, as a last, desperate resource, made the rounds of the musical agencies. Very sorry but there was no place for him. It was always the same story. Nobody ever told him the truth—that he was too old and could not play jazz music.

Night came and he went back to the mean little street with its twin rows of shabby lodging houses. On the stand in the hall he found a letter, addressed to him. On one corner was inscribed the magic legend which has brought fame and fortune to so many struggling artists—"Metropolitan Opera House." Frantically, Old Ludwig tore it open.

A little sob of relief fell from his lips as he read the typewritten note. He dashed excitedly upstairs and surprised his wife who was preparing supper.

"Look, Hedwig, it has come at last!" He waved the note gaily in front of her eyes. "Gatti has asked me to play for him at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I am going to play 'Jupiter.' But I must practice. There must be no mistake. Eh, Hedwig, what did I tell you? An artist must come into his own. These young upstarts may do for a time but they cannot survive the test of art. No, no, they—hein! I am letting this good fortune run away with my tongue. Quick, wife, bring my violin! I'll teach it a new trick or two and tomorrow—Munich will live again!" He chuckled like a boy anticipating some new pleasure.

His wife listened, without moving. Her red face had gone white very suddenly. She opened her lips to speak—and closed them again. Old Ludwig watched her with a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"The violin, Hedwig——"

She found her tongue at last.

"This morning—after you went to the Metropolitan—I sold it."

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