

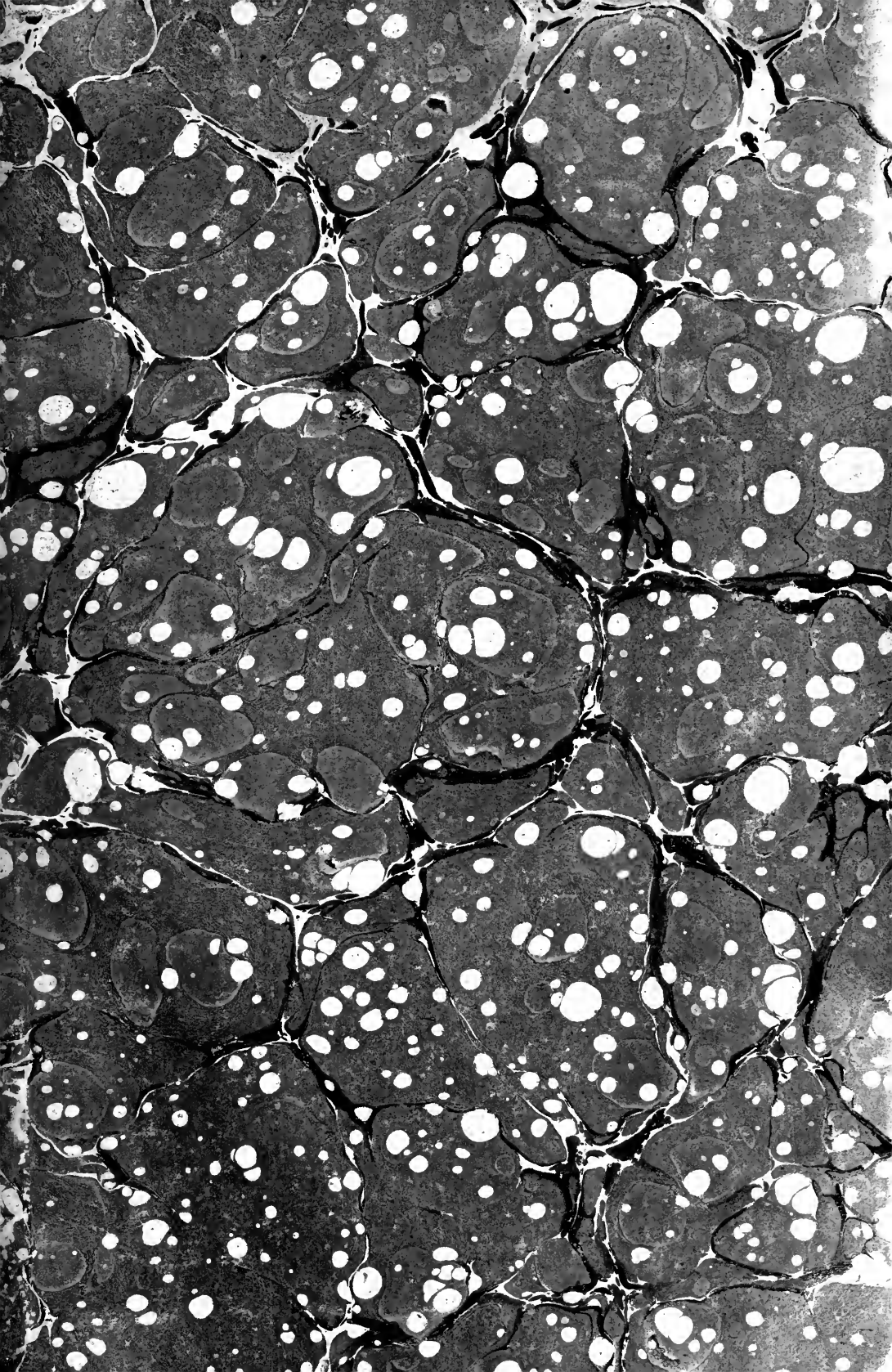


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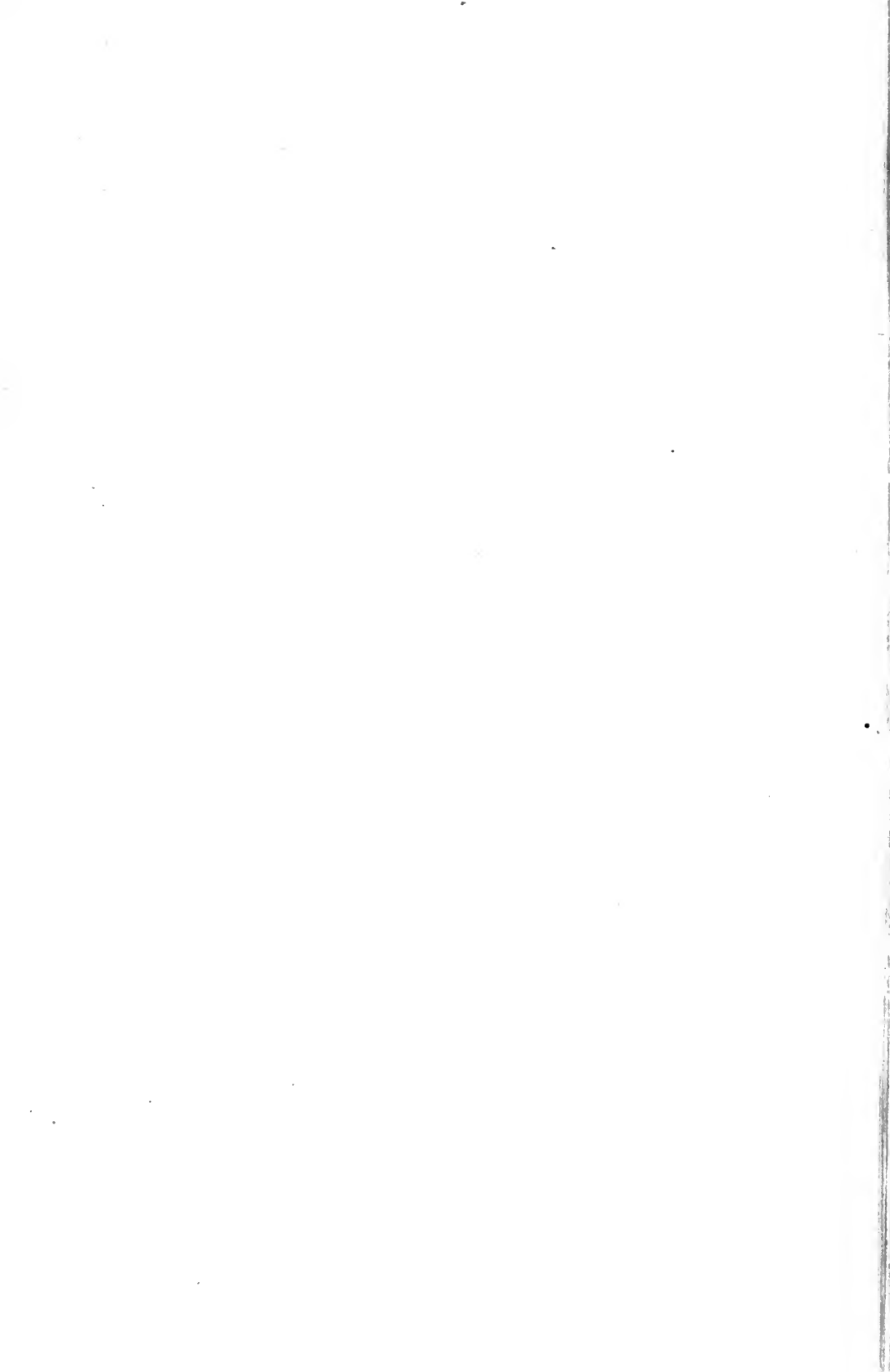
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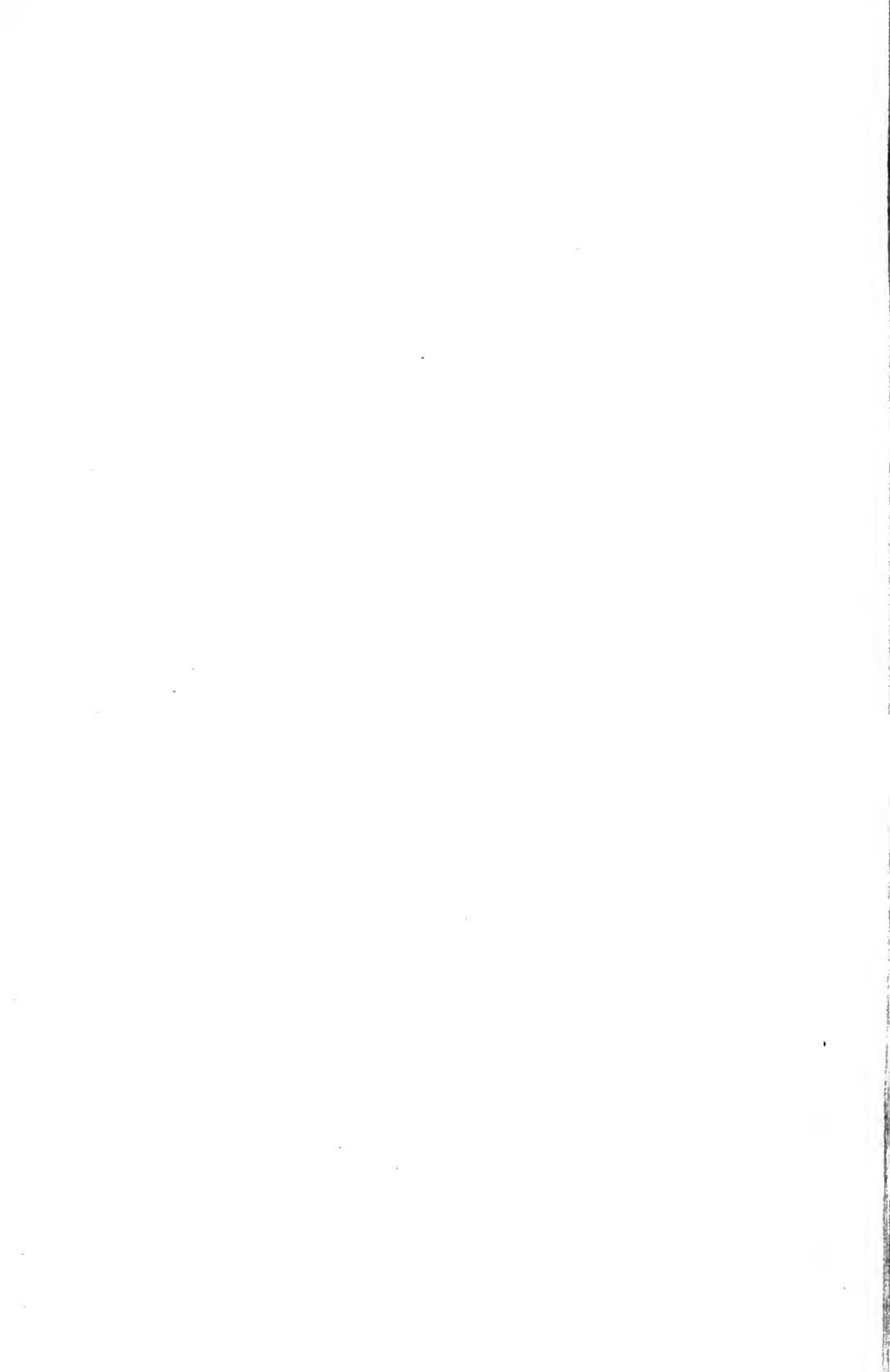


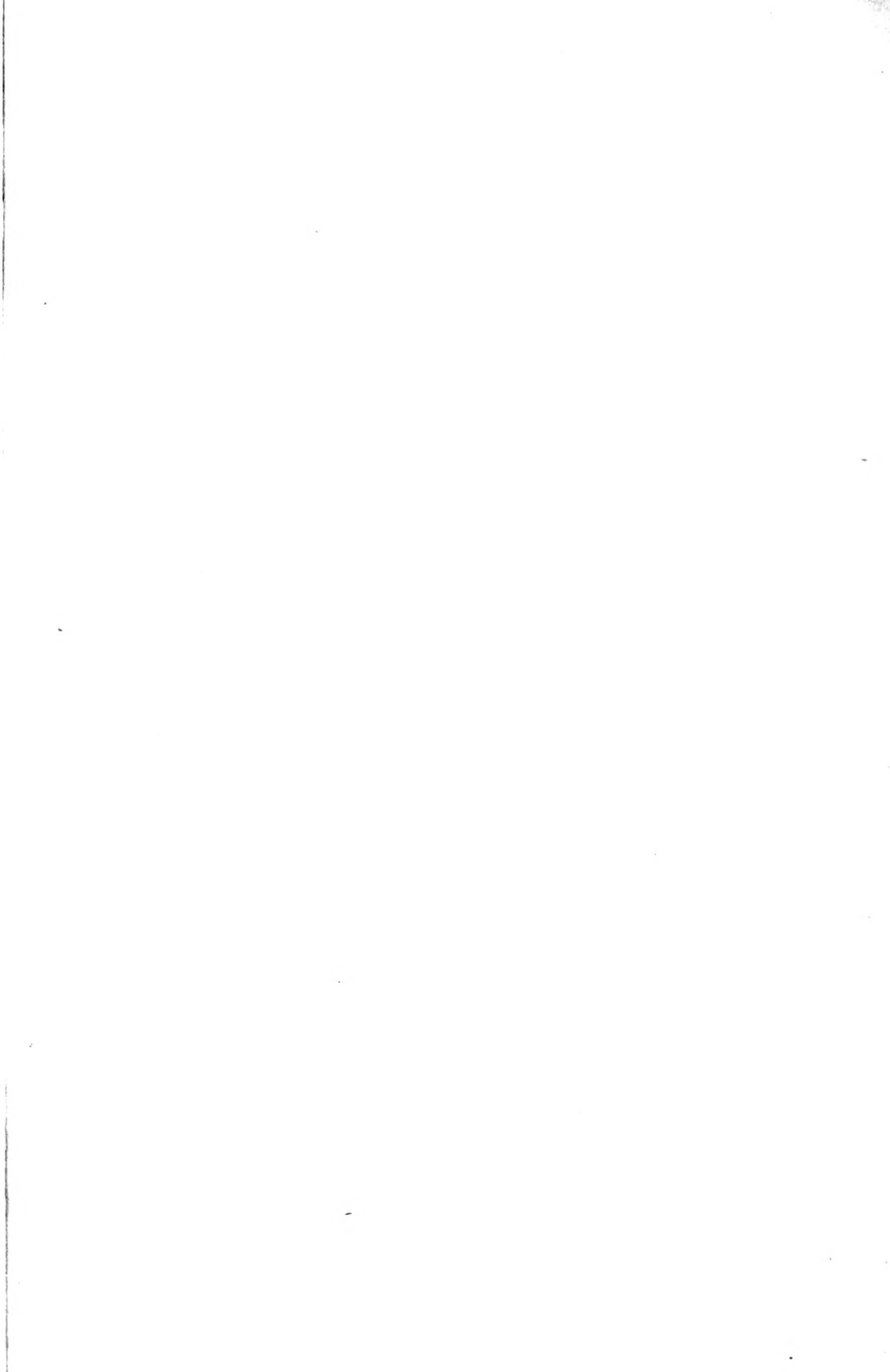
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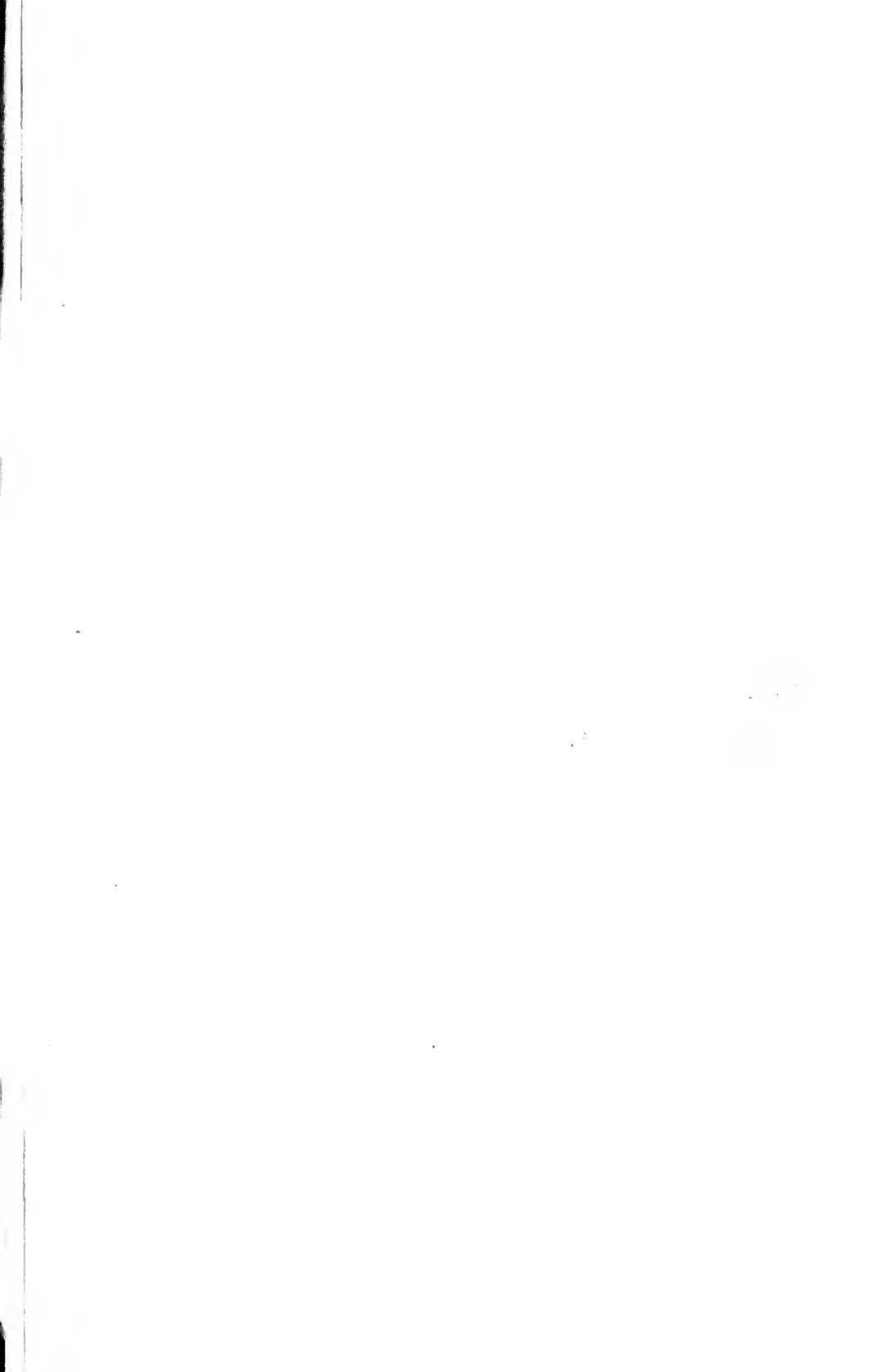








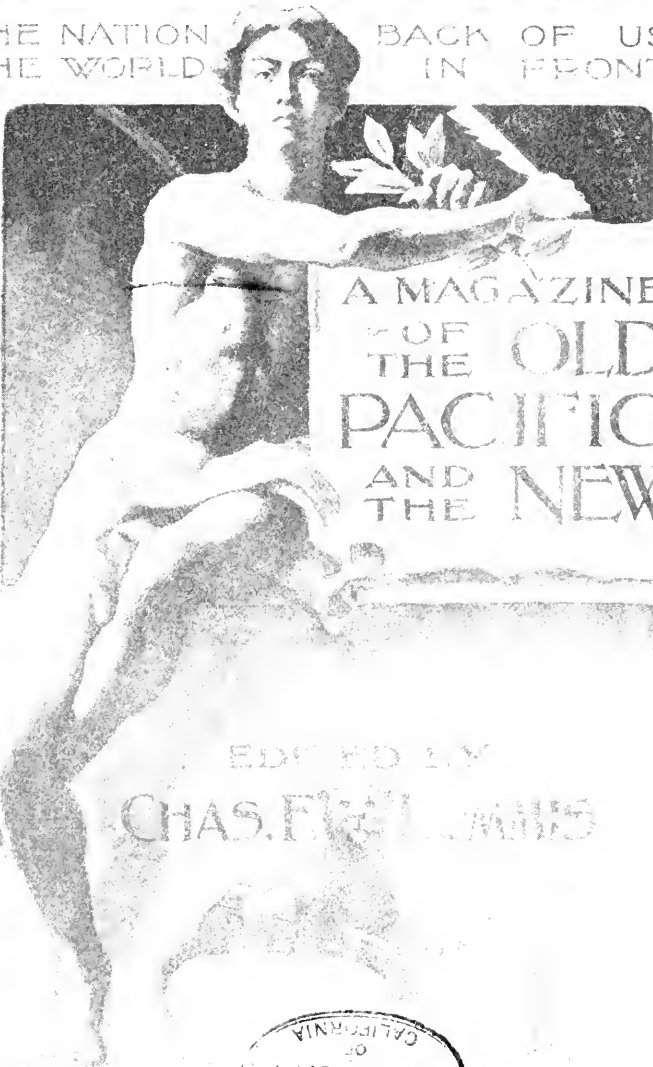
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A MAGAZINE
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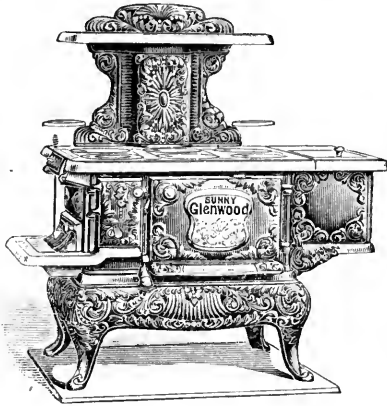
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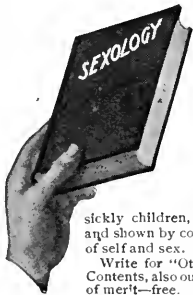
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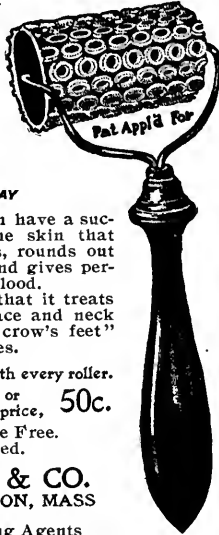
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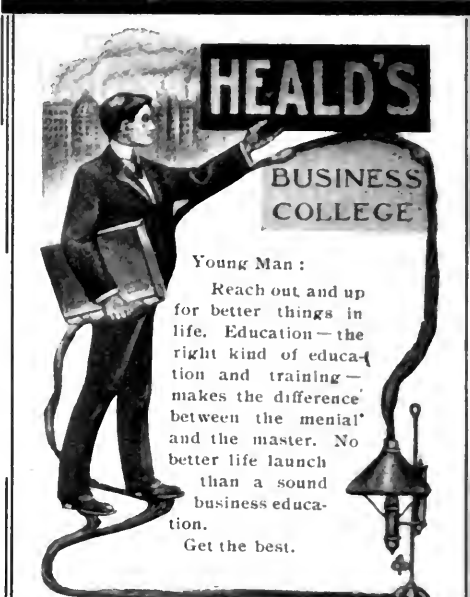
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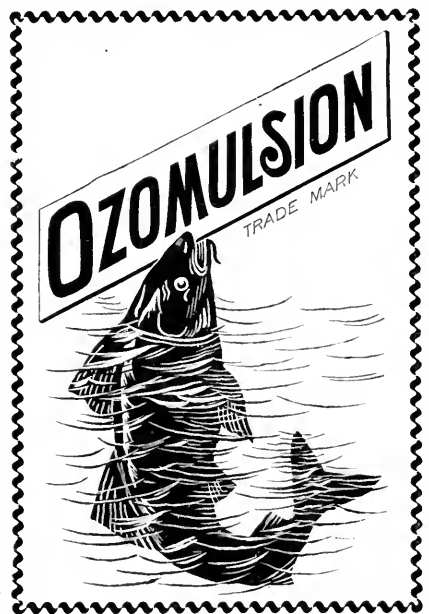
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The Glycerinated - Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, tone for bone and nerve strength; Guaiacol - Antiseptic and Germicide, combining them with the Purest of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil — all health-giving, waste-repairing, blood-forming, tissue-building Food-Medicine — Ozomulsion — a Food and Medicine that makes King Baby and all Children healthy, Men Manly, and Women Strong.

If there is so much as One Grain of Doubt remaining with you About This, let us Remove it in Our Way. Our Way is to Give Free to all A TRIAL Bottle of Ozomulsion, that it May Bear Witness that Our Statements Are True.

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Have you tried it? The Food That Does Good — the cod liver oil emulsion "PAR EXCELLENCE" that Physicians use in their families and prescribe in their hospital and private practice, and Druggists sell in One Size Only — Large Bottles, weighing Over Two Pounds, for One Dollar. Pleasant, Easy to Take and So Agreeable. Write, Enclosing Ten Cents in Stamps or Silver, to pay postage, for Free SAMPLE Bottle, giving your complete address, with street and number.

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From \$300 up—being 30 per cent. below Ocean Park prices.

50 per Cent. ADVANCE

The completion of the Traction R. R., and straightening of the Los Angeles-Pacific will advance prices at Short Line Beach 50 per cent. **BUY NOW and MAKE THE ADVANCE.** For maps and full particulars, apply to

STRONG & DICKINSON, 135 S. Broadway, Los Angeles
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Dr. Wehner. Physician-in-Chief Cranitonic Laboratories, Making Microscopical Examination of Hair.

In a microscopical examination of 1,000 different samples of human hair, made in the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Institute [incorporated under the laws of the State of New York] 24 different diseases of the hair and scalp were discovered, many of them **HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS AND ALL FATAL TO THE LIFE OF HAIR.**

Upon receipt of this **FORM** carefully filled out, and enclosing a few hairs, or a sample from the daily combings, we will send you a dainty bottle of Cranitonic Hair Food and a trial cake of Cranitonic Shampoo Scalp Soap by mail prepaid and a diagnosis and complete **RÉPORT** upon the condition of your hair after scientific microscopical examinations by our Physicians and Bacteriologists, absolutely **FREE.**

Applicant's Name in full.....

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Have you Dandruff?..... Is the Dandruff Oily or Dry?.....

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Big Reductions in Business Suits of Novelty Mixtures
One-third Discount on all Overcoats—Long or Short
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\$10 grade, \$8 \$12 grade, \$10 \$15 grade, \$13 \$18 grade, \$15

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It's the same old story—once see Southern California and you will not be contented to live anywhere else.

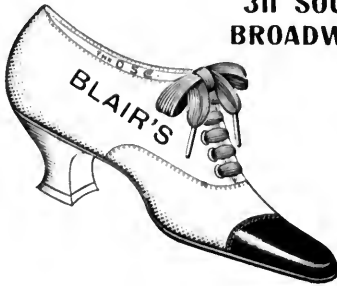
Write for further information. Our business is buying and selling Real Estate—and we stand ready to aid and advise.

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fitters, brings a customer back
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PAID-IN CAPITAL	- - - - -	3,000,000
PROFIT AND RESERVE FUND	- - - - -	400,000
MONTHLY INCOME	- - - - -	200,000

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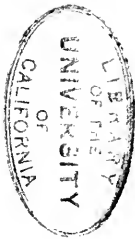
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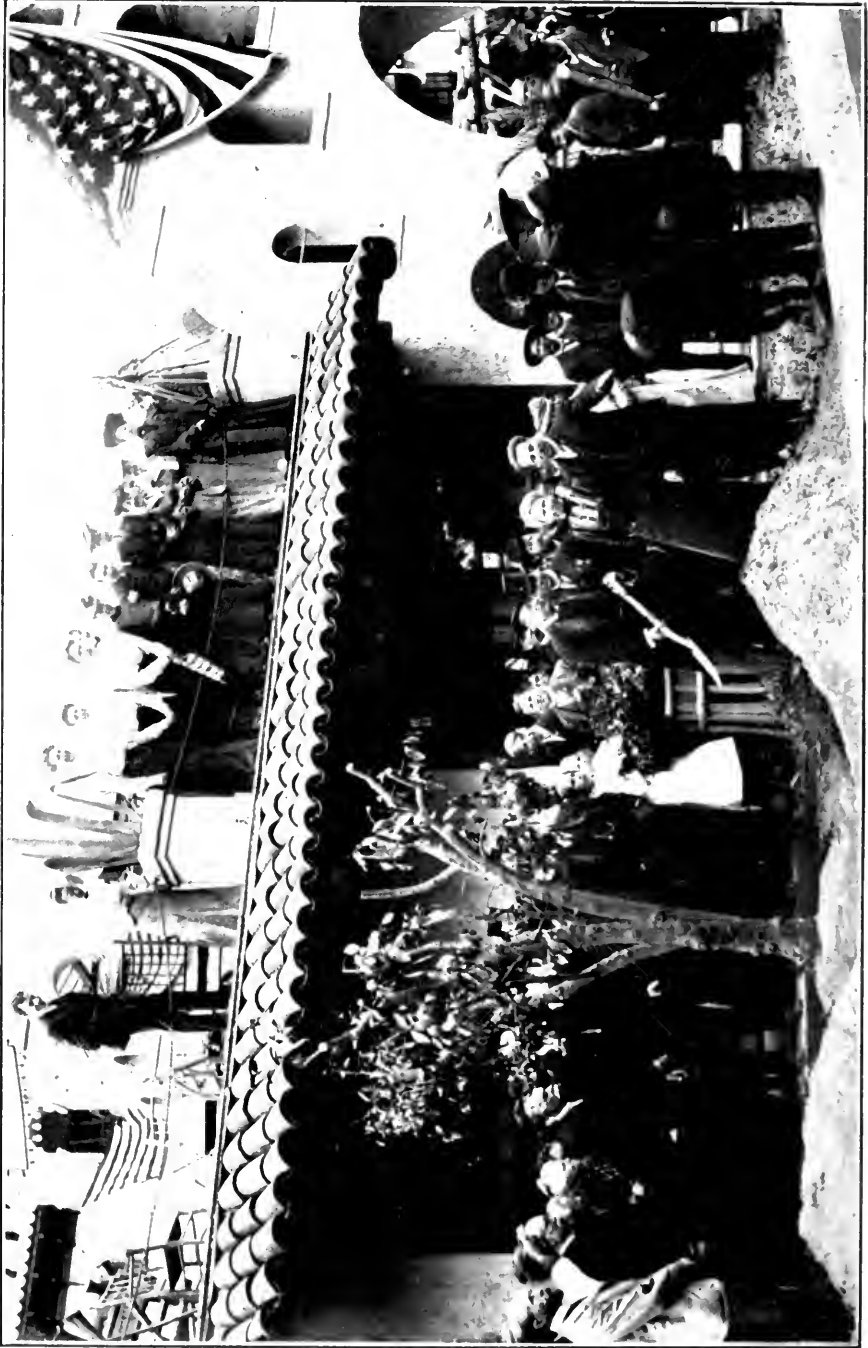
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APRIL 1911, BY RIVERSIDE PHOTO

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, MAY 8, 1903.

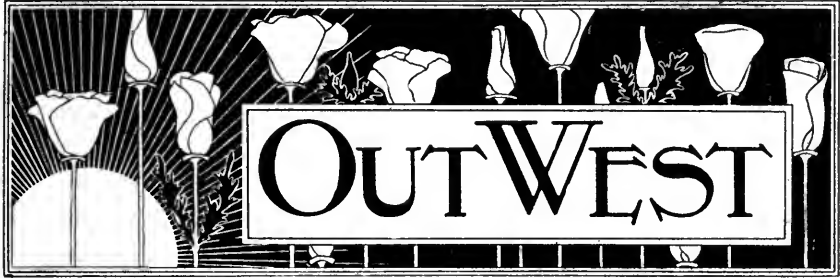
(Replanting one of the two parent navel orange trees, from whose buds are descended all the navel oranges in America.)

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XIX, No. 1.

JULY, 1903.

THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

THIS way walked Fate; and as she went, flung far the line of destiny
That bound an untracked continent to brotherhood from sea to sea—
That long, gray trail of dream and hope marked mile by mile with graves
that keep

On every barren hill and slope some stout heart lost in dreamless sleep.
Patience and faith and fortitude were willed to it, and justified;
Stern, homely virtues, plain and rude; eternal as the sky and wide.
Nor ever Viking dared the sea in braver mood than these who went
Strong-armed to wrest from Mystery their birthright, half a continent.

Gay, hawk-eyed, dark-faced voyageurs, tired of the river's muddy tide,
Or drawn by whispered, golden lures, or beckoned by the prairies wide,
These first, and lightly down the wind their songs float backward as they pass;
So light they go, nor leave behind scarce one deep footprint on the grass.
And after them, lean, keen, and grim, one fit untrodden heights to scan;
The gray peak looking down on him knew something kindred in the man.
Half prophet, seer, his eyes could trace, in those lone wastes that seemed to wait,
The larger promise of his race, the germ of many an unborn State.

Then Frémont, passing not alone; beside him, silent, dim, unguessed,
Unheralded, to claim her own, the Soul of the Awakening West.
Behind, above the thundering herds of fear-swept bison, seemed to beat
A hymn prophetic without words, the trample of a million feet.
That long gray trail! That path of fate! For gain or loss, for life or death,
Driven by greed or hope or hate, it drew them to the latest breath:
It broke them to its mighty mold; it seared their weakness to the bone;
It stripped them stark to sun and cold, and mocked at whimperer and drone.

And they were Men who bore its mark ; and they were Men its service made—
 Strong-souled to face the utter dark, and watch with Fear still unafraid ;
 Stern school of heroes unconfessed ; unweighed for meed of right or wrong ;
 By glib late-comers dispossessed of honors that to them belong :
 As in the fire-tried furnace hour, strange, warring elements will fuse
 To purpose, unity and power, to truer strength and nobler use ;
 Unconscious—save that here was life a man might live as manhood meant—
 They wrought a nation from their strife, and shaped it with their discontent.

No pulseless, still-born hope was theirs ; each man a later Argonaut,
 Who from great dreams and ceaseless cares out-wove the Golden Fleece he sought,
 And single-handed out of need made potent opportunity ;
 Nor shamed the hour with laggard deed, nor quailed from naked Destiny.
 They touched the wilderness to flower ; they gave the unvoiced solitudes
 A tongue that spoke with trumpet power the message of their iron moods ;
 But ah ! the cost ! The hands that bled ; The toll of heart-aches and of tears !
 The stern, white faces of the dead that paved that highway through the years !

The long grass hides the rutted trail where tracked those mighty caravans
 Whose far-lit camp-fires low and pale elude, howe'er the vision scans
 That lost horizon, shrunk to fit the little roads that come and go,
 By easy ways (of greatness quit), that any chance-drawn foot may know ;
 Light trails that traffic o'er the dust of them that were a braver breed,
 Forgotten in the careless lust for larger gain and lesser deed.
 Mother of all the roads that hold the power o'er men that makes or mars !
 These lead to cities, lands, and gold ; this led to the eternal stars !

Dewey, Ariz.

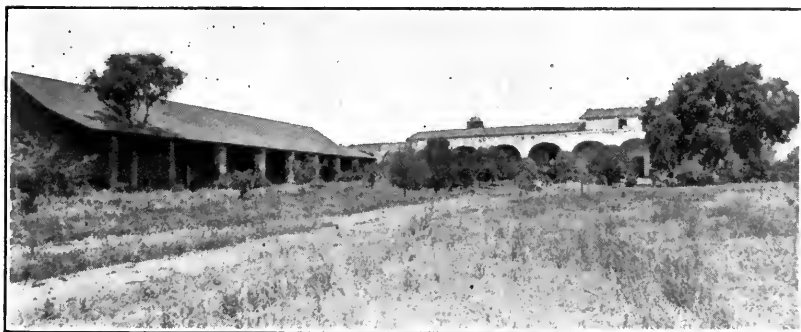


THUS FAR—AND MUCH FARTHER.



AMONG the last days of 1895, a number of Californians restive under our general American carelessness of history and its legacies—and particularly ashamed of the negative vandalism which was permitting the peerless monuments of early California to be wrecked by the elements, by tourists, tramps and pillagers—incorporated the Landmarks Club “to conserve the Missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California.” The limitation of its scope to Southern California was made necessary by practical considerations. The work requires not only expert direction, but constant personal supervision. To conduct, personally, year after year, the repairing and safeguarding of the historic buildings from Santa Barbara to San Diego, a line of 300 miles, was as much as people could well undertake who had any sensible expectation of accomplishing what they began. These were people who knew what they wished; how to get it, and how to hang on until they did get it—and they have hung on. They have already accomplished far more than anyone dreamed possible; but it is only the beginning of this enormous work, and there will need continuous effort for a great many years to come.

The old Franciscan Missions were inevitably the first point of attack for the Landmarks Club, and will long continue to be its chief concern, though not its only one. This for the very simple reason that they are as a group by far the most imposing, the most important, and the most romantic landmarks in the United States, architecturally and historically. There is nothing whatever, east of New Mexico, to compare for a moment with these wonderful monuments, which the Franciscan missionaries built in the wilderness more than a century ago. Few people,



THE LANDMARK'S CLUB'S LATEST WORK.

Photo by C. F. L., June 4, 1903

All the roofs shown here have been put on by the Club. The re-roofing of the 112-foot building to the left has just been completed. (Mission San Juan Capistrano).



THE LANDMARK'S CLUB'S FIRST TASK.

(This destruction was much further advanced; the wall to the left being entirely destroyed, and the roof hopeless. For what has been done, see p. 8.)

Photo by Vertrand about 1800



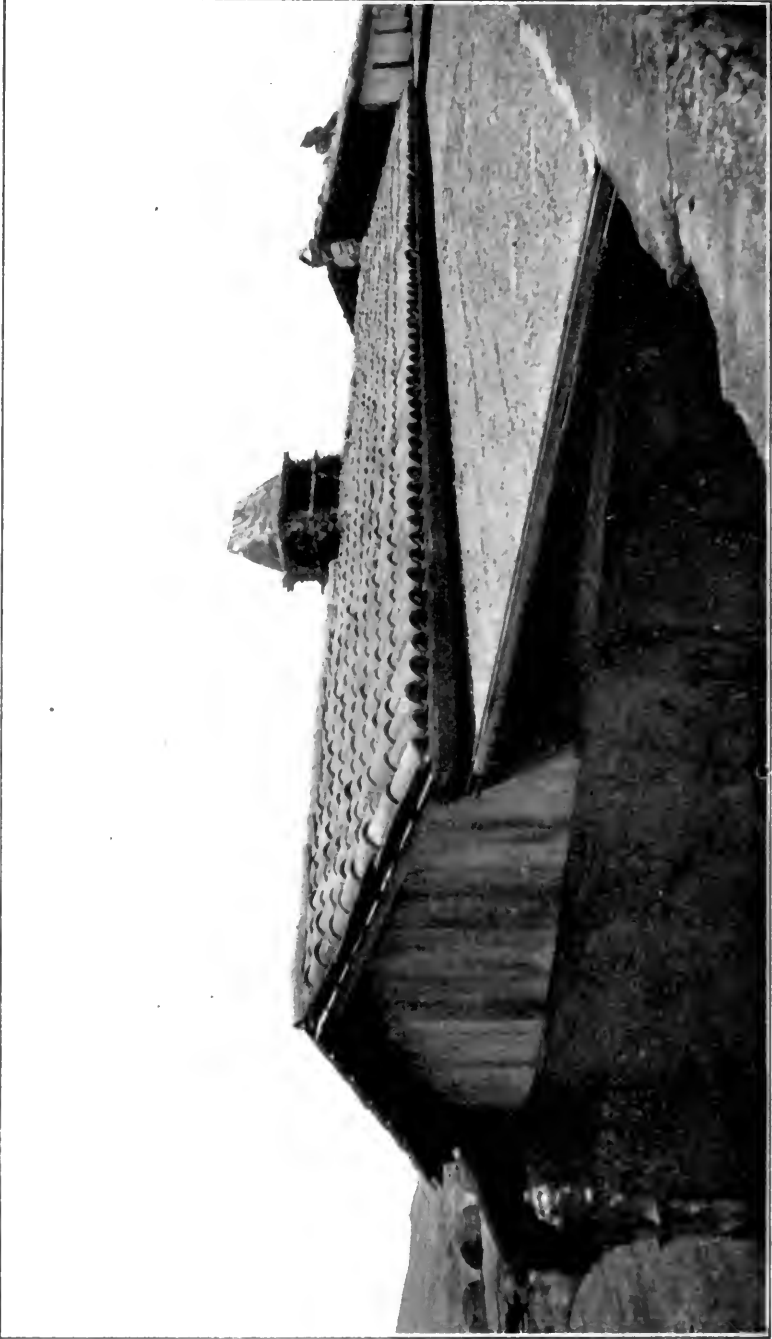
FRONT OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO. (Shows broken roofs, debris in stone church, etc.)

Photo about 1894

even today, and even in California, have a remote conception of the magnitude and cost of the 21 Missions and several branches built in California for the Indians, beginning before the Declaration of Independence.

It is to be borne in mind always that these Missions were not merely churches for the Indians. They were that—and in all the Eastern States our Superior Race never has built, to this day, one church for the Indians remotely rivaling the poorest of these; and none too many as noble for its own people. It is enough to make one gasp to realize that the stone church at San Juan Capistrano, which was built with untutored Indian labor nearly a hundred years ago, could not be rebuilt today, with a railroad at its doors, for \$100,000. And this church is but a small part of the whole plan of Capistrano. Nor were the missions merely schools for religious and primary education. Nor were they only industrial schools. They were all these things; and they were, besides, little walled cities, in some of which there lived, at one time, nearly 3,000 people. Of these, all but perhaps a dozen were Indian neophytes, converted, taught to read and write, to sing, to play musical instruments, to spin, weave

and make clothing (they had always gone naked before), to be good carpenters, masons, tanners, gilders, wagon-makers, blacksmiths, soap-makers, candle-makers, shoe-makers,



MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.—Monastery buildings repaired.
(The same buildings shown on p. 6.)

Photo by C. F. L.



CAPISTRANO MISSION. *Photo by C. F. L.*
Landmarks Club preservation (by buttresses) of the remains of the great stone church.

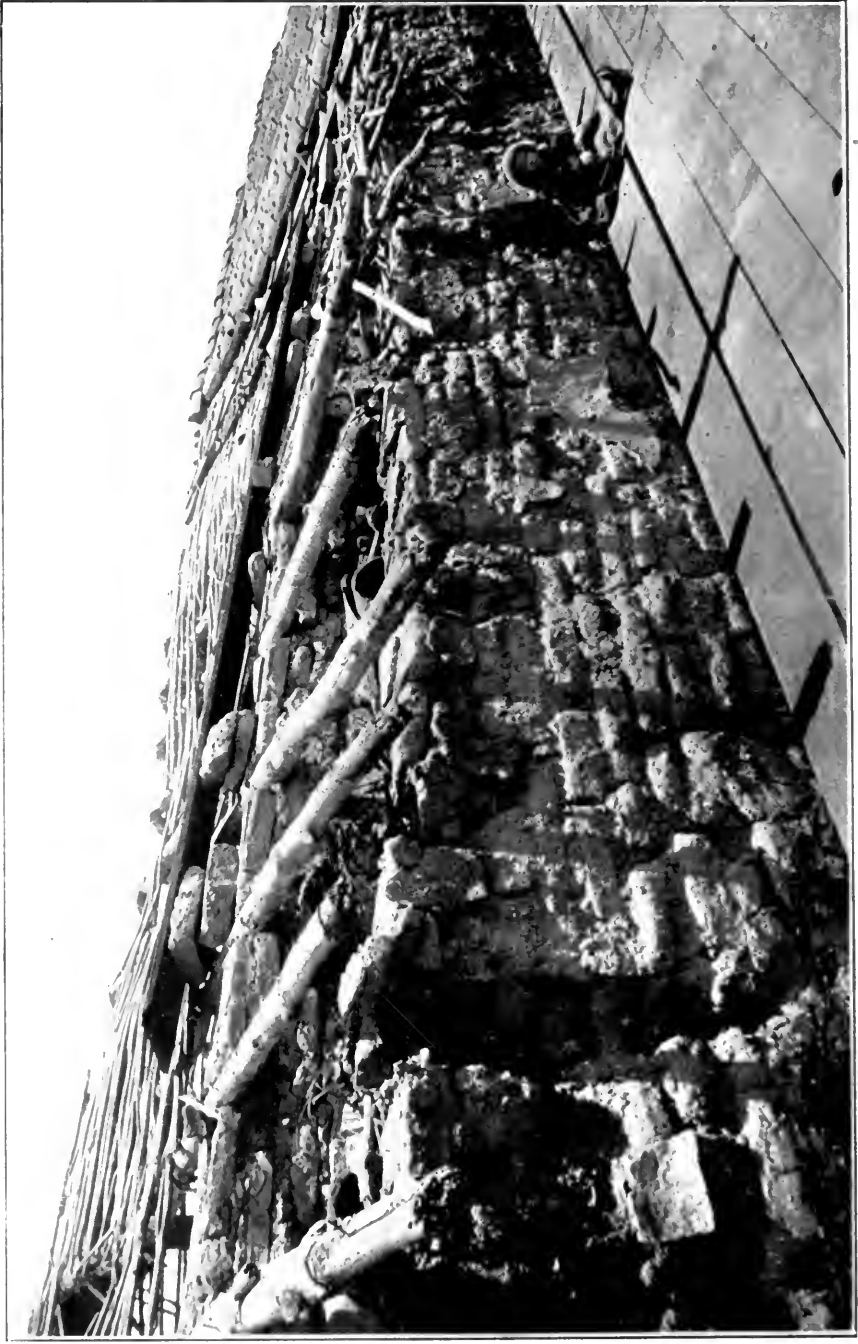


Photo by C. F. L.

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.
Serra's original church (1776), before Landmarks Club repairs. (Sheeting of cloisters already done by Club.)



CAPISTRANO—Serra's old church reroofed by the Club.

Photo by C. F. L.

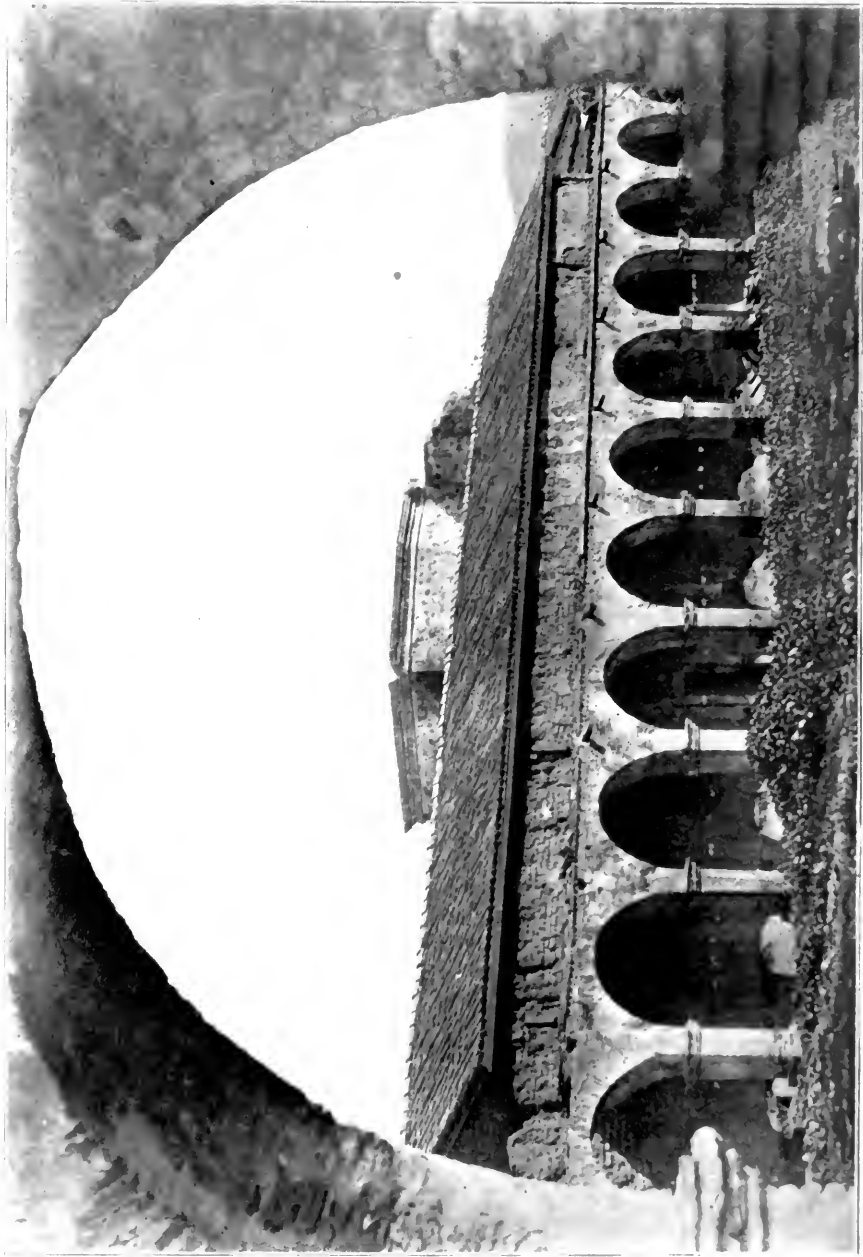
farmers, orchardists, vintners, makers of olive oil; who had been taught to dwell in houses instead of brush hovels; who had been taught the use of domestic animals—oxen, cows, horses, sheep, fowls and all the rest that we employ today (for there were no domestic animals whatever in California when the Franciscans entered)—and otherwise trained in all the handicrafts necessary for a self-supporting community in a country farther from civilization, and farther from a store, than any corner of Africa can be said to be today. At the larger of these establishments, the lines of buildings and enclosures were literally counted by the mile. It is doubtful if the Mission establishment of San Luis Rey could be replaced today, as it stood in Father Peyri's time, for a quarter of a million dollars.

Disestablishment by Mexico in 1834 (a polite political term



CAPISTRANO—Remains of the great stone church. Debris removed by the Club. See cut on p. 7.

Photo by C. F. L.



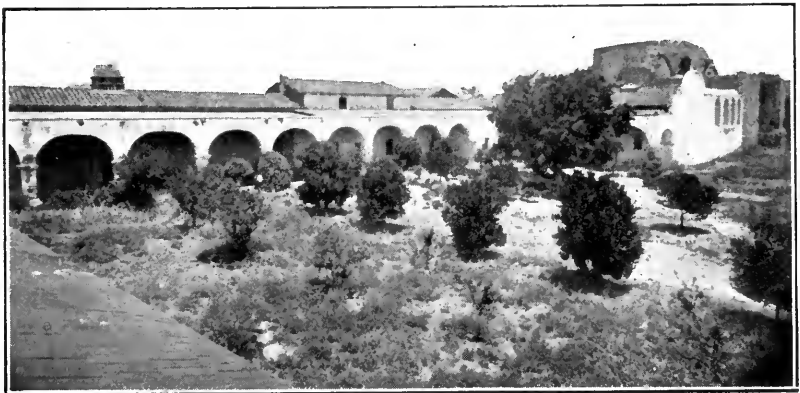
MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO - Serra's Church.
Reroofed by the Landmark's Club. For its former condition see p. 10.

Photo by C. F. L.



CAPISTRANO—in corridor of building *Photo by C. F. L., June 4, 1903*
just reroofed by the Club.

for robbery) was the death blow of the Mission system. The lands were confiscated; the buildings were sold for beggarly sums, and often more beggarly purposes. The Indian converts were scattered and starved out; the noble buildings were pilaged for their tiles and adobes. But it does not lie in our mouths to sneer at this old vandalism in a remote Mexican province, at the time of the apparent dissolution of Mexico. Pitiful as that depredation was, it was child's play compared to the outrage these buildings have suffered, not only since California became part of the American Union, but even since it became a hot-bed of Eastern culture. That is, within the last 15 years.



FRONT OF CAPISTRANO MISSION. *Photo by C. F. L., June 4, 1903*
From roof of same building.

At a few of these Missions—as for instance, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, and Santa Barbara—the Church (which finally recovered, under our government, title to at least the buildings of which it had been robbed, though it never got back its great landed holdings) still maintains services and occupation. At other Missions—and these are the specific concern of the Landmarks Club—there are no longer congregations. The diocese is poor, and cannot, of course, maintain these enormous establishments simply as historical monuments. Only a hopeless narrowmindedness can object that the legal title to these ruins is vested in the Catholic Church. To scholars, and to those ample enough in heart and head to be worthy to be named American, this is in fact an ideal status. If these monuments belonged to the State, they would become the prey of politicians; if they were in private hands, they would presently be sold. Even the Landmarks Club is liable to change with time. But if there is any human institution which is permanent and invariable, it is the Catholic Church. It has seen innumerable governments rise and fall and go forgotten; and it is still doing business at the old stand. It could sell these venerable buildings, so far as the law goes. But it will not. With this stability of ownership, surpassing even the English law of entail, there is something to work on. And the vital fact is that whoever “owns” these monuments, they are yours and mine, and every other one’s who cares for beauty and romance. They are here, a graphic lesson on the blackboard for us, for our children, and our children’s children, *in secula seculorum*; an example in artistic and architectural beauty, in sincerity, in heroism, and in the manhood which can do the impossible. And if ever there was a generation that needed this reminder, not only architecturally but otherwise, it is the generation in which we live.

When the Landmarks Club was incorporated, the most important of the Missions within its geographical scope were falling to pieces with a rapidity that was nothing less than appalling. San Luis Rey, probably the queen of all the Missions, though already fearfully dilapidated, had just been revived by a little colony of the same Franciscan Order that pioneered California for civilization, six years before the battle of Lexington. They have made extensive repairs there, saving the enormous church. Another little group of the same order was (and still is) occupying and caring for the magnificent establishment of Santa Barbara. At San Buenaventura and San Gabriel, services have been maintained by the secular priests.

But San Diego, the mother Mission, founded in 1769 by that marvellous Apostle of California, Fray Junípero Serra; San



SAN FERNANDO MISSION. *Photoby C. F. L., 1800*
 [Condition'of the Monastery roof (70 x 240 ft.) before the Club's work.

Juan Capistrano, founded also by him in 1776 ; San Fernando, founded in 1797 by his successors ; Pala, founded in 1816 by Father Peyri as a branch of San Luis Rey—all these were



THE SAME. *Photo by C. F. L.*

practically deserted and in ruins. If the Club had not done the work it has done in the last seven years, there would be practically nothing left of either of these four Missions. Aside from



SAN FERNANDO MISSION—THE MONASTERY REROOFED. *Photo by C. F. L., 1807*
 (Landmarks Club's celebration of the centennial of the Mission.)



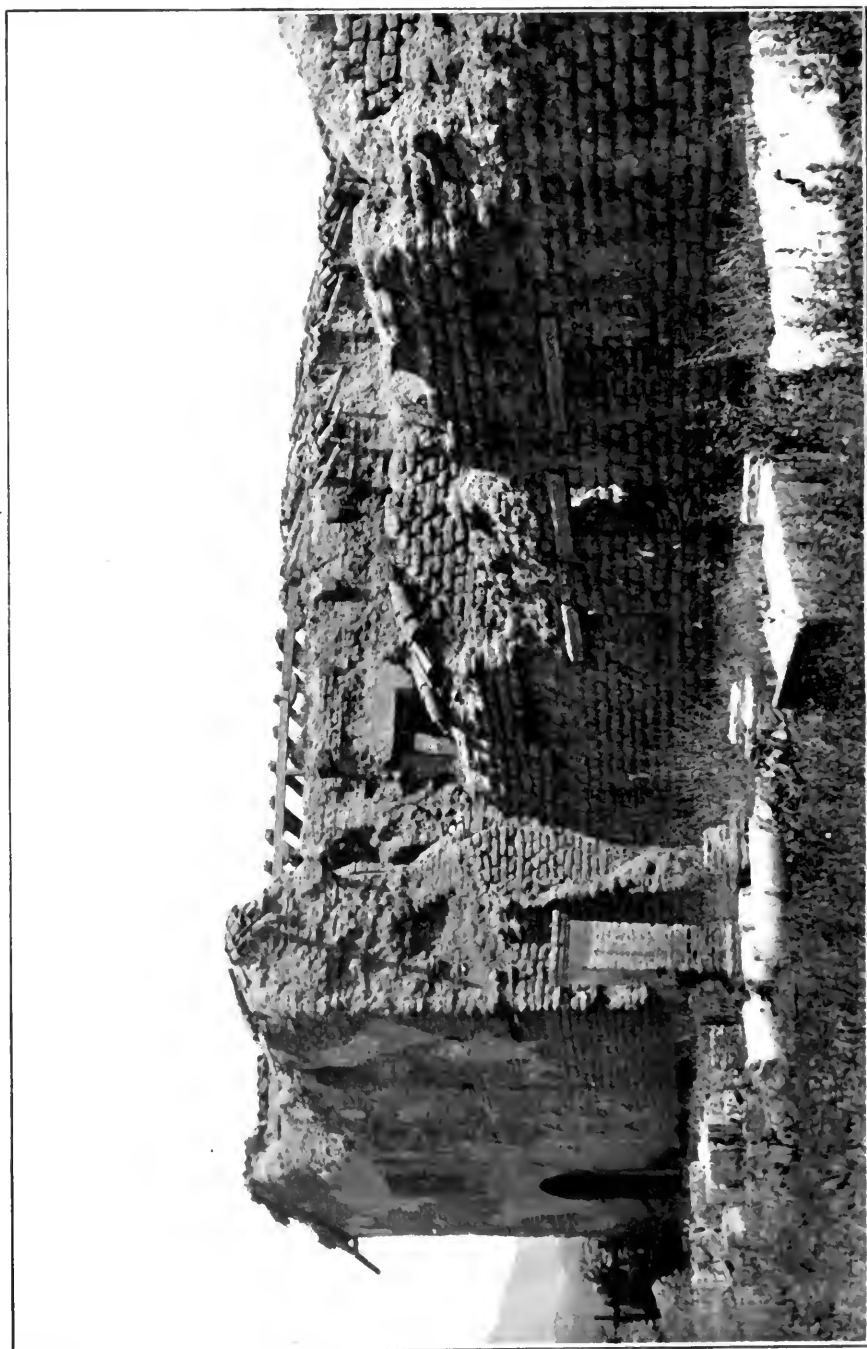
LANDMARKS CLUB WORK AT SAN FERNANDO MISSION. *Photos by C. F. L.*
 "The Church," "Before and After"
 "Back of Monastery," "Before and After."



MISSION SAN FERNANDO.

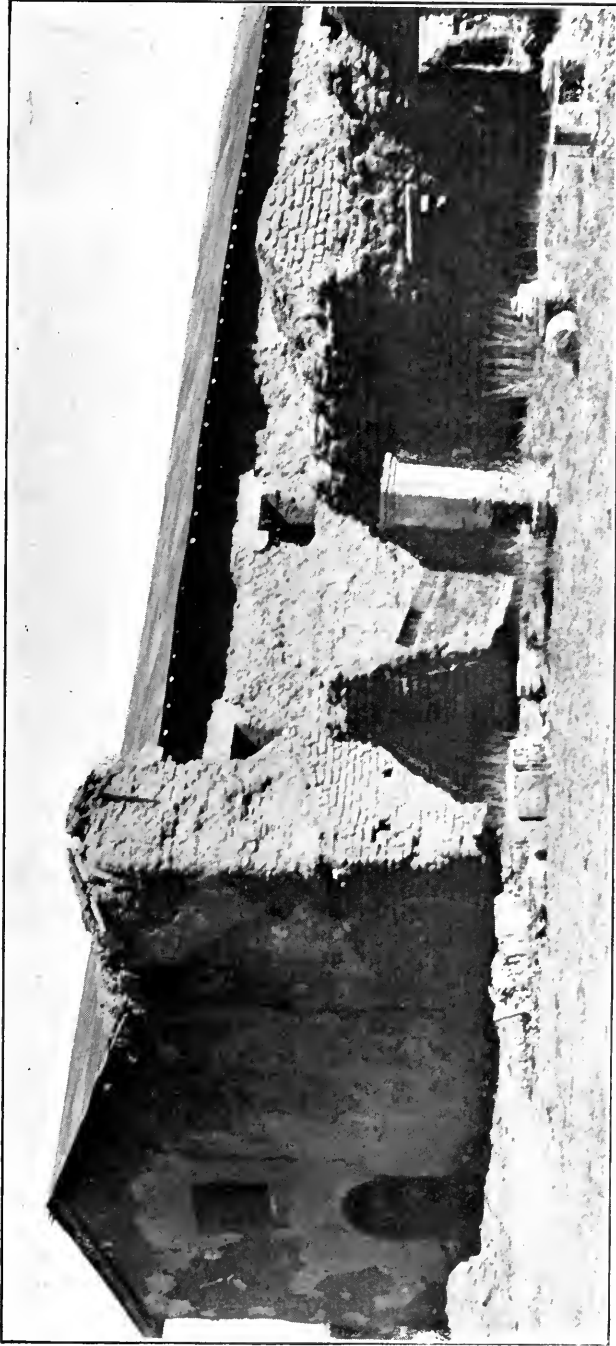
Photo by C. F. L.

The roofless church, through a break in the monastery. Both now repaired by the Landmarks Club.



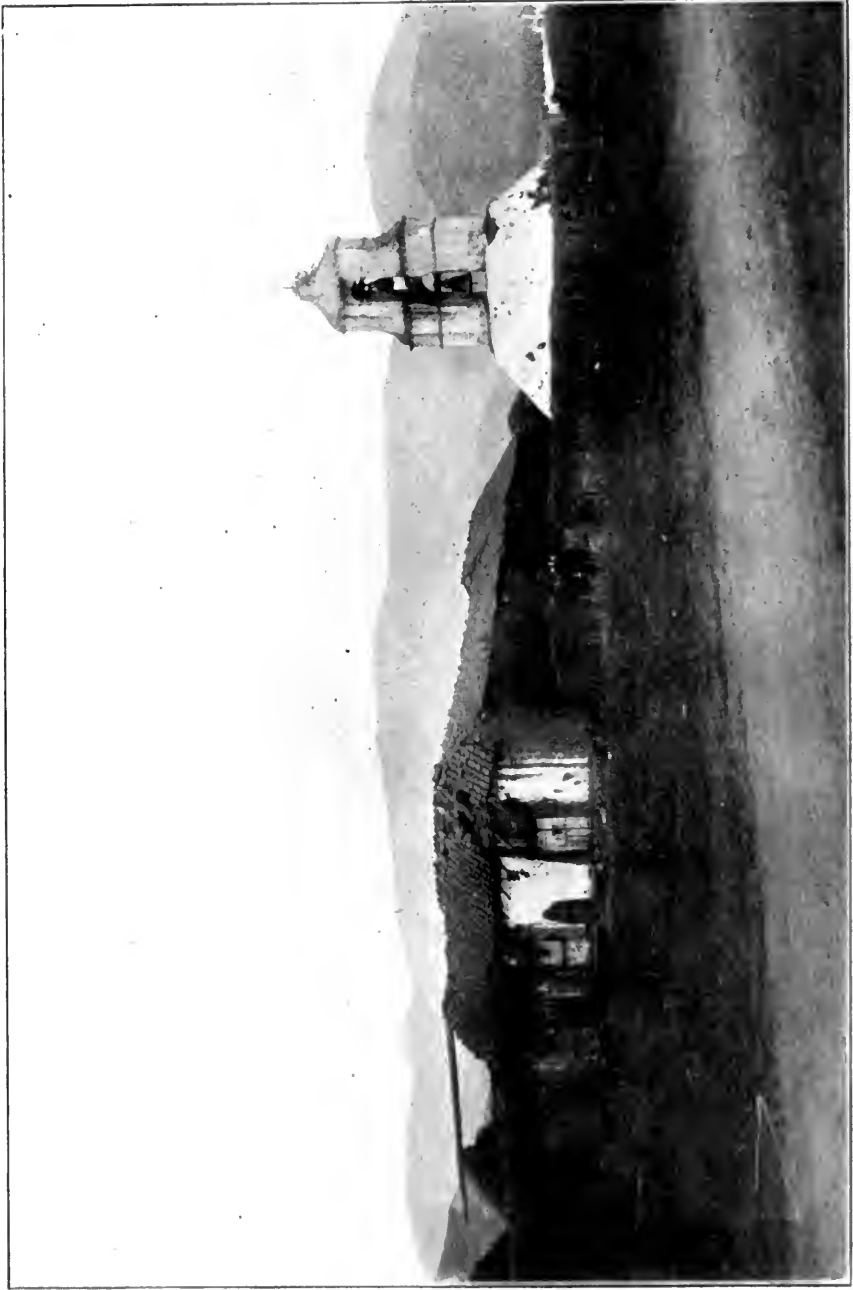
SAN FERNANDO CHURCH BEFORE REPAIRS BY THE CLUB.

Photo by C. F. L.



SAN FERNANDO CHURCH REEROOFED BY THE CLUB

Photo by C. F. L.



THE PALA MISSION LAST YEAR. Cloisters gone, roof broken.

Photo by C. F. L., 1912



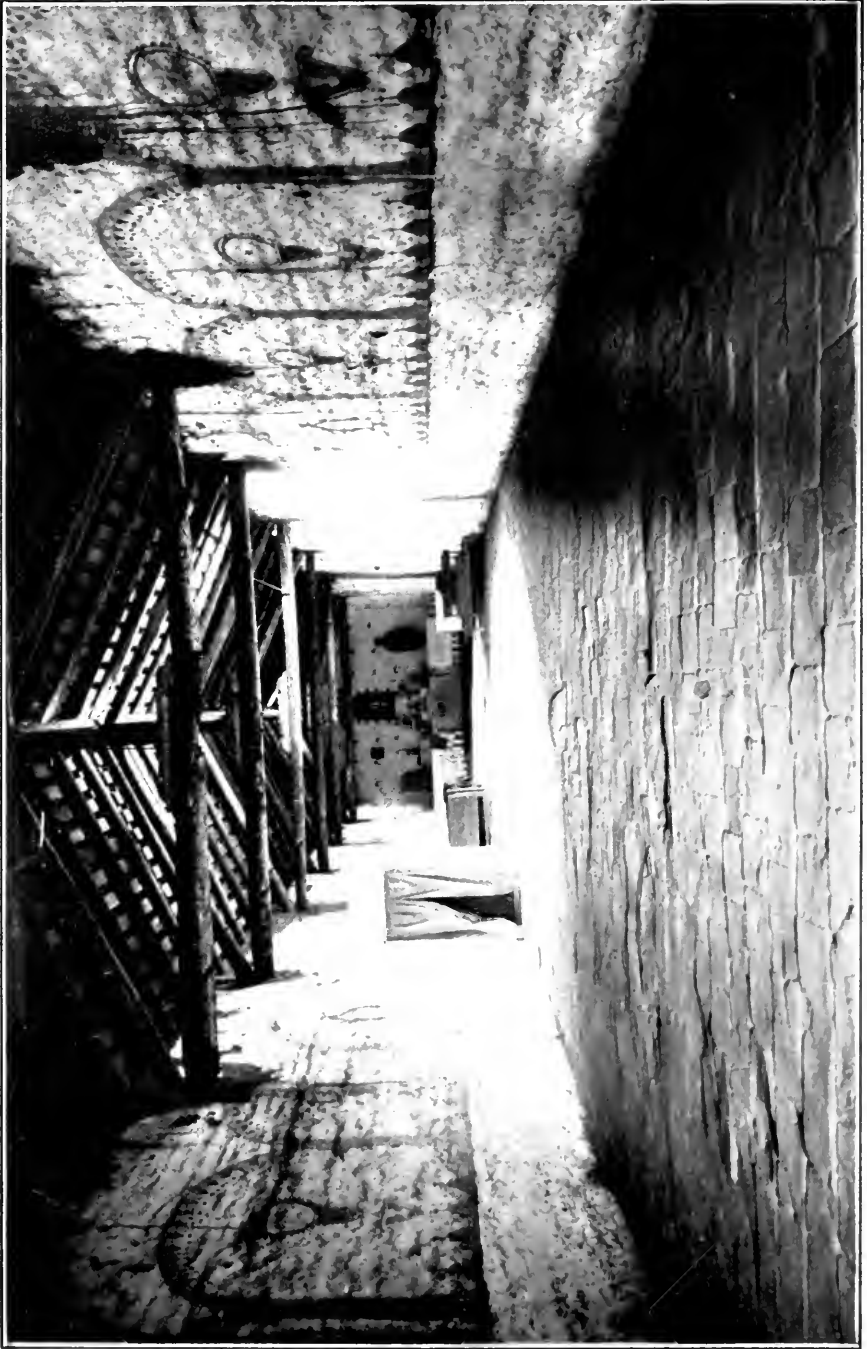
PALA MISSION TODAY; REPAIRS THUS FAR BY LANDMARKS CLUB.

Photo by C. F. L., April 6, 1903

the looting of their tiles to roof neighboring pig-pens, the decay of the sycamore branches which served as rafters caused the tiled roofs to break down; and the adobe walls — invulnerable to time, almost artillery proof, but hardly more resistant to water than so many walls of loaf sugar — were melting into indistinguishable mounds. Only those who have watched this decay can realize at all how frightfully rapid it was. It is no exaggeration to say that human power could not have restored these four missions if there had been five years' delay in the attempt.

The Club has already so safeguarded the chief structures at these Missions that they will last practically as they are, for at least another century; and can then be renewed for centuries more by an equivalent amount of work. The Club has roofed three huge buildings at Capistrano, two at San Fernando, and one at Pala. It has altogether replaced about 52,000 square feet of roofs — more than half of that amount being covered with the ancient tiles. It has raised something over \$6,000, and ap-

plied about \$5,500 in these repairs—by careful management getting at least thirty per cent. more work for its money than market ratings; and the roofing, while the most vital, and perhaps the most impressive, of its work, has been but a frac-



INTERIOR OF PALA MISSION, AFTER LANDMARKS REMOVED.

Photo by C. F. L., April 2, 1893.

tion of it. In each case the Club has secured a long lease on the ruins, which will be renewed for as long as is desired. This makes all these Missions practically public property for proper uses—that is, to enjoy as the public enjoys a park.

The first work of the Club was done at that gem of all the Missions, San Juan Capistrano; and the latest work also, for in so huge an undertaking it is necessary first to take the most important points. At Capistrano the Club has reroofed, with tiles, 387 feet in length of the principal buildings (including the old adobe church which Serra himself founded), with a total roof area of 9,640 square feet. It has reroofed with gravel and asphalt (as they were originally) an area of 5,250 square feet of corridors; and it has just finished reroofing, with a shake roof, the southwesterly building, 112 feet long, and with a roof area of 4,150 square feet. It has also rebuilt serious breaches in adobe walls, and tied in, with iron rods, some walls that were about to fall outward; has buttressed the crumbling stone pilasters which support all that is left of the great stone church from the earthquake of 1812 and the gunpowder of 1865 (when misguided persons blew up a majority of what the earthquake spared); has removed about 400 tons of debris from fallen walls and roofs; has put in an irrigation system which serves to keep alive the little mission garden; and has, in general, brought order out of the wreck—as may be approximately judged by the accompanying photographs.

At San Fernando the Club has reroofed the enormous monastery, 240 x 70 feet, with tiles—a roof area of 21,000 feet, or nearly half an acre—besides rebuilding breaches in the adobe walls, through which one could have run a two-story freight train; and has reroofed with shakes the church, 135 x 36 feet, a roof area of 6,800 feet. In all cases it is to be understood that the ancient and ponderous tiles are used for this work; and it has required great searching and much expense to secure enough of them to patch up these roofs. In every case the roof structure is a substantial one of Oregon pine, good for at least a century. If tiles cannot be procured, protection is given by a solid roof of shakes, upon which tiles can be laid whenever funds admit of so expensive an undertaking. Tiles of the same pattern can be made to order, but are nowadays costly. The chief immediate thing is to preserve the buildings from dampness. If this generation is too Philistine to care to tile them, there will be something on which the next generation can expend its better taste.

At Pala—that jewel among the valleys of Southern California, and now doubly interesting as the new home of the evicted Warner's Ranch Indians, the first Indians in United States history moved to better lands and more lands than they had before—the Club has already reroofed the chapel with tiles (a building 144 x 27 feet) and rooms to its right, 47 x 27 feet; built up the broken walls of the whole front to roof level; and is, at this writing, going on with the reroofing of those

rooms with tiles. Total area reroofed with tiles, 5,157 square feet. Walls built up, for roofing, but not yet roofed, 132x27 ft. Incidentally the Club has also (after a long campaign) secured the transfer of these ruins from a squatter back to their rightful ownership, and has taken a long lease.

At San Diego, the first of all the Franciscan Missions in California, the Club has expended about \$500 in safe-guarding the few walls of the church that remain. There is some hope of replacing the entire edifice, a modest structure not to be compared architecturally with any other Mission; but of a historical priority and interest which entitle it to consideration.

At San Luis Rey the Club stands for the restoration, this year, of a line of superb Roman arches, which were an important feature of this Mission, but which were thrown down by a recent storm.

Incidentally, too, the Club kept the historic Plaza of Los Angeles from obliteration, a few years ago, and preserved—by a campaign lasting through several months of hard work—some hundreds of the historic street names of this city.

So far as is known, the Landmarks Club was the first incorporated body in the United States to undertake such work on such a scale, considering the geographical area covered, the magnitude of the work to be done, and the length of time it will require. It has had no public monies of any sort, but has secured all its funds by private contribution. Its members are scattered all over the world. From every State in the Union, and from every civilized country, contributions have come to its aid. Its example and its success have encouraged other public-spirited people elsewhere to similar undertakings. An organization called the California Historical Landmarks League—unfortunately appropriating the characteristic word of the Club's title—has just been incorporated to care for the historic landmarks in the northern part of the State. In Texas, the De Zavala chapter of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas has taken up work on the lines of the Landmarks Club. The Native Daughters of the Golden West, a California organization, is also interested in these matters. Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, has also started a movement and fund for the purchase and preservation of historical buildings and places in California. And the heaven is still working.

This work belongs to all right Americans. There is no use to argue its necessity with such as need argument. For those who can feel that this is a duty and a privilege, the way is made easy by organization. There are no impediments; there is no trouble. The Landmarks Club does the work, and does it expertly. All it needs is the funds to work with. It perpetrates no botcheries and no stupid "restorations;" it preserves and safe-guards the ruins. Whatever repairs it makes are done precisely in the original fashion, and under the direction of men who have given most of their lives to the study of this field. There are no salaries in the Club; contributions go direct to the work of preserving the landmarks. There are no bars to membership; and the Club is glad to welcome to its roll all who care for history, romance and national self-respect.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

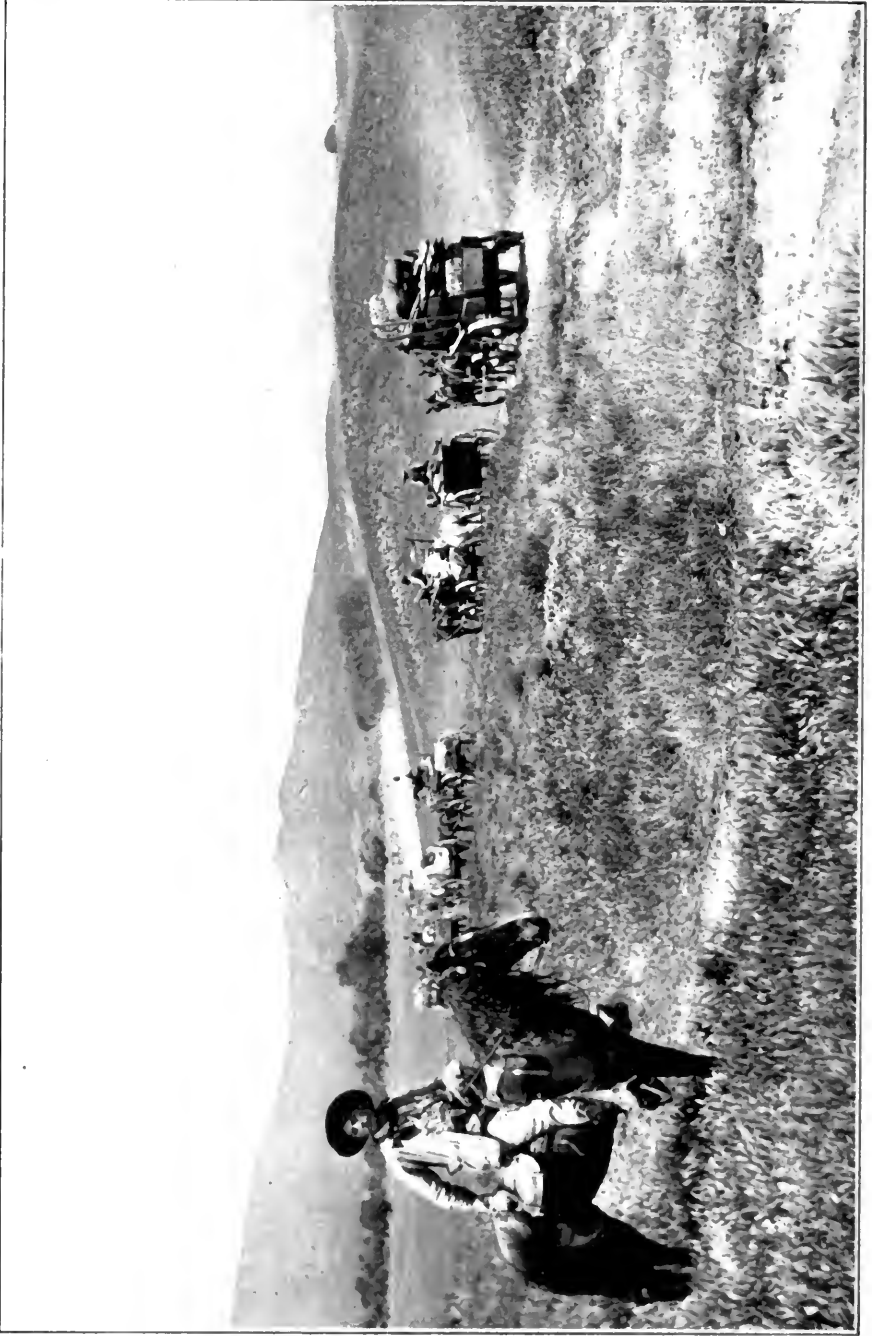
THE EXILES OF CUPA.

By GRANT WALLACE.

[The actual removal of 98 Mission Indians from the Warner Ranch Hot Springs to Pala, their new home, May 12th, 13th and 14th, closed the first chapter in a celebrated case. Readers of this magazine are familiar with the record; how all prior courts, and finally the Supreme Court of the United States, decided against the Indians under a Mexican land grant, and dispossessed them of their immemorial homes; how Congress appropriated \$100,000 to procure them a new home and remove them to it; how after the usual routine (thro' an Inspector) the Government decided to pay \$70,000 for a dry ranch of 2370 acres; how a campaign against this folly was made by the Sequoya League, and a commission appointed to select the best location possible; how that Commission, after examining 107 ranches, selected the Pala Valley, 3,438 acres with 140 miner's inches of water for irrigation, for \$46,300; how the Commission also secured the withdrawal from entry of all public lands contiguous to Pala (about 5,000 acres) to be added to the Reservation; how the Indians were stirred up by foolish and by malicious advisers to resist removal; and how their law-abiding spirit led them at the last, in spite of all, to go obediently. In this historic case it is of interest to record the accompanying notes by Mr. Grant Wallace of the San Francisco Bulletin, and photographs made by Mr. Wallace and by Mr. Sawyer of the Los Angeles Herald. Besides the 98 Indians who were removed by Inspector James E. Jenkins, about two dozen more have drifted in, since, to Pala; and as none of the other villages under sentence of eviction have made any talk of resistance, except the Hot Spring pueblo, there is every reason to believe that the remainder of the 300 Indians will be transferred successfully. Those at Pala are rapidly becoming reconciled, and most of them are working steadily in preparing their new homes—for which the Government pays them \$2 per day wages, This is in accordance with the recommendation of the Sequoya League, that instead of rationing the Indians (whom the Government is bound to support until their crops make them self-supporting) and letting the contracts for building homes, and constructing the irrigating system, to Americans, the Indians be set at this work, and paid for it—a suggestion which Commissioner Jones immediately and gladly adopted. A few of the oldest Indians, and a few irreconcilables, are still "unreconstructed;" but the younger and more progressive of the tribe realize how much better they

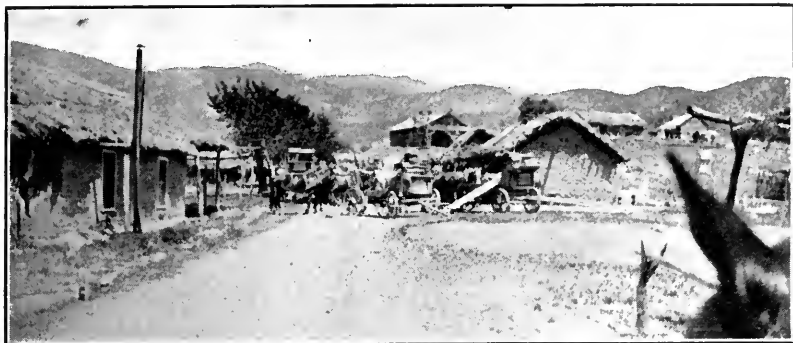


PUERTA DE LA CRUZ, A HAMLET OF THE WARNER'S RANCH INDIANS. Photo by C. F. L.



WARNER'S RANCHO INDIANS LEAVING THE HOT SPRINGS FOR PALA, MAY 12, 1903.

Photo by Sargent



THE WAGONS AT THE HOT SPRINGS. *Photo by Grant Wallace*
Ready for the removal.

are off materially; and having been able to understand that they *had* to leave their old home, are relieved to find the new one so much superior—instead of worse, as they know to be the case with other Mission Indians. The process of adjusting themselves to the new conditions, and rooting to the new soil, will need time and a lot of tact and patience and practical sense on the part of the officials in charge. So far as the Indians are concerned, there is every reason to believe that if given a fair chance by their official directors they will improve their new opportunity in good faith.—ED.]

WHILE it would be too much to expect any one at all familiar with the Spanish or Mexican land laws to believe that the decision of the United States Supreme Court was based on full familiarity with those laws, all that is past and cannot be recalled. It is a pity for the Warner's Ranch Indians to have to lose homes dearer to them than any others, no matter how much more valuable or more comfortable; but as



WOMEN LOADING THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS. *Photo by Grant Wallace*



CAPT. CIMMOAT "HITCHING UP" TO GO. *Photo by Grant Wallace*

a matter of fact the Warner's Ranch Indians are now far better off than almost any others of the thousands of Mission Indians. These are safely settled in a beautiful and fertile valley ; their fellows are half starving on barren mountain sides and the inhospitable desert.

Last month the removal of the Warner's Ranch Indians threatened to result in bloodshed, thanks to a few fool "friends"

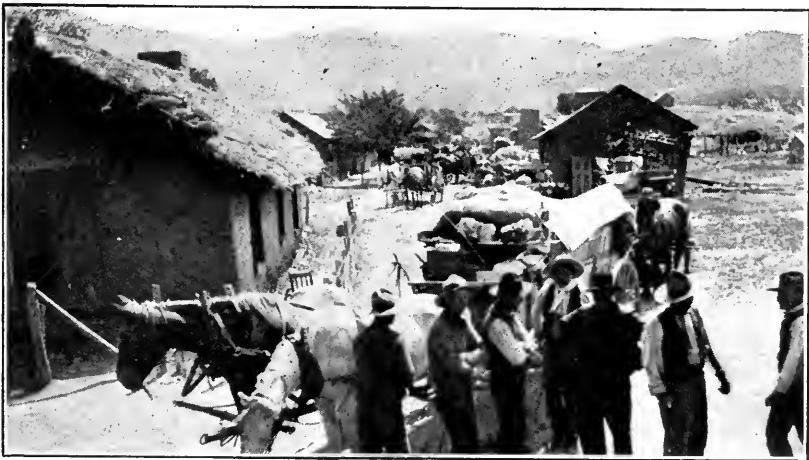


OLD MANUELA, *Photo by Grant Wallace*
Who took to the mountains and was not found.



GOODBYE TO THE GRAVES OF THEIR FATHERS. *Photo by Grant Wallace*

of the bedeviled Cupeños, who had long cheated them with vague hopes of reversing the decision of the Supreme Court. Happily that danger is passed. Had not Cibimoat and a few irreconcilables been sorely bedevilled and muddled by evil advisers, they would have gone peaceably to Pala a month earlier; but through the efforts of these "friends" they had been wrought up to believe, themselves, that they would offer armed



TEAMSTERS WAITING AT THE HOT SPRINGS.
Ready to Start.

Photo by Grant Wallace



THE WAGON TRAIN EN ROUTE.

Photo by Surver

resistance to the eviction. It is only fair to say that a large proportion of the Indians—the younger element—accepted the inevitable and urged all their people to do likewise; but the hard-heads listened only to what they liked to hear, and their real friends—those who urged them to obey the government and go peaceably to the new home—were considered their enemies. The sense of justice is strong in all Indians, and they saw only the injustice of losing their old home, as we do; but could not see, as we see, why even if unjust it was inevitable.

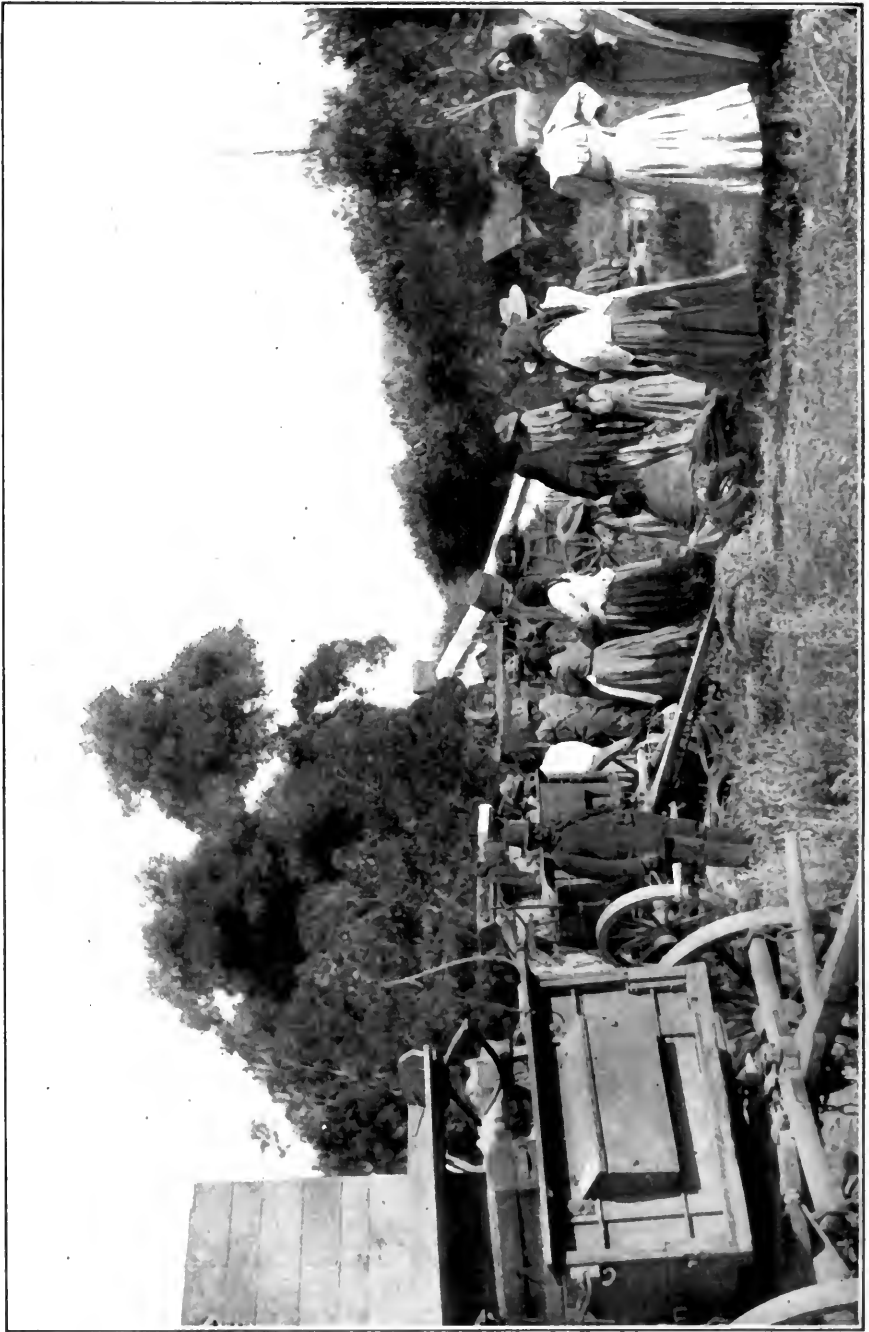
Three of the leading irreconcilables—Juan Maria Cibimoat, Ambrosio Ortega and Cecilio Blacktooth (the last year's captain) spent nine days, and rode their broncos nearly 200 miles



PULLING OUT FROM THE HOT SPRINGS. *Photo by Grant Wallace*

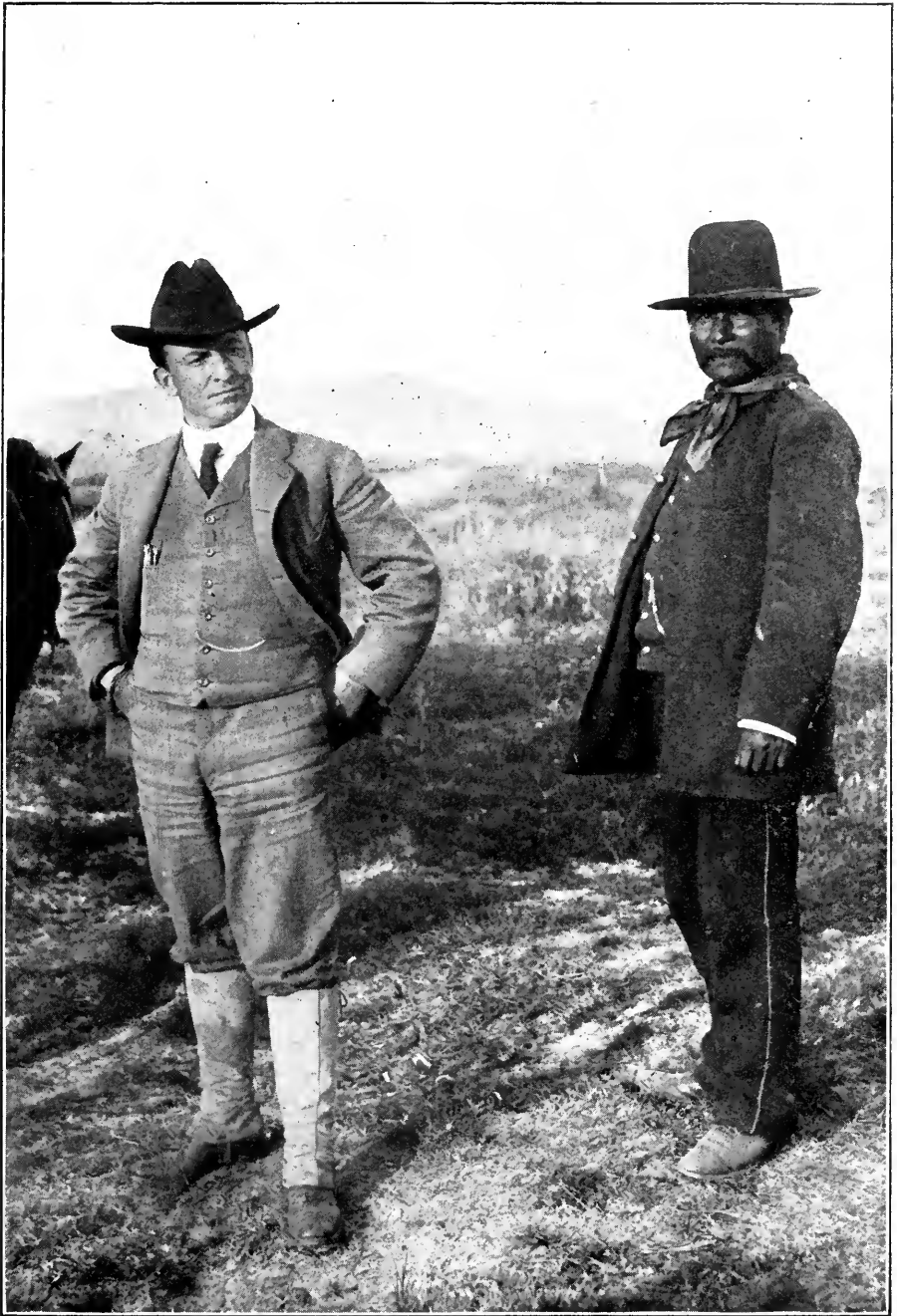
the round trip, to San Bernardino on a fruitless errand to beg President Roosevelt to "intervene." They had been coached by lawyers too ignorant to be aware that even the President cannot set aside the decision of the Supreme Court. While they were absent, chasing rainbows, James E. Jenkins, one of the eight Government Indian Inspectors, arrived from Oklahoma to supervise the eviction. By his tact, firmness and kindness he succeeded in inducing most of the villagers to reconsider their new determination—for a few months before, they had no thought of disobeying the Government—"to stay and die in their homes." With the return of the above trio, however, chaos came again. The 44 teamsters employed by Inspector Jenkins, after waiting all day among the 30 adobe houses of the Hot Springs, drove back to their four-day camp below the barbed wire fence which kept intruders from Agua Caliente.

More juntas (councils) were held, both in Pancho's house and



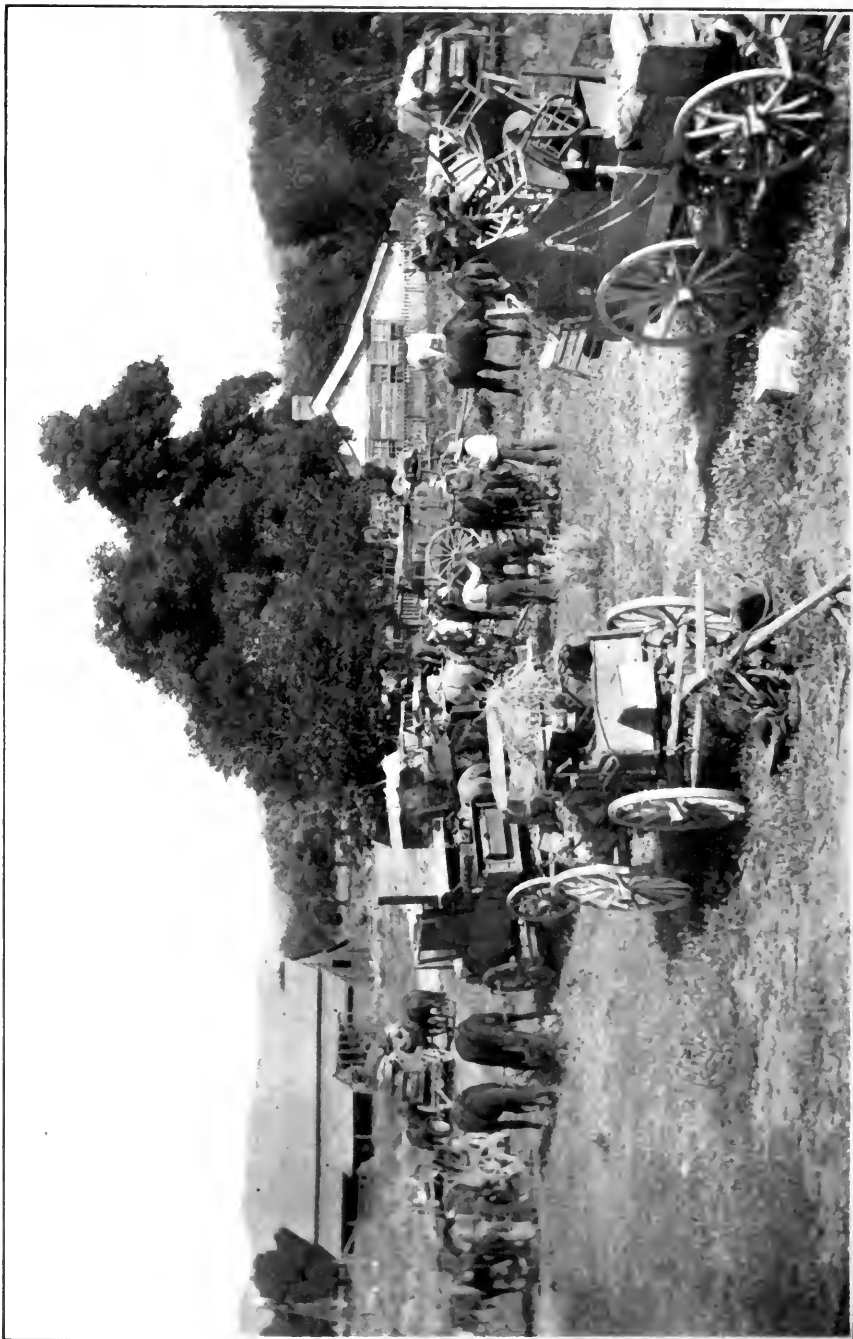
ISSUING THE FIRST RATIONS.

Photograph by Sumner



U. S. INDIAN INSPECTOR JAS. E. JENKINS, WHO SUPERINTENDED THE REMOVAL; AND MARTIN JAURRO, INDIAN POLICE.

Photo by Sawyer



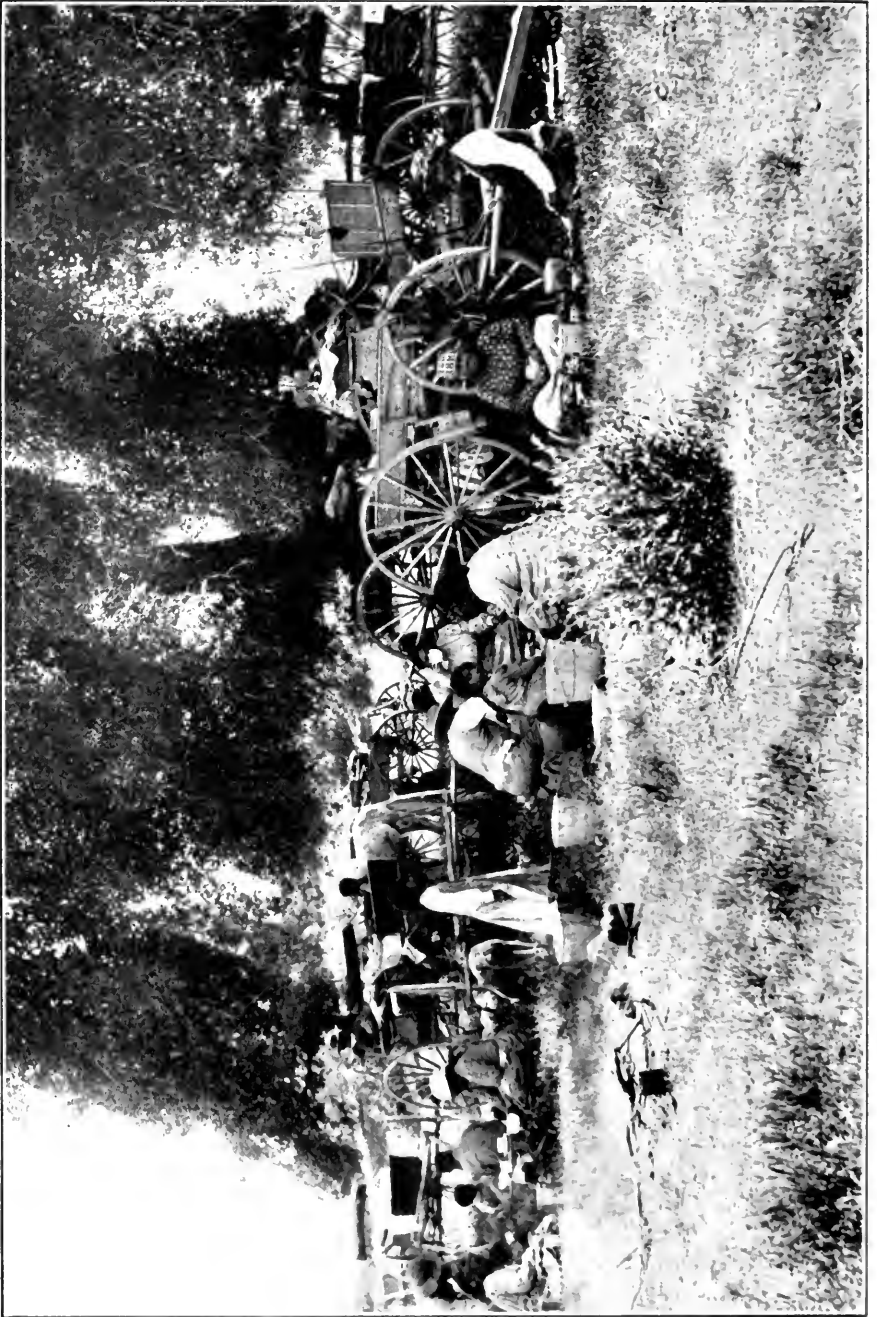
THE FIRST CAMP—OAK GROVE.

Photo by Sarver

in the chaparral south of the town. A few leading malcontents came to the final junta, Monday night, fully expecting to be ironed. John Brown, the San Bernardino lawyer, who had all along advised the Indians not to go, and not to obey the Government, came driving in at breakneck speed. After an interview with the grim Inspector, he showed his change of heart, and tried, by doing yeoman service in council and out, to induce them to remove peaceably. Miss Laura Cornelius (Neoskalita) also, an Iroquois Indian-girl of nearly pure blood, daughter of a long line of chiefs, author of "Legends of the Oneidas," and now teacher in the Riverside Government Indian School, in a strong speech helped to break the deadlock. But it was due chiefly to the tact and firmness of Jenkins that the Cupeños bowed to the inevitable. It must not be forgotten, however, that the way had been paved for 14 months by the quiet, straightforward work on their behalf of the Warner's Ranch Indian Commission. It is due to these friends that, for the first time in a century of dishonest dealings with American Indians, a tribe has been given superior lands to those filched from them. And while the Indians hated to hear what the Commission had to tell them, they were fain, in spite of themselves, to trust the men who always told them the truth.

I was informed by some San Ysidro and Mesa Grande Indians that the evicted ones had at least forty modern repeating rifles and a new supply of ammunition, and that many were in a mood to use them. I camped for several days with the waiting teamsters, and found all those in my vicinity armed with heavy revolvers, with which they whiled away the tedium of the hours by shooting at crows and targets. I saw four rifles among them, and was told that there were many more rolled up in their blankets. Inspector Jenkins, however, was unarmed, nor is it believed he had anything to do with the arming of the teamsters. I was present when Inspector Jenkins, calling his four dozen teamsters together at the dead-line on the way in, warned them to say nothing to inflame the Indians; that an outbreak was imminent, and that the old women, armed with butcher knives, were likely to fight rather than be moved. The Cupeños could never forgive the government officers who had suggested bringing troops "carrying their warrants on their backs," to remove them. Yet these facts suggest the query, whether, had an outbreak occurred, a lot of armed and undisciplined teamsters would have accomplished the removal with less of discredit and bloodshed than a platoon of disciplined and respect-compelling soldiers.

Night after night, sounds of wailing came from the adobe



A NOONDAY CAMP.

Photo by Sarver.

homes of the Indians. When Tuesday [May 12] came, many of them went to the little adobe chapel to pray, and then gathered for the last time among the unpainted wooden crosses within the rude stockade of their ancient burying-ground, a pathetic and forlorn group, to wail out their grief over the graves of their fathers. Then hastily loading a little food and a few valuables into such light wagons and surreys as they owned, about twenty-five families drove away for Pala, ahead of the wagon-train. The great four- and six-horse wagons were quickly loaded with the home-made furniture, bedding and clothing, spotlessly clean from recent washing in the boiling springs; stoves, ollas, stone mortars, window sashes, boxes, baskets, bags of dried fruit and acorns, and coops of chickens and ducks.

While I helped Lay-reader Ambrosio's mother to round up and encoop a wary brood of chickens, I observed the wife of her other son, Jesus, throwing an armful of books—spellers, arithmetics, poems—into the bonfire, along with bows and arrows, and superannuated aboriginal bric-a-brac. In reply to a surprised query, she explained that now they hated the white people and their religion and their books. Dogged and dejected, Captain Cibemoat, with his wife Ramona, and little girl, was the last to go. While I helped him hitch a bony mustang to his top buggy, a tear or two coursed down his knife-scarred face; and as the teamsters tore down his little board cabin wherein he had kept a restaurant, he muttered, "May they eat sand!"

Amid the shouting of the teamsters, the howling of dogs, the lowing of cattle, and the wailing of some of the women who rode on the great wagons, the caravan started. For nearly three days the long wagon-train, followed by a dozen of the younger Indians on their broncos, driving their small herd of half a hundred ponies and cattle, wound its dusty way over the mesa and around the mountain roads. Only 98 Indians accompanied the train, the San José villagers taking to the woods temporarily, and those from *Puerta la Cruz* trekking to Pala the next week.

At their first stop for dinner they lingered long on the last acre of Warner's Ranch, as though loath to go through the gates. At night, at Oak Grove, they drew the first rations ever issued to the *Cupeños* by the government—some at first refused to accept them, saying they were not objects of charity.

At Pauba cattle ranch the next night, where was a vast herd of cattle, a large number of rough-riding cowboys conducting an old time "round-up," roped and shot a steer and, with



THE EXILES' CAMP ON THE PAUBA RANCH.

Photo by Sargent

the assistance of the Indians, soon had it ready for broiling over the exiles' campfires. The first disappointment on their arrival at Pala, due to the absence of any visible provision for their housing, soon gave way to a better feeling, with the erection of a tent village along the well-wooded banks of the San Luis Rey river. It may sound strange to those who cherish their misinformation concerning the habits of the "red man" (who is never red, but brown), to know that their bitterest complaint at Pala arose from what they thought (before they saw the stream) the impossibility of keeping their clothing and persons clean. At Agua Caliente it had been a matter



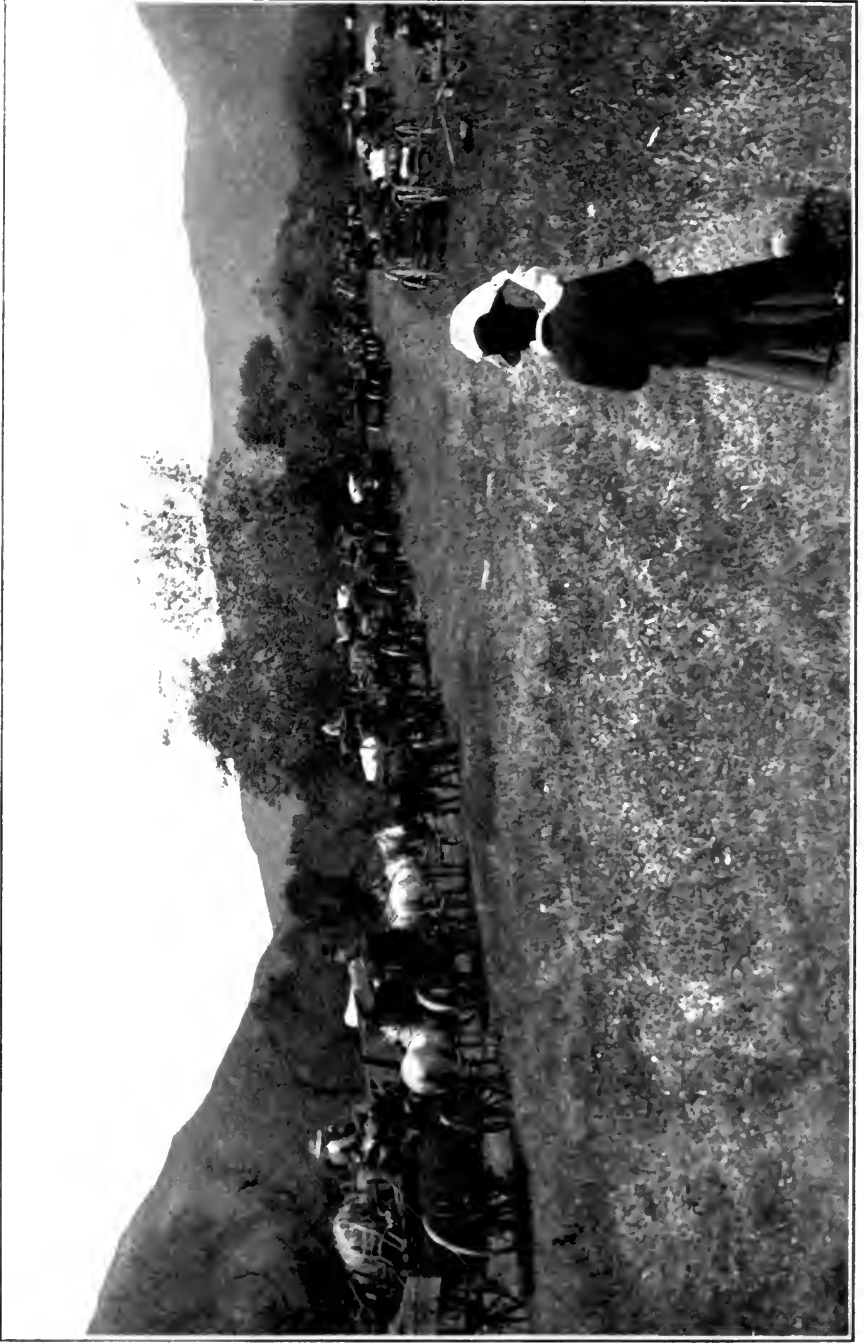
IN THE NEW TENT VILLAGE AT PALA. Photo by Grant Wallace

of pride with them to keep their linen spotless, and each person took a bath in the hot springs every day.

Only 98 Indians were actually removed, but some two dozen have since come in—among them a number of outside Pariahs who could not be given homes there.

At the end of my two weeks' stay among them, I found that many of the older people were still "muy triste." They had not yet ceased wasting fresh tears over old griefs. Every other tent or brush ramada was still a house of tears, and still their "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," for their love of home is stronger than with us.

Although devout church members—scarcely a name among them being unwashed by baptism—they refused the first Sunday to hold services in the restored Pala Mission, or anywhere else, asking surlily of the visiting priest, "What kind of a god is this you ask us to worship, who deserts us when we need him most?" In-



ARRIVAL OF THE WAGON TRAIN AT PALA, MAY 14.

Photo by Sumner

stead, thirty of them joined some swart friends from Pauma in a "sooish amokat" or rabbit hunt, killing their game with peeled clubs thrown unerringly while galloping at full speed.

Monday, however, the principal men, better pleased after an inspection of the fertile and beautiful valley of Pala, had a flag-raising at the little school house—the only building now on the site of the projected village. An Indian girl played the organ, and a score of dusky children—who will compare favorably in intelligence with average white youngsters—joined in singing the praises of "America—sweet land of liberty." School was

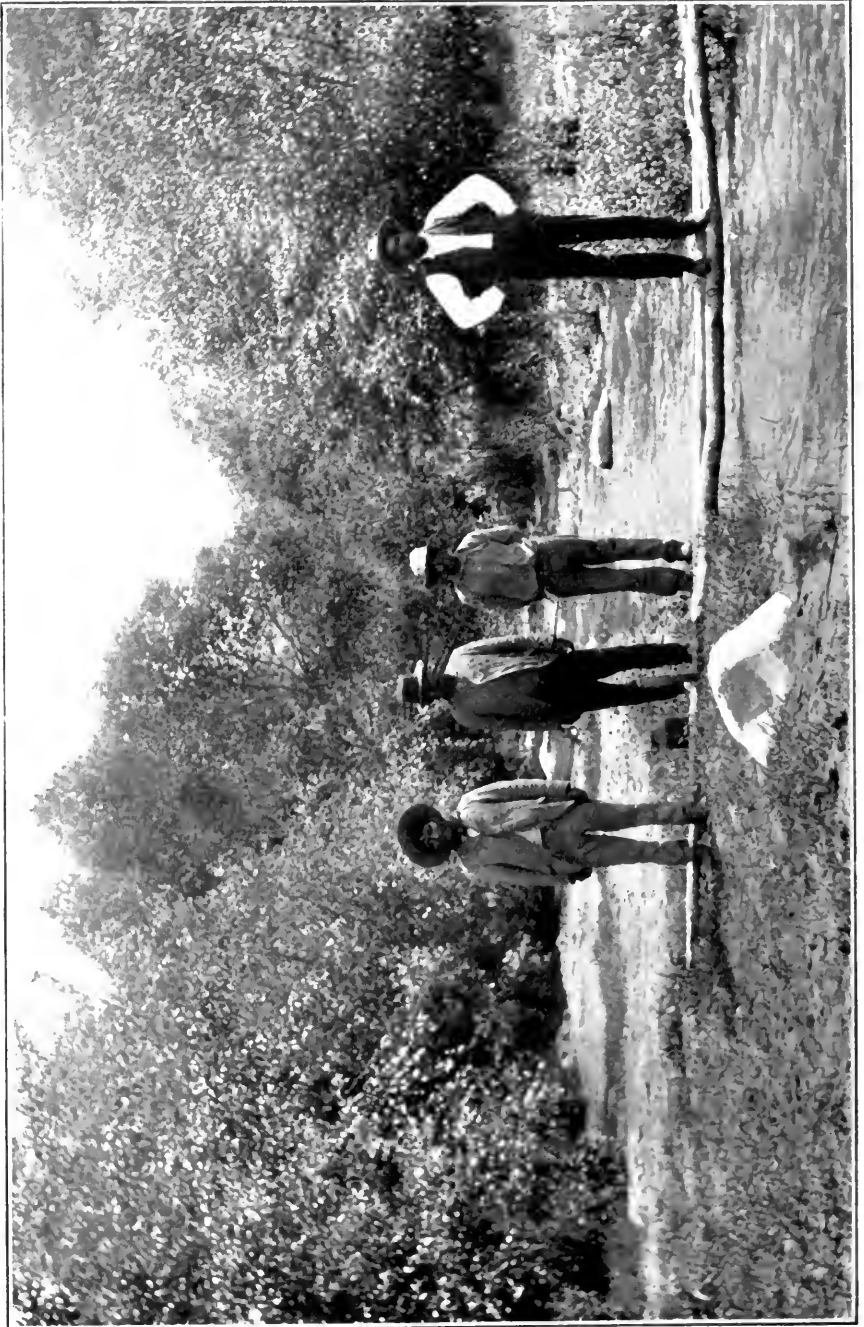


RAISING THE FLAG AT THE LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE AT PALA. *Photo by Grant Wallace*

opened, and later a policeman—young Antonio Chaves—was elected by popular vote.

At Pala they are to have a village similar to their old pueblo at Agua Caliente (though to be built of lumber). For the building of this village, and digging and cementing of irrigating canals, they are to receive \$2 a day, besides rations, until they can subsist on their crops. They have the additional advantage of aloofness from elbowing whites—and the class that largely frequented the Hot Springs. There would seem to be no reason why these Indians should not soon be happier and more self-reliant at Pala than at Warner's Ranch.





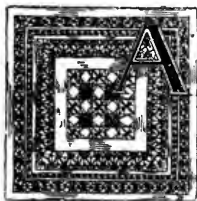
FELT BETTER WHEN THEY SAW THE WATER AT PALA.

Photo by Sargis

‘ BULLYING THE QUAKER INDIANS.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

II.



GENERAL statement in the April number of this magazine was followed in the June number by an illustrated article, showing something of the nature and visible character—for all people wear in their frontispiece some token of what they are—of the Hopi Indians of Moqui, and a general statement of how they are being evil entreated, in the name of civilization and education, by Charles E. Burton, the pin-head official it is their misfortune to have over them as superintendent and disbursing agent. This matter has been taken up in deadly earnest by the Sequoya League, and this series of exposures will continue as long as the Bully holds his place. There are some things with which patience never ceases to be a virtue; but the outrageous imposition on these, the most gentle and most tractable of all the Indians in North America, is not one of them. The League is not directed by “old women of either sex;” its ruling spirits are men of long and serious experience on the frontier—and with Indians, with Indian agents, with hysteric tourists, and with all the classes they must learn to weigh who graduate in the out-door school. It knows the difficulties of an agent, of which one is impertinent meddling by the uninformed; and it will back up all good agents within its scope against this sort—as it has already done when occasion arose.

But it is not Western men who find it necessary to bluff, bulldoze, bullyrag and outrage the weak; this is a procedure of cowards; and the League not only will not sanction it, but will fight this sort of thing actively, as fast as it can get to the case. In the case of Burton and the Hopi, the League has been eminently patient. It has “held its horses” for more than a year after the contemptible oppression of these People of Peace became an open scandal to those familiar with the facts. It has had its agents on the ground for five months, and has gathered, besides, overwhelming evidence from a large number of reliable people (including government employes, visitors, scientific men and others), all of whom can afford cross-examination in court quite as well as Mr. Burton. It is a “dead open-and-shut case,” and the League will press it until it finds the remedy. This is the literal corner-stone of the League, that it Believes in Something; and that it *can* Wear Out, and that it *will* Wear Out, any person, persons, traditions or routine that are based simply on the Easiest Way out of It.



NAMBAYA, A FAMOUS HOPI POTTER. — Coiling the Clay.

Photo by A. C. Froman

Enough accurate material has been gathered in this case to run by installments through a year of this magazine. As these pages are crowded, the editor hopes that this may not be necessary. He believes in the good faith of the present administration of the Indian Department, and has not a shadow of a doubt that as soon as that department is officially cognizant of undisputed facts, Mr. Burton will no longer rule at Moqui. Meantime an affidavit which shows in detail somewhat of the things the League is prepared to prove, follows.* It covers a relatively short span of time, but is in keeping with what the League can prove as to Burton's administration.

Meantime it is perhaps idle to note that the Bully is in a Frame of Mind—possibly the first time he has been conscious of this asset. At a safe distance, this gentleman who bullies the Hopi but keeps prudent hands off the Navajoes (who are *not* submissive) fills the air with red threats to "whip," "arrest," and "attack the private life" of the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Sequoya League. Large and interesting audiences would pay handsomely for admission to witness him in any one of these undertakings. He has written many letters on this theme—which, of course, come direct to headquarters, where they swell a certain collection which is interesting to the humorous. Arizona is not exactly an assemblage of tenderfeet; and Mr. Burton has been pretty thoroughly sized up there; so also have his accusers. If he is really ambitious, he doubtless knows where he can find satisfaction; but he is mistaken in thinking that whipping or arresting any one person, or any dozen persons, or any hundred persons will stop the current which is going to sweep him out of the place he abuses. The bullying of the Hopi is now a matter of public record; and the American people can be reasonably trusted to think straight when they see straight. There is more interest in the Moqui matter in Washington and New York (where there are larger populations) than in Los Angeles; and what Mr. Burton had better busy himself withal is to be prepared to prove that he has not abused the Hopi. No one will have accused him of bullying an adult frontier American; and until they do, he may as well confine his energies to disproving the charges that are made—that he has steadily, ignorantly, and cowardly bullied the least resistant people known to history.

*For the affidavit see page 47.



NAMBAVA MOULDING A JAR.

Photo by A. C. Freeman

AFFIDAVIT OF A TEACHER.

By BELLE AXTELL KOLP.*

AS a teacher from the Government day school at Oraibi, Ariz.; as one who has "seen with her own eyesight" the cruelties inflicted upon the Hopi people there; as a sympathizer with these oppressed people; as an American—I offer, unsolicited by any one but these poor, persecuted wards of the United States Government, my services in this fight for right, justice, and humane treatment for the Hopi Indians. In doing this I am but keeping a promise which I made to them. Among the last words they said to me were these: "Tell our friends how hard it is for us—tell them to help us."

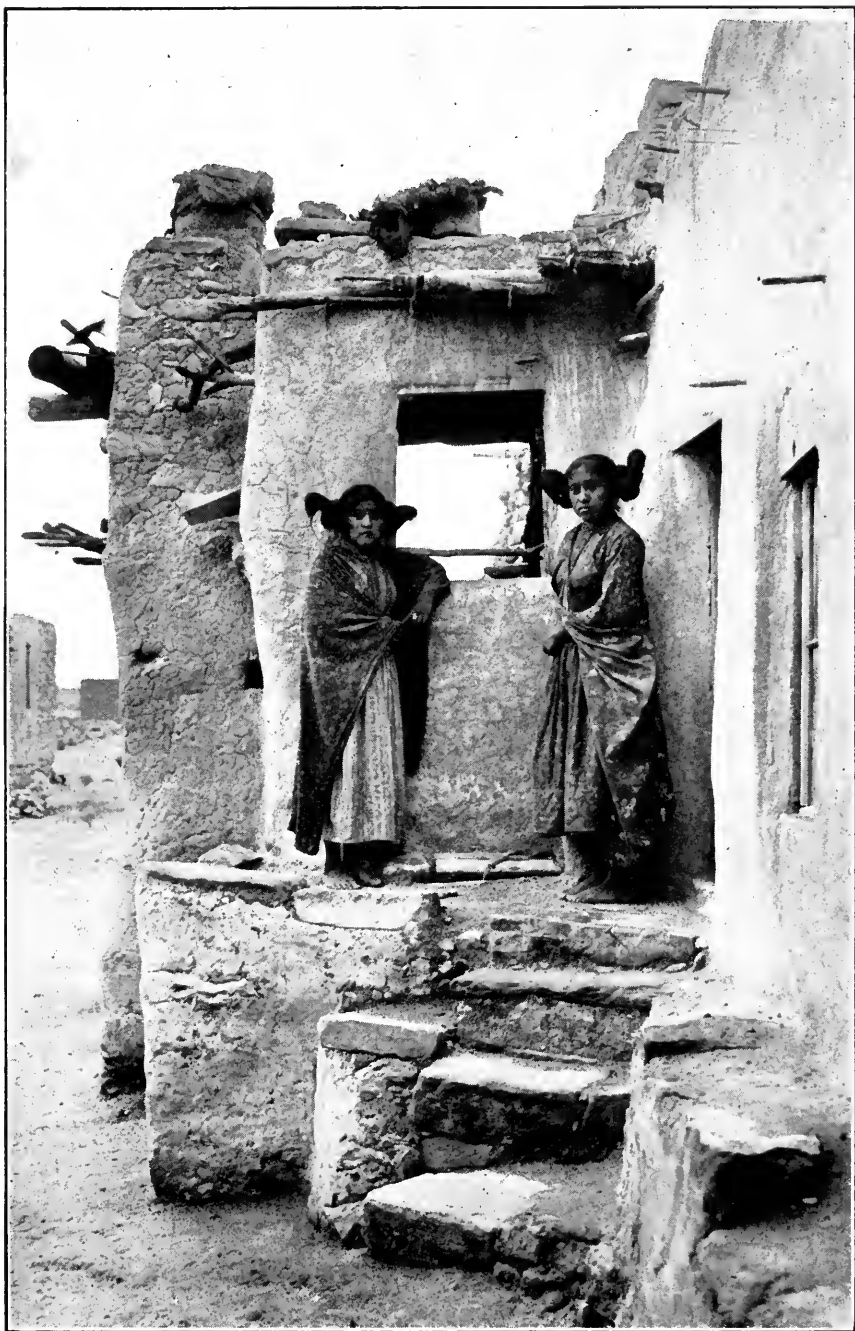
I began my work as teacher in the day school at Oraibi, Dec. 31, 1902; I resigned from the service Feb. 5, 1903. I resigned that I might be free to speak and act according to the dictates of my own conscience with regard to the persecutions which the Hopi people were compelled to endure from those in charge of the school at Oraibi, John L. Ballinger and wife, and from the Reservation Agent, Chas. E. Burton. I left Oraibi Feb. 17, 1903. Although there a trifle less than seven weeks, I witnessed more of "Man's inhumanity to man" than I ever saw before, or ever hope to see again. And all done in the name of the "Big Chief at Washington." Whenever a punishment was threatened or carried out, it was represented to the Indians that it was by "Washington's" orders. I have heard both the principal of the school, John L. Ballinger, and his wife, so talk to the children; and Mrs. Ballinger told me that "Mr. Burton was going to get United States soldiers to come on to the Reservation to put a stop to the Indians' dances." By permission of Mr. Burton I attended one of these dances. I saw nothing immoral or improper. Most of these dances are religious ceremonies which have been carried on for hundreds of years. They are as sacred and as solemn to these people as religious ceremonies in our churches are to us.

When I began work at Oraibi, the daily attendance at the school was about 125 children. There were two schoolrooms and two teachers. When I left, there were 174 children in the school, and still two teachers—one of them having in her charge 96 children, whose ages ranged from less than four years to others who were 18 or 20. One of the latter—a girl—was said to have been married. The school age is from 5 to 18. There were, when I left, at least a dozen little ones in school who were not more than four years of age. They were not strong enough

* Mrs. Kolp is a niece of the late Governor and Chief Justice of New Mexico, Hon. S. B. Axtell; and is fully vouched for.—Ed.

to walk the mile which lay between the village where the Indians live and the schoolhouse. These children, with others, were taken forcibly from their homes by an armed body of Government employes and Navajo Indians, under leadership of C. E. Burton—not for the purpose of “making better Indians,” but for the benefit of those in charge. Mr. Ballinger wanted to establish a boarding school at Oraibi to take the place of the day school. This would permit drawing more rations and a better salary; also allow him a clerk—which position his wife was to take; so that instead of being school-cook at a salary of \$30 per month, or teacher at \$52 per month, she could draw from the Government \$100 per month. I know these things, for it was all discussed in my presence.

After consultations with Mr. Burton, a raid—or, as Mr. Ballinger called it, a “round-up”—was planned and decided upon. About 10 o'clock on the night of Feb. 2, 1903, the raiding party—consisting of Agent Burton, Physician Murtaugh, Carpenter Stauffer, Blacksmith Copeland, and a squad of Navajo Indian “policemen”—arrived at the school grounds from Government headquarters at Keam's Cañon. The Navajos, armed with rifles, were sent to surround the Hopi village in the night. The next morning—Tuesday—the white men previously named, and Mr. Ballinger, joined the Indian guards up on the mesa, about 5:30 o'clock. I do not know whether all of the white men were armed, but I saw revolvers on Burton, Ballinger and Stauffer. The snow thickly covered the ground, and was still falling. Those children who could be found, who were not already enrolled in the school, were sent down to the school under guard. The attendance at school on the fourth was about 150. That was not enough. “I know there are more children up there,” said Mr. Ballinger. “We must go after them again.” The Indian police were reinforced by more Navajos—seven, I think, came up from Little Burro Spring—and this time the raiders made a “clean sweep.” This took place in the early morning of Feb. 5th. Men, women and children were dragged almost naked from their beds and houses. Under the eyes and the guns of the invaders they were allowed to put on a few articles of clothing, and then—many of them barefooted and without any breakfast, the parents and grandparents were forced to take upon their backs such children as were unable to walk the distance (some of the little ones entirely nude) and go down to the school building, through the ice and snow in front of the guns of the dreaded Navajos. They were kept there all day, until after six in the evening, while clothing could be made or found for the children. Before being allowed to go back to



TWO HOPI GIRLS.
(Pueblo of Sichomovi.)

Photo by A. C. Vroman

their homes these orders were given them by Mr. Burton through his Indian interpreter—"You must have these children in school every day. If the weather is very stormy, or if they are not able to walk to school, you must carry them here and come down and get them when school is out. They must be in the school. If they are not, we will *take them away from you.*" That same evening a meeting of the school employes was called, and I gave in my resignation. I could not be with those Hopi people and withhold my sympathy from them, as I was ordered to do by Mr. Burton. (You will find enclosed letter to me from Mr. Burton to that effect.)* I never found that being sympathetic and friendly made these people "sullen and hard to manage."

On the Monday following the raid (Feb. 9th), some of the little ones were not in school. The next morning they were not present at roll call. As I had been up to the village on Monday afternoon to visit some of the children who were ill, I knew the dangerous condition of the trail, and I told Mr. and Mrs. Ballinger that those little ones could not walk down or up it—that I had carried three of those who had been brought down to school in the morning, and who had been turned out of school earlier than usual, up the steps, and that I had fallen several times (I found these children standing in the trail, crying and half frozen). That they did not have sufficient clothing, and would he please not insist upon their being in school until the weather moderated. "That does not make any difference," said he, "they are better off here—after they get here—and they must come to school. Their parents or some of the larger children can carry them." So he took the horses and wagons and with the school "policeman" (father of Nellie Kiwani), rode up to the village, found the children, and made the parent, go down to the school with the children on their backs, while he rode down in the wagon.

Rations and clothing for about 125 children were allowed that school when I was there. When I left, bread for 174 children was made once a week from 150 pounds of flour. *Less than one pound of flour per week for each child.* And sometimes the bread was so poorly made that nothing save a hungry dog or a starving burro could or would eat it. The only thing many of the children had for their breakfast was a handful of parched corn. All that was allowed them for their dinners on school days was a slice of bread, a few stewed prunes, dried peaches, or molasses, and a part of a teacup of boiled beans, cornmeal mush, or a tiny piece of boiled beef, goat or salt pork. Absolutely nothing else, except a cup of water.

* I hold Burton's letter.—Ed.



INTERIOR OF A HOPI HOUSE.

Photo by A. C. Vroman



Photo by A. C. Froman

A HOPI DRESS-WEAVER.

If it were a rule to cut the hair of the Indian boys, that rule was never enforced while I was there (with the larger boys), except in case of punishment. One morning Mr. Ballinger came to me and said, "I do not want you to sympathize with Bryan. I cut his hair just now, and I had to use him pretty roughly. He nearly got the best of me." Bryan had indeed been used "pretty roughly," judging from his bruised face. Though he was a new recruit, he was one of the best boys in my school. The children were all truthful with me.

A physician is provided by the Government for these people, but he is stationed at Keam's Cañon, 40 miles away from Oraibi. I know of the death of two of the school children who died without having had any attention from Dr. Murtaugh, although his attention was called to both cases. One of the school boys—Henry—about eight years of age, had his leg broken on the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 30th, while on his way home from school, about two hours before the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Ballinger for Keam's Cañon, where they went to plan with Mr. Burton for the "round-up." Mr. Ballinger saw the boy as his father was carrying him home from the place where the accident occurred; but neither Mr. Ballinger nor his wife paid any attention to the child further than to stop on their way and tell the missionary, Mr. Epp, of the accident. Dr. Murtaugh was notified on Saturday, but he did not come to Oraibi until Monday night with the raiding party; and then the boy was dead and buried. Another of the school children—Lena, aged about fourteen—was ill for five weeks or more, and died without having been seen by the doctor. A few spoonful of cough syrup were sent to her from the school medicines. The doctor was at the village while she was sick; but I know that he did not see her, for I asked him what he thought of her case and he said he had not seen her. Lena died and was buried on Feb. 15th. Though rations were drawn for these children, they never received them. All that Lena had from the school stores during her illness was a loaf of bread and one change of clothing, besides the cough syrup.

An employe [name held by the Editor] told me that she had seen Mr. Ballinger break sticks on the boys' backs when whipping them in the school dining-room.

Mrs. Ballinger told me that she whipped the children in her school-room when they needed punishing.

In my room, which was my living-room (as I did my own housekeeping at Oraibi), I had many pictures—paintings and photographs—which the school children took great delight in looking at and asking questions about. It was all new to them,

and I enjoyed explaining things. One day, after they had been coming to my room for three or four weeks, Mr. Ballinger said to me, "Don't you know that you are breaking school rules by allowing the school children to visit you in your room?" I replied that "I knew that rule applied to boarding schools." "It applies to this school, if I want to enforce it," said he. Then I asked him if he objected to their visits to me, and if so, why, since they were learning of things outside their little world. His reply was, "We do not want them to know too much, and they must stay away." And he gave those orders to the children, with threats of whipping if they disobeyed. I was told of these threats by several of the children, both boys and girls. It must have been so, for they did not come any more, except to look in the doorway, smile and shake their heads.

A Hopi man—La-pu—who has a wife and two children—who lives, dresses and speaks "American," and who sometimes is interpreter at chapel services for the missionaries, was fined by Agent Burton for leaving the Reservation to earn money to support his family. He was made to work out that fine by doing work in the Government school kitchen, and in the living-rooms of the Principal's family—scrubbing, washing, etc.

A few days after beginning my work at Oraibi, Mr. Burton came to me and said, "The Indians here will find out that you are from near Pasadena, and will ask you questions about Mrs. Gates. I do not wish you to talk with them about her." On my asking him who Mrs. Gates was, and why I was not to talk of her, he explained that "she was a lady from Pasadena who had been out there, and that she had done things which made it necessary for him to request her to go."* Subsequently I learned that Mrs. Gates had done nothing but what was helpful in every way to the Hopi people, and the Hopi people all love her. I have recently become acquainted with the lady, and I know her to be a very superior woman—one who would do nothing but what was good. I was told by Mrs. Ballinger that if Mr. Burton heard me tell the Hopi that Mrs. Gates was "pas-lolomai" (the Indian term for all that is good) he would discharge me.

While at Cañon Diablo, on my way back from Oraibi to my home in California, I met a missionary among the Navajo Indians. He told me of former troubles at Oraibi, and that he

* Mrs. Peter Goddard Gates is a serious student of ethnology who has been pursuing her studies in Arizona for several years. She is deeply and sanely interested in the Indians, and is an authorized and trusted agent of the Sequoya League. A woman of the highest refinement and of spotless character, she is no less noted for thoroughness, understanding and common sense. She has been a ray of hope to the Hopi, and a valued aid to those who are trying to "make Better Indians."—Ed.

had bought from a Hopi Indian there a blanket which had been cut into shreds*; and had also seen remains of pottery which had been broken by H. Kampmeier—a former principal at Oraibi under the Burton regime. These things were destroyed because of parents not sending children to school.

On Feb. 18th, I was told by a trader on the Navajo Reservation [name held by the Editor] about what occurred up at the Indian village of Oraibi at the time of the school raid of Feb. 5th. The Navajo assistants who went from Little Burro Spring told him "what fun they had." They also told him that Mr. Burton would not dare to do such things with *them* [the Navajos]. Mrs. Ballinger also told me of some of the situations up on the mesa—(she had her information from the white men). While the raid was going on, she said to me, "I'd like to have been up there this morning to have seen the fun when the Hopi woke up and saw the Navajos with their guns. I wonder what they thought?" What occurred at the school I saw for myself, I am grieved to say; and I only wish that those who have it in their power to change and make better the conditions for the Hopi people, could have seen it as I did. When I asked Mrs. Ballinger why the raid was made in such a storm, she laughed and said, "Why, so the Indians can't get the children away and hide them in the rocks. They can be tracked if they try to run through the snow."

These people need neither guns, clubs, force, nor brutality to make them "better Indians." Justice and mercy—kindness and friendship—will lead them any place. It will cost less; and these abused, embittered people will love, instead of hate, the name of "Washington."

BELLE AXTELL KOLP.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of June, 1903.

ROGER S. PAGE,

Notary Public,

In and for Los Angeles County, State of California.

*See page 479, April number of this magazine.





A HOPI WOMAN DECORATING POTTERY.
(Sambaya's Daughter.)

Photo by A. C. Froman

THE PASSING OF A MAN.

“THE Man that Built the Oregon” will be Irving M. Scott’s epitaph in the popular mind (so long as that unstable tablet can hold an epitaph for any man); and that in itself is a large tribute to a life. But if I were to write the legend it would read, “The Man who Made the Man that Built the Oregon.” It was a magnificent triumph to plan and rivet the ribs of steel, and sheathe that iron pachyderm which of all the American navy, in the only time of stress and anxiety that an American navy has known within a generation’s memory, held foremost place in the universal thought; but the mechanical part of it, the engineering triumph, the material conquest, was the least notable feature. Probably there is no better vessel in the navy today than the “Oregon;” but she had a certain empiric advantage, and she played before the footlights. But she was not the only ship that Scott built, and built well. The “Olympia,” which was Dewey’s flagship in



From a Daguerreotype

IRVING M. SCOTT IN 1860.

(The first picture made of him in California.)



RUINS OF HEBRON MILLS ON SCOTT FARM, BALTIMORE CO., MD.
Built about 1780 by Abraham Scott, great-great-grandfather of Irving M. Scott.

the battle of Manila Bay ; the "Charleston," the "Monterey," the "Ohio," and other mailed bearers of the nation's honor upon the deep were built by this same man upon the remote shores of the State which had not only the commercial handicap of an unfavorable market, but the whole inertia of Eastern provincialism and Eastern "business interests" to overcome. It was perhaps as serious a task to secure the contracts for so impossible a thing as ship-building on the Pacific Coast, as it was to build on the Pacific Coast ships never surpassed on the Atlantic seaboard. And however this may be, the major achievement of all was the self-making of the man who could do both. Irving M. Scott who did these things was a man whom neither the coast nor the country could well spare so untimely as he has left us. In the true sense he was a Self-Made Man and the cynical mot as to this "acquitting Providence of the responsibility" has no application in his case. Environment, heredity and fortune might have been proud of such a handiwork as this foundry-boy of good American stock, a spinal marrow of his own, a clear head and a clean heart, and with the advantage of California for aperient, cast in iron and sandpapered for himself.

I have known few men so interesting ; still fewer, of his



BIRTHPLACE OF IRVING M. SCOTT ON "OLD REGULATION" FARM.
House built about 1787, now occupied by Miss Eleanor Scott, sister of Irving M.,
Baltimore Co., Md., 20 miles from Baltimore.

accomplishment, so unsophisticated and unspoiled. Genuine, simple, competent for large things and alive to small ones—which are more important—this unassuming millionaire, this graduate from iron-founder to national figure, was a type almost alone. Risen into prominence by consummate skill in one line, I never knew him to talk shop. Ferruled in a rough school, he retained neither within nor without a token of its crudities. A great iron-master, he had bent himself to understand and love what was truth in art; and without the "advantages" of a patter training he was a genuine art critic. There are probably not in America more than half a dozen collections of paintings so noble as that which this ship-building San Franciscan assembled in his home. The sincerity which was one of his own main-springs was his lodestone in art—and no artist has ever found a better. Scott's collection of old canvases is not only valuable in money; somehow he *felt* the Masters. And not only in old art, but in that which is contemporary, the same intuition guided him as safely. He was a sane and generous patron of the artists that really Mean Something; he was not, despite his lack of technical frills, easily imposed upon by the insincere and superficial artists that are our present average.



THE BEST RECENT LIKENESS OF IRVING M. SCOTT.
A study (photo) made in 1901 by Wm. Keith.

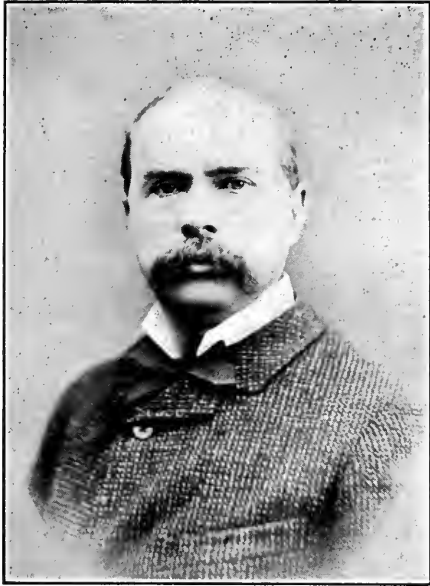


Photo by Marceau

MR. SCOTT IN 1880.

He had a sane judgment in philosophy and letters. He was clean and clear in the relations of a man and friend; and California, which has not many like him, is not alone the loser by his untimely death. The United States has not Scotts to spare.

The biographical data of his life are given here as part of the record of an important California life; but the vital essence of Irving M. Scott is a thing that I at least am incompetent to write. It was the plain, quiet, quenchless, good faith which was the secret of the "Oregon" and his other ships, in defiance of the attraction of gravitation as represented by Eastern pro-

vincialism, by the heavy up-hill market of such an enterprise 3,000 miles from the cold material for building men of war. It was the spirit and the fibre which somehow steered this self-educated man, uncolleged and none too much commonschooled, to a sober judgment in letters, and a taste in art, such as few of our academic Crœsuses can match; and with this perduring fibre was that certain personal quality which those who knew him well will longest remember—longer even than his rare talent. Always gentle, always helpful, never supine, he was one of those men whom you always know where to find. No one ever saw him discouraged nor blue nor "ready to quit."

He was a simple man and a quiet; but a great one in a self-respecting sense of the word; and to those who knew and loved him it is a comfort that if such a presence could not last with us as long as we would, we were enriched by it at all.

C. F. L.

Irving Murray Scott was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, eighteen miles north of Baltimore, on December 25, 1837. He was the seventh son of the Rev. John Scott, of the "Society of Friends," and Elizabeth Littig, his wife. The house where he was born, known as "Hebron Mills," was situated on a tract of land purchased from Lord Baltimore by his great grandfather, Abraham Scott on August 7th, 1786, the grant being known as "Old Regulation." The family have lived there continuously since its purchase.

The ancestral record can be traced as far back as Robert Scott, a landholder in Chiselhurst, England in the year 1251. Abraham Scott (father

of the Abraham named above) emigrated to America in 1722, owing to the persecution of the Quakers. He brought with him this certificate :

From our monthly mens meeting held in Cumberland, in old England, ye 22, sixth month, 1722. To our dearly beloved friends and brethren in Philadelphia, or elsewhere in Pennsylvania to whom the meeting sendeth greeting. Whereas ye bearer of Abraham Scott has offered this meet his inclination to transport himself hence to your City, or Nation, and desired a few lines from us concerning his going in Amity, etc. We do therefore signify unto you that so far as we know, he has been of a pretty orderly conversation and is in unity with Friends and comes with consent of this meeting in order to settle among you for the better advancement of his trade, or way of living; and also upon inquiry we do not find but that he, ye said Abraham, is free and clear of all women on account of marriage.

Signed on behalf of ye above meeting by John Scott his father, and eighteen other signatures.

Mr. Scott took pride in his Quaker origin, and was fond of quoting the above, as showing the care that Quakers took of their members and the protection their methods afforded against fraud and misrepresentation.

A woolen and a grist mill were operated within the walls of Mr. Scott's birthplace, and "Old Nick," the miller, helped him to gain in childhood both his first taste for machinery and an aversion to drunkenness, which clung to him for life. (Old Nick went on periodic spees.) From his father he inherited his high sense of justice and probity; and from his mother, who painted in water colors with considerable skill, his love of art.

His early education was gained at the Milton Academy. John Wilkes Booth was a schoolmate, and Edwin Booth was a frequent visitor. After he left the academy, his mother wished him to study medicine and become a physician, while he wished to study engineering. She feared, on account of his deafness, the dangers in the streets of Baltimore. He finally prevailed, and learned iron and wood-working in the shops of Obed Hussey, the inventor of the reaping machine. Next he learned marine engineering in the shops of Murray & Hazelhurst, in the meantime studying mechanical drawing and German at the Méchanics Institutes, Baltimore, Md. From there he was sent to Body's Island, Va., to set up a lighthouse for the U. S. Government. It was on the boat going to his destination that the weeping of some slaves, separated from their families and sold south, first turned the lad's prejudice in favor of slave-holding to a belief in emancipation.

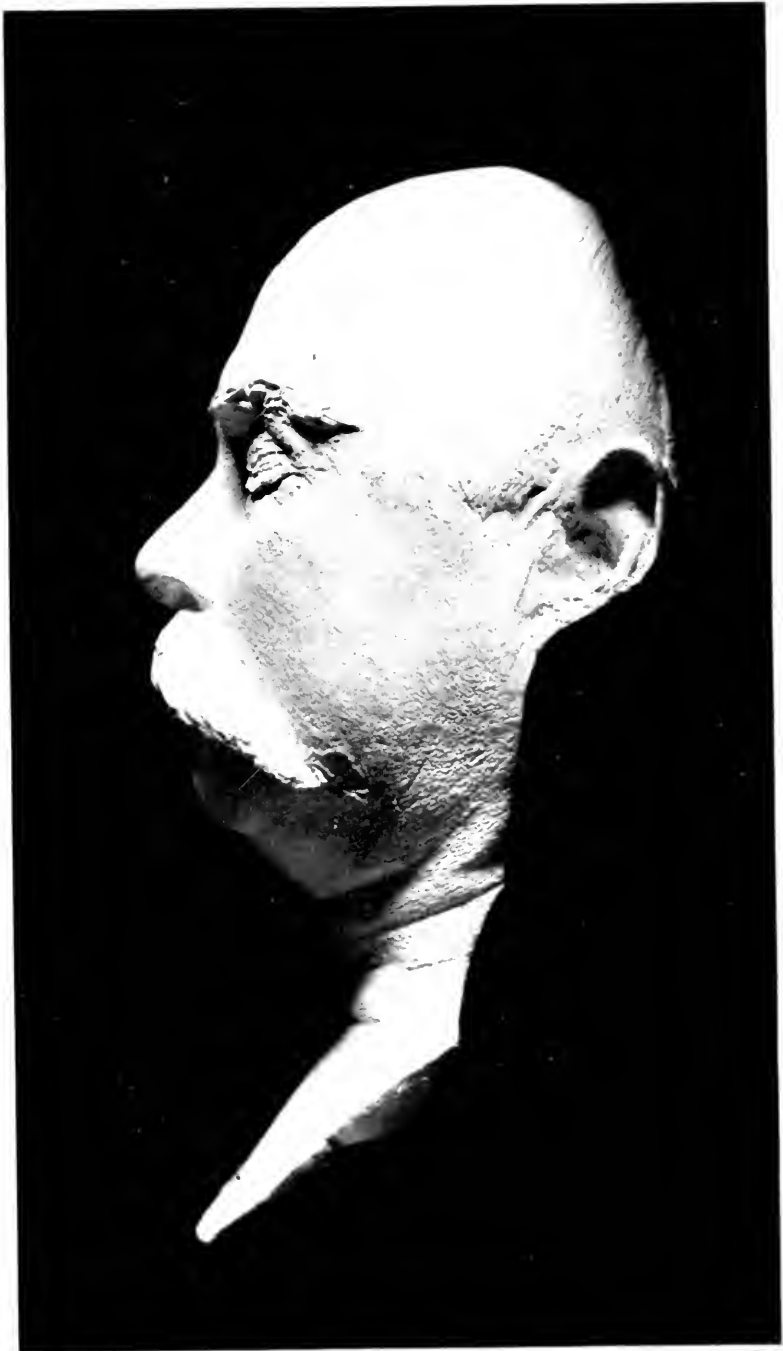
He came to California, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, in the year 1860, on the steamer "Golden City," to set up some engines bought of Murray & Hazelhurst by Mr. Peter Donahue, owner of the Union Iron Works, becoming chief draftsman of that establishment the year following. In 1863 he was married to Miss Laura Hord, daughter of Mr. John R. Hord, of Covington, Ky. In that year he also became associated with the Miners Foundry, to learn about mining machinery. In the later part of 1863, he became the superintendent of the Union Iron Works. A few months later he was made general manager, which office, with that of vice-president of the company, he held until the works were taken over by the United States Shipbuilding Company. Of the latter company he was a trustee at the time of his death.

In 1865 Mr. Donahue sold out, and the firm became H. J. Booth & Co., the members being H. J. Booth, G. W. Prescott and I. M. Scott. About 1873 Mr. Booth sold out, and the firm name was changed to Prescott, Scott & Co., Mr. H. F. Scott entering the partnership. The firm was distinguished at this time for its mining machinery, owing to Mr. Scott's mechanical inventions and their application to mining. Most of the machinery of the Comstock lode was the result of his work in this line.

In 1880 he made a trip around the world, and made a special study of the shipyards of Europe. Realizing that the cream had been skimmed from the business of manufacturing mining machinery, he determined to add a shipbuilding plant to the Union Iron Works. His partners were not in accord with his ideas. One of them sold out and others desired to do so;

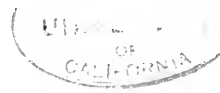


Photo by Genthe, Nov., 1902
THE LAST PICTURE OF MR. SCOTT.



DEATH MASK OF IRVING M. SCOTT.
By Robert I. Aitken.

Photo by Standish



but he persuaded them to remain in the firm and then associated Mr. George and Mr. James Dickey with the corporation. It was his courage, foresight, determination and unaided personal endeavor that caused the Union Iron Works to be moved to the Potrero, and shipbuilding to become an industry on the Pacific Coast. This was done in the face of every opposition, of every discouragement, and with credit almost entirely depending on his own exertions. The first contract with the U. S. Government was for the caisson of the Mare Island dry dock. The following year he secured the contract for the "Charleston," in the face of the greatest opposition from Eastern competitors. On his way to the Capitol to make a final report before signing the contract for this cruiser he was taken very ill. Afraid of fainting, he stepped out on one of the balconies of the Capitol in the bitter wind and pulled himself together sufficiently to make the report, sign the contract, and get back to his hotel, where he was ill for some time. This was probably the beginning of the disease which eventually caused his death. During that session of Congress he had an ingot of steel from the Pacific Rolling Mills placed on the Capitol steps as an ocular demonstration that such work could be and was done in California. The contracts for the "San Francisco," "the "Monterey," "Oregon" and other vessels of war followed—one, the "Chitase," being built for Japan.

Throughout these years of intense commercial activity, Mr. Scott found time both to indulge his literary and artistic tastes, and to serve the community in many "public" ways. He was a rapid, eager and absorbing reader, going quickly to the heart of a book, grasping that which was vital in it, and adding it permanently to his own mental storehouse. The range of his interest was peculiarly wide, and the accuracy of his memory remarkable. From their earliest years, his children counted on his reading poetry aloud as a regular "Sunday treat."

He was president of the following societies and institutions :

Washington Irving Literary Society, 1857 to 1860; Addisonian Society, 1863 to 1865; Howard Street Literary Society, 1865 to 1869; Mechanics Institute, 1878 to 1880; Authors' Carnival, 1880; Art Association, 1876 to 1881; Commercial Museum of the Pacific Coast; California State Commission to the Columbian Exposition, 1892 to 1893; Young Men's Republican Club, 1865 to 1872.

At different times he was Regent of the University of California; trustee of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; and was one of the original trustees of the Free Library. Appointed by Governor Perkins on his staff, with rank of Chief Engineer; by Governor Stoneman as Member of the State Prison; by Governor Budd as Member of the Mexican Exposition for 1896; and by Governor Markham as Park Commissioner, but declined to serve except in the last case.

He delivered many addresses and orations on public occasions, and was repeatedly called upon as member of the reception committee to welcome distinguished guests.

He was elected a director in the Central Pacific R. R. in 1898. He was a Member of the International Congress which met in Ostend on August 23, 1902, appointment by U. S. Government. He was a member of the following clubs; Pacific Union, Bohemian, University, Union League and Press Club, all of San Francisco; Burlingame Club, of San Mateo county, Cal.; and the Lawyers' Club and Artists' Club, of New York City.

He was nominated for State Senator, and as a delegate to form the State Constitution; was elected a member of the Freeholders to form the Charter of San Francisco in 1895; and appointed to a Convention of 100 to formulate a Charter for the city of San Francisco in 1896.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him by the University of Santa Clara in honor of his distinguished services to the State of California, on the 50th anniversary of the founding of the College.

He was the only "Captain of Industry" west of the Mississippi river invited to attend the banquet to Prince Henry of Prussia, given at Sherry's New York, and tendered by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and others.

He was elected a Presidential Elector on the Republican ticket in 1896, and was prominently spoken of for Vice-President of the United States in 1900. Campaign buttons bearing the motto "McKinley and Scott" were worn in Philadelphia, Pa., during the convention.

He died at his home, 507 Harrison street, San Francisco, April 28th, at 2:30 p. m., after a very short illness.

IN CAÑON DIABLO.

By IDAII MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.

BRUCE GARNETT was sharpening drills in the little stone blacksmith shop built at the mouth of the tunnel.

He was bending low over the anvil as he hammered the glowing end of a bar of steel into just the right bevel and curve, and Elinor standing in the doorway, could not well see his face. Somehow, though, it struck her that he had a worried look—almost one of fear—unusual to the face which the wife's loving eyes had learned to read as a page of clear print.

Had he some trouble he had kept from her? Had he —. But, no! They had no secrets from each other; these lovers married now a year.

They had been lovers of a lifetime. For, away back in the Contra Costa foothills, in far California days, Bruce had played at being the little Elinor's sweetheart when "that Garnett boy" and "Laslie's little girl" were never seen one without the other.

It was a sweet childhood that grew into a youth which was good, wherein they were lovers still. Lovers till Neil Harding came between them and made the little quarrel of a day seem a great and serious thing to them, and then—before either well knew what had been done—the breach widened, and Elinor had found herself Neil's wife, not Bruce's. Bruce Garnett had gone away across the Sierras, taking her brother Ralph with him, to prospect for gold and silver among the mountains of another State.

Awful years had followed, when the whole meaning of the terrible mistake was understood, and the lies and petty tricks were all known. At last came a winter, when, a deserted wife, she struggled, and fought, and almost fell, fighting for her life against want and hunger bravely enough, but almost without avail. Indeed she would have succumbed, but that those over on the other side of the mountain heard, and brother Ralph sent money that meant life to her. Nor did she know until long afterward that it was "the Garnett boy," leal and loving still, who had forced the money into Ralph's hand, forbidding him to give even so slight a hint of the sender.

Then came news of her husband's death—a letter from one of his comrades that left no doubt in her mind of its truth; and remembering the wretchedness and shame she had known as his wife, she mourned—not for him, but for the lost years of her youth; she wept—not for her husband, but for what he might have been.

Over mountain, the two (*her* two—her dearest in all the world; for, long before, she had come to know that her love and her

lover had never altered), had found in Cañon Diablo what they had been seeking—a quartz claim with gold in paying quantities. They were working it and making money, Ralph wrote; they had built a comfortable home, and henceforth Nevada was to be their camp-ground.

It was when winter was breaking up that Garnett wrote her. "I wonder if you would like it?" he said. "I do. It is so wholesome and restful, even with all the hard work. There isn't a sound to tell of human presence for hours at a time, but the tap of the sledge on the drills. There are many things we haven't; but there are others we have that they miss out in the big world—the snow-flecked cliffs, warm-tinted in the sunshine; the pure mountain air that gives new life to a man; the magnificent coloring of the rock walls of the cañon; the white cloud-world that goes sliding over the narrow strip of sky above us; and, now, down in the gorge where the willows and wild roses grow on the banks of the brook, budding leaves that tell of spring. The snow is almost gone; but from some of the overhanging cliffs, where the sun comes late and goes early, there are still icicles 15 and 20 feet long. There is a long fringe of them that hangs over the trail at one point and menace us as we pass on our way up and down to the station.

"They are melting fast—will soon be gone—for the days are spring-like, though the nights are still cold. We have a moon now; and the cañon is wonderful at night. Last night I walked a long way out on the edge of the gorge. If you could have seen the moonlight on cliff and chasm—the shadow of rock and crag—the glistening frost crystals on all! Then I went down the trail alone, with no company but the rhythmic cadence of water running under the ice crust where it is bridged by winter—and over the boulders where spring has torn the crust away; nothing to keep me company but the melody of the water-music, the white winter moon, and memories of you. Yes; you were there with me in the moonlight. Down the trail we went through the frost crystals and the night. I want you, Elinor, I want you! Not with me as then, just a white spirit of the night, but to have and to hold till death do us part. Haven't I waited long enough for you, dear? Will you come and call this little, rough stone cabin *home*, till the mine—our mine—earns us a better one?

"This is the hour of the day that most seems yours—when Ralph is putting in the last shots at the mine before coming down for the night. I come down first, to make a fire in the cold little cabin, and every evening when the fire is started I sit and look at the window-picture and think of you. Shall I

tell you of *our* picture? I see a giant sentinel cliff towering to the sky, but blending so perfectly in all its colorings—its lights and shadows, its snow patchings and all—with the cañon walls on the further side that the gateway to the outer world seems barred. There is no outlet; the cañon is surrounded by prison walls; the sky above is the only opening. Now the picture changes. The sun is sending horizontal rays of light through a cleft in the Granite Creek mountains unseen before. The dark sentinel has parted from the sun-kissed wall, and the gateway is open! The light fades from amber to old gold—darker and darker, duller and duller. The last glint is going—blending into the sombre hue of the brown old cliff—gone! Twilight draws the curtain. Up at the mine I hear the sound of the last shot, like a sunset gun, reverberating through the cañon.

“Elinor, Elinor, I am not saying at all what I sat down to say! But it is because I would ask so much of you, that I can say so little of what is in my heart. Do you understand? Ralph and I feel sure that the mine will make us all independent by and by; but for the present there is nothing here but ourselves, what we make for ourselves. Can you take the hardships for the sake of the happiness? Will you come—now.”

Today—after all the years of heartache—they were husband and wife. The mine had prospered beyond all expectation. The year had been one of good fortune, joy, and perfect peace. Until within the last two days Elinor had never seen a cloud cross her husband's face. He would tell her, she argued to herself; she would bide his time, and wait. Yet she had a foreboding of evil; and there was a little sinking of her heart as she watched him at the forge.

Garnett gave the last tap to the drill, and plunged it hissing into the tempering tub. Just as he turned away there was a great crackling and roar came up from the gorge, and they turned quickly toward it.

“The ice! the ice at the waterfall! See, Bruce!” she cried. “It is gone!”

The great ice crust that had caked all winter, layer upon layer forming, as the weeks went by, on the face of the bench down which the waters of the creek poured in summer time, had loosened under the warmth of the February sun and gone crashing into the chasm below. They stood a full minute hearkening to the echoes.

“By George,” said Bruce, going back to the forge and showing the last drill still further into the red coals, “That was an avalanche!”

He stood working the lever up and down sending showers of fiery sparks upward at each puff of the bellows.

"Now," he went on, "the fringe of icicles hanging over the trail will go next, and then we'll have spring. That will be the last of the ice."

"Oh, Bruce dear, it has turned so warm, and the ice is melting so fast, that I'm afraid to have you go down the trail while it is so dangerous. Promise me not to go till after it has fallen!"

As she laid a nervous hand on his sleeve, his arm drew her to him, while his other hand kept rhythmic time at the forge.

"I can't promise that, little wife, for we're just about out of powder, and I've got to go down to the telegraph office tomorrow and order some more."

"Wait a day or two," she pleaded, her eyes full of fear. "A day won't make much difference."

"Ah, but this day would," he answered, "for they only ship Thursdays—powder-day—and if I don't order now I'll have to wait a week; and we'd be out long before that. I wish I could do what you want, darling, but really I can't. I don't want to stop work. I'll have to go down tomorrow."

The kiss he gave her was only half a comfort.

"Bruce, I'm afraid. I have a feeling of something dreadful coming upon me." (Garnett turned his face away and his lips were pressed tightly together.) "That ice fringe there is like some great beast lying in wait to spring on its victim when he shall come under the eaves of the cliff. Bruce, Bruce, don't go; it is lying in wait for you!"

"Nonsense, my darling, don't let any such foolish thoughts have place in your mind. Harm cannot touch two such happy ones as we are, dear!"

But, as he spoke, the troubled look came back and he released her to take the last drill from the fire. The hammer, beating the white-hot metal into shape upon the anvil, silenced all other sounds, and neither spoke again until he had plunged it into the tub with its fellows, and was looking at his watch.

"Quarter of twelve, Elinor. Run down to the house, dear, and I'll be down as soon as I help Ralph put in the last shots."

But he did not go into the tunnel again. When she had gone he took from his pocket a letter that he had carried, unopened, for two days, deliberating what to do. It was directed to his wife, and the handwriting was Neil Harding's.

There was no use waiting any longer. He must open it to see what trouble threatened his wife, and how she could be spared. She *was* his wife. *His*, Bruce Garnett's. Living or dead, Neil Harding was no longer her husband.

"Dear Old Nell: Does this surprise you? You see I am not dead. Not by a long shot, my dear. And I'm on to your little game, too. You didn't mourn me any too long, did you? Well, I'm not kicking about that. If you and your old sweetheart want to stick together why all right—I'm agreeable; only you must make it worth my while to *be* agreeable. See? I hear he and Ralph have struck a big thing in a gold mine. So—being as it's all in the family—the boys can divvy up with a poor devil that's been down on his luck; and I'll go away—and *stay* away this time. If this don't suit you, you can put out Bruce Garnett and take me in—that's all. Remember I'm your husband, and he's not. I'll see you soon.

NEIL HARDING."

Well it was for Harding that he was not within killing distance when Bruce finished reading the letter!

But—God!—What was to be done? How shield Elinor from this awful thing? He looked down to the cabin. She had turned and was waving her hand to him ere she entered the door. Just then a loud report sounded from the gorge far below. A terrific roar that sent the echoes thundering like invading cannon. Elinor waved her hand again, saying something he could not hear. He answered her with a shout. The fringe of icicles over the trail had fallen.

When the mail-train from the West came into the station that morning a single passenger left it—a shabby man, still young, but evidently worn by dissipation. He asked the way to Cañon Diablo; also the distance. Five miles? Oh, he could walk that. Needed a walk to brace him up, you know. So, after a drink at the bar, and an admiring glance at a pretty waitress who had flitted past him once or twice, he struck out on the trail.

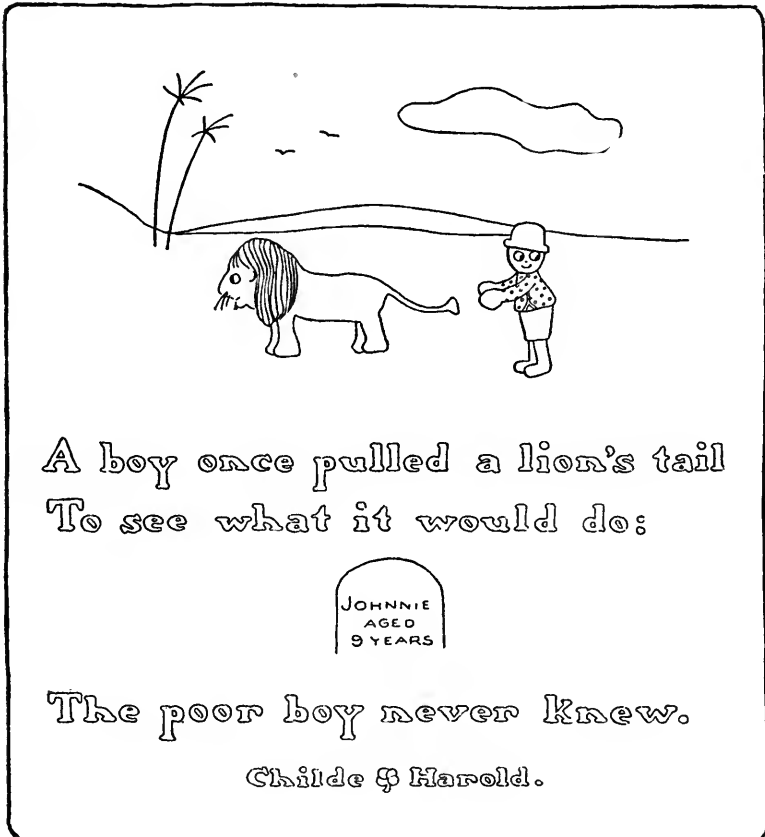
Cañon Diablo lies full four thousand feet higher than the railroad; and long before he had reached the hard climbing he was well-nigh exhausted. But he kept on, with frequent rests to wipe the perspiration from his face. He was unused to such exertion; but he wasn't going back. Not much! There was that at the end of his journey worth all the unwonted effort—something that would put money in his pocket, money for all the rest of his life. For he never once doubted that those two—the wife whose happiness he had once destroyed and was now on the way to strangle again, and the friend he had betrayed—would buy his silence. Honor, he knew only as a word; and such natures as theirs he had never comprehended. It would be worth all the climb, and a dozen miles further, just to see them when he laid the law down to them—his law. He laughed as he stood there. Then he stopped, and a startled look came into his face. Suppose she should want to go with him after all? He wasn't half a bad fellow, you know; and women were always soft over him—she was as bad as any of 'em, once, by Jove! and may be was still pretty badly gone on him. Well, hang

it! he didn't want her, that was sure. He had had enough of being a married man. But he wanted the money, and he would get it. What fools they must be to stay in a place where it was winter nine months of the year! There were icicles hanging over him that were twenty feet long, if one! It never would be summer here. Though, to be sure, it was getting pretty hot now on the trail. Well, he must hurry on. It must be near noon.

He lifted his eyes sunward, and then to the fringe of frozen white overhead. Water was dripping from every point, and running in little trickling lines down the face of the cliff.

Even as he looked, there was a snapping, crackling sound, and then a terrible roar that reached to the cañon beyond. Crashing down upon the trail—a blow that shattered rocks beneath it—the whole ice fringe of the cliffs of Cañon Diablo—tons upon tons—fell, and, rebounding, leaped into the chasm below, sweeping everything before it.

Los Angeles.



A boy once pulled a lion's tail
To see what it would do:

JOHNNIE
AGED
9 YEARS

The poor boy never knew.

Childe & Harold.

THE LADY OF THE GALLEON.

By LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

III.

MASTERING the new emotion, she went on in French, "It is not enough to count our Spanish treasure in the presence of this stricken old man—a wounded and fallen enemy—to huddle our people in a death-trap beneath the feet of your sailors, so that above them as they lie, sweating and panting, they may hear the laughter of men who live in the sunlight and breathe the sweet air of Heaven, but you must keep our wounded Officers in a cabin so foul that even the light of a lantern burns dimly in the stench of it. I ask too much in asking that one, and he scarcely more than a boy, shall escape from the slow death by suffocation that you have appointed for them all."

Her anger brought no change of colour to her cheek, but her white face shone as a tropic sky shines when the lightning plays upon it. Not one of us knew so little French as to remain unmoved.

"Let me speak to her," I cried.

"What is it she wants?" the Commodore demanded in the same breath.

I explained her request, and told him of the malicious construction she had put upon all that he had done.

"Do not argue with an angry woman; no, nor with a beautiful, angry child," he said, smiling his kind, warm smile. "Tell her that her cabin shall be divided with canvas and her brother laid there at once."

When I turned to translate, I found that she had left her place and had gone over to the Don. She was kneeling by the bunk, straightening the sheet over his heavy limbs, that in the sudden sleep of weakness, had fallen wide and lay in abandon, as the body of a dead horse lies in a field. We, wanderers and outcasts, stood and in silence watched her, the smooth whiteness of her woman's hand, the smoke-black of her soft hair, and just the white round of her cheek. We saw all the passion of her anger melted and transfused into this yet more piercing, heart-stirring passion of tenderness.

Presently she rose and came forward, a rainbow look of doubt and hope on her face. "Will he let me have my brother?" she asked of me in the submissive tones of a child who has promised to be good. Methuselah in his nine hundredth year could not have stood against her sweetness, and God knows we were young.

And so it was that Juan Valdès, crying with delirium, was carried to his sister's cabin.

"Why all this pother about the life of one Spanish Papist the more or less?" cried the Surgeon, mopping his thin red face; for he would let no one but himself carry the sick man's wounded shoulder. "'Death's the best bower anchor and brings us all up at last.' Young blade or old lancet, 'tis all one: we are food for the same rust."

His face was worn to the bone with loss of rest, and I thought to detain him with talk.

"Do you fathom why the Priest sets himself against this move?" I asked.

"Pay no heed to yon priestling," he snapped. "He's as windy as a pair of brass-nosed bellows. He is one that knows neither when to thrust nor when to parry. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy? Then, 'Beware of Papists. They that pray to a woman, fight like wenches, and scold like shrews.' But why do I waste breath on a young popinjay? I could as soon put wisdom into a blown bladder."

Thereupon he left me, for in these days he gave himself no respite from our own and thè Spanish sick; and since he gave his body no rest, he would serve his tongue and his friends no better.

Our possession of the *Cabadonga's* papers made many things clear to us. The trade of the galleons from Mexico to the Philippine Islands was not free to all Spaniards of Manila, but was restricted within close limits. The galleons in the service were provided by the King of Spain who paid the Officers and the crew, but the profits of the Oriental trade were divided between the convents and the Jesuits of Manila to support their missions for the propagation of the Faith. A galleon returning from Mexico, like the one we had just captured, contained little but the subsidy to support the colony, the moneys gotten from the sale of the Oriental dyes and spices that had been sold in Mexico, with a few kinds of church stores—such as priests' robes, altar cloths, dresses for the nuns in the convents, Romish indulgences, and such like small merchandize. On the voyage from Manila, on the other hand, the galleons were laden deep with bales of Oriental stuffs to be sold in Mexico. We recognized the sagacity of our Commodore that he had lain in wait for the armed merchantmen when she was light with stores and heavy with coin.

In the present situation, however, there was small time to dwell with complacency upon past sagacities, since there was at

every moment occasion for new displays of the same virtue. The word that Tam Mackinnon had given me of the shortage of water on the galleon was confirmed by the same heavy news from Mr. Saumarez in his report to Mr. Anson. Far from our being able to recruit our water supplies for our prisoners from the galleon, it appeared that she had even less fresh water on board than our own ship. We were sharply reminded of the extraordinary risques that we had been told these Spanish navigators took of perishing by that most anguishing death—drought at sea. When these galleons sail, they carry no water-casks; but such water as they set out with is stored in earthen jars, like those used in Southern Europe for storing oil. She is strung from stays and shrouds with scores of these jars, as a tinker with his pots, and these must be filled and refilled by chance rains, as no ship could carry enough water in this fashion to last for a long voyage. The *Cabadonga* purposed to have reached the port of Manila ere this time, so her jars were all but empty, and if our prisoners were not to perish of thirst beneath our feet, we must make shift to gather rain water for them by their own childish method. Mr. Saumarez had further reported that, upon enquiry, he had learned that most of the mats that the Spaniards used for gathering the rain had been destroyed by the fire in the galleon's rigging. The few that remained he said he would arrange along the gunwale, at the first evidence of rain, and conduct all that was caught by the mats into the bamboo trough that led to the empty jars, employing the method explained to him by one of the Spanish crew.

Upon receiving these news, Mr. Anson had ordered that the whole crew of both ships, men and officers alike, those who worked from morning till night under the July sun, and those who cooked in the heat of the galley, should be put upon an allowance of a pint and a half of water a day, while the prisoners in the shadow of the hold were put upon a pint a day. In this torrid zone, where the sun was nearly vertical, the waste of bodily fluid could scarce be made good by a gallon of fluid a day, and the sufferings on this one head were almost more than could be borne.

Then came days of ceaseless work and ceaseless watchfulness. Days that dragged their hot links of hours through the thick stench of the ship, when the cries of delirious men calling, "Agua! Agua! O Dios! Maria! Agua!" were only drowned by sudden furious squalls of rain, leaving, for all their violence, but a few inches of water in the butts and all the air one evil drenching steam. The weight of common clothing was more than our men could bear; but cutlass and pistol must be borne,

though the metal first scorched and then rusted deep in the flesh of the conqueror. It was we who wore irons. The sentry-men posted at the hatchway-guards paced their rounds with dull eyes, scarcely less stricken in dragging through their circle of Hell than the wretches who lay in the still fetor of the circle beneath. I was in the full spring and vigour of youth; but I, too, young and sure and bold, saw that above us were Powers stronger than youth or hope.

To me there was one moment to live for in each day. In the morning when the water was issued to us, I took half of my portion in a pannikin, that no drop might be lost, and carried it to the door of the cabin where Sister Carmelita was ever with her brother. I never knew what mood the opening of the door would reveal; it was enough that it showed her. In the growing heat of those days she had thrown off the heavy black dress and veil, and wore white of a most gauzy tissue, woven, I afterwards learned, in Manila, of shreds of the pine-apple leaf; it was like to silk, but not so soft. How the gown was shaped I cannot say. At one side the long silver rosary held the folds in place; but it was gay, modish stuff at heart, and wanted no leave to fall off from her, shining down, like a fine lady's ball-gown. Through its gauze I saw her arms and throat, not so white as her face, but warm and womanly sweet. I stood with my bare head uncovered, one mop of shameless yellow, for we had to lay aside wigs and even the decency of powder in those days, and she would put out her two hands for the pannikin, looking up at me for an instant with such a mingled look as sent me off thinking dizzily.

“And would I ought or would I nought
This look would never from my thought.”

One morning she came to the door only after I had knocked twice. Her lips had lost something of their colour and her eyes were those of a watcher. I spoke my deep regret in French.

She lifted the back of her hand wearily to her forehead, as though to push back a lock, though none had fallen, “Monsieur, it is too warm to speak French. When the day is warm my French—melts.”

I turned on my heel.

Next morning, as she took the panikin, she said, “Monsieur Lightfoot.” This was the first time she had spoken my name. I held my breath. Her eyes shone fresh as a new-waked child's. “There are two persons on this ship that think very highly of you.”

“Ah?” I cried.

Through the gauze I saw her breathing deeply. She was

looking down at the panikin, slowly washing its meagre draught against the edges of the pan. "Yes," she went on, looking up for a second and then down again, "You are one and I am the other." The laugh in her eyes was half fear, as, with deep gravity on her lips, she stepped back into the cabin and closed the door.

A few nights after—it was in the dark of the moon—I had been standing my watch near the after-hatchway guard and had lingered to look out upon the night. The stars were big and near, the black sea was whitened in long lines with the phosphorescence of breaking waves, and the light slipped backward from our bows. Far off to leeward I could see the galleon turning her wake of white fire. Then I heard a sound that drew me by its stealthiness; for the night was full of sounds, as the air rustled in the sails and the unhappy voices of the sick came heavily. I moved as softly as might be toward the funnel's mouth, holding out my arms and groping my way, when someone, in the favour of the darkness, stooped and sped past me under my outstretched arms.

Here was the beginning of mischief!

I turned swiftly and saw a shadow moving across the deck toward Mr. Saumarez's cabin. I sprang forward in time to see the light of a lamp closed out by the closing of Sister Carmelita's door.

There were two things to do: my duty, to report to the Commodore; my pleasure, to find out for myself what mischief was brewing. I thought only of the second course.

At my knock, Sister Carmelita opened. She threw the door wide, with a gesture of candour, and stood in the nun's black dress, holding in her hand a white altar cloth upon which she seemed to be most steadfastly at work. Over her shoulder I could see the young Spaniard, much wasted but with his fine eyes clear with reason.

"May I enter?" I asked severely.

"It is we who are guests here," she replied, her brows drawn as they were in anger.

I closed the door behind me.

"May I ask why you need to communicate with the prisoners in the hold?" I said, thinking to take her by surprise.

"I have already discovered that there is nothing that you may not ask," she retorted.

"This is a waste of words," I cried, angrily, in my turn. "I have come here for the sole purpose of saving you from the humiliation of being reported to the Commodore."

"Always unselfish!" she breathed, scarce audibly; and seating

herself, she gathered the folds of the rich cloth into her lap and set a slow careful stitch in the golden grapes that she wrought about its border. With her head a little tilted, she drew out her arm with a wonderful long thread.

"I had hoped," she said, as I remained standing without a word, "that you were going to explain to us why an interview with his Lieutenant was to be preferred to one with the Commodore."

I had honestly wished to serve her, but her manner was more than flesh could bear. I bowed and turned to go without further speech of her.

"Yes, go to your Commodore," she cried, rising and letting her stitchery fall. "Tell him that I was guilty of walking upon his decks; that I breathed the good air reserved for Englishmen. Tell him anything else you can think of, for telling is a nursery habit you do well to practise."

But her voice had changed in speaking. I looked and her eyelashes were heavy with tears.

"I will not report what I have just seen," I said in the fulness of folly. "But hereafter I shall watch you," I added in a tone of menace.

"Bon Dieu!" she cried gaily, throwing out both hands toward her brother; "Juan, from this moment the Lieutenant is going to begin to watch me!"

They laughed together, a short joyous little burst, two laughs made one by perfect understanding, and I myself could not forbear to smile, though I knew this was not the treatment I deserved.

When I left the cabin, I came upon Dr. Barry, who had been about to knock. On recognizing me, he started and exclaimed, "What, sick?"

"No, why should you say that?" I asked suspiciously.

"There's naught but sickness. The Priest's down to-day, and I saw you coming from there," jerking his head toward the closed door.

"Is that a ship's hospital?"

"No, but she's ship's nurse," he answered. "Since her brother's mending she is up half the night with the bad ones. She makes babies, plague on't, blubbering babies of those womanish Spaniards," he grumbled.

"That is ill work!" I replied.

"Ill work! Ill work! Now hark ye to English prejudice! Why, man, that little thunder-and-lightning, moonshine thing is more of a woman now than one of your blue-eyed English Angels gets to be in a life-time. She was planned for a woman

from the beginning of the world. There's not a yarn of neutral stuff in the twist of her. It's the woman-article pure. Talk no more to me of Papists," he went on, as though my inveteracy had wasted his patience. "She's a damned Saint, and I'll spit the man that gainsays it!" and he stalked off swearing that times were set to a new measure when an old sea-dog must be howled down by every swaggering puppy in the litter.

In the days that followed, days of heat and thirst, sickness and work, I kept, as best I could, my promise of watchfulness. We were sailing now on calm seas, broken by the misty heads of Islands that marked our approach to the Chinese coast; but even the sight of land failed to pierce the lethargy into which we had fallen, for upon us all the foulness of the ship was working a dulling change. I goaded myself, as a rider goads a spent horse, with the spur of the new danger. Many times each night I would start from sleep and hasten on deck in a sweat of fear, to walk around first one of the hatchways and then the other. A few nights after my encounter, I was standing watch, when about the middle of the night there came up a sudden squall. It was black weather, full of the tumult of the wind in the shrouds, the play of the gun-carriages, the shouts of the crew shortening sail, and to the hurly-burly I lent my voice, sending orders, as my custom was, clear to the fore topgallant yard, without a trumpet.

As all was made snug, and I was relieved, I noticed Mr. Anson peering out at the weather from under the break of the poop. Then I walked forward and silently back past the after-hatchway guard, as I had formed a restless habit of doing. I had scarce taken three paces, when I ran into a crouching figure. I grasped the wet body in my arms, with small surprise to find that I held Sister Carmelita. I tried to draw her away, but a light rope that she was lowering down the funnel with both hands made her fast to the side of the guard. In silence she struggled with all her strength, still holding to the rope, as a game salmon struggles on the line. Her force was not great, but her power of twisting and wrenching from my hold made it impossible for me to handle her gently. I held her hard against my breast, so that her hair was against my lips, with a sweet human smell in its dampness. I set my teeth with the joy of the struggle, with the sweet furious thing in my arms and the black gale around us making a privacy of storm. I threw out one hand to release hers from the rope, and our wet hands wrestled in dead earnest, her two against my one. With a little sob her grip went to nothing under mine, and I held the rope.

It ran hot through my palms with the weight it supported. Pinioning her between my elbows, I brought the rope up, hand over hand, and could feel the tug of some heavy object nearing the top. My captive lay quite still in my hold, relaxed, bedrenched and very small; then with a sudden snatch, she made a quick pass and the edge of a dagger severed the rope and ran like an icicle across the back of my hand. I snatched at the bundle, but it turned over and over and plunged downward. Far off I heard it fall into the depths of the ship. I stood holding Sister Carmelita and a Manila rope's end.

She gave a short, gasping, little laugh. "You hurt me!" she said, plaintively.

I released her so suddenly that she staggered.

"Will you come with me to the Commodore?" I asked.

For once I think she knew she could gain nothing by delay; for she turned, and facing the storm, we went aft together and were blown under the shelter of the poop, where but now I had seen Mr. Anson scanning the weather. He started forward and searched us by the weak light of the binnacle.

"What's this?" he asked sharply.

I motioned him out of hearing of the man at the wheel, and we two faced him. The culprit with her cheeks bespattered with rain drops, like great tears, and I carrying the foolish coil of rope. I recalled her jibe about the nursery practice of telling, and found no ready words.

"I am waiting, Mr. Lightfoot," the Commodore said in a certain grave tone of his that I knew covered amusement. I lifted my hand stupidly and gave him the rope.

"What's this?" he said again, taking a step toward the light. "Blood!"

I lifted my right hand. Yes, the dagger had opened a seam.

"Oh, did I make that?" the girl cried. "The poor hand!" She caught it between her two and laid the edges of the wound together. "So long and deep!" She drew her breath between her teeth with a little sound; "and it hurts—so bad." Turning to the Commodore, she cried, "I cut him!" and then with one of those quick changes of hers, a little laugh bubbling up in her throat, she added, "and he has come to ask you to punish me—Ah, no, but the Commodore has no French."

"This cut is no part of the story," I exclaimed, drawing away my hand rudely. "I came to report to you, Sir, that I have just found this lady lowering something down the hatchway-guard to our prisoners. As I was about to recover the object, she cut the rope and it fell into the hold. The sound that came up to me was as of iron or steel muffled in cloth."

"By God! that's mutiny, and death, by the Articles of War!" he shouted. "Tell her that to-morrow the hold shall be searched, and every Spaniard found with a weapon shall be punished for mutiny. Madam," he cried, turning toward her himself and in his anger forgetting that she could not understand, "do you not recognize the wickedness of what you have done? You shuddered but now at this little blood you have let, and yet you have plotted that our decks should run with blood. The voyage is almost over; at Macao you and your countrymen were to be set free, with no loss of personal property or of dignity, and you have repaid courtesy with treachery and honour with dishonour."

I translated hotly, for I shared his indignation.

"Tell your Commodore," she said quietly, "that there is neither treachery nor mutiny in what I have done. If I had put a cutlass into every Spanish hand, I should have done too little. How are we bound to you but by the ties of hatred; by imprisonment and deadly thirst, and by the blood of our fallen? Once we had no quarrel with you. The *Cabadonga* was no ship of war. We sailed peacefully upon the roads our galleons have travelled for a hundred years, when you fell upon us, shot down our Officers, looted our treasure, flung our men into prison; and now because we have stirred in our chains, because one spirit remains unbroken on this foul ship, you cry out, 'Treason!' There can be no treason where there has been no trust, and mutiny is impossible in an enemy. I am no hireling that has mutinied against a master." She came to a dead stop. "I am a Spaniard!" she said, and all the pride and glory and rustling banners of old Spain shone in her words.

"She is right," the Commodore said to me in a moved voice. "In this matter of treason I spoke unadvisedly, but remind her that England and Spain are at war, and the capture of the galleon was a measure of war."

She stood silent, wrapped in the sombreness of her drenched garments, thinking intently.

"If you will trust me," she said at length, "I myself will take from the men the few weapons I have been able to give them. I wish to go to them and tell them that there is no hope."

Of this plan the Commodore and I spoke at some length. He felt that the loathsome state of the crowded hold and the presence of the hundreds of desperate men made her going impossible; but I urged that in no other way could the weapons be recovered with so much ease and secrecy. Should we search the hold with an armed force of men, even could riot be prevented, yet every tongue on board ship would be set wagging, and the lady's part in the plot could scarce remain long concealed.

I could see that he gave weight to these reasons. He paced slowly before me on the deck; and, at length, going so far as the hatchway-guard, he stood harkening down, where the ill fumes rose into the sultry heat of the night. The wind and rain had something abated, but the ship drove heavily through the rough dark of the sea.

"I have decided," were the words he said, as he came back, "to let her do as she asks; but it must be done to-night. Has she strength for any more?"

When I had told her his words, she bowed without speaking.

"Then it must be at once," he said with energy. "We may be sure that the fall of those weapons has roused every hornet in the nest. Mr. Lightfoot, I wish you to go with her to show her the way. Remain here and I will send the key to the after-hatch and a dark lantern." Then, changing from the brief manner of command, he bowed and said earnestly, "Say to the Spanish lady that I need not remind her that where there is trust there may be treachery—I am trusting her to do this office alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOMEKEEPING IN CALIFORNIA.

(Respectfully submitted to "Those Easterners.")

By E. C. TOMPKINS.

THAT the French language has no single word exactly corresponding to "home" is a linguistic commonplace, and that the Frenchman is wont to seat himself at a sidewalk table of his favorite restaurant for a glass of weak wine and a chunk of strong bread is within the observation of any personally-conducted tourist. Obviously, then, the Frenchman has no home—and wants none. Yet, truth told, there is no more home-loving creature on earth than the everyday Frenchman—and the clean, decent, wholesome, industrious, ordinary people are the ones to be considered in making a fair estimate of character and condition in any country.

California, and Californians, have been judged not uncommonly in much the same casual and superficial manner by visitors from "the East"—and the connotations of "the East" to the mind of a dweller of the Pacific Coast are not unlike those of "abroad" to other Americans. It is repeatedly asserted that the home-instinct, home-care and home-love are noticeably less than in the Eastern States. One who knows city and country life thoroughly, East and West, can understand the wherefore of this error in judgment. The dweller in the land of alternate heat and cold must necessarily keep within walls hundreds of days when the Californian is free of the air and sunshine. Out-of-doors is always so much more beautiful and healthful than in-doors can possibly be, that the house, alone, does not stand for home. To eat under the trees, to sleep in a tent, to choose a nook amid the hills or on the beach for a reading-room *pro tem.*, is not to discredit the four walls on which pictures of trees and hills and waterfalls are hung. "The band plays" in our blossomy parks every Sunday in the

year. There is always perfume in the air, and a song. The weather is right the most of the year for a perpetual picnic. We go from church doors to the hills, the woods, the beach and the boats. (The wonder is that more church services are not held in the open rather than in the dim, cathedral light of painted windows and the somnolent atmosphere of wool carpets and dusty cushions. We have not yet outlived the idea that religion must be associated with gloom and the pipe-organ.)

In the East the family must hasten within doors for fear of sun-stroke, or frozen ears. They learn to make walled-in life endurable, comfortable, even beautiful (depending greatly on the bulge of the provider's purse). From habit of thought it grows into belief that those only, who sit in shaded rooms in summer and cluster around the blazing hearth or hot air register in winter, are home-lovers and home-keepers. On the contrary, do not they who are *not* so constantly within its walls love home better? Certainly their conversation has less of work, worry and wardrobe. Home-keeping is so much easier here; it does not furnish so many topics for discussion. There is no packing away of muslins until "next summer," and of woolens until "next winter." We do not put fuel in store and list doors and windows against zero weather. We need not can fruit; for there is always fresh fruit in the market stalls, and fresh vegetables. We do not gather in our house plants nor bed down the left-out ones or tie them up in straw night-gowns. There are no bursted water pipes to contend with, no snow and slush to clean from doorsteps and walks, no frozen foods in cupboards, no melted butter, no thunder-storm cream and milk. We do less crocheting and battenberg and honiton point, fewer cushion tops and slipper toes; we would rather climb hills, ride horseback, hoe in the garden and play golf. We can "clean house" any week in the year or every week if we choose. We have not so many ailments to pet and talk about.

All this does not mean for a moment that we do not love our homes and our dear ones. Because of these favoring conditions we are not forced to make housekeeping, its details and results, a fetish. Home is a word of larger meaning to the Californian. His home is almost anywhere in his golden State where he and his own may choose to camp. Indeed, this State pride and self-satisfaction is something carried to ridiculous extremes by those who do not know the country outside their own boundaries.

The chicken-rancher, orchardist, alfalfa grower, tradesman—the man of small affairs in town or country—bundles his family into any sort of a vehicle and takes a vacation and outing when and where he chooses. They are quite likely to have a better time than those who carry more with them and leave more behind to worry about. A "good time" is in the air of California. While the Puritans of New England were discussing the comparative degree of sin in remaining away from the Sunday meeting, or harnessing a horse to carry them there (being unable to walk); or whether it were wicked for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, the gay and happy Castilian of old California threw wide the gates of his hacienda and welcomed the wayfarer to share his hospitality. There were music and feasting, song and dance, but the loyal heart of home beat just as true under the laurel and evergreen oak as by the ingle-side of bleak New England. There is something of heredity in it, and in the thought concerning it. Is it an actual loss, I wonder, never to have felt the sting of the bitter cold that makes it a joy to get into the fire-heated rooms and "cuddle down" with the dear ones, folding the heavy curtains and heaping thick

rugs against the crack at the door sill? Are joyous associations less heartsome than mutual struggle and sympathy? My heart can never give over its loyalty to a New England ancestry and many happy years of life in that climate of brave souls and dreadful weather; yet I must defend my California from this "home-instinct" heresy, abroad in the land concerning her.


The flower of human companionship is not necessarily nor in its best estate a house plant. The lover of home is not a worshipper of *things*; need not be a bearer of sacrificial burdens. She who is too close a *home-keeper* may become anything but the most genial factor in family life.

This is written in the climate of the central portion of the State; of course, one may climb the mountains to blizzards, or go down into Death Valley to find the hottest heat ever manufactured for any climatic purpose; but conditions as noted stand, with slight variation, for the whole of habitable California.

San Francisco.

THE PASSION OF A STORM.

By HENRY THEODORE FISHER.*

LOUDS of steaming vapor did smoke
 The hesperian sky, dim and dark,
 And the threatened village folk
 Shuddered back from the lightning sparks.

It seemed the mighty breath of God
 Came sweeping up from the horizon,
 And gusts of fury newsed abroad,
 That Providence turned Amazon.

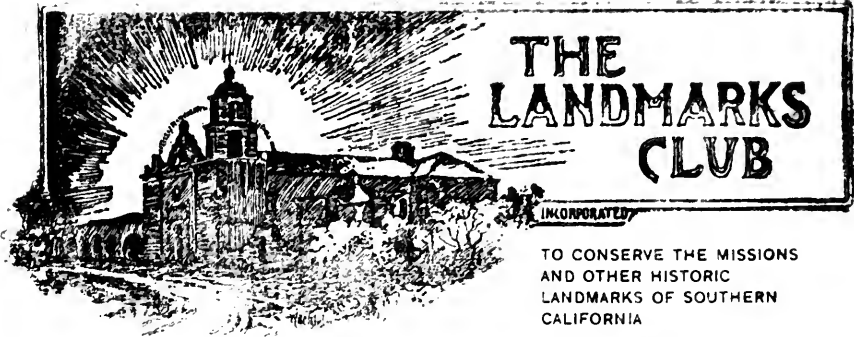
Veering winds and wafting clouds
 Roared and wept in the dismal gloom,
 While overhead amassing shrouds
 Broke up like the crack o' doom.

A pouring downfall fell alack!
 On the heedless heads below,
 And leaked in through the open crack
 Of many a cottage window.

The inclement hour grew calmer,
 In the last rays of sunset glow,
 While cross the fields of the farmer
 Lay the living water's overflow.

After the shower's passing veil
 Of rain, unruffled the streams and trees,
 All nature felt from hill to dale,
 Caressed by a boisterous breeze.

*A sweet singer of Arizona.



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WHEN William Marshall Garland became a life member, a year or so ago, he had the distinction of being the youngest life member of the Landmarks Club, and perhaps of any club anywhere. He had reached the mature age of two years, and this was one of his birthday presents. He was congratulated by the Club as a person likely to get long worth for his money; and with the hope that he may live a great many years to enjoy his certificate. But now comes along a younger brother, John Jewett Garland, and takes life membership in the Club with his first birthday, beating all records. Here's to the good young Americans. May they live long and prosper, and fill the paths marked out so early for them by judicious relatives.

The unique Landmarks Club Cook-Book can be had at C. C. Parker's bookstore, or the OUT WEST office, or of Mrs. J. G. Mossin, 1033 Santee street. Price \$1.50; by mail \$1.60.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$6,130.

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On the eastbound Santa Fé Limited, a few weeks ago, a young man of Chicago named Walter Dupee, who seems to have inherited more of easy money than of the gray matter that earned it for him, bragged to his fellow passengers that he killed out here last season over 5,000 quail, and this season exactly 9,980. It is not incredible that the young gentleman "lied some." It is to be hoped that he did. But even with a large margin for braggadocio, he remains a necessary text for a few remarks.

A BRISTLE
OF THE
"GAME HOG."

The Lion has known very many tribes of savages. He has known most of the wild beasts of North and South America, in their native habitat. But he has never known human nor quadruped beasts that would do such wanton, cowardly, shameless slaughter, except among civilized men. And the Lion is no vegetarian either. He knows as well as another what is the tingle in every pulse when a gray eye looks along a rifle barrel, and to the very crook of a finger Something Drops. He would disown his proper children if they had not the hunter blood; and he thinks very little of the man or woman who has not some capacity for big game. They have lost something of what their Maker willed to them. The man is to be pitied who has never known that splendid orgasm when, between two twinkles of the eye and two flashes of antlered gray amid the bushes, arms and eye and a little octagon of steel have leapt together and made a Conquest. Nowadays, a great many excellent men live their three score years and ten, and are gathered to their fathers, and in all their scope have not lived so long as one lives in a minute who stands face to face with a Cinnamon that Likes Strangers—raw. And perhaps of all hunting in the world there is nothing quite so superb as the only absolutely even game—man to man across two blue tubes.

But there is some little difference between hunters and butchers. The rotund and ruddy and good-natured gentleman who puts steel to the neck of the tame steer, and carves tenderloins for our civilized behoof, I have nothing against. On the contrary, I respect him as of the creatures that even in civilization fit their place. He is a gentleman and a scholar beside the

person to whom we have applied his professional designation as an adjective. He kills professionally, methodically, soberly.

But this young man, cursed with money and leisure he did not earn, is another matter. He was probably right in bragging of the only thing for which he is distinguished. He has money; he has what it pleases our careless mood to call "education;" he does not have to earn a living—poor devil!—but can do as he pleases. And what he pleases to do, is to go out and wallow in the murder of creatures whose lives are at least as useful as his own. Not for his need; not for the feeding of those that hunger; but because the poor cub knows no better. Not even for "sport"—for the titter-witted wantons who are thus exterminating our game have no more conception of Sport than an educated pig has of Predestination. You might teach manliness to seminary girls or old maids; but a thousand years' trepanning would never transform a Game-Hog into a Sportsman. Every real hunter despises these gun-puppies. It would be interesting to see Mr. Dupee make his brag to a hunter like Roosevelt. There are plenty of Dupees, of many sorts, socially and otherwise. But all that can do these things are of one certain sort—a latter-day people "civilized" beyond their brains. No savage ever did so brutal, so cowardly or so contemptible an act. No Apache was ever so wanton; and there is no other country in the world except the United States where a person who does such things and lets the fact be known would not be overwhelmed with universal contempt. Unfortunately in this country we have not reached that certain maturity which keeps grown people from these infantile barbarities. We cannot change the fact; but it is possible to let the gentlemen who are proud of this sort of achievement record themselves—and in this the Lion is very glad to assist them.

THEIR LABOR
FOR THEIR
PAINS.

There are more than a few interests which would be glad to "down" Gen. Leonard Wood; and their misery makes strange bedfellows. It is natural that in army circles there should be some jealousy of the promotion of this post-surgeon, by sweeping stages, to near the head of the army—over the heads of innumerable seniors and the whole tanglewood of red tape, and for no reason at all except Merit. It wasn't "regular," and the best man doesn't like to be superseded. Still, it is only in a negative way, and among its nonentities, that the army is "agin" this gallant soldier.

There will always be "a knife for Wood" in the hands of those who tried to prey on Cuba, and whose steals he thwarted. When their itching fingers were right in an "easy" pocket, it was pretty hard to feel that iron hand close down on their wrists; and they will never forgive him.

It must be confessed, too, that there has been more than a little aid and comfort to the enemy from some of the nicest people in the country—but Academic. With this class—even the noblest of them—there is a certain constitutional distrust of the Men who Do Things. Their own activities are high and fine, but on paper. They wrestle mightily with the great problems of thought and ethics, and their services to their generation cannot be over-estimated. But they have never Come Down to Brass Tacks. They could no more handle a gang of workmen, or an Indian agency, or a police force—not to mention a nation—than they could steal or lie. If given such a responsibility, they would bend their whole conscience to its discharge—but would make total shipwreck and ludicrous failure. And for the same reason that would make them fail, they cannot quite comprehend the man who succeeds—they have never learned the Outdoor Savvy. They have never Got Up their Man-Muscle—and they never will. They are unduly afraid of it. Its exercise is Rude; it is built up only in unpadded gymnasiums; no man ever swelled it without Going to an Inconvenience.

It takes both sorts to make a people great. We need the intellectual and moral recluses, the Noble Tadpoles that are All Head. We need equally the men who are mostly fist. And, above all, we need as numerous crossbreeds as can be; the tadpole which hasn't lost its head but has developed other members. We need clean men to Do Things. The teachers who sit in easy chairs and Tell us How, deserve all honor and affection. If we pity them that at recess they cannot come out and bear a hand with us at the game, we do so quietly—though we rather better believe in the sort of moral and intellectual giant, like Jordan, who can be University President, scientist, leader of public thought—and play first base in a baseball game with the undergraduates without losing "dignity." They not only better serve the nation—they serve themselves better.

Whatever the reasons, there is clearly a strong desire to discredit Wood while he is out of the country.

But the gentlemen—and those who are not—will have their labor for their pains. If there is a man anywhere as straight as a die, it is Leonard Wood. If there is any man anywhere that manly Americans can properly look up to, it is he. He has the Clean Heart, the Poised Mind, and the Inevitable Hand of the Right Outdoor Man. And so long as there is a man of his own caliber in the White House, malice or grundyism will make no impression at headquarters. As the *Outlook* very well says: "The reputation of a man like Gen. Wood is part of the moral

capital of the country. To belittle such a reputation without good cause is a very serious offence against the public welfare."

CANNOT LOSE IT
IF YOU
EVER HAD IT.

And speaking of Dignity and its Loss.

Like Sairy Gamp, "there ain't no sich a person."

No Man ever Lost his Dignity. Many men have lost what they thought was their Dignity; and I know a Large People who Hold their Hands over their Pockets for Fear of such Loss. But there's Nothing There. Dignity is Inherent. You can't lose it—if you Have it. You Can if you Haven't.

The people who Have Dignity to Lose are those who wear it as a Garment. It isn't. Can you Lose your Bones? Well, Dignity is even more intimate. It is the Marrow of the Man—if it is at all in him. Fancy a person going about and purposefully refraining from certain things for fear he might Lose his Marrow!

The Liver that a man hath is reasonably tied tight to him. He doesn't fairly know, save upon contemplation, where or what or how it is, nor what may disturb it. Or, to coin a proverb, "The only man that has a Stomach is he who Doesn't Know it." Ditto "Dignity."

THE
WORST

While the indefatigable President is policing the Post Office Department (where his "Move On!" is evidently needed) perhaps it would not be amiss for him to turn his disinheriting eye on the new two-cent stamp. There are, doubtless, worse scandals in the Department; but certainly there are none which come so near us. In our happy American way of Letting Her Rip, we know how to dodge our responsibility for corrupt officials; but stamps are as intimate and inevitable as undergarments. Only those whom God created for this purpose buy chromos—these Over-works of Art are not compulsory. But stamps *are*; and for the chromo-minded person (who paints them) to be able to jump down our throats with his abomination of a design, is too much. The new stamped-envelope effigy has a certain distinction of restful ugliness; and being big, and bare, and rude, and safely to be worshipped under the decalogue (since it is not any likeness of anything in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth) it is, for these self-same reasons, better than most of our modern offences in the way of stamps. It is half a century since the United States has had a single really dignified stamp. It will be several centuries before we have another, unless we find some way to educate our government "artists." Doubtless the only way to educate them is to put competent men in their place.

The envelope imprint is really an improvement; but the omnipresent gummed two-cent stamp is the Very Worst.

There have been, in this world of tears, artistic stamps of medium size or less; but this is not one of them. It is not only small; it is a runt. It is puny, painful and snippy. It pretends to be a picture of G. Washington; but in fact, it is a chromo-lithograph of the Mind of a Washington Government Artist in the last stages of inflammation. The best of his

genus are bad enough, and this gentleman is the lowest deep. It is enough to have Washington architects to despoil the face of our public buildings—as 99 out of every 100 are spoiled—and “designers” to formulate the tin-plate bank-notes, which the tenderfoot sows “in our midst;” but these are relatively remote grievances. The gentleman whose teapot mentality confronts and daunts us with every letter we send or receive, is right Up to Us. There is no escaping him. And he is a public enemy. In view of the President's temper, there is little doubt that the Machens, and Perry S. Heaths, and others of the Push who corrupt our postoffice morals, are going to get, and very quickly, their everlasting come-uppance. And when those who steal only our money and honor are safely behind the bars, let us have a little pot of boiling oil for this Gopher in Art, who gnaws at the root of our universal taste. The only reason why philately has been a respectable and improving amusement for the young of all ages is that in all the world, and in its darkest corners, there have been very few stamps invented so utterly contemptible as that which now adorns more letters than any other stamp in the world.

The Lion has no mind to doubt such men as Newell and Lippincott, the government experts in whose hands is practically the work of national irrigation in the Southwest; nor Maxwell, the unattached champion who has crusaded so long and so mightily for this cause. They are all of the sort that justify, against many odds, our faith in a democracy.

THE ARIZONA
RESERVOIR
MATTER.

After a thorough talk-over with these men, the Lion is convinced that there is no Senegambian in the Tonto woodpile. The point is simply that, as experts in a new experiment, they believe the Tonto reservoir is a better “opener” than the San Carlos. They stand for San Carlos later; and for relief of the parched Pimas at once—by pumping. An explicit statement of the official facts will presently be given in these pages.

The more generic question, as to the intent of the National Irrigation movement, and its prior obligation to provide new homes rather than pension bankrupt gamblers in land, is another thing. In that, personal assurances do not “go.” It is a principle, not a detail. Unless National Irrigation means sincerely to revive our lost chance to Put the Man on the Land, to recall somewhat of that splendid national era of home-making which marked the settlement of the Mid-West and the Northwest—why, it is foredoomed and foredamned. And the nation with it. Land speculators and purchasers of corner lots are very good in their kind; but they are to a nation about as serious and salutary as a plug hat. The marrow and bone and sinew of any land is the people that Use it; the people that take it virgin and break it to maternity; in a word, the Home-Makers. They may not be as precise as you and I; their grammar may make the judicious grieve. But they *make* a country, which you and I merely adorn.

THE MIND
THAT NEVER
REMOVED.

Like the Georgia Cracker's fence, every other picket gone and some posts missing, the East—"wal, it averages purty good." New England burning up with drouth and forest fires; Kansas City and St. Louis, and various other points, sputtering under ten feet of flood-water—their golden mean would be rather tolerable. Their constitutional trouble, however, is that they have not learned to manage their own averages. They are much like my Pueblo friends (in mental process, *not* in faith) who sit and chat with their smallpox neighbor, and take the children to see him. "But my dear José, you and the babies will Take It."

"If God so wills," says José placidly. "If He wills, also, we shall take it even if we stay away."

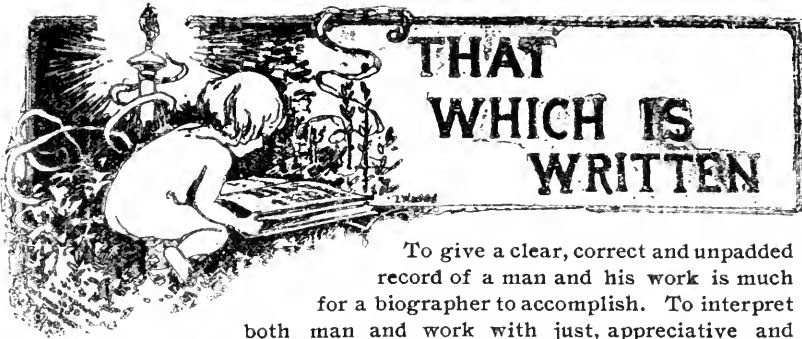
Enough water has gone to waste in one week, within the corporation limits of Kansas City, to guarantee the whole vast State of Kansas against another drouth in three years to come. In parched New England there are enough sempiternal streams to water every furrow of every field for all time. The congenital misfortune of the conservative mind is that it never puts 2 and 2 together, "all by its lonesome." Being trepanned in youth with the multiplication-table, it performs the feat in familiar lines; but never per se. And the Conservative Mind is merely the Mind that Never Removed.

FOR A
HEART
OF OAK.

If there is any cause for which a Western American can probe his pockets with good heart and a ready fist, it is the proposed memorial to that fine type of Old-School American, J. Sterling Morton, to be erected in Nebraska City, where was his home. Mr. Morton was not unknown to political life—which he graced with honesty and sobriety—but his long claim on the affectionate remembrance of his countrymen is that he was the father and inventor of Arbor Day; and this aspect of a ripe and useful life is what the memorial is planned to commemorate. Mr. Morton's favorite and concise gospel, "Plant Trees," might well be made a national slogan. We are just beginning to realize the vital necessity of following this advice; some fifty years from now, probably, the nation will fully realize what Mr. Morton saw and felt so far in advance of his generation. An effective design has been chosen by the Arbor Day Memorial Association; and only a few thousand dollars are lacking to cover its cost. Subscriptions may be sent to the president of the Association, ex-Governor Robt. W. Furnas, Nebraska City, Neb. And having "given down" for the monument, let us build a million others of our own—monuments more perennial than bronze, and nobler; the shafts of grateful trees.

The death of Dr. C. W. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, Cal., removes too soon a name of no small promise in Western letters. Dr. Doyle was born in India 52 years ago; and out of his early environment sprang the very striking book "The Taming of the Jungle." He has resided for many years in California; and his "Shadow of Quong Lung" was not only a strong, but an intimate, picture of Highbinder life in San Francisco. It is a pity that death cut short our reasonable expectation of worthy successors to these uncommon books.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



To give a clear, correct and unpadding record of a man and his work is much for a biographer to accomplish. To interpret both man and work with just, appreciative and illuminating criticism is more. Rarest of all is it that one has the insight to perceive and the skill to convey what the work most intimately meant to the worker himself. These three things Mr. G. K. Chesterton has attempted in *Robert Browning*—just added to the series of “English Men of Letters”—and has failed in no one of them. There will inevitably be many to challenge his conclusions at one point or another, but for the future no student of Browning can ignore his work or fail to be affected by it. Nor, for that matter, can any reader who cares for sane and penetrating thought, expressed in the easy yet pungent style of a master in the craft, afford to neglect making its acquaintance.

Among the most stimulating pages of this book, tonic and awakening as it is throughout, are those which deal with *The Ring and the Book*—which Mr. Chesterton regards as the great epic of this age, for more than one reason. I quote, with regret that it must be briefly:

The poet of the old epic is the poet who had learnt to speak; Browning in the new epic is the poet who has learnt to listen. This listening to truth and error, to heretics, to fools, to intellectual bullies, to desperate partisans, to mere chatterers, to systematic poisoners of the mind, is the hardest lesson that humanity has ever been set to learn. *The Ring and the Book* is the embodiment of this terrible magnanimity and patience. It is the epic of free speech It is not by any means self-evident upon the face of it that an institution like the liberty of speech is right or just. It is not natural or obvious to let a man utter follies and abominations which you believe to be bad for mankind any more than it is natural or obvious to let a man dig up a part of the public road, or infect half a town with typhoid fever. The theory of free speech, that truth is so much larger and stranger and more many-sided than we know of, that it is very much better at all costs to hear every one's account of it, is a theory which has been justified upon the whole by experiment, but which remains a very daring and even a very surprising theory Browning was upon the whole the first poet to apply the principle to poetry.

At a single relatively minor point, Mr. Chesterton seems to have failed to make the most of his material. He discusses with his accustomed clarity the propriety of publishing the correspondence between Elizabeth Barrett and her husband-to-be, but does not suggest that there is any clue to what the two whose soul-secrets were thus made public would have thought about it—a question of vital consequence in such a discussion. Now Elizabeth Barrett did express herself definitely and exactly upon this very question, in one of these very letters, and Browning at least did not dissent. She said (page 480, Vol. 1, of the published Letters), apropos of Harriet Martineau's declared objection to the publication of intimate personal correspondence:

I, for my part, value letters (to talk literature) as the most vital part of biography . . . We should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls, let them be open to men hereafter even as they are to God now. Dust to dust, and soul secrets to humanity—there are natural heirs to all these things. Not that I do not intimately understand the shrinking back from the idea of publicity on any terms—not that I would not myself destroy papers of mine which were sacred to me for personal reasons—but then I never would call this natural weakness, virtue—nor would I, as a teacher of the public, announce it and attempt to justify it as an example to other minds and acts, I hope.

Mr. Chesterton was doubtless familiar with this passage—indeed, he takes substantially the same ground. Yet he might well have substituted this quotation for one of those which he actually chose. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. 75 cents, *net*.

"LARVATED
SUGGESTIONS"
AND PIE.

Evidencing earnest thought and wide research, and containing much that is interesting and suggestive. *The Law of Mental Medicine*, by Dr. Thomson J. Hudson (Doctor, by the way, not in Medicine, but in Laws and Philosophy) falls far short of "placing mental therapeutics upon a firmly scientific basis." Dr. Hudson undoubtedly believes with entire sincerity that his argument is welded together of exact logic and rigid scientific method; yet there are fatal gaps in his logical chain, and too frequently his method is scientific in appearance only. The result is that no confidence whatever can be placed in the major conclusions which the author presents as highly probable, if not definitely established. Such an assertion as this is not to be made concerning the work of a serious investigator without offering proof—and sufficient proof may be given, even within the small space here available.

Dr. Hudson's position may be summed up, briefly but fairly, somewhat as follows: The human body—like that of every other animal—is wholly composed of cells, each of which is a living individual, possessed of sufficient intelligence to enable it to perform properly its share of organic function. These intelligent entities are presided over and their functioning absolutely controlled by a central intelligence, which the author calls "the subjective mind"—the elder and infinitely the more powerful brother in the duplex mental organism. All disease is in its essence either insufficient or excessive activity of a group or groups of cells, and may accordingly be abolished by the despotic authority of the central intelligence. The subjective mind may be moved to exercise this authority by suggestion, either from its own partner, the "objective mind" of the same person, or from without. All that can be done for the restoration of health by either material or mental remedy is, directly or indirectly, to energize the mental organism in control of the bodily functions. Medicine can accomplish good in just three ways and no more—as a cell-food, as a cell-irritant, or as a "larvated suggestion," otherwise a *placebo*.

Now this seems plausible enough, granting certain premises, but it wholly ignores one absolutely vital fact—that a large part of what is called "disease" is but the struggle for existence between competing forms of life. All communicable diseases are now known to be neither more nor less than the invasion of the organism by an alien and independent form of life, and the effort on the one hand to expel or destroy the intruder and on the other to maintain and improve the foothold gained. Allowing the subjective mind supreme control over its own forces, its behest has no force in the camps of the enemy, these being ruled by a hostile intelligence of equal rank. In many such cases—not in all, as yet—the modern physician is able to supply much more than cell-food, cell-stimulant or encouraging suggestion. It is exactly his business to furnish to the beleaguered garrison both allies and weapons, in the form of "material remedies." Dr. Hudson can hardly be wholly innocent of the bacterial origin of certain classes of disease, yet I do not find the faintest hint of it in his book. This is utterly destructive to any claim of scientific validity for his "Law," since a working hypothesis must be shown to account for all known pertinent facts.

Even more surprising is his treatment of suggestion by personal contact. He develops at much length the theorems that all communication between the nerve cells is carried on only by the projection of filamentous processes, and that the withdrawal by any cell of its tentacles from contact with those of its neighbor breaks the line of communication and absolutely inhibits the transmission of sensation or intelligence. Yet he asserts that by pressing the tips of one person's fingers upon the body of another "a chain of communication is established between the subjective minds of the two individuals," and hence healing suggestions may be directly transmitted. Which is very much like showing that a one-inch break in a wire would prevent the passage of an electric current, and later complacently announcing, "Having shown that the ends of the wires are within a hundred feet of one another, all conditions are evidently complete for sending a message."

It seems worth mention that Dr. Hudson devotes some four pages to an ardent defence of New England pie as made by our grandmothers, the curious article of flavoured hardware known as "railroad pie," however, being condemned without benefit of clergy. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.20 net.

The voice of a man, lifted to tell unstutteringly those truths concerning life which burn hottest in his own heart, is always worth an attentive ear. And if the voice be both trained and melodious, its utterances are, in the finest sense, Literature. *The Souls of Black Folk* falls, without possibility of dispute, under this category. Its author, Prof. W. E. Burghardt DuBois is a man of scholarly taste and achievement, of sympathetic and sensitive temper, of noble and unselfish ambition, a cultured gentleman by any just standard—and a negro. The fourteen essays included in the present volume deal boldly, frankly and without any apparent mental reservations, with the "negro question." Prof. DuBois does not stop with the broader economic, political and educational problems, but answers with as little reserve the intimate personal question, How does it feel to be such a man as you are and yet to be of a race branded and set apart? No mind to which thinking is more than a tradition can fail to find his eloquent and penetrating discussion of these vital problems of absorbing interest.

I do not propose to criticize or discuss this living expression of the hope and the sorrow of a race—only to recommend it, and to back the recommendation by quoting what seems to me one of its finest passages.

Here we have brought our three gifts and mingled them with yours: a gift of story and song—soft, stirring melody in an ill-harmonized and unmelodious land; the gift of sweat and brawn to beat back the wilderness, conquer the soil, and lay the foundations of this vast economic empire two hundred years earlier than your weak hands could have done it; the third, a gift of the Spirit. Around as the history of the land has centered for thrice a hundred years; out of the nation's heart we have called all that was best to throttle and subdue all that was worst; fire and blood, prayer and sacrifice, have billowed over this people, and they have found peace only in the altars of the God of Right. Nor has our gift of the Spirit been merely passive. Actively we have woven ourselves with the very warp and woof of this nation—we fought their battles, shared their sorrow, mingled our blood with theirs, and generation after generation have pleaded with a leaden tongue, careless people to despise not Justice, Mercy, and Truth, lest the nation be smitten with a curse. Our song, our toil, our cheer, and warning have been given to this nation in blood-brotherhood. Are not these gifts worth the giving? Is not this work and striving? Would America have been America without her Negro people?

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.20 net.

The splendor of the local color in John H. Whitson's *Barbara, A Woman of the West*, is apt to dazzle even the most accustomed reader, and divert him from a just appreciation of the novel and ingenious methods by which the lady-heroine pursues a first husband from Kansas to Cripple Creek, follows a blind trail to San Diego, is convinced of the first one's death and accepts the convincer as a second, finds she has one too many alive, and is finally relieved of the superfluous individual. One is fairly lost in wonder at the docility with which Mr. Whitson's coloring materials fall into place on the canvas under his master hand. Taking, for example, Barbara's trip from Colorado to California, the author stands Moqui Indians on the station platform at "The Needles, that queerly named town near the Colorado River"—whither they must have walked some 300 miles from their reservation to oblige the lady; and after the train has crossed the San Bernardino Mountains, he sends it "whizzing down the fair valley of the San Joaquin," which takes its sudden shift on the map all smiling, through the "thriving cities" lying between Orange and San Diego. Lest excitement should be lacking, a little later on he provides for her a funnel-shaped cloud, which, belching from its greenish mouth and rolling folds thunder, rain and a gale of wind chases her from the "barracudae grounds" just off Point Loma, right through the Bay and clear under the lee of Spreckels wharf, where it kicks up such a disturbance that she cannot safely land from a tug tied to the wharf until the fury of the waves has abated. Dwellers in San Diego, who see just this sort of thing every few days, will be delighted that so typical a scene has been immortalized in print. The artist who illustrates this thrilling battle with the tempest has caught the true spirit of this independent Woman of the West—two strands of whose hair are depicted as fluttering out, loosely yet with irresistible determination, right against the gale. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THE STORM-SWEPT
SHORES OF
SAN DIEGO.

Wirt Gerrare counts Siberia as not only the larger, but the better, fraction of Russia—freer, capable of greater development and ultimately to weigh more in world politics and commerce. Accordingly the larger portion of his *Greater Russia* is devoted to the country east of the Urals. The book is the result of the author's personal travel and observation, and contains much information of value. The

APPRAISING
THE BEAR'S HIDE
AND CLAWS.

index is nearly worthless—a pity, since a competent index would have made the book useful for reference purposes. The author's final conclusion—that the rest of the world which is, or would like to be, interested in the commerce of the Far East must arm unitedly, and be ready to discuss the question with Russia with hard gloves and to a finish—is as may be. Certainly that view of it is no longer exclusively English. It is upsetting to preconceived notions of Siberian travel to learn that one may ride without change from Moscow to Irkutsk—seven days' journey—in a train provided not only with the ordinary luxuries of the best American "Limiteds," but with such extras as a fully equipped dark room for photographers. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3 net.

SWERT

SIMPLICITY
MUCH OVERDONE.

Of three new text-books lately received from the American Book Co., Prof. Louis Bevier's *Brief Greek Syntax* and the high-school edition of C. C. Curtiss's *American Standard Bookkeeping* seem entirely competent and useful. But *Child Literature*, by Mae Henion Sims is a reversion to a type which I had supposed was extinct. "Literature" is a somewhat elastic word, but there is at least a doubt whether it may be stretched to cover such abstrusely scientific information as, for example, the little monograph on the cetaceans which follows:

Did you ever see a whale?
Whales live in the sea.
Men do not catch whales with hooks.
They must have strong spears and spear them.
One man alone cannot catch a whale. He must have others to help him.

If one may trust the evidence of the illustrations, the book is not a native product. The one accompanying the treatise quoted is peculiarly delightful for its study of sea-going costumes. It presents a bearded, ruddy and burly gentleman—possibly the Professor of Ichthyology responsible for the brochure—with billy-cock hat, overcoat, light trousers, patent-leather shoes, spats and an ivory-handled umbrella, and a rotund lad in blouse, knickers and cap, both absorbed in the contemplation of something presumably a whale, though its glistening is more like unto that to be expected from Captain Nemo's "Nautilus."

"THE PEOPLE
WITH THE
GREEN HEADS."

Julia Ellen Rogers must be credited with one of the most satisfactory of recent "nature books," in her *Among Green Trees*, whose sub-title, "A Guide to pleasant and profitable acquaintance with familiar trees" is accurately descriptive. The style is direct and agreeable, the information reliable and entertaining, the choice of topics discriminating, the illustration rarely attractive, and the manner of the publisher's work most admirable. The work is divided into four parts dealing respectively with the nature-study side, the physiological, the practical questions of cultivation, and the identification of varieties. The book limits its field to the northeastern United States and Canada. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. \$3.00 net.

THE MISSIONS
AND HOW TO
REACH THEM.

A useful illustrated handbook on *California Missions and Landmarks* has been prepared by Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes, Chairman of the California History and Landmarks Committee of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. To a brief historical sketch of each mission, it adds such practical details as are expected from a guidebook. A little more care would have saved Mrs. Forbes from some slips in matters of fact. For example, if there is an "auxiliary" to the Landmarks Club, the Landmarks Club does not know it; the scene of *Ramona* was laid at Camulos, not at Guajome (which, by the way, is consistently misspelled in the paragraph concerning it); "Pala" does not mean shovel—nor is the valley so shaped—but is a Luisiño word meaning water; and the roofs of San Juan Capistrano have been re-covered by the Landmarks Club with tiles, not with shingles. It is true enough that no one of these matters is of very great importance, but it is also true that between "pretty near" and "exactly" lies an immense gap. Out West Co., Los Angeles. 25c.

HOW
TAMMANY
WAS BEATEN.

The story of how William Travers Jerome became District Attorney of New York, as told by Alfred Hodder, in *A Fight for the City*, is a peculiarly inspiring one, and will be heartily relished by every American who believes that, in spite of appearances, voters do not after all prefer to be humbugged and soft-sawdered and generally politically bedevilled. Judge Jerome made his fight for election by telling unflinchingly the whole biting truth, and by telling it when, where and how it should

bite deepest. What a rumpus that kind of a canvass kicked up, not only among his party opponents but among his political associates, can easily be guessed by any adult person who has ever sniffed at the bubbling of the political stew. Mr. Hodder wisely draws freely upon Judge Jerome's campaign speeches, which appear to have been models of vigorous straight-hitting. Not many professed biographies succeed in drawing a clearer and more vital picture of their subject than does this book—which does not pose as a biography at all—of Mr. Jerome. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

In his *Trust Finance*, Edward Sherwood Meade, of the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, treats fully the methods by which those gigantic corporations which we have agreed to call "trusts" have been organized, and their stocks and bonds floated upon the market, as well as the probable future of these "securities" from the standpoint of the investor. Upon the latter point Dr. Meade selects the U. S. Steel Corporation as a subject for dissection, and his conclusions are not calculated to cheer the holders of stock in that concern or in others which have been formed and administered along similar lines. The author recommends national control of all corporations, full publicity, and regulations compelling them to lay aside the larger part of their profits until an adequate reserve has been established. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net; postage, 12 cents.

A WARNING
TO TRUSTFUL
INVESTORS.

It is with sorrow rather than anger that the author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* now tells how the *People of the Whirlpool*—otherwise, a colony of New York society folk—have invaded the delightful neighborhood of the "garden," have done their best to infect it with their own madness, and have succeeded in interfering with the peace of mind of those who retain old-fashioned ideals of home and duty and motherhood. Both sorrow and anger are tempered by a keenly humorous perception of the ridiculous side of the invasion—and the invaders—which might otherwise seem intolerable. The Commuter's Wife now has twin lads to run about the garden and they help to light up the pages of her experience-book. The two love-stories involved also work out as they should, and the book is thoroughly entertaining, as well as worth while on other counts. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE REAL
INWARDNESS
OF "THE SWIM."

Hamlet, in the series of "Pocket English and American Classics" is as handsome and convenient a little volume as its fellows. Fortunately, the "Notes" and "Outline Questions" are not compulsory. There are professors and editors outside of Nebraska who conceive that a great work of art is to be illuminated by such problems as, *Which of these men, Horatio or Marcellus, is likely to be most tempted to talk of the night's experiences?* and, *Does it seem that Polonius is making a stated remittance, or has Laertes sent home for the money?* The Nebraska Professor of Literature who edits this volume offers sixty pages (in fine print) of just such profound and vital questions as these. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents.

SIXTY
PAGES
TOO MUCH.

Olive Thorne Miller's *True Bird Stories* are valuable not only for the entertainment and instruction of young persons of all ages—their ostensible function—but as data for a sound Animal Psychology. They are drawn from notes made in her bird room and afield, and are evidently quite untwisted records of actual and affectionate observation. Each bird is to Mrs. Miller an individual, possessing its own distinct character and personality, and deserving not only study but personal friendship. The illustrations, by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, are delightful. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1 net.

The theory upon which *Athletics and Outdoor Sports for Women* has been prepared may be gathered from a single sentence in the introduction: "The 'event' for which women should train is a long and happy life of usefulness—with no 'nerves.'" This statement may be endorsed with entire safety, and the book is as good as the theory. It is edited by Lucille Eaton Hill, Director of Physical Training at Wellesley. Each of its fourteen chapters is prepared by a different specialist, and the illustrations are numerous and useful. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Volume IV of the magnificent series of "sources" on the history of the Philippine Islands covers the period from 1576 to 1582. The most important documents translated are the "Relations" (reports to the home government) of Governor Francisco de Sande, and accounts of expeditions to Borneo, Jolo and Mindanao. As has already been stated, this superb work will be completed in 55 volumes, orders are accepted only for the entire series, and the price is \$4 *net* per volume. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland.

The samples of Simeon Ford's after dinner speeches now published under the title of *A Few Remarks*, quite justify his reputation as a promoter of hilarity. Indeed they are even funnier than was necessary for their original purpose—since laughter bubbles easily from them that have just been sufficiently dined and wined. Mr. Ford has carefully avoided anything which might require his hearers to think, and thereby risk impairing their digestion. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1 *net*.

Mr. Zangwill announces *The Grey Wig* as containing his newest and oldest work. The 175 pages filled by "The Big Bow Mystery" may safely be skipped by any who don't care to see a clever man doing somersaults on a trash-heap. Even so, there are almost 400 pages left—which will be enough to satisfy most appetites. His fireworks are the real thing and coruscate brilliantly; but they do not illuminate. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Waterfowl Family is up to the standard of preceding volumes of the "American Sportsman's Library," which is to say that it fills its purpose admirably. The authors in this case are L. C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop and T. S. Van Dyke. It is announced that this series is to be extended to twenty volumes, instead of the ten originally planned. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2 *net*.

The fifth volume in the series treating the Historic Highways of America, by Archer Butler Hulbert, takes up *The Old Glade Road*—the highway from Philadelphia to Pittsburg over which relief reached Fort Pitt from its investment by Pontiac's savage forces, and which was a vital factor in the settlement and conquest of the trans-Allegheny empire. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland.

H. D. Hemenway, Director of the Hartford School of Horticulture, has prepared a manual entitled *How To Make School Gardens*. It is the result of years of practical experience, is intended for the use of both teachers and pupils, and contains suggestions that will be of value to other than school-gardeners. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1 *net*.

Ralph Henry Barbour tells, in *The Land Of Joy*, an entirely pleasant and genuine story of a couple of Harvard undergraduates, their friends and sweethearts. It is his first novel, though he has written good short stories of college life, and he scores a success with it. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Seven of the last stories to come from Bret Harte's pen are published under the title of the longest of them—*Trent's Trust*. Colonel Starbottle, Jack Hamlin and other old friends appear again, with many new ones, and play their parts as entertainingly as ever. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

To the "Little Novels by Favourite Authors" are added a sufficiently shivery ghost story—*Man Overboard*, by F. Marion Crawford—and a light tale of love and laughter—*Mr. Keegan's Elopement*, by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents each.

Wild Birds in City Parks is a descriptive list of 100 birds which have been observed in Lincoln Park, Chicago. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 25 cents.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY,

By one of those blunders which "somebody" will occasionally make, the titles under the likenesses on pages 101 and 103 of this number were transposed. The half-tone on p. 101 is intended to represent Frederick Haynes Newell, while that on p. 103 is meant for Charles D. Walcott, despite the title lines.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

THE NATION'S HAND IN THE DESERT.

THE first anniversary of the Executive approval of the National Irrigation Act occurred on the 17th of last month, and the same date—most significantly and appropriately—was the one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of that other great day in the upward progress of the American people, the Battle of Bunker Hill. Much has been accomplished in connection with the new policy during the first year of its existence. The Geological Survey, to which the work was committed by the Secretary of the Interior, has created a branch known as the United States Reclamation Service, and placed at its head one of the ablest and best trained young scientific men in the country, Mr. Frederick Haynes Newell. The forces have been organized and put into active operation throughout the West. Many projects have been considered, and a few of the most important and promising have been made the subject of careful preliminary surveys and estimates. Finally, five great undertakings have been definitely selected, and it seems likely that within a few months actual construction will have begun upon some or all of them. If so, the second anniversary of the Act will see millions invested in substantial works, while another year or two will reveal the dawn of a new and momentous era in our social history—the swarming of the people upon the soil conquered from the silence and sterility of the desert by the strong hand of the nation.

In entering upon this work we are treading what is, for us, an almost unbroken path. Under such circumstances, it was inevitable that differences of opinion should arise and that there should be misunderstanding, criticism, disappointment, even bitter complaint. From the earliest hour of its history, national irrigation has had one luminous object in view—to *reclaim the largest possible area of land and to settle it with the largest possible number of human beings.* This object has stood out, clear and distinct, like a mountain peak against the sky. But how to reach it!—that was a very different matter. Should we leave it to private enterprise?

ONLY THE
MOUNTAIN
PEAK CLEAR.

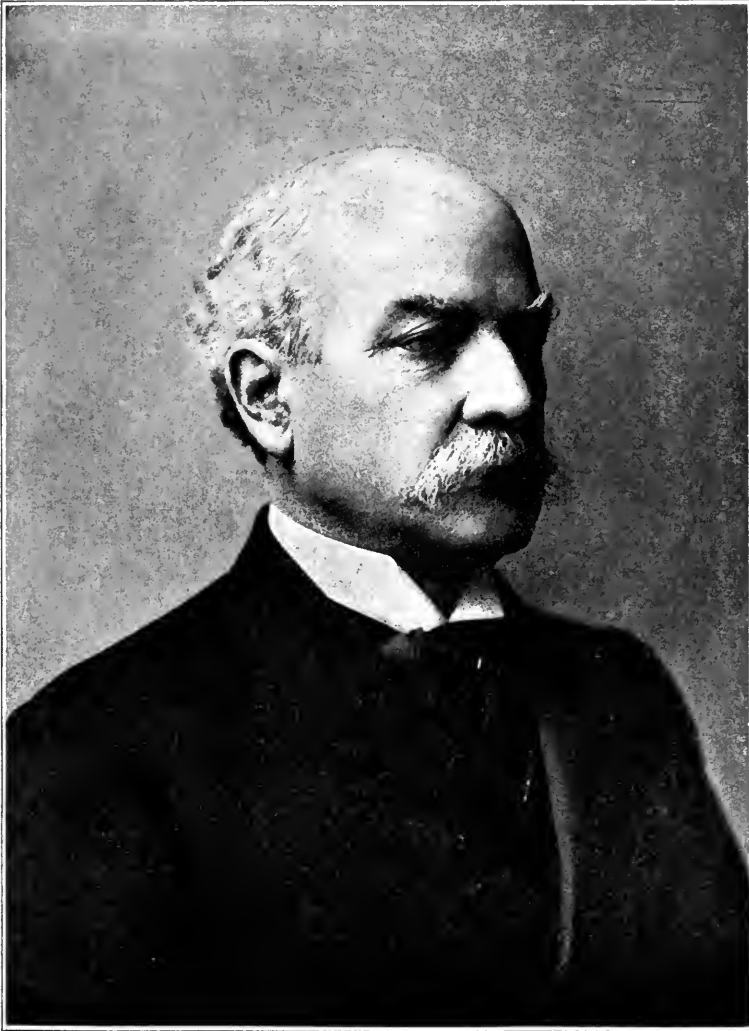
Should we give the lands to the States? Should the nation boldly assume the burden and take it upon its own broad shoulders? And, if the latter, by precisely what road should the mountain peak be approached? The future historian may find it interesting to follow the tortuous meanderings of public opinion on this subject and to chronicle the vicissitudes of the Irrigation Idea in its long and adventurous journey across the years. Congress, in its wisdom, recognized that the American people had decided, first, that the time had come when the desert must be reclaimed; and, second, that in order to make sure that it should be done promptly and thoroughly, they would do it themselves. And then Congress left to the Secretary of the Interior the onerous and delicate duty of arranging the details, granting him rather extraordinary powers for the purpose. Secretary Hitchcock, and his principal assistants, Director Walcott and Chief Newell, assumed the responsibility without flinching. They proceeded to select what they regarded as the best opportunities for initial projects under the new policy and to make rules and regulations to govern the use of water and the settlement of lands. And thereby hangs not simply a tale, but a howl of rage and disappointment.

A QUESTION
BIG WITH

FATE.

The matter involves many minor details, but there is one point at issue which is really big and generic, the decision of which must be followed by far-reaching and epoch-making consequences. The question is this: Can the Government build works where the land susceptible of irrigation is largely, *or even exclusively*, in private ownership? Or do the letter and spirit of the Act require that only lands in public ownership shall be reclaimed, save when the watering of private lands may be an unavoidable incident of the work? The particular instance which has given rise to controversy on this subject is the construction of the Tonto reservoir in Arizona,* but it is doubtless a question which must be met all over the arid region. It should be met frankly and squarely, and while we are still at the threshold of the new policy. It would be both cowardly and foolish to dodge such an issue.

* The opponents of the Tonto proposition assert that absolutely no public land will be irrigable therefrom, but the Government claims that forty to fifty per cent. of the land which may be watered by storage and pumping (it is estimated that the works will provide 20,000 horse-power and a complete plant for electrical transmission to points of use) will be public land. The opponents assert that the Pima Indians will be left to suffer for water, of which they were long since unjustly deprived by white settlers, in consequence of the construction of the Tonto reservoir, instead of the San Carlos. The Government claims that the Pimas cannot be taken care of under the National Irrigation Act, which makes no provision for furnishing water except to those who can reimburse the Reclamation Fund, but says the lands of the Pimas may be irrigated as conveniently by power from the Tonto dam as from any other source. It is anticipated that early legislation will provide for this. In the meantime, five test wells are being sunk on the reservation.



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, Secretary of the Interior.

It is perfectly true, of course, that the paramount object of national irrigation is to make habitable and cultivable the fertile portions of the public domain. And this must necessarily be its chief usefulness, since the larger part of the land in the arid region is public property. But, in my opinion, it by no means follows that millions of acres of land in private ownership may not justly and legally receive the benefit of water developed by means of the national system. In fact, it is plain to my mind that it would be both unjust and illegal to fail to make provision for large amounts of land which are privately owned and which otherwise may never be made

THE POLICY
BOTH JUST
AND LEGAL.

useful to human beings and never pay reasonable tribute to State or nation in the form of taxes. Now, let us see why this is so.

A COMMON
EXAMPLE
SHOWING WHY.

With few exceptions, the streams on which it is proposed to store water and develop power have long been used for irrigation. Their entire flow at low-water stage is diverted each year into canals already in operation, while an amount of water much in excess of their low-water flow has been claimed and appropriated in accordance with local laws and customs. As a practical question, it is found utterly impossible to store the flood waters of such streams without interfering with vested rights, unless it be frankly conceded at the outset that private lands dependent on this source of supply shall satisfy their reasonable needs from the new works, paying the Government therefor in just the same manner that the settlers on public lands are required to do. As a rule, there are three classes of lands within reach of every stream in the arid region, *viz.*: first, those owned by earliest appropriators, which have an abundance of water; second, those owned by later appropriators, which have sufficient water for a short time each season and a claim for more water when it happens to be in the stream; third, those which have no water at all, and cannot have until the full storage and pumping possibilities of the stream and locality shall be realized by means of national irrigation. Taking the arid region as a whole, the third class of land is much the largest, and it was for the benefit of this class that the movement was undertaken primarily. But if the Government should shut its eyes to the claims of the second class it would do a grave injustice and have endless litigation on its hands. This would inevitably follow, since the water which the Government proposes to store or to pump is absolutely the only water which can ever be made available for the use of these lands now in private ownership, but receiving only partial and very unsatisfactory irrigation. That is one aspect of the case, and the commonest aspect. But take another where the issue is more sharply defined.

JUSTICE
TO THE
PIONEERS.

There are streams where every drop of water which can possibly be stored will be required to irrigate lands now in private ownership. These lands were mostly taken up by those who sought to make homes in good faith on the public domain. They settled under laws deliberately enacted by Congress. If those laws proved to be an invitation to disaster, it is certainly not the fault of the homeseekers. They depended for water upon speculative corporations chartered under the law and vested with sweeping franchises and rights in the most precious element of natural wealth. These speculative corporations frequently oversold their supply and more frequently went bankrupt before they had finished their works. Again, the homeseekers were not responsible for the situation in which they found themselves. Indeed, it very often happened that they had paid for their water rights in advance, thus furnishing the speculators with the capital on which to speculate



CHARLES D. WALCOTT, Director of the Geological Survey.

and exploit the unfortunate settlers. Now, then, to insist that the Government shall appropriate the only water that can ever be brought to these private lands, and take that water away to public lands where nobody lives, would be so palpably unjust that the proposition could not possibly find an advocate or defender among those who know the facts. It therefore becomes necessary not only to irrigate lands of which a part are in private ownership, but it will sometimes be necessary to irrigate lands of which *all* are in private ownership. Not to do so would be an act of injustice, of inhumanity. It would put the Government in the untenable position of punishing one class of its citizens in order that another class may be benefited. With one hand it would hold out the hope of independence to prospective settlers who have not yet left their eastern or foreign homes, while with the other hand it would deprive some of our best and bravest pioneers of their only chance to win the independence they have fought for. It is unthinkable!

“IT IS SO NOMIN-
ATED IN THE
BOND.”

Confronted with these stern and stubborn facts, the critics of the Interior Department say: “We will admit that the law ought to be as you say, but the fact is that it is not so—the fact is, you would never have dared to ask for the law on these grounds, and would never have got it if you had.” Let us see about that.

For the first six years of its history, the national irrigation movement was purely academic. It was doing an educational service of incalculable value, but it proposed no specific policy beyond scientific investigation of the great problem. The plan of ceding the lands to the States was, indeed, favored by the first Irrigation Congress, but abandoned by the second, which solemnly declared: “The problem is national in its essence.” And that was ten years ago. The famous report of Capt. Chittenden gave the first definite direction to the movement. This advocated national construction of reservoirs, and made no attempt to deal with the respective claims of private and public lands. Upon this report the National Irrigation Association predicated its aggressive campaign, and adopted the first definite declaration as to the specific policy demanded by the friends of the cause. That declaration contained the following:

That the National Government, as a part of its policy of internal improvements, shall build the great reservoirs necessary to save for beneficial use the flood waters that now run to waste in the arid region, and shall preserve the forests and reforest denuded areas as sources of water supply.

Does any one mean to say that under this declaration the Interior Department could not do what it is now proposing to do? But it was the President of the United States who is chiefly responsible for the liberal interpretation of national irrigation which is now to be applied. In his first message to Congress Mr. Roosevelt said:

“Great storage works are necessary to equalize the flow of streams and to save the flood waters. Their construction has been conclusively shown to be an undertaking too vast for private effort. Nor can it best be accomplished by the individual States acting alone. Far-reaching interstate problems are involved; and the resources of single States would often be inadequate. It is properly a national function, at least in some of its features. *It is as right for the National Government to make the streams and rivers of the arid region useful by engineering works for water storage as to make useful the rivers and harbors of the humid region by engineering works of another kind. The storing of the floods in reservoirs at the headwaters of our rivers is but an enlargement of our present policy of river control, under which levees are built on the lower reaches of the same streams.*”

When has the question ever been asked, in connection with river and harbor improvement or the building of levees, “Is private property to be benefited by this expenditure?” On the other hand, is it not always private property which is benefited by such works? True, the entire country is benefited incidentally, and this will be most emphatically true of national irrigation, but direct benefits are conferred upon individuals and communities in the immediate neighborhood. Nobody complains and nobody has a right to complain. It is the business of this nation to “provide for the common defense,” and to “promote the general welfare,” according to the language of the Constitution. So we have done on the Coast of the Atlantic; so we have done, and must do yet more, along the banks of the Miss-



FREDRICK HAYNES NEWELL, Chief of the U. S. Reclamation Service.

issippi; and so, thank God, we are about to do among the mountains and valleys of the arid West. Does anybody say that this is an after-thought—that it was neither considered nor intended when the National Irrigation Act was framed, debated, passed and approved? Then let him refer to the language of the Act.

Section 4, defining the duties of the Secretary of the Interior, says he shall determine and give public notice "of the charges which shall be made per acre upon the said entries (of public land) and upon *lands in private ownership* which may be irrigated by the waters of the said irrigation project." Section 5, says, "No right to the use of water on *land in private ownership* shall be sold for a tract exceeding 160 acres, to any one landowner," etc. This goes to the heart of the matter—to the very center of the mountain peak of truth at which national irrigation has aimed from the beginning—the proposition that the land shall be divided among the largest possible number of homemakers. The distinction between public and private ownership is, after all, imaginary rather than real. The land which is public today will

be private tomorrow ; the land which is private today was public yesterday. The Government has had no purpose except to give its citizens a chance to make homes, to enjoy the fruits thereof, and to pass them on to their children. This purpose is subserved when the water is so used as to enable the land to sustain a multitude of proprietors. It makes little difference whether the title to the land passed before or after the adoption of the new policy. All this was known and appreciated when the bill was under discussion and it was for this precise reason that the provisions which have been quoted were embodied in the law.

BECAUSE IT IS
EVERLASTINGLY
RIGHT.

But if there were absolutely no warrant, either in law or in precedent, for what the Secretary of the Interior has determined to do in Arizona, I, for one, would sustain him at any and every cost, if I fought alone. Why? Because I believe that, upon the broadest and highest ethical grounds, he is everlastingly right. I believe if he should now be driven by public clamor from the position he has deliberately assumed, on the ground that the resources of this nation may not be used to protect, to benefit and even to save the people of this nation, it would bring to ashes the brightest hopes of humanity and "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." The world is trembling with the travail which precedes the birth of institutions. All thoughtful men and women know that this is so. The Governor of Iowa recently remarked to a class of college graduates :

"We are entering the domain of altruism. I do not want these young men and women to be satisfied with the individual good to all men which results from the efforts of each for personal well being. The time is at hand when men must conscientiously and intentionally aim at the uplifting of others. No diviner maxim ever emanated from the golden throne than "I am my brother's keeper," and it is becoming, and must more and more become, a maxim of society and government as well as of individual life. *We are witnessing an awakening, the like of which man never before saw.*"

Yes, and it happens that God, in His infinite providence, is using the necessities of our far Western land as a means of answering the demands of this "awakening." The nation reaches its hand into the desert, and, lo! private monopoly in water and in land is scourged like the money-changers from the temple! The nation reaches its hand into the desert, and the wasting floods are tamed, the streams are harnessed, and the stricken forests are made to spring into life again upon the mountain sides! The nation reaches its hand into the desert, and the barred doors of a sleeping empire are thrown wide open to the eager and the willing! That which lay beyond the reach of individuals is to be grasped by the hand of Associated Man.

Thus far have we gone by the passage of the National Irrigation Act and the interpretation which the Secretary of the Interior has given to it. And not one inch of the ground which has been gained shall be surrendered—not one single inch!

WM. E. SMYTHE



President—WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.
Vice-President—D. T. FOWLER.
Secretary-Treasurer—CHARLES AMADON MOODY.
Assistant Secretary—CHARLES SUMNER KING.
Organizers—CAROLINE RICKEY OLNEY, HARRIET H. BARRY.

THE NEW PLANS UNDER WAY.

THE new plans outlined in this department last month were publicly inaugurated with a meeting at the Woman's Club House, corner of Tenth and Figueroa streets, Los Angeles, on the evening of June 15th. Mr. A. H. Naftzger presided and delivered a brief address in which he described what the League had accomplished during the past year and a half, and referred to the new methods which will be adopted with the hope of largely increasing its usefulness in the future. One of the most gratifying features of the meeting was the genuine enthusiasm manifested by the audience, a number taking part in the speaking. Each spoke briefly and to the point, and several made very valuable suggestions. It was evident that the new plan of membership and of work commends itself to the judgment of those who are most familiar with public movements of the sort.

The principal address was delivered by Mr. William E. Smythe, President of the League.

"We have appropriated the beautiful and significant word, Constructive," said the speaker. "It is not a new word in the dictionary sense, but is rather new in its application to economics. So far as I know, it has never been used before in the title of any organization or to describe the general character of any particular policy or cause. It has, therefore, the virtue of originality and freedom from entanglement with any other idea now before the public. In its essence, the word is affirmative. It is formative—creative. It breathes progress. It means building—building institutions and building the State—not the State in the narrow sense of California, but in the wide sense of our whole body politic. Whatever makes for the development of our people and our country is constructive. The laying of a sidewalk is an act of constructive progress, and so also may be the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

"I emphasize the word which we are bringing to the front because I believe it embodies, perhaps better than any other word in our language, the need of the country and, particularly, of California. We ought to be, and unless we are to go backward, we must be, a constructive people. And we must apply the spirit of construction not only to material things, but to the social and political organization which is so closely related to our material development—which is, indeed, the brain and heart and soul of it."

The proposition to bring the women into the movement on the basis of absolute equality with men was most favorably received. In explanation of this, Mr. Smythe spoke as follows:

"We aim to bring into this constructive movement the thoughtful men and women of California and, ultimately, of the United States. Some people will ask, why the women? And the answer is, because the point has been reached, in the evolution of civilization, when public opinion is shaped as much by women as by men; when the educational work of the world is done rather more by women than by men; and when no popular movement may hope to succeed unless it be approved by that intuitive sense of justice with which God has peculiarly endowed womankind. If the women of California really desire that the Constructive League shall become a living, a breathing and an expanding power in the life of this State, then it must surely become such. For woman votes everywhere, save at the ballot-box, and her influence votes even there. The fact that she is, for the present, denied the ballot is only another reason why she should be given full suffrage, with all that it implies, in a popular movement like that which we have undertaken."

Next to the participation of the women, no feature of the new plans has received such hearty approval as the proposition to have the local branches of the League become active in local constructive work. The speaker referred to this matter as follows:

"The unit of our organization is the local club. We desire that each local club shall occupy a sphere of its own in which it shall be supreme, yet that it shall affiliate with the broader State and national movements, cooperating in their work of propaganda and in carrying out particular things in which they may be engaged. But let us look for a moment at the all-important local club.

"There is no community so small or so large that it has not constructive work of its own that must be done to keep it moving along the line of progress. It may be the improvement of streets and parks. It may be the revision and amendment of the local charter. It may be the utilization of public property, now idle and unproductive. For instance, in the city where I live we have thousands of acres of land belonging to the municipality which might be made a productive asset of high value, but which are now utterly idle and useless.

"We want the local constructive club to take the lead in doing everything which will add to the beauty or prosperity of the community in which it exists. In most of our larger cities there are various organizations for this purpose. Where this is the case, our local clubs seek to affiliate with other organizations, which are asked to name representatives to serve on our managing committee. Thus all the forces working for improvement are unified, while each organization retains its individuality. But in a large majority of western communities there are no such organizations. Where this is the case, the local constructive club aims to cover the entire field and to take the lead in bringing about improvements.

"The local clubs are federated in the Constructive League, which is governed by the usual officers and executive committee. It also has a Council composed of representative men and women who bring this organization into the closest relations with public-spirited people throughout the country. The local clubs enjoy absolute independence in dealing with local questions, while the attitude of the League on the larger issues that affect the entire membership is determined by means of initiative and referendum."

The speaker then suggested three large lines of work, in addition to that which may be done by each club in its local field. These three subjects each represent a different method of work which the League may wisely adopt.

First, popular education concerning the interesting political institutions of New Zealand. It is not expected that these questions will be live issues in the immediate future. "But nothing could be clearer," said the speaker, "than that the day will surely come when we must adopt some such policies in order to

give men easy access to the soil and so develop our resources to the best advantage. It is time to enter upon a great work of education, and prepare our people for what is to be done by the statesmanship of the future."

Second, the perfection and extension of coöperative organization among producers. This work can be done without obtaining new legislation. The Irish Agricultural Organization Society has done it for Ireland very successfully.* It must be with us, as it has been with Horace Plunkett and his associates, a labor of years. But no single thing which the Constructive League can possibly do will more powerfully assist in raising the standard of living for our people.

Third, the formulation, advocacy and enactment of a new irrigation law for California. This is the nearest and most urgent duty of the League. We fought the Works Bill last winter, and expect to be called upon to do so again. As was said at the time, "we are unwilling that anyone should build a shanty where we are proposing to erect a palace." The time has come to begin work on the palace. An irrigation bill will be drawn in line with the principles of the League. It will be carefully perfected with the aid of those who do the real work of irrigation—who turn the stream from its channel and dig their living from the soil. This done, the measure must be expounded and made plain to the people. Then a legislature must be chosen which will make the measure a law. This may only be done by realizing one of the fundamental objects of the League—"to vitalize our politics and compel political parties to deal with living questions of constructive character."

The inaugural meeting of the reorganized movement was a complete success, and there is no doubt whatever that the League will go forward with increasing prosperity and usefulness. Thanks to the generous reports of the newspapers, the audience included nearly all the people of Southern California; and, thanks to the Associated Press, the audience extended throughout the State.

No doubt was felt, in advance of the meeting, that the new plan of including women in the membership would prove popular, nor that the proposition to frame and urge a substitute for the Works Bill would arouse wide public interest. The gratifying surprise of the meeting was the fact that such deep interest was manifested in the plan of making the League useful in connection with local improvements. Among the highly interesting suggestions which came forth spontaneously from the meeting were the following: that the League should take a foremost part in carrying through to completion the project for the re-


*See *OUT WEST* for June, page 770.

construction of "El Camino Real" (the King's Highway or old Mission Road) from San Francisco to San Diego, and that for this purpose local clubs shall be formed to coöperate in bringing each county and each community into a plan of coöperative action; that the League shall assist in popularizing and realizing the plans of the Los Angeles Highway Commission for the construction of four roads in that county, with the city in the center, and the highways in the shape of a cross, granite mile-stones to mark each ten blocks, which will be numbered as is done on the thoroughfares of the city; that the League serve as the ever-ready machinery to enable the public to circulate petitions in connection with the use of the initiative, referendum and recall provided by the new charter of Los Angeles. There were other suggestions, but these will serve to show what a rich field of local usefulness the club membership may well cultivate under the new plan.

The work of the organizers has begun, and is proceeding vigorously. What is wanted now is members, and plenty of them. Early in the autumn local clubs will enter upon a definite program of important work, and complete federation, not only of the various branches of the League, but of kindred movements, will be affected. It is expected that the new constitution and complete list of new officers will be announced in August OUT WEST.

COÖPERATIVE COLONY-BUILDERS.

A STRUGGLE FOR HOMES AND INDEPENDENCE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.*

 NE is often asked to name the best place in the United States for the establishment of a colony, and one is always compelled to reply that no place is best in all respects and that each enjoys some peculiar advantage. But wide acquaintance with the arid region justifies the statement that, all things considered, no locality is superior to the Western Slope of Colorado.

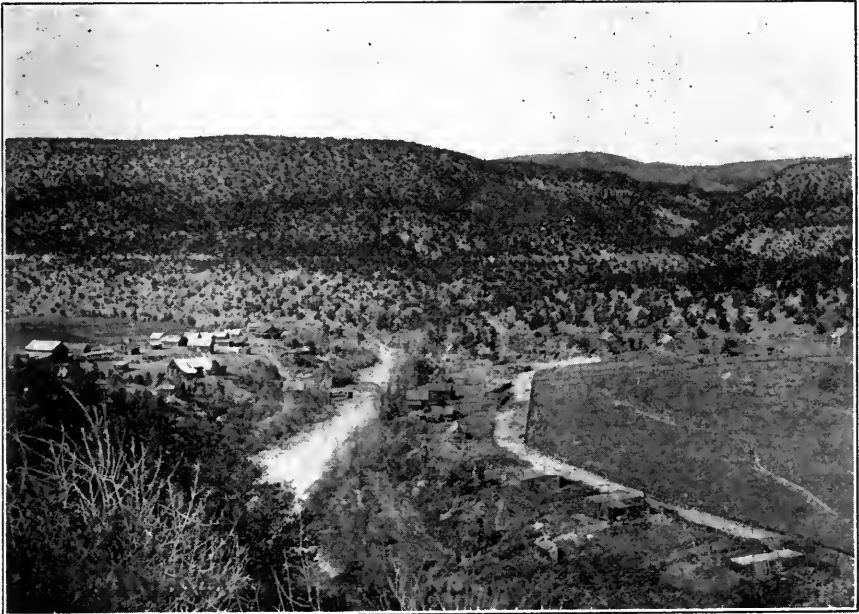
To begin with, it enjoys the inestimable blessing of abundant water supply. If you glance casually at a map you will get the impression that the locality consists exclusively of mountains. The mountains are there, indeed, and it is these which make the wealth of the country. They furnish the large and perennial streams, make the character of the climate, and supply large and growing home markets in the shape of mining camps. They also place a severe limitation upon the amount of land which may be cultivated, and thus have a certain economic value in protecting the products of the neighborhood against disastrous competition. And this is "protection" more effective and enduring than any tariff system that can possibly be devised.

In the midst of these multitudinous mountains, there are many rich valleys of most fertile soil which has been eroded

* This article is based on data supplied by Mr. F. B. Logan, Secretary of the Colorado Coöperative Company. The work it describes has been under my observation for some years, and, now that the success of the undertaking appears to be well assured, it may be presented to our readers for just what we believe it to be—an earnest attempt of earnest men to make homes for themselves in the wilderness.—W. E. S.

from the mountain-sides and deposited by the streams in the course of centuries. While the soil is well suited to general farming, it is peculiarly adapted to the growth of fruits. Western Colorado is famous for its peaches and apples, which find a ready market in the mining centers close at hand and in the large cities, such as Denver and Pueblo. Vegetables and small fruits grown here are also of rare quality, and these, too, are quickly absorbed by the miners in the higher mountains, where practically nothing is produced from the soil. Alfalfa-raising and dairying are extremely profitable. In fact, it is an all-round farming country, but of a rather gilt-edged variety.

These beautiful valleys have a climate distinctly their own,



PIÑON, THE TEMPORARY SETTLEMENT.

gained from altitude, from the warm winds which make their way from the vast southwestern deserts through the cañons of the Colorado, and from the protection which they enjoy from the mountains on every hand. The scenery is indescribably grand. It presents not merely pictures, but pictures that are painted and tinted and wrought into fantastic shapes. To the ever-changing aspect which the mountains, buttes and *mesas* gain from light and shadow, from sun and cloud, new and strange beauties are added by the reds, pinks, yellows and grays of soil and rock. The dry, tonic air, the warm, friendly soil, the wild majesty of nature, the newness and virginity of it all—these are conditions to inspire men to their best efforts and make them think of lofty ideals. I have never looked upon one of these valleys of the Western Slope without saying to myself: "Here is a place worth fighting for, and some day men *will* fight for it." That day has come, and thereby hangs a tale.

AFTER THE WRECK OF TOPOLOBAMPO.

One of the greatest colony failures of modern times was the socialistic experiment at Topolobampo, Mexico. But this did not utterly discourage some of the participants, for they had no sooner escaped from that ill-fated venture than they plunged headlong into another bold attempt to improve the conditions of life for average people. And in this, history was merely repeating itself in a curious way. The most successful colony in Colorado was founded by men who were nearly ruined by the socialistic colonies of Phalanx times, during the Forties. This was Greeley, the mother of settlements on the Eastern Slope of Colorado.



SAWMILL AMONG THE PINES.

Immediately after the failure of Topolobampo, many of the disappointed colonists gathered at Denver. There, in 1894, they formed the Colorado Coöperative Company, the principal object of which was to reclaim a portion of the public domain by irrigation and establish independent homes for its stockholders. After examination of various localities, they selected a district known as Tabeguache Park, in the Western part of Montrose county, near the Utah boundary. The amount of capital named in the articles of incorporation was \$100,000, which was later increased by \$50,000.

But the capital was entirely on paper. The incorporators had scarcely money enough to reach the colony. Their resources consisted exclusively of ambition, the ability to labor and the opportunity offered by access to the public domain. The financial plan was to sell shares at \$100 each to a thousand or more

individuals. It was contemplated that some of the stockholders would go to the colony and engage in the work of improvements, chiefly that of canal-building, while others would remain at their trades and professions in various parts of the country and contribute their share to the capital by monthly installments. This plan had worked successfully in other colonies, notably at Anaheim, where German settlers from San Francisco inaugurated the modern settlement of Southern California half a century ago. A most important provision of the Colorado plan was the limitation of the amount of stock which an individual could buy to a single share. This preserved the democratic basis of the organization—"one man, one vote."

The plan was simple enough and workable enough—if a suffi-



ROCK-CUT ON LINE OF CANAL.

cient number of earnest and persistent souls could be brought together and held to the task. It proposed honest coöperation of men and money in providing irrigation facilities and laying the foundation of a settlement. This done, each stockholder would be in a position to obtain a homestead on public land and to get water at cost.

ON THE ROCKS OF DISCORD

With the aid of some advertising in the Denver papers, the nucleus of the colony was quickly formed. It is worth while to note that here, as in the case of Greeley, the more advanced ideas of social reform which some of the members had practically tested in former experiences were abandoned, or greatly modified. Nevertheless, the principle of coöperation was not limited to the construction and ownership of irrigation works. Stockholders enjoyed other privileges by virtue of their member-



TRESTLE ACROSS THE CAÑON.

ship, such as the right to purchase goods at the company's store at actual cost and to claim employment of the company, provided the applicant was available for such work as needed to be done. Members were also entitled to a monthly coupon book to pay for the necessary food supplies while working for the company.

A temporary settlement was made and named Piñon, after the nut-pines of the neighborhood. This is about five miles below the point where water is diverted from San Miguel River, the source of supply for irrigation. During 1896, the membership increased rapidly, reaching a total of about four hundred. And then trouble came.

Three-fourths of the members had never seen the site selected for the colony. Many of them were not within the State. A considerable proportion lived in and around Denver, which was the headquarters of the company. The result was the growth of two factions which came to be known, respectively, as "the Denver faction" and "the Pioneers." The latter was composed of those on the ground and doing the actual work of development. They were in a position to know the exact nature of the problem with which they were dealing, while the power to govern the enterprise rested with the Denver members. The result was discord, discouragement and a narrow escape from complete disruption. Had the colony failed then, it would have added another to the long list of disappointments in coöperative enterprise, and furnished Spencerian thinkers with an additional argument to justify their belief in individualism and "the survival of the fittest."

But the colony did not fail at this critical juncture. Among the pioneers of Piñon there were some with red blood in their veins. They were unwilling to abandon their fight for homes, and, as they rightfully felt, their fight for humanity. Some of the weak-kneed dropped out. Absentees who had been paying for stock by installments also left the company to its fate. But the "stayers"—well, they simply stayed! Some of them went out to work and sent back their earnings to sustain their families. Others managed to purchase a small sawmill, which they set up at Piñon, and proceeded to make useful and profitable in the manufacture of lumber, lath and shingles. By these heroic measures they were able to keep the work on the all-important irrigation ditch going, and this in spite of the fact that they were working largely in rock formation, which was expensive. Nevertheless, they persevered, and kept the enterprise and the

community alive until confidence and numbers began to return. Finally, they had the power to remove the headquarters from Denver to Piñon, and to elect a new Board of Directors and a business manager of strength and ability. Since then the work has proceeded prosperously, and it is now felt that the hard corner has been turned--that success is absolutely sure.

THE COLONY OF TODAY.

Since the formation of the colony nine years ago, 998 shares of stock have been issued, three-fourths of which are now held by members on the ground. The present membership is 302; the number of stockholders present in the colony, 82. The total population of the settlement is 232, of whom 72 are men, 57 women and 103 children. At Piñon, at the sawmill and the



GROUP OF SETTLERS AT SAWMILL.

ditch-building camps, 78 buildings are used as residences, including 6 boarding-houses. There is a large building in the center of the village known as Association Hall. This was built by subscription, and is free to the public for religious or political purposes, as well as for dancing, school and dramatic entertainments. The buildings, invariably of lumber, are of somewhat temporary character, but within most of the homes there is evidence of taste and culture, and doubtless when the settlers build permanent houses they will be substantial and attractive.

The industries of the community are embraced in five departments—the sawmill, the freighting, the store, the dairy and the garden. Each department has a supervisor, who makes monthly reports to the Board of Directors. Particular pride is felt in

the colony school, which is maintained at a high standard and has a large attendance.

The colonists have been assembled from many parts of the world. Nearly every State in the Union, as well as several European countries, are represented. The utmost tolerance prevails as to religious and political matters. No one will be surprised, however, to learn that Socialism is the predominant political creed of these brave Soldiers of Coöperation. In view of this fact, it is the more creditable to them that in their present work they have gone no further in the way of radical measures than they had reason to believe they could go successfully. Thus it has become necessary to depart from the original plan which permitted no single member to own more than one share of stock. In order to pull through their difficulties it was necessary to accept assistance where it could be found. Nevertheless, the control still rests with the people, who discuss their affairs in town meeting and choose their directors annually.

It is expected that water will be delivered upon the fertile lands of Tabeguache Park in the spring of 1904. Then people and buildings will leave Piñon and move into the Promised Land.

Here is a beautiful valley of 30,000 acres, favored with the best climate and surrounded with the noblest scenery. Irrigation, industry and a high ideal of human brotherhood ought to make it, in years to come, not merely a garden spot, but one of the famous and historic places in the West. For in the dark days of 1896, when the undertaking was very nearly upon the shoals of disaster, men and women suffered real hardships and manifested genuine heroism in order that this new outpost on the frontiers of civilization—and of the higher civilization for which Coöperation stands—should not perish from the earth.

It is possible that the struggle for the reclamation of Tabeguache Park is the very last instance of the kind we shall see in the arid region, though it is far from the first. The new policy of national irrigation means that hereafter the plethoric public purse shall be drawn upon to make the public domain habitable, so that American citizens may enter into their heritage without these toils and sacrifices. The glorious work is already begun, though it will be years yet before the results may be harvested by those who need homes. In the meantime, the man who wants to take up land at once will surely do well to make the acquaintance of the coöperative colony-builders at Piñon, Colorado.

The views presented in illustration of this article were taken a year ago. Since then, the large trestle has been completed and much other costly ditch work accomplished.



CALIFORNIA SUMMER RESORTS.

By A. J. WELLS.

WHEN President Roosevelt called California "the land beyond the West," he indicated its relations to other lands. There is no standard of comparison. It is a land by itself, with almost nothing of the usual about it. Its landscapes are as exceptional as its productions; its climate as unique as its topography; its resting places as romantic as its history. Is any other land as full of scenic wonders? Is any other as rich in beauty? Does any other offer alike a refuge from winter cold and summer heat? Yet this land of the orange has vast regions where the summer temperature is the most perfect in the world. The mountain valleys; the giant forests of the Sierra slopes; the region of the glacial lakes; the redwoods of the Coast Range; the lower terraces near the sea, and the seaside cities from Santa Cruz to San Diego have an almost ideal summer climate; no heat, no dust, no sultry nights, no insect



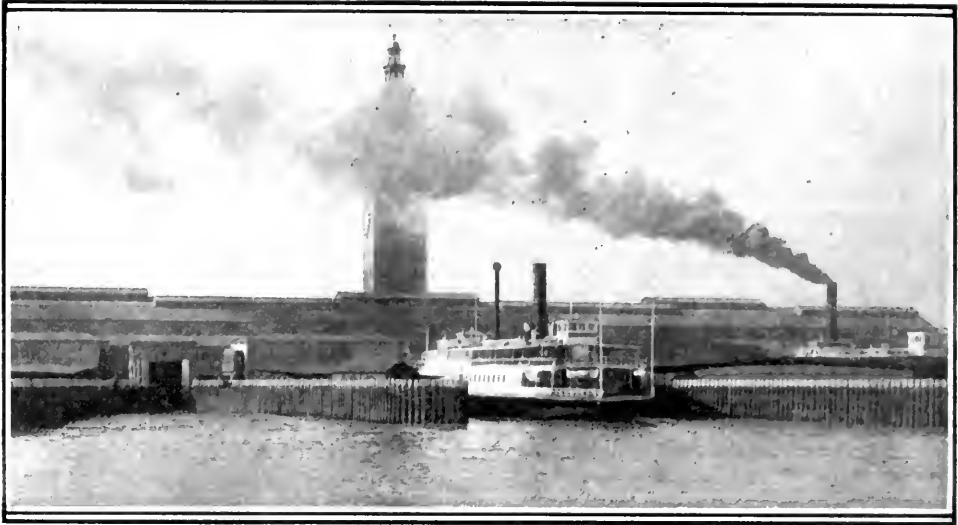
MT. SHASTA.

pests, no storms, no clouds, no sudden changes, but tonic, balsamic, delightful air for months together.

Begin with the Shasta country. Here at the foot of this

"Burned out crater, healed with snow,"

at an elevation which disturbs no one's breathing, the air is full of life, and what charm of cañon and river, of forest and snowy mountain. I have watched out of sunshine on a July afternoon a vagrant cloud on Shasta's summit distilling rain on the lower slopes, and scattering snow above. I have crossed wild mountain-meadows in the neighborhood, lush with grass and starred with flowers, and have found, almost warm, the couch of the deer, which my footsteps startled; from beside Castle Lake, lying placid among the hills 7,000 feet above the sea, I have seen the sunset glow on Shasta, or from the banks of the McCloud, twenty-five miles away, have dropped the fishing-rod to watch the morning spread upon the mountains, the passing pageant more attractive than the trout. If one cares for fine scenery, it is all about him, with breadth and distance and atmosphere unexcelled. The whole upper cañon of the Sacramento is full of springs; trout abound, shade is abundant, and in camp or hotel or cottage, summer days are full of comfort.



THE FERRY STATION, SAN FRANCISCO.

Coming lower down among the broken hills of the Coast Range in Sonoma County, we are in the volcanic belt, a wonderland of chemical forces and combinations called the Geysers. The altitude here is only about 1,700 feet, but the nearer presence of the ocean, while not evidenced by either winds or fogs, is felt in the tempered air. The Geysers are not a show place, to be visited as one would a museum or look over the Petrified Forest, not far away. "Geyser Cañon" is indeed a star actor in the Plutonian play, and the stage accompaniments are suggestive and startling. But all these impressive phenomena are set in the midst of picturesque and charming scenery, and the medicinal springs are wonderful enough to make the fortune of a principality in Europe, if located there.

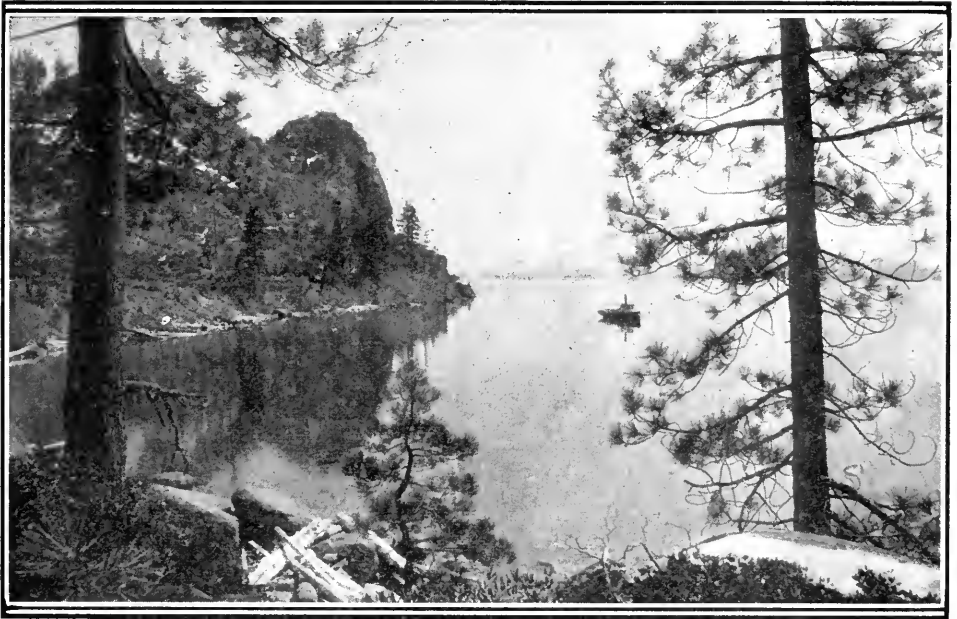


LAKE TAHOE.

Going still further toward the Coast, we have the pleasant town of Cloverdale, with Glen Mineral Springs, and the romantic Russian River ; near Ukiah are the well-known Vichy Springs and, accessible by stage, the Witter Springs, while Willits occupies a pleasant little valley on the edge of the great redwood forest of Mendocino County. Eel River is not far away, and an attractive hotel makes the little railroad town a good place for rest or recreation. It is on the line of the California Northwestern.

Passing Lake County, full of springs and dells, and bathed everywhere in a delicious atmosphere, we cross over the Sacramento Valley and go into the foothills of the Sierras. Here is Auburn, a beautiful town, with a dry and pure air, and attractions which will make it a city some day, with orchard lawns and orange groves for its environs.

Dutch Flat, further up, and Towles and Blue Cañon, have the air of the



RUBICON POINT, TAHOE.

pinés and the mountain, the romance of the olden time lingering in every gulch, and with the beauty of the Alps and Appenines surrounding them.

Below the line of the Overland lie the glacial lakes, Independence, Donner and Weber. They are famous for their beauty and their trout, and many sportsmen go there year by year, never wearying of the attraction of the pine forest, the sapphire lake and the fish that respond to the deceitful lure. Wonderfully restful are such regions of the Sierras, and lungs never inhaled a sweeter air.

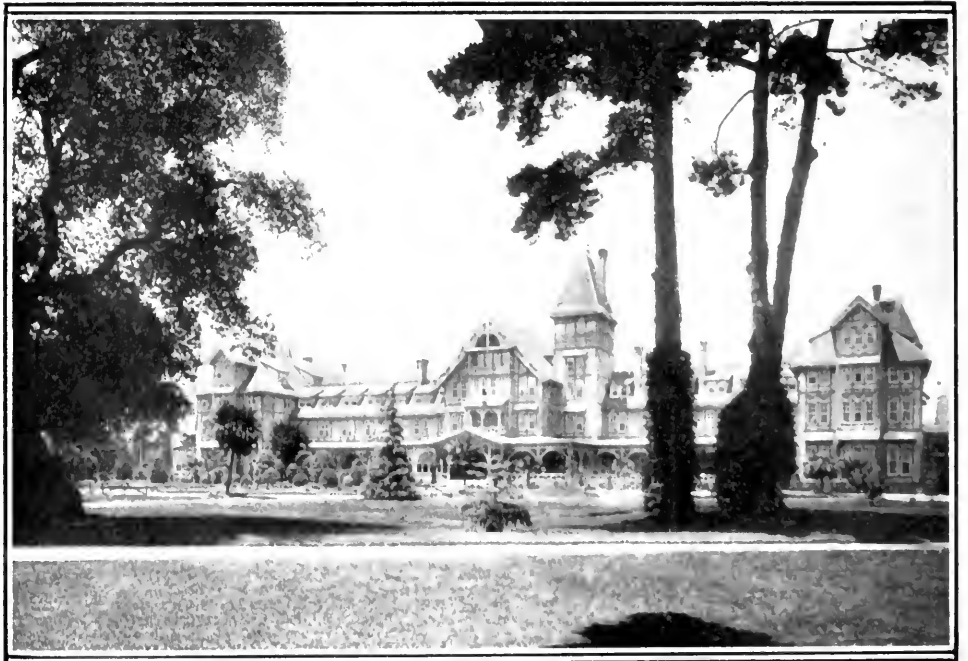
But the matchless lake lies beyond. Tahoe is one of the world's gems, and the lake and the region roundabout is perhaps the most popular mountain resort in the State. Europe has nothing like it. Lakes are found at higher elevations than this, but none with Tahoe's majestic proportions, its surpassing splendor of color, and its great depth, and all about it are other mountain lakes, scooped out of the granite by the glacier, and trout streams and waterfalls, and mountain peaks and mountain meadows with



ARCH ROCKS, SANTA CRUZ.

willow-fringed brooks and magnificent forests—a region whose attractions are not soon exhausted.

The ride around the lake in the little steamer is one of great enjoyment. We took it years ago in the perfect weather of that region, and the memory of that transparent water, and of the glorified mountains reflected in it, is a joy today. So we recall the trout stream at the old dam among the trees, and the stretches of clear water among the willows in the mountain meadow beyond, and are half afraid to go back and try it again lest the glamour of those July days be left out of the later experience.



DEL MONTE.

“ We had a vision of our own—
Ah, why should we undo it ? ”

Cascade Lake, Fallen Leaf, Heather and others—what gems they are! and what wildness, solitariness, aloofness, what sense of seclusion for the introspective man upon their shores! The great lake has its crowds, its social atmosphere, but these hidden “ lakes of the woods ” have a charm for the tired man who needs to go back to his work with recruited energies, and a camp in these highlands—ah, dear me, we feel like a Scotchman, and cannot be content in town while “ our heart’s in the highlands.”

Cross the breadth of the State now, angling down past San Francisco, where you will want your overcoat on a July afternoon, but will find per-



HOTEL CORONADO.

fect weather in September and October, on to Santa Cruz. Here is the atmosphere of the sea, full of ozone, coming in to you fresh every moment, not damp, with no suspicion of fog, warmed by the sunshine, and exhilarating as wine. Bathe in the surf, ride on the cliffs, go through the winding streets of the picturesque little city; take lunch in a cañon not far away; go up the mountain side, and from among the tenanted redwoods, and over the roofs of resort hotels, look down upon ocean and bay; everywhere the prospect is pleasing and the air delicious. Now look at the map. Santa Cruz is eighty miles south of Richmond, Va.; it is four hundred miles south of Nice and Mentone; it is the region of Southern Sicily, and the island of Smyrna. Its climate is that of the Isles of Greece, in which ardent Sappho “ loved and sung,” and its temperature in July is exactly right.

Near neighbors are Del Monte and Pacific Grove, but they lie across the



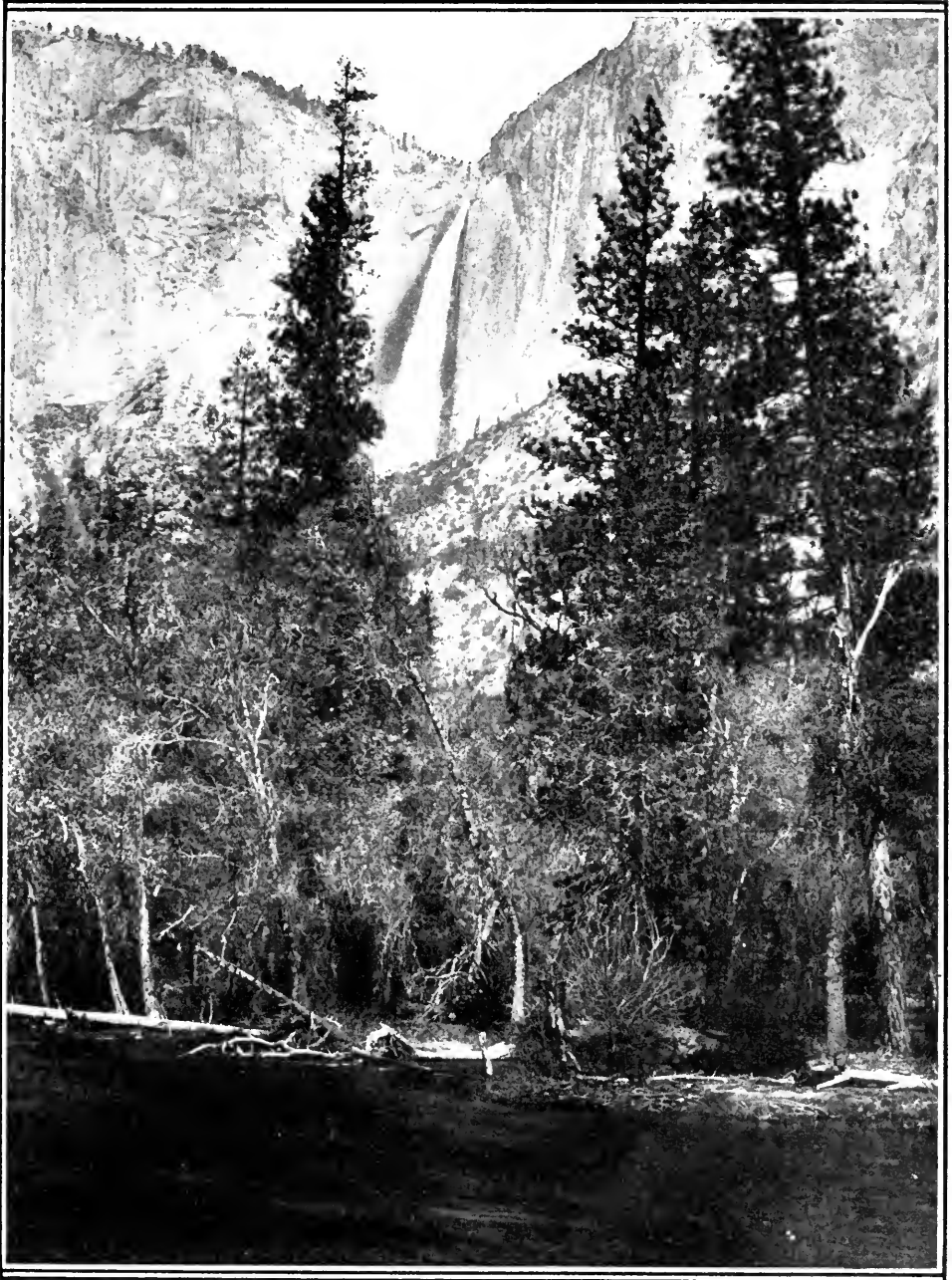
PACIFIC GROVE.

famous Monterey Bay. Stop there a little. Go out for a day's sport with the fish. It is morning, and all your senses are alive with the joy of it, when suddenly a tug at your line quickens every pulse, and a great salmon, weighing twenty-five pounds, breaks into sight with a kind of indignant rush and you are in the midst of a battle that would stir a mummy to excitement. There is an air of "misty antiquity" about the town of Monterey interesting in so new a country, and it has a quaintness which attracts the artist folk.

Del Monte is a combination of nature and art—the freedom of the wilderness with the luxury of a palace. The magnificent yet homelike hotel, suggesting an English country house; the fine grounds which keep the charm of wildness in touch with artistic gardening; the splendid drives,



GLASS-BOTTOM BOAT, MONTEREY.



YOSEMITE FALLS



CAPITOLA.

the views of bay and mountain; the lake, the games, the bathing, the fishing and hunting; the sighing of the forest and the lullaby of the surf; the cool evenings, the crackling fires in the fireplaces, all combine to make an ideal place of rest. Robert Louis Stevenson loved the scenery of the coast about Monterey, and that delightful combination of ocean and shore, known as the Seventeen Mile Drive, is said to have been set apart at his suggestion.

Pacific Grove lies near the point of the peninsula, close to the shore of the charming bay, and is a little world by itself. With a summer population of 8,000, it combines the resources of the city with the quiet of the country, and street and grove, shop and camp are on good terms all summer. Not only so, but here rest and recreation are joined with opportunities for mental and moral culture. A great assembly hall provides for religious and educational gatherings, and the beauty of the forest and the charm of the ocean is made the inspiration for study and work.

It is the philosophy of Goethe put into practice.



THE BOULEVARD, SANTA BARBARA.

“ Rest is not quitting
 The busy career,
 Rest is the fitting
 Of self to its sphere.”

Nature does not speak the same language to all of us. She is polyglot, and every man hears in the tongue he can understand.

“ Kettles and pans
 Says the bell of St. Ann's.
 Apples and lemons
 Says the bell of St. Clements,”



THE CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

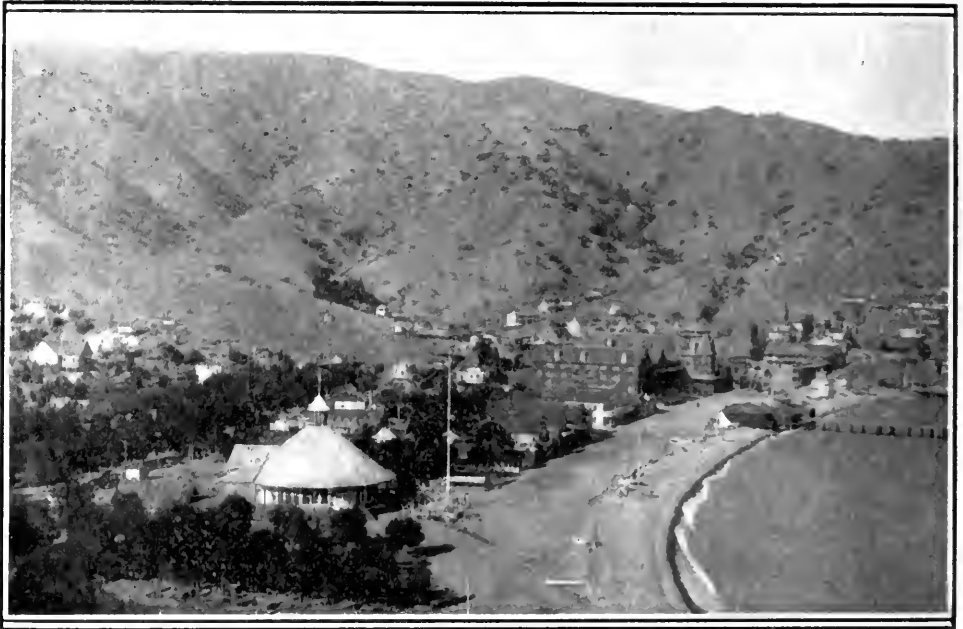
and we hear as we can, and go our way taking the good the gods provide.

Down the coast, sitting serene beside her smiling summer sea, is Santa Barbara, and those whom Destiny has allotted other and less favored habitations go there at intervals to share the beauty, to breathe the air, and rest in the shadow of the trees, or on the verandas of her great hotels.

“ How do you grow old so gracefully ? ” one asked Dumas, and he answered, “ Madam, I give all my time to it. ” One who goes to Santa Barbara wants to give all his time to the enjoyment of it, and then will go back again, feeling that some secret of contentment is here, that haste is crudity, and that time only is needed to ripen experience into satisfaction. The “ Fountain of Youth ” was probably a delusion, but in such an air as this, beside such a gleaming sea, even old age should find compensation, and grow lean and shrunken more gracefully than elsewhere.

Time would fail us to tell of Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach and San Diego, the towns and cities washed by the same ocean currents and bathed in the same matchless atmosphere that Santa Barbara is. Coronado has been as much praised, reviewed, kodaked and painted as the Channel City. The great hotel on the finger of sand is wonderfully attractive, but the seasonal reappearance of the Tent City, on the same beach, is a tribute to the climate, and to the many resources of the region. Whether you go there for rest, for "the harvest of a quiet eye," or for the gayer passing of the days, you will come away with a backward look.

Nor is Southern California without a mountain climate of the finest in midsummer, or earlier and later, if you wish. From May to October, such



AVALON. CATALINA ISLAND.

places as the Ojai Valley, back of Ventura, at an elevation of about 1,000 feet; the Alpine Tavern, at the summit of Mt. Lowe; Squirrel Inn, above San Bernardino; Smiley Park, Seven Oaks, and the whole Bear Valley region in the San Bernardino Mountains near Redlands are delightful resorts, over-arched by skies that seem never to have borne a cloud.

It is the same summer sea all the way below Point Conception; a little softer air blows over it than farther north, but the summer climate of all the coast we have traversed cannot be matched even on Mediterranean shores.

Going up the brown Sierra foothills now, we take the stage at Visalia for Redstone Park, and thence by pack and saddle to the camp in the Giant Forest at Round Meadow. Here is a haunt for Robin Hood, a green wood beside which Sherwood Forest was but a grove of callow saplings. A Scotch neighbor said of John Ruskin that he was "much resigned to his own company," and such a man would be at home at once in the sun-flecked solitude of this woodland. Seven townships, embracing the largest number of Big Trees, in one of the most wonderful regions of the

High Sierras, are under the protection of the Government, and here the camp is located. Easily accessible from it is the magnificent scenery of the Kings River and Kern River Cañons, rivalling Yosemite. And the trout! Isaac Walton never caught such "whoppers" as are found here, nor did English sportsmen ever see the resplendent golden trout, which are found only in Kern River and Whitney Creek, and not elsewhere in the world. Bear and deer, mountain lions, grouse and squirrels, are plenty, and if hunter becomes the hunted, the trees are large and tall. Kings River Cañon can be reached by stage and trail from Sanger, and like the other is a wild and beautiful mountain region. The General Grant Na-



NORTH BEACH BATH HOUSE, SANTA MONICA.

tional Park is easily reached from Millwood, and the great Cañon itself, with its colossal walls, is made by horseback trail from the same point.

Cedar Grove is on the South Fork of Kings River, under the brow of the high Sierra, and here is a summer camp. From this as a base of supplies, the wilderness invites your exploration; great trout wait for your lure, and mountains invite you to climb to where the vision is taxed by distance, and the mind is filled with wonder.

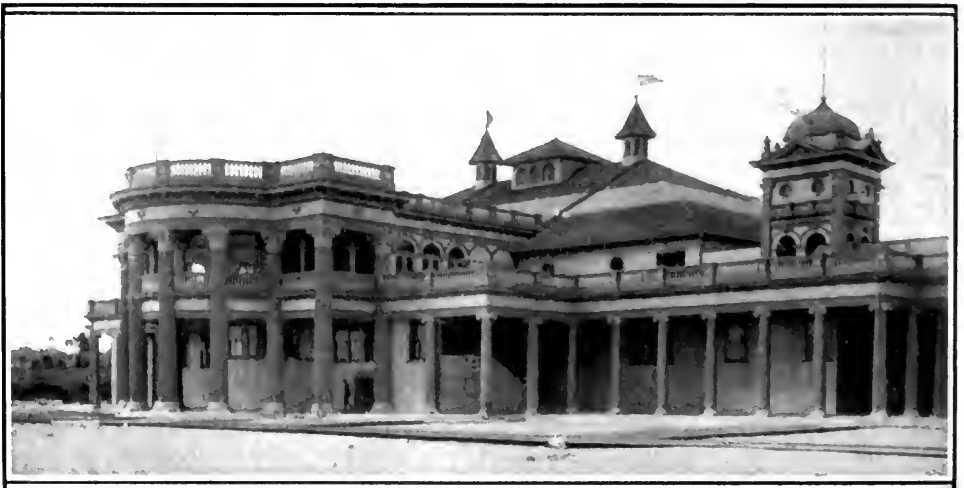
But the great scenic wonder of the world lies northward, and returning to Sanger, we go to Raymond, and take stage for Yosemite. Midway lies "Wawona," a mountain hotel in as fine a setting as California can show. The Merced, the mountain meadow, the Falls below Bald Mountain, Signal Peak, from which the eye ranges out over the Sacramento Valley to the Coast Range, and the proximity of the Mariposa Grove, make this a delightful resort. What a camping place the Mariposa Grove would be. The fluted tree trunks, the absence of undergrowth, the thick, brown carpet,



HOTEL ARCADIA, SANTA MONICA.

the soft air that seems to caress you, the clear water, never far to seek, the outlook from the edge of the plateau over the great Natural Park where the hotel stands, the vigorous old trees themselves, so free from signs of age or decrepitude, so untouched by decay that it is a tonic to move among them—the man who is not soon weary of his own company renews his youth in this grand fellowship of the trees, and goes his way with a stronger pulse-beat.

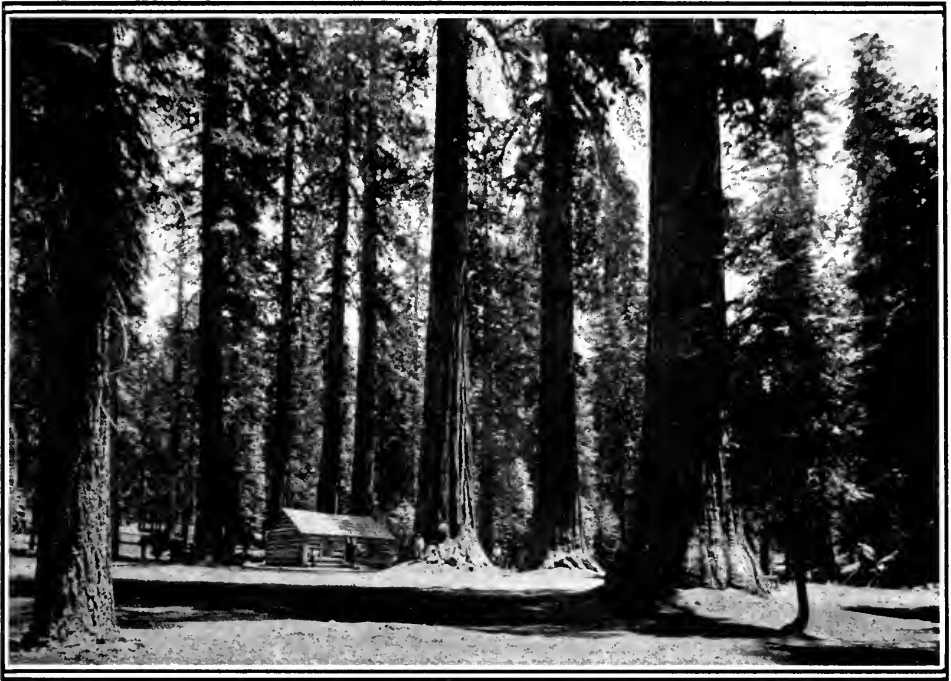
Yosemite will fitly end our hasty review of the places which invite us to simpler life. "Alabama," said the Indian, when fleeing from the face of his enemy, and crossing, as he supposed, the last river, "Alabama, here we rest." If anywhere a restless man could rest, it would seem to be in this glorious valley. There is such beauty, such sublimity, such fadeless splendor of cliff and tree and waterfall, such variety of interest, yet such a sense of seclusion, of remoteness, of aloofness from the strife of business and the cares of life, that the air is full of repose: the very water of the cataracts at a little distance seems to come down leisurely, swaying earthward with an easy grace; the stirring of the pine boughs in this "Garden



LONG BEACH—THE NEW BATH HOUSE.

of the Gods" is like the gentle breathing of a summer day, and the quiet is broken only by the rhythmic movement of the stream at your feet, and the musical vibration of the waterfalls in the distance. Tennyson's island-valley of Avalon, where Arthur would rest, and "heal him of his grievous wound," was not more fair than this mountain valley, and a camp amid the flowers and trees of the valley floor, buttressed by these sheer walls, on which every waterfall is a line of light, and over all the pale blue of the Californian sky—Ah, that ought to take the twist out of the most gnarled human growth, if repeated often enough.

"All work and no play"—that old proverb packed the wisdom of centuries into a sentence. Froebel says that "the true child is a playing child."



MARIPOSA GROVE.

So the true man has his playtimes. He goes apart for rest and recreation, as Browning went at last to Asolo, to "disport," as he said, "in the open air, to amuse one's self at random." And if a man can go apart under California skies, in air full of the iodines of the sea, or the breath of the pines; on the shores of forested lakes, or where

"Cataracts blow their trumpets
from the steep"

and in this great glad world of sun and summer find a thousand idyllic places in which to rest, and come back to work with recruited energies—if he can and does not, he is drawing on the organic springs of existence too freely. The Vacation Habit is a good one. And a vacation in California has no parallel.



EAGLE LAKE—IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

MEMORIES OF THE SIERRAS.

By LILLIAN SHUEY.

IS it the bird of silver tongue
 That to the tall pines flew,
 Or thoughts of plummy boughs, low hung,
 That stir my heart anew?

Is it the cedar-scented wind,
 The white azaleas rare,
 Or is it something undefined,
 That lifts my spirit's care?

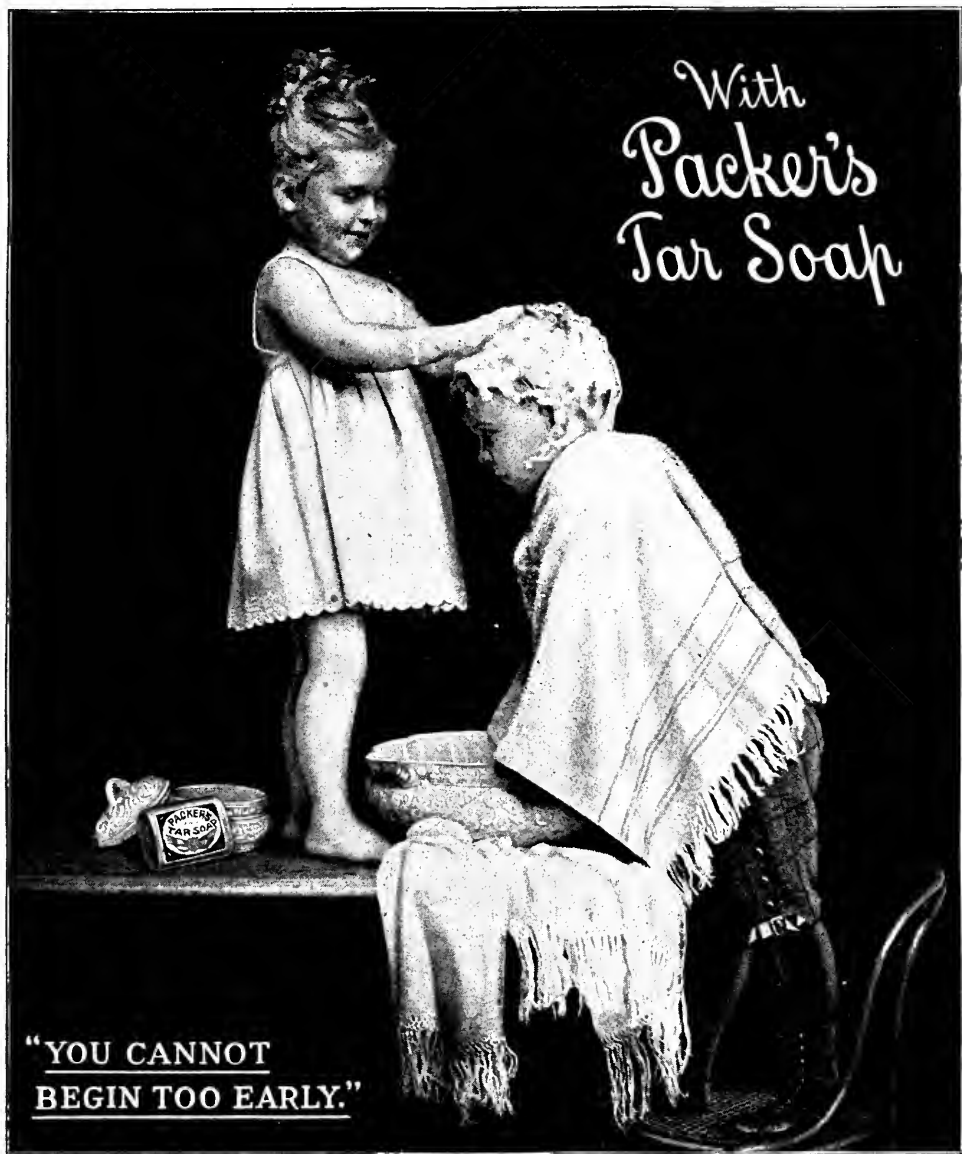
Is it the thought of dear great trees
 That makes me brave to do,
 Is it the wood's fair memories,
 Or is it thoughts of you?

Oakland, Cal.



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With
Packer's
Tar Soap



**"YOU CANNOT
BEGIN TOO EARLY."**

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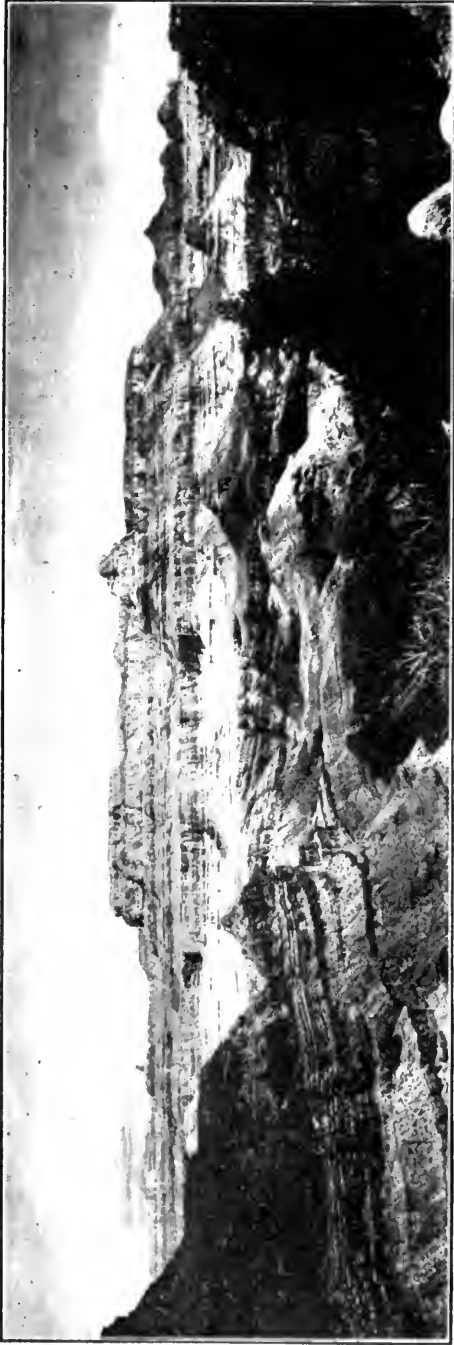
"Young Americans who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty."

—New York Medical Record.

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The Grand Canyon of Arizona

President Roosevelt was at the Canyon on Wednesday, May 6, 1903, and said:

“I have come here to see the Grand Canyon of Arizona, because in that canyon, Arizona has a natural wonder which, so far as I know, is in kind absolutely unparalleled throughout the rest of the world. I shall not attempt to describe it, because I cannot. I could not choose words that would convey or that could convey to any outsider what that canyon is. The only word I can use for it is awful. It filled me with awe such as I have never before known. It is beyond comparison; it is beyond description.”

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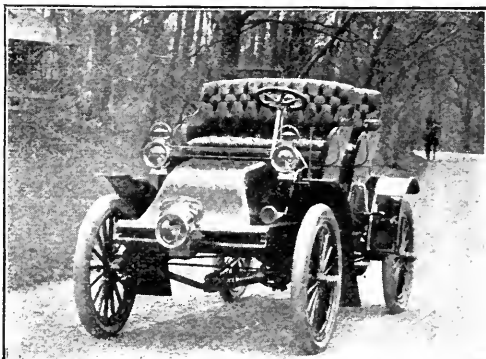
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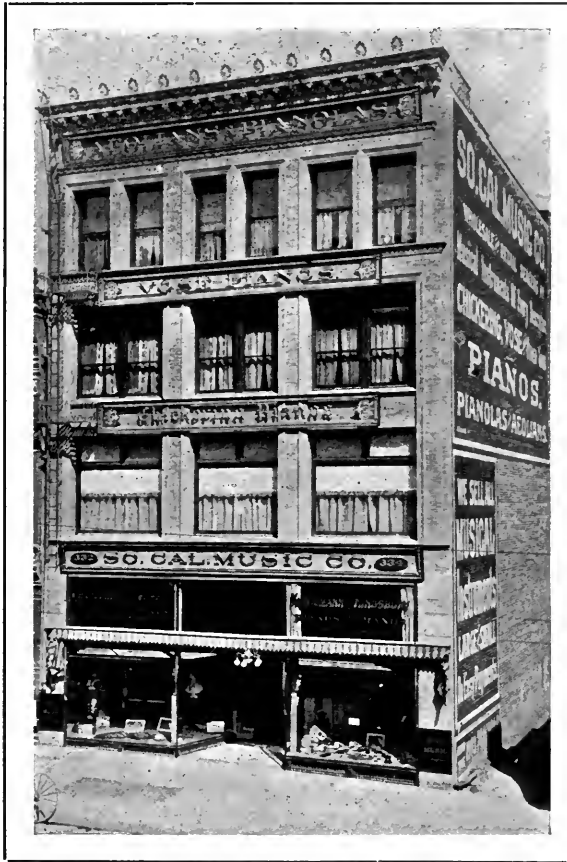
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California St.—For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 $\frac{1}{8}$) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, Mutual Bank Building, Market St.—For the half year ending June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, cor. California and Montgomery Streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this Company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The Continental Building and Loan Association, No. 301 California St., San Francisco.—For the six months ending June 3, 1903, has declared a dividend of five (5) per cent on ordinary deposits; six (6) per cent on term deposits, and eight (8) per cent on installment stock.

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Sec. and Gen'l M'gr.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 $\frac{1}{4}$) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1903.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

WANTED—Live agents to sell Dr. White's Electric Combs, patented Jan. 1, '99. Cure dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, yet cost no more than an ordinary comb. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. Send 50c for sample (half price). Write quick. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

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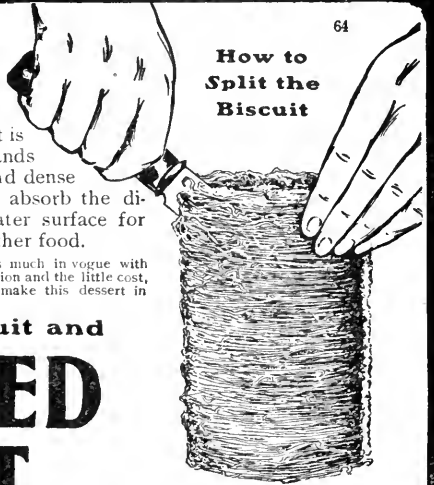
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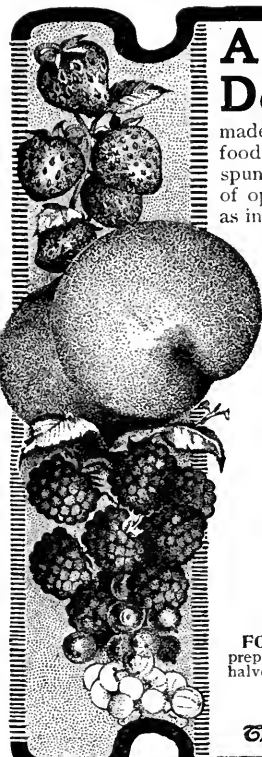
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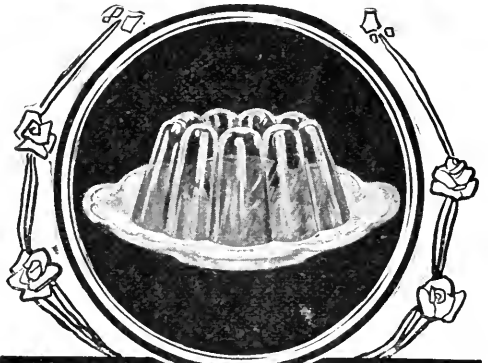
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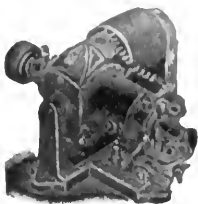
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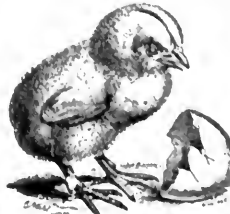


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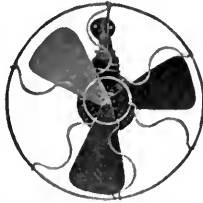
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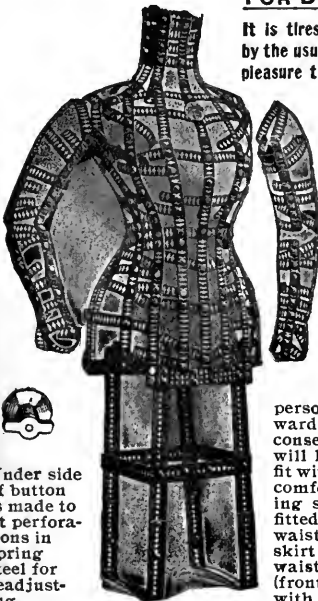
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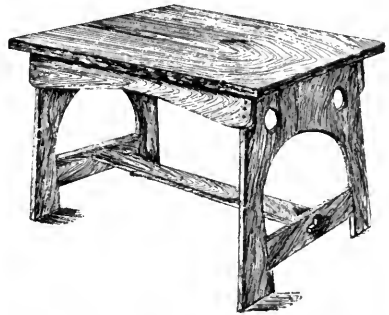
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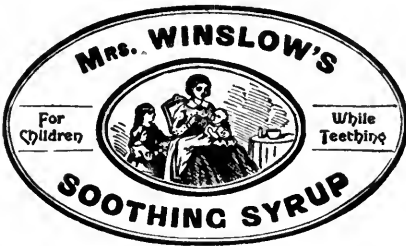
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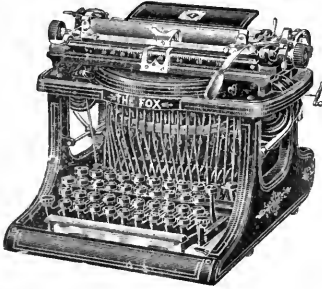
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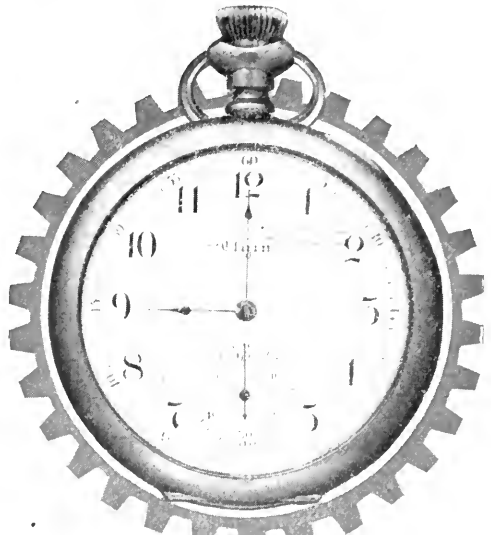
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Wherever correct time
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Watch is val-
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ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

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This is the only Macey agency on the Coast—the only place where you can buy these goods with the opportunity of first examining them and then having them delivered to your home.

The stock is now on display, and includes the celebrated Macey Sectional Book Case in all qualities and all finishes—Solid Mahogany, Polished Quarter-Sawed Oak, Plain Oak and Golden Elm.

The Macey is the Original Sectional Book Case

It is the only kind having non-binding doors. It is the only kind having self-disappearing doors. These are the principal features in any sectional bookcase, but they cannot be used by any other maker. Material, workmanship and finish are all absolutely best. The Macey is sold under an absolute guarantee that it is superior.

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Which may be cultivated to your advantage by
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READY FOR WEAR
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HIGH GRADE SHIRT MAKERS

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One Who Knows and Knows He Knows

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 30, 1903.

*Pneumatic Mattress Company,
New York, N. Y.*

GENTLEMEN :— Without special curiosity in the matter—for I find it most convenient to carry both my bed and my overcoat inside me—it has fallen in my way to test a great many kinds of beds. Doubtless there are some invented by man that I have not slept on ; but I have proved all the important kinds, civilized and uncivilized, and purely natural, that are known of in North and South America. From the feather-beds of my New England boyhood, and curled hair and moss and excelsior ; from a blanket in the bottom of my birch bark canoe, and the perpendicular slumber of my saddle on the plains; the petates of the Mexican Indians, the colchones of the pueblos, the bamboo flea-frames of the Peruvian Coast and interior, shepherd's sheepskins on the adobe floor, and down to the sleeping accommodations which have no standing in the Patent Office—the soft side of a rock, a mattress and coverlet of the desert sands, and the crotch of a tree (where my bedstead was just high enough to escape rather larger and more exigent wild beasts than fleas) it has casually happened to me to find out by experience what most kinds of a bed feel like.

I am free to say that your air-stuffed mattress is not only the most comfortable thing I have found, but that it strikes me as the most rational for anyone who needs a mattress at all. If I were to carry anything into the wilderness for a bed I would certainly take that ; and at home, where the bare ground is not so inviting, the Pneumatic palliative is enjoyed and respected by all that test it.

Sincerely yours, **CHAS. F. LUMMIS,**
Editor of "OUT WEST."

Let us send you catalog and other literature, or call on **W. H. Hoegge & Co., Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.,** Los Angeles. They carry a stock of our goods.

Our illustrated booklet, "Evolution of the Air Bed" and Catalog C of Pneumatic Cushions, Pillows, Yacht Cushions, etc., sent free on request. Mention "Out West."

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Men's Oxfords, \$6

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Send 30 cents additional if to go by mail.

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INCREASE YOUR SALARY OR INCOME safely and surely through a mail business; how and what to do to do this successfully, read the Mail Order Journal. Special—Send 15 cents today for three months' trial subscription. Louis Guenther, room 31, 119 Dearborn street, Chicago. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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TO EAT

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We serve no flesh food. Flesh-making foods, however, fill our menu. Prepared and served in the most appetizing styles. **OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT** will hereafter be open to public inspection, and we will spare no effort in fulfilling our object, which is to advance the health of patrons.

We Serve Our Own Dairy and Bakery Products

Nothing Secret about Orangeine Powders—

*Its composition is as open as its results are prompt,
and is published in direction booklet in every package.*

NOTE The varied and numerous uses of Orangeine have been evolved "by Humanity for Humanity," and its wide claims would seem ridiculous were they not suggested and sustained by countless human experiences.

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Orangeine combines both schools of medicine, and illustrates the following great principle now advocated by all progressive physicians, viz.: *The concerted, concordant action of remedies skillfully selected and combined, is vastly greater than the action of the same remedies, alternately prescribed.*

What Orangeine is Doing for Humanity.

Orangeine supplies almost instant relief from pain, prompt correction for the little ills which lead to serious ailment, and a gradual, far reaching reconstructive power from extreme physical debility, and the stubborn symptoms which cause chronic ailments.

Orangeine Applications Widely Demonstrated.

**Heat Prostration,
Stomach Upsets,
Bowel Troubles,
Indigestion,
Dyspepsia,**

**Headache (all kinds)
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Sea Sickness,
Car Sickness,**

**Hay Fever,
Asthma,
Colds,
Grip,
Fatigue,**

and a host of common ailments.

Orangeine Dispels Hay Fever.

During the past five years, Orangeine has made a phenomenal record for the relief of Hay Fever, in even most stubborn and long continued cases. Thousands of former sufferers have, through Orangeine, found immunity which they could not find at any Hay Fever resort, and our advice has been everywhere confirmed to Hay Fever sufferers, to "Stay at Home or Go Anywhere," provided they TAKE Orangeine, under our simple directions.

A Few Suggestive Experiences.

Mr. J. A. Waldron, Managing Editor of *The New York Dramatic Mirror*, says: "I am not only a steady user of 'Orangeine' Powders, being of an age when their singular and admirable stimulating powers prove very beneficial, and being also subject to Hay Fever in summer and Grip in winter; but I have formed the philanthropic habit of dispensing them to friends, for various temporary ailments which 'Orangeine' so accurately reaches.

"From my experience, I predict that the wonders of 'Orangeine' are yet in their infancy."

P. J. Cunningham, Leslie, Mich., writes: "'Orangeine' is the only remedy that has given me any relief from 'hay fever,' and I have tried a great number."

Mr. Frank T. Bliss, of Morris, Ill., describes his experience: "I have been a sufferer from hay fever for over twenty years, have tried every remedy obtainable, but until this year I have been compelled to spend the hay fever season in northern Michigan. I have been enabled to stay at home this year with perfect freedom from this dread disease by using 'Orangeine' powders as directed."

Mr. O. J. Carpenter, Killduff, Ia., writes: "'Orangeine' has certainly helped me. Have been using it for 'hay fever.'"

Miss Nella Miles, Stockton, N.Y., writes: "I find 'Orangeine' very good for 'hay fever.'"

Miss Hattie McClelland, Madison, Ind., writes: "Have taken four powders a day, and am getting along fine. Have had only slight attack of 'hay fever' so far, and am perfectly free from it to today, something that has never happened before at this season of the year."

Mr. Conrad Rockel, Dallas City, Ill., writes: "'Orangeine' is doing me much good. I think two boxes more will keep 'hay fever' off entirely."

Mrs. I. E. Lansing, Marshall, Mich., writes: "I find it the best thing I ever tried, and I have tried everything."

Miss Bernice Dutton, Little Rock, Ark., writes: "Orangeine makes one feel more like working. More like living. The powders are so simple, so easy to take, so convenient to carry, and yet so effective."

Trial Package Free Orangeine is sold by druggists everywhere in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 packages. On receipt of request we will mail 10c trial package Free with full directions, composition and description of its wide human influences. Address "Orangeine, Chicago."

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Why Experiment

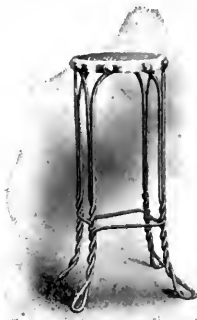
with untried construction, when

ANDREWS Metal Furniture

has stood the test of time? Profit by our many years' experience

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Light,
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Indestructible and
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Buckskin shoes for outing wear will be worn by everyone. Sizes for Men, Women and Children, \$3.25 to \$4.00. Barefoot sandals protect bare feet when wading or bathing, \$1.00 to \$1.75. Mail orders given careful attention.

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Ask For **LaPaloma TOILET SOAP** AT ALL DRUG STORES

Reliable help promptly furnished. Hummel Bros. & Co., Tel. Main 509.

Pabst Extract

Don't let the heat of summer undermine your strength, enervate your system and lay it open to the inroads of disease. Keep your blood cool and full of life by taking a small glass of **Pabst Malt Extract** before each meal—it's **The "Best" Tonic**, both in name and reality. For all men, and for all women—at all times, everywhere—**Pabst Malt Extract** is a builder of health, strength, vigor and vitality. For invalids and convalescents, and for those enfeebled by age, it is both meat and drink—a tonic that enriches the blood, quiets the heart action, steadies the nerves and renews the wasted tissues of the body.

For fifty years I have been more or less an invalid—the doctors say my blood had not sufficient red corpuscles to give me strength. For the past fifteen years I have used Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best Tonic," and it has always given me renewed strength and vigor. The fact that I am now seventy-two years old and am enjoying better health than when I first began to take your Malt Extract makes me commend it heartily to my friends and to those whom I have cared for in my work as a practical nurse. I know of no better Tonic for those suffering from general debility, or for convalescents. J. M. SHORT, 464 East 55th Street, Chicago.

Avoid cheap imitations—lacking the strength and purity of Pabst Extract—they are frequently adulterated and usually harmful—your system demands THE BEST—and Pabst Malt Extract is the "Best" Tonic—The proof lies in the using.

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Kitchen Utensils
Having This
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Face Powder. Its delicate natural flower
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White, Pink, Cream Tints. 50c a box. Druggists or by mail.

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For Family use and Export a specialty.
A pure, wholesome beverage, recommended by
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EVERYWHERE. SEND 35 CENTS FOR SAMPLE
WORTH \$2.00, OR \$1.00 FOR EXTRA FINE ONE.

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REFERENCE: STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

- It is pure.
- It is gentle.
- It is pleasant.
- It is efficacious.
- It is not expensive.
- It is good for children.
- It is excellent for ladies.
- It is convenient for business men.
- It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.
- It is used by millions of families the world over.
- It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians.
- If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because

- Its component parts are all wholesome.
- It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects.
- It is wholly free from objectionable substances.
- It contains the laxative principles of plants.
- It contains the carminative principles of plants.
- It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.
- All are pure.
- All are delicately blended.
- All are skillfully and scientifically compounded.
- Its value is due to our method of manufacture and to the originality and simplicity of the combination.
- To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine.

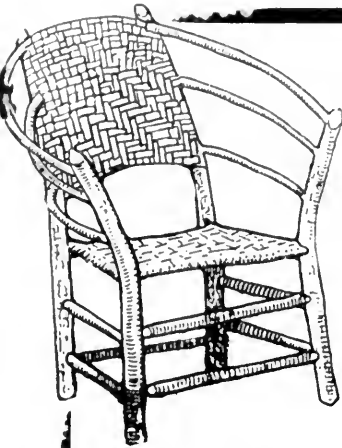
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FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

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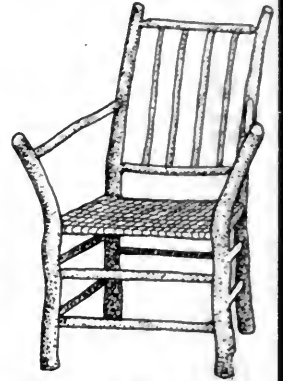


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Arm Chairs, \$2.75
Same style with rockers, \$3.25.
Exact duplicates of the chairs
used by "Old Hickory" himself.

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The Furniture of Our Forefathers

Its quaintness will always appeal to you. Its wear-resisting and comfort-giving qualities will always keep it in highest favor for porch and lawn use. Economical, because it costs little at the start and lasts long.



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Arm Chair, \$1.75
Like cut, 3 ft. 4 in. high.
18-inch seat.

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Opposite City Hall
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Northern Pacific

With its Picturesque Scenery, Fine Trains, Superb Service,
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It takes you through the entire Northwest and through all the principal cities, including San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Helena, Bismarck, Fargo, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Two overland trains daily between Portland and St. Paul, with elegant Pullman and tourist sleepers, dining cars, etc. The North Coast Limited is one of the finest trains on wheels. The Northern Pacific is

The Only All-rail Line to Yellowstone National Park

You can get in a sleeping car at Portland and go to Gardner, at the very entrance to the Park, without getting off the car. On your way East stop at the park and view this most wonderful creation of nature. Tourist cars leave Los Angeles every day. Fare to all direct points as low as by any line. Full information furnished, sleeping car reservations made, and Yellowstone Park tickets sold by

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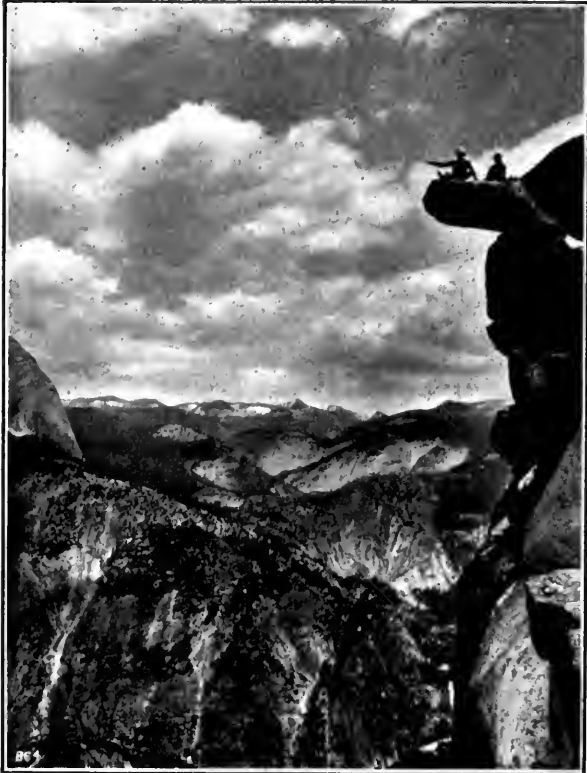
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The only route by which the

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"It is the only spot I have ever found that came up to the brag."

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*Without
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OFFERS MANY ADVANTAGES AS A RESORT

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THE BEER
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FAMOUS.

We Go to Bohemia for Hops

We send our own buyers there every year to get the best that are grown, and we pay for them twice what common hops cost.

A partner in our business buys our barley, and selects the best from all.

We get our water from six wells, bored to rock.

Our yeast is all developed from the original mother cells which helped make Schlitz Beer famous.

We even filter air

All the air that touches Schlitz Beer comes to it through air filters.

And the beer itself is filtered through white wood pulp.

Then we age it for months, until it can't cause biliousness.

We sterilize every bottle.

Yet Schlitz Beer costs only common beer prices

Ask for the brewery bottling

Uncle Sam says it's all right

Uncle Sam, in the person of ten of his government officials, is always in charge of every department of our distillery. During the entire process of distillation, after the whiskey is stored in barrels in our warehouses, during the seven years it remains there, from the very grain we buy to the whiskey you get, Uncle Sam is constantly on the watch. We dare not take a gallon of our own whiskey from our own warehouse unless he says it's all right. And when he does say so, that whiskey goes direct to you, with all its original strength, richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE of PURITY and AGE, and saving the dealers' enormous profits. That's why HAYNER WHISKEY is the best for medicinal purposes. That's why it is preferred for other uses. That's why we have over a quarter of a million satisfied customers. That's why YOU should try it. Your money back if you're not satisfied.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

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PURE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE

4 FULL QUARTS \$4.⁰⁰ EXPRESS PREPAID

We will send you FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for \$4.00, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever used or can buy from anybody else at any price, send it back at our expense, and your \$4.00 will be returned to you by next mail. Just think that offer over. How could it be fairer? If you are not perfectly satisfied, you are not out a cent. Better let us send you a trial order. If you don't want four quarts yourself, get a friend to join you. We ship in a plain sealed case, no marks to show what's inside.

If you can use 20 Quarts or can get some of your friends to join you, we will send you 20 Quarts for \$16.00 by Freight Prepaid, thus saving you \$1.00. We have been in business over 36 years and have a paid-up capital of \$500,000.00 so you run no risk.

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DAYTON, OHIO

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DISTILLERY, TROY, O.

ESTABLISHED 1866



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CRANITONIC

The Food that Does The Hair Good



The-Hair-That-Can't-Come-Out

THE HAIR THAT FEEDS ON CRANITONIC

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE? Millions of people are worrying about their hair and are troubled with either dandruff, falling hair or itching scalp. The cause of this is due to a disease of the scalp. We know now from microscopical investigation and bacteriological research that this disease is the work of a microbe hidden deep down in the scalp that destroys the hair follicle. To cure the surface indications we must reach the cause below. This **Cranitonic Hair-Food** does.

- Cranitonic Hair-Food** destroys the microbe that causes dandruff and falling hair, and nourishes the hair-root back to health.
- Cranitonic Hair-Food** makes hair grow—prevents hair splitting—renders coarse hair soft and silky.
- Cranitonic Hair-Food** cleanses the scalp of all irritation and keeps it healthful. The life of the hair is in the scalp.
- Cranitonic Hair-Food** restores gray hair to its natural color, not by dyeing, but by gently stimulating the pigment cells that give color to the hair.

CRANITONIC HAIR-FOOD is absolutely harmless, contains no grease, sediment, dye matter or dangerous drugs. It is pure, clean, clear as a crystal, delightful to use and certain in its results

HAIR EDUCATION

All readers of *Our West* who are troubled about their hair and who would like a microscopic examination of their hair, and will call, or send a few hairs pulled from the head, or a sample from the daily combings, will receive from our Medical Dept. by mail, **absolutely free**, a full report and diagnosis.

HAIR-FOOD FREE

To enable the public to observe its Purity, Learn of its Possibilities and what it has done for others, a Trial bottle of **Cranitonic Hair Food** and a book entitled **Hair Education** will be sent, by mail, prepaid, to all who send name and complete address, **absolutely free**.

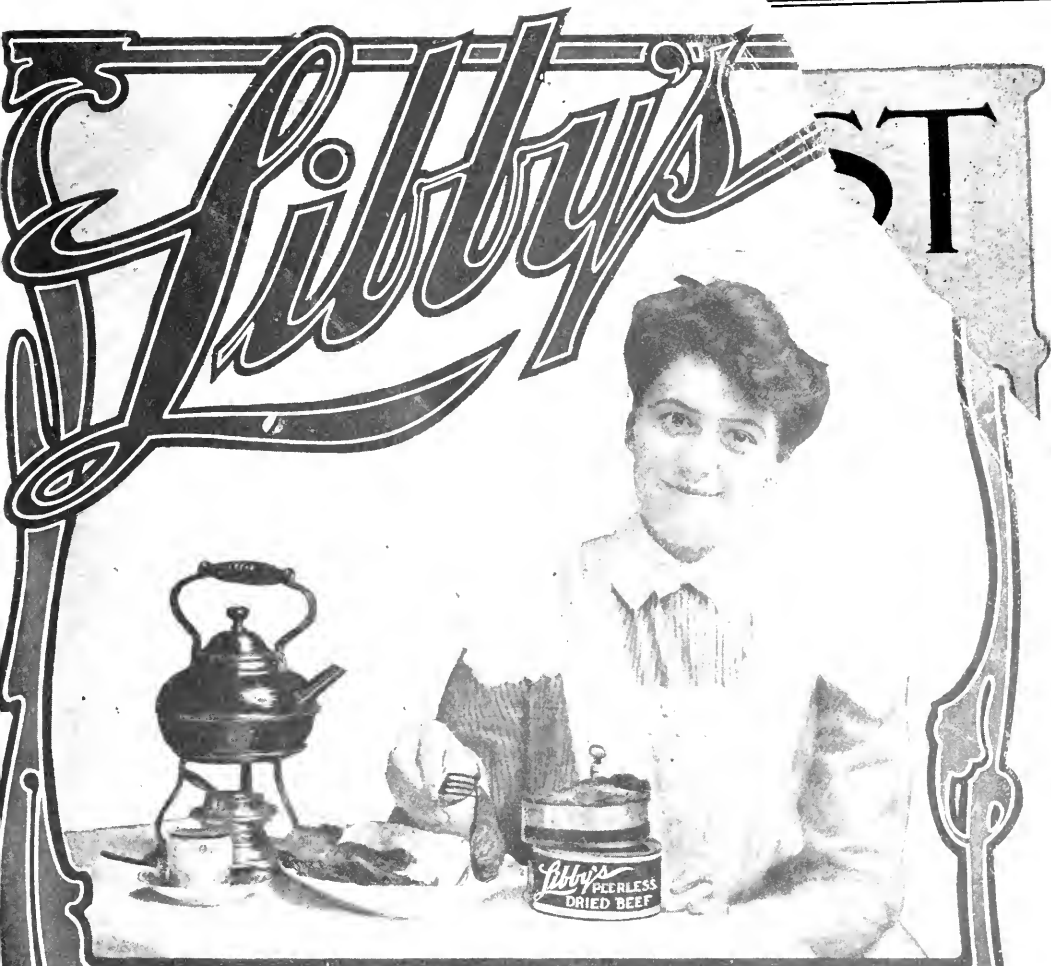
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ALL DEALERS: TWO SIZES ONE AND TWO DOLLARS THE BOTTLE



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Send for our book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."
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CHEMICAL KEEPERS USE Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

Because they yield the
MOST and BEST FOR
THE MONEY.

They can be depended upon
to produce uniform results.
You don't have to experiment
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A book of Choice Recipes
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The Old Reliable

ROYAL



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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

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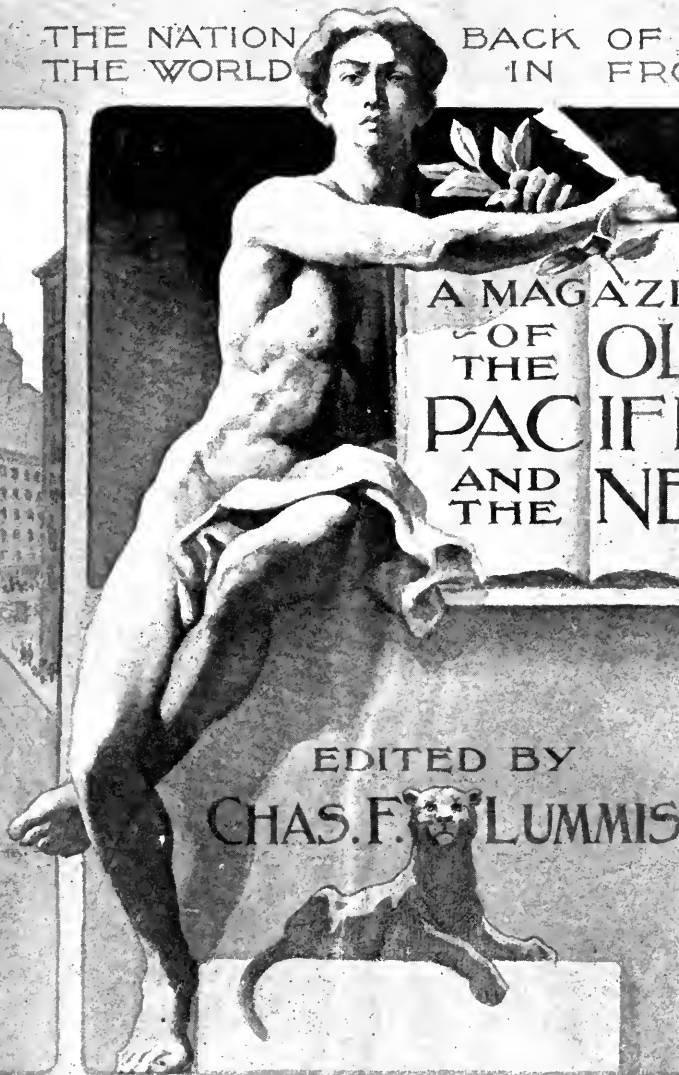
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Rifles - Pistols - Shotguns*

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.
MADE IN U.S.A.

OUT WEST

THE NATION
THE WORLD

BACK OF US
IN FRONT



A MAGAZINE
OF THE OLD
PACIFIC
AND THE NEW

EDITED BY
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

J. S. GLEASON



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SAN FRANCISCO
606 Hearst Building

\$2 A YEAR

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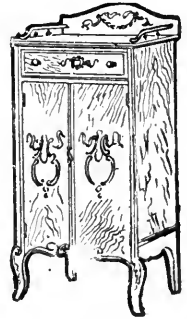
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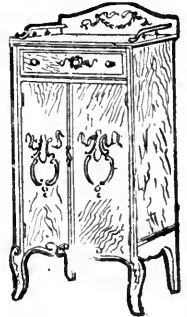
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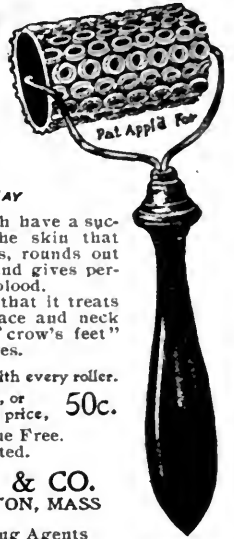
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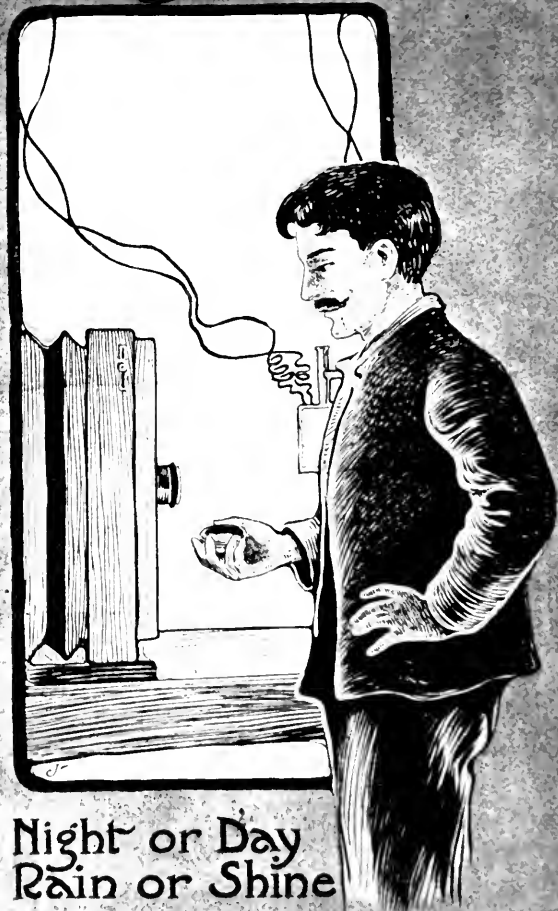
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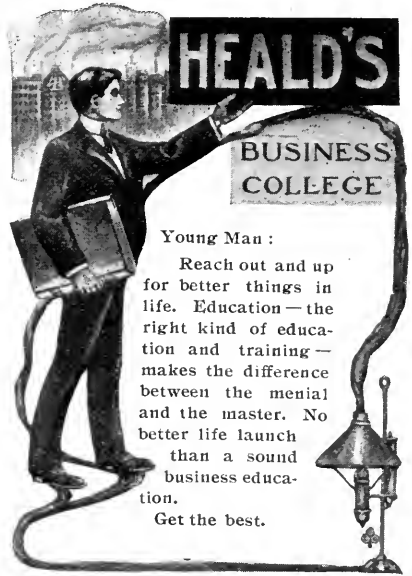
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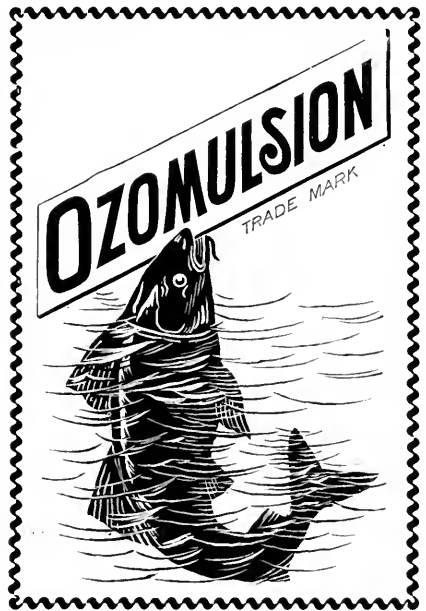
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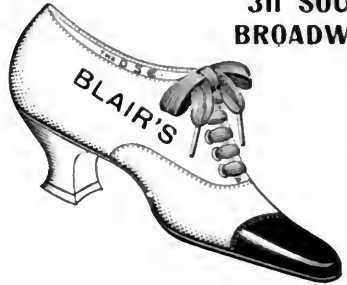
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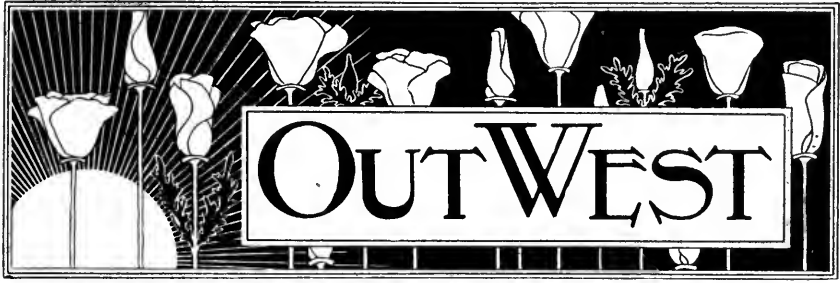
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THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XIX, No. 2.

AUGUST, 1903.

PEIXOTTO AND HIS WORK.

By PETER ROBERTSON.

IN his book of travel, *Oceana*, Froude, the historian, has a chapter on California, and he even ventures a prediction therein that a new school of art might well develop in that rich and beautiful corner of the Western world.

The School of Art, perhaps, does not yet assume very definite form, but the Far West, already credited with literature, music, poetry and histrionism, has also contributed several valuable painters. There are some, not born in California, who found only the inspiration here; but there are others, already making their names, who are Californian in birth, bringing up, and first development of the artistic bent.

If you met Ernest Peixotto on the street, as you looked at his spare, short figure, his spirituelle face, his gentle, magnetic and sympathetic eyes, you would turn and look again and say, "Surely an artist of some kind!" Not of the wild, hare-brained order of Bohemians, not of the far-off, gazing-into-the-infinite kind; not the unkempt, long-haired fellow; not the bitter, poverty-stricken, hate-everybody sort of chap. A face wonderfully expressive, thoughtful, far more than intelligent; a luminant, artistic face, in fact. Eyes that are not dreaming, yet have the soft absorptive quality; which light up and become penetrating, quizzical, but altogether kindly, when he begins to speak. He is not a loud and emphatic arguer on art; he is not a disputatious, excitable enthusiast. Yet enthusiast he is—only his enthusiasm glows and burns and seems always to come from the very inner consciousness. His censure of other artistic

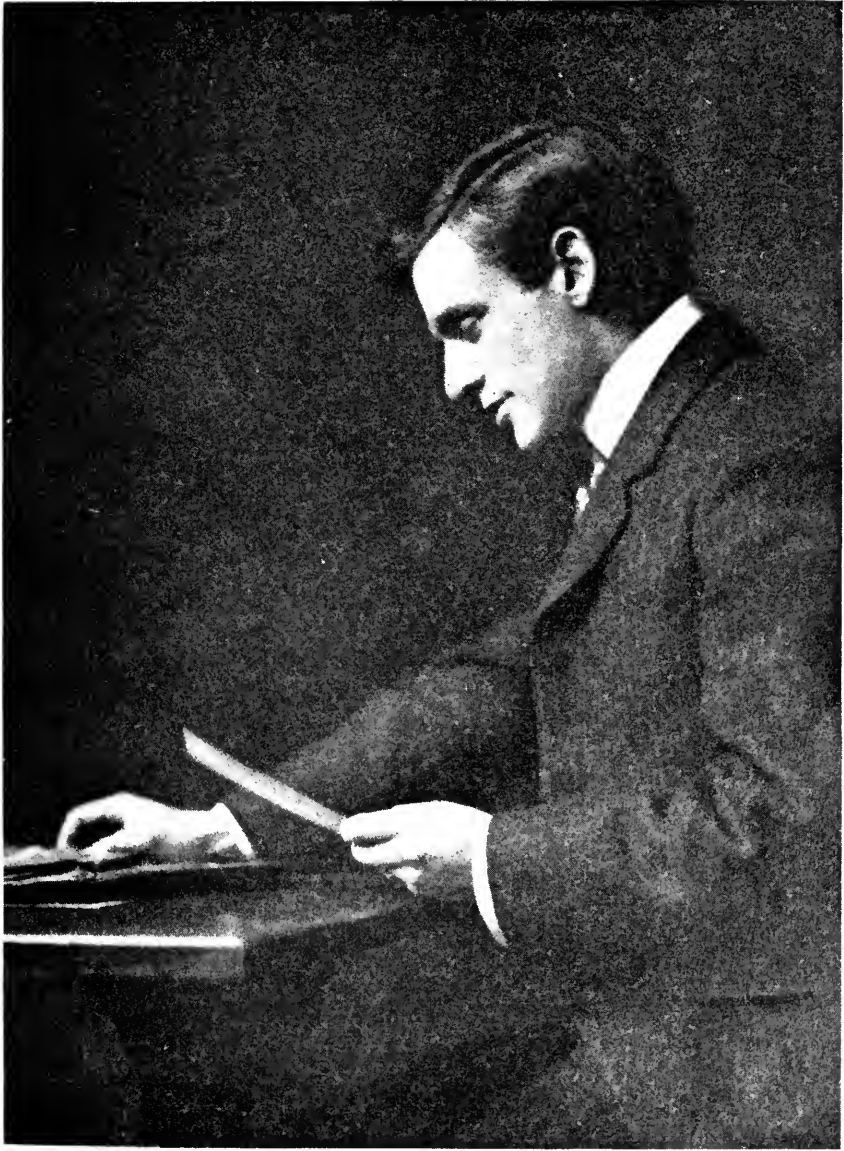
Drawings by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

work is always gentle; his belief in himself is more a hope of talent than a self-satisfied assurance of genius. He is an artist, indeed, so singularly kindly, so quiet, so unusually sane that his personal qualities might well cast a doubt upon his genius, if his work were not there to prove its value.

Ernest Peixotto, though young (he was born in San Francisco in 1869) has already had some years of prominence in the artistic world, and his work has brought him in, what is rare with the average artist, a large and steady income. For Mr. Peixotto is deeply imbued with the idea that art is not necessarily of any less ideal value because one can get paid for it regularly. That is why he is today known as one of the first illustrators in the country, and Charles Scribner's Sons consider him one of their most important men.

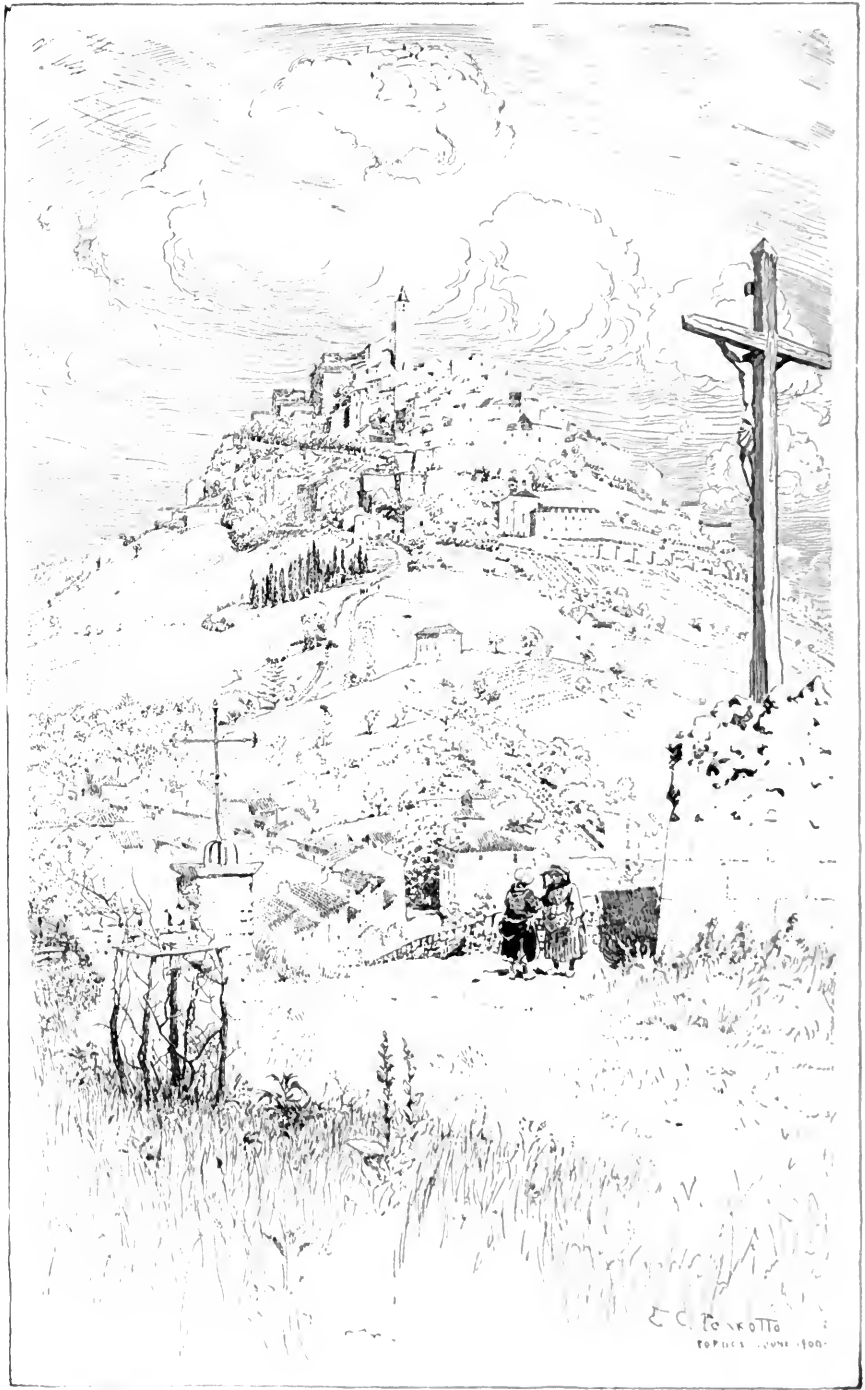
He began his art studies at the San Francisco School of Design, then presided over by Emil Carlsen, not only one of the greatest still-life painters, but a peculiarly strong and effective teacher. Peixotto never tires of acknowledging the great good he derived from Carlsen. But the young Californian's temperament absorbed its encouragement from everything, and it was such a temperament as a man of Carlsen's communicative force found most congenial to work upon. Peixotto was only 19 when he went to Paris; and how he worked is to be judged by his record at the Academie Julian, Ateliers de Peinture, Sculpture et Dessin, known to everybody through *Trilby*. It is here worth remarking that some years after that, he took the part of Little Billee in a burlesque of Du Maurier's story at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, and anyone who knows him will realize how ideal an ingenuous boy he was, even in travesty. It may not rank with his other pictures, but the Bohemian Club owns—and would not part with it for any money—a "cartoon" of that occasion, painted by Peixotto, full of humorous exaggeration and life, representing the apotheosis of *Trilby*. There is also an admirable portrait of President Horace G. Platt, hanging in the Club's library, from the same brush.

That nature should speak to him with intense sympathy needs no explanation. His temperament finds soul in everything, and part of the charm of all his painting lies in the spirit of beauty, and the indefinable ideality, which are behind even the architectural sketches of which he is so fond. The years in Paris, in the atmosphere of true art, away from the material influences, developed him remarkably. He was not one of those who lay aside their ideals to plunge into excitement and pleasure, returning to work with splitting headaches and towels around their heads. His art was always his pursuit. From the



ERNEST C. PEINOTTO.

Photo by Arnold Genthe



E. C. Pennoth
EDITION 1894-1900



THE LADY IN YELLOW.

From the painting by Ernest Peixotto

charming rural scenery and the simple human life of the little village of Giverney he imbibed the summer beauty, the summer sunshine, the summer moonlight, and the sympathy and quiet of ingenuous human nature. The results were found in the salon of 1890 and 1891. *Le Vieux Garde de Chasse* was a picture of peasant life, an old man sitting before the fire. *Dans l'Eglise* was a canvas of delicate realism; a dimly lighted church, sparsely dotted with figures, full of devotional sentiment.

When Peixotto returned to his San Francisco home, he was welcomed as one of the coming men. To his paintings, at an exhibition, he added some pastels and pen-and-ink sketches, in which he disclosed not only a distinctly individual technique, but something of a fine, rare, indefinable, emotional quality.

In 1895 he had another picture in the Salon, *Woman of Rijsoord*, which was awarded a "Mention Honorable," and which was afterward sent to the National Academy in New York. It is study of a peasant Dutch woman's head in dark, subdued grays against a settled background—a very quiet color-scheme, the head something suggestive of a Madonna.

In 1897 he left San Francisco once more, and that winter brought him up to the front rank of illustrators. He was called upon by Scribner's, Harper's and other publishers, and in the following spring he was specially engaged to illustrate Henry Cabot Lodge's *Story of the Revolution*. It took him a year, but how thorough an artist he is was shown in the study he made of the battle fields, the incidents and the characters of the period. He also did the sketches for Robert Louis Stevenson's *Letters*, and for books by several American authors of prominence. In the spring of 1899 he went back to Europe to make a sketching trip through Touraine, but was called to England to execute fifty illustrations for Roosevelt's *Life of Cromwell*. This gave him the opportunity to study the England of Cromwell's time as he had done our own revolutionary period. In the winter he went to Paris again and took a studio, where he painted one of his most notable pictures, the *Lady in Yellow*, a singularly charming color-scheme in browns and yellows; a woman's figure with back turned, supposed to be looking into a hand-glass; an orange corsage, a skirt of lemon yellow-satin of brilliant texture, the orange of the corsage repeated in a pair of slippers tucked under the dressing stage, and the yellow of the waist balanced by some jonquils on the same stand and a spot of brass on a table to the left, covered with rich tapestry.

He resumed his illustrating after this, doing the Exposition for Scribner's, and writing, with sketches, a series of articles on picturesque, out-of-the-way places in France, such as Albi, Carcassonne, Cordes and Rocamadour. A summer was spent in Les Martignes, a little fishing village near Marseilles, and then he went into Italy, staying in the Italian Riviera, near Genoa, at a little place called Rapallo, on which he contributed an illustrated article to Harper's. The spring he spent among the Florentine galleries, and the summer he devoted to a long driving trip from Turin to Verona, illustrating, as he went, a series of articles by Edith Wharton. Venice saw him later, and he



PALAZZO BESANO IN VIA DEGLI OMENONI, MILAN.
House of Pompeo Leoni.

toured Dalmatia and visited Naples, Sicily, Malta and Tunis. Of those places he drew sketches for various magazines. Last winter he returned to France and passed the summer, painting near Fontainebleau.

He has recently held an exhibition in San Francisco of his later works, and most of them were sold at once. Mrs. Hearst—most generous and discriminating of art patrons—was captured by "The Lady in Yellow," which was Peixotto's Salon contribution in 1901, and now owns it. It was sent by request for exhibition at Chicago and Philadelphia.

The black-and-whites in pen and ink, for which Peixotto is famous, are usually of architectural subjects. A leading characteristic is a sensation of sunshine and outdoor light, quite vivid. There is a remarkable rendering of intricate detail by means of little dots and lines, which suggest, without absolutely portraying, the intricacy. For subjects of richer tone, Peixotto chooses wash, with a "charcoal gray" water color. While engaged on the drawings of the Congressional Library, he adopted a combination of pen-and-ink, and wash, which he uses with most characteristic effect. Lately he has done some delightful figure work with the use of colors, specimens of which will be found in the story of Mrs. Peixotto—who is a very clever and charming writer—*Giuseppe's Christmas*, which appeared in Scribner's in January, and in a particularly bright article of his own—*The Marionettes*—in Scribner's for March, this year. But he often works with crayon, too; in fact, his artistic sense tells him with unfailing accuracy what medium it is best to use. But Peixotto's painting, which, as has been noted, has been seen in four Salons, develops all the time. In his last exhibition, one could see that his art is no freak of the moment, or passing mood. Here is every evidence of a young painter with a firm and thoroughly crystallized idea of what he thinks art should be, and his work proves that it is so. His pictures all seem to tell you that he believes in trying for perfect accuracy of proportion, perfect fidelity to nature; and still there is never a point in which he forgets the artistic sensibility, or sacrifices the fine quality of the ideal to aggressive literalness. In his Venetian pictures, one feels Italy; the blue sky of Italy is there, the architecture is almost in absolute detail, yet the warm sun illuminates it, and Peixotto puts poetry into the whole scene. There is even the laziness of the land, and one can hear the rhythmic splash of the gondola, and fancy he listens to the Italian melody. Not only in Venice, not only in the French village, in every subject there is familiarity with place, scenery, people. There is a feeling, as one stands and



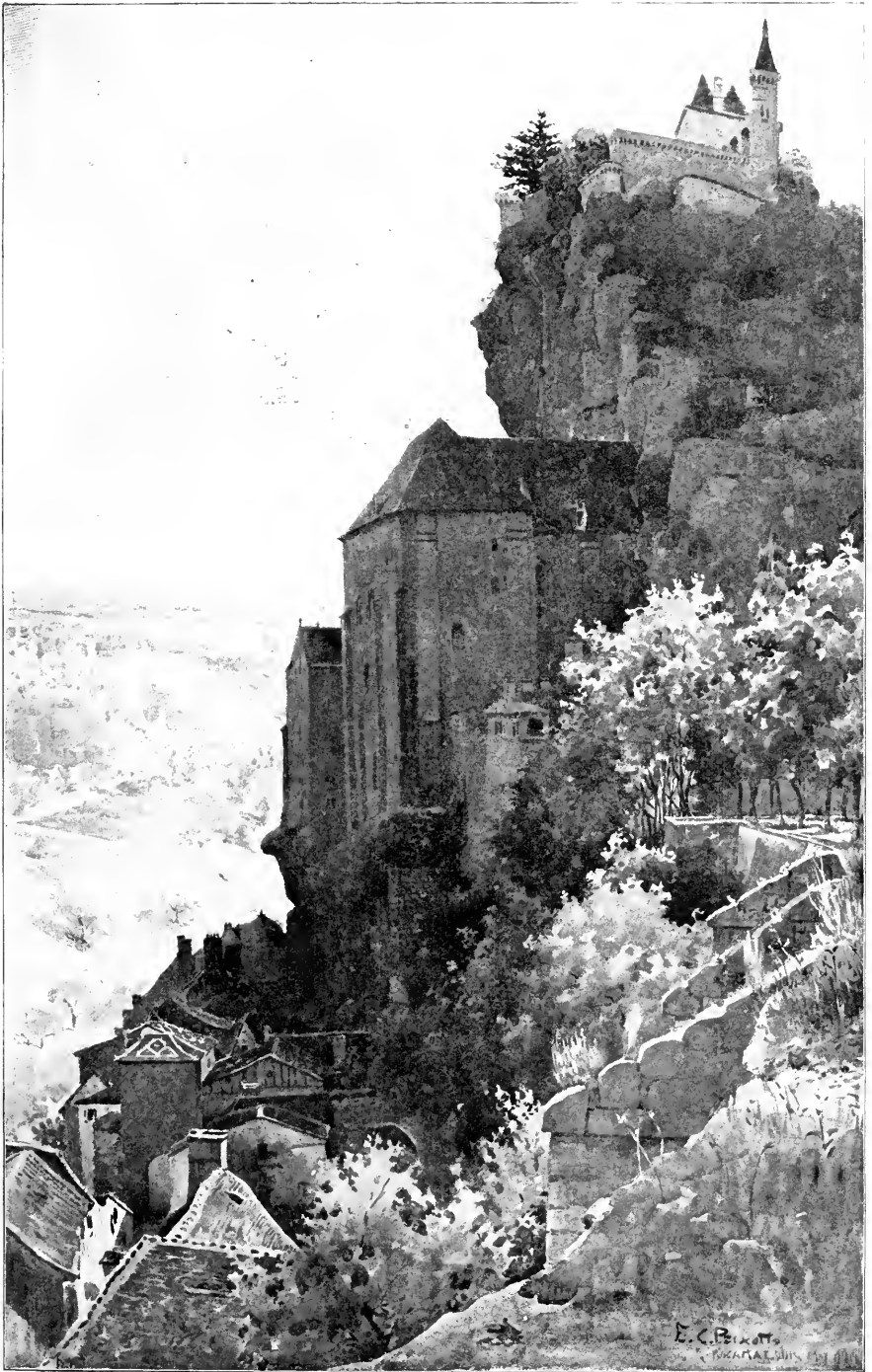
C. Ricotto
 EDOLO
 1901

EDOLO.



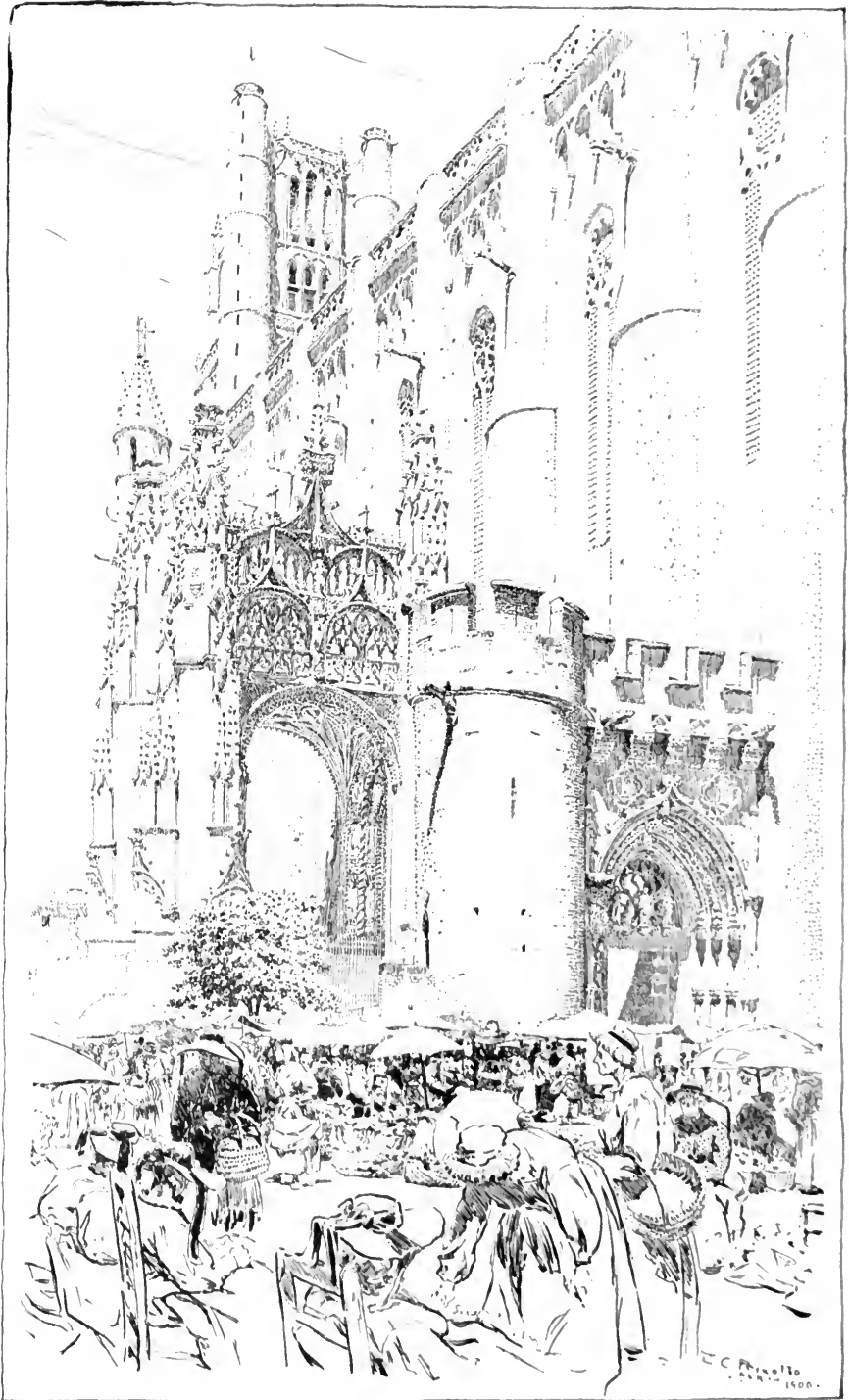
CAVITO
1900 • MILANO •

A CORNER OF THE PIAZZA DI MERCANTI.



ROCAMADOUR.

"The oldest and once the most venerated pilgrimage in all of France."



ALBI CATHEDRAL FROM THE MARKET PLACE.

looks at the canvas, that here is no guess work. That rarest of all effects—atmosphere, that carries one, he does not know how, to the spot of the picture—is everywhere. There is something intangible, but absolutely felt in these canvases; something subtle, the ideal that lies behind and saturates all scenes. The very hardness of some of the buildings strikes one as unmistakably true.

There is something more in the *Woman of Rijsoord*, something Rembrandt-like in tone. The face brings up the old Dutch painting. They are true Dutch eyes; it is a realizable Dutch nose; and the rounded chin, the plump lips, the phlegmatic temperament, relieved by something in the eyes that speaks no weak character, make the *Woman of Rijsoord* a study almost as good as seeing the woman herself.

One does not need to be told that Peixotto has traveled where he has painted, and painted where he has traveled. It is in evidence. People who have been where he has worked, hardly need a plate on the picture, so faithfully does he seem to catch the atmosphere, the characteristics, the peculiarities, the color of his subjects. He is yet to achieve greater fame. That he has given so much time to illustrating has not been a loss to his painting. It has been an enduring benefit. He has found, in the necessity of thoroughly comprehending the places he has had to illustrate, that the artistic sense absorbs as much from hard, practical detail as it does from the ideal study. His conscientiousness, his skill and his hard work have taught him the solid foundation of things, and his temperament has found the ideal, the beautiful, the psychological, in the real of every-day life and in the different phases of material nature.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE RAINBOW TROUT AND ITS HOME.

By CLOUDSLEY RUTTER,

Naturalist, U. S. Fish Commission Steamer, "Albatross."

ANGLERS are frequently heard to claim preëminence for the Eastern Brook or some alien trout, but they talk thus only when not fishing in the West. When an angler casts his fly in some Sierra Nevada stream, and a five pound Rainbow or even a one-pounder takes it—well that particular fish is the finest that ever came out of water (or refused to come out, as the case may be). And there is truth without exaggeration in the statement, for, taken all in all, the Rainbow in his favorite haunts comes near being the sportsman's ideal fish. He is gamey enough to satisfy experts who delight in light tackle, or those who from a spirit of fairness like to see him fight for his life



"EXCEEDINGLY VARIABLE IN COLOR."

(and lose it !) ; he takes the hook so cautiously, or daintily, as some sportsmen describe it, that great skill may be acquired in hooking, and, indeed, is necessary if a large percentage of the strikes are hooked ; his flesh is firm and delicate enough in flavor to satisfy even an epicure ; and his beauty of shape and color are the despair of artists.

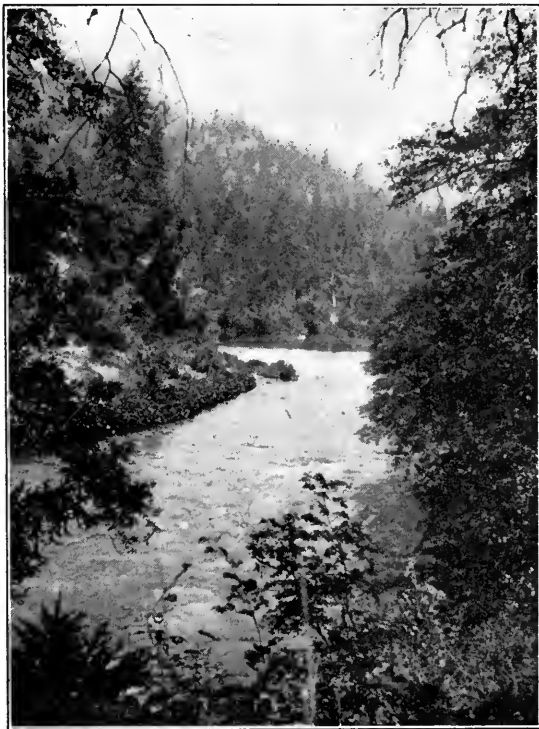
The fighting ability of a Rainbow reaches its height at two and a half pounds weight. Though the larger fish lasts longer, he usually sulks toward the end of a fight, thus drawing out the struggle without any recompensing excitement, while the two-and-a-half-pounder has no equal for force and activity. The skill in fishing for Rainbows lies not only in knowing how and where to cast the fly, nor even in knowing how to handle the hooked fish, be it large or small ; the chief skill lies in seeing the strikes and in hooking the fish when the strike is seen. I have been fishing, meeting with fairly good success in my own estimation, when an expert would exclaim, " Why didn't you



"CADDICK LARVAE ARE EXCEEDINGLY ABUNDANT."

hook that fish?" or "That was a fine strike!" and I was not aware that a fish had been within a yard of my hook.

The Rainbow is related to the Atlantic Salmon and to the Cut-throat Trout of the Rocky Mountains—all belonging to the genus *Salmo*—and it cannot be distinguished from the young of the Steelhead. When a Rainbow enters salt water and grows to a large size it is a Steelhead; when it continues in fresh water it remains small and is known as a Rainbow. It is exceedingly variable in color, and also in many of the characteristics that

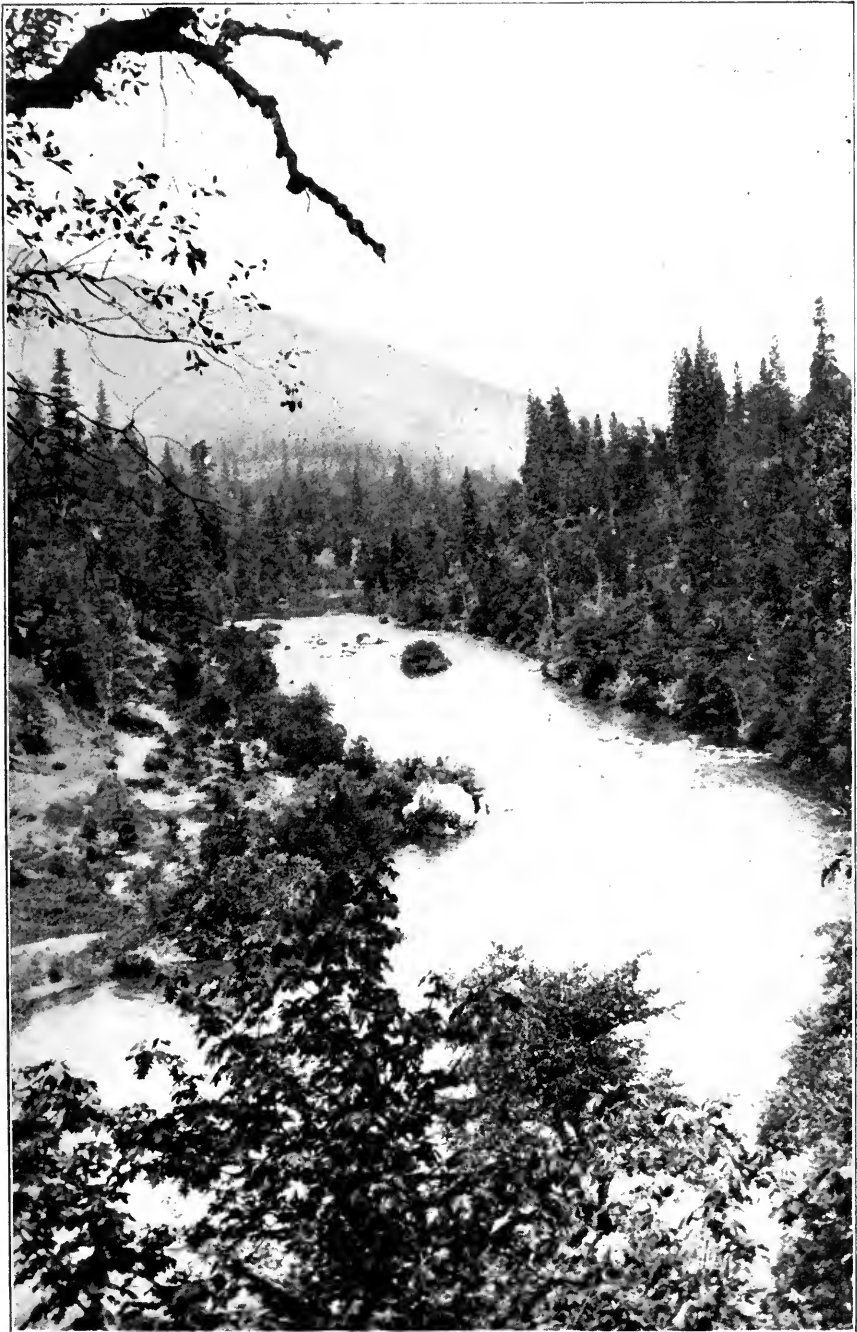


"A GREAT MANY SPORTSMEN HAVE CAST THEIR LINES THEREIN."

ichthyologists use in distinguishing species, and has, therefore, been described several times as a new species. Altogether, thirteen different scientific names have been applied to this one species. Jordan and Evermann, in their work on the fishes of North and Middle America, distinguish the Rainbow from the Steelhead, calling the former *Salmo irideus* and the latter *Salmo gairdneri*; they also recognize several subspecies of each. The present writer, in his report on the fishes of the Sacramento-San Joaquin Basin, classifies the Rainbow as *Salmo irideus*, not recognizing the Steelhead in that territory. Sufficient data have



THE RAINBOW TROUT, *Salmo irideus* Photographed from life by the author. One fourth natural size.



"THE MCCLOUD RIVER IS THE HOME OF THE RAINBOW TROUT."

not been published to settle definitely whether the Rainbow and Steelhead are identical, though there is little doubt that they are, and that *Salmo irideus* should be given as a synonym of *Salmo gairdneri*, which is the older name. It will always be convenient, however, to use the two common names, "steelhead" being restricted to sea-run specimens.

The color is brightest in the larger fishes, and this when first removed from the water, at which time the name "rainbow" is no exaggeration. The sides of the head and body are washed



"McCLOUD RIVER IS A BEAUTIFUL STREAM."

by a broad band of pinkish purple, somewhat iridescent, the color deepest along the middle and fading out on the dusky olive back and silvery white belly. The sides above the middle, and frequently below, are thickly spotted with black. The delicacy of color in the purplish band is soon lost after the fish is taken from the water, as it is also when kept in an aquarium.

The ground-color often varies greatly in accordance with surroundings. I have caught specimens in a particularly dark pool that were almost black; and again, in larger pools and more exposed localities, the ground-color was almost wholly bright silvery. It is probable that the color of the individual changes in accordance with its surroundings, though such change does not take place rapidly. The arrangement of the spots is likewise exceedingly variable.

Certain shades of color, or certain more or less definite arrangements of spots, are often characteristic of particular streams or lakes, thus giving rise to the many local varieties recognized by sportsmen. Sometimes there are even two very distinct arrangements of color markings among a number of specimens from one locality, as has been found in North Fork of Feather River near its source. One of the most distinct color forms is found in Gold Lake, tributary to Middle Fork of Feather River, and in other lakes near by though tributary to Yuba River. Some of the trout in these lakes have the sides

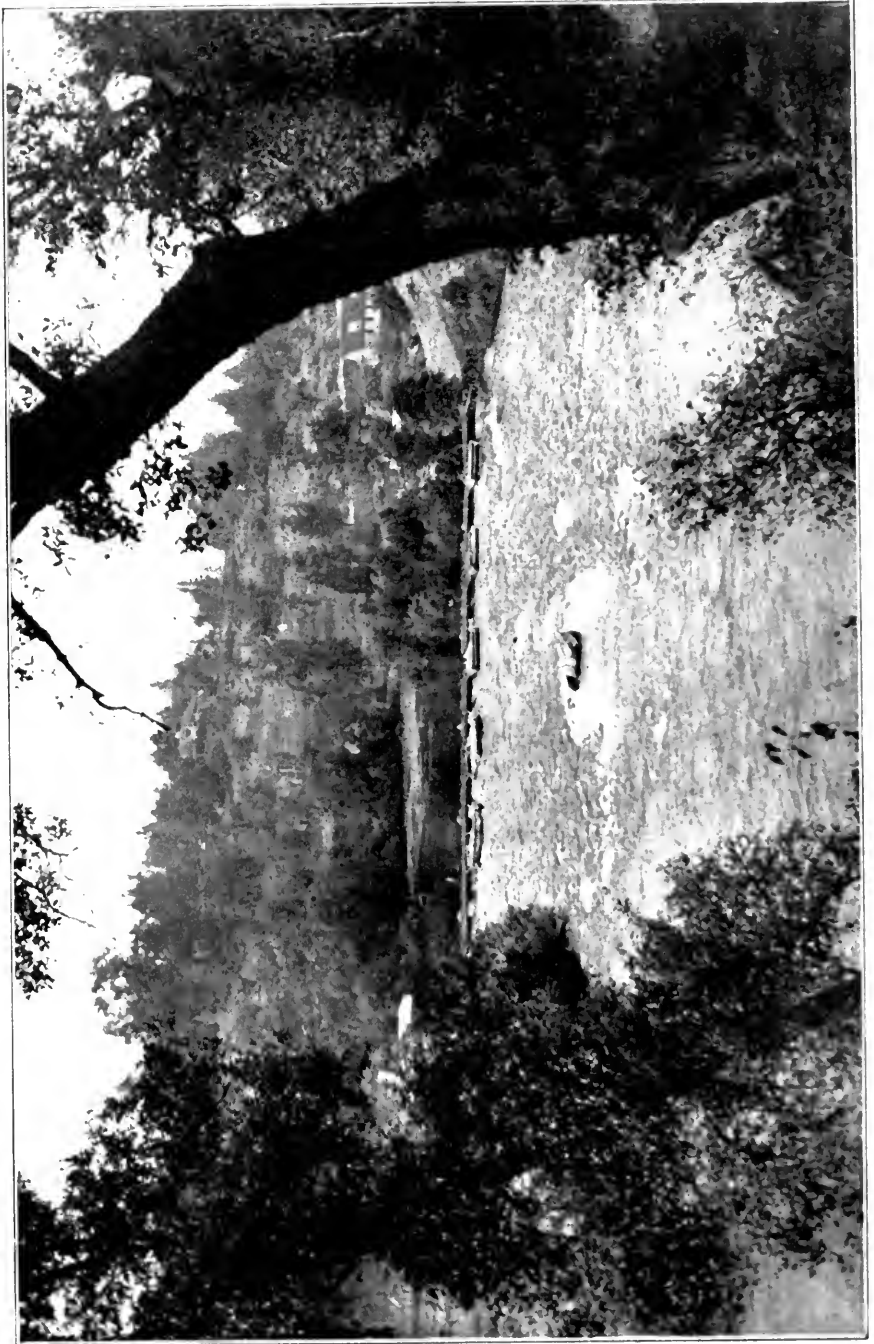


"IS ACCESSIBLE THROUGHOUT BY TRAIL."

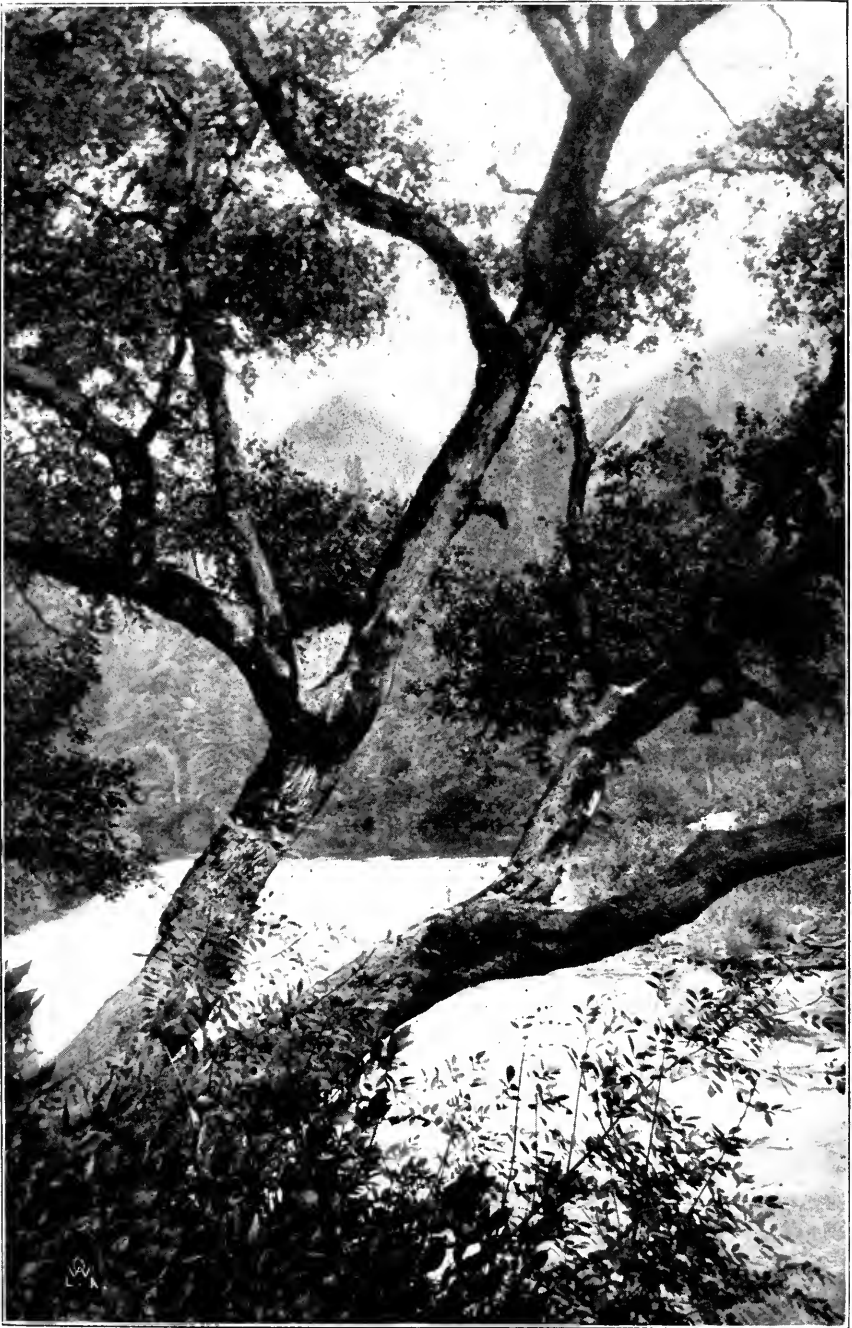
and belly and lower fins bright orange red; others in the same lakes have the ordinary rainbow coloration. Any sportsman can tell of half a dozen other color varieties.

The color of the flesh is indifferently white or pinkish, though it is usually white in small specimens. The pinkish flesh is sometimes characteristic in particular localities, as is the case at the source of Yuba River, where certain lakes are known as "Salmon Lakes" on account of the color of the flesh of the trout found in them.

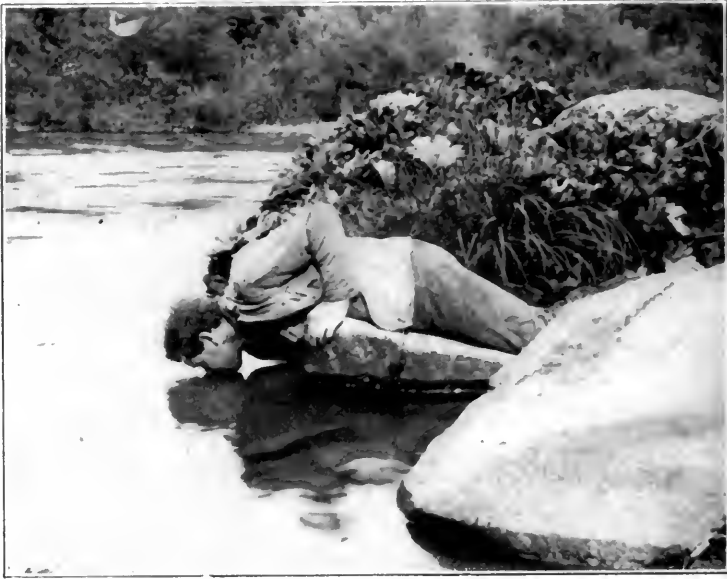
The Rainbow Trout is native throughout middle and northern California, and, thanks to the State Fish Commission, there is scarcely a suitable stream in the State that has not been stocked. Considering the Rainbow and Steelhead as identical, the species



"THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION HAS A HATCHERY AT BAIRD."



"RUGGED MOUNTAIN SCENERY."



"THE PUREST OF WATER."

is found as far north and west as Kadiak Island, Alaska, though the Alaskan Steelhead may be the sea-run form of the Cutthroat.

The food of the Rainbow consists largely of insects, the large caddice larva that has a shell of fine gravel being the favorite. Small fishes are taken occasionally, especially those that are crippled in some way ; Rainbow is an excellent surgeon.

Rainbow has few enemies. Aside from the destruction of spawn by young Rainbows and other fishes, the only enemy worth considering is the Dolly Varden Trout, which is found in only one stream in California.

The McCloud River is the home of the Rainbow Trout as well as the Quinnot Salmon ; and it is the most southern stream inhabited by the Dolly Varden. It has been the least stocked, and yet is the best supplied with fish of any important stream in the State ; and while it has probably not been fished as much as the Upper Sacramento, yet a great many sportsmen have cast their lines therein. The McCloud is a much larger stream than the Upper Sacramento ; it is swift and cool, with numerous rapids, all of which characters make it attractive to Rainbows. The stream is also frequented by spawning salmon, and there is nothing that Rainbow devours with greater relish than salmon eggs and alevins. Caddice larvæ are exceedingly abundant, and furnish food when salmon eggs are not in season.

Independent of its fishes, McCloud River is a beautiful stream for an outing ; that is, if rugged mountain scenery and the purest of water count for anything. It is accessible throughout by trail, and may be reached by wagon from Sisson and Redding, and also from several intermediate points. The United States Fish Commission has a hatchery at Baird, near the mouth of the river.

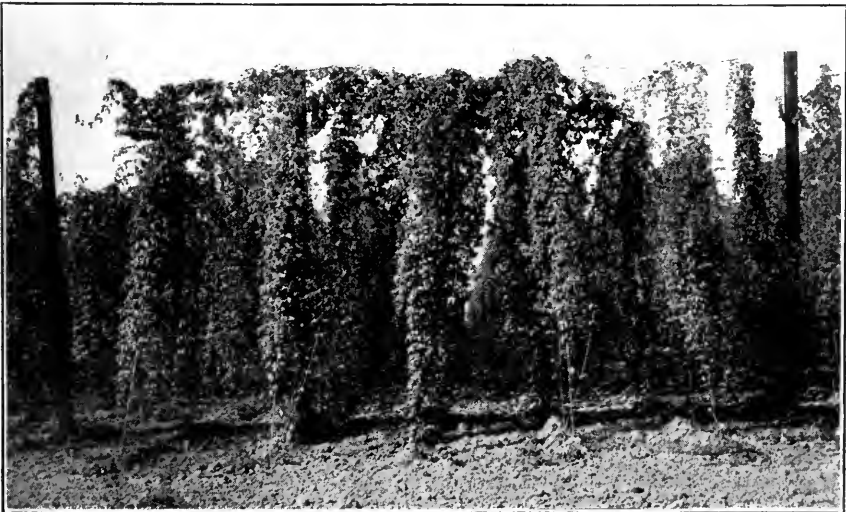
HOP-PICKING IN THE PLEASANTON VALLEY.

By OTTILIA WILLI.

NESTLED between two ranges of rounded, rolling, green-crested hills, forty-five miles from San Francisco, lies the little town of Pleasanton—its name fairly earned by cool, shady streets, genial climate, and happy, care-free inhabitants—mainly types of southern Europe. The valley cradling this little town is so fertile, fruitful, sun-kissed, fog-cooled, that all things—even to the hearts of the inhabitants—seem to grow larger here than elsewhere. No wonder then that the largest hop-fields in the world, under one wire, are found in the Pleasanton valley.

Ten months in the year the little town leads a dreamy, leisurely life—and then a revolution! With August comes the hop-picking season, and everybody is seized with a worldly interest. School, which has been in session just a month, is closed; children, as well as adults, bring forth their “hop-picking clothes,” and every daily duty suffers more or less as long as there is a catkin on the vine.

Ten years ago the four hundred and fifty acres of the Pleasanton hop-yard were covered by a lagoon. Six years of labor, aided by a steam dredge, and nine miles of canal, cleared the land of water and made it ready for the plow. To-day, every modern equipment and invention applicable to hop-



READY FOR THE PICKERS.

culture facilitate the labor of the thousands employed from the time the soil is plowed until the hops are ready for the market.

The Pleasanton hop-yard is set out with poles twenty feet high, placed thirty-six feet apart each way; in each row between the poles are six rows of vines. Across the tops of the poles, running north and south, is No. 4 cable wire, and crossing this, from east to west, is No. 6 trellis wire. The latter, running over anchor poles at each end, sustains the yard. Over sixteen million pounds of wire are used for this network overhead.

In February, at the close of the rainy season, the ground is plowed, and the last year's vines are grubbed and pruned.



THE HOP-PICKERS' CAMP.

Then, from each plant hill three lines of string are stretched, fanlike, to the trellis above; when the new shoots appear, the three hardiest-looking are trained to the three strings. This done, the rest is left to nature.

A Massachusetts woman, upon her first visit to the hop yard, once asked how long it would take to walk through all the rows of the entire field, and was answered by the overseer: "A woman from your part of the country once tried it and started down yonder row, and she was married before she reached the other end." It is stated that the Massachusetts woman remained to pick hops that season. However true this yarn may be, it is the fact that the string used each year would reach from California to New York, and half way back.

One could not wish to see a more beautiful sight than the Pleasanton hop-fields present during July and August. When the vines have climbed and twined upward until they have reached the trellis, a distance of twenty feet from the ground,



A MASSACHUSETTS FAMILY IN A CALIFORNIA HOPFIELD.

they droop the rest of their growth over the wires in graceful clusters, like thick draperies, as if to shield the roots from too much sun, yet so fairy-light that the whole curtain swings and shivers in all its length to the gentlest whisper of the breeze.

In their climbing, hop vines insist upon being trained from right to left, so that they may follow the sun, declining to grow upon other terms; each night the head of the vine points toward the setting sun.

The hop is a dioecious plant—that is, the same vine does not carry flowers with both stamens and pistils. Therefore, in the planting, one male plant (staminate) is allowed for every hundred females (pistillate). With favorable weather the hops are ready for picking by the end of August. This usually lasts from three to four weeks, and must be begun when the hops begin to “turn,” lest those which hang longest should become over-ripe. Just before the hops turn, the exact date of the picking is announced throughout the State by the daily papers and by placards. The county road, leading through Pleasanton past the hop-yard, is oiled, in anticipation of the increased travel on it, and even the weather seems to put itself in readiness for the event. Immediately, in response to the call for pickers, begins a steady influx of campers, representing nearly every part of the globe. Some bring their own tents, others hire them from the

Hop Company, and still others construct picturesque and comfortable shacks of willow branches and leaves.

Hardly elsewhere can be found so many nationalities, classes and types, busied at a common occupation. There are the office man and woman, the clerk, the professional man, the student, the teacher and the invalid, eager for the physical benefits to be derived from working in the hop field, or bent on enjoying a vacation in the country without loss of pay. There are the people of the village itself, many of whom, the whole family working, earn enough during the hop-picking season to tide them over to the following August. Besides these, there are bands of Japanese, always peaceful, quiet and industrious; a



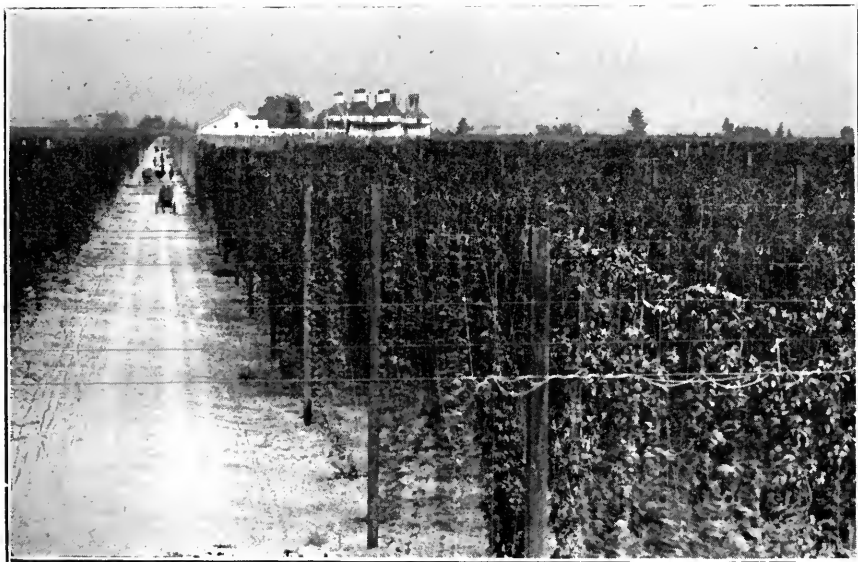
"WILLOW LANE."

smaller percentage of Chinese; some negroes, the ever-present Italian, the "Hobo," and lastly, the Paiutes.

Between two and three thousand people, so widely different in taste, habit and temper, could not be allowed to herd indiscriminately without actual danger; accordingly the yard is divided into five or six sections. To one are assigned the town people and the health or recreation seekers; to another, the Japanese, and so on; so that every person finds congenial people about him, or at least the type to which he is best habited. Each picker is allowed a row, and is responsible for the picking on that row. The hops are picked into baskets, and these emptied into sacks, which are weighed twice a day, noon and evening, by one of the overseers of each section. The other overseer pays the pickers each time the sacks are weighed, by checks (yellow and blue) from an autographic register. The yellow checks can be cashed at any time, at the office or at any store; the blue checks only at the end of the season, at the

office. This system is adopted to keep the pickers—who are inclined to be of vagrant temper—to their work till it is complete.

Adults earn from a dollar and a half to three dollars a day; children seven and eight years old, seventy to eighty cents a day. As early as half-past five in the morning the town people—men, women and children—begin to wend their way to the hop yard, on foot, in carts or in wagons. On these daily trips the hospitality and neighborliness, inborn to those of the blood of southern Europe, are noticeable in a marked degree. No cart or wagon ever makes the trip with half or even three-fourths of a load. Neighbors, acquaintances, strangers—all receive alike



AN AVENUE BETWEEN SECTIONS.
Kilns in the background.

the hearty invitation to “jump in” or “on,” as the case may be, and the rich ranch-owner’s daughter, or the physician’s wife, rides side by side with her own or her neighbor’s servant—unreluctantly and in free comradeship.

The midday lunch is enjoyed in the field, at the restaurant, in the home, or in the camp. As there are both grocery store and butcher shop in the camp (both owned by the Hop Company), meals, hot or cold, boiled or fried, can be prepared by the campers, when and how they please. For the butcher shop the company does its own killing. Twenty artesian wells dot the yard, and consequently there is abundant water, cool, healthful and easy of access.



CAUGHT BY A SNAPSHOT.

No restrictions are laid upon the worker as to time and amount of labor to be given. He is paid so much per pound, and has the privilege of making ten cents or three dollars per day, as he chooses. All that is required of him is that he pick the hops clean. In this respect the Paiutes excel.

Let us leave the work of the field for a few minutes and take a look at the Indians, and at the social side of the hop-picking. The arrival of the Paiutes is an annual event in the history of the town and of the hop yard—and rightly, for nowhere else, away from their own home, can these strangely interesting people be so well studied as in this camp, where they build their shelter, buy their food, prepare it in their own way, and carry on their mode of living regardless of curious eyes.

For the past few years they have been brought from Reno, Nevada. As their railroad fare is paid, and they have an opportunity to earn a goodly sum by easy labor, they are always anxious to come. A strip of land towards the foothills is reserved for them, and, as soon as they arrive in the camp, they set about constructing rude shelters of willow branches—in most cases only thin walls to the windward. In a few hours all of them (150 to 200) are "domiciled" for the season.

Like the rest of their race, the Paiutes are either superstitious



ONE OF THE PAIUTE CAPTAINS.

about having their pictures taken, or so worldly wise that a kodak aimed at them elicits "I want four bits!" as promptly as if the phrase were an automatic response to the pressure of a button. It is worth twice the price to be a spectator at one of these photographic attempts. The photographer hoping, while parleying with the redskins, to be able to focus his camera without paying the "four bits," sees his opportunity in the finder (after his patience is almost exhausted), and slyly proceeds to press the bulb, when, as if by magic, every Paiute's face is hidden—and his picture shows an unrecognizable heap of blankets and shawls spread out on the ground, with here and there a pair of protruding legs.

Social features are by no means lacking at the Pleasanton hop-pickings. Often the week's work is pleasantly broken by the young people with moonlight hay-rides to Fernbrook, Rose-dale or Sunol Glen—or lacking the moon, lanterns will serve. It is closed every Saturday night with a "hop-dance," given in one of the large buildings near the kilns. The floor of this building is waxed, the ceiling and walls are hung with graceful festoons and clusters of hops, and the hours until midnight speed all too rapidly for the young people, who seem to imbibe youth and strength from the hop-scented atmosphere.



INDIAN WOMEN PICKING HOPS.

Occasionally a few Paiutes, who are beginning to feel a twentieth century spirit all their own, slip into the dance-hall and awkwardly occupy chairs and benches at the rear end of the floor. Sometimes two of the more ambitious squaws will venture into a remote corner, and make grotesque attempts at a two-step or a waltz; but they certainly are less successful on the floor than in the hop-field.

Turning now again to the day's work: after weighing, the hops are taken to the kilns, and lifted by elevators to the dry-room. There are four floors in the dry-room (all on the same level) with a furnace under each. The kilns are built in the shape of an inverted truncated pyramid, thus causing the heat to be distributed over a very large surface. The dry-floors, immediately above the kilns, are constructed of slats covered with burlap, to allow the heat of the furnaces to come through. A "floor" of hops is spread evenly over the burlap, to a thickness of from sixteen to twenty-four inches, and is kept there from ten to twelve hours—the duration being regulated, of course, by the heat and the thickness of the hops. The temperature of the dry-room varies from 150° to 170°F. For an hour, just before the hops are taken out of the dry-room, they are put through a process of sulphuring, to bleach them and to give them an even



"OFTEN EARN 50 TO 75 CENTS A DAY APIECE."

color. For this purpose fifteen to twenty tons of sulphur are used every season. The immediate drying of the hops is entrusted to two experts, who return every year to repeat their former successes.

While in the cooler, the hops take on sufficient moisture to make them bale well. The baling takes two or three weeks, depending upon the size of the crop.

When the hops are dried, the conversion from green to dry figures out about $3\frac{1}{3}$ to 1; *i. e.*, 100 lbs. of green hops weigh about 30 lbs. when dry. A green pick of 2,500,000 lbs. when dry would weigh only 750,000 lbs.

Hops are of a superior or inferior quality according to the per cent. of lupulin they contain. Lupulin is the fine yellow powder that contains the bitter, medicinal principle of hops; therefore, the more of this the hops contain, the greater the demand for them. The world-wide reputation of the Pleasantons, together with the evenness of so large a crop, insures them always a ready market; they are shipped annually to London, England, where they are handled by one large house.

The first cost of setting out the Pleasanton Hop Company plant was over \$200,000. It stands today as an investment of \$300,000.

Pleasanton, Cal.

AN OLD ENGLISH PLAY IN CALIFORNIA.

By *RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN*.*


TO produce a play of the time of Shakespeare as nearly as possible in the manner, and on the kind of stage, which was familiar to Shakespeare's original audiences: this was the problem lately undertaken by the English Club of Stanford University. To some people, without what Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler calls "historical-mindedness," it may seem foolish to attempt to put one's self out of sight of modern improvement—electric lights, gilded decorations, elaborate stage machinery, and all the rest—and to imagine one's self in the primitive and inadequate theater of the days of Elizabeth. But to those with the right sort of imagination such an effort is its own reward; and this was discovered by those who saw the recent performances at Stanford.

Of course there was no effort to take away the central roof of the theater, leaving a part of the audience under the open sky, nor to require the audience in the pit to stand throughout the performance, all of which would have been historic but rather uncomfortable. Up to the footlights one saw the usual Assembly Hall of the University; back of these one saw an Elizabethan stage. This was partly roofed over, forming in reality a covered stage, and another, uncovered, that projected into the pit; while behind and above was a third stage, or balcony, representing any elevated scene which the play might require. Still higher than the stage-roof and the balcony one saw a little hut or tower, from which an occasional drop-scene might be lowered, and in the window of which appeared the trumpeter who blew three blasts as a warning that the play was about to begin.

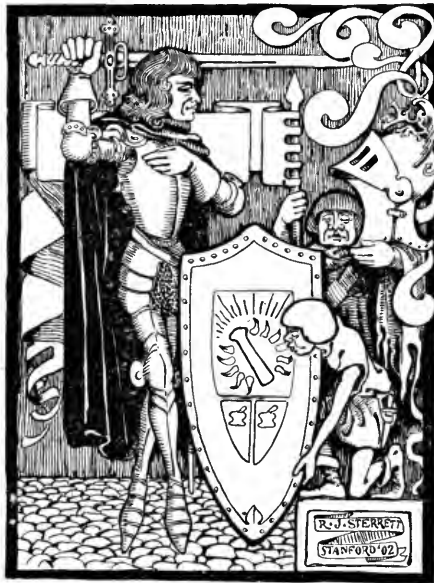
The stage-picture also included a few of the gallery-boxes, where the richer or more aristocratic Elizabethans found seats on either side of the stage; and this part of the old English audience was represented, as well as the actors. Still further, there was a number of Elizabethan gallants on three-legged stools at either corner of the stage itself, where, after the ancient free-and-easy manner, they could exchange jokes with the players and make themselves quite as conspicuous. The life and color resulting from the presence of these merry young gentlemen, as well as the ladies in the balcony-boxes, was one of the most noticeable features of the play, and the spectators realized how much the gay costumes of our ancestors did to compensate for the comparative dullness of the early stage itself.

The amount of scenery used was very slight. There seems to

* Under whose direction the play was staged.

At the
 TANFORD PLAIE-HOUS
A Pleasaunt Comedie
 KNYGHT OF y^e BVRNING
 PESTLE.

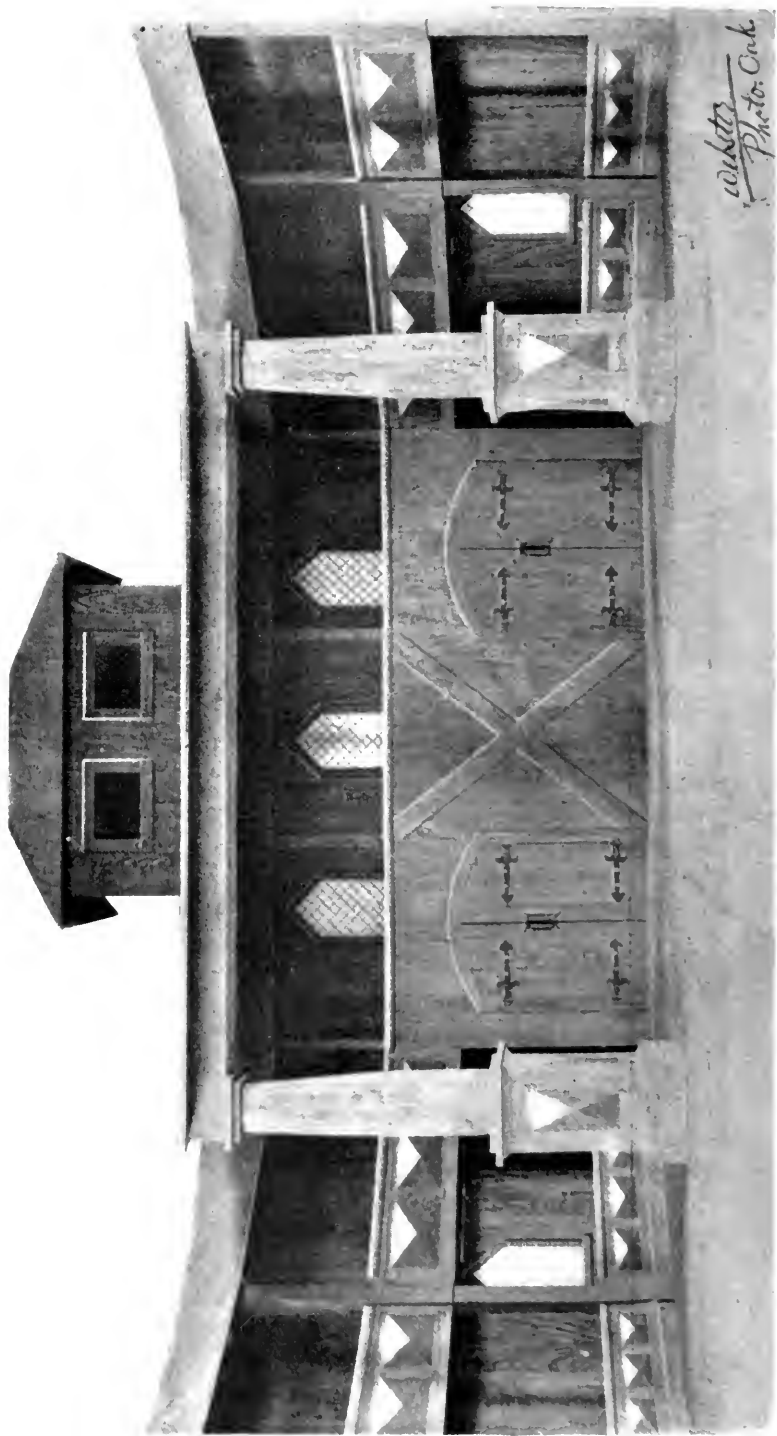
F. BEAUMONT .& IOHN FLETCHER. GENT.



Shall be *Publickely Enacted*
 By *the Stvdents of the*
 VNIVERSITIE.

Places for the Boxes to be taken of
 MASTER *William Hide*
 at the
 Booke-Shop over against
 the
 APOTHECARIES

Vivat (P)rex



THE STANFORD ELIZABETHAN STAGE.

be some uncertainty as to just how much there was of this sort of thing in Shakespeare's time, but it is certain that compared with the trappings of a modern theater it was slight enough. In the play at Stanford there was one drop-scene, representing a forest in rough fashion, but all other changes of scene were indicated by movable properties which were carried on and off by stage-boys in costume, and by placards hung from one of the pillars. "Venturewell's House," the "Bell Inn," and the like, were distinguished by signs of this sort. When one reads of such devices as having been in use in the Elizabethan theater, he is likely to laugh at the crudeness of such a performance, and to wonder how the serious enjoyment of the spectators could have been maintained, but a view of a good play, under the old conditions helps to make things clearer. "What astonished me most," said a distinguished guest, in speaking of the performance at Stanford, "was the perfect satisfaction I felt with the few properties and the sign-boards, as indicating the different scenes. It never occurred to me that it was not an adequate way of representing the situation." The same thought was expressed by many others. The fact is, the Elizabethan theater left a good many things to the imagination of its audiences, and trained their imaginations by so doing in a way which an elaborate modern theatre can hardly rival.

Between the acts there was no curtain lowered, but the musicians in one of the balcony boxes struck up genuine Elizabethan airs on their fiddles, while a dancing boy ran out and went through jigs which were at least intended to be Elizabethan, too. Meantime another boy was selling cross-buns and apples to the stage audience; the young gallants were strolling about the stage exchanging flirtations with masked ladies in the boxes. A grocer and his wife, who had also mounted the stage in their eagerness to be near the scene of action, were cracking nuts or buying beer of the attendants; and altogether the scene was such a bustling bit of old London life of Shakespeare's day that one had to rub his eyes to make sure that some fairy had not transported him over three centuries of time!

The play itself is not properly a part of our present subject, except as to its general character and suggestiveness. It was "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," a lively comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, the young dramatists who in 1610 were just succeeding Shakespeare as the chief figures in the English romantic drama. The play is not only full of fun, but also full of good old songs of the Elizabethan day, which at the Stanford performance were sung in every case to genuine Elizabethan



THE KNIGHT IS BATTEN WITH HIS OWN HELMET.

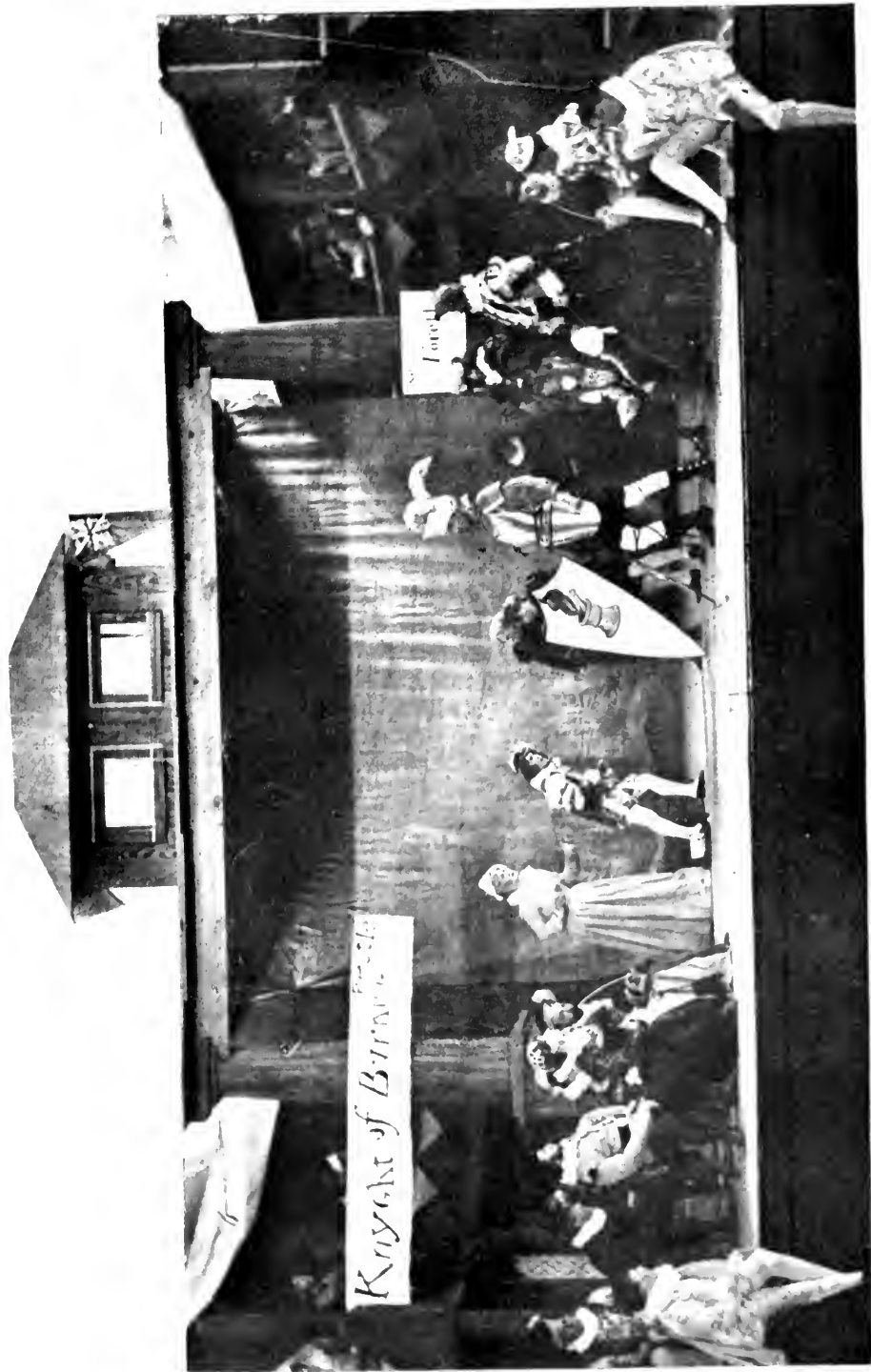
Photo by Pomachko

music—full of action, too, of the vigorous and uproarious kind for which English audiences have always had an undisguised, if somewhat vulgar, liking. The scene changed constantly from one place to another, in a way that would be impossible if the scenery were really to be changed to suit, and there were fights, and a ghost, and a funeral, which turned out not to be a funeral, and plenty of other sensations. In this respect the Elizabethan play contrasted strongly with the Greek play which the Stanford students had presented just a year before. That was simple, severe, with little action, with few actors and no changes of scene—having all the characteristics, in a word, which the critics still call “classical.” The old English play, with its complexity, its vivacity, its perpetually changing actors and scenes, was a brilliantly contrasting piece of the later “romantic” style.

One might make a single concluding reflection on this interesting experiment. The quality of the acting was universally commented on as being exceptionally satisfactory, although it was the work of college undergraduates, largely inexperienced, and without any professional coaching whatever. In some cases this was no doubt due to the happy choice of particularly gifted students; but in general it suggested that the very spontaneity and naturalness of these actors, without the conventional stage manners and tones which all but the very best professionals find it so difficult to avoid, give of themselves a high type of dramatic work. The experiment was therefore a hopeful one for further work of the same character by university students, and certainly, following so close upon the success of the Greek play (the “Antigone”), it speaks well for the versatility of our California college men and women.

Stanford University.





IN THE FOREST. (Showing only use made of a drop-scene.)

Photo by Funachho

BULLYING THE "QUAKER INDIANS."

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

III.



BURTON'S MAN TIED THIS MAN'S HANDS WITH WIRE AND SHEARED HIS HEAD AS A PUNISHMENT.

THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs has promised the thorough investigation asked by the Sequoya League in its charges against Chas. E. Burton, the narrow-between-the-eyes agent who has for four years been terrorizing, abusing, and by six-shooter-sua-sion haggling the hair of the Hopi Indians of Moqui. If the investigation is strictly carried out, the reign of the Pinhead Tyrant will soon be at an end. And Commissioner Jones has agreed to have the trial conducted by one of the persons suggested by the League. Indian Inspector J. E. Jenkins will be in charge. He is an alert and competent man, and was named for this task by the League in recognition of his honorable record. Formal complaint against Burton was made by the League in the following form :

To the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.:

SIR: The Sequoya League, incorporated to assist Indians in common-sense ways—one of which ways is to furnish their official protector, the Department, with accurate, competent and disinterested information as to actual conditions in the field—after eight months' careful investigation, with its authorized agent on the ground for five-and-a-half months, now through its Executive Committee respectfully requests you to order a full and searching investigation into the charges hereinafter preferred against Charles E. Burton, Superintendent and Special Disbursing Agent for the Moquis and Navajos, stationed at Keam's Cañon, Ariz.

We respectfully ask that this investigation be open and under oath, and conducted by officials familiar with and respected in the West; and very respectfully suggest that, though none of these gentlemen are personally known to this Executive Committee, Supervisor A. O. Wright, or Special Agent J. E. Jenkins, or Superintendent S. M. McCowan of the Chilocco School, all have such reputation in this region that their verdict would command public confidence.

We respectfully request that the witnesses whose names are subjoined be summoned, and any others whose testimony can serve to bring out the truth and the equities of the case.

We respectfully request that a representative of this League, to be named by the Executive Committee, be summoned to be present at said investigation, and authorized to assist the officials of the Government in bringing out the evidence this League has been gathering for more than eight months.

CHARGES.

We charge that Charles E. Burton, Superintendent and Special Disburs-



A HOPI MOTHER AND CHILD AT HOME.

Photo by A. C. Froman.

ing Agent for the Moquis and Navajos, at Keam's Cañon, Ariz., is an incompetent and unsuitable person for such position; for the following reasons, among others:

GENERAL INCOMPETENCE: This does not refer to routine ability, of which the Department has the best opportunity to judge; but to qualifications no less important in a man who has to control or direct pupils or a people—particularly to civilize and educate them. Mr. Burton has been about four years in this spot under Government pay to guide these 2600 Indians in the plan of civilization formulated by the Department with so much pains. In that time he has gained neither the respect, the confidence nor the good-will of his wards, nor of those who know them. He has not tried to understand the Indians, and *does* not understand them. He is still unable to communicate with them, except through incompetent interpreters. But the Indians understand *him*. The 1800 Moquis (properly called Hopi) fear and detest him as an unfeeling, unwise and despotic oppressor. Their judgment of his mental equipment is, as expressed to his face (not angrily, but as a mere statement of fact), "you talk and act as a boy." The 800 Navajos under this Agency despise him because he coerces the submissive Hopi, but does not pretend to coerce the spirited Navajos—and all Indians detest a coward. He has absolutely failed to enlist or to interest either tribe in the Government plans for their advancement. He cannot lead them a step in any direction: and no man can drive any people far. He has no influence save by compulsion or intimidation; the Indians will do nothing at his instance save as they have to. He still "induces" little children to come to school by armed raids of the immemorial and dreaded enemies of their people. For centuries the nomad Navajos raided, murdered and plundered the house-building, agricultural Moquis; and he uses these traditional foes as his "policemen." Intimidation and force are his only "civilizing agencies." Yet the Moquis are notoriously the gentlest, most inoffensive and most tractable Indians in this country, and have been for centuries. Their very name, Hopi, means "The Peaceful People." Other persons (in the Service, and out) have been able to help these Indians in civilization by winning their respect and trust. Any person wise and patient can lead the Moquis forward; and a superintendent adding these qualities to the prestige of his office, among a people whose reverence for authority is profound, and who obey their own laws more scrupulously than any American community obeys American laws, could work wonders here. A man who, after four years with the same pupils, has no other hold upon them, than show of weapons, beating, dragging and otherwise coercing them, is not qualified as a teacher anywhere.

This League is dominated not by "Old Women of either sex," but by practical men of far longer experience with the frontier and with Indians than Mr. Burton has had. They understand the difficulties of his position; they know the people he has in charge; and they are not sentimentalists. But as practical men of experience with Indians, with schools, and with other matter-of-fact things, they believe the way to get a horse to drink is to bring him to the water without abuse, and induce him to feel that he *wishes* to drink. We have never known a horse to be beaten or kicked into thinking he was thirsty. We believe there can be no education anywhere save by the trust and willingness of the pupil; and that these cannot be clubbed into him. We believe they can be secured only by such measures as the regulations of the Service repeatedly and wisely inculcate—"tact and perseverance," "inducing," "patience," etc., as well as "firmness." This ability and this tact Mr. Burton absolutely lacks; and his firmness is only toward the humble Moquis, never for the uncooked Navajos. If he were disarmed of his six-shooters and Winchesters, he could not fill the Moqui schools to half their present enrollment, if at all. It is the weapons, not the man, that still rule—after four years. No people are more responsive to justice, friendliness and tact; and anyone with common sense, experience and reasonable consideration and adaptability, could carry out the Department's policies here if there were not a gun in Arizona.

ARBITRARY AND DESPOTIC CONDUCT: We charge that Mr. Burton has not only intimidated the Moquis so the children flee in terror when he or his subordinates are seen approaching, and adults retire to their houses—whereas both hasten out to greet other persons (including teachers) who are trying with real patience and tact to uplift them. We charge that he has also intimidated the employes under him, threatening to withhold their credits if they discuss his policies

among themselves at all, and rebuking those who seem to be gaining the confidence of the Indians; that his despotic action toward reputable Americans justifiably visiting the reservation has often been complained of. We charge that he is habitually hostile to those teachers and those visitors who show consideration for the Indians, or whom the Indians seem to trust; and that though the Moquis are in serious destitution he has hampered efforts to aid them—even refusing the offer of a responsible citizen to increase at his own expense their wretched, inadequate and laborious water supply, which is insufficient not only for irrigation but for drinking and washing. The League does not uphold ignorant and meddling tourists, many of whom should be ordered off any reservation.

ILLEGAL VIOLENCE: We charge that Mr. Burton's administration steadily has been, and habitually is, marked by physical violence—assaults, draggings, shovings, kickings, blows with the fist, floggings, destruction of property, and other actions directly in violation of the rules of the Service, clearly illegal and inhuman, and absolutely needless and wanton, as toward the inoffensive Moquis. Mr. Burton has been far too prudent to attempt these measures with the Navajos. Rule 46 makes him "responsible for . . . the conduct and efficiency of the employees." We charge that under his responsible direction, and with his knowledge, fathers, mothers and children have been violently handled—struck, dragged, driven, torn roughly apart, menaced with fire arms, shot after, and given "cruel and degrading punishments." We charge that one of his teachers smashed all the crockery in a house, and cut the blankets to pieces with a knife, because the unprotected mother and daughter fled in terror at his approach. We respectfully ask that Mr. Burton's two subordinates, H. Kampmeyer (recently transferred to a school in the State of Washington) and — Balingier, Kampmeyer's successor as teacher at Oraibi, be included in this investigation; both on charges of brutality; and that if they be found guilty they be summarily dismissed from the Service.

VIOLATION OF RULES OF THE SERVICE: We charge that Mr. Burton violates the entire spirit and meaning of the regulations established by the Department for "the preparation of Indian youth for the duties and privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship," the "formation of character" and "moral responsibility." The reign of terror he has established and maintained there obviously does not develop any of these desirable qualities. We specifically charge him with disregarding Rules 3, 12, 13, 14; and particularly with gross and repeated violation of Rules 248 and 249.

"248. Disciplinary measures shall be devised with reference to local and individual needs, and on the principle that the school is a formative, and not a penal, institution.

"249. In no case shall the school employees resort to abusive language, ridicule, corporal punishment, or any other cruel or degrading measure."

We charge that in contempt of this sensible and authoritative order of the Department, pupils in his power have been struck and whipped; a ten-year-old boy knocked down, and kicked when down; children not five years old, dragged or driven long distances in the snow, insufficiently clad; one boy whipped till he fainted, and was kept in the teacher's room over night to recover (his offense having been using a word of Hopi at the table)—and many similar "disciplinary measures." We charge that not only have the children been violently castigated but that parents have been habitually punished because their children were in terror of their masters; punished by imprisonment, personal assault and other "cruel and degrading" punishment.

We charge that Mr. Burton has habitually applied the so-called "Hair-Cut Order" (advised by the Department for the "civilization" of the Indians) as a punitive measure—the precise thing for which the King of Spain in the year 1621 emphatically rebuked certain of his "Indian Agents" in this same region. The Order referred to, and its supplementary Order, both commend Agents to "induce" and to use "tact, judgment and perseverance;" and they were given until June 30th to report progress. We charge that Mr. Burton suppressed the second and interpretive Order (which made clear the non-coercive spirit of the first); that armed with the first Order he hastily, eagerly and bullingly coerced the Moquis; surrounding their towns with armed Navajos and whites, herding the unwilling men into their council chambers; having them held, and forcibly shearing them against their indignant protests, as they had been sheep, in at least one instance so wounding a man that he wore the scars

upon his face months later. We charge that as a punishment because his five-year-old boy was in mortal terror of Kampmeyer, who had flogged him, and would not come down to school but clung to his father, the father was dragged down from the cliff to the school, his hands bound behind him with baling wire, and his hair forcibly haggled off by the teacher.

We are convinced that these and many like procedures are not what was contemplated by the Department when it enjoined using "tact, judgment and perseverance." We believe that cutting a father's hair by force and as a punishment is not only "degrading and cruel" among Indians or whites, but that it is in direct contempt of the Department, and damaging to its dignity and to the success of the policy by which it aims to make the Indians "fit for American citizenship." And we desire the investigation to note how many *Navajos* Mr. Burton has "persuaded" to have their hair cut, outside a few who keep their "jobs" under him only on that condition.

We respectfully but particularly request that witnesses in this case be officially assured of protection—and then *Given Protection*. We urge this in the most respectful spirit, solely because we are long familiar with the methods an Agent often employs to "punish" any one, Indian or white, who dares testify adversely. The Hopi have been so often officially threatened that unless they would come to school, or get their hair cut, or make some other important compliance, their towns should be shelled by U. S. troops, and their children taken from them forever—and have, in fact, been so often so roughly handled for their slowness in becoming white men—that they are ready to believe almost any promised calamity can and will be inflicted on them if they dare speak against their Agent. As for employes, traders and missionaries, the standing threat of losing their positions, or their leave to remain and teach the Indians, is no vague contingency. All realize that it is hanging over their heads. We have reason to believe that certain recent removals made by Mr. Burton were purely to "get rid of people that knew too much," or to punish them for having ventured to speak to him or to fellow employes concerning some of the gross abuses of his administration. This is in direct violation of the rules of the Service; and we ask that these dismissals be made part of the matters to be investigated; particularly those of Miss Watkins and Mrs. Dandridge.

We respect the Department's predisposition in favor of its employes, particularly of those who make satisfactory reports and fill their schools—the means not always being specified in their reports; at Moqui the schools are filled at the point of the six-shooter. No branch of the public service could be administered without due protection of its agents against irresponsible gossip, ignorant or hysterical meddling, and personal grievances. But we are neither irresponsible, impatient, nor uninformed. We have waited quietly and patiently, long after the matter became a scandal; and still waited until full investigation by disinterested, competent and reliable agents had verified the almost universal protest of the Indians, and of practically all Americans familiar with the case. As to the common sense and unimpeachable veracity and reliability of the special agent who has, under our authority, conducted the larger part of the investigation, we can produce overwhelming evidence. Meantime, as offset to the not wholly disinterested representations Mr. Burton may have made to the Department concerning this surveillance, it is perhaps sufficient to hand you the appended voucher from Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, who is, we believe, personally known to the Hon. Secretary of the Interior as a trustworthy person. We also beg to call your attention to the fact that the memorial appended endorsing the League's petition for an investigation is signed by some employes, and by seven or eight citizens of high standing, who are personally familiar with the facts.

With this brief outline of the more important things we expect to be able to prove, we respectfully ask that Mr. Burton be suspended as Superintendent and special Disbursing Agent pending investigation of these responsible and serious charges.

(A list follows of witnesses asked to be subpoenaed.)

Signed by the Executive Committee of the Sequoia League.

A strong endorsement by scientists, travelers, teachers and others familiar with the facts, accompanied this paper.

THE LADY OF THE GALLEON.

By LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

IV.

I THOUGHT the lady walked most wearily, as we set out on our strange journey downward. I carried the lantern close, and we passed unobserved in the darkness of the mid-watch down the hatchway to the gun-deck and then below to the berth-deck, where our fagged-out sailors, sharing the common hardship, snored in stifling quarters. I carried the key of the hatch leading to the hold, and I knew I should find the trap-door—for it was nothing more—toward the center of the deck space. Stooping under the hammocks, keeping the light turned from the half-naked man above me, I searched for the hatch by moving the lantern foot by foot over the unclean deck, the lady standing close, while the rats squeaked and ran with slipping claws on the timbers overhead. Under a heavy chest, I at length found what I sought; and setting my whole weight against the barricade, I pushed it slowly from over the trap-door. The sailor above me turned in his sleep and thrust out a naked leg. We stood still, listening, motionless save for the curious jostling heave of the ship shouldering her way deep in the sea. When I took the lock from the staple and carefully pushed aside the cover, such noisome air swept up from the hold that I drew back. We heard the sound of voices below us whispering.

“Are you afraid?” I asked, for I felt Sister Carmelita shudder as she put her foot on the ladder.

“Do not speak!” she breathed, and once more began the descent. Her long wet garments dragged on the rungs, as she made her way backward with slow, womanish clings. I came close after, flashing the light boldly, for the place was astir with life—rats, vermin, men.

Under the guarded hatchway, for we were in the after-hold, were huddled the prisoners, hundreds of vague shapes in the black hollow of the ship. The beam of our lantern shook a ray here and there over the staring faces, and the whispering ceased. With the ship’s labour, the water in the bilge charged against the sides, heavy, sullen, and near at hand. Despite the heat, there was, withal, a loathsome chillness. Everything wavered before the eyes, as in a miasm—the hammocks, the faces, the half-seen prisoners. Only the foul darkness was permanent; upon it the rest was blotted fitfully.

“Quien es?” called the voice of an old man.

“Soy yo, Carmelita Maria Valdès!” the Sister answered clear and cheery as a young cock out of the darkness.

I saw that new courage had come to her at sight of their misery.

"Go back!" she said to me, fiercely; "you shall not look at them. It is enough to be caged like this without being gaped at. Give me the lantern and go back!"

I climbed half up the ladder, breathing better for the air of the berth-deck that came down. Above there our sailors snored, all out of unison; below, carrying the lantern, the Sister went toward the prisoners. I could see her standing in a little circle of her own light, like a picture of the Good Shepherd, while about her on all sides, pressing upon her, the prisoners stood, and knelt and lay at her feet, every face turned upon her as though they had come to be healed of disease or cleansed of devils. The hold rumbled with the sound of their voices, and now and then the clearer tone of hers came to me. Once the faltering light drew out a long glint from the blade of a cutlass.

"Poor devils!" I muttered, and pulled myself to the top of the ladder into the blither air of English snoring. It was quite dark on the berth-deck, and silent, except for the ill-concerted breathing of the men. I sat at the top of the open hatch, with my feet on the ladder and my shoulders braced against the chest that I had pushed aside; but I was no sooner seated than I became conscious of some waking presence near me. Throwing out my arm I struck a man who crouched beside me full in the face. I grappled and shook him, but he made feeble resistance. He had plainly retreated from the ladder just ahead of me, the noise of my steps disguising his.

"What do you mean by following and spying on an Officer?" I demanded in a low voice.

"I followed Sister Carmelita. I am interested in her latest indiscretions." I dropped the man's shoulder and struck my flint. In the flash I saw the Priest's face, white from illness, his long tucked-in lip quivering as a rabbit's over a lettuce leaf.

"I have never doubted that your interest was in some way concerned," I said bluntly.

"Her honour as a daughter of Holy Church concerns me," he replied with attempted dignity.

"What concerns me," I said, springing up sharply and dragging him to his feet, for I heard the Sister's returning step, "is to rid this place of you."

So saying, I put my hands squarely on his shoulders and steered his small figure as best I could through and under the thick of the hammocks and up to the deck above. On coming down, I found the lady leaning against a stanchion not far from the ladder. The lantern burned dimly at her feet, and the piti-

ful little horde of weapons was clasped in her arms. Some of the prisoners had followed her, and as I came into the light they turned upon me with hatred in their wasted faces. She proffered me the small arms, without looking up. "Here they are; take them," she said in a strange voice; and as I took them, she bowed forward and caught at the stanchion for support. I thought she was about to swoon and threw out my arm, but she tore herself from me and broke into bitter sobbing. At the sound, I let the pistols and cutlasses fall where they would, and gathered her and all her wet bunting into my arms to carry her from the place, but at the same instant the Spaniards nearest us gave a shout and fell upon me. As scores of men rushed out of the darkness, I dropped the girl, drew my sword, with a bound covered the fallen arms on the deck and laid about with a vigour that taught the swarming scoundrels that an arm with a sword is better than fifty without. Their fury was against me, but for a moment not one came within the steel-lit circle of my reach. Then from behind the others sprang out a naked man, nothing upon him but a great growth of ape-black hair. He whirled a rope above his head and, with a yell, let fall its coils over me, and flung me to the deck by the incredible craft of arm that I had once seen practised by the natives of Buenos Ayres in noosing the wild cattle on their plains. As I fell, I felt the lash and gathering-in grip of a second coil that bound my sword arm against my body. With my unbound hand I caught up a pistol and cocked it against my thigh. A billet of wood struck the pistol from my grasp, and the billet was in the hand of my companion.

"Fool!" she cried, "don't shoot!"

The prisoners drove in upon me, but the man who held the leash stood off and let swing another circle of rope that for a breath hovered over my head and then dropped down and tightened about my throat. Then he leaped up and passed the end over a hammock-hook above me, and drew upon the hangman's cord. As I felt the throttle of it, I called with the last of my voice—

"Tell them, Carmelita Valdès, that they can kill me, but that the Commodore will straighten my account."

She stooped, snatched a cutlass from its sheath, and came upon them furiously; and the feeble madmen, their passion already spent, gave way before her. Out of the flood of her Spanish, I heard the name "Macao," and I knew that she told them of the Commodore's promise of a speedy release. They seemed suddenly confounded with the folly of what they did. My pretty hangman knew his nakedness and slunk behind the

others, as she set her dagger to the ropes that held me. When she had cut all but the noose about my neck, she said to me in a threatening voice, "I have promised in your name that if you are released you will have none of these men punished. Is it so?"

I gathered myself leisurely and measured the distance to the ladder's foot.

"I promise them death," I shouted, as I stripped the rope from her grasp and gained the ladder with a spring. As I climbed, I sent my voice—my topgallant-yard voice—in the lustiest shout of my life up the hatch to the men above. We heard their bare heels as they bounded from their hammocks on the deck over us. I put my hands against the closed hatch and raised my head for a second shout, when the ladder shook and the girl threw herself upon me, clinging and climbing as a child clings and climbs, until in a second she had reached my face and pressed her mouth upon my parted lips. She hung with her full weight about my neck. My voice choked and my hands fell from the hatch; we tottered on the unsteady footing of the ladder, as she whispered beseeching prayers of mercy. But as she clasped me in her arms, I felt nothing but anger against her. My mood could not come about so fast, and, I take it, a boy's maiden passion is largely self-will, and for love itself he would not be balked. But my anger toward the scurvy Spaniards seemed to die into disgust. My soul was sick, like the air about us. "Let me go," I said roughly, "and we will quit this hole."

We only stopped for the small arms and lantern. A word from me quieted the drowsy sailors, who, between sleep and fear, stumbled about on the deck questioning one another of the alarum.

As we came out in the silence the stars still shone, but in the East the edge of the horizon, in one spot, seemed to curl and wither under a tiny thread of fire. With clean air in our throats and a new day coming up out of the sea, a strange feeling took hold upon me—a rage of disappointment against myself and against the woman who had cheated me—she had forced what I desired upon me, but at a moment when I had no power to enjoy. I was baffled and hot with shame; then suddenly hot with purpose. The door of her cabin was at hand; there was but a second more.

"Señorita Valdès!" I cried insolently, "you offered to pay for my silence, but you have not paid enough."

My lips had not seized the kiss when the cabin door flew open and a man struck me across the cheek.

"Juan! Padre!" she cried, for just behind the young Spaniard came the priest! Before she could speak again, the youth had forced her into the cabin and turned the lock upon her.

"Jeu de main, jeu de vilain," I scoffed, as he turned; for the blazing coolness of the fight was upon me.

"Now," he demanded in French, in a calm voice, "are you ready to answer for yourself?"

"Quite ready," I said.

He looked at the priest who stood by with that furtive, underground, subtle-over-nothing smile. Had my quarrel been with him, I should have spared my sword and pinned him up, as boys at home nail a mole to a barn door. I well believed that I owed him the pleasure of this fight, and in my mood it was more of a pleasure than he could fathom.

"I am ready," I repeated, "but you have no sword."

The young prisoner dropped his hand against his empty side with a cry.

"I can mend that," I said; "I know where I can lay hands on a sword, the very marrow of my own. Stand back in the shadow," I added in a whisper; for the officer of the deck was peering toward us. "Wait for me here."

I still held in my hands the cutlasses and pistols we had brought from the hold; these must be delivered to the Commodore without delay.

I found him at the door of his cabin, and he stepped forward eagerly to meet me. "You have been gone an hour," he cried. "What has happened?"

"All goes well," I answered. "The prisoners are quiet, and the lady is safe in her cabin."

"Mr. Lightfoot!" he said heartily, "I wish to thank you for the handsome manner in which you have done your duty to-night. You are a brave and ready officer."

I bowed without speaking; for as he spoke my mood had once more veered, as it had done before that night. I felt no pleasure in his praise, though I knew it to be well-deserved. I suddenly saw that I was about to fight a sick man and a prisoner of war and, what was worse, to fight and perchance kill the brother of Carmelita Valdès: the night's work and the night's folly had cost me more, I misdoubted, than his commendation could make good.

He laid his hand on my arm. "My lad, you are losing conceit of yourself?" he said. "Remember, that's the fighting half of a man—in love and war."

I took his hand and wrung it hard. I had left the young Spaniard with his ghostly father, but the Commodore's hand-

grip was all the shrift I should get, and no man need want a better.

I made my way softly into the cabin I shared with Lieutenant Brett. As I entered he roused.

"Is it my watch?" he asked.

"No; this is Lightfoot," I answered. "I am going to turn in presently;" and I stood by until I heard his breath come regular. He lay asleep in his cloaths, as we all slept. His pistol-belt was buckled, but, as I well knew, his sword lay at his right hand. I stole over and drew it stealthily from its sheath. The long triangular blade came out whispering and sighing its whole length, and its master sighed in his sleep.

Valdès stood alone in the shadow.

"We must be quick," I said; "day is breaking. There is no time for punctilios, and no quiet place but the foretop. Are you satisfied to fight there?"

He bowed, and put out his hand for the naked sword.

"I will carry both," I said, holding it close to my side. "You must not be seen armed."

We passed the officer of the deck at a good distance; he on the weather, we on the lee side.

When we reached the fore rigging, I pointed up. "Can you go aloft?" I asked.

"I am an officer of the Spanish Navy," he said; and laying hold of the ratlines, flashed up ahead of me with such lightness and grace as I have seldom seen in a man. As we crept through the lubber's hole and into the top, the fire in the East was quickening; the sea heaved calmly and drew into itself the light and colour of the dawn. A rail ran about the platform, and its dozen feet of open space gave us room for our business. I pushed aside some coils of rope and cleared the space, until there was nothing except the lubber's hole to entrap a man. Then I turned and faced my antagonist. He was leaning lightly against the topmast rigging, his slender figure giving itself to the ship's motion. His dark hair was unpowdered, and his cloaths, thrown on at a moment's notice, were yet worn gallantly withal. I unsheathed my sword and held both toward him. They were a pair of long, slim, wicked little colichemardes, broad in the forte, tapering swiftly to the foible, delicately tipped, and nothing to choose between them.

Bowing, he selected my sword and, shaking back the lace from his wrist, fell into position.

During these seconds of preparation, the blackness of my future was so revealed to me that the only path of honour open to me was, in my mind, to allow myself to be wounded before

worse came of it; and yet the sting of his blow was on my cheek, and something within me cried for his blood.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"I am waiting," he replied. "On guard!"

At the word our swords engaged, and for one long moment each felt the others' metal. I knew in an instant that I need feel no pity for my antagonist. Though weakened by fever, he was such a swordsman as the *Centurion* could find no match for. As I parried his first brilliant feint, my conscience fell from me and left me a free man fighting for life. I saw that my one chance was in a game of prudence. He thrust and I parried the stroke downward, and was able to hold his sword by my superior strength; with incredible swiftness, he disengaged and made a bold lunge that caught me in the left side. At that instant, the sun leaped from the sea and sent its red blaze full into the Spaniard's eyes. He broke, recovered uncertainly, and my sword rushed at him; but suddenly changing my purpose, I struck his sword upward with a frightful blow that set it flashing over the rail.

"Take your life," I cried, "for I will not."

His eyes closed, and he wavered and sank slowly forward at my feet. I dropped beside him, and tearing open his ruffles, searched his body for a wound, but I found only the old musket-wound in his shoulder, strained and slightly bleeding; then I searched my sword, and it was clean of stain, and I knew that he had fainted. I still sat beside him in the flood of sunlight when the men found us, for the fall of the sword had betrayed us.

They carried the Spaniard down, and helped me to follow. I held my wound hard, scarce knowing where I went. A key was turned somewhere and a woman screamed, "You have killed him!"

I tried to speak, but everything left me.

When I opened my eyes, it was in the stifling heat of my cabin. Barry stood near me:

"Stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft," was what he said, with an air of professional regret.

I swore at him. "Sew me up! That's your business," I clamoured.

"Not unless you wish to be embroidered," he answered; "for you are already sewn."

I put my hand to my side. I was as neat as a poultice.

"Then I have no need of you," I spat out.

A whimsical look of pain went over his haggard face. "That is true," he said, and turned to go.

"Barry," I called out, "What of this wound?"

He came a stiff step back, and stood over me like a Judge about to pass sentence: "Lieutenant Lightfoot, ye are twenty-two; this nick in the side bleeds much but will soon heal, and that other hurt that we know of, almost as soon. At twenty-two love is heady with self-conceit and 'hot i' the mouth.' At twenty-two naught is lacking: for petty encounters ye are armed with the irony proper to that age—subtile as the kick of a mule—and for graver quarrels, there is this conclusive repartee of the sword; a sword not variable, mind ye, like the Sword of Justice, but one that can be trusted to serve the better fencer. A grand age, my boy, once enjoyed and always remembered. Remembered and, God help us, bitterly envied by such old men as Surgeon Barry, whose love is timorous with self-knowledge, and who can receive wounds, although we have lost the power to heal of them."

He turned and went out from me slowly, like the old man that he called himself, and left me to ponder and fall asleep over his words.

From loss of blood and sleep I drowsed away that day and night, and waked at dawn to find the ship alive with clamour. Barry hurried in with food and said we had dropped anchor in the mouth of the Canton River; that an inconceivable host of Chinese fishing boats lay about us, and that the Commodore had given orders to put Don Jeronimo de Montero, the other officers and prisoners to the number of one hundred men ashore in our boats.

It was great news. The day of our deliverance had dawned; our bitter vigils were over, and it broke upon us at last like a marvel, as though we had thought forever and ever to ride those seas, captor and captive, athirst and wearying.

As the cabin door closed on Barry, I was on my feet. I felt a stiff pain in my side when I moved, as if the edges of my wound were of buckram; but I was soon in my proper cloaths and on the spar-deck, making my way through the hurry of men to the gangway ladder that no one might leave the ship except beneath my eyes. I searched the crowd vainly, and then turned my eyes steadfastly on the door of the lady's cabin.

After a time she came forth, looking as I had never seen her. She carried her black robes swept eagerly away from her little scarlet slippers, and over her smoke-black hair was thrown a mantilla of black lace. Her lips were joyously parted, not in a smile, but in what lingers on a woman's cheek when a smile has

gone. There was such a radiance of lovely exaltation in her face and bearing that I caught my breath to look upon her. She seemed confused by the crowded deck, and as she paused the Priest slipped to her side. Her lips closed, and some of the light went from her face. They turned from me toward the rail, away from the press gathering about the lowering boats. I moved silently and stood near them. They spoke in rapid Spanish: he insisting, she repudiating. Then he lifted the rosary at her side and spoke in a tone of menace. With a swift motion, she snatched the rosary from him, snapping its slender chain, and with an arm high-lifted, and a face of anger and laughter mixed, she flung the long silver chain far out toward the sea, then turning back, with her eyes wide with a sort of laughing terror, she extended to him two open empty hands. With an angry cry, he caught her wrists: at the same moment my hands closed over his puny neck. She started at sight of me.

"Let him go," she said; "he means no harm. The good Father," she went on merrily, "takes me for an Innocent. He has been trying to persuade me that I am in his keeping, and that these robes, that I put on at his instance, give the Church a claim upon me—upon me and upon my estates; is it not so, Reverend Father?" But when she saw his face working with anger and weakness, she spoke to him again, in Spanish, and, it seemed to me, very gently besought his pardon. He turned from us, his face twitching as that of one about to break into childish weeping.

I knew that my moment had come.

"I beseech your forgiveness, Señorita," I cried. "What I tried to do yesterday was the act of a ruffian. I heartily repent it."

"A sudden conversion! Has your wound then, made a monk of you, Monsieur?"

"No," I said, my temper flashing up in a queer weak flush that I felt racing from my heart to my forehead; "I am no monk, and I leave disguises that deceive no one to others."

She responded to this irony of twenty-two with a little laugh, and looked down at her dress. "It deceived me," she said, "because all this time I have thought I passed for a member of the 'most virtuous profession.'"

"Ah, Señorita!" I cried, "for the sake of God do not jest when there is so little time. I love you with my whole heart and soul. Your going like this would be the end of the world for me." I shook with passion and weakness, and had to hold hard to the rail.

She looked at me kindly from her beautiful deep eyes. "I do

forgive you," she said gently. "You would not have dreamed of doing—that, except for what I had to do in the hold. And, Lieutenant Lightfoot, I have been told how generously you spared your enemy when you might have killed him; that I shall always remember." Her voice trembled, and her lovely face was turned up to me.

"I don't want thanks and forgiveness!" I cried. "I want your love. Don't struggle against me any more, Carmelita. Don't you know you belong to me?"

"Coxcomb!" she answered, flashing on me the lightning of her eyes and the thunder of her brows. "Do you suppose in one little month of bows and smiles and panikins I have forgotten who it was stationed at the mast-head to shoot my father and our dear friends. Look! Look!" she cried, suddenly pointing. "Here comes my answer!"

I looked, and near at hand through the hatchway issued a feeble file of our prisoners, white, ghost-like creatures, crawling like feeble moths into the sun. They had gone down bronzed and ruddy men, and came forth smelling of death, more skeletons than living men.

"Since the night in the hold, I have seen nothing but these," she whispered; "wasted with fever, perishing of thirst; all heaped together in that dreadful place." She whitened and shuddered in the sunlight. "If this is English mercy, then give me English hate."

"You must remember," I retorted, "that we had the honour to capture a force almost three times as great as our own. The hold was the only safe place. These men who lay in idleness have had a pint of water each day, while our English sailors, working long hours under the sky, have had but little more. Some of us have had even less," I added.

For a second the anger died out of her face, and those adorable eyebrows bent themselves into a wavering line.

"Ah, Monsieur!" said the Señorita, with an accent almost caressing, your reward was in feeling yourself "such a very fine fellow."

I seized the moment of melting. "Let us forget that we are enemies," I pleaded. "I love you."

"A Christian in addition to other virtues! You love your enemies!" she mocked, shutting her sharp, little teeth together in pure malice. Then with such a change of manner as made her like one transformed, that beautiful look of inward happiness came once more upon her face, and she spoke softly.

"I also love," she said, "and tomorrow I marry the man that I love."

She turned swiftly and left me standing alone.

From her cabin door came the man who had wounded me with my own sword, leaning upon the arm of a sailor. She went up to him, spoke, and presently they laughed together, as I had so often heard them; then there suddenly came upon me, like the stab of a sword, what a fool, what a benighted fool, I had been. I turned my eyes from them, and in great misery of heart I again took my stand at the side where each must pass before entering the boats.

As I had foreseen, for one moment we were close together in the press, and I said very bitterly in her ear, what I had been preparing, "You have deceived a man who trusted you, and you have broken an honest heart."

For an instant her own love gave her compassion. She looked up into my face with such a mixture of kindness, coquetry and malice as I am sure only her face could express. "Be comforted, Monsieur," she said demurely, "there is still left a deeper, tenderer love, that no woman can ever touch."

Was she playing the Nun again?

I leaned toward her with my lips almost touching her cheek.

I felt then, as I have felt since, that if I had her between my two arms, as I held her the night of the storm, I could make her love me.

"I speak," she said, "of the faithful love you bear Lieutenant Lightfoot, of His Britannic Majesty's Navy. Adieu!"

She set her little scarlet slipper on the gangway ladder and lifted her laughing face, so close, so close, that until this day I ask myself why I did not kiss it, and even at that last hour perhaps—

Then, as she paused on the ladder to gather her robes for the descent, she whispered up, "If you had known, would you have killed him?"

"God knows," I answered gloomily.

"Yes," she flashed back; "God knows, and I also; but we will not tell."

THE END.

Sausalito, Cal.



CINDA RILLA AND THE PRINCE.

By *ABBY L. WATERMAN.*

THERE was to be a dance at Beeman's store. Jack Evert brought the word to Bond's Ranch, and when he had driven on down the road, old Bond locked Cinda Rilla in her room. The girl had enough to do without dancing away good strength, old Bond reasoned; and Cinda Rilla coaxed and pleaded and raged in vain. But when the ranch was sunk in darkness and Cinda Rilla could hear no more wagons rattling by on the road, the tapping of the grape-leaves on her window drew her there with sudden hope. Would the vine hold her? Ah, fairy god-mother! And the coach-and-six was the pinto pony taken from the corral, with just the rope slipped over his nose.

And the Prince?

The Prince was the new boss of the section-gang, and when Cinda Rilla slipped through the crowd of boys and men at the door, after tying the pinto to a pepper-tree outside Beeman's store, the Prince was "calling off" for the dance, and leading, with Jack Evert's pretty sister. Women, with their babies, were sitting on boxes against the walls of the old vacant store, still called by the name of its last occupant. A woman was playing a piano at one end of the room, and, seated high upon an old dry-goods box beside her, a man jigged away upon a fiddle; and the tune was, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Three sets of balancing men and girls filled the floor space, and above the scuffling feet, the talk, and the screaming laughter, the Prince, a dashing figure in corduroys and a flaunting red tie, sang in a great ringing voice:

"Oh, the first two gents cross over
And leave the ladies stand!
Second gents cross over
And take the ladies' hand!"

—He was flirting with the cross-eyed girl opposite—

"Now balance to the corners—"

There was a break—the voice stopped, and the dance and music swept on without the Prince. Over the head of his teetering partner he had seen Cinda Rilla! She stood just within the door, a bit frightened and breathless, with her hands at her sides clinching the folds of her pink calico gown. The fog had curled every little tendril of her red hair, loosened about her face by the long fast ride. And she was looking at the Prince!

"Halloo, Rilla! How'd you get here?"

"Did the ol' man let you come, Rilla?"

"We rode 'round for you, Rilla, but he said you couldn't come."

"Give me the nex', won't you, Rilla?"

"Oh, chuck him, Rilla, an' give me the nex'!"

They were friendly, neighbor voices, and Cinda Rilla's momentary fright fled. Her hands relaxed, and she came down the room swinging her skirts saucily.

"Oh, I jus' come!" she laughed to the first questioners; but the dance was promised to no one, for the Prince was coming to her.

"Give me this dance!" It was hardly a question; his voice was confident.

Cinda Rilla twirled about on the ends of her toes and laughed up at him over her shoulder.

"I don' know you!"

"Oh, come now, you know me well enough!"

"Never saw you in my life!"

"Well, I've seen you an' you know it!"

She laughed again, but her eyelids drooped.

"I saw you through the window at that Sorrento dance, an' you saw me watching you, so don't play off that way!"

"We-ll—that ain't bein' introduced."

Her eyes met his again. He laughed this time.

"Huh! That don't matter. I watched you for an hour that night an'—"

"Why didn't you come in?"

"'Fraid you'd chuck me."

"Ain't you 'fraid now?"

He took hold of her hands and held her eyes with his. "No, I ain't afraid now. They're beginning. Come on!" And they whirled down the room together.

It was nearly twelve, and the Prince and Cinda Rilla had danced every dance together. And the "cruel step-sisters" talked, of course, and Cinda Rilla's neighbor lads were sorely vexed. The Prince was just leading her out for one more dance when the constable, lounging easily in the door, called out to Cinda Rilla:

"Was that your pinto tied to the pepper-tree a while back, Rilla?"

Rilla stopped still. Pepper-tree—pinto—where was she?

"'Cause if it was, he's gone."

"Gone! The pinto?"

"Yes, he's gone. He'll make right for home. Don't you worry. Some of the folks 'll go 'round with you."

"No, he won't! Pa only bought him las' week! He'll make right for Lawson's, where he was raised, an' pa 'll know in the mornin'! Let me go—let me go, I say!" The Prince was trying to hold her back.

"Wait! I'll take you home, child! I'll get you home! Sam 'll

let me have his buckboard. There ain't no hurry, it's only twelve, but I'll see Sam. You wait here—Rilla!" But when he turned to find Sam, Cinda Rilla slipped out of the door as quietly as she had slipped in, and fled away in the fog. There was but one thought in her mind now. To get the pinto home by morning that her father might not know. By taking the trail through Gill's cañon she would cut off three miles, and might head off the pinto coming by the road. She ran down the village street and struck into the trail leading over the hills. She fell on the rocks, jumped up, fell again, scrambled to her feet once more and ran on in the blackness. She could hear the surf booming against the bluffs behind her and the fog was settling down over everything. She knew the trail too well to lose it, even in this dark, and in half an hour she was at the top of the cañon and running wildly down its steep sides. She reached the road, breathless and panting, bruised by falls on the rocky trail, and the overhanging brush. She could neither see nor hear anything on the road. She crept under a great thorn-bush and crouched there, listening. Only the thud, thud of the surf came back to her anxious ears. She waited. She thought it must be two hours since she had left Beeman's store, and the pinto would be at Lawson's by this time. Suddenly, quite close to her, a coyote cried. It startled her, but she was not afraid. There was only one thing in the world, that night, that she feared—that she would not find the pinto and her father would know. She came out into the road again and looked up and down. The fog hid everything. There was nothing for it but to walk to Lawson's, three miles. She would probably find the pinto waiting by the corral. Then there was the long ride home! She'd make the pinto race every step to pay up for his trick! And trotting down the dusty road to Lawson's, a pink, bedraggled little figure, Cinda Rilla thought of the Prince.

The Prince, meanwhile, came back from hunting Sam, and angrily demanded of the loiterers about the door:

"Where's Rilla?"

"Why, she went out the door when you left, an' we ain't seen her since," said the constable.

"You let her go!"

"Oh, see here, young man, don't rare up so. There ain't none here that has any strings on the girl!"

The Prince controlled himself.

"Do you think she went home?"

"Well, maybe—can't say. But mos' likely she went to Lawson's after the pinto."

The Prince was saddling his own horse now, by the light from the door.

"We'd hev took her home. She'd ought not to hev gone," said Jack Evert, uneasily.

"Rill don't wait for nothin'; she jus' goes off half-cocked," said the constable.

"Where does she live?" asked the Prince.

"About four miles back up the slough. You know ol' Bond's place? She's Bond's girl. Keep to the right when you pass Olivenheim road—"

The constable broke in: "If she's gone after the pinto, she'd take the trail by Gill's cañon. Mos' like that's what she's done. Better take the trail an' you'll catch up to her by the time she strikes the road. So long!" And the Prince, too, disappeared in the fog.

And so Cinda Rilla had gone but a mile down the road to Lawson's, when she heard the beat of hoofs on the road behind her. Was it the pinto, strayed, maybe, and belated? Then someone called, and Cinda Rilla knew it was the Prince, and crept to the side of the road—frightened as she had not been in all that mad scramble down the cañon. He would have passed her, hid as she was by the brush and the fog, but the horse shied, and in a moment the Prince was down and had Cinda Rilla in his arm, scolding and praising her in a breath.

"Get on my horse!" he commanded at last.

"I've got to get the pinto," whispered Cinda Rilla. She was so cold and tired, now that he had come. She had not thought of it before. He put his coat about her and lifted her into the saddle.

"We'll find the pinto, all right," he said cheerfully. Then he laughed. "Gosh!" he said. "That little thing! Gosh!"

They found the pinto standing quietly by the corral at Lawson's. The first light was in the sky, and the fog had cleared a little. The Prince took the pinto's rope and turned quietly up the road, leading the two animals.

"This ain't the way," said Cinda Rilla, starting. "We turn back, for home!"

"It's the way we're going," said the Prince.

"But pa, an'—an' the pinto? He'll know! Oh, he'll know anyhow! It's gettin' awful light!"

"We'll see your father by an' by, Rilla. We're going over that hill now, to Olivenheim. And the minister's going to marry us! Rilla, you will, won't you?" He came to her side.

"You will, Rilla?" Cinda Rilla was trembling.

"I love you, you know, Rilla?"

"Yes," whispered Cinda Rilla.

"And you'll go, Rilla?"

"Yes," she whispered again; then, raising her head: "And—and—then we—we'll take the pinto back to pa."

IN BEAN-HARVEST TIME.

By ANITA DE LAGUNA.

THE "little schoolmarm" taught school "on the river." That means anywhere from Sacramento down to the bay, and on either of the three rivers—Sacramento, Mokelumne and San Joaquin—which seem to a stranger to be inextricably tangled up in a network of "sloos." In this case it meant at "the Grove," in the tiny schoolhouse that faced the Sacramento, near the ugly shed of the mail-boat landing, next door to the dubious odors of Chinatown, and within shouting distance of "the Store"—that whirlpool of commercial excitement.

She boarded at "old man Gordon's," where she was mothered by Mrs. Gordon, and waited upon like a queen by Jim. Tall, broad-shouldered and good-looking was Jim. "Linked sweetness long drawn out," whispered the little schoolmarm to her oldest pupil at first sight of him—and then proceeded to fall in love. But he was ahead of her in this, having spied her at the wharf when she landed, and being violently in love by the time she had crossed the muddy street.

The little schoolmarm had a mission—the most absorbing which had yet stirred her gentle breast—no less than to lift the whole Gordon family to a higher intellectual plane. Their English was to be purified and a course of reading was to lead them step by step to appreciate the beauties of literature. She soon found, however, that the calm with which old man Gordon mutilated his mother tongue was part and parcel of his very dignified self and as little to be uprooted as Monte Diablo, while, for Mrs. Gordon, to speak English correctly was to avoid the pronoun "me," and her polite "Will you read to Jim and I this evening?" was offered with a complacency beyond correction.

But Jim's docility and eagerness to learn made ample amends. Without the slightest irritation, he allowed his most exciting tales to be annotated after this fashion:

"Oh, Miss Jennie, you hed oughter hev gone—should have gone to the wharf when the Modoc come in—came in—and saw—seen—what Joe done—did—this afternoon. He dove—dived from the wharf into the river after one of the coolie kids—children—and brought it up all drippin' and squallin'." And so on.

The evening readings were somewhat of a tax on all concerned. In the middle of a choice selection, old man Gordon would commence to discuss with Joe whether one could use a drill to plant barley in the tules, or the relative profit in "black-

eyes" or "pinks." Then Mrs. Gordon would sharply take them to task for their "unpoliteness," and the reading would proceed to an accompaniment of muttered grumbling.

The lady herself listened most intently. She disapproved of any book which was, from her point of view, without a distinct moral purpose. If drinking, smoking and gambling were not roundly denounced, and, above all, if no one was converted, then indeed was the unhappy author rated for his immoral production.

To Jim the reading was a trying affair in many ways. Tired from the day's work in the fields and comfortably stretched in an easy chair, the cozy sitting-room and the musical voice of the reader was so soothing that the effort to keep awake absorbed most of his attention. Yet he must be able to discuss any problem which might arise, under penalty of a look of reproach from the eyes of his beloved, not to be lightly endured.

One Friday evening the family were gathered for the customary reading, after a day of special trial for the little schoolmarm. A new boy had been introducing the exciting sport of stoning a Chinaman. This had summoned all Chinatown to the warpath, and the task of pouring oil on the troubled waters had somewhat strained the nerves of our heroine. Old man Gordon was full of woe over the sharp dealing of a commission man, and could hardly be quieted down sufficiently for the reading to proceed.

"Now, look-a-here, Miss Jennie, what do ye think of this? One of the darned buyers contracted with me to take all my beans at two and a-half cents, and I thought that was all right, but when I come to read over the contract this mornin', why, he'd made it out so that the beans hed to be delivered on the bank by the first of this month. Now, we only got to pullin' Monday, an' ef beans hed gone down, he'd of backed out jest as slick. But they've gone up to three cents, an' when I sez to him this mornin' thet he knowed plaguey well that I cuddin't hev delivered them beans tell a couple of weeks from now, he up an' sez thet he wanted 'em jest the same an' thet I hed to let him hev 'em. But I jest told him thet he cuddin't hev a darned bean, fer bein' so darned smart. Ef they hed gone down, I cuddin't hev made him take 'em, bein's I am too late, and now he shan't hev 'em, if I hev to eat 'em."

Miss Jennie was politely condoling, and tried to go on with her reading, but the frequent interruptions brought her dangerously near to the limit of her endurance. Jim, too, was more than usually heavy-eyed. He had been riding the bean roller all day, for which one must have his anatomy well strung together, unless he wishes to leave himself in sections all over the

bean sheet. So he sat bolt upright, not daring to rest his weary head against the chair-back, lest sleep should take him unawares. Even so, he soon caught himself in the middle of a loud snore, and to cover his confusion and prove that he was very wide awake indeed, he repeated the paragraph which Miss Jennie was just reading—"Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

She raised her eyes from the book to remark, with a slightly condescending air, "That is a quotation from Shakespeare."

In his anxiety to appear quite alive to the situation, Jim drew upon his mental resources to a degree which amazed even himself.

"I don't think that's from Shakespeare, because I never read anything of his'n, and I know that I read that very verse one day when I was sick with the measles that time. I remember it, for Dock he come in and lifted my scalp because I was using my eyes."

"Well," said Miss Jennie, "it was probably a quotation, just as it is here."

"No, it warn't. If I could only jest think what book it was in!"

"I suppose there is not the slightest danger of your being mistaken?"

The note of sarcasm nettled Jim, and he said stiffly:

"I ain't much of an authority, but when I'm sure of a thing, I'm pretty doggoned sure."

The next instant he would have given his best horse to have recalled the words, for the little schoolmarm seemed suddenly transformed into a veritable ice maiden.

"You will have ample opportunity to prove your assertion before I shall again offer myself as an authority," and the reading was resumed in an atmosphere distinctly chilled.

When the story came to an end a few minutes later, Miss Jennie turned to Joe in her airiest manner and with her sweetest smile:

"I suppose I must be up bright and early, if you are to show me how you harvest beans. I want to know all about them, from the time they are shelled till they are sewed up in bags."

Old Mr. Gordon fairly howled with laughter.

"She thinks beans gits shelled jest like green peas, I suppose. Wall, you city gals air clever when it cums to farmin'."

Joe, who had certainly never invited the young lady to view the bean-harvesting, or anything else in fact, turned all colors, cast a frightened look at Jim, and then gasped:

"Why, yes, certainly, any time you like."

Jim turned white, then red, and, as he sprang to open the door for his lady love, tried to catch her eye. But she barely

included him in her "Good night, all," and glided by him utterly unseeing.

The next morning at the breakfast table, though she chatted with Jim as pleasantly as with the others, he felt his heart turn to ashes when she asked Joe when he would be ready to show her those wonderful beans. Old man Gordon, who was still full of his quarrel with the bean buyer, had not perceived that his son was being snubbed by the little schoolmarm, but Mrs. Gordon promptly flung herself into the breach. "Joe, there ain't no need of all you three men to boss them Japs this mornin'. One of ye hez to stay an' help me fix a place to shet them settin' hens in, and I guess you're the handiest. Them critters would like to give me a lot of chicks to look after durin' the rainy season, but I'll jest fool 'em. Jim kin hitch up the cart an' drive Jennie over to see the beans gittin' rolled; it'll be pleasanter settin' in the cart to watch 'em." "Wall," said Mr. Gordon, blind to his wife's winks and signs, "I was cal'latin' to drive down to the lower field to take a look at thet thar rye grass, but I'll take Jennie out to whar the bean sheets is spread fust an' she kin set on the bean straw." Again the good mother to the rescue:

"Now, Old Man, why can't ye go down first an' see yer old grass an' then bring the cart back fer Jim an' Jennie?"

"Oh, nonsense," said Miss Jennie, "I'm going to drive down with Mr. Gordon, if he will let me; and I should like to see the rye grass, too. I will not keep you waiting a second, if you will let me get my hat." And away she darted, leaving no chance for further remonstrance.

As she perched herself alongside of the old man in the rickety cart, looking like a bit of Dresden china, in a bewildering hat and most bewitching gown, Jim thought that he had never seen a fairer sight, and, as the cart drove off, he felt as though the wheels were crushing the heart out of him.

Having gained her point, our little schoolmarm was now beginning to rue it, and as the tall form of her lover was left far behind, the small ache in her heart became a sharp pain; as she was jolted along over ruts and furrows and listened to an unbiassed summary of bean-buyers, both general and particular, a mist of tears shut out the beauty of the morning. Old man Gordon saw nothing of her trouble and talked placidly on. There was nothing in the landscape to divert the mind—level as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a stretch of levee topped with willows, and an occasional tall walnut or chestnut. The various rivers meandering through the land were so entirely hidden from view by the levees that sundry small craft appeared as sailing directly over the fields. Swarms of blackbirds

flaunted their scarlet epaulettes among the tules and mingled their cries with the whirr of the steam threshing machines busy in the various ranches along the way.

At any other time the little schoolmarm would have deluged the old farmer with questions, for she entered heart and soul into the life about her, and could already converse fluently about summer fallow and the relative value of farming tools; and had even learned not to call a cow "he." But today she sat silent.

When they reached the rye grass, the old gentleman drove all around the field to inspect the fencing, and Miss Jennie roused herself sufficiently to ask:

"What is rye grass? What is it good for?"

"Wall, it's mighty good fodder. It got started here unbeknownst, and when I see thet it war takin' the hull field, I war goin' to hev it all ploughed up. Then a Dutch feller thet I hed workin' fer me, he sez, 'Mine gootness, dot vas de best ting fer dose cows dot efer vas,' an' cum to think of it, I hed ben wonderin' what tuk all the cattle down this way the hull time, even when it war all under water, an' it war jest this grass."

On the way back to the bean fields, the road was blocked by a bean thresher. This roused Mr. Gordon to wrathful comment:

"Ye'll never see one of them blame things on my farm. Nothin' but a roller fer beans fer me. Them steam machines do the work a heap quicker, but ef the beans is jest a least bit too soft, they're dead ruined, an' ye don't run half so much resk with a roller."

When they drove up to the bean sheets, the busy scene thrilled the disconsolate maiden into something like interest. In one part of the field a group of Japanese were pulling up the vines and turning the roots up to the sun; and in another, half a dozen more were forking the dried vines upon a large wagon. Two huge sheets of burlap were spread on a well-cleared space, and on these the vines were piled. Over them, round and round, went the heavy roller, a section of a sycamore tree fitted into a frame, to which were harnessed a couple of immense horses. As it rolled, the straw was crushed to chaff and the beans loosened from the pods. On one sheet the men were "clearing up;" the straw was all forked off and piled outside of the sheet, and the beans and fine chaff were put through a fanning machine, the chaff flying away in a thick cloud, while the beans streamed into the waiting sacks.

Miss Jennie was ready with her questions:

"Why do you not hire white men to do this work?"

"Wall, white men don't like to pull beans; it's turible hard on the hands, an' when they've ben pullin' fer a few days, like

as not, they'll up an' quit an' leave ye to hunt up a fresh lot. I'd a darn sight rether hev Chinamen than Japs; fer steady pokin' away at a hard job, give me a Coolie every time, but ef I can't git Coolies, I'll take Japs. Them Japs does make me mad, though; they're jest like a lot of kids, everlastin'ly skylarkin' an' foolin'. Ef one feller is stoopin' over, the next will fire a clod of dirt at him, er jump on his back, er some sech foolishness. Sech a singin' an' squallin' as they keep up at night after work is over, ye never heerd. The Coolies is sober an' never cuts up, but they are gittin' so sca'ce that the wages is jest double what they used to be, an' the farmer's lucky ef he kin git any kind of men to harvest his crop."

"It does seem kind of mean to prefer Chinamen to whites, but if you cannot get them, you cannot be blamed."

"Wall, thet isn't all. Ef you hire white men, you've got to feed 'em. My old lady ain't strong enough to cook fer a lot of men, an' the Japs does their own cookin', sech as it is. Thar's another thing; most of the white men as does harvestin' work air filthy hobos, and the old lady hates to hev 'em settin' down in her clean kitchen. Now, them Japs thar gits out a washin' on Sunday to beat the band. Every rag of their duds is washed, an' they mostly takes a swim in the river to polish themselves off. When its heathens er hobos, give me heathens. Thet ain't to say thet I'd ruther hev 'em, instead of clean whites; but them sort is sca'ce, an' I'm mighty glad to git one to help boss the Japs."

Here the roller, with Jim mounted on it, came jolting by, and the conversation was continued in clear, incisive tones:

"Where did Joe come from? He seems like such a nice fellow."

"Wall, Joe's dad rented land down on Andros island and planted nigh about five hundred acres in spuds, an' then the levee broke an' the hull thing, with seed an' labor, was lost. His dad is goin' round with his threshin' machine till sech time as he gets on his feet again, an' Joe, he is workin' out till his dad gits some more land."

Here Joe appeared and took Jim's place on the roller. Mr. Gordon called out:

"Here, you Jim; make a seat on the bean straw fer Miss Jennie. I think I'll drive down to the Grove an' git the mail."

"Oh," said Miss Perversity, "I would like to go with you for the mail, if you do not mind. I guess I've seen all there is to bean harvesting."

That evening at supper it was announced that measles had broken out, and school was to be closed for a week or two.

"If that is so," said Miss Jennie, "I think that I will go

down by the Mokelumne river boat on Monday and see how my family are getting along without me."

As she stood on the porch, bright and early Monday morning, waiting to be driven to the nearest landing, Jim drove up in the little cart—to her surprise, dressed in his Sunday best. She made no comment, but bade the old folks good-bye and mounted beside what she felt in her heart of hearts to be the finest looking young fellow on the river. Her amazement increased when Jim accompanied her on board, and, leading the way to a seat on the forward deck, sat down beside her as naturally as though trips taken in company by Jim and Miss Jennie were an every day occurrence.

Still the little schoolmarm made no comment, but watched with excessively manifest interest the loading of a lot of sacks of beans. It was a lengthy job. The rats had held high carnival among the sacks, and every other one had a hole or two. These were deftly sewed up whenever discovered; but there is nothing so elusive as a bean when given a hole to slip through, and many a sack was half emptied before the damage by the rats was remedied. But at length the very last one was trundled on board, neatly piled on deck and the lot marked "500."

It seemed to Miss Jennie that the boat stopped every other rod of the way. There were beans to the left and beans to the right, with an occasional load of potatoes or green vegetables. The landing of the boat at one of the ranches rented by Chinese was like stirring up an ant heap. Such a jabbering as they kept up! But they were right down to business, and kept tally as though life depended on not missing a single bean. Occasionally a Chinese woman took part in the shipping of a load of produce, and Miss Jennie was surprised to see that her business air would have done credit to a white man.

Presently Jim ventured, "Isn't the sun hot here? Wouldn't you like to try the other side?" But Miss Jennie was searching in her grip for something and pretended not to hear. Then, in an abstracted way, she rose and wandered along the deck, leaving the grip open. Good little Miss Jennie had brought her pocket bible with her and it lay uppermost in the grip. Jim picked it up and carelessly turned the pages. Perhaps the lover instinct made him turn to that ancient song of King Solomon. Suddenly his eye caught the words, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave." He shut the book with a snap, and dropped it into the grip. As he started to walk towards his lady-love, the boat gave a sudden lurch and bumped against the bank. Loud cries of "Beans overboard!" were heard and,

Jennie, forgetting that she was on her dignity, turned in great excitement :

"A lot of beans are lost. What will they do?"

The question was answered by a dozen men springing over the rail. The boat was made fast to a tree, and the men poked and splashed about in the waist-deep water for the missing sacks, while the purser counted up and announced that twelve were missing. When eleven had been fished out, the captain ordered the hunt to be abandoned.

"What will they do with those wet beans?" asked Miss Jennie, and, as she asked, met her lover's eye. To her wondering gaze appeared quite a different young man from the one she had left a few moments before. The discovery that he had been in the right on the question of authorship had given him such an increase in self-respect that the coward in him disappeared forever. Perhaps you think that he took the first opportunity to show the young lady the verse which had cost him so many hours of pain? Not so; Jim might be a coward in the presence of the bewitching little maid at his side, but he was no fool. He answered her question in the most matter-of-fact way :

"A wet bean is a spoiled one, fer when it dries it is all wrinkled; but they will spread them out on the deck to dry, and when we land they will be all tucked into the sacks again and no one will be the wiser. What do you bet that though only eleven sacks went up on deck, there don't twelve come down agin? Jest you mark my words, there will be twelve."

Sure enough. Towards evening, just before the boat reached San Francisco, Jim and Miss Jennie watched and counted as a procession of stevedores came marching down from the upper deck, each one shouldering a sack. When twelve sacks, the last two-thirds full and with very long "ears," were borne down to the forward deck and deposited with the rest, the last vestige of pride's barrier was swept away on the tide of their laughter.

Some years later, while *Mrs.* Jennie was seated at her desk writing a letter, Jim, who had been taking an after-dinner rest, came to her side and held out an open bible, with his finger pointing to the verse of ancient fame. *Mrs.* Jennie glanced at it absent-mindedly :

"Don't bother me when I'm writing. I have to order some new overalls for Jimmie-boy. The way the darling wears them out does beat everything."

But while one lobe of her brain was busy with the overalls, the other was forming a question; and as Jim was retreating, she called out :

"When did you find that verse?"

"Oh, that day we went down the river, when the beans fell overboard. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember that day; but why didn't you show it to me then?"

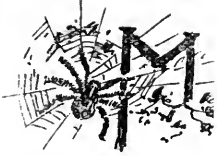
"I knew better."

"What a clever husband I have got!" And she meant it.

BEING AN AMERICAN.

The [Ramifications of a Democratic Pedigree.

By FRANK ROBBINS.



MY FRIEND O'Melveny, "the Judge," as I call him, is a pleasant man to know, and a delightful one with whom to dine. He is old-fashioned enough to give you a sound port with your cheese and after it, instead of coffee and a liqueur—the latter always suggesting, to me at least, that your host has, as it were, with deliberation and intent concluded his engagement to feed you; while the "Judge's" method makes a good dinner a mere prelude to a delightful entertainment of wine, tobacco and good talk. The glow induced by the port, and the tranquility intensified by a cigar, combine to convert a talkative guest into a quiet listener. I have sometimes thought that the "Judge" was designing in this; for he has a fine analytical mind—he would call it a "legal" one—and a sweet Milesian gift of narration; these attributes, naturally, tending to make him like a good listener. One evening I sat at his table twirling the stem of my wine glass and waiting for the yarn I knew was coming. I did not wait long. He proceeded to lead for an opening in this wise:

"The proceedings of our courts bring to light some very nourishing food for the philosophical mind. Do you believe in Heredity?" Without waiting for my answer he continued: "In my recent practice I have come across a typical American. In describing a simple democrat it may seem strange to begin with his pedigree; and yet it is the most important part of the picture if the portrait is to be truly and faithfully painted."

I lighted a cigar, placing myself comfortably, and he proceeded:

"After all, when one considers the fact that everyone has two parents—at least—four grandparents and eight great-grandparents, it is easy to see how the chance of blue blood increases in geometrical progress with the number of generations. In fact any of us may with certainty claim that the current of chivalric royalty flows in his veins; while none may deny that the villainous, sluggish carmine of a two-century-old crime contributes its quota in drops to his arterial circulation. The great difference, perhaps, 'twixt your pure aristocrat and the common self-made man, lies in the fact that the former has kept his stud-book posted up to date. This should be, and no doubt is, a great consolation to the grandchildren of the latter, who have forgotten, or who have never known, the smell of the tallow and hides to which they owe their present social eminence.

"I do not purpose, however, to go back very many generations in this genealogy. It is only introduced to show why my client is what he is; not merely that you may know what his forebears were.

"Back somewhere in the eighteenth century, there came to Canada one Chevalier de Jardin, an adventurous gentleman, with no capital save his wit and his sword. A year or so after his arrival he married a young lady who had been sent out by a beneficent king, with others of her kind, having nothing but wit and beauty for a marriage portion. The sum of two such wits, plus beauty and a sword, was, however, sufficient plenshing for the time and place. The twain prospered and, in due course, the thrifty pair lorded it over the lands, beasts and peasants of a fruitful seignury upon the banks of the St. Lawrence; they had children too, who in turn had children. Finally, one of the last reigned over his feudal and ancestral domain. In the natural course of transmission it is believed that into this worthy gentleman's veins there had been infused a strain of the

original owners of the conquered soil of New France ; be that as it may, he, too, married and had issue in one daughter and sole heiress—Camille Marie Gasconelle de Gaspe de Jardin was her name.

“When General Wolfe ascended the Heights of Abraham, under his command was one ensign, Myles Fitzgerald. Little is known of him save that he was of indomitable courage, of handsome person, and of most pleasing and persuasive manner ; although, from his own account, he was kin to all the nobility, and descended from most of the royalty of his native island of Ireland. After the Conquest—or ‘Cession,’ as the French prefer to call it—this gentleman espoused Mlle. de Gaspe de Jardin ; and, settling upon her domain, became a hospitable seigneur and worthy lord of the manor. With his progeny we have nothing to do, save one, a cadet, Patrice Myles de Jardin Fitzgerald, who, as a lieutenant of foot, was made a prisoner at the battle of Chippewa in 1814, thence sent to New York, where he was paroled and remained, after the war was over, living at ease upon a credit won by his agreeable person and address.

“Now, not changing the subject, but to introduce new factors in the formula : Master Hans Van Haarlem—son of a thrifty Dutch merchant of New York—while cruising in his sloop, laden with trading produce, between his native city and the port of Boston met, in the latter place, Miss Prudence Doolittle. He being impressed with her beauty and she by his thrift, they mated, and he took his bride to his father’s house. In due course the fair wife presented her liege with a single pledge of her affection in the form of a little daughter, who was christened ‘Prudence’ in honor of her mother. The name was an admirable one for one who was to husband so vast an estate as that of the Van Haarlem was becoming by virtue of accumulations of good hard money and the appreciation of certain lands which had been acquired for the purpose of growing cabbages by this sweet innocent’s grandpapa ; but one, perhaps, not so well suited to a capricious maid, who fairly detested the odor of cabbage, and led papa and grandpapa around by their noses ; and one completely belied—so the wise folk said—when she married the dashing ex-lieutenant and prisoner, Pat Fitzgerald ; presenting that gallant officer most dutifully and proficely with sons and daughters. Among the last was Marien Van der Haarlem Fitzgerald who, with brothers and sisters, inherited great wealth, some beauty, and a preposterously aristocratic tendency. This young lady joined the others in referring to her grandpapa as the ‘Patroon,’ and harking back to Holland and Ireland for a most exalted pedigree.

“You will have noted that the particle ‘der’ has crept into my narrative ; the family added it, or revived it, about the time of the appreciation of the value of the cabbage garden.

“The accumulated coin had been used to erect stores and tenements upon the land, and the new generation, living upon its rents, ignored the origin of its wealth and remembered only the traditional splendor of the ancestors in the mother countries.

“However, I would have you understand, these fortunate heirs were nice, hospitable folk—religious in their way, and kind to the poor. Living up to their lights, they paid their servants well, and were liberal to churches and to charities. That their tenement houses were not always in the best sanitary condition they were not aware ; that being due to the zeal of their agents, who, like faithful servants, took a pride in making the estate yield its utmost.

“The reason for so particularizing the generation of Marien Van der Haarlem Fitzgerald is that she plays a most important part in this narrative—no less than that of becoming the mother of my client.

“Being a person of taste, you will note that with delicacy and deference to the sex I have placed the distaff side of the house in advance ; but now for the other.

“The first of the Ruperts of Virginia was unquestionably—so the archives of that family inform me—a gentleman of excellent birth and breeding. To be sure, in searching the records of the Old Dominion I find that the first of that name came to the colony as a bond-servant, and the log of the ship in which he came over gives him no enviable reputation—actually stating that he was landed at Jamestown in irons. Be that as it may, the Ruperts were, and moreover are, a fine family. The Revolution found Randolph Page Rupert fighting manfully for the cause of Liberty—which, please remark, was not necessarily that of Freedom. In the course of this gentleman’s marches he found himself upon occasion in Philadelphia where he was quartered upon the excellent Quaker family of Goodyear. Grace—a lovely daughter of this house—charmed the young soldier ; and when Cornwallis had surrendered, he returned to the object of his affection, wooed her, and won her ; carrying her—together with a sufficient marriage portion to rehabilitate his encumbered estate and buy a number of slaves—to his ancestral plantation upon the banks of the Potomac ; where, amongst other sons and daughters, was born Charles Goodyear Rupert, who, at the time of the war of 1812, bore a commission in the army and participated valiantly in the resistance of the attacks of the British at New Orleans.

“You will remember that prior to this war the Gulf Coast and the Spanish Main were infested with pirates. Pardon me ! I mean that those waters were largely used by certain gentlemen adventurers who, sailing their own vessels under their own flags, prosecuted a precarious, though lucrative, independent trade. Chief amongst these was one Juan del Cuchillo, a gentleman of Spain. It is to be regretted that I find it impossible to give full detail of this brave mariner’s birth and career. He was very careless with his papers. Though he always averred that he was a son of the Archbishop of Toledo, the fact cannot be authenticated. Don Juan was present with his ship at a most distressing accident whereby a large trading ship was burnt and sunk—not however until after the most valuable portion of her cargo had been rescued.

“This unfortunate vessel carried to the bottom with her all but one of her passengers. This exception was a beautiful young Jewess, calling herself Rebecca Cohn. The beauty and helplessness of this young girl attracted the bold and chivalric sailor, and the twain were shortly afterwards united.

“A year later the fair Rebecca died in giving birth to a girl child, who, in due time, became a beautiful young woman who was called ‘Juanita.’ Don Juan idolized his daughter, and, growing in years, he greatly desired to retire to the land to enjoy the fortune he had amassed in the course of his adventurous career. Owing to certain governmental restrictions this was impossible until the British were preparing their attack upon New Orleans ; when he offered the services of himself, his crews and his vessels for the defence of the city, upon the condition that their little irregularities of previous conduct should be overlooked. His offer and conditions being accepted, his valor in the actions which followed has become a matter of national history. When peace was proclaimed, Don Juan with his daughter took residence in the city which he had so nobly assisted in defending ; and his name, house, and hospitality became famous. Captain Rupert, enjoying the last, met the Señorita Juanita, and a mutual flame enwrapped the pair. Don Juan in no wise objecting, they were married.

"Captain Rupert's family, not having been consulted in the matter—besides having heard certain rumors detrimental to the character of the worthy Don Juan—intimated that any further connection with him and any recognition of his new relations were undesirable. Acting upon this hint the Captain remained in New Orleans, living upon the princely bounty of his father-in-law.

"In 1820, Mrs. Rupert was delivered of a fine boy, who naturally became the pride and delight of his grandfather. Two years later, during an epidemic of yellow fever, the mother died and her father was also stricken. Before the old man died he made a will leaving his now well-invested fortune to his grandson—Juan Randolph Rupert—under the trusteeship of his father. The dying sailor urged upon the latter that he should take the boy to the North—where his story would not be known—and there educate and establish him. After this good advice, Don Juan called for the priest, received the rites of Holy Mother Church, and passed to his long rest, full of years and honor, at peace with God and the world.

"Following the venerable man's instructions, Captain Rupert took his boy to New York where he established himself in a manner befitting his position. The boy was sent to the best private schools, thence to Harvard, where he took an honorable degree. His father's good manners and his own; his associations at school and at college; his wealth, all aided in his reception into the best and most exclusive society—where, of course, he met the Fitzgeralds. And again 'in due course' (I like that expression—it belongs to scientific classification) at Grace Church—the Bishop officiating—he was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Marien Van der Haarlem Fitzgerald. It was the event of the season of 1856. A year later a lesser social, but greater domestic, event occurred; for it was no less than the advent of another man-child, who was christened Fitzgerald Vander-Haarlem Rupert. This gentleman is my client.

"After all this prelude to his introduction it will be well to drop genealogy; but before doing so I would like to point a moral—a story without a moral being like venison without currant jelly, palatable enough perhaps, but lacking in propriety. The moral is that in pedigrees, as in most other things, we select the most agreeable. You have doubtless noticed how quietly I dropped the God-fearing, slave-trading, Puritanical family of Doolittle; the honest, peace-loving, Quaker connection of Goodyear; also, save by inference, the shrewd, painstaking, Jewish father of Rebecca Cohn; and, even how lightly has been touched the plodding, cabbage-growing Van Haarlem. These, nevertheless be it observed, were the honey-gathering bees. Contrary to the usage of bees, however, they have been thrust out to make room for the Fitzgeralds and Ruperts—the men of the sword taking natural precedence over the men of the yardstick. The metaphor seems to be growing involved. I think we had better drop it, and—if you have finished your cigar—we will join the ladies."

"But!" said I.

"But what?" said the Judge.

"The rest of your story," I answered.

"Pshaw!" said the Judge, "that comes of having no 'legal mind'—can't you see that is in process of development, and that it remains with the court to determine?"

And I had to be satisfied.

Los Angeles.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

VIII.—WOODES ROGERS, 1708.

TWENTY-THREE years after Dampier's visit to California—and with that rather second-rate sea-robber in a subordinate position—a pirate worthy to rank with Drake and Cavendish scoured the Pacific and spent some two months on the Lower California coast. He was Woodes Rogers. This voyage around the world (1708–11) gave the world "Robinson Crusoe;" and that individual himself (Selkirk) became one of Rogers's pirates. A digest of the voyage, from Rogers's own account, follows:

CAPTAIN WOODES ROGERS in the "Duke," and Captain Stephen Courtney in the "Duchess," sailed from Bristol June 15, 1708, on a voyage round the world. "It has been universally allowed by such as are proper Judges of such Expeditions, that there never was any Voyage of this nature so happily adjusted, so well provided for in all respects, or in which the Accidents, that usually happen in Privateers were so effectually guarded against. . . . Captain *Woodes Rogers*, who commanded in chief, was a bold, active, indefatigable Officer, one that would not give up his Opinion too readily to others. . . . He had been a large Sufferer by the *French*, and was naturally no great Friend to that Nation. . . . He had a peculiar Art of maintaining his Authority over his Seamen, and a Readiness in finding out Expedients in the most difficult Conjectures. Captain *STEPHEN Courtney* was a Man of Birth, Fortune, and of very amiable Qualities: He contributed considerably to the Expence of the Voyage. . . . Captain *Thomas Dover*, who was third in Command, was a Proprietor also; . . . He was by Profession a Physician, and, towards the Decline of his Life, made a Noise in the World, by recommending the Use of crude Mercury. . . . As for Captain *Edward Cooke*, who was second to Captain *Courtney*, he had been taken twice by the *French*, once by four *Dunkirk* Privateers, and again by two Men-of-War of fifty Guns. The Pilot, in the larger Ship, was Captain *William Dampier*, who was now to proceed for the Fourth time into the South Seas, where his Name was very well known, and, from his Exploits, terrible to the *Spaniards*."

They first set sail for Cork, "in order to make up our Complement of Men. . . . Both Ships had legal Commissions . . . to cruise on the Coasts of Peru and Mexico, in the South Seas, against her Majesty's Enemies, the *French* and *Spaniards*. . . . Most of us, the chief Officers, embraced this Design of Privateering round the World, to retrieve the Losses we had sustained by the Enemy. Our Complement of Sailors in both Ships was 333. . . . We had now above double the Number of Officers usual in Privateers." This was to prevent mutinies, "and that we might have a large Provision for a succession of Officers in each Ship, in case of Mortality."

On the 1st of September they began their voyage from Cork to the Canaries. On the 10th they took a sail showing Swedish colors. They found it difficult to prove she was a Prize, so "We let her go without the least Embezzlement." The men on board the *Duke* "mutiny'd," insisting that, by letting the Swedish ship go without plundering her, the officers

had sacrificed their interest. But the "Malecontents" were quelled for the time; though they afterward gave a great deal of trouble, and did more mischief when in irons than before. But with "Whippings and different Corrections" they brought the "Crew to Order and Discipline, always very difficult in Privateers, and without which 'tis impossible to carry on any distant Undertaking like ours."

On the 18th they took a small "Spanish Ship bound from Teneriff to Fuerteventura with several Men and Women Passengers, and laden with sundry sorts of Goods." The next day they bore away for Oratavia Road, where they stood off-and-on. They treated about ransoming the Vessel, but the English merchants residing in the Town expostulated, alleging that there was a free Trade agreed to in those Islands between her Majesty of Great Britain and the Kings of France and Spain, so religiously observed by the latter that they had caused an English Ship, taken there by a French Privateer, to be restored. "Captains Rogers and Courteney . . . threatened to cruise among the Islands, to make amends for their lost Time, and to cannonade the Town of Oratavia, unless they received Satisfaction." On the 22nd, "We lay by off the Town, took the Goods out of the Prize, sold the Bark to Mr. Cross for 450 Dollars, and put the Prisoners aboard her. Thus ended this troublesome Affair," and they once more set about their Voyage. On the last day of September they anchored in the Harbour of St. Vincent. . . . "While we lay here, new Disturbances arose amongst the men in relation to Plunder; for here we had an Opportunity of purchasing Things, and therefore every Man wished, that he had something to purchase with. The Effects taken in the late Prize occasioned these Heart-burnings." But they settled the affair "by framing such Articles, as, without giving our Owners any Ground of Complaint, might inspire the Seamen with Courage and Constancy, and make them willing to obey." They sailed away from this place leaving their "Linguist," who had broken his word by staying on shore longer than had been agreed upon. They were inclined to do this in order to set a proper example. . . . "In our passage towards the Coast of *Brazil* some new Disputes arose amongst the Men. On the 18th of *November*, we anchored before the Island of Grande. . . . While we lay here, there were new Quarrels, and things had certainly come to a great Height on board the *Duchess*, if Captain *Courteney* had not put eight of the Ringleaders immediately into Irons." . . . On the 24th, they fired upon a Canoe, wounding an Indian rower. "He that owned and steered her was a Frier, and had a Quantity of Gold, which he got at the Mines, I suppose by his Trade of confessing the Ignorant. . . . The Man that was wounded could not move, and was brought by our Men, with the Father and several Slaves, that rowed the large Canoe, on board our Ship, where our Surgeon dressed the wounded Indian, who died in two Hours time. I made the Father as welcome as I could; but he was very uneasy at the Loss of his Gold, and the Death of his Slave; and said he would seek for Justice in *Portugal* or *England*."

Continuing their voyage, they coasted very far to the South, where the great cold induced them to bear away for the Island of Juan Fernandez. . . . "On February 1, 1709, we came before that Island." . . . Captain *Dover*, with the Boat's Crew went ashore in their Pinnace, though they were not less than four Leagues off. . . . "As soon as it was dark, we saw a Light ashore. Our Boat was then about a League from the Island, and bore away for the Ships as soon as she saw the Lights. We put our Lights aboard for the Boat." They designed to make their Ships ready to engage, believing the light came from *French* ships at anchor,

and they must either fight them or want water. . . . "All this Stir and Apprehension arose, we afterward found, from one poor naked Man, who passed, in our Imagination at present, for a Spanish Garrison, a Body of Frenchmen, or a Crew of Pirates." About noon the next day, two boats which had been sent ashore filled with armed men returned "and brought an abundance of Cray-fish with a Man cloathed in Goat skins, who looked wilder than the first Owners of them. He had been on the Island four Years and four Months, being left there by Captain *Stroddling* in the *Cinque-ports*; his name was *Alexander Selkirk*, a *Scotsman*, who had been master of the *Cinque-ports*, a ship that came here last with Captain *Dampier*, who told me that this was the best Man in her. I immediately agreed with him to be a Mate on board our Ship: 'Twas he that made the Fire last Night when he saw our Ships, which he judged to be *English*. . . . He told us that he was born at *Largo*, in the county of *Fife*, in *Scotland*, and was bred a Sailor from his Youth. The Reason of his being left here, was a Difference between him and his Captain." He had been left on the Island with "his Cloaths, and Bedding, with a Firelock, some Powder, Bullets, and Tobacco, a Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, some practical Pieces, and his mathematical Instruments and Books. . . . For the first eight months, he had much ado to bear up against Melancholy, and the Terror of being left alone in such a desolate Place. He built two Huts with Pimento trees, covered them with long Grass, and lined them with the Skins of Goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his Powder lasted, which was but a Pound; and that being almost spent, he got Fire by rubbing two Sticks of Pimento Wood together upon his Knee. In the lesser Hut, at some Distance from the other, he dressed his Victuals; and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing Psalms and praying; so he said, he was a better Christian while in his Solitude, than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first he never eat anything till Hunger Constrained him, partly for Grief, and partly for want of Breat and Salt: Nor did he go to Bed, till he could watch no longer; the Pimento Wood which burnt very clear, served him both for Fire and Candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant Smell. He might have had Fish enough, but would not eat them for want of Salt, because they occasioned a Looseness, except Cray-fish, which are as large as our Lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his Goat's Flesh, of which he made very good Broth, for they are not so rank as ours: . . . When his Powder failed, he took them by Speed of Feet; for his way of Living, continual Exercise of Walking and Running, cleared him of all gross Humours; so that he ran with wonderful Swiftuess thro' the Woods, and up the Rocks and Hills, as we perceived when we employed them to catch Goats for us: We had a Bull-dog, which we sent, with several of our nimblest Runners, to help him in catching Goats; but he distanced and tired both the Dog and the Men, caught the Goats, and brought them to us on his Back. . . . He came at last to relish his Meat well enough without Salt or Bread; and, in the Season had plenty of good Turneps, which had been sowed there by Captain *Dampier's* Men, and have now overspread some Acres of Ground. He had enough good Cabbage from the Cabbage-trees [terminal buds from certain palm-trees—probably *euterpe oleracea*], and seasoned his Meat with the Fruit of the Pimento-trees, which is the same as *Jamaica* Pepper, and smells deliciously.

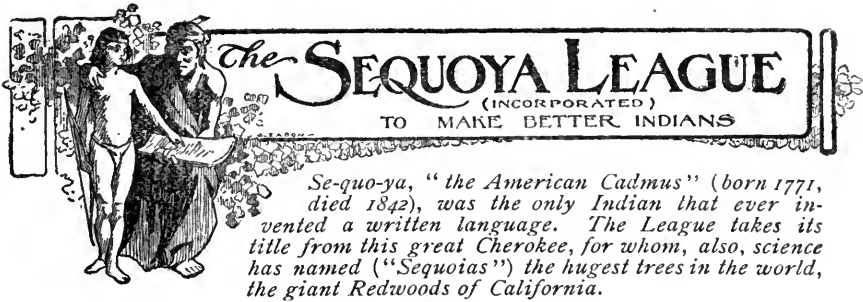
He found also a black Pepper, called *Malogeta*, which was very good to expel Winds and against Griping in the Guts. He soon wore out all his Shoes and Cloaths by running in the Woods; and, at last, being forced to shift without them, his Feet became so hard, that he ran everywhere without Difficulty; and it was some time before he could wear

Shoes after we found him ; for, not being used to any so long, his Feet swelled, when he came first to wear them again. After he had conquered his Melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes with cutting his Name on the Trees, and the Time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with Cats and Rats, that had bred in Great Numbers, from some of each Species, which had got ashore from Ships that put in there to wood and water: The Rats gnawed his Feet and Cloaths while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the Cats with his Goats flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in Hundreds, and soon delivered him from the Rats: He likewise tamed some Kids ; and, to divert himself, would, now-and-then, sing and dance with them, and his Cats: So that, by the Favour of Providence, and Vigour of his Youth, being now but thirty Years old, he came, at last, to conquer all the Inconveniences of his Solitude, and to be very easy. When his Cloaths wore out, he made himself a Coat and a Cap of Goat-skins, which he stitched together, with little Thongs of the same, that he cut with his Knife. He had no other Needle, but a Nail ; and when his Knife was worn to the Back, he made others, as well as he could, of some Iron Hoops, that were left ashore, which he beat thin, and ground upon Stones. Having some Linen cloth by him, he sewed him some Shirts with a Nail, and stitched them with the Worsted of his old Stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last Shirt on, when we found him on the Island. At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his Language, for want of Use, that we could scarcely understand him—for he seemed to speak his Words by halves. We offered him a Dram ; but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but Water since his being there ; and it was sometime before he could relish our Victuals."

February 3 they set up the tents on shore, one for the sick of each Ship. "The Governor [Selkirk] never failed of procuring us two or three Goats a Day for our sick Men ; by which, with the Help of the Greens, and the Wholesome Air, they recovered very soon from the Scurvy ; so that Captain *Dover* and I both thought it a very agreeable seat, the weather being neither too hot, nor too cold."

They spent their time till the 10th refitting their ships, and taking on wood and water. By boiling sea-lions, they extracted eighty gallons of oil, for their lamps, and to save candles. "We made what Haste we could to get all the necessaries on board, being willing to lose no Time ; for we were informed at the *Canaries*, that five stout *French* Ships were coming together to these Seas. . . . On the 28th, we hoisted both Pinnaces into the Water, to try them under Sail, with a Gun fixed in each of them, and whatever else was requisite to render them very serviceable small Privateers. . . . On *May* [evidently a misprint for *Mch.*] 15. in the Evening we saw a Sail ; Our Consort being nearest, soon took her. She was a little Vessel, of sixteen Ton from *Payta*, bound to *Cheripe* for Flour, with a small Sum of Money to purchase it ; the Master's Name *Antonio Feliagos*, a Mestizo, or one begotten between an *Indian* and a *Spaniard* ; his Crew eight Men, one of them a *Spaniard*, one a Negro, and the rest *Indians*. . . . They assured us, that all the *French* Ships, being Seven in Number, sailed out of these Seas six Months ago ; and that no more were to return: Adding that the *Spaniards* had such an aversion to them, that, at *Callao*, the Seaport for *Lima*, they killed so many of the *French*, and quarrelled so frequently with them, that none were suffered to come ashore there for some time before they sailed from thence. . . . Our Prisoners told us, they expected the Widow of the late Viceroy of *Peru*, would shortly embark for *Acapulco*, with her Family and Riches, and stop at *Payta* to refresh, or sail in Sight, as customary, in one of the King's Ships, of thirty-six Guns ; and that, about eight months ago, there was a Ship, with 200,000 Pieces of Eight aboard, the rest of her Cargo Liquors and Flour, which had passed *Payta* for *Acapulco*. Our Prisoners added, that they left Seigneur *Morel* in a stout Ship, with dry Goods for *Lima*, recruiting at *Payta*, where he expected in a few Days a *French* built Ship belonging to the *Spaniards* to come from *Panama* richly laden, with a Bishop aboard. *Payta* is a common recruiting Place, to those, who go to or from *Lima*, or most Parts to Windward, in their Trade to *Panama*, or any Part of the Coast of *Mexico*. Upon this Advice, we agreed to spend as much Time as possible cruising off of *Payta*, without discovering ourselves, for fear of hindering our other Designs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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BY the time these pages are read, the investigation of the Moqui outrages will be under way, in charge of U. S. Indian Inspector James E. Jenkins, and with a competent representative of the Sequoia League present (by invitation of the Department) to present the evidence the League has been collecting for nearly a year. Considering the attitude of the Department in promising an exact investigation, the character of Mr. Jenkins, who has the matter in charge, the witnesses and the affidavits the League presents, there is no reasonable doubt of the outcome. The League has tried to be gentle to Burton, believing him to be a man who meant well, but who had a great deal of fault to find with his Creator for his mental equipment. How thoroughly he has exceeded his authority, and brought discredit on the Department, is best shown by the fact that Burton has coerced most of the Moquis to cut their hair, and has refused to feed those who would not be barbered by him. He is the man who was given by the Department a tool which it was believed might help to alleviate the Indians. He has used it as a club to drive them. A personal letter from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Sequoia League says:

"About the Hair Cutting Order: There never was such an order issued by the Indian Office, so far as the Indians generally are concerned, but we have insisted all along, that the Indians in the employ of the Government must wear their hair like white employes. All that the Office ever did in this matter,

was to urge agents by *moral suasion* to do all in their power to induce the Indians to adopt civilized ways."

The Indians of Moqui, at least, have been agitated by official statement that the Hair Cut Order had been renewed. I am assured by the Department that this is absolutely not true.

It is not the time, now, to quarrel with the remark that "the Indians in the employ of the Government must wear their hair like white employes;" "white employes" can wear their hair anyhow they Blooming Please. The Department would not think of issuing an order compelling an "Arizona Shingle" in the case of any white employe who cared to let his hair increase beyond his ears. The Department has virtually abandoned the obnoxious regulation, finding it the laughing stock of the whole country, and there is no need to pursue the matter beyond the grave. The point is that Burton altogether exceeded even the tentative orders of the Department; coerced Indians who were not employes; cut off their hair by force; had hair cut as a punishment, and not as a "civilizing agency;" and in general proved himself unfit to interpret the orders of his superiors, or to be entrusted with them. The New York *Sun*, of June 17th, remarks editorially of Mr. Burton that he is "absolutely incapable of understanding and appreciating the Moquis, and he acts like an unbaked barbarian." Which puts the case with neatness and economy.

A similar attitude has been taken by the press all over the country. Nothing else the Department is likely to do would strike so popular a chord as the Burtonizing of Burton.

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New contributions—Miss Mira Hershey, Los Angeles, \$50 (Life Membership). \$2 each—Mrs. D. A. Senter, Miss Augusta Senter, Pasadena, Cal.; J. E. Haverstick, Phila.; Grace Nicholson, Pasadena, Cal.; Frank H. Scott, Edith Scott, Bertram Scott, Marion Scott, Chicago; Henrietta T. L. Wolcott, Dedham, Mass.

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AFTER many vexatious delays, arrangements have been made by the Club to finish roofing the entire front of the Pala Mission, and replace a few of the rooms on the patio; also to have the whole property scrupulously and constantly cared for and kept in repair for five years.

The Landmarks Club Cook Book — "a Collection of California Recipes from Everywhere," and beyond doubt the best volume of Spanish, old Californian, and cosmopolitan, cookery yet published — is selling handsomely and winning golden opinions from judicious housekeepers. Bound in cloth, 260 pages, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60. C. C. Parker, or Mrs. J. G. Mossin, or the OUT WEST Co., Los Angeles.

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There is no law to prevent the newspapers from electing Thomas, Richard and Henry to the vice-presidency of the U. S. on the instalment plan and a year ahead. It amuses our Enlighteners; it is "sweet as remembered kisses after death" to Henry, Richard and Thomas; and it probably does Us less harm than anything else we read at breakfast. For it isn't Compulsory. By next year, the Able Reporter himself will have forgotten to whom he tossed his nickel. And we not only do not have to ratify—our Daily Guide doesn't even expect us to do so.

But there are several laws to forbid our taking the vice-presidency as a joke, and letting it go at that. That ancient equine statute known in the digests as Horse Sense is some of them. And the rest are the enactments of Destiny in the last two years.

After the experience we have just had, it would seem wanton to harp—outside an asylum for the Daft—on the visible fact that we can no longer afford Tail-End vice-presidents. It is now Up to Us to notice that they sometimes become Presidents—and to make sure that they be fit to be.

THE DIGESTION
OF OUR

UNCLE SAM.

As has been remarked before, and on no better authority, "the only man that has a real Stomach is the man who doesn't know he has Any." Let us hope that this shall continue to be the case with Uncle Sam. No prior person politic in the world's history has ever needed so robustious a digestion. The gastric juices of other, and smaller, and less gorged, republics have sometimes been sorely tested; but besides these internal fluids, our modern giant of all democracies seems to have a quartz-crusher comfortably installed in his inner consciousness. "Eat slowly, and masticate your food well" is a fit dogma of the hygienists; but Uncle Sam never does have time to chew at all. Every year—which with the nation we may call a square meal—he swallows half a million or more Furriners; mostly ignorant, 99% un-American in every fiber, 30% at least vicious or sub-ignorant—and still he seldom hears from his stomach. Only now and again he asks the

Doctor what the deuce can cause that heartburn, which he has no thought to relate to his stomach. As a matter of fact, his incomprehensible digestion does "tote even" with his gluttony. America has changed by this gorge; but not fast enough nor deep enough to realize it. And the American language is so little affected that only a German philologist could ponderate the difference.

How enormous this assimilation is, few of us realize—though there is nothing more interesting nor more vital to be understood. Doubtless the most diagrammatic case is presented by that remarkable study of the "Linguistic Conditions of Chicago," which has been issued by Carl Darling Buck, of the University of Chicago. This extraordinary paper—a twenty-page quarto, issued by the University—is one of the most striking comments ever printed on American conditions.

In the vast German empire—not lower than fourth among the world-powers, and probably at present easily third—there are three cities which contain as many German-speaking people as Chicago. These are Berlin, Hamburg and Breslau. The only other city in the world which contains more Germans than Chicago is also in the United States—namely, New York. The German-speaking population of Chicago is larger than the population of Munich, or of Dresden, or of Leipsic, or of Cologne; in fact, nearly as great as that of all four put together. It is the 5th German city in the world; and more than 500,000 Chicagoans speak German.

It is the 3d Swedish city in the world, and has more than twice as many Swedes as any other city in the country. Almost as many people speak Swedish in that American city as the total population of Los Angeles at the last census.

Chicago is the 4th Polish city in the world; and far more people in Chicago talk Polish than there were in Los Angeles of all sorts in 1900.

Chicago is the 3rd Norwegian city in the world; and more Chicagoans talk that language than the total present population of Portland, Maine.

Chicago is the 2nd Bohemian city in the world; and more people in Chicago speak that language than the total population of Portland, Oregon; Atlanta, Georgia; Richmond, Virginia; Nashville, Tennessee; and so on for quantity.

Forty distinct languages are spoken by colonies in the city of Chicago, not counting dialects. More than half the total population of Chicago speaks a foreign language—not by having learned it as scholars, but by having been born to it. The fol-

lowing table is enough to make one gasp—that is, one who ever thinks a little :

LANGUAGE	SPOKEN IN CHICAGO BY
German.....	500,000
Polish	125,000
Swedish	100,000
Bohemian.....	90,000
Norwegian	50,000
Yiddish.....	50,000
Dutch.....	35,000
Italian.....	25,000
Danish	20,000
French	15,000
Irish	10,000
Croatian and Servian	10,000
Slovakian	10,000
Lithuanian	10,000
Russian.....	7,000
Hungarian	5,000

besides colonies of Greek, Frisian, Roumanian, Welsh, Slovenian, Flemish, Chinese, Spanish, Finnish, Scotch Gaelic, Lettic, Arabic, Armenian, Manx, Icelandic, Albanian, Bulgarian, Turkish, Japanese, Portuguese, Breton, Esthonian, Basque, Gypsy.

There are Beveridges and others who object to the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood because they are "not American enough"—90% of their population having been in America only 250 years. In the one city of Chicago there are more than twice the population of the two territories who always speak German when they can do as they prefer. There are in the city of Chicago more people than the total population of Arizona who talk Polish whenever they can. There are 100,000 people in Chicago who talk Swedish if no one hinders. And so on, until in one American city there are 40 foreign languages spoken by 1,078,400 American citizens out of a total population of less than two millions.

But to take certain liberties with the State motto of Connecticut, "he who has swallowed can digest." In the second generation, even Chicagoans become Americans. In New Mexico and Arizona, the bulk of the population were Americans two centuries before 75% of the modern population of Chicago ever heard of America.

HIGH TIME
THEY
DID HAVE.

Innumerable Americans will echo the New York *Sun's* "wish that the scholars of the Bureau of Ethnology [and any others] had a little influence in the Indian Bureau."

Doubtless they will have, some day—possibly as soon as the

“scholars of the Bureau” come to have a little influence *in* the Bureau itself, instead of being suppressed, squelched, snubbed and made errand-boys by that Incomprehensible Effigy which the ignorance of politicians and the cowardice of others have set and retained as their Boss. Probably even sooner—for the Smithsonian Regents are Too Old and too Respectable to Learn; while the ward-politician distrust of all scholars does not rightfully belong to the present administration of the Interior Department. That attitude is an inheritance from older days, when our Indian Bureau was probably the most corrupt, shameless and ignorant branch of government in any part of America. It was the congenital suspicion which ignoramus always feel towards people so preposterous as to Wish to Learn; the inevitable hatred of rascals toward honest men—and scholars have to be honest before they can truly be scholars at all. But the present administration ought no more to learn its mental than its moral standards from that disreputable past. It is neither a thief nor a fool. It has a great deal to learn—as have all of us, who ever did learn a little—but it is Straight; and there is always a way to learn. So, all the more pity if it thoughtlessly adopts “the tradition of the Office”—made when the Office was a public scandal—and retains the entailed habit to “D—n them d——d scholars.” It is another case of the head being wagged by the tail—a competent official unconsciously taking his cue, in a vital matter, from the \$75 clerks who pretty nearly Run the Government, their superiors being too overworked to read half the papers they sign. As a matter of fact and of common sense, the Department’s best friends ought to be (and are willing to be) those who know its wards, as it cannot pretend to.

So far as I know—and I have given these matters some little thought—there is not in the whole Indian Service a single man whom scholars anywhere ever heard of; not one who could write a book on Indians which would not be derided by the competent. Of course they all Know Enough to hold the power of life and death over 250,000 First Americans; of course they can laugh at “thim dommed Lithery Fellers wot do write;” but they do not know enough of their professional theme to know who, when and what the World has Done About It before them, and to learn by the wisdom and the blunders of their predecessors. The sneerness with which they Look Down on the men who have learned a thousand times as much about Indians; who have studied more books on Indians than they ever read arithmetics, grammar and novels combined; who have seen more frontiers, endured more hardships, braved more dangers,

than all the Indian Bureau ever did—it is one of the most exquisite documents now extant in the bibliography of humor. These unread administrators of human life and happiness are now mostly good men, and mostly competent in ordinary lines of business. They like to speak of themselves as “Practical Men”—a sharp distinction from men that read—and they can do it to newspaper reporters in Washington. Their Adventures, their Parlous hair-breadth ’Scapes from Mortal Indians (and all Indians are Dangerous, in Washington), their Hardships—all these make good reading, in some parts of the Geography. But I do not know a Detested Scholar, in this line, beside whose personal experience these exploits of the Bureau Hero are not as a child’s first Red-top Boots to the Perils of Hercules. There are no Bandeliers in the Indian Service; no Powells, McGees, Grinnells, Hodges, Cushings, Dalls, Powerses, Merriams—nor any of the hundred other Americans whose names carry weight.

This is rather a pity, among the people who, if put to the rack, will confess that they are the Smartest on Earth, if not the Only; but that is not half the pity it is to see the real Business Men who are now at head of the Department discharging the only clerks that Know the Stock. It is high time for men of the mental and moral status of Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner Jones to curtail their cheap, red-tape, routine blunderers, and turn for advice to the men who Know Something. An important branch of the Government is maintained precisely to educate men about Indians. It would seem to be common sense for the Department, whose business it is to Administer Indians, to get some use and help from the Bureau whose business it is to Understand Indians—instead of looking upon any man who does Know Indians, as a Nachul-Born Enemy of the Department. Honesty has been brought far up the scale, in this administration. The day of thieving agents and corrupt contracts is pretty well gone by; and every thoughtful man honors those who have brought about this change. But even honesty is not a whit more important than Savvy. And the only way to get Savvy is to Mix with those that Have it.

If the Department wished legal advice, it would probably consult lawyers rather than brewers. If it aimed to be vaccinated, the chances are that it would summon a doctor, and not a plumber. Now, understanding Indians (or any Different People) is as serious a profession as law or medicine—and requires a much longer and harder course. Until the Department learns the very simple facts that Statecraft isn’t Learned by Appointment, and that it is impossible to make a Good Record in administering any people without knowing what they are (even as

most of us would prefer to entrust our stables to a man who knew a horse from a cow), it will go on as it has always gone—Blundering for the World's Record in human lives, and making a chapter in history it is a pity we cannot universally foresee in its relative proportions.

Does the Department fancy that the only reason why Americans are overwhelmingly ready to believe evil of its Indian policies is that Americans are mostly fools? They may be—but that isn't the reason. The reason is that the Department doesn't even live up to the common sense which teaches all of us not to turn over our horses to cobblers nor our shoes to jockeys. It is time for it to begin—and not only the hour but the men are here.

Speaking of "game hogs," as I did last month, callow tourists with more money than brains are not the only ^{MURDER} porkers. There are a great many people in California, ^{IN THE} neither new nor young nor wealthy, who will never make sports- ^{FIRST DEGREE.} men, nor Men. Much is forgiven to a raw country, and to a people not yet adjusted to their new environments; but if we are fit and entitled to do half the bragging of California that we like to do, public sentiment here must soon crystallize in lines which will make impossible certain things which now discredit our humanity, our common sense, and our courage. At that wonderful resort of Catalina Island, one of the most striking sea resorts in the world, and certainly without a rival in the United States, the massacre of fish is something unworthy of Digger Indians—and, in fact, impossible to Diggers. It is only people who have been Civilized Beyond their Brains that can do such things. Parties there go out and catch every fish they can. It is a mark of the undeveloped mind not to Know When one has Enough; and these people seem never to have enough. Day after day, tons upon tons of fish, caught by half-baked anglers, are brought into Avalon to be shown off, to be photographed with their proud captors, and then hauled far out and dumped into the ocean, lest they breed a pestilence along the shore. Now it is not too much to say that there is no other country in the world where this would be possible. No savage tribe on earth, no Dago community, no village of Spanish sea-board peasants, no Guinea negroes, no cannibals on the Amazon, ever do such things. People who can do this would do anything—if they had the nerve. It may look like a far comparison; but it is the same maggot that breeds mobs. A man who would catch 500 trout in a day, Because he Could, and let 400 of them be wasted, has no real morals. He may be an Esteemed Citizen—but it is only because he is afraid of the law or the disgrace made and provided against common criminals. He is neither brave, nor gentle, nor quite honest. Such a person should be constitutionally disfranchised from the use of the rod. He is not only an insult to decent sportsmen, he is a robber of his own grandchildren. The Pacific is large water; but it has its boundaries. There are a good many fish, but they have their end. Already the "fish-hog" all along the California coast has seriously decimated the fish. If public opinion allows him to keep both

his porcine Feet in the Trough, the time will come, and very soon, when there will not be fish for those that need them.

It is time for the class of Americans who are up-building California to a marvel among all commonwealths, to rate these offenders as they deserve; and if there can be no law to punish a man who kills a hundred pounds of yellow-tail to dump into the ocean, there can be, at least, the visible contempt of decent people. Of all the good things that Roosevelt has said, nothing was manlier nor truer than his warning that "no section of the country must be used to be skinned for the benefit of the few in a little while;" and the people who grossly, ignorantly and cowardly skin the ocean of its food supply, and its true sport, are as much public enemies as those who destroy the forests upon which our watersheds (and so our life) depend, or vandals of any other sort.

DUX
FEMINA
FACTI. Patriotic women of Oregon are trying to erect a statue in Portland to Sacajawea, the heroic Indian woman who accompanied Lewis and Clark, 98 years ago—the first American expedition across the continent to the Pacific—as guide and interpreter. She saved the journals and papers of this epoch-making expedition; she probably saved their lives. She trudged from the Missouri to the Coast, with her tiny baby strapped on her back. Any woman who could do *that*, deserves a monument; but more than that, she was a large factor in the success of the first, the most famous, and economically perhaps the most important, expedition that the Government of the United States ever sent West. She deserves a monument if any one does; and it is to be hoped that the movement to commemorate her will be a success, first financially, and second in the artistic fruits. Membership in the association is only 50 cents. Monies in any amount may be sent to Mrs. Sarah A. Evans, Secretary, Oswego, Oregon.

SAVAGES—
AMATRUR AND
PROFESSIONAL. Among simple frontiersmen who knew little of history, the Apache was wont to pass for tolerably Bad Medicine. The most savage and unmitigated Indian the world has ever known, he used occasionally to Peg Out his victims under an efficacious bonfire.

But the Apache was a Tenderfoot. He didn't know the A, B, C of devilment. White American Citizens have roasted more human beings at the stake in the last three years than all the Hellish Apaches have roasted since history began. And with a depth of fiendishness the Apache must take off his hat to.

The Chiricahuas are long ago done with Human Broilers. They are now steady, industrious farmers. No people alive continue the old Apache industry except American voters. "Americans" burning "Niggers" at the stake; skinning them, hacking them, carrying home chunks of man-meat for relics in American households! "Americans!" Bah! They are not even dogs!

Neither in morals nor in brains.

For what they think they do to the Negro individual, they are in fact doing to themselves, and to their own children, and to their children's children.

We are the Modestest People in the World; and we do not care a Boston Dollar who knows it.

The *New England Magazine* for July has an interesting article concerning "the first American Geography," alleging that work of scholarship to have been by one Jedidiah Morse, notorious for "Geography made Easy," whose first edition was published in 1784. This resurrection of things too much forgotten was worth while; but it is always a pity to mar such a task by ignorance or insolence. The "first American Geography" indeed! In the backward year of 1500 the first map of America was made by Juan de la Cosa; and the first American geography was by Enciso, so lately as 1517.

The writer of the article in question as to the Rev. Jedidiah Morse would have had as much pleasure as profit had he taken some pains to learn of the hundreds of American geographies written, printed and read the world around, all the way from one to three-and-a-half centuries before the Rev. Jedidiah began to infest this Vale of Tears. A magnificent three-volume geography, even of California (with maps, illustrations and incomparably better scientific scope than Morse's), was printed in Madrid just four years before Jedidiah Morse was born. This is only a hint at the innumerable company of men who wrote better, and had studied deeper, in American geography far, far before this amiable New England Divine.

In fact, Morse's information as to the enormous majority of the American continent is probably derived direct from his predecessors by centuries.

It is one of the strange things which inevitably strike every serious student of American history; that, in the old days, Spain was the only European nation which found the New World Worth Studying. England did not touch this hemisphere for more than a century; and then only as a Business Opening. Up to within the latter part of the Seventeen-Hundreds, the most historic voyages to America made by the English were solely for the purpose of piracy. It is only of late years that any serious study of our New World has begun among Us of the Dominant Tongue; but it is 400 years since the Spanish explorers began to make geographies, ethnological studies, religious, philosophical, economical, and other works—to such an extent that the most careful buyer could not with one million dollars purchase the published books in Spanish, which are indispensable to the student of America, and printed before Morse's first geography—or any other work in English of deep value to the student of Americana.

Time has changed all these things; We are It; but it is also just as well not to forget that there have been thoughtful people considerably before us.

The passing of John F. Francis, last month, from Los Angeles to the only Better Country, was the snuffing-out of one of the lives that Do Good. It was a Quiet Man who thought of Other People First. He resembled the rest of us in the tendency to die off; but in all the community that knew him he was the only "Prince John."

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Mr. Sherwin Cody finds within himself (like St. Paul or Dr. Jekyll) two personalities struggling for mastery, and even asking each other impertinent questions. In his Best English Essays he poses sometimes in the role of editor, sometimes in that of critic. His duty as editor he conceives to be to "separate the work which the common reader will care to read from that which he will not care to read, so that with the limited time at the reader's disposal and limited energy remaining after the drudgery of life has had its share, some parts of a great author will actually get read;" and within that limit he acquits himself reasonably. But as critic, he is provocative of amusement or wrath, according to the point of view from which he is inspected. Certainly, as a masterpiece of brisk and chipper self-confidence his summing-up of "the essential points of the philosophy of Kant, Comte, Hegel, and their fellows"—and of Emerson, to boot—in exactly eight lines, stands quite alone.

Mr. Cody offers his selections from Bacon, DeQuincey, Carlyle and others—and his own Preface, General and Special Introductions and Notes—not only for the production of "a certain intellectual pleasure that is denied to the novel or drama," but for the purely practical object of affording to every one "models of style, or ways of using words, exactly suited to everyday conversation and business and social letter-writing." If there be any weak-kneed minds inclined to stagger over the notion of using Ruskin, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold as models for everyday conversation and business and social letter writing, let them penetrate a little farther into Mr. Cody's thought, and gain courage:

If one is going to write only of one particular class of ideas, one will need only one type of style; but as no other writer will be precisely like Addison or Ruskin or Matthew Arnold, and may have ideas that would have delighted Bacon or Carlyle or DeQuincey, and may even have ideas representing all ten of our typical writers which he will wish to express in ten consecutive sentences, or even in ten consecutive phrases, or ten consecutive words, so he will need all ten styles to express those ten ideas in the only perfect way.

If any artist in words can draw a picture more moving—to inextinguishable laughter—than that of the "no other writer," mentioned by Mr. Cody, in whose mental womb lie ten noble ideas which cannot fitly see the light of day for lack of ten consecutive words, each in the style of a different accoucheur of thought, it will be worth a fancy admission price.

I have chosen the sentence quoted as fairly typical of both the manner and the matter of this gentleman who regards himself as foreordained pathfinder over literary trails, but many other gems which he presents with no false diffidence are quite as delightful in their own way. He remarks, for example, that if

"Paradise Lost," "The Excursion," "Childe Harold" or 'Don Juan,' or "The Ring and the Book," were to be written today, they would probably be written in prose.

And a little later, that

Great as Shakespeare was, we can see how even he might have done better.

This is not to say that Mr. Cody does not say some clever things smartly. He does, and just there lies the trap for such minds as may mistake his cocksure swiftness for the ease of a secure guide. His "Notes" are too insignificant to be mentioned were it not for such an evidence that he has not understood his author as is given by Note 2, on page 6; and such an unwarrantable translation as "the opposite is true," for *negatur*. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1 net.

The Voice in the Desert is of peculiar interest in this office, since it was begun as a short story for OUT WEST, but grew under its author's hands to the proportions of a novel—so its author, Pauline Bradford Mackie, writes me. Moreover, I peculiarly like the delicately distinctive flavor of Mrs. Hopkins's work at its best, and am thoroughly convinced that her best to-now—which was good enough to single out as notable—will be much bettered later on. The present story is one to be recommended with a clear conscience, but with serious qualifications at the very points about which the author evidently took the most pains. She has tried to catch the "atmosphere" of the desert and put it into a book. Now, the only way to "catch" an atmosphere is to let it catch you—to live in it until it has soaked in. Mrs. Hopkins only visited the desert and relied upon impressions, confirmed and modified by reading. As to this, I have at hand a much more competent opinion than my own—that of as sane and clear-eyed a gentlewoman as ever spent most of her life in what we have agreed to call "the desert." I quote from a personal letter, written with no thought either of publication or of influencing my own judgment:

HOW TO
CATCH AN
ATMOSPHERE.

"In taking her color blindly from Van Dyke, the writer took to herself two of his minor, but very palpable, mistakes; two which particularly show that she took nearly all her desert second-hand. Indeed, all her philosophy as to the effects of the desert on character is but the traditions that have been floating up and down for ages. But then I don't fancy she took the story seriously, and it is a pretty readable little dose for 'the inveterate.' The thing I liked least was the effort to personify the desert in the character of 'Yucca.' The real desert is too deep and solemn and mysterious for any such mummery. It is indeed like some very great, lonely, noble human soul; the thought might have been a fine one, worked out logically, but the woman resulting would have been too great to fit the pages of the story. * * * However, I am probably not quite sane about the desert: it intoxicates me as not even the mountains do. I well understand why wise men of old went into the desert for spiritual exaltation and inspiration." McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Herbert Wace, post-graduate student at Berkeley and assistant instructor in Economics, announces to his foster-father in London—the poet, Dane Kempton—his engagement to Hester Stebbins, a Stanford Senior and both poet and scientist. Kempton finds something of ardor lacking, something too deliberate and reasoning, and a lack of the fine rapture of the true lover in Wace's tale—whence arise *The Kempton-Wace Letters*. They are devoted to a frank, free and sometimes passionate discussion of love, marriage and conjugal affection. The younger man holds that nutrition and reproduction are the primal facts of life, that romantic love is but one of Nature's tricks to secure the perpetuation of the species, that it is in fact a form of disease or madness, and that the Advance Guard of humanity (of which he counts himself one) should rise superior to such blindness and mate open-eyed and calmly. The poet

THE EVOLUTION
OF LOVE
AND MARRIAGE.

maintains that the "irresistible marriage alone is the right one. Upon it, alone, does the sacrament rest." And, as appears at the end of the letters, the woman who has occasioned them agrees with the poet. The anonymous author—or authors—puts the case strongly on either side, and the book is sane, clean and stimulating. Indeed, I know of no other argument on this most elemental, basic and inclusive of all themes which is at once so profound, so sweeping and so lofty as this. Yet most of us will agree, when all has been said, that to love and be loved is better than the best analysis, and that the final meaning of it all reaches into the Infinite in every direction. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A PLAN THAT
GANG'D
Prof. Chamberlain planned his geographical reader, *How We
AGLEY.* *Aire Fed*, better than he executed it. For one thing, he repeatedly fails to tell his story so that the reader not previously informed would get any definite knowledge from it at all. Here is one of the worst specimens:

Growers have to *spray* or *fumigate* the trees to destroy the scale that I spoke of which is a great enemy of the orange, to kill the insects, and to wash off dirt. This is sometimes done by putting a great piece of canvas over the tree, forming a sort of tent which prevents the fumes from escaping.

And that is absolutely all upon the subject of spraying and fumigation. It is inexcusable and intolerable that a professional teacher—and in a State Normal School at that—should perpetrate such a muddle of both English and ideas as that. And the book is pock-marked with blunders, which are, by turns, funny and exasperating. It is funny to read of cows fastened *in* their stanchions—a stanchion not being the stall, but an upright post or bar in the stall. And it is exasperating to be informed, as the page is turned over, that milk from which the cream has been removed is called *skimmed milk*. It isn't—except by a certain brand of professors and their ilk. The authority for "skim-milk" is of as respectable antiquity as Shakespeare and of as up-to-date modernity as the *Century Dictionary*. The Macmillan Co., New York. 40 cents.

JEW
AND
GENTILE.
The homely little stories of life in the Jewish quarter of an Austrian town which make up Martha Wolfenstein's *Idyls of the Gass* seem to me to be of the very first quality within their limits, and narrower limits have been wide enough to hold a book on the list of "best sellers" for months together. A Mother in Israel, humble of station but great of heart, and her grandson, "the little scholar," are the central characters throughout, but many others are drawn, with fewer strokes to be sure, but with the living touch. Humor and pathos are so blended as to keep a sympathetic reader in a mood of tender laughter almost to the moment when the mob maddened by the "Judenhetze" brings the tale to pitifully tragic end. The author's name is new in the literary workshop, but the single book qualifies her as an entitled member of the craft. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A WINNER IN
POACHING AND
OTHER MATTERS.
From nameless collier-lad to millionaire Captain of Industry, with a seat in the House of Lords, is the course of *Thompson's Progress* within a score of years or so. Incidentally he acquires a beautiful and aristocratic wife and such experience with the ways of revolutionists in Spain and the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina as would have put an immediate period to the career of a less resourceful man. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne tells the story and keeps the interest so tense that miracles seem the most natural thing in the world; while little slips as to his

hero's age or in such matters as giving the Democratic party a shaping voice in American financial policies in the later sixties are of no consequence whatever. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A hundred years ago last June, the voice of William Ellery Channing began to sound from the pulpit of the Federal Street Church in Boston—and voices so noble and potent as his proved to have not been numerous in the history of the race. Some of the best of his sermons and addresses on war, a just conception of national honor and dignity, genuine patriotism and cognate subjects, are now published by the International Union as a part of its campaign of education. If every candidate for the ministry were required to pass a searching examination in the letter and spirit of these splendidly logical, trenchant and fearless *Discourses on War*, there would be less bloodthirsty Christianity preached. Ginn & Co., Boston. 50 cents *net*; postage 10 cents.

A FIGHTER
FOR
PEACE.

The Mystery of Murray Davenport is the story of a man who decides to blot out his identity absolutely—to disappear wholly from the face of the earth as Murray Davenport, reappearing after a few weeks as Francis Turl, unrecognizable to his most intimate friends or dearest enemies. With the changed appearance, the hero assumes a new viewpoint toward life and undertakes to sink his former identity even out of his own memory, his reason being that he has been uniformly unlucky and is tired of it. How he accomplishes this without the aid of witchcraft or miracle is told by Robert Neilsen Stephens in manner that is almost convincing. A somewhat similar, but shorter, story recently appeared in one of the magazines which avoided a serious oversight made by this author. He has failed to provide a past record for the new individual which would stand even the most casual investigation. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

San Francisco and Thereabouts, by Charles Keeler, is heartily commended to anybody who is interested in the subject, and that includes—or should include—pretty much everybody. It is accurate, interesting, written by a thoroughly competent hand, illustrated beautifully and with discretion, handsomely printed and bound, and sold for next to nothing. Nor has it any of the earmarks which are apt to stick out all over publications of Boards of Trade and similar commercial organizations. The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco. 50 cents.

The Captain's Tollgate is the very last of those delightful webs of comic impossibilities which Frank R. Stockton was wont to spin with the utmost gravity into the semblance of sober truth. It is just Stockton—and no more need be said to whet the appetite of judicious novel-readers. The volume includes a simple and admirable biographical sketch, by Mrs. Stockton, an excellent portrait and a bibliographical list. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Sins of a Saint is a historical novel, dealing with the brief and tragic reign of Edwy the Fair, grandson of Alfred the Great. The "Saint" of the title is Dunstan, later Archbishop of Canterbury and first of England's long line of ecclesiastical "powers behind the throne," and his sins, according to M. J., the writer of this tale, were such as spring from unscrupulous ambition. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

In their "Modern Language Series," D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, publish *Marianela*, by R. Pérez Galdós, one of the leading modern Spanish novelists. The Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary seem competent.

A hundred of the best of the cartoons with which McCutcheon has been adding to the hilarity of nations have been collected and published in book-form. The "Boy" cartoons are particularly sympathetic and delightful, but there are others which fall not far short of these. A fourth edition of the book is already announced. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25 net; postage, 25 cents.

The reports of George F. Kunz (not only Tiffany's gem expert, but probably the foremost living authority on precious stones) are always interesting. That for 1901 (printed as a "separate" from the report of the Geological Survey of the United States) does not fall short of its predecessors. It is a pamphlet of 50 pages, reviewing the world's production of precious stones in 1901.

Roland B. Dixon of Harvard, and Alfred L. Kroeber of the University of California, issue their brief paper on "The Native Languages of California," as a "separate" from the *American Anthropologist*; with linguistic maps and classifications.

The incident in Mrs. Burton Harrison's *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch* is but a setting for the proper display of temperament and emotion. It will do as well as another book of its class for the lover of refined melodrama. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Mystica Algoat is offered as an Indian Legend and a Story of Southern California. It is worthless, except possibly as an awful warning. The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, O.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.





Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

IT is evident that the real battle for the irrigation of California will be fought out, at least in its preliminary stages, during the next two years. The San Francisco organs of the Water and Forest Association have formally announced that the Works Bill will again be presented to the Legislature, and that, in the meantime, popular education in its behalf will be undertaken. The opponents of the Works Bill, represented by the Constructive League, have also announced that they will frame a measure embodying their views and present it as an alternative to the one which the people and the Legislature rejected last winter.

I can think of no prospect more interesting or inspiring than the one which now opens before us—the prospect of a great State entering deliberately, with an enthusiasm born of intense conviction, upon this effort to solve its foremost economic problem. It is fortunate that there is to be a genuine conflict. Nothing is so dangerous as public indifference. Wrong is always done in the dark. The hope that California shall find the way to abiding peace and prosperity through a new and comprehensive policy of dealing with the waters, the forests, and the soil lies in the prospect that the debate is to go on in the light, and that no citizen and no community desiring to take part in it is to be denied the privilege. Much space in these pages will necessarily be given during the next few months to a discussion of this overshadowing issue in the life of our people. The present article is written for the purpose of clearing away some of the underbrush that encumbers the field at this time.

The supporters of the Works Bill, in their periodical called *Water and Forest*, publish an article entitled: "Basis of a Model Water Law," consisting of the recommendations of agents and experts employed by the Agricultural Department to investigate California conditions in the summer of 1900. The report is signed "Wm. E. Smythe, Marsden Manson, J. M. Wilson, Frank Soulé, C. E. Grunsky,

THE VIEWS
OF THE
EXPERTS.

C. D. Marx, E. M. Boggs, and J. D. Schuyler." In the introduction to the article it is said :

Each expert in charge of an investigation has based his conclusions on the facts gathered in his particular field, and these conclusions are made a part of his individual report. After the work was completed a conference of the experts was held at Berkeley, which showed that there was a practical unanimity of opinion among them regarding the more important measures necessary to develop to the fullest extent the agricultural possibilities of California. The conclusions they reached and their recommendations are given below.

I had charge of the investigation in one part of the State and made my recommendations in an individual report. I did not attend the conference at Berkeley. I did not consult with the other agents and experts in regard to the conclusions printed in *Water and Forest*, and am not sure that I ever saw those conclusions until they appeared in print. While desiring to be held responsible only for such recommendations as I wrote and signed, I was in full sympathy at the time with the able and sincere men who, in the report which has been quoted, proffered the State their best suggestions as to the lines on which a new irrigation law might be framed. My one serious difference with them was on the question of the ownership of irrigation works. It seemed to me that they did not make themselves clear as between private and public ownership; while then, as now, I favored ownership of the water, and all the agencies of its storage and distribution, by the proprietors and tillers of the soil.

FROM THE
STANDPOINT OF
ONR VALLEY.

The investigation of conditions in Honey Lake Basin was the work assigned to me. I found there a splendid valley where a large area (probably 150,000 acres) might be reclaimed if the water were stored and used with reasonable economy. At present, only about 10 per cent. of this area is in cultivation, and there is constant friction, accompanied by much expensive litigation, about water rights. As a means of settling existing disputes, granting new appropriations, and providing for the orderly distribution of water in the future, I recommended the adoption of the Wyoming system of laws; while as a means of uniting the conflicting rights into a single comprehensive system, and vesting its ownership in the proprietors of the land, I recommended the adoption of the District plan, but with two vital changes. These were, first, administration by State officials; and, second, State guarantee of the interest of District bonds. The object of these changes was to insure cheap money for construction purposes and to protect the community from errors liable to arise out of its own inexperience in dealing with large affairs.

As I have repeatedly explained in these pages, in various newspapers and on the platform, the Works Bill is not the Wyoming law, though it has some features in common with it. Its departure from Wyoming principles is sharp and complete in the two vital matters of adjudication and administration. As to the first, it was feeble to the point of futility; as to the second, its scheme of vesting the distribution of water in the hands of "deputy engineers," to be appointed upon the request of water-selling corporations and paid by them, was as vicious and dangerous as anything that could be devised—and as far from the Wyoming plan of water commissioners responsible only to the people. But I am frank to say, I do not now believe that even the Wyoming law itself is well suited to existing conditions in California. In other words, if the Works Bill proposed the enactment of the Wyoming statute line for line, and section for section, I would not now support, but do all in my power to defeat, it. I have devoted the last three years almost exclusively to the study of the situation in all parts of the State and know a good deal more than I did in the summer of 1900. At that time, I was considering the matter almost purely from the standpoint of a single valley, lying east of the Sierras, where conditions both of nature and of development are very similar to those in the Rocky Mountain region. In the Sacramento Valley, with its great abundance of water and slight irrigation, matters are different; in the San Joaquin, with the normal flow of streams all used, but with large opportunities for storage, they are different again; while in Southern California, where water is as gold and every drop is used with utmost economy, there are still other differences. Wyoming, on the other hand, presents practically uniform conditions throughout its length and breadth. It has a short growing season, a lot of water, and mighty few people to use it. It by no means follows that a law adopted in Wyoming when it was admitted to the Union, more than a dozen years ago, must necessarily fit California when settlement and development have been under way over half a century.

DIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
CONDITIONS.

It is charged that in expressing this view I must plead guilty to inconsistency. I do not think so, but it would not trouble me at all if such were the case. "Wise men change their minds—fools never," runs the old adage. And Emerson remarked that "consistency is the nightmare of little minds." The whole subject of irrigation thought is today in a plastic state. We are in the midst of a marvelous process of evolution; and, while we must hold fast to principles which we

AS TO THE
CHARGE OF
INCONSISTENCY.

regard as fundamental, we may all have to modify or change our ideas concerning details, else we shall never come together in support of a workable system. But I still want the essential features which the Wyoming law claims to stand for—settlement of controversies over rights, wise use of the remaining supply, and orderly distribution of water under some form of public authority. I can believe in these things without seeking to impose the Wyoming law upon an unwilling people, just as the Republicans of Iowa can believe in a protective tariff without indorsing all the schedules of the Dingley Law, or as the Premier of England can believe in bimetalism without thinking it wise to commit his country to the policy in the absence of support from other powerful nations. Moreover, unforeseen events have changed the whole face of the situation in the last three years.

PROGRESS
BY CHANGE
OF GOVERNORS.

Three years ago we were demanding measurement of streams, that we might know the extent of the remaining water supply. That was one of the prime objects of a State Engineering Bureau—the first step toward a scientific system. Today the streams are being measured by competent federal authorities, the State paying half the bill. How did this come about? There is a sign over the Capitol at Sacramento which reads :

THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED HANDS
HEREAFTER IT WILL BE CONDUCTED
AS A THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS ESTABLISHMENT.

The great plan of State and National coöperation for the development of the resources of California, twice blocked and defeated by Governor Gage, was strongly urged and promptly signed by Governor Pardee. Not only are the streams being measured, but the duty of water is being investigated, drainage problems are being studied, and, most important of all, plans are being worked out for a scientific forestry policy. Three years ago it seemed almost hopeless to dream of such things, yet they have come to pass. The necessary appropriations and officials might have been provided by State legislation, as is done in Wyoming, but events shaped themselves otherwise. What difference does it make, so long as the results are obtained?

THE
TENDENCY
TO MERGE.

Three years ago we were talking about the urgent need of adjudicating water titles on all the streams of the State, and that was one of the strongest arguments in favor of the Wyoming law. Here, too, the irresistible logic of events has been exerting a powerful influence. For instance,

the two leading examples of the need of compulsory adjudication which we used in our arguments three years ago were the situations then existing on Cache Creek in Sacramento Valley and on Kings River in the San Joaquin Valley. And in both cases the situation at that time was pitiable. There were conflicting rights which led to constant litigation and seriously interfered with all further development. But in the last three years, without the enactment of a single new law by the Legislature, the situation on Cache Creek has been completely revolutionized, while that on Kings River has changed so materially that there is no longer any pressing demand for reform in that quarter. Not only on these two streams, but in other parts of California and other parts of the West, a new tendency has strongly asserted itself. This is the tendency toward merging conflicting interests into one comprehensive system. All the rights on Cache Creek are now owned by a single interest, and the way has been cleared for any plan of reorganization which the community may favor. So on Kings River also, the process of consolidation has eliminated the most important elements of discord. Another striking instance is seen at Redlands, where all the canals taking water from a common source are now being merged into one mutual water company. Even more significant is the great merger now under way in the Salt River Valley of Arizona. How much farther this new tendency may go in disposing of the disheartening conflicts over water rights no man may say, but it is easily demonstrable that the need of compulsory adjudication in California has been materially lessened by the logic of recent events. The truth is that men sometimes get tired of fighting. They make progress through suffering and hardship. The lesson they are learning in California and throughout the West is that the only really satisfactory solution of an irrigation dispute is *more water*; that the most unlikely source of supply is the court house; and that the sensible way to proceed is to get together, handle the stream to the best advantage and, when necessary, supplement its natural flow by pumping and storage. This is the policy which is now being adopted by widely separated communities. To a very large extent, it obviates the necessity of compulsory adjudication and simplifies the problem of administration.

But something yet more wonderful has happened during the past three years. This is the totally unforeseen accession to the Presidency of a statesman who believes that the national power should be exerted in building the West by means of public works of irrigation. The significance

THE GREATEST
EVENT
OF ALL.

of this event is too deep and too far-reaching to be reviewed at this time. Its first result was seen in the enactment of the National Irrigation Law on June 17, 1902. In consequence of this, surveying parties are already at work on the watershed of the Sacramento in the North and on the lower reaches of the Colorado in the South. These two enterprises represent two aspects of the new policy. In the Sacramento it is the enlargement of the established policy of river control, and benefits will be reaped through the irrigation of great tracts of land in private ownership. On the Colorado, it is the new plan of reclaiming the arid public domain through national enterprise. Can any thinking man fail to see in what a very material degree this event has altered the situation in California and made it absolutely necessary for us to revise our plans of State legislation? In order to give due weight to this fact, the reader must also know that the Interior Department has some views of its own in regard to the organization of the irrigation industry where the national fund is expended. It demands the merging of conflicting rights into landowners' associations, which is strictly in line with the new and powerful tendency which we have already observed as one of the most notable developments of the past three years.

THE
COMING
BATTLE.

Does it follow that there is no longer any need of legislation in California? By no means. But what does follow is this: That when we come to frame the needed legislation we should do so in the light of events and we should adapt our policies to the tendencies and circumstances which surround us. We have now passed beyond the academic stage of the discussion. We are face to face with the great practical question of storing the floods, perpetuating and extending the forests, and determining for all time to come the ownership of water and of the works whereby it is to be controlled. These are subjects on which men will differ widely and honestly. There are many sincere advocates in California of the corporation method of development. They believe private enterprise more efficient and economical than public enterprise. They have a perfect right to present a measure looking to this end. They have already done so, and have notified us that they will do so again. Those of us who believe the adoption of this method would be a stupendous blunder, entailing sad consequences even to the remotest generation, have the same right to oppose it and to bring forward an alternative measure. We shall do so.

And that, by the way, is the vital point of the entire discussion—that, rather than the merits of the Wyoming system of

adjudication, appropriation and distribution. As to the latter, I predict that the future will show that it is a wholly impossible proposition in California. It is not suited to the greatly diversified conditions existing here. It is foreign to the temper of our people. They will not put the management of their ditches and canals out of their own hands. Those who still persist in demanding such laws for California are certain to be regarded as doctrinaires. And it was James Russell Lowell who said :

In our opinion, there is no more unsafe politician than a conscientiously rigid doctrinaire, nothing more sure to end in disaster than a theoretic scheme of policy that admits of no pliability for contingencies.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

THE BUILDING OF CALIFORNIA.

THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC STEPS TOWARD SAVING THE FORESTS, THE WATERS
AND THE WASTES OF IRRIGATION.

FEW appreciate the importance of the work which is now being done by the national Government in preparing the way for the growth of an enlarged economic life throughout the West. Those engaged in public movements sometimes become discouraged, feeling that there are no tangible results to show for their labor of love. But the fact is that no effort made for the benefit of the country is ever lost. Not a line is written, not a speech made, not an idea suggested, not a meeting held which does not do good somewhere, somehow, or sometime. It may be like the poet's arrow which he shot into the air and which fell to earth "he knew not where," but which he found long afterward in the heart of an oak. All the energy and enthusiasm which had been lavished on the West will be found, in due time, in the form of actual achievement.

During the present summer three branches of the national Government are planning work which goes to the very root of future economic conditions. The appropriations to pay for the undertaking made very little noise in Congress. We heard more of the bill at Sacramento which carried the State's share of the cost, although that attracted small attention in comparison with many other matters of trivial character. But a few years hence the people will wake up and realize that some very big things have been done, and that these are but the stepping stones to bigger things yet to be realized.

THE SAVING OF THE FORESTS.

During the past three years there has been a great awakening concerning the relation of the forests to the common prosperity. We have formerly had so much timber, and so few people to use it, that we have treated the subject as one which interested only

those engaged in the lumber business. If men wanted to buy timber lands let them; if they wanted to cut their own trees on their own land, that was their affair. Why did it interest the public any more than the operations of the farmer in planting and reaping on his own land? That is the old view of the matter.

But now men have come to see that there is a very intimate relation between the trees clothing the watersheds of our streams and the supply of moisture available for irrigation. And any one may see that the extent to which irrigation may be developed is directly related to the growth of cities and towns and to the volume of business which may be done by merchant, manufacturer, banker and transportation lines. This puts an entirely new face on the matter. It now becomes everybody's business to see that timber shall not be wantonly destroyed; that the watersheds shall not be denuded, at least not without systematic replanting; that the streams shall not be dried at their sources; that the opportunity for expansion on the soil shall not be cut off; finally, that the growth of city and town, with all it means to every element in our commercial and professional life, shall not be needlessly curtailed.

We are going to save the forests. We will no longer permit the public timber lands to be acquired for a hundredth part of their value. And, when acquired, we will not permit them to be cut off without any regard to the demands of scientific forestry. Furthermore, on the principle that a man must so use his own as not to injure his neighbor, we shall have something to say about the lumbering of private lands. Still further, we may deem it wise and necessary to replant areas already denuded and thus to restore natural conditions.

But just how are we to accomplish these important results? Plainly, it cannot be done without a vast amount of exact information, nor without the advice and assistance of men who have made a profound study of forests and their economic uses. Happily, the State has gone to work in the right way to solve the problem. By appropriating a few thousand dollars to supplement a like amount from the national treasury, it has secured the services of the foremost experts in the United States. The following announcement, sent out from Washington early in July, is here reproduced in order that it may stand as a part of the record of Western progress and be referred to in the future as the starting point of a new era in dealing with our resources:

The Bureau of Forestry has begun the task of securing all information necessary for a forest policy for California. The work is on such a large scale that several years will be required to complete it. Six men are now

examining the public lands in the State to determine what parts of them are suitable for national forest reserves, and similar studies will be made of lands for State reserves. A study will be made of all lands owned by the State in order to determine the uses to which they may best be put, who should administer them and what sort of administration they should have.

A forest map of California will be made showing the location of all forest areas and distinguishing between different kinds of forest. In connection with this forest map will be a study of the important trees in order to learn with exactness the commercial range of valuable species.

An investigation will be made of the effects of lumbering on forests in order to determine what ought to be done to cut-over lands. The effect of fire on forests, especially in lumbering, and what may be done by the State to prevent fire, are some of the subjects that will take a long time to work out. In September E. A. Sterling of the bureau will try to determine what is the cheapest and most effective method of protection from fire of land that has been lumbered.

The bureau will also make a study of the chaparral lands of Southern California in order to learn whether it will pay to plant them with timber trees. A very interesting question has been asked as to whether chaparral, which includes a great variety of scrub trees, such as manzanita, scrub oak, valley mahogany and scrub cherry, will retain the moisture in the soil as well as timber trees. L. C. Miller, who has charge of this work, is now making a study of the conditions under which chaparral grows in the San Gabriel mountains, near Pasadena, where the bureau has been planting pines and cedars for several years.

The results of these separate investigations will be gathered together by William C. Hodge of the bureau, who has general charge of California work, and will be presented to the State in a formal report, accompanied by maps.

THE SAVING OF THE WATERS.

While the Bureau of Forestry is thus engaged, the experts of the Geological Survey are busily at work planning to save the waters of California. To begin with, they are measuring the flow of important streams in order that there may be a scientific basis for future irrigation projects. Next, they are exploring reservoir sites to ascertain where water may be stored, and how much. This study will also include estimates of the cost of effecting storage. The work is of a general character, but it does not stop there.

The Geological Survey is also taking the preliminary steps looking to specific plans for the construction of great reservoirs at the headwaters of important streams and of canals for the distribution of the supply over enormous areas. For one thing, it is giving attention to the problem of the Sacramento—a problem which includes the drainage of overflowed lands as well as storage and distribution. Men are coming to believe that the only satisfactory solution of the economic situation in the Sacramento Valley will be one comprehensive work which shall take account of the stream from its source to its mouth, and which shall subdue it to human control by works of engineering as splendid as those which the English Government has built in Egypt and in India. Whatever the final outcome may be, the Government has entered upon the preliminary work which looks in this direction and which, if consummated, will in due time

lead to the creation of a vast number of little farms in the Sacramento Valley, to the uncovering of fertile lands now given over to the swamp, and to the provision of navigation facilities, together with an almost unlimited supply of power. How distant the great consummation may be it is impossible to say, but unless it is begun it can never be finished. And it is begun in the summer of 1903.

At the same time, the Survey is at work on the Colorado River in the South on reclamation plans which, if found feasible, and carried into execution, will quadruple the productive capacity of that part of the State.

THE SAVING OF OTHER WASTES.

The Division of Irrigation Investigations of the Department of Agriculture, through the experiment station connected with the University of California, is carrying on a series of experiments which will also have a very important bearing on water problems. Some of these have to do with a determination of the evaporation of water from soil and plant surfaces, and from cultivated and non-cultivated soil surfaces, and will be under the direction of Professors Fortier, of Utah, and A. P. Stover, lecturer on irrigation at the University.

An exhaustive study of pumping water for irrigation will be made by Professors J. N. Le Conte and A. J. Turner, both of the College of Mechanical Engineering, who will work in connection with the general investigation. Another phase will be the investigation of pumping as it affects the level of ground water. In addition to these, the question of seepage losses will be taken up, the value of winter irrigation, and the location of wastes in irrigating. And what is, perhaps, quite as important as anything else, there will be an exhaustive study of the duty of water, so that at last we may have a truly scientific basis governing the amount of water to be applied to different crops and soils. The series of investigations will cover a period of two years, and will be extremely thorough.

All in all, it is obvious that California is making progress toward a richer and more enlightened economic life. We begin to see in concrete form the results of many years of effort to make a bigger and better commonwealth. What is now going on is only the beginning. But it is beginning in the right way, and we must depend on the public spirit of the future to see that full advantage is taken of these splendid first steps.



President—WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.
 Vice-President—D. T. FOWLER.
 Secretary-Treasurer—CHARLES AMADON MOODY.
 Assistant Secretary—CHARLES SUMNER KING.
 Organizers—CAROLINE RICKEY OLNEY, HARRIET H. BARRY.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

THE committee which has been engaged in preparing a constitution for the League, to fit its new methods of work, presents the following, which will probably be adopted without any material changes :

CONSTITUTION.

I.—NAME.

This Association shall be known as The Constructive League.

II.—OBJECT.

The object of the League is TO BUILD THE STATE, by the following methods :

1. By uniting public-spirited men and women in local Constructive Clubs for the discussion, formulation and advocacy of creative measures looking to the improvement of communities, to the material development of State and nation, and to the constant elevation of the common standard of living.
2. By the federation of local Clubs into State or national bodies, or both.
3. By inducing existing parties to deal with *living questions of constructive character*, and thus vitalizing politics, local, State and national.
4. By performing a work of popular education by means of meetings, lectures and literature.

III.—ADMINISTRATION.

The management of this Association shall vest in an Executive Committee of seven, elected by the incorporators, with full power to act, to fill vacancies in its own number, and to increase that number.

IV.—THE COUNCIL.

There shall be a Council composed of members at large, to be appointed by the Executive Committee, and of one representative elected annually by each local Club. The functions of the Council shall be to advise the Executive Committee ; and, in general, to forward the aims of the League.

V.—OFFICERS.

The other officers of the League shall be appointed by the Executive Committee and shall be as follows : A President, four Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, a Treasurer, and as many Organizers as may be required from time to time. The officers shall receive such compensation as may be determined by the Executive Committee, and the Treasurer shall furnish a reasonable bond.

VI.—MEMBERSHIP.

Membership in the League shall be open to any person who shall sub-

scribe to the Constitution and pay the annual dues. These dues shall be \$1.00 per annum, in advance, delinquent January 15th of each year. Junior membership, for boys and girls under 16, shall be 50 cents per annum, in advance. Life membership shall be \$10.

VII.—LOCAL CONSTRUCTIVE CLUBS.

Local Constructive Clubs, taking charter from the League, may be formed in any city or town in the United States, on petition of three responsible persons. Acceptance of the charter shall pledge the said Club to observe the provisions of this Constitution, and to work within lines approved by the League.

VII.—MEMBERSHIP IN LOCAL CLUBS.

Membership in local Clubs shall be by application, and in accordance with the by-laws of said local Club, and shall include membership in the League and in federated State or national bodies, with full privileges in same. The annual fee shall be \$1.00, as hereinbefore provided, which shall be remitted to the Treasurer of the League or paid to his representative, and such other sum as the local Club may find necessary or expedient to fix in order to meet its own expenses.

IX.—ADOPTION OF LEAGUE POLICIES.

Each local Constructive Club shall possess absolute authority in the adoption of platform and advocacy of policies relating solely to the community in which it exists and shall shape its course in that respect without interference from the League.

The general policies of the League shall be determined by the system of Initiative and Referendum. The power of initiative shall lie both with the general organization and with each local club. That is to say, measures may be proposed either by the Executive Committee, by the Council or by any club belonging to the League. But before becoming a legal part of the platform and the official policy of the League, measures must in every case be favorably passed upon by referendum to all Constructive Clubs existing at the time. Such questions shall be determined by a majority vote of the members of the several clubs present and voting, after due notice, as provided by local by-laws. And, in order to become effective, measures must be approved by the Executive Committee and by a majority of the Council. *Provided*, that no measure shall be submitted to referendum vote until approved by the Executive Committee.

X.—AFFILIATION WITH EXISTING ORGANIZATIONS.

Since the object of the League is to unite all forces which are working for social and economic upbuilding along true constructive lines, existing organizations of kindred character may be affiliated with the League and with local Constructive Clubs. When any such organization shall have voted to affiliate, it shall be given representation in the Council of the League, if a general organization; or, if purely local, it shall be given representation in the managing committee of the appropriate Constructive Club.

XI.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be amended by a majority vote of the Executive Committee, or by a delegate convention called by the President upon advice of a majority of the Council, or upon petition of not less than twenty-five per cent. of the organized Clubs.

If the Committee has been successful in its labors, very little comment by way of elucidation is needed to make the new plans perfectly plain to the reader. But a word should be said in regard to the large powers given to the Executive Committee.

We are undertaking the gradual reorganization of a large existing body into a more compact and effective instrumentality for the expression of public opinion. At the best, some months will be required to bring this about. In the meantime, there must be a governing body with full power to act on all important matters as they arise. It is necessary to make provision for this in the constitution. The Executive Committee will be composed of those who have borne the burden of the work from the beginning, so that there will be no change in management until the reorganization shall be complete and the new methods of work firmly established. Provision is made for the amendment of the constitution either by the Executive Committee, or by a delegate convention to be assembled at any time upon call of the President with the Council's advice, or upon request of one-quarter of the local Clubs composing the League. It is to be assumed that one of the earliest amendments will provide for the choice of general officers in true democratic fashion, by the whole membership or by delegates representing it. The friends of the League are asked to give the constitution careful study and suggest improvements which may occur to them.

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE RESULTS.

THE Fresno Plains have been converted from a poor desert pasture into a great district of garden, orchard and vineyard during the past generation. But the people of that locality have learned that it is possible to get too much of a good thing. It is unfortunate to have too little water, and equally unfortunate to have too much. Years of irrigation have raised the water-level around Fresno until thousands of acres have been seriously injured. Alkali has developed and trees and vines have died. In some places the vineyards and orchards have actually reverted to pasture again. A year ago some of the citizens became alarmed and made up their minds to endeavor to interest the public in a grand scheme for the drainage of their lands. They began by interesting the Agricultural Department at Washington, which promised to make the necessary investigation, if Congress would provide the appropriation. Congress was induced to do so, and the Agricultural Department kept its word. A thorough examination of the soil was made and a comprehensive plan mapped out. This provides for a drainage district of about thirty square miles for removing the subsoil water. Drains would be required six or seven feet deep, running east and west half a mile apart. The outlet would be provided by means of a diagonal ditch, seven feet deep and six miles long. The estimated cost is \$237,000,

or \$13 an acre. An alternative plan would provide drain-pipes, with some eighteen different pumping plants. This would be much more expensive, but the government engineers recommend it as likely to be far more satisfactory and effective in the end. In view of the value of a Fresno raisin crop, the landowners ought not to balk at paying much more than \$13 an acre to save their property from ruin. That figure might have seemed prohibitory when settlement began, but now the community is rich and prosperous. It has the money to invest, and nothing could be more certain than that splendid dividends can be reaped from the investment.

The marvelous progress so quickly made in perfecting comprehensive plans for this drainage work justifies a few words in regard to the man who did much in bringing it about. John S. Dore lives in the district which is being seriously affected by lack of drainage. A year ago last February the West Park Constructive Club was formed through his influence. While its primary object was to bring the people of the locality into coöperation with a large State movement, Mr. Dore instantly saw how it could be turned to good account in solving the drainage problem. He immediately brought its influence to bear on the Secretary of Agriculture and California members of Congress. In a marvelously short time the Secretary had given his approval to the needed investigation, and Congress had made the money available for the work. In the meantime, Mr. Dore was arousing the interest of his own people and of the soil experts at the State University. During the summer the investigations were made. Early in the fall it was officially announced that the proposed drainage scheme was entirely feasible, but that it would require a new and comprehensive State law to permit of its being carried into effect. Then Mr. Dore set about finding a first-class lawyer to draft the necessary legislation. With the aid of the University, he induced one of the best legal minds in the State to give his attention to the matter. The next thing was to get the Legislature to pass the bill and the Governor to sign it. Mr. Dore vibrated between Fresno and Sacramento until both of these objects were accomplished. At last the preliminary work is complete. It only remains for the Fresno people to form a drainage district under the new law and proceed to make their lands among the most valuable in the State. Mr. Dore has done his own people a priceless service, but that is not all he has done. He has shown the entire State the way of escape from an evil which is inseparable from irrigation. And he has illustrated the value of good citizenship in a way that is most refreshing. Really, there is nothing that we cannot do in the building of California if we can only find a few indomitable spirits to lend a hand!

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YOU will no doubt agree that *OUT WEST* is a good magazine—but we wish to make it better than ever, and are now projecting a vigorous subscription campaign thoroughly to cover Southern California and Arizona. Briefly, the basis for a special appeal to all Californians is that the magazine is not only a great credit to our section from a literary standpoint, under the able editorial direction of Chas. F. Lummis, but is perhaps the best immigration agent (presenting intelligent and attractive information about the land we live in to the better class of Easterners) emanating from the far West.

We expend a great deal of money on *OUT WEST*, and its profit and expansion must depend primarily on its subscription list. So, though we feel that you are getting full value for your \$2.00 in the magazine itself, and as much or more indirectly through its incessant work for this State, we have decided on a further inducement which we hope will add thousands of names to the *OUT WEST* list.

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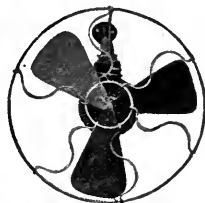
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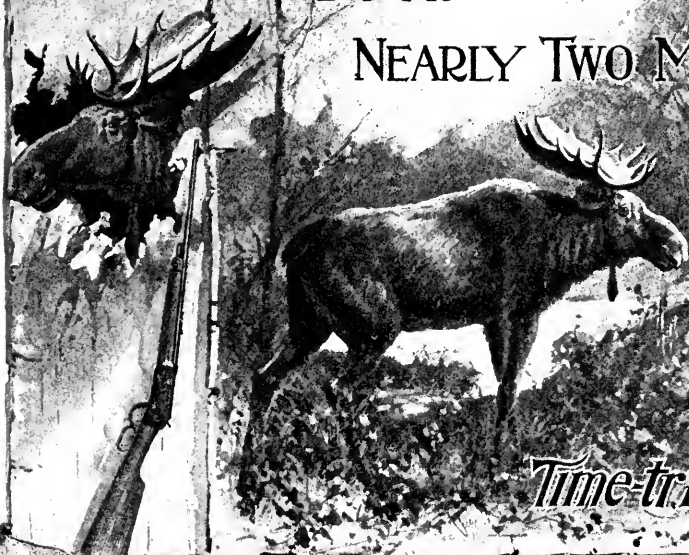
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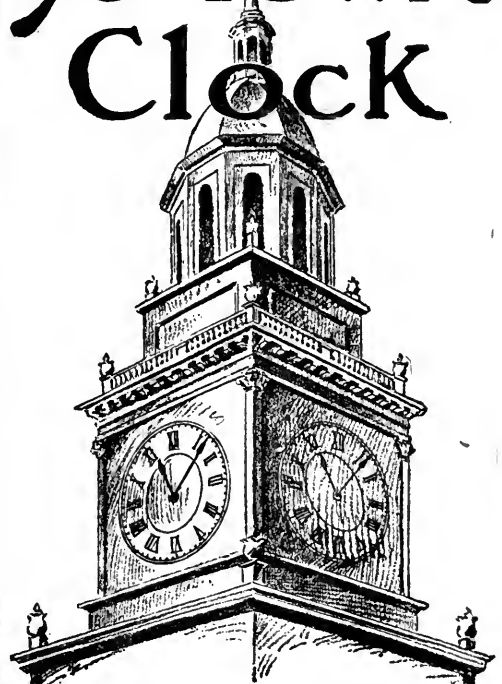
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All its public rooms are spacious and luxurious, and include, besides the parlors, the beautiful dining-room, with its unobstructed view of the great Lassen Buttes; a fine café buffet, card-rooms and writing-rooms. The Lorenz is heated by steam and open fire-places; and has all the modern requirements of toilet and bath-rooms, sanitary plumbing, and a superb Otis elevator has been included; in fact, nothing has been omitted which can contribute to the health and comfort of the guests. There are direct telegraph wires and telephone connections in the house. The markets of San Francisco are drawn upon for liberal daily supplies of sea-foods, and the country round about for vegetables.

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Mr. Gillespie was born in Taunton, Mass., October 30, 1852. He was educated in the common schools, but while yet a boy took Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," and has never regretted the change from bleak little Massachusetts which, since her settlement, has never exported any products of her soil, except granite and ice. Soon after his arrival in Yankee Jim, Placer County, Cal., he began life as a clerk in a mercantile house; later on he was engaged in the same line of work in Auburn; thence to Reno, Nev., where he served as a messenger boy.

His preliminary education in the hotel business was acquired under W. R. Chamberlain, in the Depot Hotel at Reno. Subsequently he worked in the same hotel under H. A. Clawson, and was on his staff when he opened Depot Hotels in Los Angeles; Ogden, Utah; Ashland, Ore., and Redding, Cal. When Clawson went down to his rest in 1890, he willed his property in Ashland, Ore., and Redding, Cal., to W. J. Gillespie and H. D. Parker.

It is in fact due to the thorough unanimity of purpose and to the high estimate of business capacity which each of these men held towards each other that they are in a large measure indebted for their unvaried success.

Parker took charge of the Ashland hotel; subsequently, he sold out and engaged in business in San Francisco, but met with reverses and returned to Redding. The café of the Lorenz Hotel is now under the management of the veteran mixer of Boston bamboo. Mr. Parker is the nephew of the founder of the Parker House in Boston, which has a world-wide reputation, and the same excellent standard will be maintained here.

Mr. Hoyle, one of the proprietors, is a well-known San Francisco electrician.

W. J. Gillespie is a member of the Weber Lodge of Masons, and of the El Monte Commandery, and a thirty-second degree Mason; the thirty-third is the highest degree conferred within the Order. He is also a member of the Sacramento Lodge of Elks. Mr. Gillespie married a daughter of the late Hon. A. R. Andrews, of Redding, Cal. The announcement of the death of this accomplished gentleman, pioneer and soldier, has filled with sorrow a large circle of friends. His genial qualities, his exemplary life, his Christian virtues, endeared him to all with whom he was associated, and left upon all with whom he came in contact the impress of his generous nature. But though he has departed from this life, he has left behind him the rich legacy of an example worthy of our imitation, and a character calculated to excite our emulation and to command our esteem. His career has been an eventful one. He was born in Martha Mills, Fleming County, Kentucky, of an illustrious parentage, in 1829. At an early age he entered the Flemingsburg Academy, and on graduating from that institution in 1847, he enlisted in the Third Kentucky Infantry as a private, and was promoted to the grade of sergeant in the same regiment, during the war with Mexico.

That veteran army, which planted its victorious standards on the national palace of Mexico and won an empire for its country, contained many a knightly soldier, but it could boast of no truer gentleman or more chivalrous spirit than Alexander Robertson Andrews. Soon after the close of the conflict he started to the war-won province, arriving in California in 1849. At Upper Redding Springs (now known as Shasta), which was then far beyond the limits of civilization, he actively participated in the arduous campaigns against the Indians in blazing the way through the Cottonwood country.

The late John S. Hittell, one of the most distinguished writers of our time, was appointed historian by the prospectors, and took notes of their trip which were, unfortunately, lost. The prospectors did not see the trace of a white man, in all the country which they explored, from the North Fork of Cottonwood, until they returned to their last camp near the Bee Gum Fork.

The arduous duties of a mining and milling career, extending over a period of thirty years, and the deleterious effects of placer mining to which he had been exposed, seriously injured a constitution which was never robust. He was compelled, therefore, to retire to his farm near Redding. Later on he followed the profession of law, and represented his district in the legislature.

The remaining years of his life were passed chiefly at the Depot Hotel in Redding, cheered by the presence and affection of the cherished partner of his life, the devotion of his children, the admiration and love of numerous friends, and the sincere regard and esteem of the community of which he was an ornament.

In the fullness of years, at the age of seventy-three, he sank peacefully to rest on the 24th of December, 1901, the laurel wreath of the chivalrous soldier encircling his honored brow, and the confiding trust of Christian hope cheering and inspiring his heart.

Among the numerous friends who lament the loss of this accomplished gentleman, none can more deeply grieve than the Bench and Bar who passed resolutions of respect, and the brotherhood of the great Masonic fraternity, in which he held high membership.

Besides his son Dudley, and Mrs. Lydia Saeltzer, deceased, Mrs. Ella Sutton, Mrs. Edward Sweeney and Mrs. W. J. Gillespie survive him.



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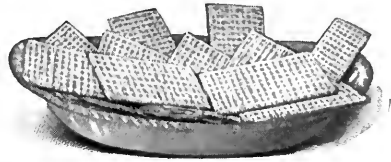
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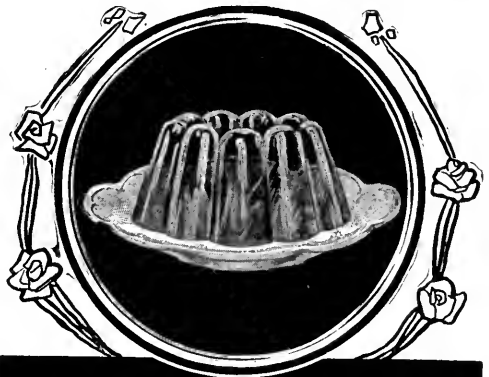
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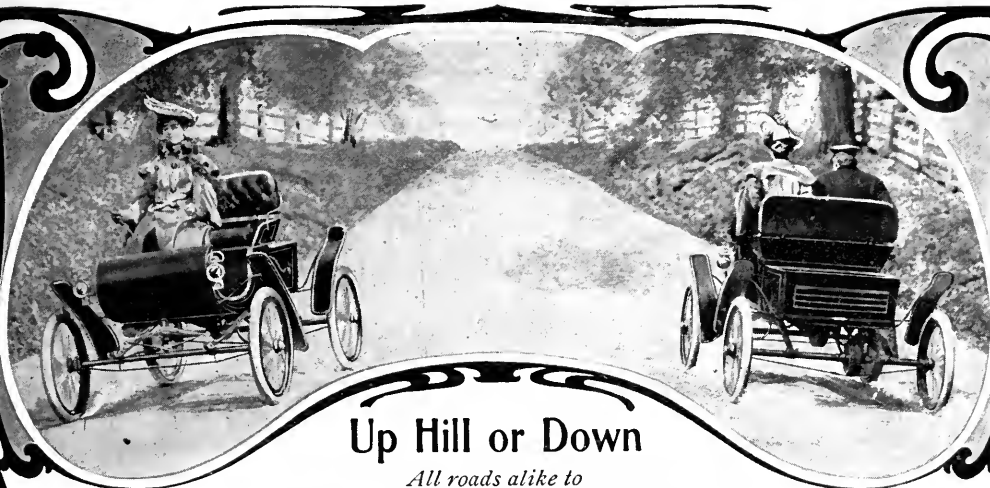
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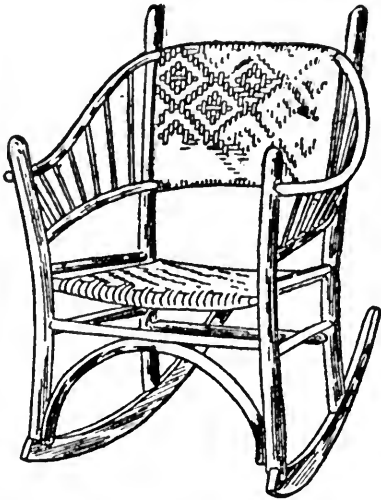
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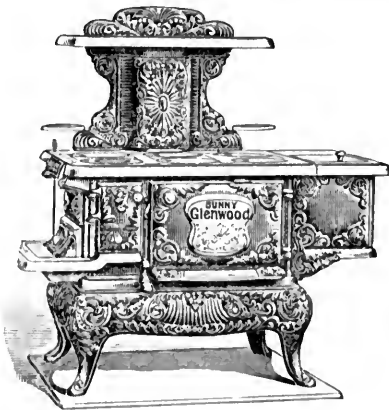
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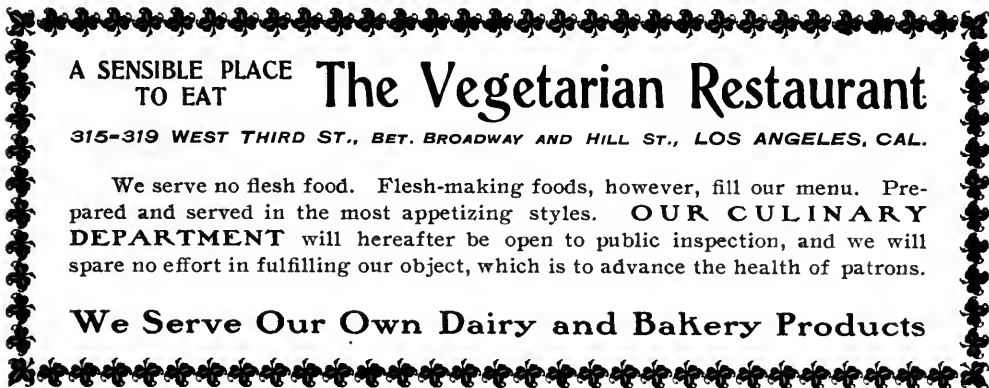
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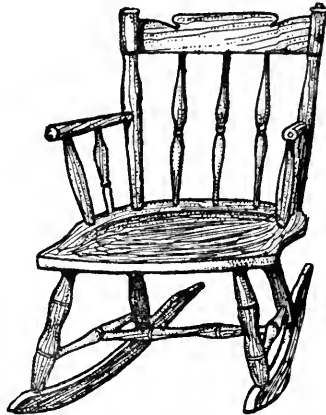


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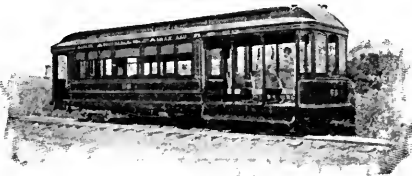
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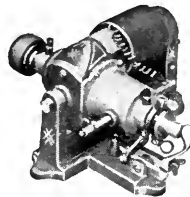
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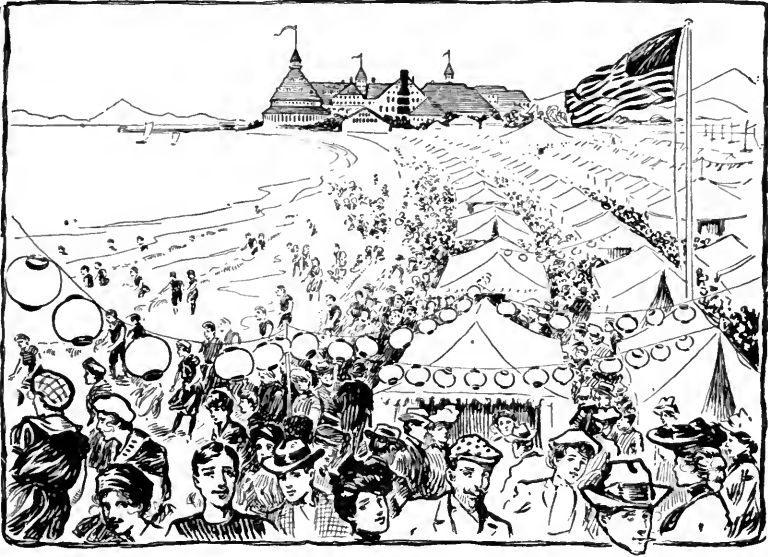
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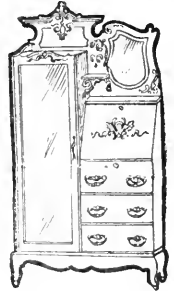
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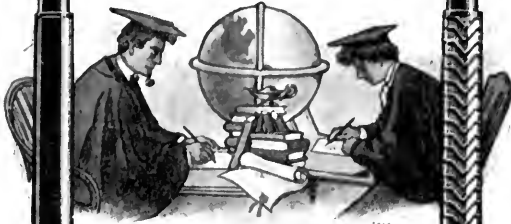
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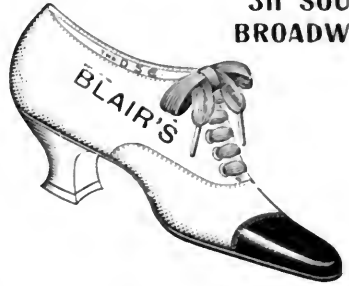
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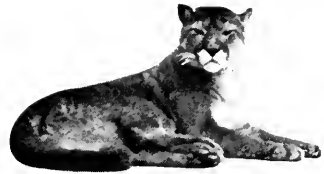


IN THE GIANT FOREST, KING'S RIVER.

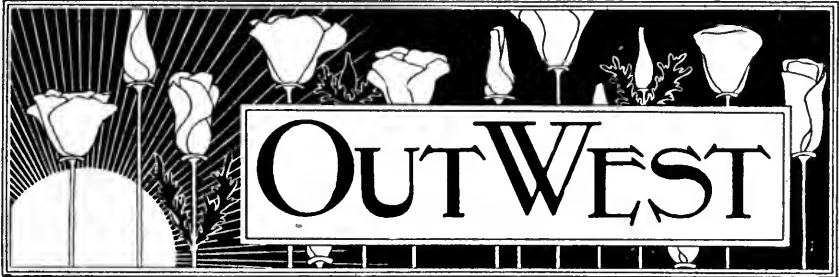
Photo by Hugh Gibson

Formerly

The Land of Sunshine



THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT



Vol. XIX, No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

THE MEETING OF EXTREMES.

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



ROME and Los Angeles—the infinitely Old and the exuberantly New—the Eternal City and the Electric City!—if one asked the casual observer to name offband the two cities unlikest on earth, he might well name these two; if one asked the careful student to name the two cities likest on earth, it might equally well be these two; implied between these judgments would be a whole history of the human race.

When Charles Dudley Warner christened California "Our Italy," he was not inventing a resemblance. Between the storied Peninsula and our long, narrow State there exists a real analogy. San Francisco, Sacramento, the entire mountainous North with Santa Clara Valley and Fresno may serve for our wide-awake, commercial Piedmont and our rich and fertile Lombardy; while the temperate counties of the middle South stand for the garden of our Italy—Tuscany. We should have to concede to San Diego the honor of being our Naples (and who dare affirm we shall always lack a Vesuvius?) while we may perhaps elect Santa Catalina into a Capri, a trifle out of plumb geographically though it be. Beyond San Diego lie our little known Calabria and Sicily. All this the most inapprehensive eye may grasp; if none has yet discovered those subtler potentialities which may make a City of Rome of our City of Angels, it is perhaps because few have yet lived intimately in these removed twin cities. Lived, I say, advisedly—not traveled, merely; for the wisdom of the tourist will always be the folly

of the resident. There are Americans who live in California and have spent some winter months in Rome; there are Americans living in Italy who have passed a Raymond's Excursion space in Los Angeles; neither of these is likely to have caught that deep resemblance between her who was the Mistress of the Old World and her who is destined to be not the least among several mistresses of the New. They miss that fine flower of the wanderer's joy—comparison. And the tourist prefers Rome. There is every reason why he should; here are all the things the tourist likes—galleries, churches, sights, shops, band-concerts, a king and queen, and a "picturesque" peasantry, at every amelioration of whose miserable lot the tourist groans and cries out Sacrilege and the Ruin of the Picturesque! In California he must fall on perfect days and sunny circumstance, to feel its charm.

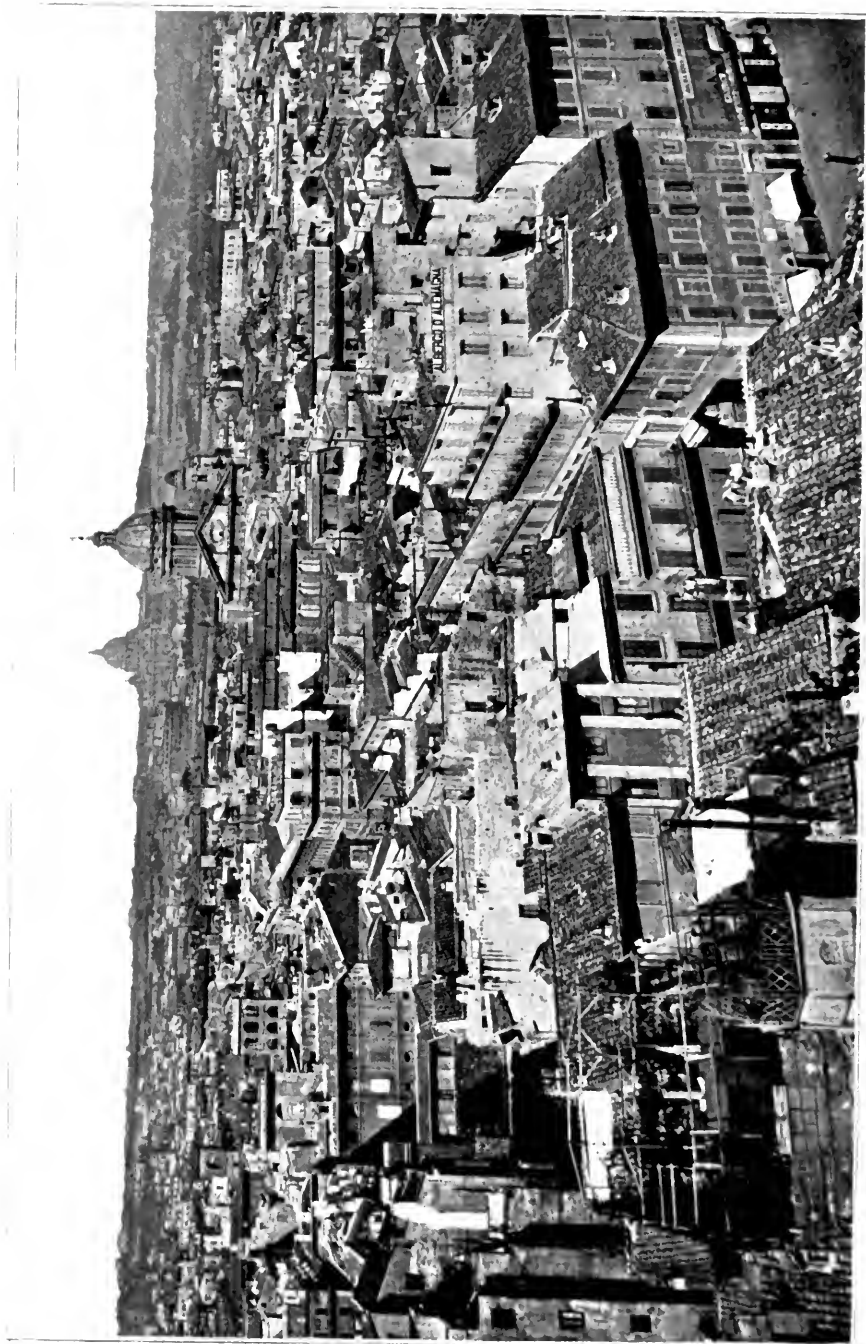
Historically and archæologically, Rome is our elder sister—I seem to have heard that we are geologically so; but *for Man*, Time reckons *by Man*. Age apart, however, we look for kindred traits where we find kindred features; and to the student of physiognomy here is a family resemblance which should mean something to our future and is worth our present time to ponder. Nor is there anything Rome ever was or had or did so good that it may not be bettered on the hills by the Pacific yet one day.

Those very hills, to begin with, are Roman; like the "City of the Soul" ours is a hill-city too, in neither case confined to the ancient and sacred Seven. Alike, also, they lie between the mountains and the sea, and though it be Sierra as against Apennine, the Pacific against the Mediterranean—mightiest ocean against mightiest sea—yet the natural fact is not impaired, and upon this is based a second and climatic one.

Counting the seasons through, who knows them both must own a sisterhood. Such differences as exist are all in California's favor. Rome is both colder and hotter than Los Angeles, not in the mercurial fact—the thermometer does not rise so high in summer, falls perhaps no lower in winter—but by so much as a damp climate is extremere than a dry one. "Sensible" heat and cold is what we suffer or rejoice by. You drip in Rome at 80 and may be bone-dry in Los Angeles at 90 degrees of heat; you shiver and amass chilblains in Rome at a temperature which in Los Angeles would only send you out of doors to warm yourself. In both cities the summer is a long delight, but in Rome a languid and enervating one. The popular notion of a Roman summer is like the popular notion of a California one—not worth the resident's while to wrestle with. Punctually as our western trade-winds, the Mediterranean breeze blows over



"ONLY IF THERE CHANCE TO BE A STONE-PINE—"



ROME.

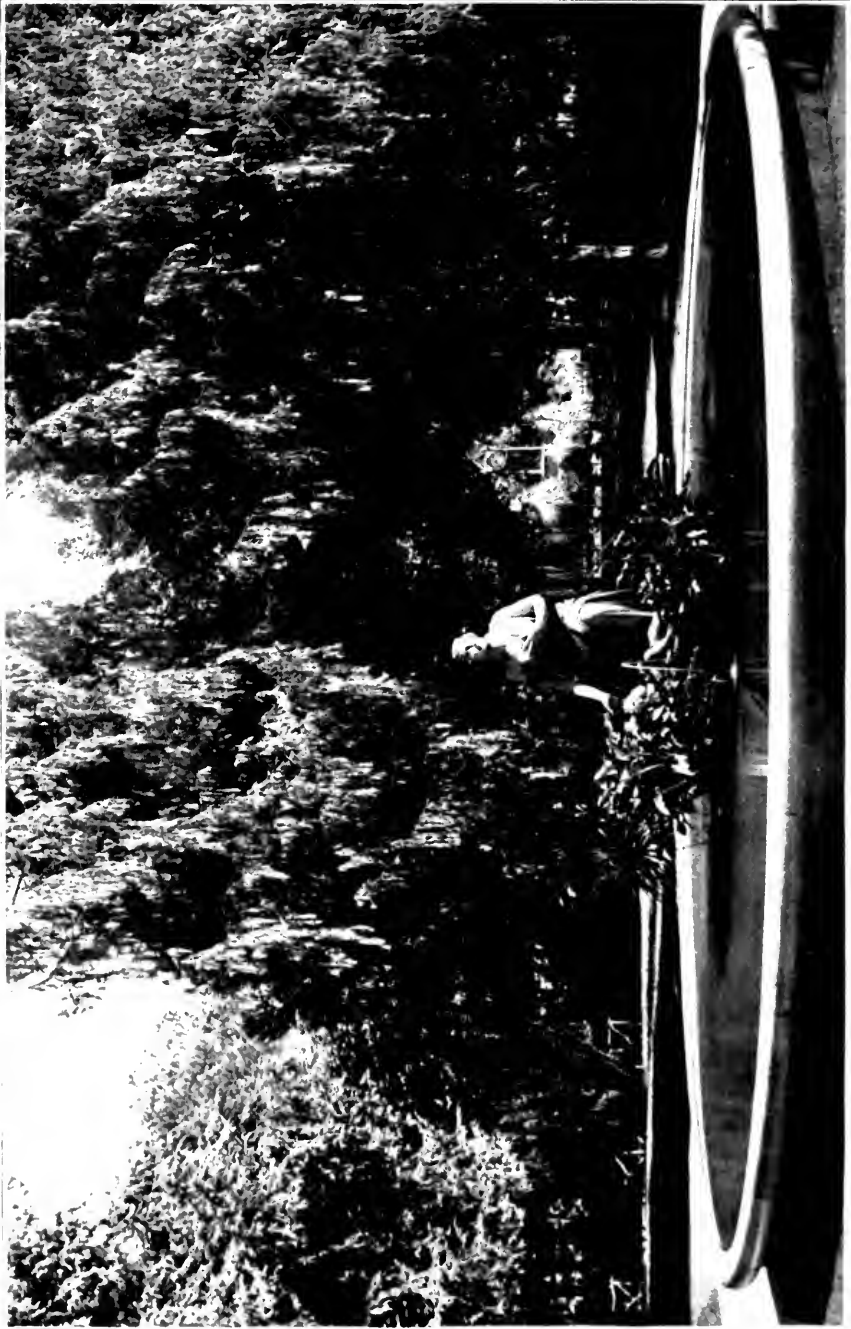
Rome each day. It may be hot within, even in spite of a carefully adapted architecture; but it is always cool without, so long as you avoid the sun—and Rome is built for shade. "Foreigners (Inglese) and mad dogs walk in the sun," says the native proverb, "Christians in the shade." Yet I have seen bare-headed boys hammering away at stone walls or laying roadways in the full beating rays of mid-July. It is, however, necessary to respect the sun of Italy, as it is not necessary in California. It is necessary also in New York and Chicago—direly so, but no one does it, and therefore the intelligent American, man and beast, faints and perishes, is prostrated and sun-stricken throughout his burning months, while the ignorant Latin goes calmly and



LIVE OAKS OF ITALY.

unscathed through his. It would be too much to hope that New York and Chicago should pause in the mad commercial rush for half an hour on any account, but possibly some day if the West dictates to the East instead of merely competing with it, out of the larger wisdom bred of southern skies it may be able to hold up that rush through the midday hours with benefit to the whole American people. No real climatic necessity exists for this in California, but to strive through those hours of humid heat in Italy would be profitless exhaustion, as it is exhaustion profitable mainly to the undertaker in our Atlantic cities.

Despite this vast difference of the arid and the humid, the long, blue, almost rainless Roman summer, and the exceptionally sunny winter, would alone serve to recall, to one enamoured of our West, his absent love. But there is more. Go into a garden; eucalyptus, pepper, draconia, dracena, fan-palm and date-palm, calla lily and bamboo, India-rubber tree and mag-



"WOULD YOU, NOT SAY - A CALIFORNIA GARDEN?"

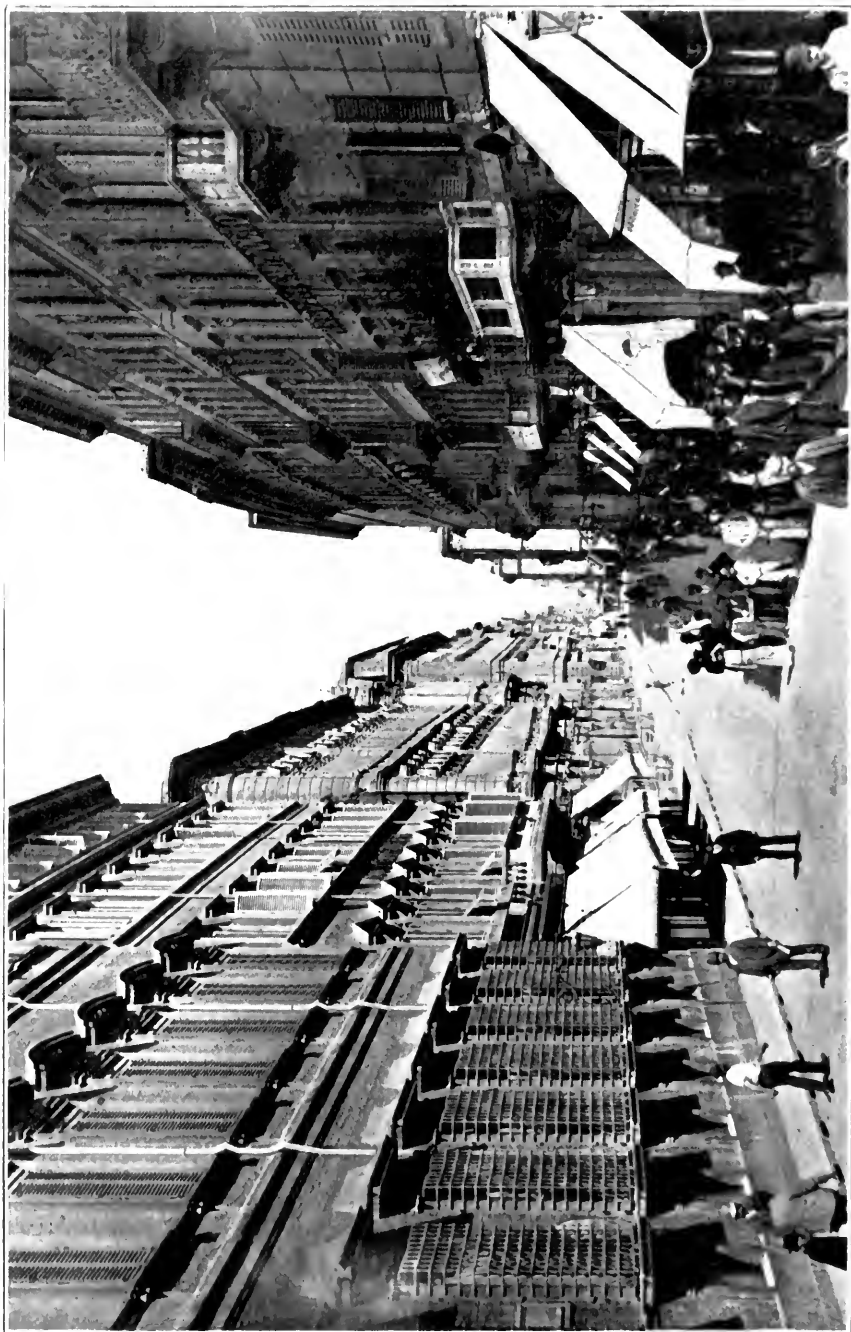
nolia—would you not say, a Californian garden? Only if there chance to be a stone-pine, that tree-y glory of all Italy, can you be sure that this is rather the garden of Sallust or Lorenzo, than some mute, inglorious American's on Adams street or Figueroa. A single stone-pine I remember to have seen in the Capitol grounds at Sacramento; but this adoration of artists, and peculiar loveliness of Italy, we in our southland lack, so far as I am aware. I wonder we do not coax the lovely foreigner to become naturalized amongst us, so perfectly it belongs to our skies and seas. Here, too, in our Italian garden are the orange and lemon, the fig and the vine, the rose and the geranium; the sacred



OLD FRIENDS IN ROME.

ilex is but another live-oak to the eye (yet are there absolute oaks also), and the oleander has here its rosy apotheosis. Yet more; climb to your garden's highest point and looking westward on a clear day, exactly in that quarter where you used to turn your eyes to the golden strip of the Pacific and Catalina's phantom peaks, you may trace the pale silver of the Mediterranean.

Pass the long summer months and you shall find your table heaped with the same treasure of fruit—nectarine, plum and peach, figs purple and green, melon and pear and grape—all that went to make so large a part of the summer-joy of that other South, where branches bend low and break with pride of fruit beneath the loftiest skies on earth. "Skies blue as Italy's" was first written by those who never saw a Californian sky burn



VIA DEL CORSO—"ROME OR LOS ANGELES?"

blue at noon and deeper blue at night. Certainly Italy has wonderful skies; as certainly ours are deeper, and the Italian nights seem thin beside our own. The dawns of Italy are true auroras, pink and fair; our own come solemnly in purple and gold. And it is a singular thing that with all the tragedy and greatness of empire which was the world's, with the whole weight of human history in it, Italy lacks solemnity to one who has known the West. Sad she is, mournful in her beauty always, like her people who are pensive even in their mirth; but everything about her is less solemn than our joyous West. Whether it is the greater spaces of earth, the greater clarity of atmos-



ACACIAS IN ROME.

phere, opening to one vaster spaces of heaven, more awful depths of color, I do not know—perhaps it is because youth is really a more serious spectacle than age—but so it is.

Go up on one of Rome's high hills and you shall see the city nestled in the midst of plains. We call it the Campagna here—and take off our hats; but call it San Fernando, the Tejunga, or the Mesa, stretching beyond San Gabriel to the foothills and westward in a long reach to the majesty of ocean—you have changed the name but scarce the view. Soracte with all its snows upon it is no sunnier than San Bernardino—the Aiban and Sabine Mountains not so lofty as our Sierras.

Ours are the higher hills, the vaster plain, the greater sea, the kindlier air and sun, the deeper and more sumptuous color. But the difference is lost in the alikeness, and one goes about exclaim-



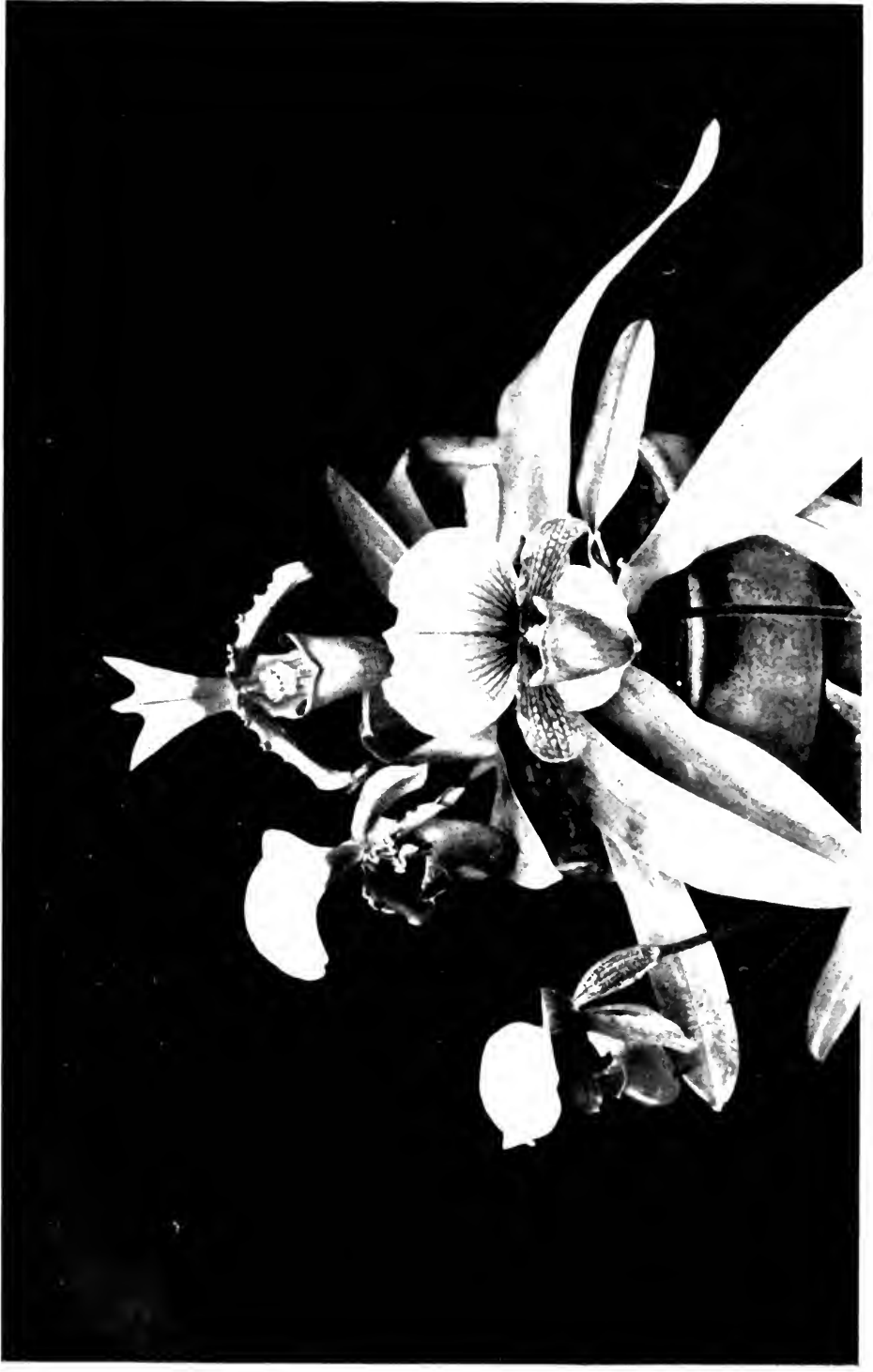
BRONZE STATUE OF RIENZI.

ing: "But for that wall—that palace—that column—that single monument—I should believe I was in Los Angeles." And when one adds that modern Rome is extending everywhere her trolley lines, and has even had a building boom of tragic dimensions, one feels the fatality of similarity.

Here we touch the core of the matter. Can all this alikeness be for nothing? Is it possible for two cities to be born so much alike by nature, and the destiny of the one bear no natural proportion or relation to the other?—its geography, climate, scenery, vegetation, go for naught, exercise no similar influence upon the race in constant contact with them? We do not expect the child born today to develop in life and character precisely as her two-thousand-years-younger ancestress did; but if she reproduces minutely the features of that remotely great grandmother we shall anticipate that she will "take after her" more or less. Cæsars and Colosseums and an Hierarchical Church we do not look to produce on our free Western shores; but a civilization which shall be to the world in its day what the Roman civilization at its purest was to its—a city which shall be to that new civilization what Rome was to the old—is that unreasonable?

Modern Rome has little to teach us—the tables indeed are turned, and she is taking all her lessons from us, for bad and good. It would be strange, however, if so clever an animal as man could have inhabited a land so like our own, for so long before us, without now and then developing an idea about it worth preserving. What he developed that was incidental to his own day and history has nothing to say to ours, but that which was the outcome of his climate and topography remains singularly applicable to our own—a wisdom of the ages worth considering, breathed straight from the "lone Mother of dead empire" to our Republican baby of the West. To insist upon learning everything all over again for one's self—inventing an alphabet with every baby born, is stupid. We cannot blame our Eastern ancestors for modeling their homes and gardens, as they framed their lives and laws, after English, Dutch and German models; but when the Easterner moves West and plants his snow-shedding roofs beneath a shower of rose-petals, and builds him his Dutch or English lidless house upon a shadeless sidewalk and then immures himself—it is time to call him back to the decencies. The Greek, the Spaniard, the Provençal, the Italian—all these knew something of conditions with which he is but a clumsy experimenter; but the oldest mother of all is Rome; and perhaps from her lips he would more readily hear reason, from whose lips he received his law.

In such a hope these studies have been made.



TAPSCOTT, CHARLES SWORTH

ORCHIDS.

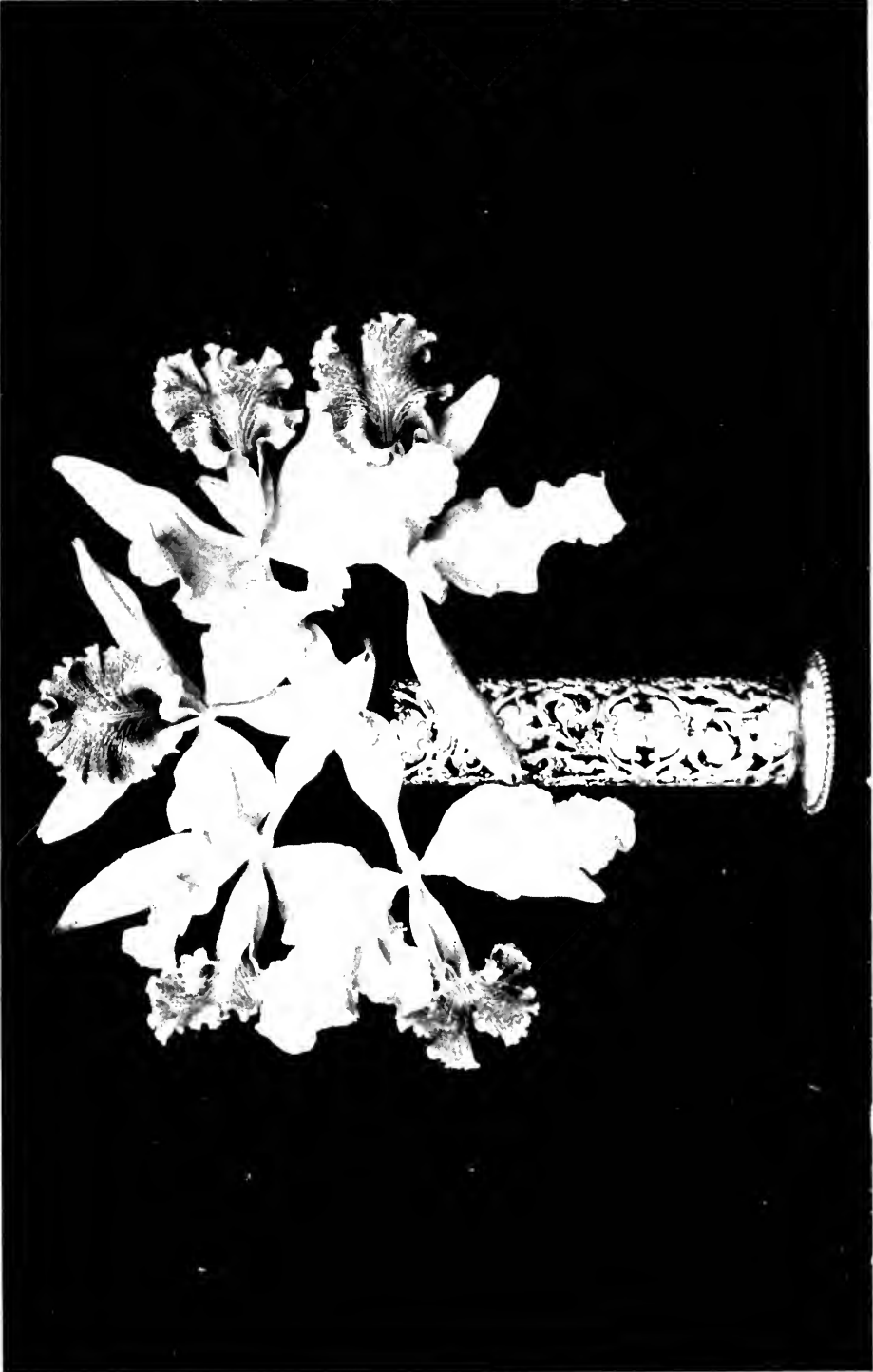
By L. CLARE DAVIS.*

NATURE'S aristocrats, from their delicate, crinkled, silken or velvety smooth petals, to the superb, fragrant hearts of them! That is her story written indelibly upon the orchid, in dainty shades of cream, yellow, pink, rose, mauve, purple, and in virgin white. One feels it in the very moment of stepping from the crude, fresh, invigorating air of out-of-doors into the soft, humid, perfumed atmosphere of the greenhouse where are gathered these titled foreigners from many tropic lands. The orchid has been called the flower of the millionaire, "because its rarity and high price hitherto put its enjoyment practically out of reach of others." I fear it was also somewhat the habit of the "others" to depreciate the beautiful flower because it had been so often forced to associate with some parvenu who valued it chiefly because it cost a great deal of money. A little study of this exotia inclines one to forget the millionaire and to consider the orchid purely as a highly developed and rarely beautiful flower with an individuality so marked as to be almost human; with the delicate habits of a sprite of the air, and a lineage that marks it an aristocrat in its own right. As such it is becoming known and loved by many amateurs throughout America who are far from being in the millionaire class.

The orchid will never become common, however, while coal remains at its present price; for it requires more coal for the orchid house, even in the mild winter climate of California, than is needed to take care of a family. The family furnace may cool off at night, but the orchid house must never go below a temperature of 60°; while for actual growth the East Indian varieties like a temperature of from 75° to 85° and even as high as 95°. As yet no substitute has been found for coal—nothing, at least, that will give the requisite heat—though hopes are entertained by the California orchidist that oil may prove an effective and cheaper substitute.

At present the orchid fancier, like the camera enthusiast, finds that the first cost of his pet is but a fraction of the expense thereto attached. But when the taste for orchids has entered the soul, there is no cure for it save bankruptcy or death. I even suspect that the bankrupt rising from the crash would light a candle, set it in a glass-topped box and try what could be done in the way of orchid growing.

*The author desires to express her indebtedness to Dr. A. W. Hoisholt, of Stockton, Cal., an orchid-fancier of more than ten years' standing, and now owner of the choicest collection on the Coast, for many courtesies, including the original photographs herewith presented.



КАРТИНА П. ГОРЯВЫХ

One enthusiast tells that he began by warming his orchids with a coal oil lamp, and went to his improvised greenhouse one morning to find the lamp smoking like a miniature Mt. Pelee, the place showered with soot, and the plants, of course, ruined.

The orchid is a native of the tropics, coming to us from East India, Australia, the Philippines, China, Brazil, Peru, New Granada, Hawaii, Central America and Mexico; and quite a large family of its "poor relations" may be found growing wild and comparatively uncared for in Eastern North America. To insure success in the hothouse, an effort must be made to secure the same conditions of heat and moisture that the plant knew in its native habitat. For this reason the orchid house is divided into several sections, so that the East Indian and Philippine varieties, requiring great heat, may be nearest the boiler, those from Brazil and other intermediate zones may come next, and varieties from yet cooler climes, last. Some plants from Peru and Mexico require plenty of sunlight as well as heat. To insure moisture the tables, the floor, the moss and lichen-covered walls are kept showered with water, for moisture there must be—not too much, but enough.

Climatic conditions without are to be reckoned with. The grower near the coast finds it possible to grow orchids with less care than must be given to the greenhouse in the drier interior, but excessive fog is not desirable. A hot, dry wind blowing through the orchid house would be fatal; so would a cold, wet gust. For this reason ventilation is secured by placing the ventilators near the ground, that the generous supply of fresh air may pass over the pipes and so be warmed and take up moisture from the damp earthen floors before reaching the plants. To let out the top heat small ventilators are placed in the roof.

The orchid is not, as many suppose, parasitic in its nature. True, the larger class—called *Epiphytal*—grows on the trunks or branches of trees in its native land, and in its adopted home prefers to cling to a section of bark or a rough block of wood. It does not, however, penetrate or absorb their substance, but feeds delicately on the moisture in the air, from which it is sometimes called an air plant. Of this class are the beautiful *Cattleya* and *Phalænopsis*, the *Aërides*, *Dendrobium*, *Saccolabium*, *Oncidium*, *Stanhopea* and others.

Even the Terrestrials, which grow in the soil, ask but a light, rich, mossy loam in which to thrust their roots, from which they spring sprite-like into the air or swing head downward as in imitation of the animal-friends they knew in the jungle. Of



OPON. FLORENTINAE. M. C. G. S. P. M.

these very handsome and well known are different species of *Cypripedium*, *Odontoglossum*, *Calanthe*, *Neottia*, etc.

Fastidious in all its habits, the orchid demands and is grateful for frequent bathing. It belongs literally to the "leisure class." As a seed it lies in its well-warmed, springy bed of moss often a full year before deigning to put out even the tiniest leaflet to show that it means to be up and doing, by and bye. At the end of another year, if the conditions suit, it will have made, perhaps, three-quarters of an inch of growth in its two blade-like leaflets. At the end of two years, with its two leaves grown two inches, and its tiny pseudo-bulb predicting bloom, it is possible to call it a plant, but not by any sort of forcing or coaxing will it condescend to flower before the fourth or sixth or seventh year. When it does put forth its blossoms one is reminded that all highly organized life is slow in maturing, but that the results are often worth while. It gives proof, too, in its endurance, of being well bred; a spray of the apparently delicate Philippine orchid, cut for me in February, keeping in perfect condition for four weeks in a small vase of water only occasionally renewed.

The various kinds of orchids bloom at different times of the year, so that, in California, from December until April a succession of delicately tinted, exquisitely fragrant bloom is the reward of him who has an orchid house and knows how to use it.

The orchid's curious beauty is its own excuse for being. A few species of the genus *Vanilla*, climbing plants, have a commercial value, producing the vanilla flavoring extract of commerce, but they have rather inferior blossoms, and are not grown in the greenhouse.

There is, perhaps, no other family of plants in the world that shows such fascinating variety of form, such distinct individuality in its blossoms. While many are wonderfully beautiful in form and color, others are merely curious from a fancied resemblance to insect and animal life. *El Spirito Santo*, or the "Holy Ghost orchid," is always interesting to the layman, because its pure white petals seem to enclose a white dove—from which it takes its name.

The earliest importations of orchid plants cost as much as \$1,000 each, for rare kinds. Good plants may now be secured for a dollar or two, but ten dollars is not an unusual price for a plant. Importations are now larger, and the product secured more widely distributed. Ordinarily, propagation is effected by dividing the bulbs, or by taking young growths from the base of

the stem. Except for experiments in hybridizing, few are the growers who have the patience to grow orchids from seed.

"Look at this marvelous growth," exclaimed the Doctor, with shining eyes, pointing to a flowerless plant that he had tended from its infancy and which was then putting up seven pseudo-bulbs, and as many leaves about eight inches long."

"And how long has this been growing, Doctor?"

"Seven years."

It must be a genuine lover who serves for his mistress seven years, and feels that "the years were as but a few days for the love he had to her."

Yet man feels in a sense a creative spirit when, with awkward fingers, he transfers the pollen of one beautiful flower to the pistils of another with a view to producing a new species. The seed of this crossing ripens in a twelvemonth, and is immediately sown on top of a pot or on a slab of wood. Then the orchid lover waits patiently for the result of this mating. If it be something new and altogether lovely, the good news is sent to other orchid lovers.

A record has been kept of the pedigree and this, with a photograph of the new wonder, is sent to the orchid journals—perhaps across seas to London, where the greatest number of orchids are grown.

The orchid of the greenhouse is subject to various and sundry diseases, to keep up its reputation as a pampered aristocrat. Of these the most injurious are "Rot," and "Spot," caused from injudicious watering.

It has also many enemies, and one staunch friend—the green frog, whose croak is the single humble, homely note in the luxurious abode of these pedigreed pets. While the orchid feeds delicately on moisture and "hot air," the frog enjoys his dinner of red spider, thrips and cockroaches, with mealy bug and borers for breakfast and ants and snails for luncheon. That many of these delicacies are "imported" adds doubtless to the gourmet's satisfaction.

The orchid was first introduced in the greenhouses of England little more than a century ago, the first specimens having been brought from the tropics by returning missionaries and officers. Later, many new and striking kinds were discovered on account of the extravagant sums offered for novelties. Stimulated by these prizes, collectors scoured every part of the tropics, risking and often sacrificing life in the mountains, jungles and fever-haunted swamps in quest of the finest specimens. So great is the danger from wild animals that collectors are often forced to urge their native helpers on at the point of a brace of pistols.



CATTELYA BOWRINGIANA.



It must not be inferred from this that the orchid is an unusual plant in its own home. On the contrary, it outstrips all others there, taking and holding the best positions; swinging airily from the trunks of lofty trees, which must be felled to secure it, clambering over dripping rocks in shady places, clinging daringly to mountain sides at points as high as 14,000 feet, and throwing itself with reckless abandon into jungle depths where the foot of man may not go.

Even when good plants were secured it was difficult to pack them properly for transit from the forests to a seaport and for the long sea voyage. It may be guessed how uncongenial was the journey, with its changes of temperature and frequent storms, to these southland dwellers. Little was known of their habits and proper treatment. Growers could but guess and experiment, until intelligent study was given the orchid in its native land. It is related that an accident revealed the wayward bent and disposition of the *Stanhopeas*. They had been planted in pots over and again only to rot and die. A pot was accidentally broken, but as the plant had steadily refused to grow no attention was paid to it. Then, behold through the cracks the flower spikes forced their way and burst into bloom, growing head downward—which is the *Stanhopea's* preference—and is not to be trifled with. In the wild freedom of its tropical home, many are the orchid's cunning devices for attracting bees, moths, and butterflies, and so securing fertilization. The matter of natural fertilization is too many-sided for the scope of a magazine article, and it has been well handled by such masters as Darwin and others. But it is so full of interest and poetry that one cannot forbear touching upon it, and I quote from Grant Allen, who has written so charmingly of the "Marriage Customs of Plants." He says:

Highest of all the threefold flowers and most wonderful are the great group of orchids. It would be quite impossible for me to give you any account of the infinite devices invented by these plants to secure insect fertilization, and even the flower is so extremely complex that I can hardly undertake to do it. The ovary in orchids is inferior and curiously twisted. It supports six perianth pieces, three of which are sepals, often long and very handsome, while two are petals, often arching like a hood over the center of the flower. The third petal, called the lip, is quite different in shape and appearance from the other two and usually hangs down in a very conspicuous manner. There are no visible stamens to be recognized as such, but the pollen is contained in a pair of tiny bags or sacks close to the stigma. It is united into two sticky, club-shaped lumps usually called the pollen masses. In other words, the orchids have got rid of all their stamens except one, and even that one has united with the stigma. . . . The spotted orchis has a long tube or spur at the base of its sepals, and this contains abundant honey. The pollen masses are neatly lodged in two



CAREY W. WOOD

little sacks or pockets near the stigma and are so placed that their lower ends come against the bee's head as he sucks the honey. These lower ends are gummy or viscid, and if you press a straw or pencil point against them the pollen masses gum themselves to it naturally and come readily out of the sacks as you withdraw the pencil. In the same way, when the bee presses them with his head the pollen masses stick to it and he carries them away with him as he leaves the flower. At first, the pollen masses stand erect on his forehead, but as he flies through the air they dry and contract so that they come to incline forward and outward. By the time he reaches another plant they have assumed such a position that they are brought into contact with the stigma as he sucks the honey. But the stigma is gummy, too, and makes the pollen adhere to it, and in this way cross-fertilization is rendered almost a dead certainty. The result of these various clever dodges is that the orchids have become one of the dominant plant families of the world and in the tropics usurp many of the best and most favored positions.

Müller tells of the fertilization of the *Cypripedium Calceolus* (one of the "Lady's Slipper" variety) by various bees thus:

These bees attracted by the color and perfume of the flower fly into the slipper-shaped lip and lick and bite the hairs lining its floor, which are sometimes covered with small drops of honey. They try for some time to escape by climbing up the vaulted sides of their prison towards the orifice that they entered by; at last, after creeping beneath the stigma, they manage, with a great effort, to escape by one of two small openings at the base of the lip; in doing so they smear one shoulder with a sticky pollen from the anther immediately above. In the next flower the bee, as it creeps under the stigma, leaves some pollen on its papillae, which are long and point obliquely forward; then squeezing itself again through one of the small orifices it acquires another load of pollen; cross-fertilization is thus effected regularly.

Many further interesting examples could be given of the methods of fertilization. Species with a short and not very narrow nectary, says Darwin, are fertilized by bees and flies; those with a much elongated nectary, or one having a very narrow entrance, by butterflies and moths.

The concealment of the honey in a nectary protected by other parts of the flower, says Müller, protects the honey from rain and permits a larger supply to be accumulated, thus attracting visitors in an increased degree. Its disadvantages are that the honey is less easily discovered, less acute visitors are excluded, the more intelligent cannot obtain it so quickly and fertilization is slow. But (mark Nature's clever schemes) the path to the concealed honey is hinted at by colored spots that point towards the honey, and the more intelligent find it quickly.

Stockton, Cal.

THE CALIFORNIA LAKE COUNTRY.

(In the Sierras, beyond Lake Tahoe.)

By F. DE LAGUNA.



AGASSIZ ROCK.

EARLY on a morning of late July, Camp Agassiz was astir—an expedition was on foot to the Lake of the Woods. Two nights were to be spent beneath the beauty of the stars, in the glow of a great camp-fire; one on a windy promontory overlooking Heather Lake; the next on the sheltered, secluded shore of the Lake of the Woods. The itinerary led through the wild Desolation Valley, at the foot of Pyramid Peak, and along the edges of the Medley Lakes.

One might suppose that the beauty and wildness of Camp Agassiz were alluring enough, without these ambitious jaunts into remoter fastnesses. But we were seven adventurous spirits whom distance and fatigue could not

tame, to whom always what lay beyond was the goal of our hopes. Tents were to us as ladies' parlors, and fir-mattressed cots as the couch of a sybarite. The gigantic smile of good old earth, her stern and kindly bosom, we longed for with all the simple faith of the primitive man, who pillowed his head upon a stone and dreamed great dreams. So with affectionate contempt for Camp Agassiz and its concessions to the demands of animal comfort in the way of tent and dining-table, we looked at the grim peaks still higher than we were, and determined to lock natures with the very spirit of the rocks.

An undersized burro, fawn-colored, serene and silent as a wooden ark-dweller, was led into the clearing. Never was so pretty a picture of sweet submission, while the men began to adjust the pack-blankets and provisions for seven people. But when the fifth roll of blankets was lifted into place, the burro, silent still, but with a look in his eye like a curse, dropped down, rolled over on the pack and pensively pointed four tiny hoofs to the skies. Again and again the complexities of the diamond hitch were unraveled, the pack was pulled aside and its bearer was strenuously encouraged to assume an attitude of official dignity. The burro with saintlike submission and a look of gentle courtesy would rise and stand, meekly yielding its body to the first installment of the load. Then once more the vicious side of his nature asserted itself—and the morning was wearing away.

So we packed Sancho, the one-eyed donkey (intended for use as a riding animal for the ladies), and at last began the steep ascent of the rock-bound trail that leads ultimately to the Susie and Tallac trails.

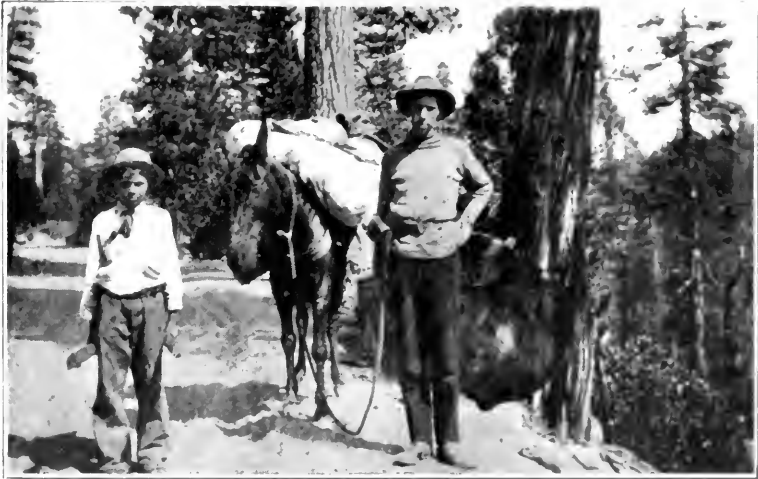
We carried our first nooning's refreshment in the creels slung over our shoulders, so that Sancho might pursue his uninterrupted and peaceful journey to Heather Lake, where he would be relieved of his burden for the night. Thither he was at once driven by two sturdy lads who ate their luncheon as they walked; while the rest of us, with as keen appetites, delayed on the shores of Susie Lake to lunch and enjoy the luxury of unhampered leisure. Each day in the mountains is like Lowell's "Cathedral Day;" and so this, while it lasted, was the supreme day in our experiences. The picture melted and took form again in our memories, to be recalled in duller city ways—the snow-burdened peaks rising close about us; the tall, straight shafts of the firs and pines; the boulders crumbling as if smitten by some giant's hammer; the lily-laden pools with their dark-green shadows; the ground pine fringing our path, the dwarfed ceanothus, as delicate as the trailing arbutus, and scores of other flowering plants in wild and charming profusion; and always the allurements of the trail itself, winding and turning, ascending and descending, now in the open, now under sheltering trees, leading us enchanted to still greater enchantment beyond.

The trail from Susie Lake to Heather led us past a snow-bank under which a mountain stream, formed of melting snow from a higher bank, had cut its way, leaving a snow-cave or tunnel some forty feet long and ten feet wide with rounded apertures at each end. The ceiling of the cave was marked by hundreds of groined arches, while the sides and bottom, except where the stream flowed, were fantastic with thousands of stalactites.

When we reached Heather Lake, we gave ourselves up to the delights and freedom of the place. Some of us sat idly in the moored boat and watched a swimmer breasting the high waves—for the inevitable storm was blackening the lake. In a distant cove that offered moderate shelter, the fisherman of the party was casting his line for our supper. In the little shack on the rocks above, a lady with house-keeping instincts was arranging our stores on the shelves; already the great stone fire-place was bursting with flames. The shack is only about six feet by eight, but the fire-place is four by four. The shadows warned us that some preparation must be made for an outdoor camp, and we began to hunt a sheltered spot for the camp-fire, since the wind was blowing hard. This found and fuel for the night

gathered, we sat down to supper in the shack with hearty goodwill. The wind roared outside as if it would pluck our frail shelter from the rocks and hurl it into the black depths beyond; but we were merry within, turning the bacon on a spit and searching for potatoes in the coals that mocked us with their hidden treasure.

The night around the camp-fire was not so tempestuous as might have been expected, judging from the roaring and crashing of the forest; for the wind seemed to blow above us, leaving the atmosphere quiet for several feet near the ground. We thought to roll up in our blankets and sleep; but the bleak



SANCHO.

forest, the rush of wave and wind, the cold stars, and the leaping flames of our camp-fire appealed to our imaginations too strongly. The wild beauty of the night enthralled us, and our seasons of sleep were short and interrupted.

With the first light of morning, our fishermen were already on the lake to win our morning meal. A roaring fire again beat back the cold from the chinks of the shack, while we breakfasted like Olympians. Then followed an hour of rowing on the lake or dozing in some quiet spot, as we drank in health and sunshine.

Heather Lake has a wild, almost a sinister, beauty. Its water is black, and its perpendicular rocky sides suggest a tiny gem in a deep setting. It is so far up in the mountains that the snows often lie on its banks all through the summer. On that July day we crossed many a little snow-field. It is named from the gardens of white and purple heather which border the south

end of the lake. This is a low-growing plant, quite unlike the Scottish plant; yet the mountain lake with its small tiny island suggested, even in its sterner features, the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake."

About mid-day we set our faces toward Desolation Valley, the two young men driving the well-laden Sancho, while the rest of the party crossed in a boat to the entrance to the valley. Here we found a trail so precipitous that Sancho, modest and reticent as he had shown himself to be hitherto, became recalcitrant. He sat down in the trail and slid some thirty feet, then rolled



GILMORE LAKE, DESOLATION VALLEY, AND PYRAMID RANGE IN THE DISTANCE.

over in a disconsolate heap. But our knights were undaunted. They relieved him of his load, and when he still refused to assume an intelligent attitude, they lassoed his hoofs and with a quick jerk turned him to an upright position. The men conveyed the pack to the crest of the hill, and Sancho, having no further quarrel with destiny, gravely picked his way up the trail.

A rest, luncheon, repacking the mule—and we began our interesting journey through Desolation Valley. The direction we were to take was indicated by "ducks"—piles of stones at varying intervals, and most reassuring in that pathless basin. Without these we should have had to retrace our steps many

times; for the surface is indented with cups and saucers, deep holes and shallow, often so filled with water as to render advance impossible. To the right loomed Pyramid Peak, stern in its snow-clad remoteness; but our road kept us to the left, in the direction of a piece of hemlock woods that skirted the valley. We climbed and dropped, and climbed and dropped again, over the water-worn and rocky floor of the valley. It is its wild appearance that gives the valley its name, and not the feeling induced; for Desolation Valley is beautiful in its setting and most interesting in its contour. But no fish are in the endless chain of lakes, and only dwarfed trees grow in its rock-bound domains. Wherever the soil has collected in sheltered nooks, grass grows and flowers bloom. These tiny oases are very frequent and most charming in their surprises.

The walk through the woods brought us to wide meadows where many herds of cattle grazed. Woods again skirted the meadows, and at last brought us to the brow of a hill. Far below us lay the Lake of the Woods. The trail was steep, Sancho was reckless, and our descent was rapid. We had rested and lingered so prodigally on our way that evening was beginning to cast its shadows in the valley when we finally reached the narrow end of the lake and a fitting camp-ground. We found a circular grove with a rock-built altar in its center. Our camp-



UNNAMED LAKE AT THE EDGE OF DESOLATION VALLEY.



LAKE OF THE WOODS—PYRAMID PEAK AT LEFT.

fire was soon lighting up the wall of trees around us, and making more dense the blackness beyond. The quiet of the spot settled down upon us like a garment. We felt as if we had come to a shore where we might stay forever, and our hearts sang, "We will return no more."

And now the moon shed its luster over the lakes, and we saw reflected with a wondrous beauty Pyramid Peak. The lake deepened under this reflection until it seemed as if we were standing on the rim of the world, overlooking space. The fire roared and sent its sparks to fade among the stars. For the second night we wrapped our blankets about us, and lying close to the fire, we looked into the night. How shall we ever forget the sweet solemnity of that star-begirt grove? We could hear the water lapping on the shore; high above us swung the crests of the trees. The enchantment of the place subdued our hearts; we had found perfect peace.

The morning brought back the warmer tints of the scene. Far in the distance, as through a gateway, we could see the haze that hung over Strawberry Valley. To the right rose Pyramid; to the left, Eagle Mountain; the lake lay at their base, within the sheltering woods.

We were to return by the Lucile trail, a much shorter route

than the one through Desolation Valley, so we lingered until late in the afternoon, revelling in the indescribable allurements of the region. Some of us walked to the "gateway," hoping to view from a great height Strawberry Valley below us. But the loveliness everywhere detained us, and we finally gave up the search for the mountain watch-tower, to bask in the sun under the shelter of a great rock.

The dusk was gathering as we pursued our way over the Lucile trail. Here new wonders greeted us; first, the silent Lake Lucile, high up in the craggy mountain bed, 8,000 feet above the sea-level; then the almost precipitous but well built trail, the sudden turns in the road that brought us out upon a



SUSIE LAKE.

promontory a thousand feet above the Grass Lake country; the fallen forest giants that barred our way and sent us seeking new trails; and all the country glowing in the soft light of evening.

And now we are on the Grass Lake trail; now wending our way through the Glen Alpine Springs enclosure; and now we are beneath the flag that waves over Camp Agassiz. We have known a pleasure no after sorrow can dim.

This wonderful region of lakes lies southwest of Lake Tahoe. The famous Mount Tallas is one of the peaks. Do not be enticed by the glory of Lake Tahoe to remain on its shore, nor be deterred by the few steep miles lying between it and the wondrous lake country beyond, but discover for yourself one of the most enchanting regions in the High Sierras.

ON PAPÉETE BEACH.*

By CHARLES KEELER.



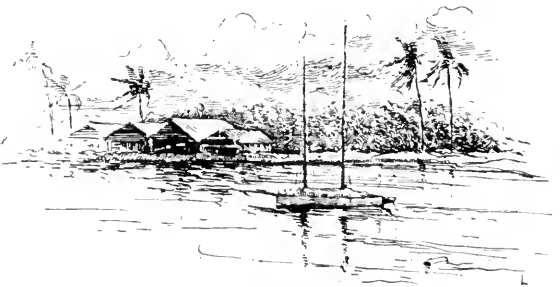
TAHITI.

THE "Southern Cross" was having her bottom scraped as I stepped aboard of her with Captain Lake to examine some pearls he had brought from the Pómotu Islands. The little steamer was lying a few feet off the water-front, and at her side was a row of six black heads in the water. They were good-natured looking heads, some with bushy hair, and one with a grey beard; and all were puffing and snorting and laughing there in the tide. Suddenly one head disappeared, and then another and another, until there were no heads visible, and I waited a long time, wondering if they would ever appear again, but presently one after another came up

with a sputter and a laugh. Then I saw an arm uplifted from the sea and in the hand a piece of cocoanut shell. The mystery of cleaning ships' bottoms in the South Seas was explained.

These divers had no doubt gained proficiency in their art in the Pómotuan pearl fisheries. There are schooners constantly plying between Papéete and the various atolls of the Pómotu group, carrying a miscellaneous cargo of merchandise to be used in barter with the natives, in exchange for pearl-shell, pearls and copra. I went aboard one of these little craft just before she sailed on a cruise, and was surprised to find what an assortment of supplies was deemed necessary to fill the wants of simple savages. The bolts of bright-colored calico, cheap ribbons and laces, were to be expected as a matter of course, and hatchets, chisels and other tools did not seem out of place; but when I learned that there were ice-machines, sewing-machines, and in fact all sorts of machines which only the refinements of civilization are supposed to require, I gave up all attempt at picturing the life of these savage pearl divers.

As to their skill as divers, however, there can be no question. They are said to



A BIT OF TAHITI HARBOR.

*Illustrated from drawings by Louise M. Keeler.

remain under water from two to three minutes, and to go down to a depth of thirteen fathoms. It is a very wearing life, which only the strongest men can long endure; and as perfect pearls are seldom found, it is not surprising that they bring a large price in the Papéte market. The chief commerce of Tahiti is in pearl-shell, which is brought to Papéte by the boat-load to be exported to Europe. The French government has very wisely guarded with great care the interests of the natives in pearl fishing, prohibiting foreigners in diving suits from taking part in the work, and enforcing a close season upon alternate years for each island.

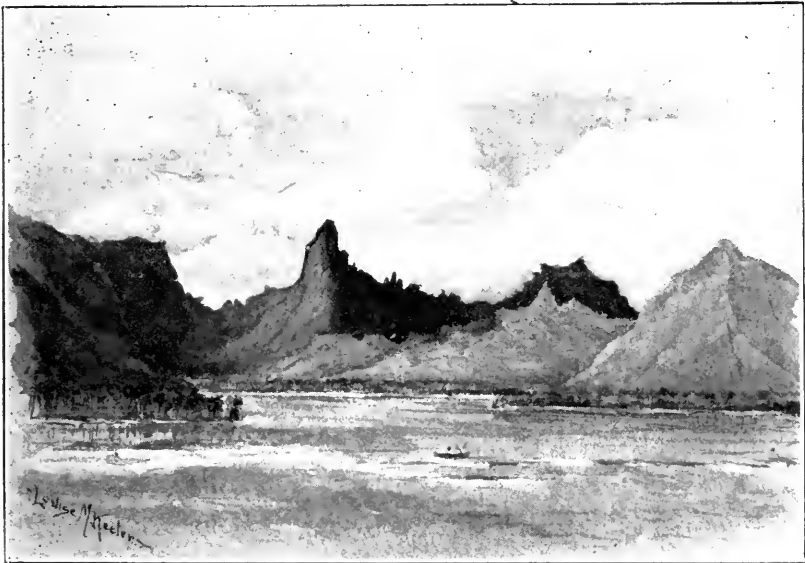
Everything upon Papéte beach is done in the same charm-



EVENING IN PAPÉTE HARBOR.

ingly simple fashion. Even the bicycles are pedaled with bare feet. I confess that it was something of a disillusion to find bicycles at all upon this far-away coral strand. The horses and carriages were less incongruous, although I had not pictured them in my fancies of Tahiti. The carriages and wagons were not unlike the vehicles of home, save for being rather more clumsy, as if made to withstand the wear and tear to which they are subjected; but the horses are descended from a Chilean stock, which has no doubt degenerated in the course of years. The little animals reminded me very strongly, on first acquaintance, of overgrown jack-rabbits. When once fairly in motion they bound along in their loose harnesses, regardless of consequences, and pedestrians must dodge them at short notice. I learned, however, in the course of time, to respect these stunted beasts for their power of endurance.

It is hard to realize that the discovery and settlement of Tahiti by Europeans is contemporaneous with that of California; but as I strolled up to the substantial barracks which the French have erected, and on into the hills, I found many old houses built of rubble and covered with coral lime, very similar in effect to the adobe houses of early California, hinting at a domestic architecture of half a century or more ago, which was characteristic of Spain. There are many stone walls about town, and buildings with tiled roofs that give the place a continental air. Indeed there is a settled look about Papéete, nestling amid its tropical foliage beside the quiet waters of the bay, which bespeaks repose. No one is in a hurry. Nothing is in process of



COOK'S BAY, MOOREA.

construction. The houses are all made; the gardens are grown up about them; the work is all done.

To be sure, the clothes must be washed here, as in less favored parts of the earth; but there is no toiling over washtubs about it. On strolling down the beach at almost any time of the day one may see how it is done.

There is a most picturesque cement basin along the *Quai du Commerce*, with a tiled roof to protect it from the sun, and here the women sit or paddle about with their washing, some dressed in loose gowns of bright calico; and others, generally the belles of the company, clad only in their gay *pâreus*—strips of cloth tied about them. They laugh and talk and pound their clothes with sticks in the most sociable little groups,



THE WATER-FRONT STREET, TAHITI.

making a picnic of this as of nearly every occasion in their simple lives. It is a veritable South Sea Island washing bee, and who would not enjoy washing under such propitious circumstances? There is a ditch running along a square not far away, where other women are at work washing clothes; and their graceful figures in bright gowns imaged in the still water beneath the spreading shade of arching trees, form pictures which would gladden the heart of an artist.

I had been watching these women at work one morning, and had strolled down the beach in the shade of the acacia trees, thinking how delightfully simple and primitive life was here. A dusky-skinned man had passed me with a pole over his shoulder from which swung a bunch of bread-fruits and coconuts at one end, and a cluster of pineapples from the other. Close by the shore a native was paddling in his narrow dugout, which could not have kept right side up for a moment, were it not for the outrigger with a long pole lashed to it, catamaran-fashion. I was enjoying the barbaric scene, which recalled the days before the missionary and trader had come here, when suddenly, from one of the little cottages that nestled among the trees, rang out the familiar strains of "Traumeri," played upon the piano with genuine pathos in its appealing tones. Yes, alas, the old life of happy ease is passing away, and civilization is bringing to these gentle people its burden of sorrow, although it cannot rob them of their childlike trust, their spirit of brotherly love. Much of the Christianity which we only preach, these simple natives practice. If any one is hungry they will feed him, and he who needs a friend will not seek in vain. There is a smile upon every face for the stranger, and a word of welcome for him who is forsaken. I have seen natives with coarse mouths and spatulate feet who could serve as models

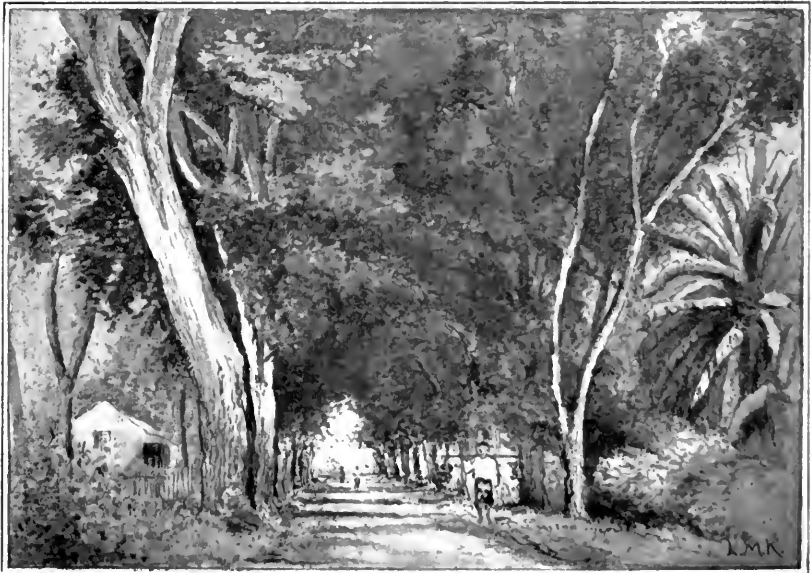
of gentleness and courtesy to the average civilized man. Rudeness is an almost unheard of thing in a native, but the curses of drink and commercialism are doing their deadly work amongst them, and another generation will find them sadly altered.

The charm of Papéete beach cannot be fathomed by the casual tourist; but he who lives for a time beside this blue expanse of tropical water soon falls under its spell. Imagine a snug little harbor, deep enough to float the largest man-of-war close to the beach, yet so small that a canoeman would require less than an hour's time to paddle across it from point to point. Fancy this cove cut off from the sparkling billows of the open sea by a low coral reef which shows only as a line of dazzling white breakers with a gap left just wide enough for a gateway in the middle. Picture the view across the still, green water of the little bay, past the line of surf to the brilliant blue ocean, flecked with combers by the brisk trade wind, and beyond to the



A CORNER OF PAPÉETE MARKET.

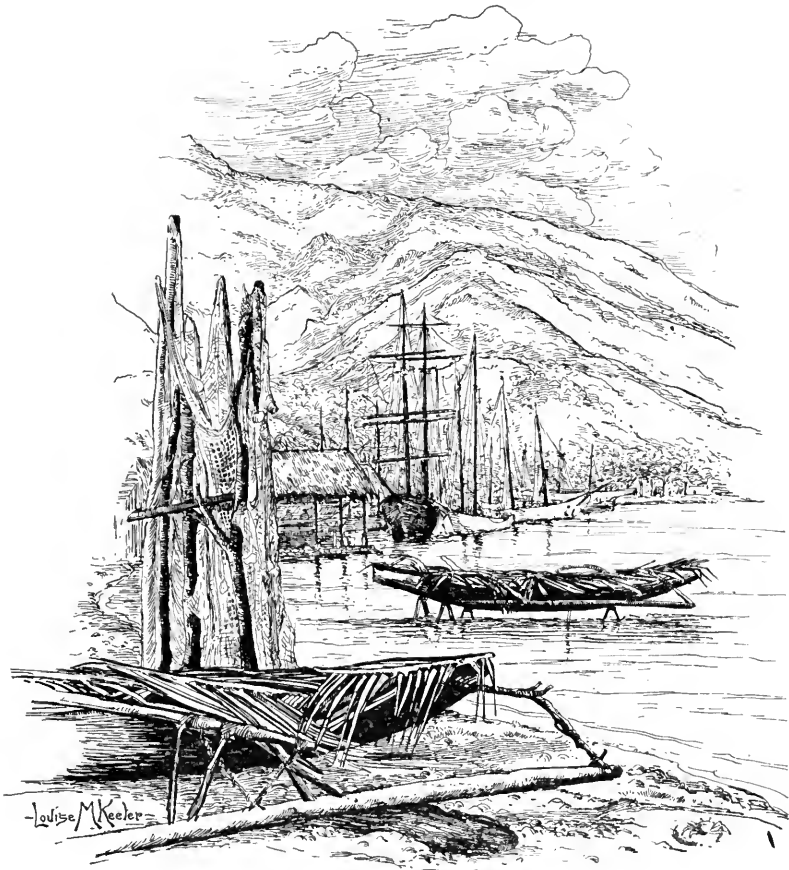
long stretch of the island of Mooréa with its outline of sharp mountain peaks deeply cleft with defiles, lying in a pale blue haze some seventeen miles distant. Then fill this harbor with its fleet of ships and steamers—schooners for trade with neighboring islands, a brig for California, a French bark, the big black French cruiser Proté, with ominous ram and array of guns frowning from decks and portholes, a little steamer or two for local trade and New Zealand, and a motley collection of small boats and native canoes drawn up on the beach, and covered with the leaves of the cocoanut to keep off the sun. The small quarantine island of Môtú-Úta lies to the northward of the harbor-mouth, inside of the reef, with cocoanut palms



A PAPÉETE STREET.

gracefully overtopping its other vegetation. Upon the beach opposite is the ship-yard, where a vessel is lying on her beam for repairs, and another boat is in process of construction under a thatched roof.

Then turn from the sea to the land, and picture the shady water-front street, with its row of long stores and houses, unobtrusively tucked away behind acacias, palms and *burau* trees. Back of this the mountains rise in a long line from the coast toward the interior peaks, where a mass of cloud overhangs them. Fancy the brilliant green colors, the splendid vermilion of the flamboyant tree matched by the flowing gown of a passing girl, the white of men's coats lighting up the cool green shade, and the sense of peace and repose everywhere.



TAHITI.

There are many interesting types to be found on Papéete beach—the officers and soldiers, the *gens d'armes* in their spotless uniforms, the French sailors in white blouses with big blue collars, the Chinese merchants, the black Indians who are employed by some of the well-to-do families as servants, and a meagre sprinkling of Europeans. Then there are a goodly number of French officials to unwind the endless red-tape of colonial administration. But by far the larger proportion of people seen on the beach are either full-blooded natives or half-castes. The women wear loose-hanging dresses which are frequently hitched up coyly under one arm, displaying a stocky bare ankle. Even though the nose be a trifle broad, and the mouth a little heavy, the eyes are always large and beautiful and every face beams on the slightest pretext with a kindly smile. The people squat with drooping shoulders in attitudes which are frequently far from graceful, but they walk with superb poise and lithe, supple motions. The children have un-

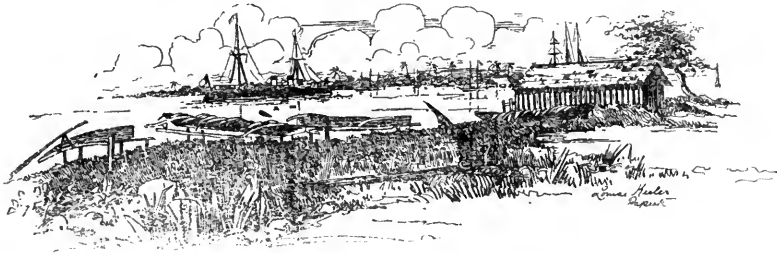
commonly bright and responsive faces. In the town the men wear shirts and trousers, as a rule, and the more aristocratic are attired in immaculate white duck ; but clothes are willingly discarded in favor of the more graceful *pâreu*—a brightly figured cloth wrapped around the waist and hanging to the knees. This, with a wreath of ferns or flowers about the head, completes a costume as comfortable as it is attractive, and shows off to the best advantage the magnificently framed figure with its splendid bronze coloring. The natives are passionately fond of flowers, and wear them in their hair and behind their ears, as well as in wreaths.

It was a sad disappointment to me to find that the natives in Papéte did not live in their primitive houses. To see the narrow streets crowded with little painted cottages with corrugated iron roofs was far from the picture my fancy had formed of the life on this remote island. I was told that the French government would not allow thatched roofs in town on account of the danger of fire, and furthermore that the missionaries and traders had done all in their power to wean the natives from their life of beautiful simplicity to our standards of propriety and barren formality. Fortunately they have made less progress outside the confines of the town, and one has only to walk up or down the beach a short distance to find the charm of more unsophisticated habits. We come to little clusters of homes made in the form of rectangular houses of bamboo, with overhanging thatched roofs of pandanus leaves. Happy groups of brightly clad natives gossip in the shade, or busy themselves about the camp-fire cooking a meal of *f'is*, or red mountain bananas, and bread-fruit. Their merry voices ring out heartily, or perchance blend in rhythmic song. In pitiful contrast with this is a group of white houses standing in a waste of bare ground with scarcely a spray to hide their nakedness. I was told it was the establishment of the Mormon missionaries and their converts.

To see the town life to the best advantage, it is necessary to be up at daybreak and visit the market. On Sunday morning the scene is especially animated. In an open block extend two long roofed enclosures, one appropriated to meat and vegetables, and the other to fish. Across the lane and along the edge of the enclosure is a row of men, women and children with fruits to sell, and the crowd assembled in the square would do credit to a metropolis. In fact all Papéte is here—*must* be here, or go hungry for the day. The hubbub of low-toned savage voices rolls in waves across the morning air. The bright colors of the womens' gowns shift and shuffle in the gray light before

sunrise. We jostle between good-natured groups of dusky-skinned morning gossipers. Here a man in shirt and *pâreu* is buying out the slender stock of pineapples which a girl has exposed for sale ; a woman is purchasing sheets of sheeny white bamboo fibre to be stripped up and woven into a hat ; a boy passes with a long fish for breakfast ; a man crosses our way with a big bunch of *féis*, and again the throng closes about us like a passing cloud, and all detail is lost.

In the fish-market is a most wonderful array of the finny tribe. An ichthyologist would go into raptures over the display of fish, representing so many species unknown to more temperate waters, some of them gorgeously colored, and many of them grotesquely formed. At one stand a man was offering for sale what appeared at first sight to be a bundle of thick green sticks of bamboo, cut into three-foot lengths. On investigation we learned that they were filled with prepared cocoanut and



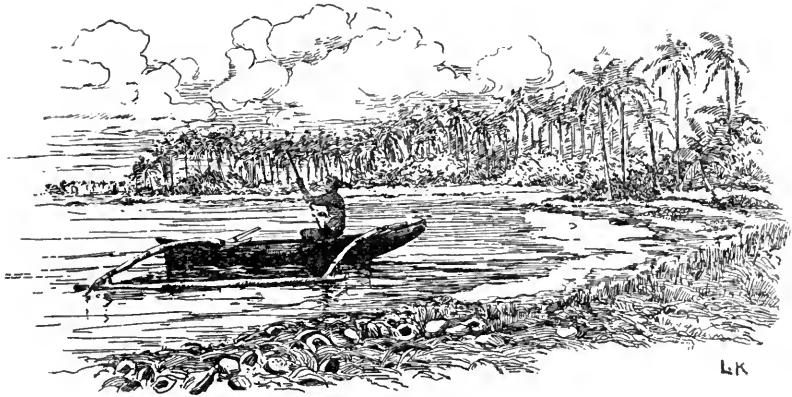
shrimps, with the end of each stick securely stopped with a leaf tied over it. By seven o'clock the market is about sold out, and by eight, the square is deserted save for a few chance passers-by.

After marketing comes the morning coffee, for in the continental fashion breakfast is not served until ten or eleven. When ready, however, it is a most substantial meal, and answers until dinner at six or later. All business is suspended from ten until two, although I have found no evidence of any one seriously injuring his health by over-exertion during the intervening hours. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to the native capacity for work. Certainly the climate is not conducive to hard manual labor, nor have the habits of generations predisposed the people to a life of systematic toil. Indeed, why should they work ? The bread-fruit yields its ample harvest without cultivation ; cocoanuts can be had for the climbing, pineapples for the picking ; and as for fish, a native has only to go out and fill his canoe where a white man might fish all day in vain. The Tahitians are strongly socialistic in their feelings, and are always ready to share their possessions with

improvident relatives or friends. They are not exacting about property rights; and as there is no tax on land, there is little need for money. It is a life free from danger and care, fostered by the most propitious climate the earth can boast. The temperature seldom falls below sixty and rises but little above eighty-five or ninety. There is nearly always a refreshing breeze from the sea, and hurricanes do not reach the shores of this favored land.

Under these conditions the native population can not be expected to furnish any considerable amount of labor for the systematic cultivation of the islands, and the day is not far distant when the difficulty will be met by large importations of Chinese or natives of other islands. The coolies who have come here thus far turn into merchants with surprising facility, and nearly all the smaller shops of Papéete as well as those about the islands are in their hands. Their stores are amusing from the diversity of articles carried and the smallness of the stock. If you would purchase a hat you do not go to a hat store and make your selection. Nearly every shop on the beach has three or four hats for sale, and after visiting six or eight establishments and discovering at last the style you want, it is a trifle disappointing to find the hat does not fit, and that the search must be continued. More than likely you will be told that the hat you have in mind does not exist in Tahiti, but that one of the native women can make it for you. You hunt up the weaver of straw to learn that she plaits only in strips which must be sewed together. The hat you want is all woven and can be secured by sending to the Pómotus. It will be possible to get one by the next boat which means a delay of two or three months; but why should one be in a hurry about a new hat? No one hurries with anything here.

Nor is this the only difficulty encountered by the stranger who would shop in Papéete. Perchance he speaks a little French, and thinks that in a colony of the Republic, that will carry him anywhere. He enters a store and finds the proprietor can converse only in Tahitian. In the next shop Chinese alone is spoken, and the merchant proves to be extremely dull about understanding that his prices are too high. At last your purchase is made, and you offer an American gold piece in payment. It is eagerly accepted, and you receive in exchange sundry pieces of Chile money worth less than half their face value, and some French coins at a different exchange rate, with the complications of Chile dollars, francs, centimes, and I know not what denominations, to fathom. The bewildered purchaser can only look wise and accept whatever is offered him, trusting that



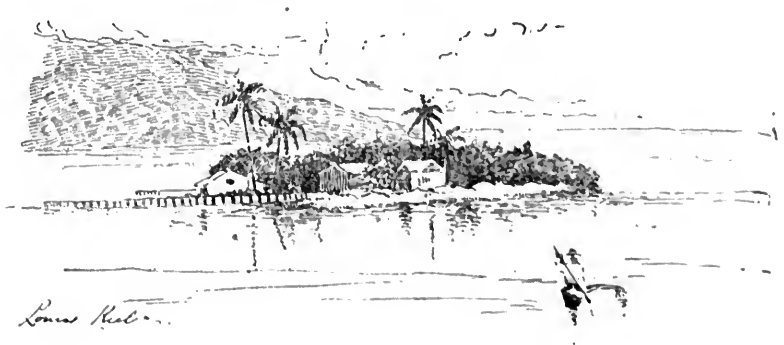
ON THE LAGOON, TAHITI.

it may be right or nearly so. But these are mere details, and do not serve to disturb the even tenor of our way in this land of peace and ease.

Of course there are merchants upon Papéete beach who carry on a large importing and exporting trade. There are French, German, English, and American houses here which transact a surprising amount of business—surprising for a South Sea Island town—but Papéete is the administrative and commercial center of all the French possessions in these waters, and is in constant intercourse with the Pómotus, the Marquésas, the Leeward, and the other islands of the Society group of which Tahiti is the chief. Then there is a goodly commerce with the outer world in the exportation of the various products of the islands—pearl shell and pearls from the Pómotus, and vanilla beans, copra, or dried cocoanut, from Tahiti, as well as some fresh fruits (such as oranges, bananas and cocoanuts) from the various islands for New Zealand. The steamers for San Francisco are now also carrying fresh fruits to the American market. As yet, however, there has been almost no systematic effort made to develop the resources of the islands. The most delicious coffee is grown here, as well as cane sugar, cocoa, and other products of the tropics which have thus far received but little attention. Cotton and rice can be cultivated to advantage, while the possibilities for tropical fruits are almost unlimited. The most delicious guava jelly is made for home consumption, and there is an abundance of avocados, or alligator pears, which are considered a great delicacy at home.

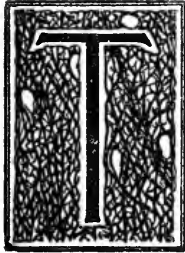
It is surprising that a region so richly endowed by nature should have remained undeveloped so long. Discovered at the beginning of the seventeenth century by that redoubtable Spanish sailor, Fernando de Queros, it was practically unheard of by the other nations of Europe for nearly two hundred years,

until the voyages of Wallis, Bougainville and Cook brought it into prominence. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, English missionaries, through the information furnished by Captain Cook, chose Tahiti for their first efforts in converting the natives. Could that little band of enthusiasts who came here on the *Duff* in the year 1797, revisit the scene of their labors today, they would be sad indeed at the outcome of it all. With the noblest motives, and undoubted courage, they braved unknown dangers to spread the gospel among the heathen—with what result? Today the natives are all professedly Christian or Mormon, and in every district of the islands are costly churches of both Protestant and Catholic denomination. Still, the strife of sects continues; and Mormons and Seventh Day Adventists are picking up the few crumbs already unconsumed. The purity of motive which inspired the early missionaries has been replaced to a large extent by commercialism, and these splendid children of nature living like the birds in a land of plenty are being rapidly changed into abject creatures with the vices of civilization and the superstitions of savagery, beneath the veneer of calico dresses and painted houses! Have they given up their savage customs, their wars and their sacrifices of human victims. Aye, but they have taken upon themselves civilized customs more debasing and more insidiously deadly. They have abandoned their national drink of kava, because its use was attended with heathen rites. With rum there are no rites but only orgies. The example of the sailor and the trader has sunk deeper into their lives than the teaching of the missionary. Despite abuse, the natives of Tahiti never lose their gentleness of disposition, their innate good breeding. It is an experience worth many miles of voyaging to encounter such a people, and to learn from them that Utopia may be more than a dream, and that peace on earth, good will to men, since it has been reality in one race, may sometime be achieved by others who admit themselves superior.



AT LA PAZ.

By ABBY L. WATERMAN.



THE Ball boys had broken jail at Yuma and taken to the desert. When their escape was known, seven hours later, men were sent in every direction seeking their trail. It was lost at the foot of the wall over which the boys had dropped into the sandy road. At daybreak the deputy sheriff, with three men, rode down to the squat adobe house on the bank of the river, and called to the woman frying bacon at an old stove set up outside the kitchen door.

"Halloo, Jess! What do you know about this here?"

"About *what* here?" said the woman.

The deputy felt uncomfortable.

"Don't trifle with the law, Jess. You know what I'm talkin' about. Tell me where's the boys gone!"

The woman put her fry-pan on the back of the stove.

"Oh, it's the boys again! And they're gone? You ought to know where, better'n I, Sheriff. You've seen more of 'em lately than I have." There was just a glint of triumph in the brown eyes that flashed to his. The deputy got down from his horse.

"If you hev helped in this here, Jess, we'll send *you* up, this time—mind what I say! We'll search the house, boys."

The woman stepped to the screen door and held it open for the men to pass.

"You are welcome to look," she said. "Pardon the disorder; I was not prepared for such early visitors."

When the men had satisfied themselves that the fugitives were not in the house, they came out and got on their horses. The woman was taking cornbread from the oven.

"Have you had breakfast?" She was smiling at the deputy.

The man was about to repeat his threat; but—he had not breakfasted. The woman poured some coffee, broke off a piece of the hot bread, and handed them to him before he could answer; then did the same for the other men.

"If you are after the boys, you'll have little chance to eat. Better take it while you can."

"Honest, Jess, don't you know where they are?"

Her laugh rang out. "And if I did, would I tell you?" Then, mockingly, "Honest, Jack, I don't know where they are."

The deputy struck the spurs into his horse.

"Come on, boys, we must meet Franks. We'll be down here again, Jess; don't think you've seen the last of us."

"I'll put on a kettle of beans," she laughed.

As they rode away the deputy said:

"If we catch them fellows, it'll be because we keep a close watch on Jess. It'd 'a' ben jes' like her to hide 'em right under our noses; though I didn't much look to find 'em in the house when Franks sent me down."

"Do you think she knows?" asked one of the men.

"Knows? Knows nothin'! Couldn't tell what she knows if you was to talk till sundown! That's Jess!"

They found Franks at the calaboose. He sat slouched forward in his saddle while the deputy reported. Then he straightened his heavy frame, pushed his sombrero off his forehead, wiped the sweat from his face and neck with a red bandana, and prophesied:

"If we lose them fellows, it'll be because she helps 'em off. If we catch 'em, it'll be because we're too smart for 'er. We'll watch her!"

"What did I tell you?" said the deputy to his men.

And a watch was put on Jess. And Jess knew.

A year ago she had returned to her girlhood home. She found her two brothers professional gamblers—making the money which had kept her in a safe and happy life. They were bad men and fit for any crime. But they loved Jess, these two, though they saw no reason to change their lives for her. And when, at last, Jess learned this, she set to work to keep their love at any cost, and to save those two heads from the gallows. When they were brought up for robbing the Needles stage and killing one of the posse sent out for them, Jess worked fiercely to get them cleared. She failed. Twice she had sent aid to them in prison. There was no proof of this, but she knew she was suspected. When the deputy told her that the brothers had escaped, she knew she would be watched as carefully as they would be trailed. And how, with eyes everywhere, could she get the money to them, which alone could get them safely out of the country? It was days before hope came to her. Many of the men on the posse she knew. Some had been schoolmates of hers. She ran them over in her mind. Then she sent for the deputy. He had just come off the trail the day before, and was jaded from four days in the saddle and the fierce desert heat. But when Jess sent for him he came. She met him on the porch.

"Sit here, Jack; you look tired out! Is there any news?"

"You know the' ain't."

"Have you found *nothing*, Jack?"

"We know they ain't out of the country; we know that much. They's about corralled, Jess."

"Franks has so many parties out, they are sure to be taken sooner or later," she reflected. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes; they'll be took. It's only a matter of time now, for they ain't got no guns—we know *that*, too, Jess."

"And there is five thousand on them, dead or alive. You've been on the trail steadily, haven't you, Jack?"

The deputy wriggled.

"Oh, it ain't the money. I hev to go when I'm sent."

"But if they give themselves up, no one will get the money, will they?"

"Nope."

"If a whole posse took them, five thousand wouldn't be much among them."

The deputy looked at her.

"With the country guarded this way, they can't get much food. Do you think—Jack—they'd starve before they'd give themselves up—starve in some hole?"

"No, I guess they'd give up before they'd do that. Never knew one to starve yet."

"Would you be surprised if they did give themselves up?"

The deputy looked at her again.

"Oh, I don't know, Jess."

"Of course, *then*, no one would get the five thousand?"

"Nope."

"Well, it will end soon. Either they'll be taken or—they'll give themselves up—within a week."

"What are you sayin', Jess?"

"You know what I said!"

The woman stood up. The man stood up, too.

"Do you want it?" she said.

"Jess!"

"Do you want it?"

"Do you know where they be?"

"Do you want it?"

"Yes!"

"Swear to me, no soul shall know it!"

"I swear!"

"Then take the watch on this house tonight, and have two horses, good ones, ready for us."

"For us? How am I to know this ain't no trick?"

"Trick? What do you mean? How could I trick you?"

"Get me into their power."

She laughed out. "What do they want of you, Jack? You are not good to eat. Listen! Two men worn by starvation, without arms—I know that, too. Did I say week?—they'll give themselves up in two days—"

"How do you know that, Jess?"

"Ask how I know! I know—that's all! If they are to be taken it must be tonight. I can't help them—I may help you—Jack."

"I'll do it," said the deputy.

The first light was creeping into the sky when Jess and the deputy rode into the silent, deserted "city of La Paz." Years before, La Paz had been a thriving mining town of five thousand people. But, its mines worked out, the place was deserted. The Indians came down and tore the roofs from the houses to prevent the white men from returning to occupy them. They stood now, crumbling ruins—gray and weird in the early light.

"Is it here, Jess?" whispered the deputy.

"Here!" said the woman. "This was the first place searched! It's—further on."

"Not at the Rancheree? Jess! And I told Franks—"

"What good did it do to tell Franks! Him! And you thought of the Rancheree at first? If *you* had been sheriff, Jack, this would have been over two weeks ago." The deputy reined his horse in closer to hers. He said again, exulting, "The Rancheree! And I told Franks!"

Down the sandy street their horses' feet made little sound. A jack-rabbit sprang away from a heap of brush and the deputy's horse shied. He struck it with his spurs and swore aloud. His voice sounded strangely in the silent place. The woman gave a quick glance toward a sunken adobe at her right. A giant cactus loomed up by the gap that had been a door. They rode on a few paces.

"Jack, I'm tired out. Let's rest here just a moment. Let me get down and sit on this wall. Somewhere back of that heap there's an old well. Get me some water and I'll be as fresh as can be in no time. Here, I'll hold your horse."

The deputy climbed the wall and then turned hesitatingly back to Jess. She drooped there, below him, with her head bent forward on her arms.

"She's clean beat out," he said to himself, and went on. He could find only where the well had been. Its water had dried in the summer heat. He remembered where there was another, and searched for it. It was dry, too. He turned back to Jess.

At the end of the long sandy street the desert stretched away to the hills. Fleeing along the level plain the deputy could see two horsemen. They were going away from La Paz. He felt for his pistol. He had hung it on the saddle. He ran back up the street. Jess sat where he had left her, idly throwing bits of dirt at a lizard. The horses were not there.

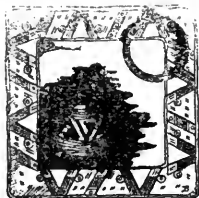
"Did you find the well?" called Jess.

"Where's them horses?" panted the deputy.

"The horses—'is gone,'" said Jess.

"EL BOTÓN."

By CAMILLA LIES KENYON.



LD Antonio was dying. Father Valdez, hastening at sundown to the old man's cabin, found death staring from the dusky, withered face, and blessed the saints that he had come in time.

The air was golden with the soft Santa Barbara sunshine, but in the dim hut the dying man lay shivering beneath his ragged blanket. Around his chest and shoulders was drawn a heavy coat, a world too large, in which still lingered a faint and faded trace of army blue.

The restless, clutching fingers, ever striving to draw the coat close, hinted to the priest of nothing more than approaching death, and set him in all haste about his holy office. Anxious and heedful, Antonio followed the last rites of Mother Church, his sunken eyes staring wistfully and beseeching from his impassive face. No need to threaten or exhort this humble soul, or picture a crueller world to one who had fared so meagerly in this. Fain would the priest pardon and console; yet Antonio eyed him sadly. All but one little corner of his soul was cleansed, but on that—how dark the blemish!

Even while he listened to the holy words, there—in his bosom—his hand closed upon his treasure; the room grew dark with the shadow of the Angel, yet scarcely could confession escape his lips.

It was the secret of a lifetime—the one boon that had kept him at peace with fortune through all these ragged, hungry years. How often had its vainglorious splendors obtruded on his prayers, how often allured him from righteous toil to seasons of blissful, guilty contemplation! It was the one blot unrevealed to his ghostly counselor. For how could he have endured the inevitable mandate, "Destroy the glittering device of Satan!" Now, in this final hour, he weighed it against salvation—and the tempter lost.

"Alas, Padre!" cried out the old man, "I am a great sinner. I have not yet told you all."

"What is it, then, Antonio?" said the priest, gently.

"Madre de Dios!" moaned the unhappy penitent. "It is a great sin—the sin of pride!"

The Father stared in amazement. Far back as his memory led him, Antonio, in his crumbling hut, had been poorest of the poor. Of all the scattered Mission Indians none had dragged out an existence more forlorn. The priest's eye roved through

the miserable hut in pitying wonder, as he asked, "My son, what has tempted you to pride?"

With feeble grasp the old man drew aside the folds of faded blue. To the breast of his old army coat there clung a single shining button.

"Ah, Padre," sighed Antonio, "*el botón!*"

For a silent moment the glittering fetich swam before the priest's wet eyes. He cleared his throat, but the healing words fell upon deaf ears. The dead hand stiffened on the button.

San Francisco.

THE CYCLONE.

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.



EVER will the infidel feel himself more the tool of blind chance; the devout more divorced from God; nor the pagan more the victim of malignant devils, than when the cyclone, fanged with lightning, comes roaring down upon him. The volcano can equal it in strength, but not in cunning; and the wicked playfulness of the terror of the air is as haunting to the spirit as the flames, earth-shakings and molten rivers of the volcano.

The volcano gives warning, usually, and then charges away, like an angry bull, or a man; while the cyclone comes in a second, strikes once and is gone—like a snake or a bad woman. So easy and graceful it is, too, to heighten the simile—wreaking destruction without thought or effort.

Once, on the flat lands of Nebraska I saw one from a car platform. It was a windy, open night where we were, the air full of a balmy sweetness, the moon brilliant and nearly full; but to the South a cyclone danced lightly over the sand-hills, whirling all by itself. No man could say how far away it was, in that land sans perspective; still it was evidently not too near to be enjoyed in comfort, so we watched it. The lightning lit its spread draperies in filmy glows, shot with white streaks. Later I came East, and while the many-colored glamour of the city was still over me, saw a woman dance at a roof-garden show. By some ingenious arrangement of lights, she whirled for awhile with her shapely self cut black in silhouette, while her billowy swathings floated in a luminous cloud around her. In an instant there came to my mind the memory of my lonely cyclone out in the sand-hills of Nebraska. The dancer may have been the estimable mother of a family, for all I know; but they certainly looked alike.

One cannot live long in the country of the "twister" with-

out believing it possessed of an intelligence, as freakish as it is ready. So many strange and unaccountable things are in the history of each visitation of the kind that it comes easy to associate the phenomenon with a devil of great levity and malice, blended. For instance, I landed in Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, the day after their cyclone. A man took me out and showed me the remains of the railroad bridge. One half lay at the bottom of the river, a tangled mass of trusses, beams and stays, that resembled the work basket of a giantess after it had encountered a giant kitten. Now, five feet from where iron girders had been torn in two, stood a barrel of brine, used to put out chance fires on the bridge. Not a drop of water was spilled from the barrel. It is possible that a man could have stood where that water barrel was, and watched the bridge being tied in hard knots, himself suffering nothing further than the loss of his hat and pride in himself as the Lord of Creation. Although only a boy at the time, I found it easy to rock the barrel with force enough to make the water splash. That it had not so been rocked before was proved by the fact that the water was within a fraction of an inch of the top. It gives me a curious feeling to think of that small, definite margin between annihilation and safety.

The survivors told stories without number of the peculiarities of their aerial avalanche. Perhaps what I repeat are stock-yarns, but I hope and believe that the good folk were still too subdued of mind to deliberately "stuff" an innocent.

One was a bitter tragedy. A man, flying through the air, caught the stub of a telegraph pole and held on. He saw a figure bearing toward him, and, stout heart that he was, in spite of the numbing roar of the world gone mad around him, he clutched for it and grasped it, drawing it to the comparative safety of the pole. It was a girl child. He had no more than pulled her to him when a great splinter of wood, speeding like a missile from a catapult, cruelly transfixed the baby, loosing its little soul on the instant.

An old farmer, living at a distance from the town, did not discover the cyclone until it was nearly on top of him. In an ecstasy of terror he grabbed the kitchen broom, ran to the door, waved his weapon and shouted "Shoo!" at the top of his lungs. As if it appreciated the joke of this simple incantation, the cyclone veered and left the old man unharmed.

On the railroad tracks in town stood a number of loaded freight cars. These, a locomotive, and a large section of the track were yanked up by the roots and scattered in all directions. Some four or five miles off a party of gentlemen of the strenuous life, commonly known as tramps, were encamped. I do not know that times were unusually hard with them but

shall say so for the sake of morals and the story. Suddenly it began to rain hams, bacon and canned goods upon the astonished tramps—the contents of the freight cars. So rude was the distribution of this manna, that the hoboes took to shelter. A ham, hurtling down through a mile of air, will make just as effectual an end of a tramp as a thirteen-inch shell, or a fellow officer and gentleman, will of a naval hero, besides being unpoetic. For some time smoked meats and groceries swatted the fair face of nature; then, the bombardment over, Weary Willie sallied forth to gather the plunder, rejoicing in the corroboration of the old adage that it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good.

Another man appeared on the highway when the trouble was past, attired in a hen-coop which had been jammed over his head, and from which he could by no means extricate himself unaided, as his arms were pinned to his sides by his wooden overcoat.

A grim commentary on this sportive work was the line of figures stretched out on the depot platform—over seventy of them, if I remember right. The strange, dirty, dark complexion of the survivors would strike you oddly too, until you found out that it was caused by their faces being blown full of sand—literally driven into their skins, I mean. Then you began to understand what a cyclone was.

All this done by mere air in motion! There are many things we know, but do not believe, paradoxical as that statement seems. We know the earth is round, for example; but most of us do not in the least believe it. The earth in the geography is round, not this flat or mountainous earth on which we live. So with the cyclone; if you look around your room you see nothing; if you wave your hand you feel nothing, except a sensation of cold. That it is the same stuff with which your room is filled that tears up the ground, I doubt any one believes. Would a man believe you could fire a charge of air through an armor plate? Emphatically not; yet if the energy were at our disposal, the thing could be demonstrated as readily as the old experiment of firing a candle through a board.

Hardness and softness are only terms of convenience. In a fluid the particles are more mobile, and offer small resistance to a slowly moving body. But water will flatten a bullet as does solid rock. In hydraulic placer camps, a workman bends a bar of iron over the stream of water as it issues from the nozzle of the monitor, to astonish a visitor. As for air we have a still more striking illustration of its rigidity toward a rapid blow. If you place a plant leaf on a plate of steel, a stick of dynamite on top of that, and fire the dynamite, an impression of the leaf will be driven into the steel. That the soft material of the leaf

should have the power to dent steel is remarkable, and the fact that it is the cushion of fluent, elastic air above which gives resistance to the generated gases of the explosion, enabling them to drive the leaf into the steel is more remarkable yet. Dynamite gives a very quick explosion. To so sudden a blow air is more unyielding than steel.

Now it is much the same thing whether the air is struck rapidly or strikes with rapidity. As proof of this, take the blast from big guns. On board the "Brooklyn," U. S. N., an officer showed me a heavy bronze plate that had been torn from the place to which it was rivetted by the escaping gases from the muzzles of the turret guns fired over it. The steel deck beams of war-ships are often bent by the down-blow of the gun blasts. Without pretense to accuracy of figures, it may be taken that the gases from a big gun leave the muzzle with the speed of the projectile—2,000 feet a second, in round numbers, which is about 24 miles a minute.

The estimates for velocity of the whirling current of the cyclone vary from as high as 2,000 miles an hour to 800 miles an hour, for the extremely violent storms. The maximum figure gives 36 miles per minute; the minimum 13 plus. You see, the air of the cyclone has a striking force comparable to the blast of a cannon. As a shot-gun will drive powder grains into your skin, so a cyclone will drive dust grains into your skin. The real speed of the issuing gases of a gun is, of course, greater than the projectile, but the illustration holds for all that.

Then, too, striking force is not the cyclone's only weapon of offense. That a vacuous state is approached within the funnel is shown by strong evidence—mainly that of houses found with their walls blown out in every direction, as though from an explosion within. That is what would happen if the pressure were suddenly greatly diminished on the outside of a house by the passage of the cyclone vacuum over it. The contained air, instantly expanding, would cause just such a result. If the pressure outside were reduced from the normal fifteen pounds to the square inch to zero, the pressure inside would be a ton to the square foot. It is unnecessary to say the house couldn't stand the pressure; nor is it subjected to as much in reality. A lessening of a little over two pounds, however, would cause an out-thrust on, say, a roof twenty feet by thirty, of ninety tons, and that in a clap. Under the conditions, I am willing to bet that roof lands in the next county.

So, if the cyclone fails in the attempt to knock your house down, it is pretty sure to blow it up.

The lifting and carrying power of violent cyclones is almost

beyond belief. Large buildings have been picked up whole, and carried for miles. In the Mount Carmel cyclone, June 4th, '77, the steeple of a church was dropped fifteen miles from where it had been wrenched loose! It is said that people who have been through an earthquake never have confidence in anything again. To see Mother Earth, on whom they have depended all their lives for a symbol of stability, get up and stagger like the dissipated ocean is fatal to the quality.

It would seem that the statement could be made with equal truth of those who have survived a cyclone. There is small choice between having a fluidized earth rolling beneath you, and having a solidified sky falling upon you.

All this is so beyond the power of ordinary winds that it naturally creates wonder at the cause of this enormous strength. Before going into the genesis of the storm, I want to make a plea for the word "cyclone," hitherto used to symbolize it. It is not the proper word, as the reader knows. The technical "cyclone," that of the weather-man, is a circular storm, but of dimensions never approached by the other. "Tornado" is the pedantic title of the smaller, infinitely more destructive storm. Yet the fact that the word "cyclone" has been established in the popular mind, proves what I have always felt concerning it, that it has a look and sound of compact wickedness, altogether lacking in the musical Spanish "tornado." "Cyclone" is a fine word. The mere sound of it gives you a chilliness. A similar fact in the employment of words is exhibited in the familiar sign "Danger!" which will stop you anywhere—perhaps right here on the page. Now substitute "Peril!" and who would falter? Yet peril is the exact word to express an imminent risk of harm—danger may be remote. Words are like men: they gradually fall into the signification they are really meant for, no matter what their start in life has been.

But to avoid confusion, it is necessary to change from "cyclone" to "tornado," in getting at the history of it. The tornado usually forms on the southeastern border of a cyclone, which shows they have something in common; and both storms are revolving wind currents, spirally ascending, with a decreased atmospheric pressure in the interior. All the extensive storms in the United States that move from West to East are cyclones. The shifting of the winds during a storm means that another part of the storm is then over the place of observation. In general structure and behavior, the tornado may be said to be a very small cyclone of great violence; there the resemblance ceases.

The tornado is allied more closely, if not identical with other disturbances, ranging from the little dust eddy, familiar on the

streets on gusty days, to the White Squall of the Eastern ocean, and the sand-storm of the desert. It is likely that hail-storms are species of tornadoes. To come at once to the tornado that makes history, in appearance it is a jetty black cloud, from which hangs a tail of vapor reaching to the ground, variously appearing as a funnel, an hour-glass, or an inverted funnel in shape, and widely differing in diameter, in different storms, this tail of cloud being known to revolve with extraordinary velocity.

The most credible theory of the tornado, refers its origin to the meeting of two opposing winds, the physical condition preceding the outbreak being a widely marked variation of temperature between two places comparatively near together. The immediate cause is that this variation sets up winds; a warm wind underneath, usually saturated with moisture, and a cold, dryer wind above it. The cold wind has a tendency to sink, the warm one to rise; in following these tendencies they meet, and the meeting gives birth to the prodigy.

Terrible is the conflict of the winds, which results in the tornado as a compromise. The vanguard clouds of each are scattered, torn, hurled hither and yon; shot up, down, and around; then a dark mass of brooding cloud settles toward the ground, which can be seen to whirl violently; finally the complete tornado, with its dark smooth funnel, speeding on its way—and woe, woe! to them in the way!

A rough illustration of the gyratory motion caused by the winds in passing may be made by rolling a pencil between the hands—the pencil standing for the tornado, and the hands for the opposing winds.

The illustration has the weakness that the pencil revolves at only the combined speed of the hands, while the tornado much exceeds the combined speed of its causing winds, as far as is known. Perhaps some other element enters into its being—electricity, for instance. Electricity is to guessing at primal causes what a Mahatma is to theosophy: if you do not get any other satisfactory solution, charge the matter to or with electricity. Still, if the announced results of recent experiments be facts, electricity plays a more important part in meteorological phenomena than has previously been accorded it.

The rapid rotation of the tornado hurls its component air particles away from the center, leaving a more or less partial vacuum in the interior. The rarefaction of the air also causes precipitation of water vapor, thus accounting for the blackness of the cloud, and the excessive fall of water and hail that sometimes accompanies these storms. At times the word cataract is the only thing to define the rainfall—it would have to be seen to be

appreciated. Nothing in the air-world, not even the tremendous rain of the tropics, approaches it at its worst.

Now, although the lower wind is usually moisture-laden, it need not necessarily be so, and then, unless there is dust and sand, or other easily transported matter, the cone of the tornado is not marked. This happens in the dreaded white squall, which is a fair weather storm, occurring when the air is brilliantly clear, and heralded only by white clouds at a great height. Nevertheless, those white clouds whirl, and the sea beneath is heaped up, where the vacuum is, proving the nature of the storm. Many other storms escape their true classification as tornadoes, because the cone is not observed. It has been suggested that the vicious squalls of mountain lakes, and many other sudden, hard blows are tornadoes on a small scale, the funnels of which are very much inclined from the perpendicular, or entirely horizontal, looking like a roll of black cloud, or perhaps unmarked. The opposing-wind theory of the tornado makes it strictly analogous to the whirlpools formed in running water. The whirlpool at Niagara is then a huge water tornado. When one remembers how full of small whirls any moving stream of water is, and that the air is in constant motion, it is seen how reasonable it is to believe that the tornado is of frequent occurrence, even in localities supposed exempt, and that it only escapes recognition either by its inferior force, or by its well-known characteristic, the funnel, being absent.

One feature of the tornadoes, and of bad hail-storms that I have seen, is a curious cloud formation in advance of the storm, which, for lack of better phrase, I call a cobble-stone front. The sky appears to be paved with huge black cloud boulders, each one sharply defined, set closely together in a mortar of lighter cloud. That this is universal, I do not know. I have never heard reference to it; yet I have seen it a number of times, and by means of this knowledge was able to predict that a storm would be a hail-storm at the place I lived in, although hail in any amount was practically unknown there. I was laughed at, but sure enough we had a smart little shower of ice, proving that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. If you see such a storm front approaching you, protect your window glass at least.

One reason for believing that the hail-storm and tornado are the same thing, is that hail can be explained by no other tenable hypothesis. The accepted theory of hail is that it is formed of water, caught in an up-current from the lower cloud, and carried to a great altitude, where it freezes; it then returns, gathers

more water, is carried up again, and so on, and so on, the number of coats on the hail-stone indicating how many journeys it has made, and the hardness and quality of the ice indicating how high it went each time. Now, none other than a gyrating body of air could thus perform with the hail-stone, and all small, wildly gyrating bodies of air, no matter in what plane they revolve, are in the larger sense, tornadoes. When the tornado funnel leaves the ground, little damage is done beneath it, although there will be a severe blow. Perhaps the hail storm is a tornado with its maximum force in the higher air; the tornado of destruction is always formed aloft.

Taking it for granted that the hail-storm is a tornado, it is interesting to note that efforts to fight these storms have been made in the grape-growing region of the continent of Europe, and out of these efforts comes a curious fact.

The grape-growers' weapon is a cannon, which shoots, not a solid projectile, but a vortex-ring at the threatening storm. The vortex-ring of the cannon is precisely the same phenomenon as the ring which a smoker blows from his mouth or the locomotive from its stack. It must be remembered that a smoke-ring is really an air-ring, and that the smoke particles have nothing to do with it more than to show its shape, being carried along in the whirl, just as the sand or water vapor is in the funnel of a tornado; for the vortex-ring *is* a species of tornado. Cut it in some place and straighten it out, and there's your tornado. It is formed under similar conditions; in blowing a smoke ring, the smoker ejects a jet of air from his mouth; this is retarded at its outer edge by the friction of the surrounding air, while the interior of the jet progresses at its original speed; the result is the revolving upon itself of the ring. If you will slip a small, round, tight-fitting rubber band over a lead pencil, you will see that in moving forward and back it turns upon itself as does the smoke-ring and for the same reason, although in this case the retardation is from within, instead of without. It is a long distance from the pretty little smoke-ring to the city-destroying twister, but it is a straight road, nevertheless.

Well, the ring of the vortex cannon, being generated with great force, acts as a solid body. Fired along the ground it will cut its way through shrubbery or grass; fired through a light screen it bores a round hole in it; fired into the air it soars aloft, singing a shrill metallic note.

We have mentioned the effect of air currents of high velocity, and the velocity of the revolving currents of these powder-generated rings is very great. They are, in fact, man-made tornadoes of power. As to their efficiency in attacking the hail-

storm, opinions differ, but the preponderating testimony seems to be that they are in a measure successful. So, the way to fight tornadoes is *with* tornadoes.

And for a truly astonishing corollary to the proposition that the tornado and vortex-ring are identical, physically, the vortex-atom theory of matter claims attention. This hypothesis, formulated by Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, and based on the work done by Helmholtz, showing the remarkable properties possessed by a vortex in a fluid which is infinitely everything—the ether—puts forth the idea that the whole of material creation is nothing more than an agglomeration of tiny whirls in said ether. That is to say, that you, and I, and the world around us, are simply a gathering of myriads of little tornadoes! Small wonder that we get into trouble.

One part of this theory which is odd to the unpractised eye, is the statement, mathematically demonstrated, that a vortex could not be started in such a fluid as the ether is supposed to be—homogeneous, incompressible, devoid of viscosity—by any mechanical means known to man. That looks like a personal creative force. And once started, it could not by any means be stopped. That looks as if the end were not yet.

Now let us glide up the scale from these, the vortex-atom tornadoes, the very least in nature, to the tornadoes that are known to take place on the sun. Where, oh, where are the glories of our most magnificent twister gone? Fancy a storm of incandescent gases and metal vapors, rainbow-hued; glowing with a heat unknown on earth, except in the electric arc; with a funnel large enough, perhaps, to engulf our sphere of hopes, aspirations, bitternesses and vanities; and whirling at a speed absolutely impossible to appreciate! What a numbing awfulness of splendor! Let us get back to earth again, and not feel quite so insignificant.

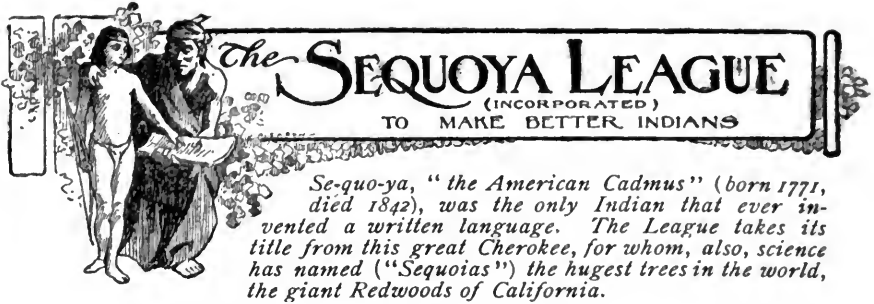
Our tornadoes occur most frequently in the months of May, April, June and July, in the order given. The daily maximum period is in the afternoon, a little later than the maximum for thunder-storms. Yet they occur all through the year. The banner day for tornadoes was February 19th, '84, when over sixty were formed in the tornado district of the Mississippi, and the greatest destruction was wrought at midnight. It was an energetic exception—3,300 people were killed and wounded, and 10,000 houses destroyed. Those are the figures, yet it is difficult to see how 10,000 houses could be wrecked without hurting more than 3,300 people. If the houses simply fell down, they ought to get more than that, and a house does not simply fall down in a tornado. It sails into the air and jumps down. The cellar walls and the chimney top mingle their earth. Floor boards

and shingles shake hands, and of the fragments that remain it would be difficult to gather seven bushels. You would think that such an upheaval would score ten out of a possible ten of all within reach—but there are the figures. It is incomprehensible. Still, most of the tornado's feats are.

The United States is the land of the tornado, and the Mississippi valley is the especially favored district within the United States. They are preceded by warm, vapor-laden winds, and followed by cold, dry ones, instead of occurring in a calm atmosphere, as is so frequently stated. Their paths vary from a few rods to two miles in width; they progress along their paths at a rate of speed varying from an almost stationary condition to 150 miles per hour; their duration varies from a few seconds to half an hour, the great majority being in the seconds column. Seventy-five per cent. move from southwest to northeast, and almost all move in some easterly direction. The whirling movement of the funnel is from left to right, the reverse of the way most folks wind up their watches. Perhaps the reverse is necessarily true, when you wind up a community. However, in the southern hemisphere they turn the other way, so that doesn't seem to hold good.

Thousands of people have been killed by them in the United States, and the financial loss will approach a hundred million dollars, if not exceed it. One factor that makes the charges lower is that the region of greatest occurrence is also a thinly settled region. People that thickly, and the figures will be appalling. All too often does the traveler see the unmistakable passage shorn through the tree-growth of a western river bank.

Is it possible for man to tame this monster? One cannot be optimistic just at present. The experiments I mentioned before on atmospheric electricity may show a way, and the hail-storm fighters of Europe suggest another. Many years ago a Mr. Blunt patented a tornado protector for towns. It consisted of four cannon, mounted at the cardinal points outside the limits, arranged to veer through a small arc, and to discharge themselves automatically when the wind reached a certain pressure. He founded his hopes on the reports of sea-captains, that they had broken water-spouts by cannon discharge. This was before the days of the vortex cannon. Perhaps a combination of the new with the old can effect a certain insurance. For the present, however, the resident of the "twister" district will rely on the speed of his legs to get him into his cyclone pit, where, crouched against its windward wall, he can wait for his house to be resolved into something less than its elements, and be thankful to God if no worse harm befall him.



Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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 **HARTER** to establish Ponus Council of the Sequoya League, with headquarters at Stamford, Conn., has been granted to:

Ernest Thompson Seton,	Francisca P. King,
Grace Gallatin Seton,	H. N. King,
Jeannie P. Platt,	S. M. Ferguson,
Frances H. Merritt,	E. D. Ferguson,
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Elizabeth L. Smith,	Kate C. Barnes,
Walter M. Smith,	Mary D. Smith,
Maria L. Smith,	Annie Beecher Scoville,
Harriet Beecher Scoville DeVan.	

Interest in the League's work is steadily extending, and the formation of a strong local Council in Connecticut, under the leadership of people of the character of the above-named founders, will undoubtedly be the beginning and nucleus of important work there toward the Making of Better Indians.

THE MOQUI INVESTIGATION.

 **THE** inquiry asked by the Sequoya League touching the administration of Charles E. Burton, Superintendent and Special Disbursing Agent of the Navajo and Moqui Indians, has been concluded. It was absolutely established by this investigation that the rules of the Service have been repeatedly and flagrantly violated in the matter of physical

punishment. The rules absolutely forbid flogging in any case. It was proved that under the Burton regime it has been applied whenever someone felt like it. The rawhide was introduced in evidence.

It was absolutely proved that Mr. Burton had Moqui men held, and cut their hair under duress; that he overstepped and violated even the most liberal interpretation of the notorious Hair Cut Order; that he did not confine it to "employees" nor apply it with "tact and patience;" that he compelled it by what he calls "Constructive Force"—which common people would call intimidation by six-shooters, handling and threats.

It was absolutely established that his administration has been marked by illegal violence and actual brutality. Three of his principal subordinates were proved to have been brutes—Kampmeyer, Vorhies and Ballinger. Vorhies was dismissed the service, not by Mr. Burton; Mr. Burton maintained the unspeakable Kampmeyer nearly four years, and has since steadily maintained Kampmeyer's worthy successor—Ballinger—and defended and stood by him in the investigation.

It was proved that Mr. Burton occasionally, and some of his subordinates more than occasionally, carry six-shooters among these Quaker Indians—which none of them have any legal or departmental right to do, and which only cowards would think of doing.

It was proved that to fill one of his schools Mr. Burton raided a Moqui town with armed men, dragged children out of their homes and down the cliff, and had his armed posse pull "guns" on the protesting parents; and that some of the latter were cracked over the head with six-shooters.

It was absolutely proved that threats were made which anyone, even remotely familiar with these people, knows to be as terrible to them as any threat could be.

The League is perfectly content to submit that these things sustain all its vital contentions; and if that is the sort of administration to be used by the government toward the people it is in honor and in promise bound to protect, to educate, to uplift, and to "fit for the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship," let us have the exact definition and admission.

But now comes an unexpected humor in the case. And it shows one of the serious difficulties in bringing about reasonable methods in our treatment of our wards. The investigation was conducted fairly, squarely and thoroughly by one of the best men in the Indian Service; one of the most upright, experienced and shrewd. He was assisted, on behalf of the League, by my own trusted assistant, a man of spotless integrity and

extraordinary acumen—handicapped only by the fact that he had never before seen an Indian community, nor ever before come in contact with the labyrinth of the Service. The well known tendency of Indian witnesses to Fall Down in the face of a Power they fear and cannot understand, that strange obsession which has made children even of the warlike Indians of this country, and has deepened the helplessness of these Hopi "People of Peace"—an obsession which none of the investigating party seem to apprehend at all, but one so real and so generic that no scholar in the field looks on it as less than vital; the reverence for authority and the unwillingness to bear witness against it—brought about a procession of lapses which would be ludicrous were it not sad. And there was so long a sequence of failures to establish non-essential details in the evidence gathered by the League, that both Mr. Moody and Inspector Jenkins seem to have become seasick with the motion. Or, to put the figure otherwise, they could not find the forest, there were so many trees.

The League, which was founded to get justice, is not here to deny it. A white man is as good as an Indian to it, so long as he behaves as well. In the thickest of the fray it stated its belief that Mr. Burton is an honorable and nice man who would adorn some other sphere of activity. This belief is fully confirmed by the investigation. It never accused him of being a personal bully and brute; it did charge him with being a Pin-head—and it believes that, under oath, Inspector Jenkins will not declare that he believes this accusation unjust. It accused him of maintaining an administration marked by brutality. If tying a man's hands behind him with baling wire and chopping off his hair; if kicking children, smashing furniture, bullying women, and the like, be brutal, the charge sticks. The League has nowhere accused Mr. Burton of individual use of brutal violence; it has proved beyond peradventure that for years on end he has upheld brutal subordinates, and made his record of "efficiency in filling the schools," by brutal violence—applied by subordinates.

Inspector Jenkins' report has gone forward to the Secretary of the Interior. Whether, like the League's representative, he was able to revise himself upon digestion of his own evidence, I do not know. At the outset he was as much carried away by the non-essentials as was Mr. Moody, and deemed the attack on Mr. Burton's administration "outrageous." Maybe it was.

It failed to be proved that Hopi children now flee when Mr. Burton approaches. It was charged that they fled when he or his subordinates approached. The League believes that it has

unimpeachable evidence that they did so for both ; but it is several months since the accusation was made ; and a few pounds of ten-cent candy are quite competent to have changed the situation in that time. I think it is not of evidence that the children did not flee in terror from some of the subordinates ; or that they never fled from Mr. Burton.

That the time since it was first known to Mr. Burton that his administration was under scrutiny by the League has not been wasted without preparing a defence—whether the candy theory is a shrewd guess or not—I have in my hands enough letters, signed by Mr. Burton, to prove. I have also copies of letters sent him by those to whom he appealed—in each case favorable to him personally, and in each case severely criticising his treatment of the Indians.

That the League was not mistaken in any vital charge of brutal administration, the best witness is Supervisor Jenkins himself. He recommends the summary dismissal of Kampmeyer from the Service. Burton, after sustaining him at Oraibi for more than three years, asked his *transfer* (and I believe not on charges), to bully Indians somewhere else. Inspector Jenkins similarly recommends that Ballinger be “demoted” in the Service, and put down in salary and position to some place where he will be under the constant eye of an inspector. Vorhies is already dismissed. Common sense, as well as the rules of the Service, make Mr. Burton specifically responsible for the acts of his subordinates. Neither would hang him for a murder by his assistant ; but when for years he maintains, upholds and defends brutal subordinates, his responsibility exceeds theirs.

The League is never afraid of the truth ; that is the thing it aims at. It has never attacked Mr. Burton’s private character. It has charged that he was an unfit person to hold his present position ; it believes that charge absolutely established by the present investigation. It said frankly that it would be easier and pleasanter to attack a palpably bad man than a Good Person whose mental and ethical limitations make him Impossible.

It is true that the best known and in many ways the most vital witnesses named by the League, and by it requested to be summoned, were not present—nor, so far as known, notified of the investigation. They are scattered and remote. It would have been costly to bring them to the spot. Thomas V. Keam, the widely known and unimpeachable veteran who for a quarter of a century has known the Moqui better, and has done them more good, than any other white man ; Dr. J. A. Munk, of Los Angeles, a scholar of special research in the Southwestern field ;

Dr. George A. Dorsey, curator of the Field Columbian Museum; Mr. H. R. Voth, for years a missionary among the Hopi and an ethnological student of serious standing; Mr. A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, a man who needs no voucher; Mr. E. R. Hoopes, of Media, Pa.; the artists Sauerwen and Monsen; Dr. Frank Russell, of the Peabody Museum; Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, the most intimate student of the Hopi—none of these were summoned, and, so far as is known, none of them were advised of the investigation, though all of them were specifically asked by the League to be summoned. All of them are prominent.

But it did not need them. Mr. Burton's own testimony and that of his most friendly subordinates clinches every serious charge the League has made against him.

Perhaps it ought not to be necessary to translate reasonably plain English, but the fact that two so good men were misled certainly indicates the propriety of spelling it out. Inspector Jenkins "could not find any evidence" of "a reign of terror" nor of "filling the schools at the point of the pistol." The League did not charge that this six-shooter summons took the place of the school bell every morning, nor that the Hopi were reduced by fright to a state of coma. It might be necessary in an insane asylum to repeat, day after day, the program of "the Raid," as described by Burton himself in his official report (printed beyond); but it was not necessary with the Hopis. It would not be with any sane person. The individual pistols of Kampmeyer and Vorhies, and the six-shooter round-up conducted by Mr. Burton on this occasion, were "to fill the schools," and were "at the point of the six-shooter." An Indian certainly does not need an interpreter to tell him that the man who did these things once will do them again if need be. Doubtless no one concerned will pretend that in case the tactful Raid of February 2nd, last past, had failed to scare the Moquis into submission, equally gentle and enlightened methods would not have been repeated. Whatever decent measures Mr. Burton may have employed to fill his schools, he did employ this outrageous one; and the Indians know, and every one knows, that he would have employed it again had not the Indians been sufficiently terrorized.

When the League charged that Mr. Burton had caused a reign of terror on the reservation, it knew whereof it affirmed. One need not expect, indeed, on going to Moqui, to find every Indian with "a set, white face" and his knees knocking together. It may be, of course, that using a rawhide on children whom any gentle woman can manage without a switch, and who were never in their lives whipped by their parents, nor

ever-disobeyed them, fills these pupils with trust and love. It may be that the invasion of the homes of Oraibi, the dragging of their children down the precipice, the thumping of parents on the head with six-shooters when they objected—not struck, not fought, not drew weapons, but protested in the Quakerish fashion of these people, which is very well brought out in Mr. Moody's report—it may be that instead of inspiring a "reign of terror," these things, taken on top of Mr. Kampmeyer's years of rifle and revolver pedagogics, and fisticuff suasion, Vorhies's refinements and Ballinger's educative boot applied where it would do the most good to trembling children, and the long years of threats by a succession of Misfits to cannonade their towns, and deprive them of their children, acted only as a Mother Winslow's Syrup on the people of Moqui. It may be that all these gentle and soothing influences induced a feeling of holy, settled calm and security; and that, if the truth were known, we should find the Hopi apply their evening devotions to praying for more Kampmeyer, Vorhies, Ballinger and Burton. All this may be. Almost anything may be—if you think so.

The Hopi are ethnically in about the development of a ten-year-old child—except that they are much more gentle and much more tractable than most American ten-year-olds. I do not wish to be sarcastic, but it is difficult for me to conceive of anything funnier than the conviction of two admirable men that the Hopi were not scared, simply because they could not find a Hopi going about with his teeth chattering. American women and children, and men too, for that matter—are often deadly afraid of certain things. They may not have Spasms, but they are Afraid. May be they ought not to be, but they are. It may be that if Mr. Burton and his posse were forcibly to enter a hundred homes in Los Angeles, or in Washington, drag out the children, stick six-shooters in the faces of the parents, belay a few of them across the skull with the aforesaid six-shooters, march seventeen of them to prison forty miles away, and officially recommend (and *maybe* personally threaten) that some of them be sent to States Prison for the capital offense of protecting their children—it may be none of the parties concerned would be Scared, and possibly all of them would agree that this was an educational measure marked by "tact and patience," and eminently designed to fit the children and the parents thus approached for the "higher responsibilities of American citizenship."

It is absolutely impossible to argue with one who believes as Inspector Jenkins did, that after all the threats, violence and

assaults with deadly weapons which are absolutely proved, the Indians were not intimidated. It is a matter notorious to all that are entitled to speak on the subject at all, that even among the Apaches and Sioux, and other most war-like Indians this continent has ever known, the government system has cowed them ; and the Hopi who are so different in their history and in their character from any other Indian tribe have felt the pressure at least no less. It ought to need no commentary. It does not, to anyone who knows Indians—or children. These do not wear their hearts on their sleeve. Are there some things it is hard for you to find out from your own child ? Do you think that by being Mayor or Senator or other Dignity, you can go through your own ward and ask the voters to tell you each the thermometer of his domestic relations ? Doubtless every man in the service is familiar with the readiness of certain classes of Indians to “complain ;” but certainly every field scholar knows the infinite reserve of all Indians under certain circumstances. Go to any pueblo in New Mexico or Arizona with all Washington at your back, and the best interpreter, and you will meet more politeness but as much reticence as we ourselves employ toward strangers. But let some one come in whom these people know and trust, or who can talk to them, and you will be astounded at the change of countenance and of confidence.

But if the Hopi are repressed, they were not needed. The League’s contention is established by Mr. Burton’s own testimony and that of his own witnesses. For that matter I do not think it would be necessary to bring any other evidence than Mr. Burton’s own report of “the Raid” before the bar of public opinion in the United States, to prove the League’s contention that Mr. Burton would much better become some other sphere in life than the direction of the destinies of the Hopi.

The one thing that the League is after is better conditions among the Indians. That this investigation will relieve the Hopi, there is no reasonable doubt. Whether Mr. Burton shall be transferred, as he should be, to some place where his “discretion” will be exercised as toward people something like his own Navajos, with whom he has been sufficiently discreet, it is too early to prophesy ; but in the meantime, it is probably quite safe to say that the old regime in Moqui is at an end.

Mr. Moody’s very conservative and fair-minded report follows ; and includes Mr. Burton’s official account of How he Got Scholars with Six-Shooters.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

MR. MOODY'S REPORT.

To the Executive Committee of the Sequoia League:

As duly commissioned special representative of the Sequoia League, invited by the Department to attend the investigation of Chas. E. Burton, Superintendent and Special Disbursing Agent for the Moquis and Navajos, I have to report that Indian Inspector Jas. E. Jenkins and myself reached Keam's Cañon, Arizona, on Monday, July 27th, leaving there finally on Friday, August 7th. Seven of the eight Moqui villages were personally visited; full opportunity was given to any Indian to make any desired complaint; those Indians whom the League had named as witnesses were specially summoned; and all white employes were carefully examined under oath. Inspector Jenkins conducted the investigation with the greatest fairness, and without the slightest evidence of desire to "whitewash" any person. He impressed me as a man of mature and well-balanced judgment, as nearly impartial as possible, not easy to blind or deceive, quiet but with convincing force of character, absolutely fearless and conscientious. He gave repeated and full assurance, both public and private, that witnesses would be fully protected by the Department; and I did not see the slightest evidence that any testimony was withheld on account of fear or intimidation. Mr. Burton stated at the beginning of the investigation that he wanted the whole truth to appear, and his conduct throughout verified this. No objection was made to some testimony offered by witnesses called by the League which any trial court would have excluded as "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial." I was treated with entire courtesy, and was given every opportunity to make whatever enquiry I might desire, apart from either the Inspector or any of the employes. In fact I visited each of the seven villages, either wholly alone or with no companion but an interpreter chosen by myself, and conversed with men, women and children in each.

MINOR ALLEGATIONS DISPROVED.

As the investigation proceeded, it became clear that the preliminary enquiry of the League, though sincere, earnest and searching, could by no means be called impartial. All the affidavits offered came from persons who had temptation to personal prejudice against Mr. Burton; and most of them were challenged on other grounds. Some of the witnesses named by the League failed to testify as was expected; and others were among Mr. Burton's strongest witnesses. Before passing to those vital charges which were fully established during the investigation, common justice requires that other allegations unproved or clearly disproved, be dealt with.

There was no competent evidence that intimidation or threat had been used to prevent employes from discussing the policies of the Burton administration, among themselves or with outsiders. Each employe and two of the three missionaries swore that they neither feared, nor had been given any reason to fear, that their positions would be imperiled for any such cause. The third missionary testified that there had been passionate remonstrance against his discussing the policies of the agent with the Indians and telling them that he did not believe those policies were in accordance with the orders from Washington. Each of the employes and two of the missionaries swore that, so far as they had observed, Mr. Burton's treatment of the Indians had been "kind, firm and considerate," or in similar phrase. No substantial evidence appeared that Mr. Burton is habitually hostile to those employes who seem to be gaining the confidence of the Indians. On the contrary, Peter Staufer, who has been thirteen years on the Reservation (two of them as missionary at Oraibi), who speaks

Hopi fluently, and whom the Indians seem to like and trust, is the employe on whom Mr. Burton seemed to rely most fully. It did appear, however, that Mr. Burton was hostile to such teachers or visitors as sympathized with the Indians in such manner as to encourage them in refusing to obey his orders.*

It did not appear that, under any fair use of words, Mr. Burton had hampered efforts to aid the Moquis. The offer to increase the water supply at Oraibi he could not accept—only the Department had that power. And as to the serious destitution of the Moquis, it is to be noted, first, that Mr. Burton had reported the likelihood of this to the Department months before the pinch came, and had secured an appropriation of \$1,600 to be used in alleviating it; and, second, that the League's witness, Mr. Epp, testified that from a carload of corn sent by charitable persons for him to distribute, only about half had been distributed, and that he had had great difficulty in hiring Moquis to bring it from the railroad to Oraibi or the other towns.

In reference to the employment of Navajos as policemen, I could not find the slightest evidence that the Moquis objected to this. Indeed it is with great difficulty that a Moqui can be persuaded to serve in that capacity. Of the six policemen, regularly employed, two are Moquis—not an unfair proportion, considering that there are now as many Navajos as Moquis on the Reservation (about two thousand each, according to the last census), and that the Navajos are far more likely to require the ministrations of an officer than the "People of Peace." Furthermore, the Captain of Police, a Navajo, is a fine type of man—strong, quiet and self-restrained. If our "Guardians of the Peace" in more "civilized" places had as just a conception of the duties and limitations of a police-officer as this Navajo displayed under careful examination, it would be well indeed. For example, to my question, "Have you ever found it necessary to strike or kick a Moqui whom you were arresting?" he replied promptly and with obvious sincerity, "Why, I would have no *right* to do any such a thing as that."

The charge of cowardice against Mr. Burton because he did not force cutting the hair of the Navajos seems unjust. So far as it goes, it is rather proof of his discretion, since all white persons familiar with the facts agree that such use of force would probably have resulted in a violent outbreak.† It is of record that Mr. Burton tried two Navajo robbers for store-breaking, found them guilty, loaded them on to a buckboard and delivered them to the sheriff at Holbrook, 85 miles away—this in spite of the presence of forty or fifty armed Navajos who had declared that they would never allow this to be done.

Finally, Mr. Burton is, personally, anything but a brutal bully. He is kindly, courteous and conscientious, and errs more often in his anxiety that employes and Indians shall "be friends" with him than the other way. Except at Oraibi—which will be dealt with later in this report—there appeared no evidence that the schools are kept full at the point of a six-shooter; nor could I detect upon the Reservation any sign of habitual "club-and-revolver" methods. Certainly, Mr. Burton has apparently won the respect and affection of the white employes now there, and of some of the Indians. Although I was with Mr. Burton several times in different villages, I saw neither adult nor child flee from him, save a few of the tiniest toddlers who sought the security of their mother's knee.

* Hair-cutting included.—Ed.

† It would. The League said so. But the Moquis were "easy." "Discretion," however, is a good word.—Ed.

So much space has been given to pointing out details in which the League's information was not verified by the investigation, because assuredly the Sequoya League desires fair play for white men as well as for Indians. Moreover, the evidence in Mr. Burton's favor on these and other minor matters not here mentioned was so overwhelming as to lead me into a very stupid blunder. At the end of the investigation I believed, and said publicly, that the charges were as a whole unfounded and should never have been made. This was also the opinion of Inspector Jenkins, and of a keen and sympathetic newspaper correspondent who came to the Reservation prejudiced against Mr. Burton, and who was present throughout the investigation. *Yet the essential charges of the League were proved in all generic points by the testimony of Mr. Burton himself and his closest associates.* By failing to see this promptly, instead of only after the testimony had been digesting in my mind for days, I proved myself, to that extent, incompetent for the duty entrusted to me by the League.

THE VITAL CHARGES FULLY ESTABLISHED.

Of these grave generic charges which were established fully and specifically, I name, first,

VIOLATION OF RULES OF THE SERVICE.—Rule 249 reads as follows: "In no case shall the school employes resort to . . . corporal punishment . . ." In the published rules (edition of 1900) there is no exception or qualification of this absolute prohibition. Mr. Burton offered in evidence the rawhide riding whip which he had provided expressly for administering corporal punishment at the Keam's Cañon boarding school, and testified to having given instructions as to how it should be applied—"over the shoulders." Mr. Commons, the "Disciplinarian," swore that he had used the rawhide in three years "less than fifty times, perhaps less than twenty-five times." He also swore to having administered "severe punishment" with it on some occasions—in one instance so severe that his wife threw cold water in the boy's face because she thought he needed it to revive him. Testimony was offered that the boys who received this severe punishment deserved it, needed it and were benefited by it. This does not alter the fact that the rule was explicitly, deliberately and repeatedly broken. If there are secret instructions, or private understandings, by which "In no case" in the Department's published rules really means "not very often" or "only when it is desirable," then the public is clearly entitled to that information. I do not mention here any of the Kampmeyer or Ballinger performances in violation of Rule 249, since the evidence in relation to what took place by Mr. Burton's explicit authority is sufficient to prove the charge.

ILLEGAL VIOLENCE.—The formal charge of the League was that "Mr. Burton's administration" has been marked by physical violence; it nowhere stated that Mr. Burton himself had used physical violence. It very promptly appeared during the investigation, that Kampmeyer—Burton's subordinate for nearly four years in charge of the school at Oraibi—was a man of violent and uncontrolled temper, and that he had been guilty of repeated and intolerable brutalities. This Ornament to the Service had been transferred to another reservation, at Mr. Burton's instance; but Inspector Jenkins has recommended his immediate and peremptory dismissal. Ballinger, successor to Kampmeyer at Oraibi, was proved to have made some effort to be worthy of the mantle which had fallen upon him. He admitted having taken a revolver with him the first time he went up to the Mesa. He admitted having used his foot upon the son of a Conservative chief who would not go with him to point out homes from which children had been coming to school during the Kampmeyer regime. Ballinger

called it "pushing the boy out of doors with his foot." The boy and his father called it "kicking." The boy and the father swore that the boy was so lamed by the assault as to be unable to come down to school next day; and the missionary swore that the matter was so reported to him at the time, and that he saw the boy at his home during school hours. Ballinger and his wife swore that the boy had been present at school each day during the week in question, and offered in evidence the "school record" which "corroborated" their testimony.* Ballinger volunteered in explanation of his action that if he allowed the Indians to disobey his orders they would "lose their respect for him;" but he did not explain—though asked the direct question—how kicking, or "pushing with the foot," a Chief's son would assist in maintaining their respect. Ballinger further admitted having drawn his revolver on a young man who was protesting against his sister being taken down to school, but who had not offered or attempted any forcible resistance; and, in the clinch which followed, striking him on the head with the revolver so as to cut a gash in his scalp. In this connection appeared an amazing evidence of how deep-rooted is the instinct for peace of these "Quaker Indians." This Hopi lad, so assaulted and beaten about the head, threw his assailant to the ground and then—sat upon him and held his hands, offering him no further violence! I was moved to wonder how many men there are on earth, courageous and powerful as this young man had already shown himself to be, who would have had the self-restraint which he manifested. That is to say, how many outside the streets of the cliff-perched Hopi villages. For in all the testimony as to beatings, druggings, revolver shootings, hair-hagglings and the like, it did not once appear that any Hopi raised a hand to strike in his own defence, or that of his wife, sister or child, or displayed a weapon. The most that the Hopi ever did was to clinch the white assailant in a wrestle—and it adds a dash of humor to the tragedy of this long endurance that, by the testimony of the white men themselves, the Hopi generally landed on top. Then he would get up and submit patiently to a punishment, not lessened, at least, by the rankle upon one of "the superior race" of defeat in physical contest.

A feeble effort was made by Mr. Burton and others to justify the carrying of revolvers, "because most of the Moquis carry knives." So do I—and have carried, for months together, a keen-edged pruning-knife which might have made a dangerous weapon. But most careful questioning failed to bring out a scintilla of evidence, or even the vaguest tradition, that any Moqui had ever used, or threatened to use, his knife as a weapon of offence or defence against his white "superior."

This is as good a place as any to say that I have never been in any other community whose members from the oldest to the youngest were so uniformly gentle in bearing and voice; polite without a trace of obsequiousness; and courteous, not by effort or training, but from the heart out. It is astounding that any man who could possibly be considered fit to lead or teach any one should think it necessary to strike or threaten these lovable folk—or should have the heart to do it.

It seemed to me that for these and other reasons Ballinger deserved immediate dismissal from the service. Inspector Jenkins recommended that he be "demoted" to some small school where he would be under the close and constant observation of an Inspector. He also recommended for promotion to the Oraibi school Mr. G. C. Lawrence, who has been serving at

* This record is kept by themselves. Indian school records are more than occasionally stuffed.—ED.

the East Mesa school. I cannot express my approval of this recommendation in too strong terms. Mr. Lawrence seems to be a strong, sane, quiet, well-educated man, a natural leader, and with the gift of inspiring confidence. His administration will be very different from that to which Oraibi has become accustomed.

As to Mr. Burton's responsibility for the performances of Kampmeyer and Ballinger, the rules of the Department make him specifically responsible for the conduct of the employes. It is incredible that he did not discover Kampmeyer's character till near the end of four years' service. Certainly he could have known fully concerning his actions if he had desired to. He knew, for example, that certain of the League's witnesses were on their way from the railroad to Oraibi, before they had reached the latter point. And when he did discover the facts, it was clearly his duty, under Rule 127, not merely to get the unfit employe off his hands, but to recommend him for removal from the Service. While Ballinger was under examination, Mr. Burton took active part in excusing, defending and apologizing for him. When one of the Indian witnesses asked Inspector Jenkins whether the employes had a right to carry revolvers, and the Inspector replied that only policemen had that right, Mr. Burton joined Ballinger in vigorous protest. And Mr. Burton admitted having reproached one of the employes with having assisted Supervisor Wright to get the evidence upon which Voorhies, formerly in charge of the school at the Second Mesa, had been dismissed from the service. The charges in that case were of cruelty and the like, and the employe did what she did under the specific order of the Supervisor.

FILLING SCHOOLS AT THE POINT OF A SIX-SHOOTER.—So far as the Oraibi school is concerned, this was absolutely proved, and some scholars were so obtained for the boarding school at Keam's Cañon. Kampmeyer practiced it steadily during his long rule, taking one scholar at a time. When Ballinger took his place, only about two-thirds of the children of school age had been thus "induced" into school. Force having been only partly successful, it was decided to try a little more force—and the "Raid" was determined upon. The account of this, already published by the League, though correct in the main, contains certain errors. Mr. Burton's account of it to the Department appears herewith.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Indian School Service.

MOQUI TRAINING SCHOOL,
KEAM'S CAÑON, ARIZ., Feb. 9, 1903.

The Honorable,

*The Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.*

SIR: I have the honor and the very great pleasure to report to you that every Moqui child on the Reservation is in school, but thereon hangs a tale.

It will perhaps be remembered that all the children of the first and second mesas have been in school for nearly two years, but that the hostile faction at Oraibi has held out against us, and that their children were naked and running about the village in idleness when they should be in school.

On February 2nd, I determined again to get all these children in school. The trouble has always been that as soon as the people would see us coming, they would either hide their children in the dark holes around the village, or in the rocks outside of the village. I took the physician along

to vaccinate all who should need it, as smallpox is all around us. I also took the general mechanic and the carpenter and five policemen. We left Keam's Cañon at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of February 2nd to drive thirty-five miles through eight inches of snow, and the thermometer ten degrees below zero. We had only proceeded half way when darkness overtook us, and the remainder of the way had to be made in the darkness and over unbroken roads. We finally reached Oraibi at 1 o'clock the next morning, having suffered greatly with the cold. At daybreak, we went up silently to the village and began a search through the houses for the children. As we found them we took them to a kiva near the center of the village and left them under guard of a policeman. Our diligent search was only rewarded by ten children. When we had finished we proceeded to the kiva and started with the children. About fifty of the hostiles attacked us and attempted to take the children from us. After struggling with them till we reached the edge of the mesa, where the trail descends abruptly to the school, fearing that they would crowd us over the edge to our death, I ordered the police and employees to draw their guns, which we did, and stood off the mob, having managed to get the children started down the trail to the school. One Moqui was knocked down in the struggle and several were tapped over the head with the pistols, but no one was in the least hurt.

The leaders then began to parley, saying that the Missionaries had told them that we had no right to take their children without their consent, that the law did not give us that right; that the Missionaries had read them the orders relating to the cutting of their hair, and had told them we had no right to that, etc., etc. Imagine, if you will, our position, immediately on the edge of a lofty precipice, and only a trail where one could go at a time, and that trail icy and snowy. I feared if we attempted to go down they would make a rush and push us over. Fifty against seven (two having gone with the children). After considering a moment, I ordered all to advance and drive them back. We did so, and after some scuffling the Indians wavered and fell back to the village. We then turned and quietly proceeded to the school.

That afternoon I sent the ten children to Keam's Cañon, and the next day secured twelve extra policemen. The next morning we proceeded to the village and arrested seventeen of the leaders of the mob, and started them to the cañon that afternoon. I then had the town crier to call out from the house-tops that if the people would take their children down to the day school at Oraibi, I would not take any more to Keam's Cañon.* The result was that thirty-six children were taken down voluntarily by the parents of the children. They also promised that the children should attend every day, and I think they will, for that has been my experience that when once secured, cleaned up and clothed, that they never miss a day, unless sick.

I have the seventeen prisoners here, and will give them a fair trial tomorrow, and will further report of the action taken. I think that the worst ones should be imprisoned off the Reservation. Two of them are old offenders, having been taken prisoners by Gen. Corbin, many years ago, and taken to Alcatraz Island in the Pacific. They were taken from the Reservation again, and have been twice arrested by Mr. Collins and Mr.

*Under oath, this was put a little differently. The crier was instructed to announce that any child whose parents took him down to the Oraibi day school at once would not be taken to Keam's Cañon; any child whom Mr. Burton and his policemen had to hunt for would be taken to the Cañon. This illuminates the "voluntarily" of the next sentence rather whimsically. C. A. M.

Goodman. I have given a clear account of this and ask that my action be approved.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES E. BURTON, Supt.

Mr. Burton did in fact receive a letter from the Department formally approving his action in this matter. Whether that letter meant that the Secretary of the Interior, or the Commissioner knew of the "Kaid" and approved of it, or whether the approval was only the automatic reaction of a minor cog in the wheel of Official Routine, I had no way of ascertaining. The League will doubtless want to know. And if the Department does, with full knowledge, approve of this method of gathering scholars, then clearly charges on this count will lie not against Mr. Burton before an Inspector, but against the Department at the bar of public opinion.

THE HAIR-CUT ORDER.—On this charge, Mr. Burton's own admissions are sufficient and conclusive. He denies using actual violence, but admits employing what he calls "Constructive Force." This he describes as telling the Indians repeatedly that "Washington had *ordered* that they should have their hair cut," that they *must* cut it or allow him to cut it;" and following this by taking hold of men still protesting, or having them held by others—and just cutting the hair.* In one case, entirely through accident, he cut a gash in the hand of a man who was trying to save his hair from the shears. There was some evidence that Mr. Burton threatened leaders on the First Mesa, or at least declared to them that he was afraid if the Indians did not let him cut their hair, soldiers would be sent who would fill up their kivas and shoot down their houses. But Mr. Burton has no recollection of saying any such thing. He justifies himself for so much force as he admits using by referring to that phrase in the "Supplementary Order" which warns against "giving the Indians any just cause for revolt." This he construed as involving clear permission to use any amount of force short of "enough to cause an uprising."

I have to report, in conclusion, that I believe Mr. Burton has done what he believed would be for the ultimate good of the Indians under his charge; that he frankly declares his conviction that Indian costumes, Indian dances and Indian social habits stand in the way of "fitting the Indian for citizenship," and should be discouraged in every possible way; that his most serious errors have sprung from his eagerness to carry out to the last limit the wishes of the Department—and to "make records" in doing so, from a reluctance to sternly rebuke or report to the Department unfit employes whom he believed to be "loyal" to himself and his policies, and from a congenital lack of certain qualities absolutely essential to genuine leadership of men.

Very respectfully,

CHAS. A. MOODY.

* He also refused aid in their destitution to those who wouldn't have their hair cut. I have his own letters admitting this.—ED.





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THE spirit of the Landmarks Club, although it was somewhat long in spreading in the West, is daily strengthening and crystalizing; and now in several localities work of the same sort is being prosecuted for the preservation of historic buildings. The Landmarks Club has resumed active repairs on the remaining buildings of the Mission of Pala, and will soon have them complete.

The Northern California Historical Landmarks League has just secured a lease on the Mission San Antonio de Padua, and will spend a considerable sum in repairs at once.

In Texas, the Daughters of the Republic of Texas have undertaken to raise monies and purchase the remainder of the old and historic Alamo, improve the surroundings and protect the building. It is designed to make the Alamo a Texas Hall of Fame and museum of Texas history, art, literature and relics. This is a most worthy work, and the Landmarks Club wishes it success. Contributions of \$1 and upwards may be sent to Miss Clara Driscoll, Box 1021, San Antonio, Tex.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$6,337.

New Contributions—P. Campbell Hoyle (aged 6), Los Angeles (Life Membership), \$25; Mrs. Percy Hoyle, Los Angeles, \$3; Mrs. Beeman R. Hendec, \$2.


\$1 each—Miss Grace Kingsley, Mrs. Emma M. Greenleaf, Miss Evelyn Hamburger, Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, Mrs. Walter Newhall.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

IX.—WOODES ROGERS, 1708.—CONTINUED.

“ ON *April 1*. we took a Galleon, by which I mean no more than a Ship built in that Manner, commanded by two Brothers, whose Names were Joseph and John Morel. She was of the Burden of 500 Ton, laden with dry Goods and Negroes. The next Day we took another Prize. . . All things were preparing for Action, and a resolution taken to attack the Town of *Guiaquil*, however provided.” . . . On *April 12* it was resolved to attempt the Town of *Guiaquil*, the Enterprize to be conducted by the three Captains Dover, Rogers, and Courteney, with 320 Men. The Blacks, Indians, and Prisoners were about 266 more. A committee was held, and a division of the plunder was agreed upon for the encouragement of officers and men. On the morning of the 15th they saw a sail near the shore, and after a hot dispute, in which two of the Englishmen were killed and two wounded (one of the killed being Captain John Rogers, brother of Captain Woodes Rogers), the Spanish ship was taken. “The men begged for good Quarter, and we promised them all Civility imaginable. This Ship came from *Panama*, and was bound for *Lima*. . . . There were seventy Blacks, and many Passengers, with a considerable Quantity of Pearls aboard; the lading, Bale goods, and something belonging to the Bishop; but they had set him on Shore. . . . where they touched last. The Vessel was about 270 Ton Burden, commanded by Don Joseph Arizabella; who told us, the Bishop had been landed at Point St. Helena, and gone by land to *Guiaquil*. We found several Guns in the Hold, for the Ship would carry twenty-four, but had only six mounted. Many of the Passengers were considerable Merchants at *Lima*, and the briskest *Spaniards* I ever saw. Captain Cooke remained aboard her, sending the Captain and Prisoners to our Ships.

“On the 21st in the Morning, the *Beginning* was sent a-head towards Point *Arena*, on the Island of *Puna*, for fear of any Danger; but she found there only an empty Vessel riding close under the Point: She proved to be a new *Spanish* Bark, that had been sent to load Salt; but the Men having Sight of us, abandoned her. . . . At five in the Afternoon, the *Transports* rowed for the Town of *Guiaquil*.” But they were discovered by the “Centinels,” the alarm-bell was rung, and beacon lights fired “to give the Town Notice that we were come up the River.” They fell a little way down the River and waited till break of day, and then, with all Forces joined “sent a Flag of Truce with the Captain of the *French* built ship, the Governor of *Puna*, and another Prisoner; then towed up the Barks a-breast against the Town, and came to an anchor. When the Captain of the *French* built Ship came to the Corregidor, or Mayor of the Town, he asked our Number, which the Captain magnified. The Corregidor answered, They were Boys and not Men: And the Captain replied, He would find they were Men; for they had fought him bravely in their open Boats, though he had killed one of the Commander’s Brothers, and wounded and killed others; and, therefore, advised him to agree for the Ransom of the Town, for, though he had 3000 Men, he would not be able to withstand them: To which the Corregidor replied, My Horse is ready. On the 23rd, having towed the Barks close up before the Town, and brought them to the Pinnance, went up the River after some Vessels, and brought six of them to an anchor by our Barks; we also took Pos.

session of two new, [vessels] of about 400 Ton each ; then went ashore with a Flag of Truce, and the Governor came on board one of the Prizes, to agree about the Ransom of the Town, and Ships ; but could not be then concluded, but promised to meet the Captains again at seven in the Evening ; yet he was not so good as his Word. The Boats went up the River again for more Ships, and returned without finding any : However, we took several Canoes, with some Plate on board. On the 24th in the Morning, the Governor came off again to treat : Our Captains thought to have seized him, because he had forfeited his Word in not returning over Night, and sending Word that Morning that he had more People come into the Town ; but he, alledging that it was contrary to a Flag of Truce, was set on Shore again, and an Hour's Time given him to get his Men ready. However . . . the Governor and Captains agreeing . . . , at four in the Afternoon the Men landed, with so much Bravery, that the *Spaniards* fired only their first Volley, and fled, our People pressing them, and pursuing them to their Cannon, which they soon gained," with no loss but that of the Gunner, an Irishman. The Englishmen marched through both towns, driving out the enemy, placed guards in each of the three churches, and set fire to fire or six houses in the old town, adjoining the wood, to leave the Spaniards without cover. The enemy kept firing out of the woods all that night, but did no harm. In the meantime the *Duchess's* Pinnance . . . went up the River, landed at Every House, took their Plate and what else of Value they found, and had some Skirmishes with the Enemy, in which one of our Men was wounded. . . . The Afternoon was spent in shipping off Provisions from the Town, and disposing all Things, in case we should be attacked in the Night. . . . On the 26th in the Morning, Captain *Courtency*, marched to his Guard again, to cover the Men who were getting down Provisions &c. Several Prisoners were taken . . . Messengers, with a Flag of Truce, came about ransoming the Town, but could not agree : In the afternoon brought one Boat of Provisions aboard the Barks ; and at three returned, to ransom the Town, which was at last agreed on for 30,000 Dollars, we to have three Hostages, and to stay at *Puna* till they could raise the said Sum, the People having carried their Money out of Town. . . . On the 27th in the Morning, the Hostages for Ransom were put on board, as was a Boat's Lading of Brandy : . . . On the 29th in the Morning, the Barks weighed, and got down to *Puna*, where they anchored off the Town. Captain *Rogers* in the *Duke's* Pinnance, came on board, and gave an account, that they had taken, plundered, and ransomed the Town of *Guiaquil* ; that three of our Men had been killed ; two by our own People, and one by Spaniards ; and four wounded : That the Inhabitants, while treating, had carried off their Money and Plate, retiring to the Woods, and leaving their guns ; four whereof were taken, with a considerable Quantity of Meal, Pease, Sugar, Brandy, and Wine, which was coming down in the Barks." . . . A sail was discovered " standing up the River, with the Tide of Flood ; we sent both Ships Boats after her, and, at four in the afternoon, she struck to the Boats. They brought her in at Night. She was a small *Spanish Bark*, from *Cheripe*, and bound up to *Guiaquil*, having on board 330 Bags of Meal, and 140 Arrobas, of Sugar, some Onions, Quince, and Pomegranates: This, with the six Barks, and two great Ships, ransomed with the Town of *Guiaquil*, makes fourteen Prizes taken in those Seas."

Captain Rogers relates a singular circumstance of a Dutchman, who chanced to take quarters in a house where there was some excellent brandy, which he attacked so often that at last it laid him on the floor. When the master of the house returned, he could not distinguish whether the Dutch-

man was dead or asleep. The Spaniard resolved to experiment, and called in his neighbors—who advised him to secure the Dutchman's arms, which he did, and then they raised him up and set him on his feet. When after a little he opened his eyes. His landlord advised him to hasten to join his companions, and he moved with alacrity, and got safely aboard. Captain Rogers adds an "Observation that is still stranger, which is, that, of all the Men, who landed on this occasion, there was not a Soul, that drank a Cup too much, but this poor Dutchman; which, if true, the Town of Guaiquil had the Honour to be plundered by the soberest Set of People, that ever were of their Profession." . . . The Forms of Capitulation failed first to satisfy the Spaniards by "the Omission only of a single circumstance; viz. that the Place was taken by Force of Arms, which the Spaniards insisted should be particularly specified, to demonstrate, that they had been beaten, before they consented to treat; and to this the English very willingly yielded, which produced the . . . Scheme of Articles, which satisfied both Parties, procuring one the Money they wanted, and satisfying the other as to the Point of Honour; a thing no *Spaniard* ever willingly gave up."

The sum agreed upon for the ransom of the City, two new Ships, and six Barks was 30,000 pieces of eight.

"The Plunder we took here [at Guaiquil], exclusive of the Ransom we received for the Town, was very considerable; for we found there 230 Bags of Flour, Beans, Pease, and Rice; fifteen Jars of Oil; 160 Jars of other Liqueur; some Cordage, Iron-ware, and small Nails; with about four half-Jars of Powder; about a Ton of Pitch and Tar; a Parcel of Clothing and Necessaries; and, I guess, about 1200 l. in Plate, Ear-rings, &c. and 150 Bales of dry Goods; four Guns; and about 200 *Spanish* ordinary useless Arms and Musquet-barrels; a few Packs of Indico, Cocoa, and Anotto; with about a Ton of Loaf-sugar." On the 2nd of May they were paid 22,000 pieces of eight toward the ransom, and later 3500. Fearing they would be attacked by the French and Spanish fleet if they delayed longer, they decided to proceed and on May 11th bore away for the Galapagos Islands. "And in a very melancholy condition we were; For we had upwards of twenty men taken ill on board the *Duke*, and near fifty on board our Consort seized with a malignant Fever, contracted, I suppose at *Guaiquil*. . . . About this time Captain *Courtney* was taken ill; and Captain *Dover* went on board to prescribe for him. In twenty-four hours, we had fifty Men down, and the *Duchess* upwards of seventy; and in the following twenty-four Hours, there were ten more down in each Ship. On the 17th, we discovered Land; and, on the 18th at Daybreak, we were within four Leagues of two large Islands, almost joining together, having passed the other that we saw Yesterday. We sent our Boat ashore to look for Water, and agreed with our Consort where to meet, in case of Separation. They turned towards the Windward, and left us to try this Island for Water. All our Prizes were to stay near us under sail, by a remarkable Rock, But, in the Afternoon, the Boat returned with a Melancholy account, that no Water was to be found, the Prizes we expected lying to Windward for us by the Rock, about two Leagues off Shore; but Mr. *Hatley* in a Bark, and the *Havre de Grace*, turned to Windward, after our Consort the *Duchess*; so that only the Galleon, and the Bark that Mr. *Selkirk* was in, staid for us. We kept plying to Windward all Night with a Light out; which they followed. At five in the morning, we sent our Boat ashore again, to make a further Search in this Island for Water. In the Evening the Boat returned, and reported, that there was no Water to be found. . . . They likewise told me, that the Island is nothing but loose Rocks, like cinders, very rotten, and heavy; and the Earth so parched, that it will not bear a Man, but breaks into Holes under his Feet; which makes me suppose there has been a Vulcano here. . . . On May 26 it was resolved to run in for the Island of *Plata* to water; and so come off again, for fear of meeting with two *French* Ships, one of sixty, and the other of forty-six Guns, and the *Spanish* Man of War, who, we were advised, would be Suddenly in Search of us; but if we could find Water in any of those Islands going in, we designed to fit our Ships there, and not go near the Main, our Ships being out of Order, and our Men sickly and Weak, and several also having been buried. We sailed on the 27th, and on the 30th . . . it was agreed to go first to *Gorgona*, to see if there were any *English* Ships there, and afterwards to *Mangla*, *Malaga*, or *Madulinar*, where are some *Indians*, Enemies to the *Spaniards* who . . . seldom come thither, nor could

thence get Intelligence of us; and, if we could trade with the *Indians*, might have Swine and Fowls, good Bananas, Plantains, and other Refreshments. In this Course, the *Duchess* took a Prize, which proved to be a Vessel of the Burden of Ninety Ton, bound from *Panama* to *Guiaquil*, called the *St. Thomas de Villa Nova*, *Juan Navarro Navaret* Commander, There were about forty People aboard, including eleven Negro Slaves; but little *European* goods, except some Iron and Cloth. The next we made the Island of *Gorgona*; and, on the 8th, our Boats brought in another Prize, which was a small Bark, of about fifteen Tons, called the *Golden Sun*. She belonged to a Creek on the Main, and was bound for *Guiaquil Andros Enriquez* Master, with ten *Spaniards* or *Indians*, and some Negroes, no Cargo, but a very little Gold-dust, and a large Gold Chain; together about 500 L. Value, which were secured aboard the *Duchess*."

On the 19th they resolved to go to *Malaga*, where they designed to leave their ships and with their boats row up the River for the rich gold mine of *Barbacore*. "There we designed to surprise Canoes, as fitter than our Boats to go against the Stream. . . . We made Sail about twelve o'Clock that Night, and steered Northeast for the Place. In the morning I discovered Captain *Morel*, as I had done several times before, and all the rest of the Prisoners, who agreed that this Island called *Malaga* was an unfrequented Place, and not fit for Ships. . . . I had also two Prisoners on board that were taken in the last Prize. . . . and they agreed that a Ship could not be safe there. . . . that the River was so narrow, before we could get to the Mines, that the *Indians* and *Spaniards* might fell Trees across, and cut off our Retreat, there being thick Woods on the Banks of the River, from whence the *Indians* would gall us with their poisoned Arrows; for those about the Mines were at Amity with the *Spaniards*, and a bold and very numerous People." So they agreed not to proceed farther on this hazardous enterprize, and came back to *Gorgona*, "our Condition being so bad at this Juncture, that, if we had been attacked, we should scarce have been in a condition to have defended ourselves." On the 13th of June they anchored, and resolved to careen the *Duchess* first and then the *Duke*. The sick men were put aboard the *Galleon*, and the sick officers on board the *Havre de Grace*. They set up a tent ashore for the use of the armourer and coopers crew, and had a place cleared for tents for their sick men. By the 28th they had their provisions on board, all their guns mounted, having in fourteen days caulked their ships all round, careened, rigged, and stowed them again, both fit for the sea. "The *Spaniards*, our Prisoners, being very dilatory Sailors, were amazed at our Expedition. . . . On the 29th, we set up a Tent on Shore for the Sick, who were, even by this time, much better than when we came to the Island. . . . Our Spanish Prisoners went into the Woods with us, shewed us Timber that was proper to be cut, and gave us every other kind of Assistance in their Power. . . . We now set out Ground for a Rope-yard, erected a Tent for a Smith, another for a Block, the third for a Sail-maker; and each had his Crew to act under him for the Better Dispatch of Business. It is not to be supposed, that these People were all excellent in their Professions; but, however, they made a shift to carry on Things very well for our Work, Necessity and Practice having taught them many Resources, which the ablest Man, in their Branches of Business, would never have thought of. . . . We agreed together to fit out the *Havre de Grace* with twenty Guns, and put men out of each Ship aboard her under Captain *Cooke's* Command, resolving to carry her home with us, and to make a third Ship to cruise in our Company whilst we were in these Seas. This was the great Work on which we were employed from the 29th of June to the 9th of July, when she was completely finished and we gave her the Name of the *Marquis*, having provided a good Entertainment: We saluted each of the other Ships with three Huzzas from on board her, distributed Liquor among the Company, drank her Majesty's and our Owner's Healths, and to our own Success, in conjunction with our new Consort. We soon after sent two of our Main-deck Guns on board the *Marquis*; the *Duchess* did the like; which, with four taken at *Guiaquil*, and twelve that were in the Ship, made twenty very good ones." They provided her with men from the other Ships giving her a complement of sixty-one white men and twenty negroes, Captain *Edward Cooke*, commander. "We agreed that the Captain, with his Officers and Men should have equal Wages with ours in the like Posts, to encourage them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



If real Americans are in a working majority in the United States, it is high time for them to get together and lay a heavy hand on the mobs of counterfeit Americans who are making the name a reproach to the civilized world. No other enlightened land ever had so hideous a record as "American" mobs have written for their country in the last two years. "Lynch law" was an orderly and honorable thing compared to the bestial atrocities of which we now read weekly in some city of the Union. Perhaps it would be easy enough to trace the connection of this recent epidemic of lawlessness with some of our Rabbit Hunts in the Philippines; but the present question is less what turned loose this madness among us, than how we shall strangle it—for it has passed the symptoms of mere "Nigger-Hunting" and "retribution for one crime," and is now bald savagery and anarchy. Almost any victim and excuse will serve, if you wish to grill someone, and loot a few stores, and kill a policeman or two.

TIME
TO GET
TOGETHER.

The only encouraging symptoms—aside from the universal condemnation of these hellish affairs by a press which has made the menu familiar to such as desire to copy it—is the discovery, in a few of the disgraced communities, of a Man or two. Cowards are at any time poor timber for sheriffs and governors; and in such a crisis the official who Falls Down is a traitor to his office and to his country. He has neither honor, sense nor manhood. The mobs that barbecue and mince a criminal, and are willing to kill peace-officers to get him, are as unworthy of citizenship as the ravisher himself. They are as un-American as the anarchist that shoots a President. And the official who surrenders to them is even lower than they.

But it is like a breath of fresh air, amid this national stench, when a Governor like Durbin calls out the militia to mob-ridden Evansville, and gives the rioters the only answer fit for Law to give them that attack it red-handed—cold lead. The only Good Rioters are Dead ones. And even more than a manful governor, an honest sheriff deserves to be remembered—for it costs him a little more. No soldier on any field ever fought better or more highly for his country than the sheriff like

Whitlock of Danville, Ill., who stands to his trust—and his guns—or Summers, of Iredell, N. C., or the few others of their sort.

And this points the quickest road to stop our national disgrace. When Americans that *are* Americans realize that in time of mob their place is at the sheriff's elbow; that it is his business to hold the fort, and their business to help him; and that anyone who assails them needs shooting—why, there will be no mobs. The reason that they are now of almost daily occurrence and of cumulative bestiality, is very largely because the Respectable Citizen either scoots for home or plays Innocent Spectator, swelling the mob and thereby encouraging it—and gathering a remarkable proportion of the bullets meant for it. The chances are a thousand to one that if any ten of these men, with guns in their hand and a spark in their eye, stood by the sheriff, the mob would melt without a shot. For mobs are always cowards.

Our courts are aggravating enough; but anarchy is not the way to reform them. Crime is increasing—but more crime will not stop it. The only way to diminish lawlessness is to uphold the law—to respect it in personal dealings and to stand by it in public; and to realize in our very marrow that the man who breaks it is a public enemy, no matter how many pals he has, nor how Respectable; and that he who stands by and lets the law be mobbed has small reason to be proud of his citizenship.

IN THE
SILLY
SEASON.

The Argonaut, of San Francisco, is one of only three or four weeklies of serious consideration in all the United States—the which palpable truth has already been noted in these pages more than once. Wherefore there is a sensible jolt when it drops demi-semi-occasionally to the average silliness of the overworked and undertaught space-writer.

In a recent editorial upon the amusement which threatens to take the place of baseball as the Great American Game—namely, lynching—the *Argonaut* thinks to explain the cause by an arm-chair ethnography of the negro. It gravely propounds that the negro is from Africa, and that in yonder Darkest Incontinent there is no such thing as morality. From the depths of its philologic lore it assures us that “in the native tongue of the negro in Africa” (just which one of the hundreds of tongues, is not specified), “there is not even a word for chastity.” Ergo, no wonder that chaste, courageous and refined American citizens hold picnics, and run special trains to Barbecue Negroes, and take Home a Piece of Meat for the Baby to Play with.

Doubtless the negro knows no better. Doubtless, also, neither does the *Argonaut*. There *are* philologists to whom it would occur that virtue need not be defined until vice is familiar. As every ethnologist knows, there is not in the world a savage tribe where there is not at least as much sexual morality as in any American city. It is a pity that a journal of the moral and mental size of the *Argonaut* should too often be marred by a certain race bigotry which is the very quintessence of ignorance. It is one of the few points in which the expert of any line catches the *Argonaut* napping; for in most things it is itself expert. But Newspaper Science is as cheap and silly in anthropology as it is in everything else; and the *Argonaut*, more than almost any other publication in America, has habitual fun with the average manifestation of it.

Quite apart from 'ologies, and merely within the domain of common sense, it does not seem out of place to remark that whatever the negroes did or did not know, by grammar or by habit, of a certain virtue before they were imported from their barbarous wilds to a Christian land, the innumerable multitude of coffee-colored witnesses indicates that they have not been taught it by precept and example by their masters in the United States.

There is apparently no particular advantage in holding a bull by one dilemma while he gores you with the other. If you must tackle the beast at all, it is well to grasp both horns and hold him off in reasonable balance.

A NOTABLE
CAREER
CLOSED.

The retirement of General Miles, coming in the dog days, has provoked more than the due meed of paragraphic foolishness and disproportion. The gallant old man has either been disparaged, or put, after our momentary custom, a little higher than the angels. He merits neither. As a matter of fact, while a Greek god might advantageously swap tenements with Miles, the General is only a human being; and, on the other hand, while he has done some very foolish things, neither is he to be cast into the uttermost deep. It is just as well to remember, now that his official career is rounded, only just so much of his weaknesses as not to encourage their like in other officers; and all of the high honor he won fairly in achievements that may well set a copy for the American Army.

In war, whether in the great Rebellion or on the once wild Frontier, Miles was a thorough soldier, brave, brainy and tireless. So far as his military record is concerned, he and we may well be proud of the story of this Boston crockery clerk who rose by Merit to the head of the Army of the United States.

To exalt him high above any contemporary whatever is of course absurd; Miles is good enough as Miles, feet-to-the-ground, without throwing others down to pedestal him upon their prostrate forms withal.

In peace he was another man, and hardly so impressive. How much of his best known actions in the last four or five years should be accounted to moral courage and pure patriotism, and how much to that surpassing vanity which has been the root of all his misfortunes and disappointments, only a mind-reader could determine. His feeling, certainly, in the Alger embalmed beef infamy and in the Philippine atrocities, did him credit; but it cannot be denied for an instant that many of his methods of leaking his feelings must put him outside the sympathy of any who believe in such a thing as discipline in the Army. A general, like other free-born Americans, is entitled to own, and employ, a mind and a mouth; but he is under peculiar restrictions of good taste, of common sense, and of honor, not to run them Wide Open. When the pressure becomes too heavy to be borne, he can Resign and Talk.

But all these are bygones. Gen. Miles is no longer in a position to be insubordinate. He is now just a private citizen, with a magnificent record we honor. He can wear common clothes, go as he pleases, and leave his mouth apart without fear of putting his uniform into it. May he long enjoy these rights and emoluments.

A LAPSE
BACK TO
BARBARISM.

Amid the general advance of intelligence and right feeling, which is leading to the preservation of historic buildings and places, it is discouraging to have to chronicle a shocking lapse toward the old philistinism in this State. The beautiful mission of La Purisima Concepcion, near Lompoc, Santa Barbara County, one of the earliest and most interesting missions (founded in 1787) is being razed to the ground by its private owners. While people have the legal right to do such things, it is a disgrace to civilization that they are permitted to rob their children and ours irremediably; and a poor testimonial to their own intelligence and public spirit that they care to. The exact facts of this pitiable episode will be duly presented.

ONE CASE OF
ARRRESTED
DEVELOPMENT.

Youth and the time are doubtless past when a "California Number," even of the revered Atlantic (which gave us this nosegay for July) is taken solemnly by Californians—save perhaps in some incubator-club of fledgeling authors. The ability of several Californians to "write things" has become rather an old story, here as elsewhere.

But the posies were well meant and shall be graciously worn. Certainly none of this is California at its best; but most of it is plenty good enough for the magazine procession. Characteristic stories by Margaret Collier Graham, Mary Austin and Mabel Craft Deering; solid papers by Drs. Jordan and Wheeler, John Muir and Jack London, and some proper poems, make a very tolerable showing—for California-to-order.

It is only to be hoped that the uninitiate reader shall not begin with the opening paper, which has for its text "The Literary Development of the Pacific Coast;" for the judicious stranger, after a brief Bogging Down in it, would doubtless conclude he wished no more of a literature thus "developed." It seems remarkable that even so far away as Boston such a Laborious Mouse should be taken for adequate parturition in such a case. To say nothing of its own literary quality—with such sentences as "Formality was often greeted by what to it appeared a disregard of good manners only pardonable in the barbarous"—its total looseness of grasp as to fact (like the absurd picture of the "Boom"), its lack of information whatsoever, and its woodpecker theories—aside from all this; even in so simple a matter as its Catalogue of the Literary Ships, it is egregiously bobtailed. A review of this sort which absolutely forgets Ambrose Bierce, Mary Hallock Foote, Grace Ellery Channing, Charles Howard Shinn, Chas. Frederick Holder, T. S. Van Dyke, C. W. Doyle, Gwendolen Overton, and many others, reminds one of the Spanish proverb for the like feasts: "give us less table-cloth and more chocolate." Some touch of information and appraisal for at least the more important of the rather large number of Californians who have won success in literature, might well have been substituted for pages of toil-some theories, which are not even of the category "Important If True." Mr. Bashford is a patient and growing writer of verse; but his present essay reminds one irreverently of the modern mother, who gently separated the baby from a violin, with the soothing remark, "Let go, dear—you can't play on it."

Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior, is not much of a barker. He is seldom heard from, and pegs quietly away at his work in a fashion that puts a vast amount behind him daily, without much cultivation of the newspapers. But when his jaw settles together it is pretty likely to "stay sot."

SMOKE OUT
THE
VARMINTS.

It is good news that this Bulldog of the Interior has set his teeth in the anatomy of a clique that has notoriously been

speculating in Indian lands—and has begun to shake. How deep and how high this scandal reaches, no man yet knows, though it is commonly enough known, in a loose way, that the Indians of Indian Territory and Oklahoma are being wholesale “done up.” The twin territories are wonderfully “progressive” and “prosperous,” largely because they afford so good a chance to get rich on what the government has given the Indians for homes.

But we *shall* know. The Secretary is not gripping a mere coat-tail. He has a hold on the flesh, and a crowbar won't loosen him.

If the title of the published charges made by Mr. Brosius can be proved, we shall see about the most shameful swindle in all our political history. For extent it will have but few rivals, and for meanness none. United States officials, paid to protect the Indians, seem to have formed syndicates to rob them; and several members of the Dawes Commission are in the scandalous category.

Meantime, that other Man with a Fixed Lower Jaw, who has hunted big game before now, as well in office as on the plains, has taken up the trail with Hitchcock, and is investigating through trusted agents of his own. With two such Crocketts at the foot of the tree, the Land-Steal Coon may as well come down.

If these outrageous things are proved, not only should the severest legal penalty be visited upon the Syndicated Thieves; they should never be allowed to forget the public's contempt of them as about the poorest and most abject apologies for “Business” yet found out.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.





Judged either from the philosophic or the practical standpoint, *The Gate Beautiful*—concisely and accurately described by a subtitle as *Principles and Methods in Vital Art Education*—is a book of the first importance. For, on the one hand, it is the deliberate and fully-ripened answer of a powerful and penetrating mind to that mighty Why with which the Universe confronts every human soul; an answer beaten out from the work and research and observation of a lifetime—modest, yet confident—fearless, reverent and hopeful. And, on the other hand, it sums up for other teachers, the How of a generation of successful and inspiring teaching and direction in many lines of applied art.

After two careful readings and many weeks of digestion, I do not feel in the least moved toward the insolence of attempting to criticise in detail, destructively or otherwise, a book whose author—John Ward Stimson—has so fully earned the right to speak with authority in his own field; nor yet to the absurdity of trying to sum up in a few lines a work which is already, for the most part, a concentrated extract of thought. Yet one may crudely finger out certain of Prof. Stimson's basic chords somewhat as follows. He undertakes to interpret all Life, from that of the crystal or the diatom to that of the archangel, in terms of purposeful beauty. Beauty he counts as by no means a matter of accident or whim, but as rooted eternally in the infinite laws of being. All artisanship, all science, all art he correlates into a many-toned but harmonious expression of God—the Master Artist-Artisan, whose studio and workshop is the universe. And the true function of the artist is to grasp and to give out whatever portion of infinite Truth and Beauty appeals most vitally to his own individuality.

On the practical side, Prof. Ward states his curriculum thus :

Promptly and clearly to show students those Vital Principles, Absolute Laws, and Germinal Elements of Beauty which underlie all good Art work. To carefully preserve, as with natural plants, the freshness of their individuality (without stunting by mechanical or artificial means). To help it unfold wholesomely, and cultivate wisely its sentiment, taste, imagination, artistic judgment and observation—as living springs from which its beautiful creations must arise.

The illustration of the book is profuse, beautiful, and of the most concrete value. I do not see how any really earnest art student or teacher can afford to ignore the work. It is only bare justice to add a word of commendation for the publisher who has cared—and has been able—to produce such noble work in such fitting form. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. Cloth edition, royal quarto, \$7.50, *net*; postage, 40 cents. Paper-covered edition (from the same plates), \$3.50, *net*; postage, 26 cents.

Very few of those who conceive themselves to have something to say to which the world may listen with profit, speak so uniformly in clear, ringing and original tones as does Jack London. And it is a notable cause for thankfulness that this voice, which won prompt and eager attention at its first uplifting, betrays neither the fat wheeze,

THE USE
OF
ADVERSITY.

which is a danger of prosperity, nor the crack which betokens metal too fragile for the test of prompt sales and large editions. His latest book, *The Call of the Wild*, sounds a fuller, deeper tone than any he had before reached. Yet it is no more than the story of a dog—but of a dog born to the purple and bred in luxury who is caught up in an eddy of the gold-hungry tide that swept so recklessly to the frozen North. There he is most foully entreated, but—since it was learn or die—he soon learns the law of club and fang and wins utter mastery of himself and of his kind. The reader meets "Buck" first pacing in stately content about a fruit-ranch in the Santa Clara Valley, and leaves him finally running as unquestioned king of the timber wolves in an Alaskan valley. The steps by which he won back to this leadership among his ancestral kindred form a story that not only grips and holds the interest, but is of deep evolutionary significance. The book is illustrated with exceptional taste and skill, and is altogether one to be enjoyed. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A STORY
WITHOUT

A PLOT.

Though wearing the guise of fiction, Charles Warren Stoddard's *For the Pleasure of His Company* seems to be really a fragment of autobiography, glossed but lightly. Certainly "Paul Clitheroe's" experiences tally closely in many respects with those of Mr. Stoddard himself some thirty years ago; and other characters introduced are quite recognizable as among his contemporaries of the San Francisco of that day. Apparently, Mr. Stoddard intends to describe the plan and purpose of the book in a conversation between "Paul" and "Miss Juno." Here is a part of it:

Why can't I tell you the story of one fellow—of myself for example; how one day I met this person and the next day I met that person, and the next week some one else comes on to the stage, and struts his little hour and departs. I'm not trying to give my audience, my readers, any knowledge of that other fellow. My reader must see for himself how each of those fellows in his own way has influenced me. The story is my story, a study of myself, nothing more or less. If the reader don't like me he may lay me down in my cloth or paper cover, and have nothing more to do with me.

The result of following this method is a book entirely out of the common. But it was worth doing, and will be all the more interesting for the suspicion that it might well enough have been titled *Apologia Pro Mea Vita*. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.50 net.

A VERY
"HANDY"
FIGHTER.

A Ward of King Canute is a romance of the days when Canute of Denmark and Edmund Ironside were arguing, after the fashion in which argument was then conducted, over the possession of England. The heroine is a Norse noblewoman, young, beautiful and orphaned, who seeks vengeance and finds love. The story is full of life and action, and the author, Ottilie A. Liljencrantz, has taken some pains with the historic fact. One of my volunteer assistants as to "books a boy'd like" observes that "hands were distributed more numerously per capita in those days than now, or else they sprouted more rapidly"—or words to that effect. He instances the case of Rothgar, son of Lodbrok, who had his left hand lopped clean off on page 79, but a few months later, on page 178, is able to bawl a command for silence "through the trumpet of his hands." But this doesn't really hurt the story. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

NEAR THE
HEAD OF
THE CLASS.

From this year's grist of "historical romance," a first book by one of the younger members of the faculty of Stanford University—*Roderick Taliaferro*, by George Cram Cook—is distinctly the best which has so far come to my table; indeed I count it quite as good a tale of love and adventures as Weyman's *Gentleman of France* or Doyle's

White Company, with some points to the good as compared with either of them. The title role is played by a young ex-officer of the Confederate army who, after Appomattox, has gone to Mexico. There he draws his sword again, and is again on the losing side. From the final tragedy of the Empire he barely escapes with his life, yet with life's richest reward as well. The action is full of life and vigor; the love-story is especially charming; the historic facts are not unduly juggled with; there is an agreeable spice of humor, and an occasional touch of philosophic thought of a grade uncommon in novels of this class. Every lover of romantic fiction who dips into this tale at all will finish it with enthusiasm, and an appetite for more of the same sort. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

There is sufficient internal evidence that *Walks in New England* was written a bit at a time and for contemporaneous publication, even if one were not informed as to Charles Goodrich Whiting's column in the *Springfield Republican*. Its flavor will be best appreciated if it is consumed in the same manner—a few mouthfuls at a time. So taken, it is very agreeable. The New England of these essays is that within eye-reach of Mts. Tom and Holyoke. Mr. Whiting is a genuine nature-lover, with a painter's eye for color and atmosphere, and a habit of thought which is both poetic and philosophical. Twenty-four full-page illustrations, reproduced from photographs, add charm to the book. John Lane, New York. \$1.50 net.

AN EXCELLENT BLEND.

A Gentleman of the South is a study of life and character in the "Black Belt," rather more than half a century ago, of unusual charm and distinction. It is fiction pure and simple, but fiction of a kind which is in some sense truer than the cold fact. That is, it gives a more vital picture of how men lived and loved and did there and then—of motive and purpose and conscience—than could be obtained from a bare record of events. Its author, William Garrott Brown, had already established his title as historical student of breadth and penetration; this book proves him story-teller of grace and power as well. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

FICTION THAT IS TRUF.

Gwendolen Overton's first novel, *The Heritage of Unrest*, was of quality to attract more than casual attention; her second, *Anne Carmel*, strikes a fuller chord and with a surer touch. In setting and circumstance this story is very different from the other; but both are pitched to the same keynote, and their fundamental meanings are not far apart. A priest in an isolated French-Canadian community and his sister are the leading characters—both strong types, full-blooded and all alive. The story deals with their trial as by fire, from which they emerge, not unscorched but of proved metal. It is for its value as a study of heredity, both physical and spiritual, of loyalty under the stress of conflicting claims, and of final turning away from the path of desire to that of duty that the book must be judged as of real importance. The Macmillan Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

DUTY AGAINST DESIRE.

His Daughter First, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is a very well-bred novel, about very prosperous people, in the well-fed year of 1902. The interest is divided between three happily-ending love stories—there is a fourth which does not turn out so well, but the victim is only "companion" to the "daughter" referred to in the title, and naturally doesn't count much—and certain dealings in the stock of an Arizona copper-mine. The author's skill in handling the social and emotional sides of his tale is not to be questioned, but he stumbles over some

LOVE AND MINING STOCKS.

of the business details. An unlisted mining stock—"a curbstone football"—would hardly be regularly quoted on the ticker-tape; nor has any copper vein in Arizona been proved to run from ten to fifteen thousand feet in depth. Indeed no part of the "Argonaut mine" episode is convincing. Yet one would not willingly miss the unconcerned aplomb with which the financial freebooter who is facing loss of both control of the mine and a small fortune in cash sits down to lunch on "a small steak and a pint of champagne;" nor the generous nerve with which, in the midst of his financial wreck he draws a check for \$10,000 in favor of a young man unknown to him by name, who has just shot him. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.50.

During the later years of his life, Prof. Joseph Le Conte wrote his "reminiscences" for the entertainment of his family, dwelling particularly on the earlier years of his life. These have now been edited by William Dallam Armes, and, with additions from letters and other sources, are published as *The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte*. They will be welcome to many all over the world who have come under the influence of—and have loved—"Professor Joe." D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net; postage 12 cents.

Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse rises distinctly above the dead level of the average historical romance. There is a good love story in it, some brisk fighting but not too much gore, a mystery well maintained to the very end, and some reasonably good character study. Cromwell's Ironsides and their Royalist opponents furnish the characters, and the Protector plays a part. Dora Greenwell McChesney, who has dealt with these times in other stories, is the author. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

Mrs. May Kellogg Sullivan has made two trips to Alaska, spending something like eighteen months there in all. She tells of her experiences and observations briskly and entertainingly in *A Woman Who Went to Alaska*. The book has 392 pages, 30 half-tone illustrations, and closes by finding in "our safe arrival another positive proof of the mercy and goodness of God." Published by the author, 501 Tremont Temple, Boston. \$1.50.

The Reflections of a Lonely Man are rather critical than constructive; they ask more questions than they answer; their general tone is that of mildly satirical despondency. But they make it evident that the author—masked under the initials "A. C. M."—is lonely, if at all, of his own choice. His "reflections" are sufficiently stimulating and provocative of discussion to make him profitable company for any alert mind. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1 net.

Celia Parker Wooley's view of life, and of the people who indulge in it, is broad, tolerant and cheerful. *The Western Slope*, recently published, contains much helpful comment on a variety of topics, and almost nothing with which one need quarrel seriously—save and excepting her suggestion that "the afternoon of life" commences at thirty or thereabouts. For most of us the sun has by no means reached the zenith at thirty. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

Mistress Alice Jocelyn Her Letters, "In the Which be set forth an English Mayde's Voyage to the Province of Maine and what did Befall her Thereafter," is but a trifle—but a trifle daintily executed and most agreeably set. It is "endeavoured by" (as the title page has it, to my distaste) C. Emma Cheney. The Blue Sky Press, Chicago.

Evidence continues to accumulate that the man who wants to be both clergyman and novelist is commonly unfit for either profession. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., gave in a certain amount of testimony to that effect with his first novel *The Leopard's Spots*—which, by the way, is said to be “well along in its second hundred thousand.” His second effort, *The One Woman*, is conclusive, so far as his fitness to instruct in either capacity is concerned, though it will doubtless have a very large sale. Its hero is pictured as a sort of cross between Apollo, Sandow and Henry Ward Beecher, minus either common-sense or self-restraint. At the beginning of the story, he is pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, in New York, with a lovely wife, somewhat prone to jealousy of his female parishioners, and inclined to be “nagging” on occasion. By the middle of it, he has divorced her, married “by announcement” one of the most voluptuous, adoring and wealthy of his former parishioners, and presides over a colossal Socialist Temple built with her money. At the end, he is a murderer for jealousy’s sake, saved from the electrical chair only by the untiring efforts of his first wife, and re-united to her within the prison walls. The characters of the story are, without exception, monstrosities, its morals mostly immoral, and its influence, so far as it has any, must be in the wrong direction. That the author is sincere, eloquent, and has a distinct gift for story-telling, merely adds to the mischievous possibilities that lie in the presentation of duty as mainly a matter of the emotions. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE BAD MORALS
OF A
MINISTER.

Any child who gets a chance at Florence Peltier’s *A Japanese Garland*, will read it through, will return to it, and will get from it many things worth remembering. The central figure is a Japanese lad of twelve, adopted by an American family, who adds to a dainty knack with the paint-brush, a delightful store of tale and legend of his native country. Having painted a charming flower garland for a birthday present to a girl friend, he is persuaded to talk about each of the twelve flowers at a series of Saturday-afternoon gatherings of his playmates. The author’s style is simple, direct and entertaining, her selection of both fact and fancy discriminating, and the book is a distinctly worthy addition to the reading-list for children. It seems specially adapted for use in school work. The illustrations by Genjiro Yeto are thoroughly characteristic. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 75 cents, net.

FLOWERS
FROM
NIPPON.

The *Relacion* of Miguel de Loarca, soldier and settler in the Philippines, occupies the larger part of Vol. V of *The Philippine Islands*. Both the Spanish text and an English translation of this important source are given. It is in effect a summing-up of the knowledge of the Spanish concerning the islands and their inhabitants in the year 1582. Other important documents are two letters from Bishop Salazar, a document giving instructions to the Philippine commissary of the Holy Office, and the decree establishing a royal Audiencia at Manila. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 55 volumes ; \$4 each.

There is much accurate information and some valid argument in William C. Edgar’s *Story of a Grain of Wheat*. But the matter is neither well selected nor well arranged, the title of the book does not approximately fit its contents, the illustrating seems to have been done on the basis of using what happened to be on hand, and the index is simply ridiculous. Altogether the book is very far from creditable to the author—for many years editor of the foremost American milling journal—or the publishers. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1 net; postage, 10 cents.

The clergyman of the Church of England, in William Edward Tire-buck's *'Twi'xt God and Mammon* is rather a weak-kneed brother for two tolerably fine women to struggle over. Mammon—that is, the rich girl with a Bishop for a relative—gets him, and is sorry for it later on. Hall Caine, in an Introductory Memoir, says that "the pastoral scenes in the farmhouse in Wales are . . . among the most exquisite pictures of rural life to be found in the whole range of modern fiction." D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Gertrude Atherton's contribution to the series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" is called *Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand*. It is as sparkling as gilt tinsel, and of as much consequence. William Stearns Davis offers *The Saint of Dragon's Dale* in the same series. This needs no more accurate description than is to be found on the title-page—"A Fantastic Tale." The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents each.

Evenings in Little Russia is a competent translation of Nikolai Gogol's "Evenings in a Village Near Dikanka." It is a pleasure to be able occasionally to quote with approval the publisher's statement concerning a book presented; in this case it runs, "the first adequate rendering into English of some of the most beautiful passages in Russian literature." William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. \$1.

In his *Essentials of American History* Thomas Bonaventure Lawlor aims to "show the part played by all the elements, racial and religious, that have made contributions to American history"—which is a pretty large order for an elementary text-book. But he has succeeded exceptionally well in his endeavor to "hold the scale evenly balanced on all questions;" and the work deserves approval as a whole. Ginn & Co., Boston. \$1.

Bachelor Bigotries, "compiled by an old maid, approved by a young bachelor, illustrated by an ex-bachelor and published by a young married man," consists of some hundreds of quotations, mostly cynical, on love, marriage and kindred subjects. The book is attractive in form and appearance, as is customary with the offerings of this publishing house. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

The Anarchist Constitution, as offered by a San Franciscan who proclaims himself to be an anarchist, is quite a marvel of crack-brained ingenuity. This particular gentleman's remedy for the evils resulting from law is a good deal more law with no effective method of enforcing it. Radical Publishing Co., San Francisco. 50 cents.

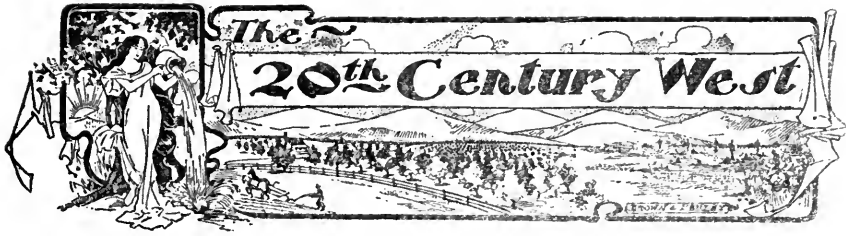
A little of the particular brand of humor exploited in I. K. Friedman's *Autobiography of a Beggar* ought to go a long way. The editor of the periodical in which it originally appeared by installments was perhaps justified in using it as an oddly-favored spice; but it was not worth putting into book form. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

Seventeen of Mrs. Steel's stories of India have been gathered under the title *In the Guardianship of God*. Each one of them is worth while, and one—though but a tale of a cow in famine time and her old Brahmin owner—is simple and touching enough to be called classic. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The leading character in E. Phillips Oppenheim's *A Prince of Sinners* bears about the same relation to real life as one of Ouida's heroes. The story, however, will serve as well as another for an idle hour, especially since the sins appear only in retrospect. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Solar Heat, Its Practical Applications, by Charles H. Pope, is a record of some of the attempts which have been made to harness the sunbeams, and an argument in favor of giving concentrated attention to that task. Published by the author, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston. \$1.

Roscoe Lewis Ashley offers his *American Government* as a text-book for use in secondary schools. It seems to deserve hearty recommendation for that purpose. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1 net.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

THE INSTINCT OF DEVELOPMENT.

SOME shrewd philosopher has luminously said: "In a truly living organism, the instinct of development is wiser than the wisdom of the wisest." This remark is profoundly true. And if we attempt to ignore it, we invite failure to fall upon all our efforts to build California and the West. We may scheme and plan, but we shall succeed in the end only as our program conforms to the instinct of development springing from the heart and soul of things. This being so, nothing is more valuable just now than a knowledge of social and economic tendencies in this and in other new countries having similar problems to solve. Without such knowledge, we may formulate plans which appear to be theoretically sound, and even scientific; but if they do not run with the grain of events they can have only academic value. In that case, they cannot assist, but only impede our progress. The experience of the distinguished men who framed the Works Bill is a case in point. Those who lent their support to that measure in the utmost good faith were amazed to find themselves in the position of leaders without a following. The truth was, they tried to run counter to the instinct of development as it is manifested today throughout the length and breadth of the arid region. They failed. And precisely the same fate will overtake those who seek to formulate an alternative measure, if they proceed in ignorance or disregard of the same inexorable instinct.

During the past few months I have been engaged in work which made it necessary for me to review the successive steps by which the western half of the United States has slowly advanced to settlement in a hundred years. I have sat in my library and summoned up all the great figures of the past—Lewis and Clark, threading their way through the untrodden wilderness from the Mississippi to the mouth of the Columbia; Zebulon Pike, invading the wilds of Colorado and hanging his name upon its loftiest peak, to remain forever; John Jacob Astor and Ramsay Crooks, building their trading post in the farthest corner of Oregon; Captain Bonneville, ex-

IN THE FOOT-
STEPS OF THE
FATHERS.

ploring the great valleys of the Rockies and beyond; John C. Frémont, finding paths to the Pacific; Francis Parkman, following the Oregon trail, and Richard H. Dana, rounding the Horn and coasting the shores of two continents. Then, after the explorers and pioneer tourists, I have beheld the migration of the English-speaking settlers and home-builders—Brigham Young and his fugitive followers; the miners and early ranchers who rushed in whenever they caught the glitter of gold among the mountains of a dozen nebulous States and Territories; N. C. Meeker and his fellow-colonists of Greeley; the Anaheim, Orange and Riverside settlers who became the forefathers of a new era in Southern California. And after them, the men of enterprise and of capital who came to build railroads, to lay the foundations of big cities, and to take up the work of irrigation on a grander scale after it had gone beyond the reach of the pioneer tillers of the soil. All these have marched before me—the long procession of a century, from 1803 to 1903. I have heard the creak of their ox-carts, the clatter of their horses' hoofs. I have warmed myself at their campfires, and stood with them and gazed into the gloom of darkening valleys, up to the somber peaks of mighty mountains, and still further up to "the serene and shining pathway of the stars." And, as time wore on, I have felt the thrill of the first whistle of the locomotive as it broke the stillness of the wilderness, and have gloried as man laid his hand on great rivers and made them subservient to his control. For if you live in a quiet place, not too near to men nor too far from nature, and if you concentrate your mind upon some large object of study and of thought, it is no difficult matter to make the stream of events turn back and flow past you, nor even to associate for a time, in a certain intangible yet very real sense, with those kindred spirits who have gone before. Under such circumstances, you create an atmosphere of your own, and find it peopled with those who seem almost as palpable as the members of your household, and marked with events infinitely more live and interesting than those chronicled in the morning paper. In this way I have tried to discover the real tendencies of the time as influenced by the instinct of development, with particular reference to irrigation. What is the result?

The story of irrigation in the West is a marvelous paradox of success and failure. The first ditch-builders were the Mormons. They had no capital save brains and muscle. If there had been rich men among them, a place to buy provisions and a chance to hire labor, they might have proceeded very differently from what they did. The

rich men might have taken possession of the streams and, by virtue of that strategic advantage, found a way to get large areas of land into their private ownership. In that case, the settlement of Utah would have been begun with speculation in land and water which, if successful, would have produced a few water-lords and landlords and a large community of tenant farmers. Some of the latter would have bought land and become independent after awhile, though more would have degenerated into hired laborers. But there was neither money, provisions nor labor open to hire. Therefore, only one thing could be done. All the men must pull off their coats and go to digging ditches. The land must be divided into small tracts, to be shared among all in proportion to the labor put into the effort to bring the indispensable water. The result: coöperative canals, multitudes of landed proprietors, plenty to eat, no water-lords, no landlords—and a degree and diffusion of prosperity (accompanied with a virility of civil, religious and industrial institutions), at which many good people stand fairly aghast.

The Mormons, ever the best-advertised people in the country, became the teachers of the other early communities which followed them into the West. Settlers built their own ditches, individually or collectively. They owned the land, tilling it themselves. And so they owned the water and distributed it themselves. It was a simple partnership as to water, and absolute independence as to land. Sometimes there were only two or three partners, sometimes a few score, sometimes a few hundred. But the principle was always the same. It was by this means that every State and Territory in the arid region obtained its earliest and firmest grasp upon the soil. The process went on prosperously for a quarter of a century. It paused only when there were no longer opportunities within reach of comparatively poor men. In the nature of things, there was a limit beyond which struggling settlers could not go. They could not invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in making the land ready to produce its first sack of grain or potatoes. They could not wait years for a return upon their labor and investment. But what they could do was done bravely, energetically and cheerfully. They pushed their way into localities remote from railroads, cities and seaboard.

Now comes the remarkable part of the story. These coöperative undertakings were almost uniformly successful. There is scarcely an instance on record of failure to make a living and win a substantial competence on the part of men who owned both land and water, and thus became absolute masters of their destiny. They settled in some of the most forbidding places,

SUCCESS OF
COÖPERATIVE
EFFORT.

but they prospered. Good business men would have told them that they could not hope to succeed without capital, markets, or transportation facilities. *But they did succeed.*

ABSOLUTE
FAILURE OF
SPECULATION.

What could have been more natural than that this marvelous record of success should attract capital into the same channel? The larger and better opportunities lay far beyond the reach of a class who had only their labor and humble savings to invest. Why not give the Eastern and foreign investor a chance? Take these wasting waters of the West and capitalize them. Issue stocks and bonds against them; sell the securities in the markets of the world; take the proceeds and build reservoirs and canals. Let the settlers come in and occupy the land. With water, it is worth \$25, \$50—yes, \$100—per acre. It will pay good dividends on such a valuation. Let it be sold at these prices, with good, smart interest on deferred payments. And then let the water be sold and rented. What—both? Why, certainly. First, sell a “water right,” which is the right to rent water. Then proceed to rent it and collect annual rates. Ah, what an opportunity was lost when those Mormons were turned loose in the desert to work out their own destiny! Here are 200,000 of them using water as freely as air and sunshine and not paying a red cent in tribute to the thrifty financiers of New York, Boston and London. It was too late to remedy that oversight, but it should not be allowed to occur again.

So the promoters and speculators argued. They issued a prospectus as alluring as a tale from the Arabian Nights, but there was no magic about it, for the facts of success were piled up in every Western valley, high as the mountains. The pioneers had demonstrated the value of irrigation as a financial proposition. It only remained for money to come in and do its work; then to fold its hands and collect its dividends. And money came—but not the dividends. Millions—tens of millions—were invested in the new speculation. There was a period when anybody could float an irrigation scheme in any market. But now no one can do so. A man who went to London with California irrigation bonds a few years ago was politely shown to the door with the remark: “Leave them on the pedestal of Nelson’s statue in Trafalgar Square. You need not worry—nobody will take them.” The remark was approximately correct. No enlightened mind would take them and agree to assume the responsibility of earning dividends by selling American settlers the right to rent melting snow, and of collecting interest for the use of God’s singing brooks. Briefly, the speculation was a failure—total and irretrievable. There is scarcely an instance where the enterprise of owning water apart from land, and sell-

ing or renting it to those who till the soil, has returned regular and permanent dividends on the actual investment.

Is there anybody who desires to take issue with me as to the facts of history in this matter? Surely, no one will arise to dispute the success of joint ownership of land and water as illustrated by the coöperative organizations all over the West. But possibly some one may claim that the private speculation, based on ownership of water apart from land, has turned out better than I have said. Very well; let such person send me a list of successful enterprises, with full particulars. Remember the conditions: a list of enterprises where water was owned as a separate commodity to be sold or rented to the land-owners, and which paid reasonable dividends regularly and over a sufficient period to justify us in considering it thoroughly established, and thus permanent—the dividends to be calculated on the basis of actual investment and to be collected from no other source than water sales and rentals. Instances can be found where promoters have sold out at a profit and unloaded on the investing public, but that does not constitute a success in the sense of which I am speaking. Other instances may be found where enterprises have passed through one or more receiverships and thus been able to “boil out” a large part of the investment and pay a profit to a second or third set of owners, obtaining the property at a percentage of the original cost. Such cases do not fairly meet my question, of course. They only emphasize the point made against the speculation in water. I have said that there is “scarcely an instance” of success in this field of enterprise. If there be a few, they represent only the proverbial exception to a rule which we all know to be general. Let us see just a few of the more conspicuous examples which illustrate the rule.

IS THE
HISTORIC FACT
DISPUTED?

The famous Riverside settlement in California represented one of the very earliest departures from the usual pioneer method of coöperative ditch-building. It was intended to follow the Utah precedent, but the cost proved too great and a capitalist had to be found. He was a good capitalist in every sense, but the experiment was not successful. Divided ownership of land and water simply would not work. One interest or the other must dominate. In the end, the many who owned and tilled the land bought out the one who owned the water. Then came peace and prosperity, and not until then. The capitalist in this case did not lose money, if I am correctly informed, but he did find that the only possible way to avoid the loss of money was to withdraw from the speculation in water. For a few years the Bear Valley enterprise at Redlands was

SOME
STRIKING CASES
IN POINT.

everywhere held up as a shining example of the immense profits to be got from water speculation. The stock mounted higher and higher. "How far has the Bear jumped today?" they asked each other in the London clubs. The day came when the Bear jumped down, to rise no more. And after a receivership which has lasted ten mortal years, Bear Valley and all the ditches in its neighborhood are going into one coöperative association, owned by the men who pick their dividends right off the orange trees. They are buying the works for much less than they cost and infinitely less than they are worth. Some one has paid about three million dollars for "experience" in water speculation, yet Redlands is bigger, better and brighter than ever. Take the great enterprise on the Bear River in Utah, which was capitalized at two million dollars. In that case, a splendid system of works was actually completed and everything ready for the settler. The settler did not come, but the receiver did. And, after hopeless floundering for a number of years, the enterprise fell into the lap of the people who chiefly made Utah what it is. I assume they got what Fra Elbertus would describe as "a pretty fairish" bargain. In the meantime, another set of investors had graduated from the School of Experience in Water Speculation with handsomely engraved diplomas known as "securities," chiefly valuable as souvenirs of the wild and woolly West. I might take my readers into every State and Territory—into almost every valley where capital was induced to invest in such undertakings—and we should find the same story of failure and disappointment. It is painful to specify, but the facts are indisputable. They speak for themselves in thunder tones.

THE WORKING
OF THE

LAW.

Why did irrigation enterprise succeed when ownership of land and water was united in the proprietors and tillers of the soil? Because it accorded with "the instinct of development" which "is wiser than the wisdom of the wisest." Why did irrigation enterprise fail when one set of men owned the water and another set of men owned the land? Because it failed to accord with that imperious instinct which will not be denied. That was the big generic reason in both cases. There were many details, some of which I had intended to set forth, and then to apply in the discussion of the irrigation measure which the Constructive League will bring forward for the consideration of the people. But here I am at the end of the chapter. The series of talks on this general topic, begun last month, will be continued until we get to the bottom of the subject. Then our readers will be ready for an outline of the measure to be offered as a substitute to the Works Bill.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

GLORIOUS OLD AGE.

A RECENT letter from Edward Everett Hale, now in his eighty-second year, is a forcible reminder of the beauty and dignity of grand old age. Merely to be old is not necessarily beautiful or dignified, though it is always a title to respect. Old age is not equally becoming to all men and women. Some minds grow narrow, some tempers sour or sordid, with time. But, as a rule, the years appear to deal kindly with the good and great. Standing with their faces to the sunset, they become better and greater than ever. How often, too, they seem proof against the ravages of the years with which other people are so often marked! Their eyes do not grow dim, their hearing dull, their voices feeble, nor do their hands tremble—at least, not the good and great whom I have had the honor to behold in the glory of their old age.

Is it true, after all, that he has most who gives most—that he only saves his life who loses his life in the service of others—true, I mean, here and now, as well as in the beyond? And is it this which makes Edward Everett Hale so lovely, even after he has written his "Memories of a Hundred Years" and turned back to his accustomed tasks? Years ago, when a boy, I could not quite comprehend the meaning of Senator Hoar when I heard him say in a public address: "Josiah Quincy at ninety, John Quincy Adams at eighty, John Greenleaf Whittier at three-score and eighteen, were infinitely younger than many a doughface, though he have just marched—a little old man—from the womb." I did not know the doughfaces then, nor the young old men. Now I have met both. The Senator is right—the old men are "infinitely younger." And Edward Everett Hale, still planning and doing for the race, without distinction of color or previous condition of servitude, is about the youngest of them all.

A grand old man of our own is Will Green of Colusa. How young he seems in comparison with the doughfaces whom he is ever stirring to action! Day after day he keeps at his tireless work. Others get weary, but not this youth in his glorious seventies. Others falter at difficulties, and lose faith in themselves and their fellows, but not this man who has given the best of his long life to the service of the people, without money and without price. I know men of half his years who have already grown gray and bent in chasing dollars. I know men of fifty or sixty who look and act much older than Dr. Hale or General Green. They certainly have worked no harder, but they have worked exclusively for themselves. They have lived within narrow horizons. They have never felt the pulse-beat of humanity. And they are old. Yes, and poor, though rated high in *Bradstreet's*. And there is Madame Severance. Who says she is old? Her face does not say so nor her voice, her eyes, her hand-clasp. What keeps her young, in spite of the years? Is it the fact that her thought is all for others; that she lives in a world of big ideas and constantly lends her effort to the doing of big things? Is it this that makes her so much younger than the society women who were born so many years later? I can see no other explanation.

I know an old gentlemen who lives in a large and beautiful house, set in the midst of two acres of valuable city property. His banker tells me he is worth at least twenty million dollars, perhaps more. He is utterly obscure except for a few blocks around his place, and would be there but for the size of his house. He was waited upon by a committee some months ago and solicited to contribute to a worthy public object. It came hard, but at last he gave it up. Do you ask how much? Two dollars! And he is "worth" twenty million. How "worth" it? Is he "worth" it to society, to humanity, to the town in which he lives, or even to himself? "Worth!"—what a perversion of terms! At the same rate of valuation, Edward Everett Hale, Will C. Green, Catherine M. Severance, and their kind, must be "worth" several billion.

In no spirit of uncharitableness, but as a means of inspiration and encouragement to young men and women who are trying to make their lives count, it is well worth while to call attention occasionally to these contrasts. We hear enough, if not too much, of those who have got rich by making and saving money. It is well that we should speak now and then of those who have got rich by adding to the sum of human happiness. As they stand upon the heights at the end of a long day, they can say with that other billionaire, John G. Whittier:

How softly ebb the tides at will!
 How fields, once lost or won,
 Now lie behind me green and still
 Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
 The clamor of the throng!
 How old, harsh voices of debate
 Flow into rhythmic song!


Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
 Dear Lord, the languid air;
 And let the weakness of the flesh
 Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
 The ear forget to hear,
 Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
 More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
 To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
 And down these slopes of sunset lead
 As up the hills of morn!

How hollow such a prayer coming from the lips of an old man or woman, tottering on the edge of the grave, with nothing in their hands, save stocks and bonds and title deeds to landed estates! But how rich and eloquent when spoken by those, like Whittier, whose whole life has been a battle for human rights, and whose influence is to remain a permanent part of the wealth of mankind! And what a cheering thought it is that none are so poor and humble that they may not accumulate a competence like that to be enjoyed in glorious old age!

* EIGHT YEARS AFTERWARD.*

 ON the 15th of February, 1895, William E. Smythe, then Executive Chairman of the National Irrigation Congress, called on Dr. Edward Everett Hale at his home in Boston and solicited his assistance in enlisting settlers for a colony in Idaho.

The object of the colony was to demonstrate the feasibility of making homes for the surplus people of Eastern cities on the desert lands of the West and thus present an unanswerable argument in favor of national irrigation. A tract of land had been selected in the Payette Valley of Idaho under a completed system of irrigation canals, then owned by a company of New York capitalists. The land to be colonized was chiefly owned by residents of Idaho, who had taken it up under the Desert Land Law as a speculation. They held it at \$20 an acre.

The site of the colony was twelve miles from the nearest railroad (Oregon Shortline) and an equal distance from the nearest town (Payette), and in a locality where practically no settlement had been made. It was covered with a growth of sagebrush, which is the sure index of good soil.

Dr. Hale instantly consented to help. He gave Mr. Smythe letters to a number of leading Bostonians, called a conference of public-spirited citizens, and, later, presided over a meeting at Paine Memorial Hall. Through his influence, the Boston newspapers were induced to give large publicity to the matter. The Associated Press telegraphed an account of the meeting and colony project throughout the United States. The result was a large manifestation of interest, which was particularly marked at Chicago.

Mr. Smythe transferred his campaign to the latter city, and in a period of seven weeks formed the Plymouth Society, consisting of 200 or 300 people. This society sent a committee at its own expense to investigate and report upon the colony site and plans. The report was most favorable, stating that the place was "better than represented," and that "the colony plan is endorsed by practical men familiar with the condition of the country."

The colony was legally incorporated in June, 1895. A month later, the vanguard of settlers went on from Chicago to prepare the way for settlement. About forty families were located by September.

The original plan was to have the colony retain the ownership of the townsite and sell lots for its own benefit rather than for speculation; to have various small industries owned in cooperation; to have the farmers live mostly in the village, after the Mormon and European method; to encourage diversified farming, so that each family might raise what it consumed;

*This article was prepared in response to the request of Edward Everett Hale, and after the receipt of the latest data from Idaho. It is published here as a matter of general interest to those who are following Western development.

and to have the Government after the manner of the New England town meeting.

The colony started off with high hopes. The people liked the place and felt equal to the task of homemaking. But trouble soon arose between the colonists and the canal company. They could not agree as to rates or methods of distributing water. It was a time of industrial depression everywhere. But the hostility of the colonists to the water-owning corporation was not due very largely to the prevailing hard times.

It represented a much deeper feeling—the irrepressible conflict between the man who owns the land and the interest which owns the water without which the land may not be cultivated.

The New York Company had learned by sad experience that money alone will not colonize deserts or make them bloom with crops and civilization. Nothing but human labor can do that—human labor represented by the proprietors of the soil. So it finally agreed to sell out its entire property to the rebellious settlers. This property consisted of a magnificent canal system which had cost \$300,000, and 5,000 acres of fertile land, then worth about \$100,000, now worth two or three times as much. The colony drove a shrewd bargain. It bought the entire property, water and land, for \$75,000, and thus became absolute master of the situation. The Payette River furnishes a superabundant supply of water and, since acquiring the canals, the settlers have extended the system over new areas. They are selling their unimproved lands from \$35 to \$50 per acre, most of it at the latter figure. The bargain they drove with the New York Company made them a rich community.

The tide turned almost immediately after the colony obtained complete control. Settlers have come rapidly ever since, and the whole valley is being colonized. The town of New Plymouth has many homes, several stores, and good church and school facilities. The census of 1900 showed 281 people in New Plymouth precinct, which is the town and its immediate neighborhood. This represents only a portion of the colony, which is now distributed over a wide area. But Plymouth has made its best growth during the past three years since the census was taken.

During the depression which followed the planting of the settlement and the long and trying period of unrest on account of the troubles with the New York Company, the original plans fell into neglect. They have been revived with the wave of prosperity, so that now the colony has a coöperative ice plant, a coöperative evaporating plant for curing fruit, and other coöperative enterprises. The people seem to be working together harmoniously. They have made homes, made money and made some little history. Their farms are mostly small and in diversified production. Apples and prunes are very profitable orchard crops.

Most of the settlers came from large cities. They had a fair average capital and are a fine class of people. On the whole, the colony succeeded with what it undertook to do and is a living example of the possibilities of national conquest in the desert.

' THE TRIUMPH OF MODESTO.

THE great Modesto Irrigation District, like its sister, Turlock, which takes water from the same big diverting dam in Tuolumne River, is now practically complete. The celebration originally planned for this month, has been postponed until April, but the present is a good time to direct attention to certain important facts about this particular district.

From the very beginning of the agitation for public irrigation works, down to the present time—a period of over fifteen years—Modesto has been the battle-ground of the movement. If poetic justice demanded the success of one district above another, it was this one. And for these reasons:

It was the economic situation in Modesto which created the first strong popular demand for a district law. The opportunity for a large work of reclamation was almost ideal. No place was ever better fitted to sustain a dense population living on small, diversified farms. The land is very fertile and, for the most part, presents a beautiful slope for irrigation and for the natural drainage so essential to it. The climate admits of the production of the widest variety of crops. By rail, it is but four hours from San Francisco, with its great market and shipping facilities. It enjoys water transportation as well as railroad. The Modesto country ought to be one of the most prosperous spots on earth.

But a large proportion of the land is owned in great farms, which formerly returned a fortune every year from crops of grain. When world-wide conditions changed all this, the owners of small farms could no longer make a living. Their only hope lay in irrigation and a different class of production. The people of the towns were also suffering from the fall in the price of wheat and were ready to join in an irrigation movement. The big landowners stood in the way. The man who owns thousands of acres cannot irrigate successfully, as a rule, and objects to paying taxes to enable other people to get benefits which he does not himself desire. No private enterprise would build enormous works on the Tuolumne with the certainty that the major portion of the land would never patronize them. The people who wanted water had the votes, but the people who did not want water had the property, and so controlled the situation. What was to be done?

Modesto sent C. C. Wright to the Legislature to solve the problem, if he could. He framed the celebrated district law which bears his name. It was enacted in 1887. It gave the majority of voters the right to create an irrigation district and levy taxes for the purpose on all the property within its bound-

aries. They could also acquire by condemnation, if necessary, private property essential to the undertaking. The passage of this law completely reversed the situation as it had formerly existed. The man with 50,000 acres now had no more to say than the man with one acre, or even than the resident of a town owning no property whatever. A district was speedily organized, bonds voted, and the work begun.

The big landowners thought the law utterly unjust and hoped that it was illegal. Although districts had sprung up everywhere, and appearances indicated that C. C. Wright had solved the irrigation problem for all of California, the big landowners proceeded to fight the new law in the courts. Defeated in California, they appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. There they were represented by Joseph H. Choate, among others, and opposed by Benjamin Harrison, C. C. Wright and others. The litigation threw a shadow over the whole development in California, demoralizing some districts and delaying others. The decision, when it came at last, was in favor of the law. The right of a majority of the people to tax those owning a majority of the property, in order to effect results which they thought for the good of the greatest number, was declared constitutional by the highest court of the land.

But the Battle of Modesto was not yet over. The general law might be sound; it did not follow that this particular district had complied with it in every respect. Technicalities could still be spun—thin as spider's web, perhaps, yet admirably suited for court-rooms. And then it was possible to delay or defeat the sale of bonds, to hinder the collection of taxes, to impede the administration of the district. Nothing that ingenuity could suggest was neglected in the effort to nullify the will of the people and reverse the ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Years came and went, but no water flowed upon the lands of Modesto. Babies grew to stalwart youths or fair maidens—youths became voters and maidens blossomed into motherhood. Still the issue remained unsettled. The opponents of the district would not desist; its friends would not surrender. It was one of those stubborn affairs which only time could end or cure. And at last, time has done her patient work. The district is completed. Everybody pays taxes. The land is being subdivided. Thousands will live where hundreds lived before. And, whatever the outcome of the law in other localities, where natural conditions were less favorable, or human wills less determined, C. C. Wright is sure of one monument that any man might envy—a monument of living green, with roots that go deep and branches that extend wide and high.

At some later date, our readers may be interested to learn more of the sister districts, Modesto and Turlock, especially on their physical side. The present article is a leaf from the history of our own times, which is especially appropriate just now, because of the successful ending of a struggle which will be historic in Western annals.



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A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

THIS magazine is read by a good many thousand of the most public-spirited men and women in the West. Many of them are in the larger cities, but a goodly number are distributed among small towns and villages where there are not too many opportunities for intellectual improvement and entertainment. That is only another way of saying that society is less perfectly organized in the small places than in the large ones.

In San Francisco and Los Angeles, no matter what your particular form of intellectual interest, you will find a club of congenial spirits to which you may belong. Art, literature, economics, religious speculation or what not—they are all represented. And there are also many organizations to develop different forms of local improvement. The Constructive League has plans for pushing its work in these larger cities, partly by the enrollment of an independent membership, partly by affiliation with existing societies. Its organizers are already busy with this branch of the work. But in scores of smaller places, ranging from cities as large as Stockton and Fresno down to the very newest communities in the delta of the Colorado, the situation is different. In nearly all such places, the opportunity to form a local Constructive Club is an invitation for the people to do something which is now being largely neglected. And what is this "something?"

First of all, to make their own town more lovely in every sense of the term.

Next, to study the various ideas now before the public that

look to the social and economic upbuilding of State and nation. In a word, everything that truly answers to the definition of the word "constructive."

Finally, to assist in shaping specific measures (as a new irrigation law) to be presented to the Legislature at the proper time, and to do what they can to induce the political parties to which they belong to fight their future battles on lines of worthy public policies that really mean something to us and to those who shall succeed to our duties of citizenship.

If the League had no purpose except the first one—to make each city, town and hamlet more lovely and more livable—it would be well worth while to establish a local club in each community. But most good men and women want to have a part in shaping the larger issues with which the future must deal. The debating club is a wonderful school, and the village lyceum has made glorious history. Let it be revived in all its old-time vigor and contribute to the growth of a healthy public sentiment.

But how is the thing to be done? It is only possible where a live man or woman can be found to take the lead. There are plenty to follow, but few to lead. It is a noble opportunity for any man or woman, young or old. Here we are at the beginning of a new century, living in new States which are to make new history. It is time for new leaders, new movements, new thoughts. It is easy to be nobody, but far pleasanter to be somebody.

This article is written in the hope that a lot of people will write to the President of the League and offer to take up the work where they live. If you did not read the new Constitution in last month's magazine read it now, and see if it does not outline a work in which you would like to engage. If you can get members, the League will pay you a commission out of the fees you collect. In that way you can be paid for your time. But your real compensation will come in another form. It will be the satisfaction you take in helping to make things better for us all. It is a poor religion, a poor political party, a poor society of any kind, which cannot do that. And it is a poor citizen of the Republic, especially of the Western part of it, who cannot contribute his or her share to such a result.

If you are ready to help, let us hear from you at once.

The day will come when you will be glad to say: "I was one of the early members of the Constructive League. I helped to make my town a beautiful home-spot. I lent a hand in lifting my political party out of the ruts of mere office-mongering and starting it off on the broad highway of public usefulness. And I did my share to plant a civilization among these mountains and valleys which was the glory of my century, and which sent out an influence that helped to raise the standard of living for all mankind."

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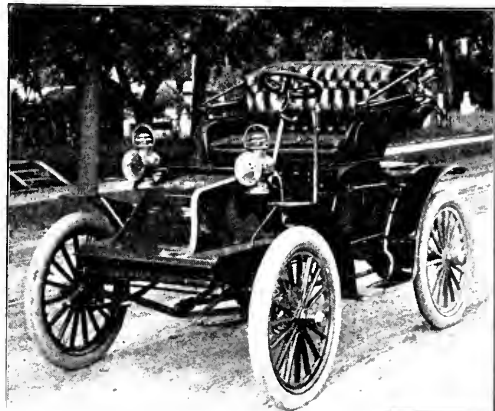


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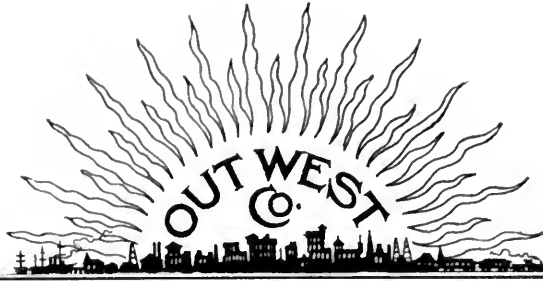
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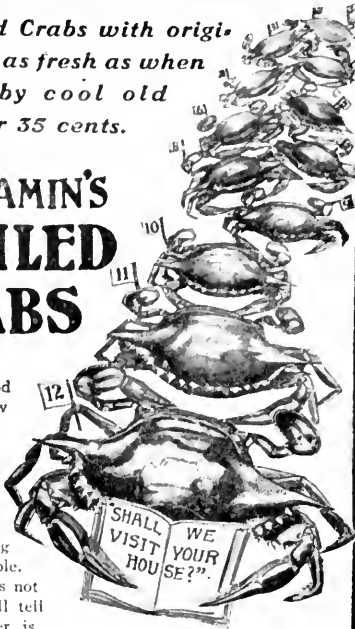
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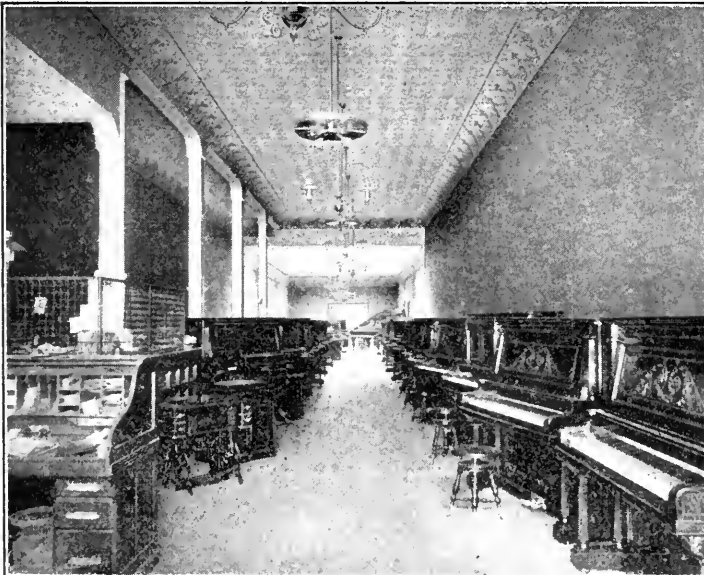


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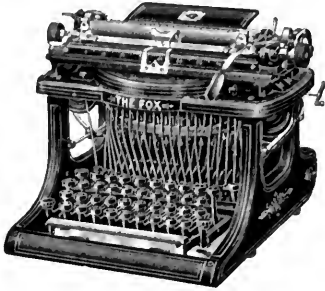
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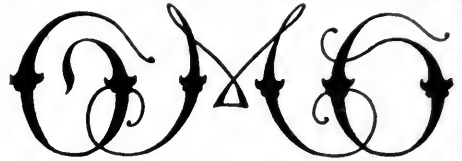
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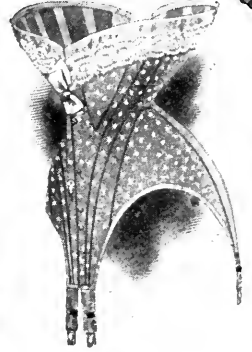
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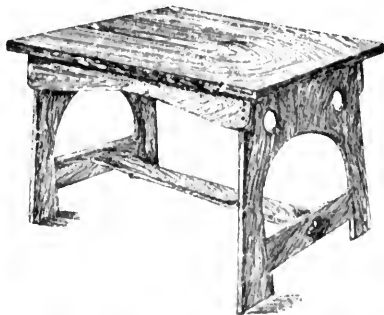
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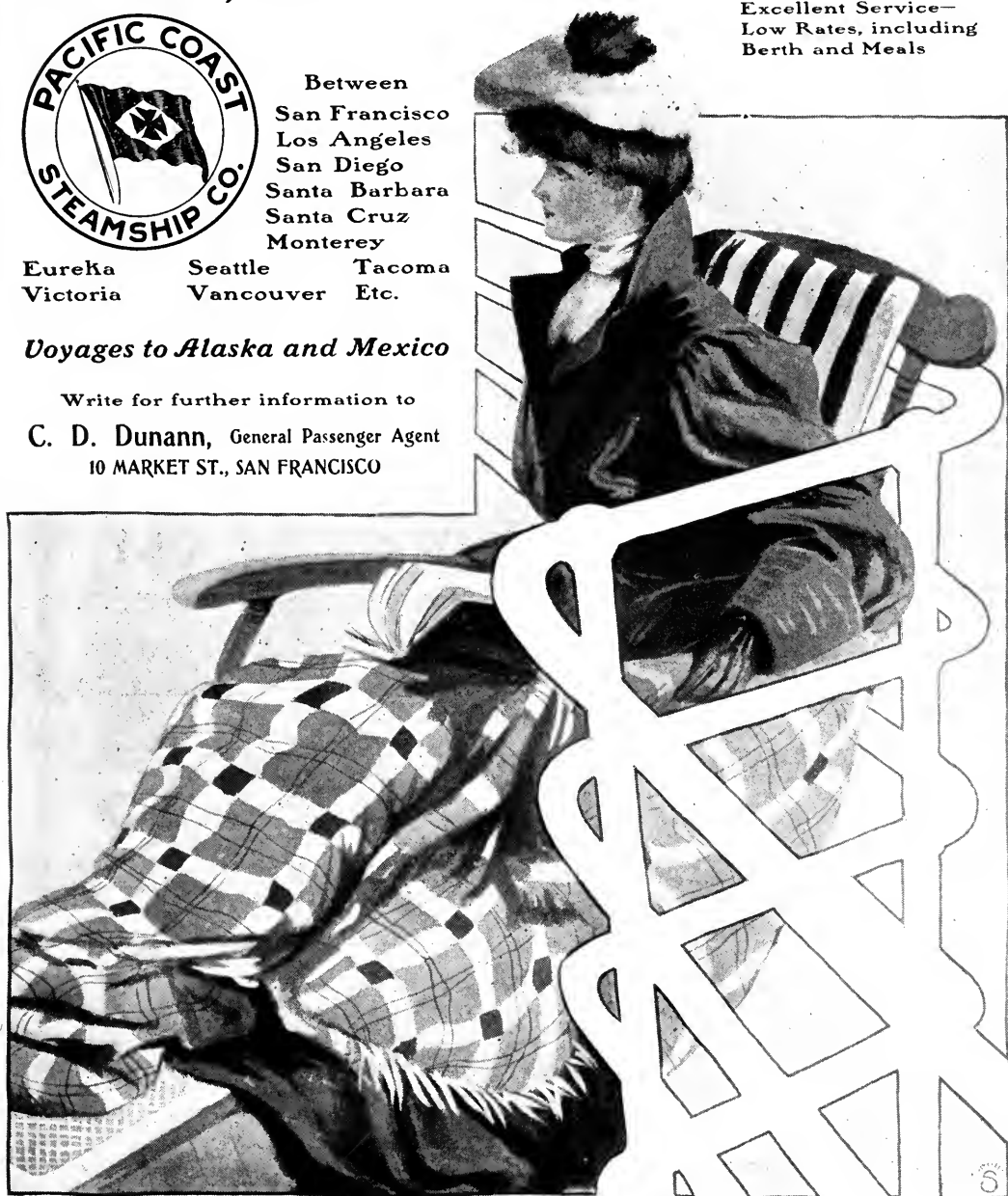
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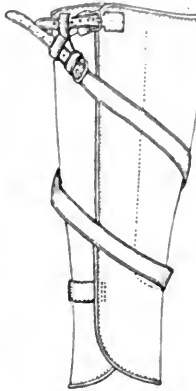
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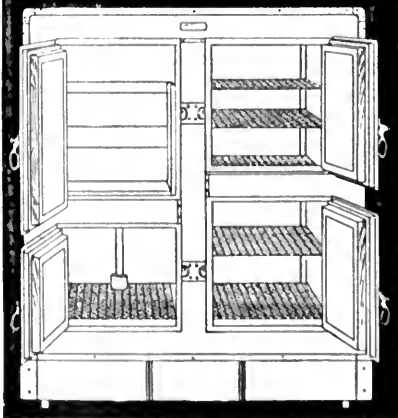
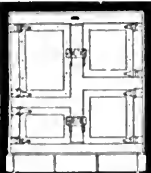
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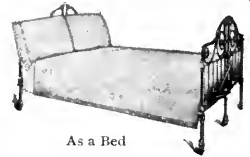
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ORANGE COUNTY

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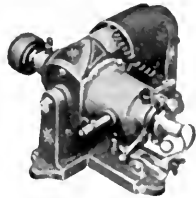
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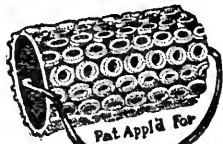
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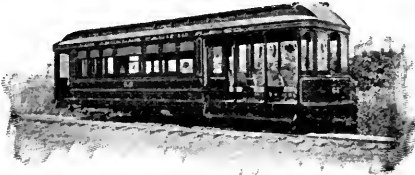
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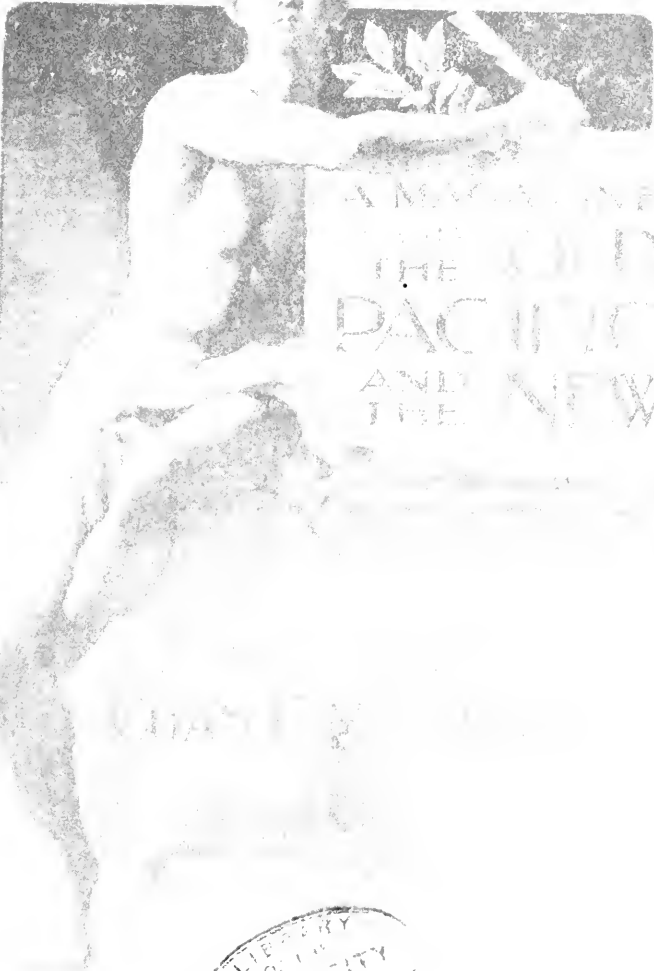
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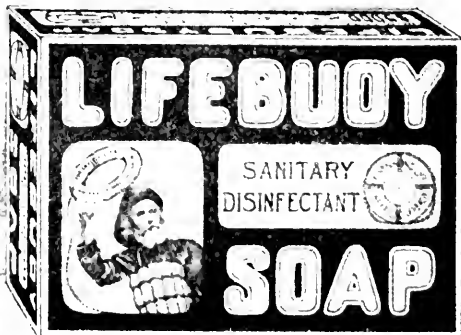
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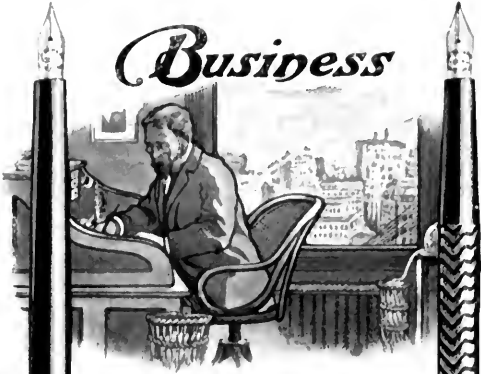
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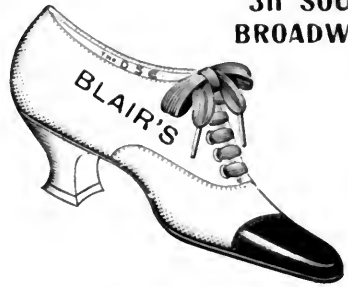
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THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



Vol. XIX, No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1903.

FROM THE TREE TO FINISHED LUMBER.

By FRANK HAINES LAMB.



STENDING from Alaska to the pass of the Tehachepi in California, and from the summit of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada Ranges to the ocean, is the timber region of the Pacific. In the North the forest is almost unbroken; as we come southward into Oregon and California, fertile, open valleys of surpassing loveliness alternate with the green-clad hills.

Beginning at the North, the Alaskan cedar, hemlock and spruce—relics of a forest that extends to the Arctic Circle—give way in British Columbia to the Douglas fir, western cedar, hemlock and spruce of Washington and Oregon. Passing into California, we leave behind these well-known timber species and enter the home of the tree of trees in size and grandeur—the Redwood. With it are associated cedar, and sugar and yellow pines. Perched in small groves and limited forests high on the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada, in the summer bathed in eternal sunshine, in the winter buried in mantles of snow, is the redwood's greater sister, the Big Tree.

For two hundred years our ancestors have "logged" in the original Colonies; today little remains of even the Great Backwoods of Maine. The lumberman, ever following close in the footsteps of the pioneers, moved in due course to the great pineries of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. In each case the methods employed were very similar. The logs were of moderate size; they were cut in the summer and either hauled immediately to the mill, or taken to the river by which they

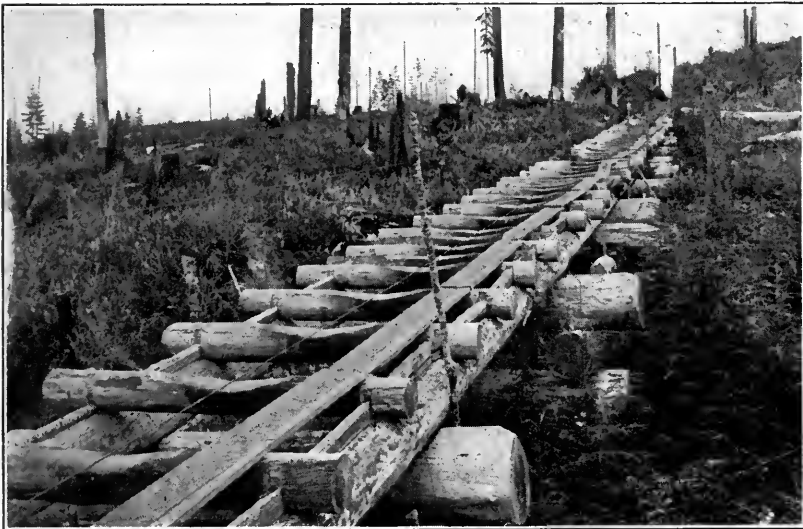
could be floated to the mill. This was usually done during the winter, when sleds could be used, and the logs were left upon the banks or placed upon the frozen river until the freshets of spring should float them to the mills.

When the life-long lumberman was forced to leave the Middle Northwest because the white pine was becoming exhausted, and go to the yellow pine and cypress of the South, or to the forests of the Pacific, new conditions arose. In the South, no freezing weather would form ice-sled roads, and the timber sometimes grew in swamps. On the Pacific, no frosts aided him in his work, the timber was found in swamps, on level ground or on high mountain ridges; and above all, the size of the individual pieces was so great, and the weight so enormous, that his ordinary methods were impracticable. New methods of logging were, of necessity, introduced. December, in the State of Washington, though the latitude is that of Labrador, means a temperature like that of April in the East, with sunshine and rain following each other in quick succession.

The logging camp is in the heart of the primeval forest. Like guarding sentinels, the great firs, from ten to thirty feet in circumference, stand on every side, with trunks straight and columnar, rough, brown-checked bark, and limbs like stunted trees two hundred feet from the ground. The small blue expanses of sky showing between them apparently rests upon their dark-green, fantastic-formed tops. The "camps"—rough, wooden, rectangular buildings, looking diminutive in their massive setting of green—are designated as "Mess House," (the dining-rooms) and "Bunk House" (the sleeping quarters). Grouped promiscuously about these are the shops, stables and other auxiliary buildings. Everything is temporary, everything rough, suitable only for the rough, strong men who pride themselves on being woodsmen.

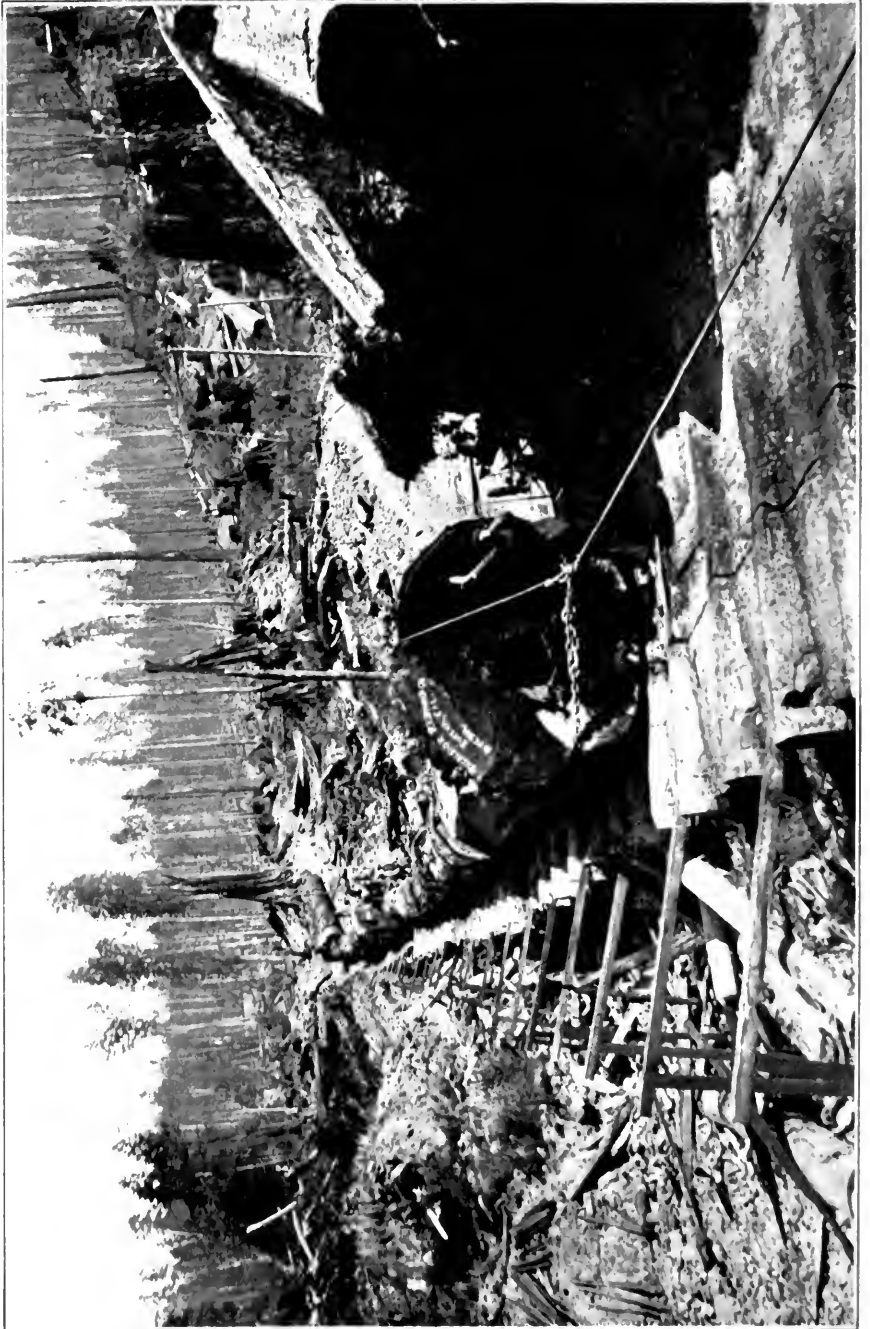
Work begins at break of day, winter or summer. Soon after three o'clock the cooks and their assistants begin the preparation of the morning meal. Beefsteak, coffee, fried cakes and fried potatoes are served, with occasional variations. At the tap of the gong the long files of half-asleep men enter the dining-room. The meal is eaten in haste and in silence. At the bunk-houses the work-clothes are donned and the "crew" leaves in a body for the woods to begin the day's work. Nothing is so delicious, so invigorating, as a cool, fall morning in the woods; nothing can be so disagreeable, so disheartening, as to start out on a wet, drizzling winter morning, when there is still scarce light enough to pick one's way along the trail leading down by the "landing" and on to the woods.

The crew steadily decreases in number as it proceeds. The engineer, fireman and road-men drop off first at the road-engine, located either on the river or at the railroad landing, depending on whether the camp puts its logs into a stream by which they can be floated to market, or loads them upon flat cars for railroad transportation to the mill. Here begins the long stretch of mud, water, timbers and treacherous wire cables that make up a "skid-road." Such a road is a poor thing for pleasure walks, but admirably adapted for hauling logs on the ground with a minimum of friction. It is made by setting sections of logs, ten feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, into the ground transversely of the direction of the road, so



A SKID ROAD.

that the upper side is just a little above the surface. A slight depression is "saddled" out of the middle of the top of each "skid," as the timbers are termed, and in this depression the long "turns," or strings of logs, are dragged endwise by a wire cable wound in by an engine located at the lower end of the road. At the end of the skid-road we come to the yarding engine. In logging parlance, "yarding" is the preparation and hauling of the log from where it lies when the tree is felled to the end of the skid-road. No roads are made for this purpose, the logs being hauled by means of a wire cable wound upon the drum of an engine, resembling a pile-driving engine enlarged. Here the greater part of the crew fall into their places. Beyond them, perhaps a dozen men are building an extension of the skid-road, and all we have left are the "fallers" and "sawyers."



HAULING ON A SKID ROAD - HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



ONE TREE—SIX LOGS.

Let us follow these to their work and watch them "fall" a tree, see the great trunk cut into log lengths, and then follow the log until it reaches the road-engine down on the river.

The head faller, or "undercutter," is a massive fellow, six feet two as he stands on a "springboard" high up on a grand fir tree. In large timber the swell at the butt is very often of poor quality; to escape this the trees are cut from four to ten feet above the ground. A notch is cut into the side of the tree and the end of a board inserted; upon this springboard, as it is termed, the fallers and choppers work.

To fall a tree ten feet in diameter where it is wanted, regardless of its natural lean, and to fall it so as not to break it, demand the highest science of the woodsman.

A V-notch is cut into the tree with an axe to about one-third of its diameter, and facing the direction in which the tree is to be felled. Then two sawyers, taking opposite ends of an eight-foot saw, begin to work from the side opposite to the notch or "undercut." When the tree begins to settle, wedges are inserted, and when it has been cut off, excepting a hinge of wood from four to ten inches in width, the wedges are driven in

with a steel sledge until the tree is forced over in the direction of the undercut.

Starting slowly, then gradually increasing, then with a roar as it gains momentum, snapping off smaller trees like fagots, a monarch of the forest lies prostrate. A mile away, the fall sounds like distant thunder; close by, the ground shakes, and near-by trees, struck by the falling giant, wave back and forth like reeds before a hurricane.

As soon as it is down, the fallers are upon it, measuring it off into log-lengths of from 24 to 100 feet each. Then follow the sawyers, a single man to a cut, each with an eight-foot saw,



SHAKE CABIN ON NEW HOMESTEAD.

a bag of wedges, a sledge and an axe. It often taxes the ingenuity of the very best sawyers to cut an eight-foot tree, lying across some deep cañon. Supporting timbers may have to be placed under the tree, and the cut made from beneath upwards, so as not to split the tree when it parts.

The log, when cut, is "barked" on the side on which it will ride when being hauled over the skid-road. It is "knotted" of its limbs, if there are any, and then "sniped" at the end which will be in front during the hauling; the sniping consists of beveling entire circumference of log for about six inches in depth.

Then come the "swampers," clearing away the brush and



A LOGGING TRAIN.

debris so that the "yarding crew" can get to the log; after that it is ready for hauling.

The "hooktender" is the master of the yarding. Under him are a dozen men, each with a particular task; but it is he who decides just which way each log shall be removed, and the means to accomplish this result.

The cable is usually from three-fourths of an inch to one inch in diameter, and about 1,000 feet are used on a yarding engine. The end of the line, with its great steel hook, is usually drawn to where it is to be attached to a log by the "line-horse," a powerful animal, specially trained for this work; the end of the line is fastened to the log either by passing the line around it, or by a pair of "grabs"—great steel hooks, shaped so that the harder the pull, the more they imbed themselves into the wood and the firmer they hold.

The line is then placed in blocks along the way to "lead" the log away from stumps and obstructions. At a signal from the hooktender, the engine begins its work. Simple, swift, decisive, the cable straightens out like a rod of iron. The power of three hundred horses is tugging away to overcome the friction and gravity of forty tons of wood. There is no hesitation; the engineer throws open the throttle and the log begins to travel. Another signal—the log is stopped; the line is thrown out of a guiding block, and again the travel begins.

What demons these logging engines are! Simple, compact, strong, subjected to every form of abuse and overwork, yet always ready. The hand of the engineer on the throttle-lever is the only governor. The log may hit a stump; if the engineer or hooktender is quick it may be foreseen; if not, either the line or its attachments are broken. Danger is everywhere. Stand away from that cable! A tap of it under such tension cuts like a bar of iron! Flying pieces of wood or broken hooks are liable to strike you a dozen paces away!

At the skid-road the logs are coupled into turns of three or more; then the endless cable of the road or landing-engine is coupled to them, and they begin their journey over the road to the landing, sometimes two miles distant. The road-engine is more powerful than the yarding-engine, but works more slowly and sedately. At the landing the logs are branded with the owners' exclusive mark, put into the river, and are ready for the "drive."

Nothing can be more thrilling, exciting and more dangerous than a drive on a swift "white water" stream. Some rivers, provided with systems of dams and sluices, can be "driven" at any time of the year. Where natural water is depended upon, the drive must wait until the freshets of winter. The dams are built in narrow places in the river bed, and are from twenty to fifty feet high. Gates are provided through which the logs are run, the foaming water flows over the sluice with the roar of a Niagara, and tears off down the rocky chasm of the river below. The log is but an atom in such power. Carried along in the midst of foam and spray, and driven with the speed of a train, it finally reaches the quieter waters of the wider river below; there it moves along more leisurely, and, alas, often "hangs up" on a convenient gravel bar; as others come along these are induced to stop also until a "jam" is formed. These often reach mammoth proportions, miles in length, piled many deep, and containing many thousands of dollars in value. Then all of the gates of the dams above are opened wide; dynamite is used to blow out the key-logs. The water descends, the whole

mass begins to raise slowly; then a quivering motion is visible—the mighty force of water, buoyant and impetuous, is at work. With the crashing of logs the entire mass breaks away. The river is cleared, the logs have “hailed,” and the jam is no more. Finally they reach their place in the booms below, and from there are taken to the mills.

At the sawmill the log is again attacked by the tenacious “grabs,” and is hauled twenty feet up an inclined plane to the second floor of the mill. Steam again takes charge of it, and it is rolled out of the log-haul by a pair of “kickers.” It is



UNLOADING LOGS.

placed upon the saw-carriage and turned right side up by the massive knees of the steam “nigger,” which, when not at work, lies between the floor-joists of the mill. The power for all these massive machines, capable of handling a log of fifty tons weight, is steam, applied by direct cylinders. The saw-carriage is steam-driven, and the “offset” for the next board or plank is done by power. When the log is “slabbed” on one side, it is turned over and reloaded upon the carriage by the long, hooked arm of the “nigger.” All these operations are under control of the sawyer with one lever.

The main saw in the more modern mills is a shining, endless steel band, fourteen inches in width, and sixty-one feet long, driven at a speed of 10,000 feet per minute around two massive



OREGON CEDAR

wheels ten feet in diameter. The sharpening and repair of the saws require a large shop, full of special tools and machinery.

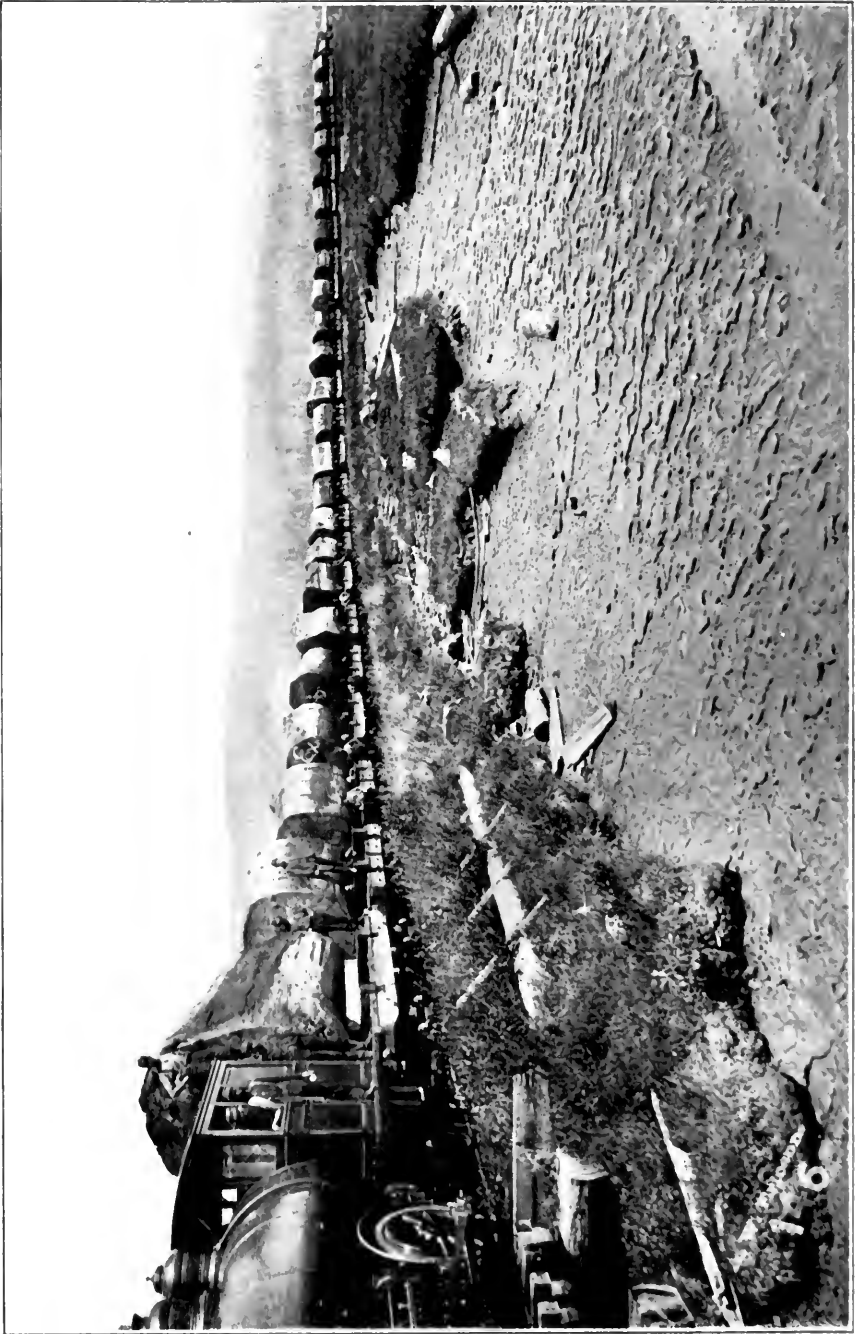
The boards, or timbers, as they leave the main saw, are transferred to any part of the mill by a system of steam-driven rollers and cross transfer-chains. All these devices are controlled by levers, and the lumber seems to be darting on its own account in every direction. Small band-saws, and sets of small double circulars, mounted one above the other and placed side by side, still further reduce the larger sticks to dimension-lumber. Timbers four inches by twenty-four follow one another through a machine at the rate of twenty-five feet per minute and emerge as 1 x 4 flooring strips.

At the end of the mill the lumber is collected from all trans-



TOWING ON THE SKAGIT RIVER.

fers and machines, and traveling over endless chains approaches the gang-trimmer—a row of circular saws mounted on oscillating frames, placed two feet apart for a width of fifty feet, which can be raised or lowered by a system of pull-wires, by a man located above the machine. As the lumber of all lengths passes over the saw-table, one or more saws can be elevated and cuts made in the board at those points. Ends are trimmed square and to length; knots are cut out, leaving shorter lengths of clear lumber—a board with one or two knots is worth vastly more in shorter “clear” pieces than as a whole for No. 2 lumber. Refuse material is cut into 4-foot or “wood lengths” and goes to the lath-mill, or to the wood-bins, all by automatic conveyance. All sawdust and refuse are automatically handled by



FRESHWATER, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

special conveyors, or forced off in iron pipes by steam-driven blowers and conveyed to the boilers to be used as fuel or to the refuse fire-pit.

From the mill the lumber goes to every portion of the plant ; to the docks for loading into vessels for every part of the globe ; or to the railroad cars for immediate shipment to the markets of the country. Other lumber is added to the great piles in the yards for air-drying, or placed on trucks for the dry-kilns.

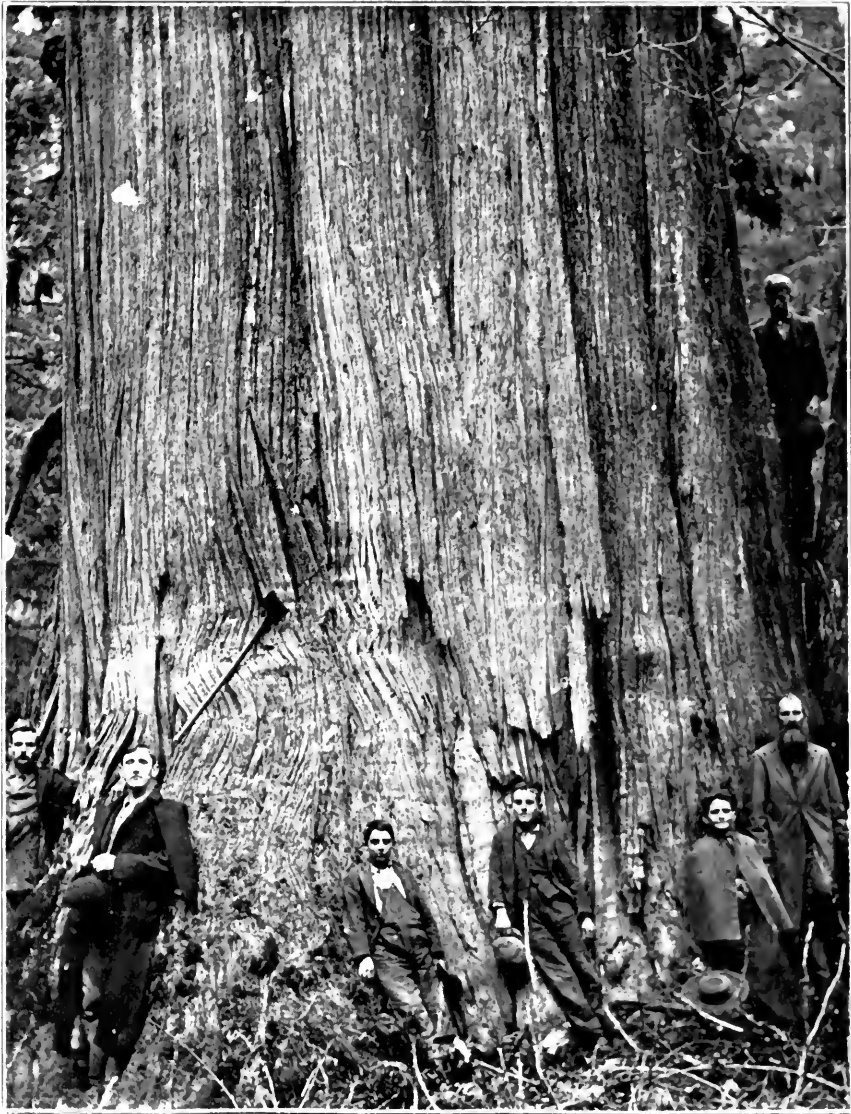
The dry-kilns of a lumber mill are veritable hells. With a temperature of 180° kept up by steam or hot air from blowers, it only requires from four to six days for the complete seasoning of lumber. It is then taken on the same cars to the planing-mills, where stand long lines of massive, complicated, fast-revolving machines. It is fed at one end between the feed rolls at the rate of sixty feet per minute, and issues at the other in one of a thousand various forms of moldings, ceilings, flooring and siding of every size and design.

In the great storage-sheds are stored the material for hundreds of homes. Standing on end, tied into bundles of five pieces, fresh, clean, smooth as though polished, it is a pleasure to handle such lumber. Long lines of box-cars stand on the covered tracks, and into them it is being loaded for the journey across the continent.

The tree that a few short weeks before stood amid the solemn grandeur of the primeval Pacific forest, today may be converted into dock and bridge timbers for New York, into "spuds" for the dredgers of Florida, or into masts for ships plying the Atlantic or the Great Lakes. The shingles on the roof of your eastern home are quite likely from the dreary cedar swamps of Gray's Harbor, Washington ; or the interior finish from the pine or redwood forests of the fog-laden hills of Northern California. The variety of products from the Pacific Coast timber is unequalled. Excepting the higher class of cabinet woods, every want to which timber can be applied can be filled by some Pacific tree. In size the range is from great sticks four feet square and up to one hundred and ten feet in length. Many of the mills can surface a timber 24" x 30" and any length.

The amount of standing timber according to government estimates, is ample to supply the present cut for over a century, but the present output is just a beginning ; the industry is only in its pioneer state, and is increasing greatly in volume every year.

Today it is the principal industry of the greater portion of three great States. It is one of the main principal sources of traffic for five transcontinental railroad systems. Hundreds of



"THE LARGEST CEDAR IN WASHINGTON."
(Circumference 100 feet at the ground.)

steam and sailing vessels carry the products to every part of the world; and in Washington, Oregon and Northern California, the number of men employed in all its branches, and the value of manufactured products, exceed all the other industries combined.

Hoquiam, Wash.

WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM ROME.

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

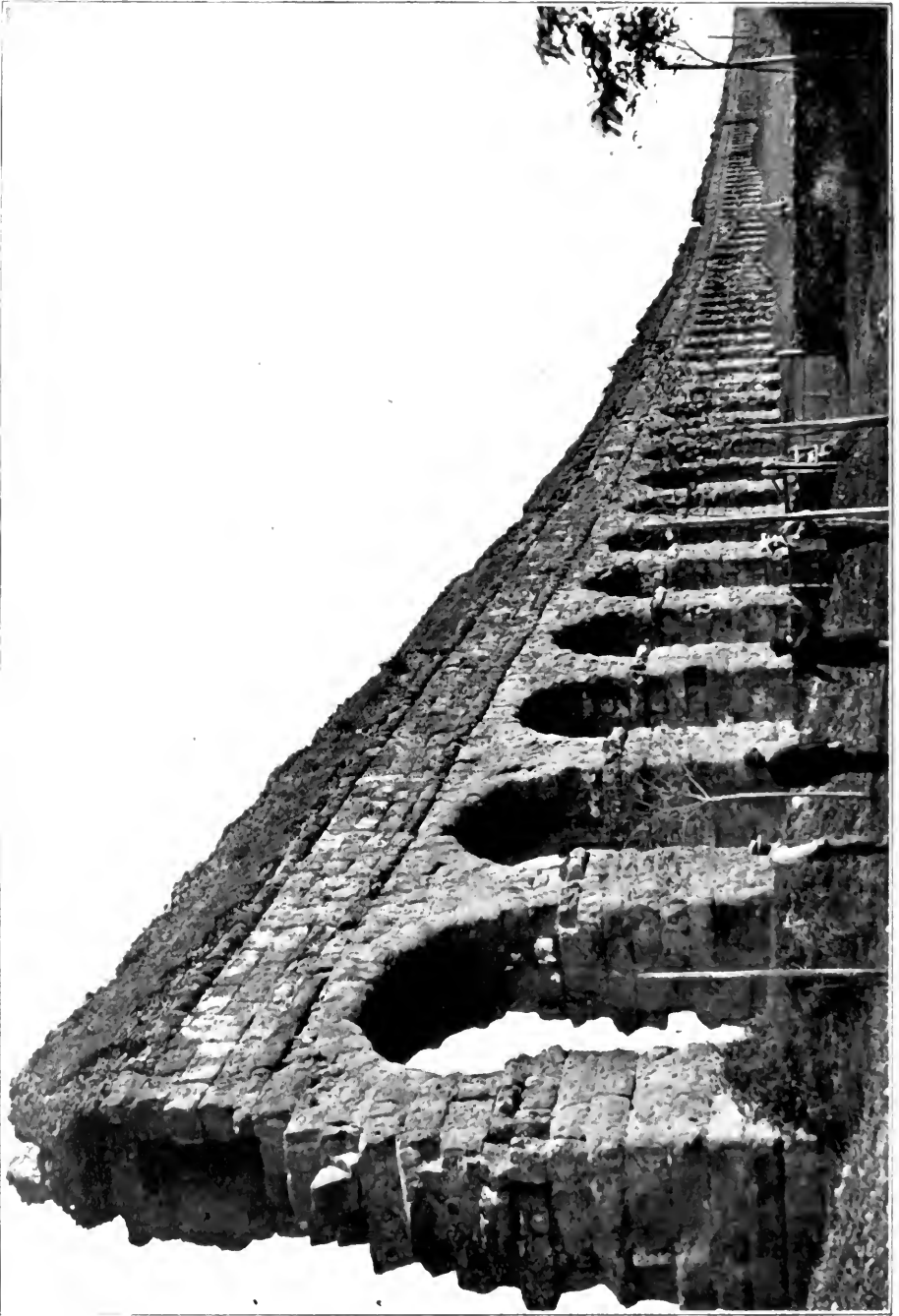
II.—“WATER OUT OF THE ROCK.”

“**R**UNNING water,” said Swedenborg, “is the symbol of living Truth.” “Water,” says a modern writer “is the living joy of Rome.”

No other city in the world boasts such a water supply ; and who thinks of Rome thinks at once of two things binding together her Past and Present—the fountains which are her present charm and the aqueducts which were the glory of her Past.

Rome was not born a water-city ready-made. It has been truly said, the three things which prove the greatness of the early Romans are their paved roads, their aqueducts and their great sewers. Rome was an almost arid city to begin with, relying upon the Tiber, that “mud-puddle in strenuous motion,” as Hawthorne justly describes it, for her water-supply, and upon certain cisterns, probably of rain-water, and such venerated springs as that of the Muses in the grove outside the Porta Capena beneath the Coelian hill. Such as it was, her very insufficient water-supply rose at periods and flooded her, precisely as if it had been a Western torrent, so that you may still see the records high up on the façades of ancient churches. For 400 years after the founding of the city she got along in this uncomfortable fashion, never having enough water, but frequently having too much.

Four hundred years later, nine great bodies of water were pouring into Rome through nine great aqueducts. Still later, this number rose to nineteen. The total length of the channels of the original nine was upwards of 285 Roman miles, of which 242 were cut beneath the surface, and 43 carried on substructure above the ground. The height of level (with one solitary and relatively insignificant exception) increased with each new aqueduct. In other words, the equivalent of a stream twenty feet wide by six feet deep, with a fall six times as rapid as the river Thames, poured daily into Rome, between the times of Trajan and Aurelian, a supply estimated at 332,306,624 gallons—332 gallons per diem for every soul in a city of 1,000,000. In our days, we are told, 40 gallons is esteemed “sufficient or excessive,” “including the use of waters in manufactures, etc.” This abundance of water, together with her excellent drainage, rendered Rome, in spite of her crowded population and an unhealthy neighborhood, one of the cities freest from the scourge of epidemic diseases of her times.



"THE GREATNESS OF THE EARLY ROMANS."



" MILES OF SILENT ARCHES."

Not merely was water abundant, but they went a long way to get it. The Aqua Marcia, famous to this day for its purity and coolness, bubbling up from a beautiful spring in the mountains, not far from Subiaco, rushes 65 miles through channel and aqueduct into the heart of Rome; and today—brought again into the city by an Anglo-Roman Company in 1872—this famous water supplies cisterns at the tops of houses on the high hills. Classical writers dilated upon its qualities; Shakespeare himself makes Brutus mention it in "Coriolanus," notwithstanding the small anachronism involved, seeing that the aqueduct was not constructed until 300 years after Brutus's death. It is still accounted the purest water in Rome. At its source it is said to be so cool that a glass of water plunged into it on a warm day shivers into fragments, as a glass will do in winter if boiling water be poured into it. It is sold on the street in bottles during the summer, and even when Rome is sweltering in heat, water run from the Aqua Marcia pipes, notwithstanding the heated metal in which it completes its passage, fills a goblet with a draught which it is difficult to believe has come uncooled to the lips across 60 miles of blazing Campagna. The utmost care was taken to protect the water in its passage that it might not be heated on the long journey; so also the greatest pains were taken to preserve the purest water for drinking solely, while the less sweet and delicate streams served for watering the great gardens, and supplying the 107 gratuitous baths of Rome, the

Emperor's palace and the Pretorian camps. At the time of Trajan and Hadrian a great deal of work was done to perfect the water-system of Rome, and the amazement of the people is recorded at seeing copious streams pouring over the arid heights of the Aventine. Centuries later, Pope Paul brought the same miracle to pass on the Janiculum, in the floods of the "Aqua Paolo," which to this day supply all Trastevere. Much such an amazement would seize the inhabitants of Los Angeles if limitless fountains suddenly burst forth on her highest and driest hills.

Having gotten their water, they took care of it. It had not



A MODERN AQUEDUCT.

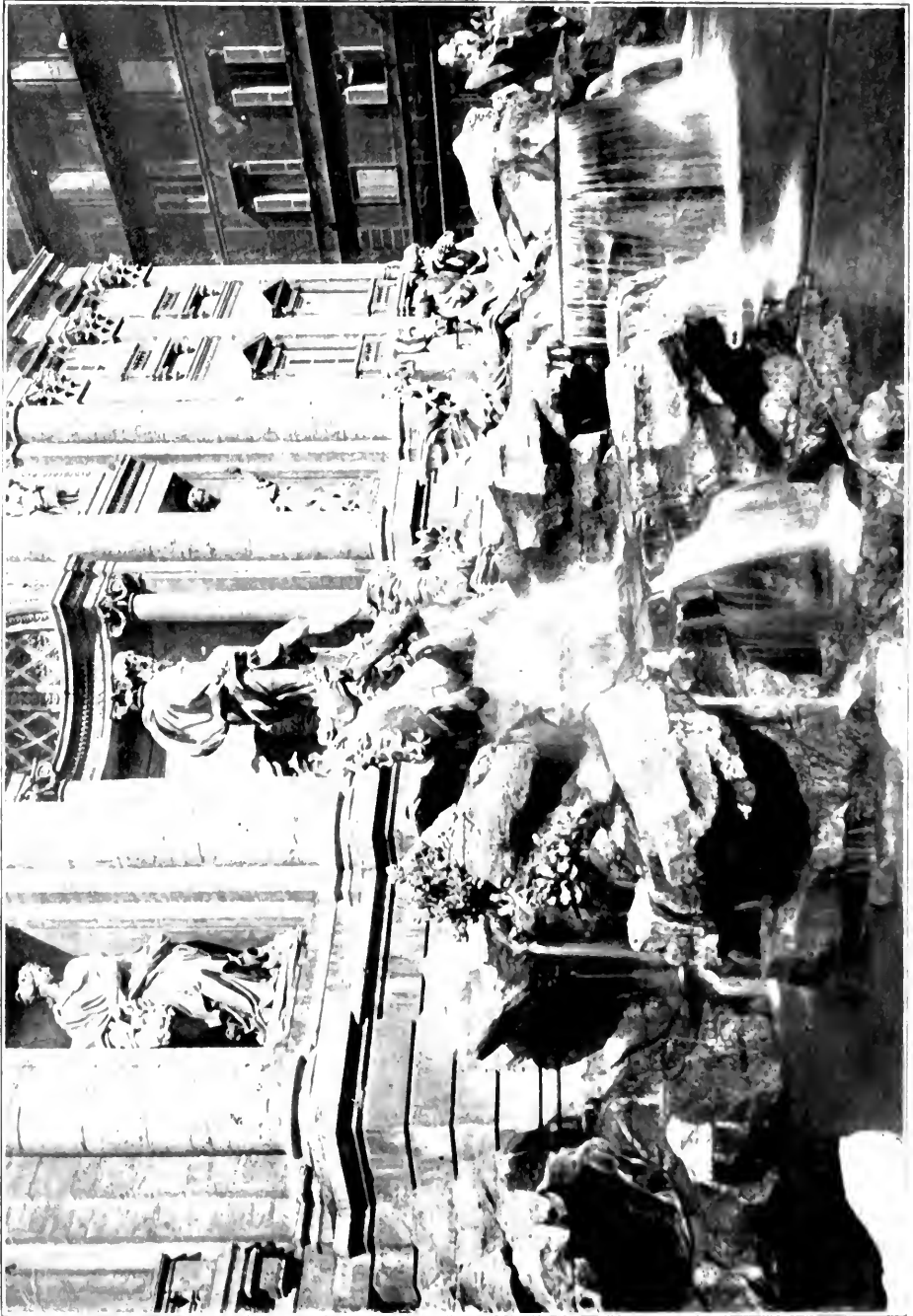
the benefit of belonging to a "Water Company." Today the Aqua Marcia is more or less in trouble on that very account, to judge from paragraphs in the papers, taking the mind back to California with a very homesick feeling.

Seven hundred men under Frontinus (from whom we derive all our information, and who acted as "Superintendent of Water-works" in his day) were employed to keep the filtering places and channels in proper repair. It is interesting—and suggestive—to know that of the 700 employes the Emperor paid for 460, the State for 240.

Everyone knows how marvelously these water-ways were built; how in channels, five Roman feet high, and two and half feet broad, with walls a foot thick and roofs thicker still, the water was carried over rough bottoms—to agitate and aerate,



"OLD TRITON."



"THE TORRENT OF THE TREVI."

round bends at every half-mile—to break the force of the current, through filtering chambers ingeniously simple, by ventilating shafts, into reservoirs (whence branches bore it all over the thirsty Campagna, then a garden, now a desert) to burst at last into garden, home and fountain, in the torrents of the Trevi or the gentle splash of the Barchetta, so that at all times the air of Rome is “quietly full of the sound of falling water.” A blest boon, this, indeed, for an inland city. Nothing, when all is said, atones for the lack of water in a landscape save its artificial presence.

No one knows the true value of “water—the greatest thing in



“FLOWERING INTO BEAUTIFUL FORMS.”

the world”—who has not lived in and loved an arid land. To one whose home is in our Southwest, where a “dry season” really means what it calls itself, and the very river is named “Seco”—who has known the jealous treasuring of little pools for thirsty roses, where every drop of water takes on something the value of a lesser gem, and watched impatient for that niggard “two hours” bath-time of the lawns and bushes every day, there is something intoxicating in the incessant, opulent, imperial abundance of water in Rome, to which the shallow Tiber has nothing to say. “Surely they will cut off the fountains,” we say, as rainless month succeeds to rainless month—“surely the supply will be exhausted—the Zanjero will be upon us with his warnings;” but the children splash in it, the piazzas are wet with it, and the supply never fails. I have not envied



"THE ONE COPIOUS BLESSING OF THE WRETCHED PEOPLE."

Victor Emmanuel III nor the Pope, but I have mightily envied all summer long the man whose mission it is twice a day to lift up all the little square doors in the pavement, fasten his wheeled hose thereto, and make a significance of rain all over the hot stones, using his liberal discretion as to pools for the cab-horses to stand in and temporary ponds for the barefoot brown toes of children to riot in.

Nor could a Californian but be made thoughtful by all this. We have already the climate of Rome and her natural beauty—an improved edition of both; we have her trees and flowers, her kindly sea-breeze and her bracing mountain airs; we have even an insufficient river of our own, which yet I have seen rise,



“ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA.”

Tiber-like, and sweep away house, tree and bridge—nay, the very stream called “Dry” ran off with a postoffice in a time that is hardly past history; and have we not in our Sierras, to which the Sabines are but foothills, our glacial lakes, our rocky springs?—above all, have we not our engineers? Cannot a free people do what an enslaved one did? Is a Republic less omnipotent for good than an Empire? Have we not already made our far-away water into near-at-hand electricity, and cannot we compel the water itself? With water, Southern California would be unapproachable—the noblest southern country given to man.

This makes the poetry of Rome, this gives life and charm to every bare piazza and narrow alley, for as if this loveliest ele-

ment must work itself out in beauty, it flowers here in a thousand beautiful forms, not only in the broad squares where sculptured figures pour it forth into great basins, or throw it high into the air, but from every street-corner where some quaint head thrusts forth from a gray wall. Here it is a faun who fills a barrel, and there a mischievous sprite blows it out from his puffed cheeks, and in every court-yard, as you pass the wide portone, some basin or cascade greets the eye and ear, cooling, refreshing and delighting all together. None can doubt how much water has to do with the health and moral health of Rome; the children play, the elders loiter, everyone comes to fill his bronze jar or glass fiasco, and undergoes, all unawares, the subtle influence. In the time of Agrippa there were 700 reservoirs, large and small, down to the household basin or cistern; there were 105 fountains and 170 gratuitous baths in Rome. Today the *Thermae* are represented by bathing houses on the Tiber, but the fountains seem to have multiplied themselves endlessly. Under Frontinus it was strictly forbidden to dip a dirty bucket into one of these street fountains, which then as now made glad the heart of Rome, and the hearts of her poorer population. An equal care was bestowed in distributing the overflow and in separating the surface water from the drainage in the great Cloaca, another glory of the ancient time from which we still may learn.

Second only, perhaps not even second in the long analysis, to this fundamental fact of water in any shape, is the subtle influence of these beautiful shapes, culminating in the majestic and august beauty of the Roman aqueduct. Here one's heart fails; we have invented the iron pipe, capable of sustaining torrents. I suppose, if we brought water from our glacial lakes and snow-fed streams, it would be in iron pipes across bare bridges. Yet I take heart again; only a small proportion of the Roman water-way is overground. Even if we piped and tunneled our Sierras, might there not be some sublime approach by bridge and noble arch within our city limits at the least? The chief approach to Rome lay between the magnificent arcades of the Marcian and Claudian aqueducts, not more than a hundred yards apart, and through their arches, thirty feet high on the one hand and fifty on the other, the wide Campagna stretched away to purple distances, to shadowy Monte Cavo and white Soracte. Not less than the power was the beauty. And here is a fact on which the education of the future will more and more have to rest. We shall never be really a great people until we have learned to take account of beauty as of religion. Beauty is in itself a religious influence; they who systematically

leave it out of the account remain barbarians, and nothing is truly well done which is not beautifully done as well. The time will come when every work of utility will be a work of beauty, like the Roman aqueducts. This it is which makes their enduring charm, which causes something to spring to the eye and touch the heart at sight of those silent miles of arches, as no other Roman ruin, temple, or holy place can do. You cannot look upon them without realizing the giant streams of life and strength and joy they bore to ancient Rome. The palaces were for the Cæsars, the Churches were for the purple Hierarchy, the temples were for the gods and the trophies of the conquerors, the water was for all, the one copious blessing



"TO FILL BRONZE JAR OR FIASCO."

of the wretched pleb. And with a right significance the arches of the aqueducts dominated all Rome, "among the grandest and most conspicuous objects," the most beautiful amid that world of beautiful structures, and the most enduring also.

When one thinks what equal splendor might be wrought for another Southland with the blessing of water, one sighs for a brief, beneficent Cæsar. Next to water, the West lacks architecture. If only much water might be combined with a little architecture and the useful, honorable iron pipe flower into arch and bridge and fountain (not of the old forms but new and as noble), what an achievement were this! Who can call that uneconomical which rears at a certain present cost an object lesson of beauty to last two thousand years—which plants an influ-

ence of work silently upon a race throughout the generations of men? And who can justly declare that any work is economical which permanently neglects this element of the enduring beautiful?

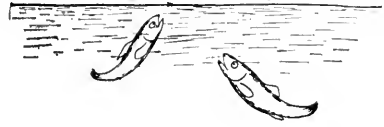
If there is one development of art left for America it must be in the line of the beauty of the useful—in the ennobling of all which serves the noble common uses of life and humanity. This is art and work worthy a great democracy. Not palaces for any Emperor, but fair homes for a free people; not cathedrals for any hierarchical priesthood, but schools, colleges, libraries for the new religion of humanity, built and adorned as the temples and the churches of an elder day; not great gardens for any prince, noble, cardinal or millionaire, but great parks for a whole people; and among all the thousand forms in which the democracy will work out this religion of beauty, what can be worthier its best endeavors, better deserve its lavish care, than that which bears witness to the presence of the life-giving element, to flowing health, prosperity and happiness, in short to “water in a thirsty land.”

Rome, Italy.



PROCEEDINGS OF THE XIIIITH CONCLAVE OF THE N. F. G. W.

By CLOUDSLEY RUTTER,
Naturalist, U. S. Fish Commission Steamer Albatross.



The N. F. G. W. met in regular millennial conclave a few months since at the big bend in Sacramento River a few miles above Colusa. Quinnat Salmon called the meeting to order, taking his position near a sunken snag, which he tapped with his tail for attention. The snag was near the bottom of the river, and formed an eddy in the current, thus enabling the chairman to keep his head down-stream facing the multitude, for you know it is difficult for a fish to breathe when his mouth opens with the current instead of against it. There were thousands of fishes about him (all with their heads up-stream), arranged in groups according to species, the largest individual of each species in front, being the accredited delegate to the convention, the others arranged behind the delegate in the order of their size.

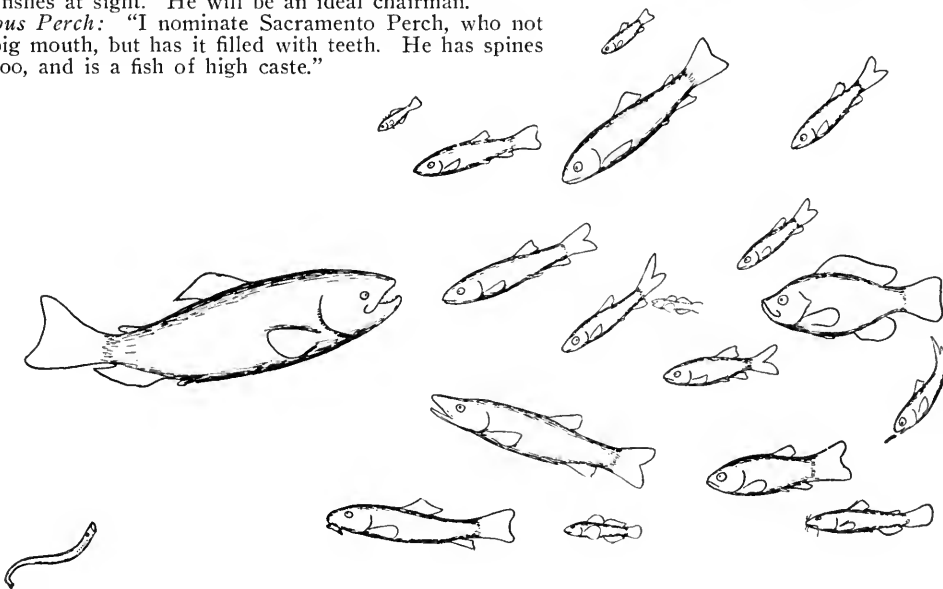
Salmon: "Native Fishes of the Golden West, from time immemorial, upon the millenarian anniversary of the discovery of the pass to the Golden West, we have met to discuss various questions pertaining to our welfare. Great have been the changes since our last meeting, and important are the questions to come before us at the present conclave. The attention of motionless fins is earnestly requested.

"It will be our first duty to elect a permanent chairman. Our rules for voting are well known—each native species is entitled to one vote, to be cast by an accredited representative; and only those who were resident in the basin at the time of the last meeting are considered native species.

"Nominations for permanent chairman are now in order."

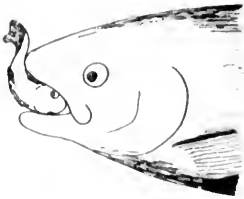
Split-Tail: I nominate Sacramento Pike for chairman. He has as big a mouth as any fish in the river, or bigger, and therefore can be readily heard. He has traveled over the whole basin from upper Pit River to Kern River, and therefore knows all Sacramento fishes at sight. He will be an ideal chairman."

Viviparous Perch: "I nominate Sacramento Perch, who not only has a big mouth, but has it filled with teeth. He has spines in his fins, too, and is a fish of high caste."





"THE BIG BEND IN SACRAMENTO RIVER"



Viviparous Perch said this because he himself has teeth in his jaws and spines in his fins, and considers himself among the "four hundred."

Split-Tail: "What is the use of having a mouth full of teeth when you can get all you want to eat without them, and are never troubled with the tooth-ache?" and by way of proving his point he gobbled up a May-fly larva that crawled out from under a stick.

Lamprey: "I nominate—"

Many Voices: "Silence! Silence!" "You are not a fish." "You have no voice in this meeting."

Salmon: "Your case, Lamprey, will be referred to the Ichthyologist of the California Fish Commission, who will decide whether an animal without a lower jaw can be a fish. In the meantime you will have to keep quiet."

Lamprey did keep quiet, but not until he had wriggled his way back among the group of salmon, and attached himself by his sucking mouth to the gill-cover of one of them, when he

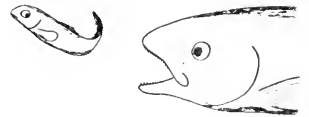


QUINNAT SALMON.



A FEW MILES ABOVE COLUSA."

began rasping the skin away with his teeth. All the other lampreys did the same thing, to which all the salmon objected, and a general disturbance resulted. In a short time, however, the salmon either had jerked the lampreys loose, or had managed to swing them around and bite them in two. This fastening himself to other fishes is a favorite method of traveling as well as eating with Lamprey, but it will not work when he tries it on Quinmat Salmon.



LAMPREY.

Prickly Sculpin: "Mr. Chairman, I nominate a fish who combines all the characteristics ascribed to both the other nominees. His mouth is large and wide; indeed, he is somewhat related to the salt-water fish known as Irish Lord. There is,



SACRAMENTO PIKE.

therefore, no question of his ability to make himself heard. He has traveled extensively, and knows the inhabitants of the basin thoroughly. He has a spinous dorsal fin, spines on his opercles, and a bony ridge across his cheek. He is a fish of the highest caste known in fresh water. I nominate Mountain Sculpin."

The water bubbled from the laughter that greeted this speech and nomination.

Split-Tail: "Why, you little bullhead without brains, either of the other nominees could swallow him whole, or you either, for that matter."

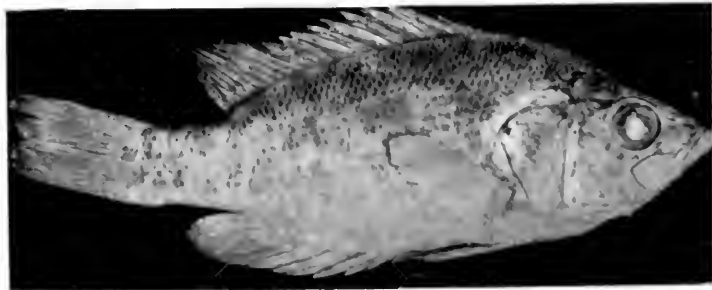
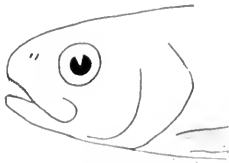
Prickly Sculpin: "Yes, but you can't," and he promptly bit *Split-Tail* on the anal fin; and *Split-tail* could not resent the insult, as his mouth is small and toothless.

Salmon: "Order in the river.—Any further nominations?—It seems to me that someone should nominate my cousin, Rainbow Trout. He is a strong and beautiful fish, and is very wise, having an adipose fin."

Rainbow Trout: "I thank the chairman for his eulogy, but my election would be an impossibility. The toothless fry are in the majority," meaning that the minnows would all vote for Sacramento Pike.

Hardhead: "The trouble with your cousin, Mr. Speaker, is that no one knows just who he is. We do not know whether he is Steelhead or Rainbow, and we do not care to provoke an election contest."

Salmon: "There being no further nominations we will proceed to vote for chairman. All those in favor of Sacramento Pike will please stand on your tails and be counted.—Blackfish, Hitch, Hardhead, Split-Tail, Chub, Roach, Dace,—total seven. All minnows, by the way."



SACRAMENTO PERCH.



MOUNTAIN SCULPIN.

Sacramento Pike was confident of election, and so did not vote.

Salmon: "Those in favor of Sacramento Perch.—Trout, Stickleback, Viviparous Perch.

"Those in favor of Mountain Sculp'n.—Prickly Sculpin, Mountain Sculpin."

Sucker did not vote. He had been too ill-treated by Sacramento Pike to vote for him, and it would be next thing to treason to vote for a fish having teeth in his mouth.

"Sacramento Pike is the choice of the convention. He will please come forward and take charge of the meeting."

And all the minnows stood on their heads and flapped their fins in applause as Sacramento Pike took the place of Quinnot Salmon.

Chairman (gaping his mouth in acknowledgment of the honor accorded him, whereupon Roach and Dace sought shelter in the grass near shore): "The purpose of this meeting is to renew our knowledge of each other [the trembling Roach and Dace thought they were already too well known by the chairman], to introduce new members, and to provide for the common defense. According to custom, each species, through its accredited representative, will give an account of itself, introduce relatives that have taken up their residence in the basin since the last meeting, and bring up any other matter that may seem worthy of our consideration. You will please speak, without being called upon, in the order in which your names occur in Jordan & Evermann's Check-list. The time is now at your disposal."



WESTERN SUCKER.

Western Sucker: "You may always know me by my big warty lips. Only suckers have such lips, and my species is the only sucker that travels over the entire Sacramento Basin; therefore I need give no further description of myself.



"Why do I have such lips? Because my ancestors had them. Also, I need them. My food is the green slime growing on the rocks, which I scrape off with my big warty lips. Now, it would require a week for any of you small-lipped fishes to scrape off enough slime to last you a day, while it takes me but a few hours."

Chairman: "But do you grow big lips because your food is green slime, or do you choose green slime for your food because your lips are big?"

The question was too hard for Sucker, so he pursed out his lips and went on with his story.

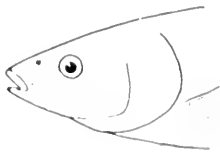
Western Sucker: "A great many ages ago the fishes in a certain stream became so abundant that they were having a hard time finding enough to eat. They lived mostly on insects, and when these become scarce, some began eating tender plants. After a while, the plants were thinned out, and some of the fishes had to scrape the slime off the rocks. At first it was so abundant that any kind of fish could supply himself; but as it was eaten off more closely, those with the bigger lips got the more. In time the lips of certain fishes became suited to this kind of food only; they were the original suckers.

"One of my brother species, Small-eyed Sucker, could not attend the conclave. He lives in a small stream a long distance above Pit River Falls, which are impassable for suckers. He sent word by Quinnat Salmon Fry, asking me to present his name so that he may vote at the next conclave. You may know him by his small eye.

"Another brother of ours, Tahoe Sucker, who looks like me except that he has finer scales, managed to get over the mountains a few centuries ago, and I give this notice of his residence in the headwaters of Feather River in order that he may be considered an N. F. G. W. at the next meeting.

"A cousin of ours, Broad-mouth Sucker [*Pantosteus*] entered the basin along with Tahoe Sucker. He is distinguished by having his upper and lower lips separated at the corners of the mouth by a notch."

Chairman: "The convention will please wake up! We are now to hear from the great family of minnows."

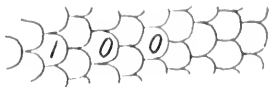


BLACKFISH.

Blackfish (Orthodon): "I used to be called Straight-tooth, because the teeth back in my throat are long and straight. I eat fish eggs when I can get them, but I also like tender plants, and green pond scum is a great delicacy. Unlike Western Sucker, I have no sisters nor cousins nor aunts. I am simply Blackfish. I have finer scales than any other minnow, more than a hundred in a row on my side."

Chairman: "In some places you are called Greaser!"

Blackfish: "Yes, and in some places you are called Whitefish, but that does not necessarily mean that your actions are white."



Rainbow Trout: "And in other places our chairman is called Salmon Trout, to which both I and Salmon object. Not having an adipose fin, you are not of our caste."

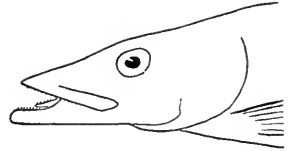
Rainbow was feeling sore over the election.

Chairman: "Well, I suppose Catfish is a near relative of yours; he has an adipose fin."

Rainbow was too much insulted to make reply. The idea of his being related to Catfish completely overcame him, but Prickly Sculpin took up the controversy.

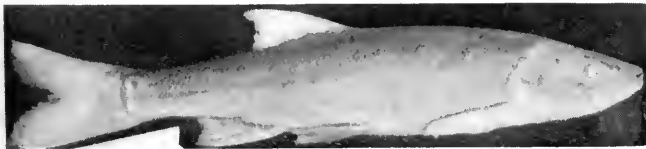
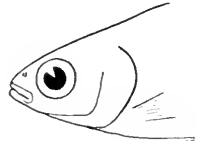
Prickly Sculpin: "And I would like to know how our chairman comes by the name Pike. He used to be called Big-mouth, which is more appropriate. I have talked with Catfish, who has recently arrived from eastern waters, and has known Pike for ages; he says that Pike not only has a bigger mouth than our chairman, but also has it filled with teeth. Our chairman should visit a dentist if he wants to be a pike."

Sacramento Pike made no answer to this tirade, and the regular order of business was resumed.



HITCH.

Hitch (Lavinia): "Neither have I any brothers, but cousins a plenty, and so has Blackfish. He and I belong to the same family, Minnows, and are, therefore, cousins. I have only the one name, Hitch. You may always know me by my deep, compressed body, small, toothless mouth, slender tail, widely forked tail-fin, and anal fin with twelve or thirteen rays. I feed on insects, and do no harm to fish or flesh. I prefer quiet, muddy water, and would never think of going to the cold mountain streams. Cormorants and Striped Bass are my worst enemies."



HARDHEAD.

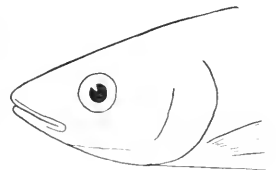
Hardhead (Mylopharodon): "As you see, I look much like our chairman, but my mouth is smaller, and my upper lip is connected with the skin of my forehead, the crease behind the lip not reaching from side to side. I was at one time called Grindertooth, on account of the big teeth in my throat [pharyngeals]. The whole basin is my home."

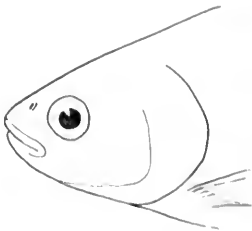
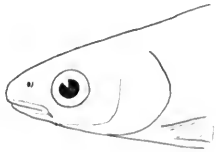
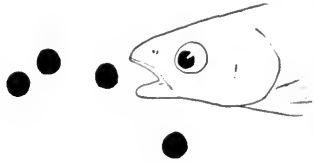
Split-Tail: "You may always know me as the minnow that has the upper lobe of the tail longer than the lower."

Salmon: "Oh, yes, I always know you. You are the fiend that always follows me and my mate while we are spawning; you are the glutton that eats all our eggs. Scales and fins! If my throat had not grown so small I would swallow you whole."

Split-Tail: "Not all; I notice that Rainbow Trout eats some of them."

Rainbow Trout: "Well, sometimes young Quinnat Salmon stays in the river until he is six months old, and then he eats salmon eggs. I think that gives me a right to eat them."





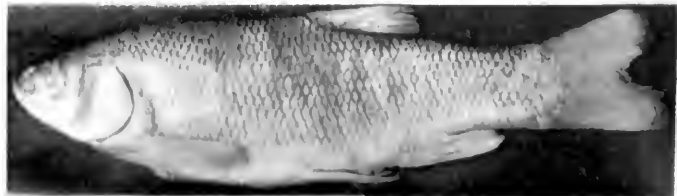
SPLIT TAIL.

Split-Tail: "Yes, I eat salmon eggs when I can get them. When I cannot, I eat insects or anything that comes along. If Quinnat does not want me to eat his mate's eggs, he should always go to the mountain streams to spawn. Whenever I can get enough to eat, I prefer to live in the warmer water of the lower river. I would even prefer living part of the time in brackish water rather than in the cold water of the mountain streams. I—"

Split-Tail looked around and saw nearly all of his audience asleep; and so he stopped.

Chairman: "My name comes next on the list, but it hardly seems necessary for me to say anything in addition to what has already been said. It is well known that I am the biggest minnow in the world. English Pike looks like me, or would if he would only pull his teeth, which I strongly recommend him to do. It must be a great inconvenience not to be able to close one's mouth.

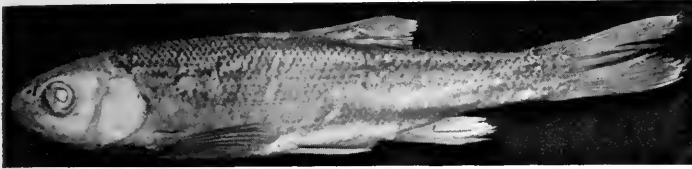
"What is a minnow? A minnow, my dear little inquisitive Sculpin, is a fresh-water fish with smooth scales, no teeth in the mouth, small lips without warts, and a short dorsal fin with no more than twelve rays and no spines. This does not include the barbarian, Carp, of the long dorsal fin, whom I am loath to include in the minnow family."



SACRAMENTO CHUB.

Sacramento Chub: "The Chubs are a numerous brotherhood on the other side of the mountains, and are very well represented on this side. First, to speak of myself, as the others have done, you may know me by my very deep tail, which is almost as deep as my head, and deeper than that of any other fish of the river.

"At our last conclave, certain fishes came up from Tulare Valley, and claimed recognition under the name of Posa Creek Chub, but the committee refused to recognize them. Dr. Jordan has recently examined them, and says they are a distinct species [*Leuciscus conformis*]. I give notice of their coming of age, that they may vote at the next conclave.



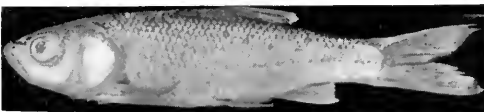
RED-SIDED CHUB.

"A brother of ours has entered the basin since the last meeting, and is now living in the headwaters of Feather River. He may be distinguished by a red stripe along the sides" [*Leuciscus egregius*].



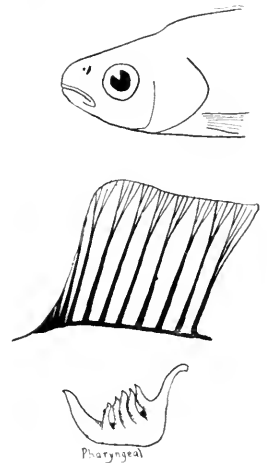
SACRAMENTO ROACH.

Sacramento Roach: "I am a rather small minnow, and am of but little consequence. I do but little harm, and probably but little good. I live mainly on insects, and die mainly in the mouths of such monsters as our chairman. [Here the speaker shuddered.] On account of my small size and numerous enemies, I have to live in ponds and sloughs and other out-of-the-way places. Then, after many years, I forget just how my ancestors appeared, and can't keep the right number of scales and fin-rays: and when I get out of my puddle and meet some of my old companions, they do not recognize me. I am so different in different localities that it is hard to give a description that will fit all individuals. Perhaps this will do: A round, slender body, small, toothless mouth, dorsal and anal fins each with eight rays, four teeth on the left side of the throat [pharyngeals], and four or five on the right."



KLAMATH ROACH.

Klamath Roach: "I came to this basin a short time before the last conclave, when Pit River cut through the Sierras. I differ from my brother who has just spoken only in my compressed body; otherwise you could not tell us apart. Sometimes my mouth is oblique, but not always."



OUT WEST



DACE.



Dace: "Sacramento Roach has just complained of being small; he is not half as small as I, the smallest California minnow. It seems that I am hardly big enough to describe, as I never grow to be more than three inches long, but anyone who cares may distinguish me by my very small mouth, usually with a small barbel at the corner, like that of Split-Tail, who did not mention the fact, and by my dorsal and anal fins, each having but seven rays. I live on insects, and die—well, you remember the nursery rhyme, 'Big fishes eat little fishes. . . . and so *ad infinitum*.' I am the *infinitum*."

Just then Hardhead yawned, and Dace sought cover.



RAINBOW TROUT.

Rainbow Trout: "I am universally known, and therefore need no description."

Chairman: "If you are so well known it seems strange that ichthyologists should describe you under thirteen different names, and that sportsmen should have almost as many names for you as there are streams!"

Steelhead: "I should have spoken before Rainbow, because—"

Chairman: "In that case you have lost your right to speak. Dr. Gilbert says that you and Rainbow are the same species; therefore you cannot both speak."

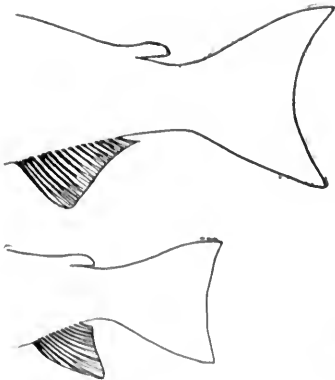
Steelhead: "But sportsmen all say—"

Chairman: "They know nothing at all about it. Please keep quiet."

Steelhead: "But I am bigger than—"

Chairman: "I will have you committed for contempt pretty soon. Dr. Gilbert's word is law; that settles it. The next mentioned in the Check-list will please stand on his tail and testify."

Salmon: "Well may Rainbow boast; he belongs to the great salmon family. Next to me, he is the most important fish in the river. Rainbows resemble Quinnats a little, but may be distinguished by young Quinnats having sixteen rays in the anal fin, while Rainbows have but twelve."



Chairman: "By the way, Quinnat, how do you come by the name salmon? Rainbow is a brother of Atlantic Salmon, while you are only a cousin.

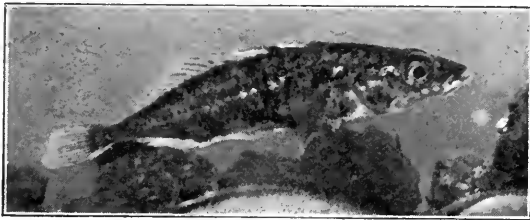
Salmon: "Quinnat is my name. The name salmon was given me by fishermen, though it's not such a misnomer as 'pike' is for you."

Sacramento Perch: "Quinnat is well known to be the greatest traveler among us. Can we not induce him to tell us something of his travels?"

Salmon: "It is a long story, and I can give you but a mere outline of my wanderings. My parents both died before I left the egg-shell, though I suppose I was as well off as any of you were at that age. I think that none of you but Viviparous Perch were ever owned by your parents. All other fresh-water fishes of my acquaintance try to hide their eggs among the weeds or gravel, and then never think of them again.

"But to return to my story: As soon as I was able to swim, and was therefore able to catch food and keep out of the way of my enemies, Rainbow Trout and Sacramento Pike—with due regard to our chairman and my many-hued cousin—I started down the river, floating backward in the current for ease in breathing as well as in catching food. I reached the great salt water when I was five months old. Here I found all manner of strange and ferocious animals. Many times did I have to swim with all my might to escape Shark or some other cannibal, and many times did I make Herring and Tomcod suffer in return. About a month ago I left the ocean, after three years' wandering, and am now on my way to the spawning grounds in the mountain streams. I have not eaten anything since I left the ocean, and shall never eat again. My life's work is nearly over, and I shall soon lay my bones with those of my fathers for thousands of generations past."

Steelhead: "Most of your fathers for the past few generations have laid their bones in tin cans or by the side of restaurant plates."



STICKLEBACK.

Stickleback: "You have just heard from the largest fish of the river; it is now time to hear from me, the smallest. Although I am so small, I am by no means insignificant. True, I am not very good eating for any of you or anything else, and am not big enough to eat other fishes, but I can and do eat their eggs, which I esteem very highly. When an egg is too large to eat whole, I nibble at it until I get all I want. My teeth are sharp, and it does not take me very long to nibble through the shell of even a salmon egg.

"Be careful my dear old lumbering Chub. I know you are big enough to swallow me, but you can't do it. In the first place, you can't catch me, and even if you could, you would be sorry for it. Do you see the sharp spines on my back? and the two that I have in place of ventral fins? Well, you had better see them than feel them sticking in your throat, for when I raise them I lock them in that position, and they interfere greatly with swallowing. Oh, I am a dangerous fish!



"And I want to correct a statement of the last speaker. It is not true that no fishes ever look after their eggs. We Sticklebacks place our eggs in tiny nooks among the weeds or stones, and then watch over them and see that they are molested by no one. Oh, we are wise as well as dangerous!

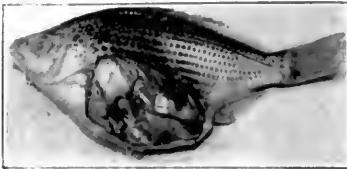
"And there is another thing in which we are superior to the rest of you. Most of you are dull-colored, and never change color at any time. I know it is not safe for you to do otherwise; but that does not alter the fact. But we are green and silvery, with minute black specks; and during the spring our cheeks and throat and breast and our ventral fins become bright orange. Just see how beautiful!" and he stood on his tail and spread his fins, but no one expressed any admiration, which pleased Stickleback just as well as if they had. "Oh, we are beautiful as well as wise and dangerous!

"And see how royally we are dressed! Most of you are covered with little scales, and all of the same size and shape and arrangement. We have one row of short, broad scales, or plates, that reach almost entirely across our sides and become narrower and form a keel on the sides of the tail. (It is too bad the keel disappears in fresh water.) And see the rough plates on top of my head and about the spines. Some of you have spines, but none of you can lock them. Oh, we are original, as well as beautiful and wise and dangerous!"

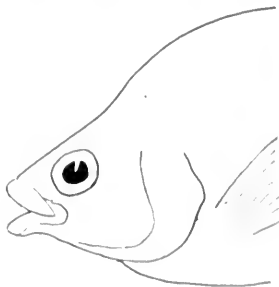
And all the fishes hated the little boaster, but they did not dare attack him, for all he said was true.

Sacramento Perch: "I have been described in a nominating speech. It is all owing to Carp and Catfish that I am not the most abundant fish in the river. They are such greedy spawn-eaters, and have hunted me so mercilessly, that I have scarcely a place left in which to lay my eggs."

Hardhead: "I would like to ask Sacramento Perch how he gets his name. This same wise adipose-finned Catfish informs me that all the perches have one or two spines in the anal fin, while you have six or seven. He says you are not a perch, but a sunfish." [All of which is true, even if Sacramento Perch would not admit it.]

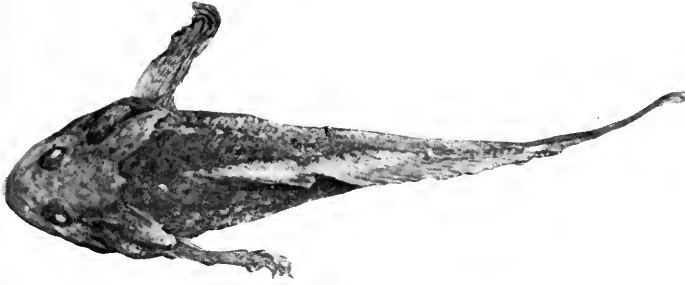


Viviparous Perch.—The side cut away, showing young almost ready to be born.



VIVIPAROUS PERCH.

Viviparous Perch: "Spiney fins, small mouth, smooth scales, and young born alive; by these shall ye know me."



PRICKLY SCULPIN.

Prickly Sculpin: "The Sculpins, who mostly live in salt water, are a numerous family and I am proud of belonging to it. I have a wide mouth, as has been previously remarked, eyes that look upward, and pectoral fins that resemble wings. As my name implies, I am covered with minute prickles. I live in the lower portion of the river.

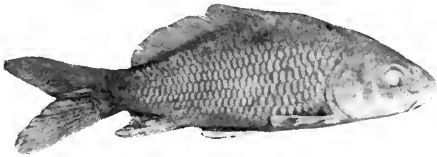
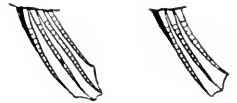
"My brother, Tahoe Sculpin, crossed the Sierras at Sierraville pass not long ago, and I give this notice of his residence. His skin is entirely smooth.

"Another brother, Big-eyed Sculpin, lives in Fall River, and is kept away from the conclave by Pit River Falls.

"A cousin of ours, Star Gazer, who has three soft rays in his ventral fins (we have four), also lives in Fall River, and is kept away by the falls."

Chairman: "We have now heard from all members of the association, and will —"

Split-Tail: "Mr. Chairman, it is my duty to introduce to this honorable body a distant relative of ours who has just taken up his residence in the river. I refer to Carp."



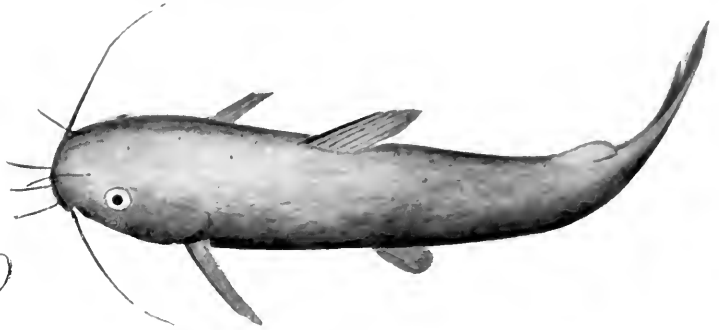
CARP.

Thereupon all the fishes in the river stood on their tails and jumped up and down in their rage. "Down with the China Fish!" "Off with the fins of the heathen!" and many other similar protests were heard. The chairman called for order.

Chub: "Mr. Chairman, we can never admit this heathen. A minnow with a long dorsal fin, with even one spine in any of his fins, and with long barbels at the corners of his mouth can never become a member of the noble order of Native Fishes of the Golden West."

Blackfish: "Any fish that goes into the cow pastures at high water and roots up the meadow, or who is so slow of fin as to be caught as a common article of diet by cormorants is certainly wanting in culture, and a proposition for membership cannot even be considered."





CATFISH.

Catfish: "Is no one going to give notice of my residence?"

This raised another general water-splashing. "Pull out his whiskers!" and "Away with a fish that will not wear scales!" were his greetings. Catfish had been mentioned so often during the meeting that he was much surprised at this reception.

Sacramento Perch: "Mr. Chairman, I am averse to ever admitting this slimy, scaleless, bearded cannibal to membership. We have too much notice of his residence already. It is all on account of his egg-eating propensities that my species is disappearing. I move that we bite off his barbels; then he cannot find our eggs, as his eyes are on top of his head."

Catfish: "You may try if you wish; but I warn you that I will thrust a spine through your eye. I might as well eat your eggs as for you to eat mine."

Hitch: "You are both cannibals, and deserve to be driven out of the river. One eats my eggs and the other devours my young."

Chub: "You all do that for me, and our chairman here eats more of my young than anyone else."

Salmon: "You may thank the raindrops that you don't live in the mountain streams with Rainbow and Sculpin! Why, they are regular gluttons for eggs and alevins [the young just hatched]. They gorge themselves until their stomachs are full, and keep on until they can not get another one in their mouths. But they can't catch Salmon fry, else I would not be here today."

Sculpin: "I think we should not spend all our time finding fault with each other. We all have to eat. I think it is all right to catch a young fish occasionally; if we did not, there would be too many of us and we would all starve. Just think how many there would be in a few years if all our eggs hatched and became mature fishes. Take Quinnet as an example. A pair of salmon will produce 6,000 eggs, from which would grow 3,000 pairs of adults in four years, or a total of 9,000,000 in eight years. In twelve years there would be 27,000,000,000 pairs, and in sixteen years——" but the exertion was too great even for the fish "of the highest caste known to fresh water," and the speaker turned over on his back from nervous prostration.

Rainbow Trout: "What our demented friend has stated is doubtless true, but that is no reason why we should be caught by those big animals up in the air. They throw flies into the water, and when we bite them, they are not flies at all, but hooks fastened to long cords by which we are pulled out of the water. I was caught once by one of those monsters, but I was so small that he threw me back, remarking that he would catch me again when I grew bigger. And he did, too, but I was so big that I broke his hook."





"THE NETS ARE HUNG IN THE MUDDY WATER."

Salmon: "That is more fair than they treat us Salmon. They ride around over the water on big ducks that never dive, and hang nets in the water so that we cannot pass without running into them. The nets are hung in the muddy water where we can't see them until we are all tangled up. You can see the flies, and if you were not so greedy you could see the hooks also——"

Just then there came along a great duck covered with air animals. It was much bigger than those Salmon had spoken of, being nearly half as



"NEARLY HALF AS WIDE AS THE RIVER."

wide as the river—so it seemed to the frightened fishes. They all thought of the nets that Salmon had described as being so dreadful, and swam for their lives.

Thus ended the XIIIth conclave of the N. F. G. W.





THE WHITE SANDS OF NEW MEXICO.

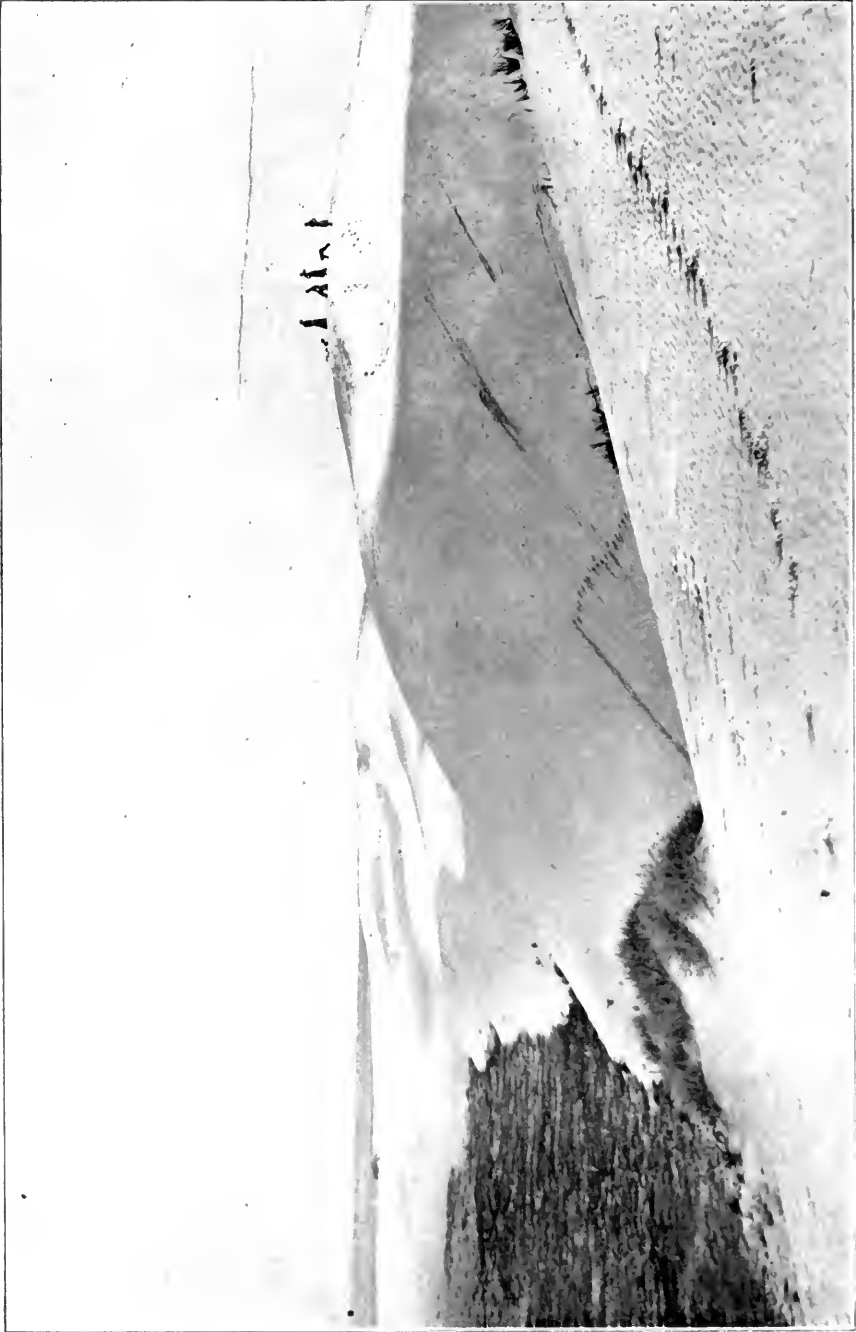
THE WHITE SANDS OF NEW MEXICO.

By E. DANA JOHNSON.

THE Great White Gypsum Desert of New Mexico is one of the strangest and most beautiful of all the natural wonders of the Southwest. From the railroad at Alamogordo, twenty miles away, a long line of gleaming white shows against the purple background of the mountains, like distant foam-crested breakers or a glittering coral reef. Viewed from Cloudcroft, the little summer resort perched up among the pines on the lofty summit of the Sacramentos, it appears as a huge splotch of glistening snow upon the vast expanse of gray-brown desert.

On a close view the White Sands are even more marvelous and beautiful, and the resemblance to great drifts of snow is still more startling. A twenty-mile ride over a good road out from Alamogordo across the undulating plains brings one to the edge of the desert. It starts up abruptly from the dun plain in high rolling dunes of unsullied whiteness, blinding to look upon in the bright sunshine. For quite a distance, as one looks from a high point out over the leagues of gypsum, it is a spotless, snowy waste. Farther away, stretches of scanty, whitened vegetation, desolate alkali flats and dried-up lakes alternate with wide banks of solid white gypsum. It is as if the plain had been covered with very many feet of snow, after which a high wind had swept over it, laying the ground bare here and there and piling up huge drifts yonder. The great billows of white, stretching away to the mountains in the sunshine, the silence and the quivering haze, make a sight never to be forgotten. Vast, dazzling and mysterious, the Great Desert lies, set in the midst of the greater solitude of the dreamy plains, like a huge glittering jewel. The long serrated outline of the San Andreas range rises darkly against the sky to the west, while the sharp, jagged summits of the Organs stand out boldly athwart the southern sky. To the northeast gleams the lofty, hoary summit of Sierra Blanca, while nearer, to the east, the Sacramentos quiver in the purple distance.

For a depth of a few inches, the gypsum dust is perfectly dry, and climbing one of the little hills is like ascending a mound of fine white sugar, into which the feet sink over the shoe-tops. As a matter of fact, this curious white powder, when dry, is nothing in the world but pure plaster of Paris. Underneath, it is moist and cohesive, and will pack into a ball in the hands like snow. The dryness of the surface is caused of course by its exposure to the air; but the sand, if sand it



"MOUNTS LORE FINE, WHITE SUGAR."

may properly be called, is so heavy that the wind blows it about very little, and the dunes change in contour only slightly.

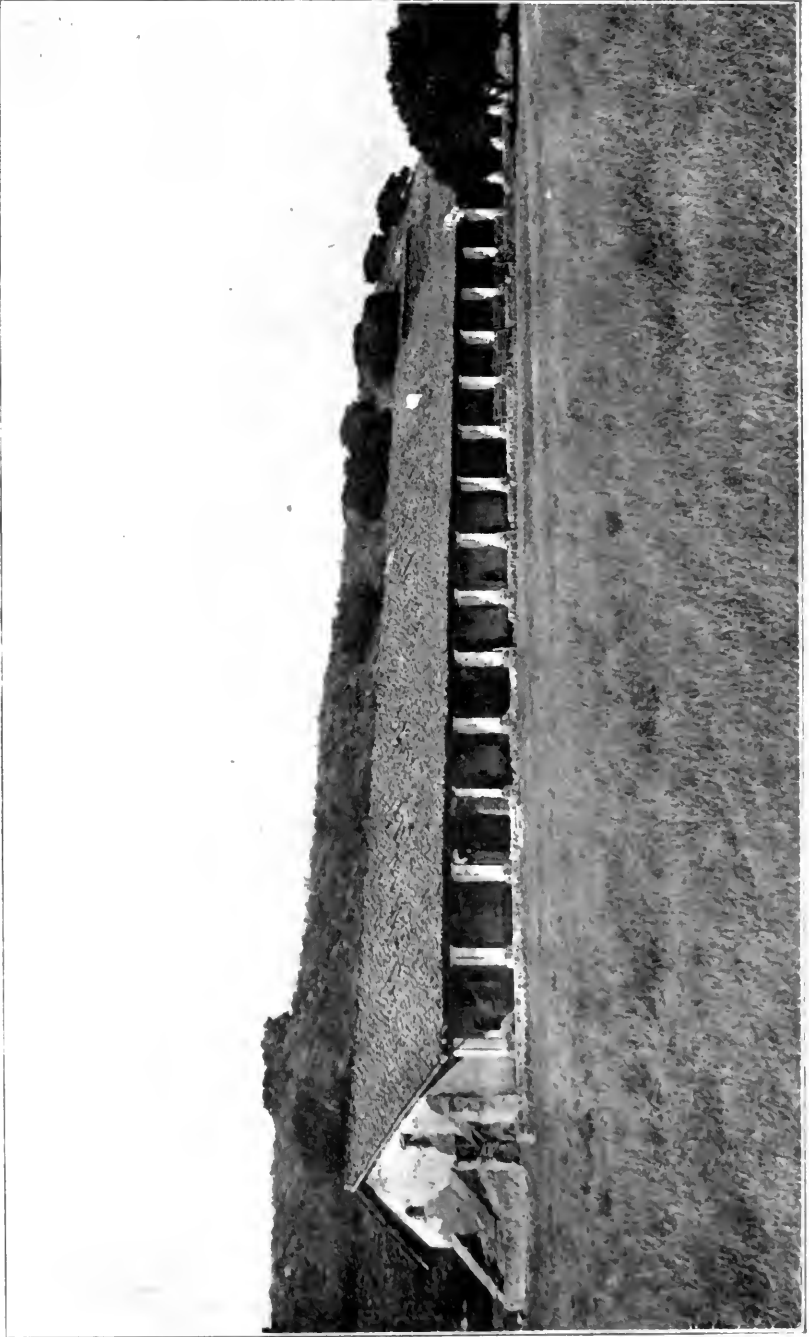
The gypsum desert is nearly thirty miles long and averages ten miles wide. There are 70,000 acres of the white sand-hills besides the innumerable alkali marshes and lake-beds within the borders of the White Sands, as the deposit is called by the people of New Mexico. It is the generally accepted theory that a great lake once covered this entire region, and that its receding waters left behind them these beds of gypsum. There have been discovered, however, strata of lime and sandstone dipping to the northeast at an angle of about eight degrees from the horizon. The grain of the sands is the same as that of oölitic limestone; this fact has given rise to a second theory that the sands themselves may have been at one time an oölitic limestone. During the volcanic eruption that threw out the "malpais" lava beds, so runs the theory, the heat may have driven off the carbonic acid gas, its place being taken by sulphuric acid gas from the volcano. This would give the chemical constituents of the sands. With them are found alumina, silica, phosphate of lime, magnesia, potash, soda, traces of borax and nitrates. Salt, soda and potash are common and in quantity.

It is only lately that a commercial value has been placed upon these vast chemical deposits, but recent experiments have shown the possibility of making from them a plaster cement equal in strength to the best made and weighing twenty-five per cent. less; bricks equal in appearance to Philadelphia pressed brick, weighing only half as much and withstanding a pressure of nearly 1,000 pounds to the square inch; waterproof tiling; artificial ivory; artificial meerschaum; a fine quality of chalk, and other useful and ornamental products. A manufacturing company has acquired the rights to the entire area of the deposit, and proposes to erect a mill and utilize the White Sands commercially.

There is also a plan to establish a large sanitarium at Alamogordo, on the ground of an alleged discovery that gypsum-water is a specific against tuberculosis.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.





PURISIMA MISSION—FOUNDED 1787.

THE FORD OF CRÈVECŒUR.

By MARY AUSTIN.



ES. I understand ; you are M'siu the Notary, M'siu the Sheriff has told me. You are come to hear how by the help of God I have killed Filon Geraud at the ford of Crèveœur.

By the help of God, yes. Think you if the devil had a hand in it, he would not have helped Filon ? For he was the devil's own, was

Filon. He was big, he was beautiful, he had a way—but always there was the devil's mark. I see that the first time ever I knew him at Agua Caliente. The devil sit in Filon's eyes and laugh—laugh—some time he go away like a man at a window, but he come again. M'siu, he *live* there ! And Filon he know that I see, so he make like he not care ; but I think he care a little, else why he make for torment me all the time ? Ever since I see him at that shearing at Agua Caliente eight, ten year gone, he not like for let me be. I have been the best shearer in that shed, snip—snip—quick, clean. Ah, it is beautiful ! All the sheep men like for have me shear their sheep. Filon is new man at that shearing, Lebecque is just hire him then ; but yes, M'siu, to see him walk about that Agua Caliente you think he own all those sheep, all that range. Ah—he had a way ! Pretty soon that day Filon is hearing all sheep men say that Raoul is the best shearer ; then he come lean on the rail by my shed and laugh softly like he talk with himself, and say, “See the little man ; see him shear.” But me, I can no more. The shears turn in my hand so I make my sheep all bleed same like one butcher. Then I look up and see the devil in Filon Geraud's eye. It is always so after that, all those years until I kill Filon. If I make a little game of poker with other shepherds, then he walks along and say :

“Ah, you, Raoul, you is one sharp fellow. I not like for play with you.” Then is my play all gone bad.

But if Filon play, then he say, “Come, you little man, and bring me the good luck.”

It is so, M'siu ! If I go stand by that game, Filon is win, win all the time. That is because of the devil. And if there are women—no, M'siu, there was never *one* woman. What would a shepherd, whose work is always toward the hills, do with a woman ? Is it to plant a vineyard that others may drink wine ? Ah, non ! But me, at shearings and at Tres Pinos where we pay the tax, there I like to talk to pretty girl same as other shepherds, then Filon come make like he one gran' friend. All the time he make say the compliments, he make me one

mock. His eyes they laugh always, that make women like to do what he say. But me, I have no chance.

It is so, M'siu, when I go out with my sheep. This is my trail—I go out after the shearing through the Cañada de las Viñas, then across the Little Antelope, while the grass is quick. After that I go up toward the hills of Olancho, where I keep one month; there is much good feed and no man comes. Also then I wait at Tres Pinos for the sheriff that I pay the tax. *Sacre!* it is a hard one, that tax! After that I am free of the Sierras, what you call *Neive*—snowy. Well I know that country. I go about with my sheep and seek my meadows—*mine*, M'siu, that I have climbed the great mountains to spy out among the pines, that I have found by the grace of God, and my own wit; La Crevasse, Moultric, Bighorn, Angostura. Also, I go by other meadows where other shepherds feed one month with another; but *these* are all *mine*. I go about and come again when the feed is grown.

M'siu, it is hard to believe, but it is so—Filon finds my meadows one by one. One year I come by La Crevasse—there is nothing there; I go on to Moultric—here is the grass eaten to the roots, and the little pines have no tops; at Bighorn is the fresh litter of a flock. I think maybe my sheep go hungry that summer. So I come to Angostura. There is Filon. He laugh. Then it come into my mind that one day I goin' kill that Filon Geraud. By the help of God. Yes. For he is big that Filon, he is strong; and me, M'siu, I am as God made me.

So always, where I go on the range there is Filon; if I think to change my trail, he change also his. If I have good luck, Filon has better. If to him is the misfortune—ah—you shall hear.

One year Gabriel Lausanne tell me that Filon is lose all his lambs in the Santa Ana. You know that Santa Ana, M'siu? It is one mighty wind. It comes up small, very far away, one little dust like the clouds, creep, creep close by the land. It lies down along the sand; you think it is done? Eh, it is one liar, that Santa Ana. It rise up again, it is pale gold, it seek the sky. That sky is all wide, clean, no speck. Ah, it knows, that sky; it will have nothing lying about when the Santa Ana comes. It is hot then, you have the smell of the earth in your nostrils. *That*, M'siu, is the Santa Ana. It is pale dust and the great push of the wind. The sand bites, there is no seeing the flock's length. They huddle, and the lambs are smothered; they scatter and the dogs can nothing make. If it blow one day, you thank God; if it blow two days, then is sheepman goin' to lose his sheep. When Gabriel tell me that about Filon, I think he deserve all that. What you think, M'siu? That same night

the water of Tinpah rise in his banks afar off by the hills where there is rain. It comes roaring down the wash where I make my camp, for you understand at that time of year there should be no water in the wash of Tinpah, but it come in the night and carry away one-half of my sheep. Eh, how you make that, M'siu; is it the devil or no?

Well, it go like this eight, ten year; then it come last summer, and I meet Filon at the ford of Crèvecœur. That is the water that comes down eastward from Mineral Mountain between Olancho and Sentinel Rock. It is what you call Mineral Creek, but the French shepherds call it Crèvecœur. For why; it is a most swift and wide water; it goes darkly between earthy banks upon which it gnaws. It has hot springs which come up in it without reason, so that there is no safe crossing at any time. Its sands are quick; what they take, they take wholly with the life in it, and after a little they spew it out again. And, look you, it makes no singing, this water of Crèvecœur. Twenty years have I kept sheep between Red Butte and the Temblor Hills, and I say this. Make no fear of singing water, for it goes not too deeply but securely on a rocky bottom; such a one you may trust. But this silent one, that is hot or cold, deep or shallow, and has never its banks the same one season with another, this you may not trust, M'siu. And to get sheep across it—ah—it breaks the heart, this Crèvecœur.

Nevertheless, there is one place where a great rock runs slantwise of the stream, but under it, so that the water goes shallowly with a whisper, ah, so fast, and below it is a pool. Here on the rocks the shepherds make pine logs to lie with stones so that the sheep cross over. Every year the water carries the logs away and the shepherds build again, and there is no shepherd goes by that water but lose some sheep. Therefore, they call it the ford of Crèvecœur.*

Well, I have been about by the meadow of Angostura when it come last July, and there I see Narcisse Duplin. He is tell me the feed is good about Sentinel Rock, so I think me to go back by the way of Crèvecœur. There is pine wood all about eastward from that place. It is all shadow there at midday and has a weary sound. Me, I like it not, that pine wood, so I push the flock and am very glad when I hear toward the ford the bark of dogs and the broken sound of bells. I think there is other shepherd that make talk with me. But me, M'siu, *Sacre! damn!* when I come out by the ford there is Filon Geraud. He has come up one side Crèvecœur, with his flock, as I have come up the other. He laugh.

*Break-heart.

"Hillo, Raoul," say Filon, "will you cross?"

"I will cross," say I.

"After me," say Filon.

"Before," say I.

M'siu does not know about sheep? Ah, non. It is so that the sheep is most scare of all beasts about water. Never so little a stream will he cross, but if the dogs compel him. It is the great trouble of shepherds to get the flock across the waters that go in and about the Sierras. For that it is the custom to have two, three goats with the flocks to go first across the water, then they will follow. But here at Crève-cœur it is bad crossing any way you go; also, that day it is already afternoon. Therefore I stand at one side that ford and make talk with Filon at the other about who goes first. Then my goat which leads my flock come push by me and I stand on that log while we talk. He is one smart goat.

"Eh, Raoul, let the goats decide," cries Filon, and to that I have agree. Filon push his goat on the log, he is one great black one that is call Diable—I ask you is that a name for a goat? I have call mine Noé. So they two walk on that log very still; for they see what they have to do. Then they push with the head, Diable and Noé, till that log it rock in the water; Filon is cry to his goat and I to mine. Then because of that water one goat slip on the log, and the other is push so hard that he cannot stop; over they go into the pool of swift water, over and over until they come to the shallows; then they find their feet and come up, each on his own side. They will not care to push with the heads again at that time. Filon he walk out on the log to me, and I walk to him.

"My goat have won the ford," says he.

"Your goat cannot keep what he wins."

"But I can," says Filon. Then he look at me with his eyes like—like I have told you, M'siu.

"Raoul," he say, "you is one little man."

With that I remember me all the wrong I have had from this one.

"Go you after your goat, Filon Geraud," say I.

With that I put my staff behind his foot, so, M'siu, and send him into the water, splash! He come to his feet presently in the pool with the water all in his hair and his eyes, and the stream run strong and dark against his middle.

"Hey, you, Raoul, what for you do that?" he say, but also he laugh. "Ah, ha, little man, you have the joke this time."

M'siu, that laugh stop on his face like it been freeze, his mouth is open, his eyes curl up. It is terrible, that dead laugh in the midst of the black water that run down from his hair.

“Raoul,” he says, “*the sand is quick!*”

Then he take one step, and I hear the sand suck. I see Filon shiver like a reed in the swift water.

“*My God,*” he says, “*the sand is quick!*”

M’siu, I do not know how it is with me. When I throw Filon in the pool, I have not known it is quick-sand; but when I hear that, I think I am glad. I kneel down by that log in the ford and watch Filon. He speak to me very quiet:

“You must get a rope and make fast to that pine and throw the end to me. There is a rope in my pack.”

“Yes,” say I, “there is a rope.”

“M’siu, I think I would not have killed him with my hands, but if God give him over to me in the quick-sand of Crèvecœur; how then? So I hold me still. Then is Filon begin to curse and cry.

“You, Raoul! I make you pay for this!”

He work with his feet and beat the water with his hands. But me, I can see the pool rising to his breast. After a little Filon see that also, then he leave off to struggle and make as if he laugh, but not with his eyes—never any more with his eyes while he live.

“Well, Raoul,” he says, “you will have your fun, but man, do not make it too long.”

“It will not be long, Filon,” say I.

After that he is still until the water is come to his shoulders, then he speak softly, “Raoul, my friend, there is in the bank of Sacramento eight hundred dollars. It shall be his who saves me from this pool. Eight hundred dollars. Think, Raoul!”

“Eight hundred dollars?”

“It is a good sum,” says he.

“But you will not need it now, Filon.”

By that I see the water is rising fast. Then he burst out:

“Is it that you mean to kill me, Raoul. Mother of God, is it so?”

“It is so, Filon.”

After that I do not know how it is. The water is rising fast, the water is very swift in the pool and curl back against his throat. I think he is pray to God and to me; then he fight in the water—he choke—he cry. But me, I have run away into that pine wood for a little while. Then I think I will go and get that rope quick—but when I come again there is Filon under the pool. I can see that clearly, but a little way under the dark water. His body is bent down stream and flows with its flowing like the bent grass that grows by the water border, like the long grass that is covered and rots under flood water. It is

shaken with the shaking of Crève-cœur. His eyes are open and his mouth, like a fish, and the water goes over them. It is as if he laugh down there under the pool; I see his body shake. His arms stream out from him like the blades of wet grass; his hand come up to the top and whirl about and go down with the running water. But never they grasp nor go forward. He is fast there in the quick-sands of Crève-cœur.

Yes, M'siu, it is so what you have said. M'siu the sheriff has also told me. If I had taken my flock and gone my way, telling never any man, then I should have missed this trouble and the talk of hanging. But consider! M'siu is perhaps accustomed to think what is best to be done in an evil case; but me, I have never before need to hide what I have done. How shall I begin then? Also, I am a shepherd. Another might leave the sheep of Filon in the pine wood by the ford of Crève-cœur, but a shepherd—no. It is so that the sheep are the most silly of all beasts. They know not to cross the water—but if they are led, they make no fright. They have no cry when a cry is most of need. If a bear or coyote come upon the flock to torment them, they huddle, they run foolishly in twos and threes making no sound. If there be a rain or untimely snow, the lambs sicken and die plentifully. Ah, non! That man have no heart who will leave sheep to the hills with no shepherding. Me, M'siu, I can not.

So I take my flocks across the ford, since Filon is in the water, and take all those silly ones toward La Crevasse, and after I think about that business. Three days after, I meet P'tee Pete. I tell him I find the sheep of Filon in the pine wood below Sentinel Rock. Pete, he say that therefore Filon is come to some hurt, and that he look for him. That make me scare lest he should look by the ford of Crève-cœur. So after that, five or six days, when Narcisse Duplin is come up with me, I tell him Filon is gone to Sacramento where his money is; therefore I keep care of his sheep. That is a better tale—eh, M'siu,—for I have to say something. Every shepherd in that range is know those sheep of Filon. All this time I think me to take the sheep to Pierre Jullien in the meadow of Black Mountain. He is not much, that Pierre. If I tell him it is one gift from *Le bon Dieu*, that is explain enough for Pierre Jullien. Then I will be quit of the trouble of Filon Geraud.

So, M'siu, would it have been, but for that dog Helène. That is Filon's she-dog that he raise from a pup. She is—she is *une femme*, that dog! All that first night when we come away from the ford, she cry, cry in her throat all through the dark, and in the light she look at me with her eyes, so to say:

“I know, Raoul! I know what is under the water of Crève-

cœur." M'siu, is a man to stand that from a dog? So the next night I beat her, and in the morning she is gone. I think me the good luck to get rid of her. That Helène! M'siu, what you think she do? She have gone back to look in the water for Filon. There she stay, and all sheepmen when they pass that way see that she is a good sheep-dog, and that she is much hungry; so they wonder that she will not leave off to look and go with them. After while all people in those parts is been talkin' about that dog of Filon's that look so keen in the water of Crève-cœur. Mebbe four, five weeks after that I have killed Filon, one goes riding by that place that sees Helène make mourn by the waterside over something that stick in the sand. It is Filon. Yes. That quick-sand have spit him out again. So you say; but me, I think it is the devil.

For the rest the sheriff has told you. Here they have brought me, and there is much talk. Of that I am weary, but for this I tell you all how it is about Filon; M'siu, I would not hang. Look you, so long as I stay in this life I am quit of that man, but if I die—there is Filon. So will he do unto me all that I did at the ford of Crève-cœur, and more; for he is a bad one, Filon. Therefore it is as I tell you, M'siu, I, Raoul. By the help of God. Yes.

Independence, Cal.

MIST.

By *NORA MAY FRENCH.*

LOW-ARCHED above me, as I moved, the hollowed air was clear;
 Beyond was whiteness, dim and strange, and spectral shapes drew near.
 Upon the little shore of brown that touched the misty sea,
 Upon the shadowy borderland one paused and looked at me,
 Then hurried on with greeting smile and sudden vivid face!
 A friend had started into life within my magic space.
 Into the world of ghosts again I watched him fade away—
 First black he was, then dim he was, then merged in formless gray.

Los Angeles.



MY FRIEND CHANO.

By W. B. SAWYER, M. D.

THE first Indian I ever really knew, outside the pages of a book, was Chano. For reasons not unconnected with my breathing apparatus, I had been sentenced to what was then the desert of Southern California, and, following sound advice, was "roughing it." Chano was a home-made production, part Apache, part Sonoran, part Yuma, and the balance plain Indian. He said that he had left a wife somewhere, and that she had "plenty."

"Plenty of what?"

"Plenty of water."

That seemed to my tenderfoot judgment a somewhat limited provision for a woman with her children. I did not then know that plenty of water in this land meant food, comfort, and even wealth.

He was dressed in sombrero, undershirt, overalls, and certain leather things that might sometime have been known as shoes. He demanded four bits a day and "paseo" every month, and agreed to do anything from digging to hunting. There was an athletic strength in his poise. In the limpid depths of his coal-black eyes there was gleaming a something. If you have ever watched thoroughbreds fighting down the last eighth, noses apart, or a salmon-fisher in the midst of his dealings with something resembling a crafty thunderbolt, you may have seen that gleam. It is not to be described—it is *game*.

Chano's knowledge may not have been extensive; but it covered his environment, and it was sure. He could kill a jack-rabbit from the back of a bronco, with an arrow at fifty yards, three times out of five. He could talk more Spanish than I could—which was nothing *plus*. He could make a fire by twirling one stick between his hands upon another held between his knees. He could trail a deer anywhere, for any distance, and under any circumstances. He could shoot some. His first efforts with the rifle were only suggestive, but, after some argument, he could find the target with about one per cent of the shots. He would follow my trail, though, for seven miles back, to get an empty cartridge to put on the end of an arrow.

His cooking was — well, the last time he tried, we could not tell whether he had fried the rim of my hat in water or stewed his saddle blanket. I didn't eat.

Being considerably human, he had strong likes and dislikes. A rattlesnake was an "Apache," in his vocabulary, and people who treated him unfairly were—something distinctly worse.

We hunted for months together, lived in a little hut which his deft fingers had fashioned from tules and boughs, and grew to know and appreciate one another, each after his own fashion. I do not think there was love or admiration on either side, but there was a wholesome feeling of respect.

He had an occult acquaintance with Nature that I had learned to respect, and when he told me one morning that three antelope had gone by out to the desert, I knew better than to doubt. So we started after them. A loaf of bread (it must have been a loaf of bread, for I baked it myself in a frying-pan) and a small bit of cheese was our commissariat. The ponies were staked where they could get water and some grass. To the East was a plain bounded by a line of foothills, and then the desert stretching beyond San Jacinto for a hundred miles or more to Yuma; to the north the range of mountains, of which the highest peaks are the southernmost of the Sierras.

The tracks showed that the starved and probably thirsty antelope had turned back from our country. The first day was easy. The tracks were plain. We were getting closer to the game every moment. The little sand-hills of the bad lands had no terrors, for Chano knew the country. That night was not very uncomfortable. Warm sand makes a fairly good bed, and blankets are not a necessity.

The second day was not so easy. The bread held out, but I began to get thirsty. Our conversation was neither voluminous nor interesting; but the square-heeled, sharp-toed, "pacing" footprints of the antelope still dragged us forward. Chano knew exactly where we were. The little round hillocks of the sand seemed to me to be all of the same family, and, for that matter, any two of them most convincingly twins. The sun shone its best all the time and seemingly all from the same quarter. The trail was always in a rift between the hills and always turning to the right or left. We were undeniably thirsty, but by night had neither desire nor ability to tell of it. The problem of location was becoming very difficult of solution, but quite desirable. The sand at night made the same sort of couch, but there were weird dreams. I remember I was chasing antelope in an open boat through a sea of sand, the billows of which, while wet, were salty and unfit to drink.

On the morning of the third day, our small party was a complete wreck. Chano's sandals had worn away and his feet were cracked and bleeding. The purpose of the hunt had somehow changed; we were now after only one thing — water. Pebbles no longer excited the flow of saliva; our tongues were swollen

horribly; our eyes heat-blinded till they told us of nothing but vague and shimmering uncertainties. The only purpose, the only plan, the only hope, was something wet. It was a go-as-you-please race, sometimes a staggering Indian, and sometimes a bewildered white man ahead, and the sun mercilessly roasting both. I tried to remember how to get direction by the use of the hands of my watch, but my memory failed me.

The little valleys through which we had passed and in the bottoms of which we seemed to find now the footprints of many travelers, were abandoned unwittingly, and we stumbled up hills and down ravines and over knolls. On the top of one of these hills Chano lay down. By no coaxing pantomime or threatening gesticulation could I make him budge. He knew where he was. He was lost, and his time to die had come. The same sentient gleam in his black eyes told me he was fully conscious and fully alive to the desperation of the case. It told me, too, that he knew when he had had enough, and that when he got ready to die he was going to die, without fear, hesitation or remonstrance. He waved me on with a half smile of quizzical disbelief and resignation, but eyed me constantly as I painfully crept down the hill and hopelessly ascended the next.

But here, what a radiant vision of joy and happiness burst upon me. No Paradise ever pictured or dreamed of could equal the beauty of a small damp spot in the valley below me. What emphasis got into my motions or by what subtle mind-influence the news got to the dying Indian on the hill behind, I cannot tell, but he managed slowly and painfully to come to me. And then there came a new light into those eyes, and the speed he developed going down the hill was beyond my gait. When I caught up to him at the bottom he was flat on his stomach, pawing out the soil in exactly the same way as our old dog used to disappoint himself digging for woodchucks. Would this be a disappointment? Would there be enough water for one of us? Would there be any? Was this only a variation of the story of Tantalus? I began to fear his fingers would give out or wear off; but they did not. Down in the bottom of a hole, now two or three feet deep, a teaspoonful of the most precious of God's blessings collected.

And then Chano, getting erect with difficulty, with a bow no courtier ever excelled, proffered me my life before his own. And in his eyes there was that gleam, not to be described, but *game*.

UNTO THE HILLS.

By A. B. BENNETT.

COME, oh, come, and let us hit the trails we knew,
 For the north-gods touch the dayspring with the frost ;
 Call the days of joy, and balmy nights and dew—
 Let us follow, follow, follow that we lost.

For our health is somewhere waiting on the hills
 Where the yucca-blossom scents the lonely wide :
 Youth-renewal in the wine the hoar-god chills
 Drink we deeply to forget man's bitter pride.

It is down a pearl-mist cañon and its trees—
 It is somewhere, still and solemn, in its air—
 There—our love, and youth and strength, upon the hills,
 Let us look, new-eyed, and stand and worship there.

Let us go and seek that something we have lost,
 For together, on a sabbath of the soul,
 Gods of winters of our childhood sent their frost—
 Called from slumber, and we felt our spirits whole.

Ensenada, Mex.

THE ROPING IN OF HASH-KNIFE JAKE.

By GIFFORD HALL.

HE was hard looking still—the ineradicable stamp of his many years of cowpunching as much in evidence as his affection for wife, children and home. I wondered that he had married at all, since his rugged features and still more rugged personality seemed a heavy handicap in a race for a woman's favor. When the little broncos came to a halt at the ranch, after the twelve-mile spin from the railroad, there she stood, a little peach of a woman and her two baby girls—just about the cutest, prettiest tots the ranges ever put up.

As we sat over our evening cigars, Jake gave me the story.

"Name ain't Jake, for a start," said he, blowing a huge cloud across the veranda. "It's Washington Hancock Lewis. I kinder objected to Wash, and as they wan' no chance of short-enin' Hancock, naturally the boys was bounden to do the best they could.

"Well, one feller he gets a-spoutin' 'bout names as is names, and another about names as isn't names, and then they got to scrappin', and one gets trail-branded for Happy Valley. Says he, as he wiggles his toes for the last time, 'I sticks to my theory, boys. Them Bible names is the best names yet. You

call that kid Jacob, and no such name as Bud or Buck.' And sure enough the boys did, out o' respect for the dyin'; and as I rides for the Hash Knife outfit at the time, 'Hash Knife Jake' was the name I got, and the name that stuck. You savey?

"It was old Monk Lewis of the Acorn B cow-outfit as raised me. He kinder found me maverick, so I've heard, on the old overland trail through Kansas. I was there when he found me; but I was kinder young, I guess, and my memory consarnin' the event ain't so clear as it might be.

"A real square up, high-rollin', quick-shootin' schoolmaster was Uncle Monk, you bet. When he didn't educate me with the runnin' part of a hide riata across my beefy end, he kinder put up a real university trainin' for me with the help of a 45 Colt's, a Marlin repeater, and a wall-eyed cayuse as could pitch clean from under a saddle and man without bustin' the cinches.

"Well, I lost Uncle Monk—there was some gun play a'tween him and Missoula Jack, and Jack shot straighter—so after squarin' accounts with Jack, I pulled freight. Them Montana sheriffs is kinder previous in slingin' the law on a feller what kills another, and ain't protected by a pull at the political bell-wire.

"There's two things a feller can do when he pulls freight from the home range. One is to lose himself East; the other is to hunt another range. I crossed the Canadian line and turned tenderfoot all I could for a time down in Manitoba.

"Now that Manitoba's all right, Wynne, for them as likes to join the church and keep a-plowin' to find the parson in oats and pigmeat; but to a man that's hugged leather through the cattle country, it gits mighty tame byemby, you bet. So, 'Adios!' says I, one day, and away I rides.

"Quite some later I yanked up at Willow Creek in the Northwest Territory, with my pony's nose butt against old man Stevens of the Three Springs horse-ranch.

"Says he, as polite as you please, 'Say, kid, are you a buckaroo by any means—a rider of unbroken stock as wants ridin'?' 'Boss, that's me!' says I, as polite as I could, not bein' posted on ettyket.

"Well, says he, 'you better come along. I'll give you five dollars a head, and as good a home as I've got while you stay.'

"Boss, says I, 'I'm comin'.

"We takes a drink and gets on our horses and away we rides, Stevens on an ol' sorrel mare as raggety as himself, and me on my little quarter-horse 'Montana,' what I rode up from the States.

"He was as poor as a restorong chickin', was my pony, but a

cracker-jack for all that, and Stevens was just tickled to death the way he traveled.

"That raggety mare of the old man's could travel some, too; and it didn't seem no time before we was close up to the foot-hills and in the finest kind of grazing.

"'We're on the home stretch now,' said Stevens, and with that a turn in the trail fetched us close to a great grove of cottonwoods.

"There was a house looking down on the creek and barn and corrals; and below the house a big *cienea*—one of them marshes, you know, caused by the three springs what gave the ranch its name. Old man seemed kinder proud of the lay-out, and I wan't saying no to his blowin'. But the house wan't no great shakes nohow; and when old Ma Stevens was round, there wasn't no house—only Ma. Kinder pity you never saw Ma. Ma was one o' them wimmen what a grizzly bear 'd cotton to just the same as a stray cat would. A prize in a beauty show wouldn't have come her way by miles—not much!—but Ma was Ma, and more's the pity she's gone across.

"Well, there bein' nothin' particler to do, I scouts round a lot for several days, picking up the range; then Stevens and me brings in the ponies.

"Bein' a kid at the time, and kinder big in the mind, I prides myself on my ridin'; but Stevens wan't built that way, and I soon found the work kinder tame.

"'I may be a bit slow, Jake, my son,' says he, 'but I wants my colts broke, not busted. They sells to grangers mostly, not to fly-me-high cowpunchers. So jest go quiet, my boy—jest you go easy, and you and me'll pull like one horse.'

"I didn't kick none—just done as the old man says. But it had to come for all that, else I'd a blowed up from spontanous combustion. It was a sorrel mare, Wynne, a beaut from way back; and she could pitch the cruellest you ever saw.

"You've played the game yourself, I know, but you never crossed a bronc as could lay it out with that sorrel. Sun fish, change ends, throw herself, kick, bite, strike, squeal—Gosh! but she was a daisy, Wynne! and the mother of her the devil's own proposition.

"I cottoned she was hostile right off; but I gets into the saddle and makes my play. Judas priest! but I thought she'd never hit ground again. But she did, Wynne, like a steam hammer, and then the fun began. Up goes old Stevens like a monkey to the top of the corral fence, and there he sits a yelling like he's loco. 'Stay with her, Jake! Hang to her! Give her steel! *Flank her! Rake her! GIVE HER HELL!*'

I knows from that he's a sport; and I gives her beans for every jolt she throws me.

"Never knew old man Stevens till then, Wynne, but I knew him after. He was just like old man Jucklin as Opie Read writes of, as revered the scripters but couldn't he'p fightin' roosters.

"After I gets out'n the saddle, he wipes the blood from my nose and talks like a scrapper's manager.

"'You're a peach,' he says, 'a peach, Jake! and I'll back you for a hundred dollars a side against any bronco-twister from here to the mountains.'

"That's what he says, and he sticks to it white when the big bustin' tournament comes off at Calgary. Says he: 'I can't go myself; but here's your fare, and I've posted the hundred dollars with Forrester.'

"Says I: 'Dad, I brings them back, and a hundred more.' And I did.

"Well, sir, I broke the old man's string o' ponies in good style; but when it come to leavin' the place—why, I just couldn't quit, and so I makes the Three Springs headquarters, and when not ridin' for the old folk, I worked for any outfit that needed me.

"It was durin' my third season on the Three Springs when the old people gets a letter from England sayin' as how one o' their nieces, a orphant, was comin' to live with 'em. Now the old man was down with the rheumatics some at this time and it falls to me to fetch her out from the railroad.

"For a while I kinder spekerlates what my duty is; then I lays to and knocks off in a half hour all the mire it had took our old buckboard a year to collect.

"Not content with that, I blacks up the harness and knocks the dust out'n the skewbald mare and the gruyierre horse, as we called our drivin' team. I sees old Dad a-smilin' but I kept right on. 'They'se kinder stylish across the big water, I hears, and I'm jiggered if any Britisher, gal or man, takes a lift out'n me on style. Why I even slicks up myself to the end o' my new Stetson hat and a black silk shirt.

"It wan't as I proposed cuttin' no dude figger, Wynne, more than I wanted to keep up the old folks's end o' the stick, you savey. But for all that I wonders what kind o' girl she'll be and how she'll cotton to our ways.

"Well, sir, *poco pronto* old Number One comes a roarin' in; and after I quiets my buckin' ponies, I takes a squiff down the platform, and, sure enough, there she stands, with a big police trooper a-pintin' me out to her.

“‘That’s him, Miss,’ he says. ‘That’s yer uncle’s bronco buster, and I guess he’s come for you in place of Mr. Stevens. Allow me to introduce you.’

“Big as life he strides along a-clankin’ of his spurs, and her a-follern’ and lookin’ as puzzled as if he talked Chinee or Double-dutch.

“‘Miss Austin—Mr.—er—er—Hash Knife Jake,’ says he, as red as a turkey gobbler. With that he dumps her little trunk onto the buckboard, and looks at me like he’d give a whole month’s pay to be where I was.

“‘Glad to meet yer, Miss Austin,’ says I; and then my innards kinder weakens, and my mouth gets as dry as the road to—Yuma.

“You can laugh all you want, Wynne; but the first glance out’n that girl’s blue eyes knocked me three ways for Sunday.

“From some pints o’ view I don’t sirpose she’d a-stacked up high as a beauty; but—well, you’ve seen her—and afore I’d known her five minutes I’d have licked the judge of a beauty show if he hadn’t given her in to be the finest little bit o’ calico in the whole Nor’west.

“If she’d been older, er homelier—but she wan’t, you see. Seventeen, Wynne! Dressed in black, and a skin like snow with the dyin’ sun acrost it!

“Well, I gets the ponies movin’, and away we goes; and if ever a feller felt queer, I did, with the boys a-takin’ us in and a-bottlin’ it all up for next time I come to town.

“I see her sizin’ up the one-horse little sand-flat an’ lumber-dump of a town, the streets as started anywheres and ended no-wheres, nickel-to-spend-and-don’t-know-what-to-get loafers over to Johnnie Flemings’, the buck-board, the measly, ill-matched team, and—me!—and the last drop o’ my courage just oozed through my boots and left me about the down-wiltedest man as ever handled lines at a lady’s side.

“There was one thing I could do—make them broncos go travelin’; an’ you bet I did. Whist! goes my whip, and away they jumps; and afore the girl has time to see what would have broke my heart entirely for her to see, we’re strikin’ a three-minute gait for the foothills and home. For a little while I savey nothin’. Then I begin to notice as the seat is gittin’ mighty narrow. *Poco tiempo*, there’s clingin’ hands and a scar’t appealin’ voice.

“‘Oh! sir, they’re runnin’ away—can’t you stop ’em?’

“Stop ’em? Well, I brought ’em up so suddent that the girl purty near scooted over the dashboard. But I caught her tight, and—say, Wynne, ’d you ever have a girl cry on you? Judas priest! but I was scar’t worse’n she was.

“Then all of a sudden I gets my sand back. She wan't no longer a bit o' sarcastic, curled-lip petticoat to be got out home as fast as I could get her; but just a frightened little sister o' mine—a he'pless, friendless, little orphant in a new country.

“‘Miss Austin,’ says I, ‘if I've scar't you, I'll get out in front o' this outfit and let you run the consarn plumb over me.’

“That fetched her, Wynne. A queer little gurgle came in her throat, then her hands fell in her lap, and a sort of shaky smile peeped out at me through the tears.

“‘You're a funny boy,’ was all she said, but she pirked up a heap after that and began to talk to me about the country to either side of us—and you bet I rolled it in.

“I'd got a-holt of my tongue again in good shape; and the way I talks o' round-ups and stampedes and night-camps and coyotes was a caution. Oh, yes, I pitched it kinder high; but who wouldn't, with a purty girl, as big eyed as a baby owl, a-sittin' by him and drinkin' it down like jersey cream?

“Well, we got home, and the old folks goes to huggin' and kissin' of her and I'm froze clear out with never as much as a smile. But my heart ain't down a little bit. Says I, as I takes the team to the barn: ‘Jake, my son, you're a peach, and I'll back you for a hundred a side against any dude as slings collars and cuffs this side of the Rockies.’

“For a whole week I worked over my pony, Montana, a-gittin' the kinks out'n his mane and tail. I groomed him, Wynne, till he's as slick as butter; then I breaks him with a blanket a-flappin' him, till he'd have carried a baby in a basket. The old man has a grey cayuse himself what he means the girl to ride, but I goes right ahead, and when Montana's good and ready, I makes her a present of him.

“‘No, no, I couldn't, I really couldn't,’ she says; for she knows what store I sets on that pony. But I keeps at her, and sure enough byemby she gives in, and away she goes on Montana to see another girl across the flats.

“Wynne, you should just have seen her. Black skirt, white—waist, I think they call 'em, and a leather-banded hat of her uncle's. Ay, man, but I didn't know myself no more. Hash Knife Jake was loco!

“For quite a little while the old folks took no tumble to it, but you can't blind a woman all the time; *poco pronto* Ma steps right in and draws a dead line between me and Lucy. Then I takes to moonin', and a more mis'able feller there wan't in all Canada.

“I see Lucy gettin' gayer and gayer, and a ridin' out with a white-collared agent feller from the Creek, and my heart gets bad. I knowed him, y' see, and Luce and the old folk didn't.

“For a week I chews and chews over it. Then I takes action. He’s got his choice, either to right Winnie Barnwello’ the restaurant and quit comin’ after Luce, or settle with me.

“He’s comin’ out o’ Fleming’s as I ride in, a good-lookin’, sporty feller, with a rattlesnake’s conscience and the gall of a shyster lawyer; and I hands him some o’ the straightest talk he’s had since his mother slipped him for his first lie.

“But there always was fools, Wynne, and always will be—fools as don’t know a snag when they foul one; so when the police come runnin’, Mister Hamilton’s some sick, with a window in his mangy pelt.

“It’s the same big trooper as introduced me to Lucy, as arrests me. He speaks gentle now, a-lookin’ down at what the boys are crowdin’ ’round. ‘You’ve killed him,’ and somethin’ more about his ‘duty’, and with that I give him my gun, and go along quite quiet.

“But Hamilton didn’t die, and I got off with a year—there being some doubt about his attemptin’ to draw on me before I plugged him. At the end of my time I came back to the range.

“But I’m reckless now, havin’ lost Lucy, and for over a year more I just go to makin’ my name unsanitary, till at last little Inspector Farquhar gets tired and warns me to get out.

“Cold as frozen steel he looks me in the eye and says it: ‘Lewis,’ says he, ‘I’ve winked at your breaks long enough out’n sympathy for you—oh, yes, we of the force know all about it—but you’ve got to go. I give you twenty-four hours.

“‘Inspector,’ says I, ‘adios!’

“I start to make a break south for Arizona, but a loco notion strikes me that I got to see Luce again before I quit the range. I strike the place at the northeast corner and follow the creek, hopin’ to see her out about the chickens without bein’ seen myself, when I run right against her in the open of the corral flats.

“I see her comin’—judge, jury and public opinion all boxed up in a cotton frock and a big sun-bonnet—and I hardens out till I sit like a statue. She sees me.

“Close up she comes, lookin’ red and white an’ trembly. ‘Jake,’ she cries, ‘Oh, Jake, I knew you’d come! I always knew you’d come! Oh, Jake, Jake!’ At that she got all choked up. ‘Luce,’ I whispers, ‘Luce, dear, what is it?’

And her answer just naturally ear-marks, brands and registers me forever.”

MY FIRST TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

By RUTH EVERETT.



THE East and West are very near together now. In five days of luxurious travel from New York, San Francisco is reached. How different, oh, how very different was the first trip I ever made to California. It was in the fifties that my mother, with her four little children boarded an ocean steamer at New York to go to join her husband in the "Land of Gold." The eldest of the children—my brother—was eight, and the youngest was an infant. I was six, but I will never forget that trip if I should live to be as old as Methuselah. We were to go by way of Panama, and that was before the railroad across the isthmus had been built.

First of all, cholera broke out among the regiment of soldiers on our steamship; and the captain transferred the families to another vessel in mid-ocean. But before this opportunity offered, certain sanitary measures were inaugurated; and a diet which forbade tropical fruits was prescribed. I presume that I was the only one on board who managed to evade the captain's regulations.

As I think of it now, it seems to me that I must have been allowed an unusual amount of license for a maid but six years old; but I thought nothing of it then. My mother was traveling without a maid, and I presume that my baby sister, who was just toddling around, and consequently got into all manner of mischief, gave her enough to think of. This, coupled with the fact that my mother had a light touch of cholera, gave me the run of the boat—released me from all wholesome rules. I had made a firm and fast friend of the negro cook, to whom I communicated my convictions that the captain was a tyrant; that ripe oranges, pineapples and bananas were grown by God on purpose for little girls to eat.

The cook approved. He put me in a high chair in the corner of his kitchen and let me eat all the fruit I wanted, with the sole precaution of making me "cross my heart," when I promised if I *should* be taken with cholera, I would "never, never, never tell." "May God strike me dead if I do." Do you know that I think to this day that if anything had happened—so much had that negro made me realize the importance of an oath—I would have kept that promise, and have been slid off a plank into my great watery grave, true to the man who gave me so many goodies to eat. After I had gorged myself with the forbidden

dainties, the old darkey carefully washed my face and hands, made me breathe in his face so he could see if my "breff smell ob dem orange peel," which I would insist upon nibbling at. In case there were an odor of oil of orange, I had to eat a slice of onion.

When we reached Panama, there was a fight between two of the native servants in the vicinity of the kitchen. One stabbed the other in the back. The wounded man—naked except for a breech-cloth—ran through our dining-room, leaving a trail of dark-red blood behind him, and dropping dead just as he reached the porch.

As before mentioned, the railroad across the isthmus was not built at that time. Consequently my mother arranged for transportation over those twenty-seven or more miles of mountainous paths. She on a mule, carrying in her arms our baby sister, and each one of the other children strapped in a little chair, which was fastened to a native's back. Although those of us thus crossing the isthmus made quite a long train, the pathway was so narrow and winding, that I was frequently out of sight of my mother. Not knowing any other way to remedy the matter, I set up a good, lusty bawl. At which my Indian promptly slipped my chair down to the ground and said—

"Goo' bye! I no carry cry girls."

Then he slipped around a projection of rock out of my sight. I screamed with all my might.

"Oh, don't leave me! I will be good! I will be good!"

I was picked up again, my carrier scowlingly assuring me that if I opened my lips again he would throw me—chair and all—over the precipice.

Of course I intended to make my complaint to my mother; but at the end of the journey, poor little mother looked so tired and pale that my brother (whose Indian had stolen all the beautiful glass marbles we had bought in Panama, the first we had ever seen) advised me to keep still about my troubles, as he should about his own.

Well, our father met us in San Francisco, and we went to a little town called Coloma—then the county seat of El Dorado County, and in the heart of the mining district—through Hang-town—now Placerville, which soon after that time supplanted Coloma as the county seat. Every inch of the journey was made in the coaches of the old Pioneer Stagecoach Company. My father was county judge. I was always his favorite child, and the first day he took me through the town, such a rarity was a little girl that every man—miner, gambler or what-not—had either to shake hands with, or kiss, "the judge's little girl," who soon

got dubbed "Your Honor." I came home to my mother with my little double hands full of gold coins.

It was that fall the bear was elected town clerk. But parenthetically I want to say that I must, at that time, have had a pronounced predilection for cooks, for I soon struck up an ardent friendship with the town baker, who was known as "red-headed Davis." And I solemnly told my father that Mr. Davis kept a man in his oven, and that this man would tell Mr. Davis when the pies were done. The heat did not inconvenience the oven-dweller in the least. My mother was for giving me a good spanking for my lies, there and then. But my father, who was great on fair trials, evidence, hearing both sides, and all that, got a stay of proceedings, investigated the case, and learned that Mr. Davis was an extremely clever sleight-of-hand performer and ventriloquist; and it was with the latter accomplishment that he had imposed upon my childish credulity.

Goodness! I started to tell you about the bear, and I have taken you half over the world instead. Well, one of the miners that lived near Coloma was called "Bill." And Bill had a pet bear, scarcely more than a cub. I have heard my father say that this cub was the most playful little animal that ever lived. From all the neighborhood around, the men flocked to Bill's cabin to play with the bear. The word "mascot" was not in vogue in those days, but Bill's bear was preëminently the universal pet and favorite of the entire camp.

Somehow that fall an extremely unpopular man got the nomination for town clerk. People were whigs and democrats in those days, and our mining camp was overwhelmingly democratic, in more ways than one. When "Bad Ben" got the nomination for town clerk, every man Jack wished that he had done his duty in the "primary," and thus prevented such a disgrace to the camp. By a single response made by one of the miners, the spirit of indignation gave place to one of hilarity.

Said this fellow—"Am I going to vote for Bad Ben? Not much! I'm going to vote for Bill's bear."

And so it went, from mouth to mouth; and the entire democratic party of the camp was a unit to vote for Bill's bear.

Those were the days when men voted "early and often," and whiskey was four bits a drink, and you could vote between the drinks.

With such a vim and snap and bang had the friends of Bill's bear carried things, that when the votes were counted the bear was found to have been elected by an overwhelming majority. The miners good-naturedly consented to have the whig nominee do the actual work of the office and draw the salary. There was no stock-exchange out there in those pioneer days, but just the same that was a case where a bear put to flight a big party of men.

Whether or not it was the corrupting influence of politics, I cannot attempt to say; but in his old age Bill's bear got cross. He had to be chained, and a disgraceful sign which read—BEWARE OF THE BEAR—was nailed to his tethering pole.

THE CHINOOK.

By LOUISA A. NASH.

IT was such a winter as Martin Elspach and his wife had not known in the few years since they had come to Eastern Oregon—a bitter, driving, relentless season. They had “homesteaded,” and put their little savings into cattle and sheep. Elspach had built with his own hands a tiny cabin and a barn, and had fenced off a garden, a potato-patch, a meadow and grain-fields. He got along with very little cash, and his wife with as little society; but both looked forward to the time when they could spend the winter in a town and educate their children. Now the snow was banked high against the cabin, and even the tops of the bunch-grass were buried beyond the reach of the hungry animals. The fence-wires stretched in great ropes of crystal, and the netting to keep chickens out of the garden was a glittering silver mesh.

Martin had been out all the morning, trying to head off the cattle from roaming to the great bare mountains in search of food. There was room in the barn for the calves; its shelter would eke out the paucity of its food, and the steers he could coax round to the one sheltered nook he knew of, not far away. The sheep must be kept on the trot round and round a level bit where the wind seemed less searching.

“Fadie, why did the lieber Gott send the snow?” asked little Fritz, turning his blue eyes up to Elspach, as he came in for dinner.

“I thought you like snow, little man, eh?”

“Not any more now, 'cause Mudder won't let us go out to make snow balls,” answered Lilchen, one year wiser than her brother; but he persisted in the question.

“For the same reason that Mother makes you stay in—to keep the worst of the frost off, *kind*.”

“Then the dear God is good after all, Fadie,” said the little man, satisfied.

“Oh, Martin, we made a mistake in coming here. Why didn't we go the western side of the State, nearer the ocean, where they don't have these winters?” wailed his wife.

“They say it rains thirteen months in the year; you know you don't like the rain.”

“It's better than this anyhow, and not hard on the stock. Oh, dear, what shall we do if they die?”

Lilchen, who was listening intently, said earnestly, “Little Mudder, the lieber Gott will take care of us. That's what Fadie told us.”

By evening, when they were all shut in from the gloom, a warm fire in the stove, and the children sleeping comfortably in

their cots, Meta Elspach grew sanguine. "I do believe, Martin, I hear dripping from the roof."

Martin went to the door to test the belief. "If you do, I'm afraid it's caused by the big fire. No signs of a thaw yet," he said, but not despondently.

For two days his work repeated itself in cruel monotony, save for the necessity of skinning a dead sheep or two.

"Fadie, why do the sheep die?" asked the baby. "Ou said snow keeps things warm, and the sheep have snow on their backs?" pointing to the pelts on the fence.

"But you see it melts on the sheep's warm back, and then it's all wet for the frost to freeze," he answered absently; for, hearing footsteps on the crisp snow, he was making for the door.

Meta had been very downhearted that day. She was keeping entirely in the little cabin. "With two shawls tied over my head," she explained, "the wind pierces me through from ear to ear!" and her husband was glad when he saw Chitco Charley coming along at his usual slouchy gait. "*Klow-hi-ya?*" was his "jargon" greeting, which was near enough to "How are ye?"

"What about the weather? When will it change, do you think, Charley?"

Chitco Charley went outside the door, and peered all round, as if he had not been making observations all through his long walk. Looking very wise he gave his opinion with great gravity. "Two sleeps, chinook come. Cole chuck velly bad!"

Elspach had been long enough in the country to know that by "chinook" he meant the south wind, and having great faith in the Indian's forecast his spirits rose.

"Say, Charley, why do you call the south wind 'Chinook?'"

"All light, I tell you. *An-cut-tie* [long time ago] Great Spirit daughter, Snow Blossom, out walking. Big snow storm come along and catch her. '*Ta-man-a-wis,*' Great Spirit (all same Boston-man God), say to *Tyees* [chief] 'go look for my daughter.' Great Spirit go south side big snow mountain, where Chinook live, and blow hard his warm breath [illustrating by blowing hard himself]. Great Spirit blow, blow till '*kole snass*' [snow] all go away. *Tyees* found Great Spirit's daughter by big fir tree. She all cold and pretty near died. Great Spirit make her live with warm breath. Ev-ly time Indian call south wind 'Chinook.'"

The children listened open-mouthed to Chitco Charley's recital, but were too awe-struck to ask any questions.

When he was gone, Fritz came to his mother with a big yawn. "Und'ess me, I go to sleep!"

"Why, Fritz! When it's too early? You've had no supper!"

“Chitco Charley say two sleeps Chinook come, d’ive cole away. Me make haste and get two sleeps. Me want to go out and play!”

From Lilchen’s superior wisdom came, “What a silly baby! He meant two nights.” But little Fritz kept yawning till his mother tucked him up cosily in bed.

Hope inside the cabin might restore the earth to its wonted green; without, the Ice King held it in iron grip.

“No matter, little woman! If worst comes to the worst, and we lose the steers and the sheep, we’ve still got the milch cows and the calves!”

“You never will see the dark side even when it is turned right against your eyes!” she complained.

“No,” he answered placidly, “there’s always a way out of everything if we don’t block it.” But next morning there were more pelts hanging on the fence.

“One more sleep,” Lilchen called out in a cheery voice, as her father was starting on his rounds, for she believed in Chitco Charley’s “Chinook,” as surely as though he had been the prophet Elijah her father had told her about. And the day was less weary to the ranchman in consequence.

He had constructed a rough snow-plow which his lean “cayuse” had pulled over the sheltered patch, so that the starving sheep could get at the tops of the bunch grass, if they had energy enough to do so. Meta had melted snow for them, so that they should have warm water to drink.

Martin looked out the last thing at night. It was very still and the stars were shining. He walked round to the side of the house, and bared his head, hoping a little breeze might stir his hair. But disappointed that he had no word of solid hope for Meta, he came back to bed. Was Charley wrong after all?

Morning came—yes, there were clouds coming up from down south. He dressed hastily, and went out with a song of thanksgiving in his heart.

The Chinook was doing its work slowly but surely. The distant hills looked purple in the distance, and the sky a soft gray; the stilled freshets ran again, the air was balmy soft, and the eaves dripped a happy music. Soon the snow melted in patches where the sun shone. The sheep and cattle were saved.

“Mudder open the window,” entreated Lilchen in her excitement, “and let the lieber Gott come in!” And mother, ashamed for her want of faith, repeated a line or two of an old German hymn—

Open, Lord, the door of my silly heart,
Do Thou come in, Nought but love Thou art.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

X.—WOODS ROGERS, 1708.—CONTINUED.

THE next thing of Consequence was to get rid of our Prisoners, which began to be a Burden upon us . . . It was therefore determined that they should be set ashore, after trying every Method possible to engage them in a Scheme for trading with us. We had several times discoursed the two *Morells*, and *Don Antonio*, about ransoming the Goods, and were in Hopes of selling them to Advantage, but deferred coming to Particulars till now; because we plainly saw, that unless they could have the Cargoes under a Quarter Value, they would not deal with us. I proposed going to *Panama*, and lying six Days as near it as they pleased, till they brought the Money we should agree for, at a moderate Rate, provided they left Hostages on board us, whom on Failure, we would carry to *England*. To this they would have agreed, provided we would take 60,000 Pieces of Eight for all the Prize-Goods. Then I proposed their ransoming the Galleon, and putting a great Part of the Goods aboard her, provided one of those three, and another they could procure, would be Hostages for the Sum. They answered, that neither of them would go Hostage to *England* for the World. I mentioned delivering the Galleon and Cargo to them here, provided two of them would be Hostages to pay us the Money at any Place but *Panama* or *Lima*, in six Days, if they would give us 120,000 Pieces of Eight, being the lowest Price we would take for all the Prizes and Goods, Negroes &c. They told us that trading with Strangers, especially the *English* and *Dutch*, was so strictly prohibited in those Seas, that they must give more than the prime Cost of the Goods in Bribes, to get a License to deal with us; so that they could not assure of Payment, unless we sold the Goods very cheap: Therefore, not finding it worth our Time, and knowing the Danger we must run in treating with them, we desisted, and ordered them all ashore, still hoping that this would compel the *Morells* and *Navarre* to get Money for us, and prevent our burning the Ships we could not carry away. . . . On the 10th of *July*, we put seventy-two Prisoners on board the Bark, and, with our two Pinnances, she sailed for the Main. On the 13th in the Morning, these Vessels returned from Landing our Prisoners, and brought off seven small Black Cattle, twelve Hogs, and six Goats, some Limes and Plantains, which were very welcome to us. They met with little else of Value in the Village they were at: and, the others being far up the River, they did not think it worth while to visit them. The Country where they landed was so poor, that our Men gave the Prisoners five Negroes, some Bags, Nails, &c. to purchase themselves Subsistence. . . . According to the Report of our People, our Prisoners were not extremely well pleased with the Change of their Situation, or even with the Recovery of Liberty, in such a Place, and seemed to regret the Advantages they enjoyed on board us. To say the Truth of the Matter, I verily believe, that *Don Antonio*, the *Fleming*, *Sig. Navarre* and the *Morells*, did not expect to part with us so suddenly; but, by continuing with us, and knowing we could not carry away all the Prizes and Goods, they hoped we should of course have freely given them what we could not keep: We apprehended that was the principal Reason of their not closing with our Terms, which were advantageous to them; besides, should we have been attacked, they believed we must then put them in Possession of their Ships, which were of no Use for fighting. But, to obviate all their Hopes

of benefitting themselves at this easy Rate, without participating of their Money, the Magnet that drew us hither, I made them sensible, at parting, that as we had treated them courteously like generous Enemies, we would sell them good Bargains for whatever Money they could bring us in ten Days time, but that we would burn what we did not dispose of, or carry away. They begged we would delay burning the Ships, and promised to raise what money they could and return within the Time to satisfy us. One of the chief Prisoners we now parted with, was *Don Juan Cordoso*, designed Governor of *Baldivia*, a brisk man, of about thirty-five Years of Age: He had served as a Colonel in *Spain*, but had the misfortune to be taken in the North Seas by an *English Privateer* near *Porto-Bello*, and carried to *Jamaica*, from whence he was sent back to *Porto Bello*. He complained heavily of the Usage he met with from the *Jamaica Privateer*; but we parted very good Friends, and he returned us hearty Thanks, and a Stone Ring for a Present to one of the *Duchess's* Lieutenants, that had lent him his Cabin while he was sick on board. We allowed Liberty of Conscience on board our floating Commonwealth to our Prisoners; for, there being a Priest in each Ship, they had the great Cabin for their Mass, whilst we used the Church of *England* Service over them on the Quarter-deck. On the 15th of *June*, came on board, in a small canoe, one *Michael Kendall*, a free Negro of *Jamaica*, who had lived for some time as a Slave in the Village our People had plundered: He happened not to be there then; but as soon as he had an Account of it, he fairly ventured his Life to get away to us." This man gave the English an account of an attempt made upon the gold mines under the command of "one Captain Edward Roberts, who was joined in Commission from the Governor of *Jamaica*, with the Captains Rash, Golding, and Pilkington, with 106 men. They designed to attempt the Mines of *Iago*, at the bottom of the Gulph of *Darien*." After being out about five months they reached the mines undiscovered, but the Spaniards and Indians laid ambuscades and shot many of them. The English were diminished to about sixty, including the wounded, when the Spaniards sent them a flag of truce, and offered them their lives, after a small skirmish in which the English lost four more men. The English agreed to deliver their arms on condition that they be treated as prisoners of war. "Having thus yielded, the *Spaniards* and *Indians* carried them three Days up the River that leads to the same Mines they designed to attempt, treated them very well, and gave them the same Food that they eat themselves. But the fourth Day, when they came to a Town beyond the Mines, and thought all Danger had been past, an Order came from the chief *Spanish* Officer to cut them all off, which the *Indians* and *Spanish* Troops did, as those poor disarmed Wretches sat at Victuals; so that in this barbarous Manner they were all massacred in a few minutes, except a *Scots*, a *French*, and an *English* boy, with twelve Free Negroes, which at the Intercession of a Priest, they kept for Slaves. This man, being one of them, happened to be sold first to the Mines, where, he says, he cleared at least three Pieces of Eight a Day for his Master; and from thence he was sold to this Place. We took notice of this to the *Morells*, who came the next Morning with Money to ransom what they could of us, putting them in mind of the different Treatment they had from us; and how grateful they ought to be for it; which they seemed very readily to acknowledge, and, indeed behaved upon all Occasions, with much Honour. We sold them good Bargains, tis true; but on the other hand, they ran great Hazards in trading with us, and trusted us always with their Persons and Money, at the same time we had the Effects in our Hands they came to purchase. On the 18th, a Negro belonging to

the Duchess, was bit by a small, brown, speckled Snake, and died within twelve Hours, notwithstanding the Doctor used his utmost Endeavours to save him. . . . It was agreed that the same Bark we took, belonging to the Main, right against this Island, should be given to the Lieutenant's Brother that we plundered, and who came over with our Bark; for, being a Man in some Authority on Shore, we hoped this Favour would influence them to trade with us whilst we were here. . . . Messieurs *Morell* and *Navarre* went a second time in our Bark for Money."

On the 3d of August the officers appointed for the purpose appraised the Plunder and valued the clothing in order to divide it amongst the officers and men according to their respective shares. "The silver-hilted Swords, Buckles, Snuff-boxes, Buttons, and Silver Plate [appraised at a very low rate] amount to 743l. 15s. besides 15lb. 12 oz. which was in Rings, Gold Snuff-boxes, Ear-rings and Gold Chains, taken about Prisoners. . . . Early next Morning we had like to have had a Mutiny amongst our Men." But by exhorting them, and with "healing arguments" and by promising that the Sailors should have larger shares than those already allowed, mutiny was avoided.

"On the 7th, we gave Sig. *Morell* and *Navarre* their Ships, and all the goods we could not carry away, for what money our Agents received of them. As for the Effects in our Bark, we agreed for 12,000 Pieces of Eight, which, with 3,000 there remained of the old Debt for the Ransom of Guaiquil, made 15,000 in the Whole, and which were to be brought in twelve Days. Captain *Cooke* valued the Money now on board, for the Use of the Owners, 20,000 Pounds and the Goods at 60,000 Pounds. We gave these Gentlemen a Paper, which might serve to protect them, in case they fell into the Hands of the *Spaniards*; and we intended to have an Acknowledgement under their Hands, as to the Particulars of the Bargain; but the Bark sailed away from us in the Night. I cannot help taking Notice here of the honourable Behaviour of our crew during the Time these Prisoners were on board, in order to shew how much they regarded the Credit of their Commission, and of their Country. Amongst our Prisoners taken on board Sig. *Navarre's* Ship from *Panama*, there was a Gentlewoman, and her Family; her eldest Daughter, a pretty young Woman, of about Eighteen, was newly married, and had her Husband with her. We assigned them a great Cabin aboard the Galleon; and none were suffered to intrude amongst them, or to separate their Company: Yet the Husband (I was told) shewed evident Marks of Jealousy, the *Spaniards* epidemic disease. But, I hope, he had not the least Reason for it amongst us, my third Lieutenant *Glendall* alone having Charge of the Galleon and Prisoners; for being above fifty Years of Age, he appeared to be the most secure Guardian to Females, that had the least Charms, tho' all our young Men had hitherto appeared modest, beyond Example amongst Privateers: Yet we thought it improper to expose them to Temptations. At this time, Lieutenant *Conneley*, who behaved himself so modestly to the Ladies of Guaiquil, was some Days in Possession of *Navarre's* Ship, before we stopped here to remove these Prisoners aboard the Galleon, where he gained their Thanks, and public Acknowledgements, for his Civilities to these Ladies; and even the Husband extolled him. We had Notice these Ladies had some concealed Treasure about them, and ordered a Female Negro, that we took, and who spoke English, to search them narrowly; and found some Gold chains, and other Things, cunningly hid under their Cloaths. They had before delivered to Captain *Courtney* Plate, and other Things, of good Value. We gave them most of their Wearing-apparel

and Necessaries, with three Female Mulatto Slaves, and parted very friendly."

August 11 they sailed away from the Island of Gorgona, and on the 12th took a bark, putting Mr. Selkirk and his crew on board her. As their ships were but very thinly manned, and there was likely to be more action than since they had been in those seas, they mustered the Negroes on board the *Duke*, and found them to be thirty-five, strong, able-bodied fellows. They were promised that if they would behave bravely and act faithfully their slavery was at an end; that they would be taught the use of arms, would be clothed, and would be given names (those who lacked them). They were told they must look upon themselves as Englishmen, and no more as negro slaves; at all of which they were well pleased.

The next morning a vessel of 70 tons that had four-and-twenty Negroes, was taken. After this they stood over to the Bay of Jecames where the Indians are free, and by the help of a priest entered on trade with them. They sailed from thence September 1st, and on the 8th made one of the Gallapagos Islands, where they very soon took an extraordinary number of sea and land turtles of great weight, "So that we were very full of them. Some of the largest of the Land Turtles are about 100 Pounds Weight; and those of the Sea upwards of 400. The Land Turtles laid Eggs on our Deck. Our Men brought some from the Shore, about the bigness of a Goose's Egg. The Creatures are the ugliest in Nature; the Shell not unlike the Top of an old Hackney-coach, as black as jet; and so is the outside Skin, but shriveled and very rough. The Legs and Neck are long, and about the bigness of a Man's Wrist; and they have Club-feet, as big as one's Fist, with five thick Nails on the Fore-feet, and but four behind; and the Head little, and Visage small, like Snakes; and look very old and black."

On the first of October they made the mainland of Mexico. "Our men began to grow ill again, and two of them dropt down on the Deck, occasioned by a kind of scorbutic Apoplexy; but, upon Bleeding, they came soon to themselves. The next day we made Cape Orientes. . . . Our Business now was look for the Islands called *Tres Marias*, to procure some refreshments." They discovered these Islands on the fifth, and on the sixth landed some men in search of water. They found no sign of any peoples being lately there, but found a human skull which they supposed to be one of the two Indians Captain Dampier told them were left here by Captain Swan about 23 years before, "for, Victuals being scarce with these Buccaneers, they would not carry the poor *Indians* any farther; but, after they had served their Turns, left them to make a miserable End on an Island." Here they found more turtles and pretty good water. "We, the chief Officers, fed deliciously here, being scarce ever without Hares, Turtle-doves, Pigeons, and Parrots of various Sizes and Colours."

On the 1st of November they came in sight of "the Point of *California*, or that High-land which the Sailors call Cape *St. Lucas*." They cruised about here, lying in wait for Manila ships that were due to pass about that time. Looking for water on the main land they saw some wild Indians with whom they traded to the extent of exchanging a knife or two and bags for two bladders of water, a couple of live foxes, and a deerskin. The natives were very timid and "were the poorest Wretches in Nature." The English were almost destitute of provisions, and had become very disheartened by their long wait, and the uncertainty as to whether they had altogether missed the Manila ship, when on the 21st of December they saw a sail which proved to be the one they had waited for so long, and which

they took after a long and desperate fight. "This Prize was called by the swelling Name of *Nostra Seniors de la Incarnacion, Disenganio, Sir John Pichberty* Commander; she had twenty Guns, twenty Pattereroes, and 193 Men aboard, whereof nine were killed, ten wounded, and several blown up with Powder. We engaged them about three Glasses; in which time, we had only myself and another man wounded. I was shot through the Left Cheek; the Bullet struck away great Part of my upper Jaw, and several of my Teeth, Part of which dropt down upon the Deck, where I fell. . . . I was forced to write what I would say, to prevent the Loss of Blood, and because of the Pain I suffered by speaking."

By examining Captain Pichberty and his officers they found that there was another ship come out of Manila with them, of larger burden; but they had lost company with her three weeks before, and reckoned she was at Acapulco by this time, she sailing better than this ship. "We had a Consultation on the two great Points; first, what should be done with the Hostages; and next, how we should act with respect to the other *Manilla* Ship." It was finally agreed that the *Duchess* and the *Marquis* should go in search of the next desired prize, and on Christmas eve they sailed. "As soon as they were gone, we put Part of the Goods aboard the Bark into the Prize, in order to send away our Prisoners. The Agreement we made with them was this: As there were still 4000 Pieces of Eight due for the Ransom of *Guiaquil*, we agreed to sell them the Bark and Cargo for 2000 more; and to take the Chevalier *Pichberti's* Bills, payable in London, for the round Sum of 6000 Pieces of Eight; which he very readily gave us, and an Acknowledgement under his Hand, that he thought it a good Bargain."

On the 26th "centinels" discovered three sail out at Sea. So all the Prisoners were put aboard the Bark, taking away her sails, leaving only men enough with them to keep and look after them. All the other chief officers and surgeons would have persuaded Captain Rogers to stay in the harbor in safety, so weak was he from his wound. But he would not listen to them; and weighed anchor, made sail and joined the *Marquis* and the *Duchess*. The three English ships engaged the enemy's brave, new Ship, with the Admiral of Manila commanding on her first voyage, until their masts and rigging were shot away, and their ammunition was so nearly gone that they were in danger of being taken themselves. "We resolved to forbear attempting her further, since our battering her signified little, and we had not Strength enough to board her: Therefore we agreed to keep her Company till night, then to lose her, and make the best of our Way into the Harbour, to secure the Prize we had already taken." Captain Rogers was again wounded, this time in his left foot, with a splinter, part of his heel-bone being struck out, and all under his ankle cut more than half through. About 35 were killed and wounded on the English ships.

"The Spanish ship was called the *Vigonia*; . . . her Complement of Men on board . . . was above 450, besides Passengers; . . . 150 of the Men on board this great Ship were Europeans, several of whom had been formerly Pirates, and having got all their Wealth aboard, were resolved to defend it to the last. The Gunner, who had a Post in *Manilla*, was an expert Man, and had provided the Ship extraordinary well for Defence, which made them fight so desperately. . . . She kept a *Spanish* Flag at her Main-top-mast-head all the Time she fought us. We shattered her Sails and Rigging very much, shot her Mizen-yard, killed two of her Men out of her Tops, which was all the Damage we could see we did them, tho' we could not place less than 500 shot (Six Pounds) in her Hull. These

large Ships are built at Manilla, with excellent Timber that will not splinter; they have very thick sides, much stronger than we build in Europe. . . . The Enemy was better provided for us, because they had heard at Manilla, . . . that there were two small Ships, fitted from *Bristol*, that designed to attempt somewhat in the South Seas, and that Captain Dampier was Pilot; which was the Reason they had so many Europeans aboard the great Ship most of whom having their Wealth aboard, would fight to the utmost. . . . Indeed, they defended themselves gallantly; and in all human Probability, would have defended her to the last; and yet, perhaps, they were as much indebted to our Squabbles, as to their own Courage and Conduct: . . . instead of taking Warning, as reasonable People should have done, by the Effects of this gross mistake, we, on the contrary, suffered ourselves to be thrown by it into new and greater Disorders, than had hitherto arisen during our Voyage.

“On *January* 1, 1710, we returned again into Port; and, as we were now determined to make as quick Dispatch as possible in our Passage to the *East Indies*, we immediately parted with our prisoners, giving them the Bark, with Water and Provisions sufficient for their Voyage to *Acapulco*. Then we applied ourselves to settling our own Affairs. We spent our Time until the 7th in refitting, wooding, and watering; and very satisfactory it was for us to find as much Bread on board the Prize, as, with our old stock, might supply us in our long run to *Guam*.” They fitted out the prize with men from the other ships, and with thirty-six Manilla Indians, and other prisoners, making her complement about 110 Men. And after much disputing they voted Mr. Fry and Mr. Stretton to equal posts to act in navigating the ship, tho’ under Captain Dover.

On the 12th of January they sailed from Cape St. Lucas, and reached Guam the 11th of March. They stood in great need of fresh provision and were much gratified by being received civilly by the Governor of the island, who made them a generous offer of anything the place afforded. A deputation was sent from each ship to wait on the Governor with an handsome present, in acknowledgement for his great civility. The Governor entertained some of the officers in his handsome house, with a dinner of at least sixty dishes of several sorts, the best that could be got in the Islands. They presented the Governor with “two Negro Boys, dressed in Liveries, twenty Yards of scarlet Cloth-serge, and six Pieces of Cambrick. . . . The very next Day we got our Dividend, being about 60 Hogs, 99 Fowls, 24 Baskets of *Indian* Corn, 14 Bags of Rice, 44 Baskets of Yams, and 800 Cocoa-nuts,” and 14 bullocks, and for each ship two cows and two calves. After making presents to the Governor’s Deputy, and other gentlemen who had rendered services, it was agreed to steer directly for the south east part of Mindanao and from thence the clearest way to Ternate.

They sailed many long leagues—with men at loss how to steer for want of proper charts; short of provisions; in leaky ships, and clogged with great cargoes. But finally after all manner of hardships and privations, arrived at Batavia, where they careened and refitted, and from whence they sailed the fourteenth of October. Just one year from that date they came to an anchor at *Eriff*; their voyage, “long and fatiguing, but the most successful one ever set on foot at the Expence, and under the management of private merchants, at an end.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



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THE welcome news that the venerable Mission of Purisima is not being destroyed by its owners, as was reported, but that there is even a hope of its rehabilitation, is given on another page.

The Club has just completed further repairs to the Pala Mission, to the amount of \$978. The church and the entire front are now in a condition to withstand another century, and the whole establishment is being properly cared for. These extensive repairs have taxed to the utmost the Club's resources; and it urgently requests its members, and all friends of such work as it is doing, to rally with funds. Many members have overlooked their annual dues; and these dues are now seriously needed by the Club. Membership is open to all, and is \$1 per year. Life membership, with certificate for framing, \$25.

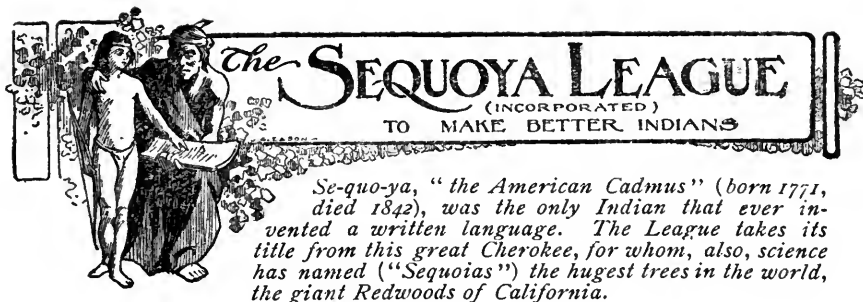
An illustrated pamphlet showing what the Club has already done in saving the Old Missions will be sent on application.

Every housewife who has tried the Landmarks Club Cook Book praises it. There is no other like it. Price, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.60; from this office, or from Mrs. Mossin (address above), or at Parker's bookstore.

NEW CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$6,372.

New Contributions—Miss Amelia B. Hollenback, Glen Summit, Pa., \$25 (Life Membership). Miss Macondray, San Francisco, \$1.



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WHILE this number of the magazine is printing, the League is officially advised of the Department's findings on the Moqui investigation which was made at the instance of the League.

The Department summarily dismisses Kampmeyer from the Indian service, and reprimands Mr. Burton for neglect of duty in having failed to notify the Department of Kampmeyer's conduct with recommendation for his dismissal. Kampmeyer personally committed a large part of the brutalities against which the League complained; and if the investigation had done nothing more than to rid the Service of this person, it would have been worth the while.

The Department finds Ballenger unfit for his position at Moqui, removes him (to a less responsible place), and reprimands Mr. Burton for not having reported Ballenger's unfitness.

The Department reprimands Mr. Burton for his "ill-advised and improper method of carrying out the hair-cutting order," warns him "explicitly that no threats and no force of any kind shall be employed with reference to hair-cutting, but that he must trust entirely to persuasion and example." Again, if the investigation had had no other fruit than to secure, at last, after eighteen months, this official death-blow to the notorious "Hair-Cut Order," it would have been worth the trouble. And this unmistakable language of the Department is seriously commended to Mr. Spear of Yuma, and such other Indian agents as have interpreted it as Mr. Burton did.

The Department finds Mr. Burton in other respects a good man, pays him very much the same tribute that Mr. Moody's report does, and will not remove him.

The League is satisfied thus far, and does not desire to be hypercritical or "difficult" for the rest. Its object in calling for an investigation was to enable the Department to discover shameful abuses that have been going on for about four years in this remote corner of its jurisdiction, and to set them right. Enough have been discovered and set right to make a radical change at Moqui. It is reasonable to hope, with the Department, that after the punishment of his subordinates and the reprimands to himself, Mr. Burton will be able to complete his term without further injustice being suffered by the Moqui Indians; and the League sincerely does so hope.

To Mr. Burton, the League frankly tenders its direct apology for whatever injustices have been done him personally. For some of the acts of his subordinates no language could be too strong; nor has the League any pardons to beg for its characterization of the Hair-Cutting and the Raid; but he was too much confounded with his subordinates, and many expressions were "lapped over" upon him which should have been specifically confined to the men for whose official acts he was responsible, but whose character he evidently does not share. At the outset, the League more than once stated that it believed him to be personally a good man; and it is glad to have this belief confirmed and expanded. It is sorry that in the campaign to remedy the proved abuses of his administration, and to secure humane treatment for his wards—which has now been secured—he proves to have been hit harder than was personally deserved. Here is hoping that while he remains at Moqui he may do the Indians good and himself credit.

To the "People of Peace," the Hopi Indians of Moqui, the League's congratulations. They don't Have to Cut their Hair until, with self-respect, a respect for their short-haired instructors shall lead them to desire to resemble the latter. No one will dare shear them again against their will. It will be a long time before another government teacher shall smash their furniture and crockery, cut up their blankets, kick their children, bully their women, or indulge in any of the other little pleasantries of the gentlemen whom the government has dismissed the Service or removed to humbler spheres as a result of the League's efforts. The Hopi will be no more insulted nor maltreated by any one. And that is what the League was after.

THE LAST
OF THE
EVICTIONS.

The last of the Indians concerned in the famous "Warner's Ranch eviction," are now safely installed in their new home at Pala—secured through the efforts of the Warner's Ranch Commission, the first campaign of the League. In the beginning of September, Indian Agent L. A. Wright peacefully and quietly removed to Pala the thirty-five San Felipe Indians who were all that remained to be transferred.

Their little village of Ciénega was on the San Felipe ranch ; but the case was conjoined with that of Warner's, and the same decision of the U. S. Supreme Court carried the same penalty of eviction. The hamlet of the Felipeños was a pitiful and poverty-stricken place, with neither land nor water half-way adequate to their needs ; and while, like all the other Mission Indians, these people preferred their own old desert to any paradise, it is a comfort that on the fertile acres of the Pala valley, and under the more than liberal irrigating system the government is now providing there for the Indians, they will be incomparably better off materially, and in the advantages of education and real civilization. Their removal having been conducted not only with tact and firmness, but with dignity and Western "savvy," the Felipeños are not likely to fall into the deplorable attitude of insolence and insubordination which has characterized the Warner Indians ever since they were moved by an excellent Eastern Inspector with methods he doubtless would not have used had he been less a stranger.

Now that all the Mission Indians evicted by the U. S. Supreme Court from Warner and San Felipe ranches have been transferred to and installed upon a reservation incomparably better than their old homes, are being supplied with houses, implements and a high-class modern irrigation system, and are being paid good wages to work their own good lands until those lands shall support them—it is hoped that the further provision of Congress may now be carried out, and prompt relief afforded other Mission Indians who are, and for years have been, as seriously entitled to sympathy as their evicted brethren, and in far greater destitution. The money has been provided, its use for this specific purpose authorized, the best method of applying it officially recommended ; the matter which had to take precedence is now concluded ; and there appears to be no reason why the remainder of the obligation may not now be carried out.

AND NOW
THE
NEXT THING.

It will be remembered that after the decision of the Supreme Court, and the cry of surprise and indignation from California, Congress appropriated for this case \$100,000. Of this sum, \$30,000 was to be applied to moving the evicted Indians, outfitting and establishing them in a new home.* The remaining \$70,000 was to purchase "a suitable tract of land" for these "and such other Mission Indians as may not be provided with suitable lands elsewhere" . . . "*provided*, that the Secretary of the Interior shall appoint an advisory commission, consisting of three persons, who shall serve without compensation, to aid in the selection of said tract."

The figure of \$70,000 for land was based on the recommendation of a veteran Indian Inspector that the government pay \$70,-

*The \$25,000 being expended at Pala for a cemented irrigation system is from another fund.

000 for the Monserrate ranch of 2370 acres, which was approved by the Department.

It will be remembered that the general and continued protest from California against this bargain finally led to the passage of the appropriation with the above proviso, and the appointing of the Warner's Ranch Commission. It will be remembered that this Commission, after thoroughly inspecting 107 ranches proffered, and proving that the Monserrate had been repeatedly sold for \$30,000 to \$40,000 less than was asked of the government (as it has also been sold since), recommended the purchase of the Pala valley, 3438 acres, and with over 500 times the Monserrate's water-supply; and that this recommendation has been carried out. This saved the government \$23,770 of the land appropriation (or over 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.) to say nothing of the vastly greater acreage and water supply.

Under the wording of the act, "a suitable *tract* of land," the Department did not feel justified in applying the \$23,770 thus saved to purchase *other* lands for the relief of "such other Mission Indians as are not now provided with suitable lands." But Senator Thos. R. Bard, at the request of the League, adjusted this technicality and secured from Congress full authorization for such use of this unexpended balance; and the Department is free so to apply it. Naturally, this money cannot be applied in any other way.

It will also be remembered that more than a year ago the Warner's Ranch Commission made specific recommendations to the Department (see Final Report Aug. 26, 1902, pp. 2-4) for the expenditure of this \$23,770 in purchasing enough fertile land contiguous to eight worthless reservations to relieve the notorious destitution of their 721 Indians. The lands recommended were formerly the homes of the Indians, who have since been crowded back to the worthless environs. They would not suffice to make these reservations as good as Pala; but they would relieve these eight reservations from destitution, would relieve ourselves of a standing disgrace for conditions too long suffered, and would make these 721 Indians reasonably comfortable materially, without doing violence to their deep-rooted love of home by evicting them to better lands at a distance. The most abjectly destitute would not exchange their worthless desert home for the finest location, save by compulsion. There is no practicable way to *take* back the lands of which they have been despoiled; but enough of it should be *bought* back for them, at least enough now "for a starter." The chronic and acute condition of these reservations has been repeatedly reported to the government by its own officials for more than twenty

years, and is as bad now as ever. It does the people of Southern California no harm to give; but they should not have to be canvassed periodically to relieve the need of Indians suffering because the government fails to give them lands from which even a New England farmer could wrest subsistence—not for himself but for an Indian. More than twenty of the Mission reservations are totally inadequate and unfit.

Of course \$23,770 would not go far if applied carelessly or in ignorance of local conditions; but if so administered as it was in the first place saved, it will do the work recommended by the Commission. Nor is there reasonable doubt that when this shall have been competently done, Congress will provide means to continue along these lines until the whole Mission Indian situation shall be made at least no shame to us all as Americans.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE VAQUERO.

By CHRISTOPHER STAPLETON.

WITH a swing of rope and a stretching lope
 The bold vaquero goes;
 His hand and steed make rhythmic speed
 Together while he throws.
 Whene'er he flings the lasso's wings
 Fly o'er the sunlit space,
 With circles lithe the lariats writhe
 Upon the hornéd chase.
 The free, free air; the day's light care;
 The sage-brush gray and dry;
 The flash of hoof; the lone ranch roof;
 The crumbling alkali!
 The Centaur race with equine grace
 Might roam in Greece the Blest—
 But oh! for me the Cow-boys free
 In the wild and boundless West!

Virginia City, Nev.





IN the Metropolis of the Pacific—the only California city which has ever endorsed the theory that it is Eminently Proper to Break Men's Wrists so they can never work again to feed their families when someone tells them they mustn't—it befell not long ago that a seedy but decent mechanic entered a well-known market and began turning over, rather wistfully, the Particular Bargains in meat. Liver, heart, shin—one after another he pondered them, with "That the cheapest you got?"

"Wal, what d' you *want*?" asked the butcher.

"Say, I'll tell you. I've been Out for three months, on a Sympathetic, and they're coming pretty rocky. I haven't bit meat in a week, and my folks are flesh-hungry. What I want is the most meat I can get for my four bits."

"Here, how's this calf's head? It's sixty cents, but you can have it for four bits. 'Bout seven pounds."

"My meat," and the purchaser gleaned his pocket, laying the proceeds on the counter. The package was wrapped, and he departed with the step of one who has Done Well.

At the door, fifty feet away, he suddenly halted; stood a moment, turned, came back.

"Say, is this meat Union?"

"Right you are," the butcher nodded apologetically. "It ain't. But if you can wait five minutes, I'll get it Unionized for you"—and he disappeared with the package.

In five minutes he was back and handed over the bundle with a genial: "Here you are. It's Union now, O. K."

"Thank you," said the purchaser, and went his ways rejoicing.

But a bystander, a stranger in town, wondered. And he leaned over to the butcher.

"Beg pardon," said he. "But would you mind telling me how you got that head Unionized?"

The butcher laid a finger to his lip. "S-s-h! Don't give it away. I just took the brains out."

Now the p'int of any story is in the application on 't. If no one can *see* that it's funny, then it *isn't* funny. It shares the fate of the Duke's Weary Wheels. He went driving one day with his American host and they encountered a farmer in a superannuated rig.

THOSE
WEARY
WHEELS.

"Good afternoon, friend," said the waggish Yankee. "I see you've come a long way."

"How'd *you* know?" grunted the farmer.

"Why your wheels are so shockingly tired."

Even the farmer laughed; and so did His Lordship.

"Y' know," he said at dinner that evening, "Your American humor is so spontaneous! Now M—— and I met a peasant on the way this afternoon, and M—— said to him, quick as a flash: 'I know you have come a long road, my man, your wheels are so Completely Exhausted.'" And His Lordship wondered that no one smiled.

Caricature which has *no* resemblance, neither makes its subject rage nor its audience smile. So long as Little Johnny has to write under his drawing "This is a Kow," the family Jersey will never dream of suing him for libel.

Now it is possibly no exaggeration to remark that the calf's head story couldn't run many blocks on any street without meeting someone who would laugh at it. And for more than one reason, it is time for us all—for those who belong to unions, and for the vast majority of us, who do not belong to anyone but our country and ourselves—to ponder why anyone on earth should smile at so extraordinary a story.

The Lion is no Monopoly. He dotes on Labor, and respects only People that Work. Though himself a multi-millionaire—having by his own efforts accumulated a family worth all that figure—he is neither Puffed Up nor Immune. Nine-tenths of the time he wears a mechanic's jeans; and his gladdest hours are when he can rub them against good hard licks as mason or carpenter so long as daylight lasts. He can't work twenty-four hours a day, for sleep is a lovely pastime when you can't do better. But as Sundays and holidays are none too good for him to Live in, every year his working hours are more than the working hours of an Eight-Hour man in three years. The Lion has to be told three or four times that the whistle has blown—for he'll be blowed if that was all he was waiting for. He never strikes, for he has found a Boss that Suits him first rate. He is never locked out, because the Boss couldn't possibly have a Quorum without him. And the only Union he has ever had to join, a good woman initiated him into without waiting to consult him. It

LABOR
AND
LABOR.

is known as Federal Union Number One — and Indivisible. And while he was sort of pushed into it, it's his; and it has his iron-clad oath.

No man with sense enough to realize the millionth part of the energy that goes to waste in this immature world because practically every two of us are on the average Pulling Alone, if not actually Pulling Apart, is going to blame any men for organizing. It is one of the few rational things about even thieves and Trust magnates—that they Get Together. If five per cent. of the rest of us had wit to do the like, we could have almost anything we unanimously desired, in the teeth of the other 95 per cent. That is, if we unanimously desired something Decent; for tho' 95 per cent. of us united on something scrubby and un-American, and could for a time Snow the Other Fellows Under, we couldn't Make it Stick. The majority would melt from under us even as it melted from over them—for we are all Americans, and somehow we generally Emerge. Beyond the mighty truth spoken by the Biggest American, it is also true that any man can fool himself about everything some of the time, and about something all of the time—but no man can fool himself all the time about everything.

WHAT

WOULD

SUCCEED.

A labor union—or a national confederation of labor unions—of, by and for people who Labor; headed, inspired and directed by those who Labor Best; a chivalrous protection to the Weak Brother, but not a premium for him to Stay Weak; a reminder to the Master Workman of his human obligation to the dullest helper, but not a club to keep him from daring to excel the Booby—not a voice on earth would ever be raised against *that*. As to organizing for self- and mutual protection—that is precisely the origin of all law. Before Society had learned so far, the individual—or the Tribe Union, Hottentot, No. 2—took vengeance into its own hands.

But when any American workman who "Belongs to the Union" lets the union think it Owns *him*; when he permits it to hold its competent men back, lest they do more or earn more than its scrubs; when he allows it to hold down the expert workmen and put their families hungry, if the drunken, shiftless, irresponsible and lubber-fingered are not so well paid or as long valued; when he allows his union to be used not as a means of self-defense and betterment to its members, but as a weapon to punish, maim or murder outsiders; when he takes to his daily job only the kit on his shoulder, and leaves his American head and his human independence in the Unsafe-Deposit of a person who has Time to Boss, since no one would hire him to work; and when he lets this Walking Delegate Prescribe to the Presi-

dent of the United States what He'd Better Do—why, men and brethren, it is about time for said American to go forth and reiterate his head against a stone wall a few times, till he wakes up. The labor union is a modern sociologic necessity ; but the American Union is just a leetle larger and more essential yet. Less than one-tenth of all the working people of the United States belong to unions ; and while those who do not organize cannot expect to have certain legitimate special benefits which are secured only by organization—they *can* expect, and they are going to *have*, all the rights and privileges of American citizens. They are not going to be disqualified for office, for employment, or for respect, by failing to swear allegiance to some union. They are no better (unless they behave better) than “Union Men ;” but they are just as good. Also, they are overwhelmingly more numerous ; and while they do not discriminate against unionists, if they shall ever be forced to, by union discrimination against them, the finish is not hard to see.

The Lion knows very great numbers of union men in many trades ; and has a hearty respect for the majority of those he knows. He believes them to be too sensible and too self-respecting to approve personally of folly, tyranny or lawlessness. But it is up to them now to see that irresponsible leaders do not drag them into such attitudes. No union man can truly serve *his* union who isn't first loyal to Our Union ; and a good many are trying to make him forget that fact. The man whose “heart is in the union” had now better put his head in also—and with special care that some gentleman of leisure shall not “unionize” it as the butcher did. If unionism is to hope to “win”—or even to exist for very long—in this republic, it must be by sticking to American methods, and earning and keeping the respect of the vast American public—by proving that unions make better workmen, and no worse citizens.

The proper scope of a public library is certainly something more than the mere beguiling of idle hours and the purveying of current fiction to restless tourists, or even the being an easy platter from which to fork out club papers or school essays in large lumps and without trouble of digestion. All these things are fit in their place ; but the true function of a modern public library, as of a proper private one, is as a rallying-point for study, and a workshop where the sharpest tools are kept for students. Amateur and grammar-school students are as a rule amply provided for ; but it is not too much to say that few of our public libraries have any serious provision for the expert and the post-graduate scholar. The best great libraries of the East are already thoroughly equip-

WHAT
LIBRARIES
ARE FOR.

ping themselves—and have been for several years, since librarianship came to be an art—with those costly and indispensable tools for which the serious American investigator had once to go abroad. In the West it has to be said that this chiefest duty of a library is only beginning to be dreamed of ; and that this side of Chicago there is not yet anything to which an investigator, of American History for instance, would think of turning. It is doubly mortifying and astonishing to be obliged to add that the Congressional Library of the United States, in many respects the greatest of all libraries, is woefully lacking as to some of the most important phases of Americana. It has at last waked up, under Putnam's fine leadership, to this dreadful omission—dreadful because the delay makes it impossible that that library should now ever become in the matter of Americana what it should have been and could have been made. Books in this sort were printed long ago, and in small editions. What copies have survived the tooth of time and the carelessness of the only destructive animal, Man, have long since been snapped up by collectors and are no longer in the market. Even the books in English on so recent an American acquisition as California, are scarce ; and when one gets into the deeper waters of the earlier history of the West and the Southwest and America in general, prices rise to almost fabulous figures.

It is gratifying to be able to say that the Los Angeles Public Library—which has been for several years noted among the libraries of the country for its activity, its circulation and efficiency, though it has but about 80,000 volumes—is seriously and intelligently taking up this matter and is forming a valuable nucleus of Americana. Such a department is peculiarly valuable and indispensable here. In San Francisco and Los Angeles, the two cities in which (from their position and their relationship to the first American history) Americans are most likely to study this history (including the other lands with which it deals as well as our own) a competent kit of tools should be provided. An intelligence like that of the American people is not much longer going to prefer to remain ignorant about our own Southwestern history, and about the history of Mexico and other lands so intimately and so indissolubly connected with our own territory, and with which we can have, and should have, commercial and other relations so extensive and so profitable. There is every reason why the public library of this city should have a monumental collection of Americana. Such a collection would not only be valuable to students, and attract them hither; it would be, in time, of serious public value and pride. Unless the work now begun be continued steadily and actively, such a

collection can never be formed ; but by enough persistence a great collection, and a priceless one, can be made even now ; and it is a matter of congratulation that the library directors have seen, and are acting upon, this enlightened duty.

Reports from many quarters that the venerable mission of La Purisima Concepcion (near Lompoc, Santa Barbara County) is being destroyed by its present owners, led to a brief reference in these pages last month, and set the Landmarks Club to investigating. It is eminently gratifying to discover that the report was a false alarm, though vandals and the elements have indeed done great injury to these fine old buildings. The mission is now owned by the Union Oil Company of California ; and while ownership by an oil company might not seem reassuring to those that are familiar with some oil companies, the fact that the directors of this corporation are intelligent and public-spirited men, who will commit no vandalism, is cause for congratulation. The directors are : Lyman Stewart, J. S. Torrance, Frederick H. Rindge, W. S. Botsford, W. L. Stewart, Frank A. Garbutt, James H. Adams, E. L. Doheny.

GOOD NEWS
FROM
PURISIMA.

As to the facts in the case, Mr. Frank A. Garbutt, manager of the company's Field and Land Department, writes as follows :

"The abandoned mission is on ground belonging to the Union Oil Company of California. The building itself has been desecrated and damaged by the public ever since its abandonment. Its visitors apparently did not scruple to deface it in every possible way, and what could not be stolen was ruthlessly destroyed. It apparently was a pleasure to them to pry the massive roof-beams loose, in order to enjoy the crash occasioned by the breaking of the valuable tile.

"On top of this, the late series of earthquakes in that section threw down many of the brick pillars, and twisted the remainder so badly that the front of the building is a veritable wreck. During these earthquakes, which lasted several weeks, tile which could not be replaced for a thousand dollars were displaced and broken. To save the balance of the tile, as well as to avoid possible accidents to visitors, I had the remaining tile removed from the roof and piled up near the building for safety.

"I have always had in mind the preservation of this Mission, and took the matter up with Mr. O'Melveny, who, I believe, is a member of the Landmarks Club. I stated to him that the Company was ready to cooperate in any reasonable way with the Club in order to attain this object. I even went so far as to take the matter up with Father Stockman, and arrange to purchase the old original bells which it was my intention to use in the restoration."

This is particularly good news ; and while it is not certain that the Landmarks Club can directly undertake a large contract of this sort somewhat beyond its usual northerly boundary, it will certainly coöperate in every way in its power with the public-spirited desire of these gentlemen to preserve this valuable heritage to posterity.

THE DRIFT AND
MEANING OF
POPULATION.

Even as the Gold Rush to California in 1848-49 was a shifting of population without precedent or reasonable parallel in numbers, in character, and in length and difficulty of the migration—so also no other part of the Union has been familiar with such an influx of such people as for the last seventeen years have been changing the face of California. The matter has already been seriously commented upon in these pages, in a recent series "The Right Hand of the Continent;" but it is interesting to note that this same remarkable immigration continues unabated, whether as to numbers or as to social vitality. It is no flood of poor and ignorant foreigners swishing over Castle Garden, but an astonishing procession of the Sifted—the successful and the desirable; and it lays tribute upon the flower of most of the important States of the Union.

Statistics just compiled by the California Promotion Committee of San Francisco show that there are 54,588 natives of New York State now living in California—and 4,549 natives of California living in New York State.

It is not without significance to note the larger contributors to California's population—as per the table following:

Natives of New York	now living in California	54,588
" " Illinois	" " " "	42,304
" " Missouri	" " " "	35,075
" " Ohio	" " " "	34,869
" " Iowa	" " " "	26,739
" " Pennsylvania	" " " "	25,283
" " Massachusetts	" " " "	19,818
" " Indiana	" " " "	19,383
" " Maine	" " " "	14,732
" " Michigan	" " " "	14,592
" " Wisconsin	" " " "	13,826
" " Kansas	" " " "	13,266
" " Oregon	" " " "	11,127
" " Kentucky	" " " "	9,988
" " Minnesota	" " " "	7,520
" " Nevada	" " " "	7,195
" " Nebraska	" " " "	7,170
" " Vermont	" " " "	5,859
" " New Jersey	" " " "	5,314
" " Connecticut	" " " "	4,751
" " Washington	" " " "	4,030
" " Colorado	" " " "	3,829
" " New Hampshire	" " " "	3,767
" " Louisiana	" " " "	3,393

Nor is it unimportant to note that in the ten months ending July 1, 1903—and without pretending to account for the thousands of other persons who came to this State—63,937 Easterners made use of the specific and counted "colonist rates" to California.



With his *History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River*, Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden again puts historical students permanently and substantially in his debt. While gathering material for his important and valuable *American Fur Trade of the Far West*, he met Captain Joseph La Barge, and promptly realized that he had found a prize indeed. For not only did Captain La Barge's personal recollections of, and association with, the fur-trade run well back into its early days, but his active service on the Missouri covered the entire period of steamboat navigation on the Upper River. He was clerk on the "Yellowstone," not quite on her historic first trip up the Missouri, but on her return voyage down the Mississippi the same year (1831), being then but a lad of sixteen. He took his own steamboat up the river on the last commercial trip ever made from St. Louis to Fort Benton, in 1877; and was pilot on a government steamer engaged in a survey of the Missouri Valley in 1885—the last through trip ever made between St. Louis and Fort Benton. In the meantime he had seen—and been an important factor in—the tremendous growth of steamboating on the Missouri, and its subsequent desperate and hopeless struggle with the railroads. He had made a comfortable fortune—and had seen it slip away from him again, as the railroads wrested traffic away from the steamboats. And at eighty-past, his memory was clear, exact and full. Capt. Chittenden lost no time in persuading him to dictate his reminiscences, and this task was completed and the notes carefully revised by Capt. La Barge himself before his death. The latter event caused the decision not to publish the material as a narrative of personal experience, but to use it as the basis of the present volumes.

It is difficult now to realize how large a part in the upbuilding of the West fell to the steamboats on the Missouri. Yet it is not half a century since the River was almost the sole artery of commerce and communication for the territory along all its length. The story of it all is very effectively told by Capt. Chittenden, and should be thoroughly interesting to the general reader, apart from its special value to the student. The illustrations are not numerous, but carefully selected and of excellent quality. In every mechanical detail the two blue-bound octavo volumes are beyond criticism. Francis P. Harper, New York. \$6 net.

There may be doubt as to whether Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor is more accurately described as the most scholarly of Western poets, or as the most poetic of Western scholars, but neither phrase will be seriously challenged. His *Visions and Other Verse* contains some of his work that had been previously published, with much that is new to print. Dr. Taylor's verse is invariably polished, musical and thoughtful. The fantastic, the grotesque, the bizarre, have no attractions for him. The sonnet called "Morning"—one of five suggested by pictures of William Keith—may be quoted as fairly typical.

THE SINGING
OF A
SCHOLAR.

Deep-brooding Night has done its worst and best,
 And once again we front the new-born Day,
 Where now the sickled moon with lessening ray
 Hangs low upon the sky's auroral breast.

The earth, soft-garmented in robes of gray,
 Drinks heaven's sweet dew with such delightful zest,
 She fain would see time held a prisoner, lest
 The sun should sweep her present joys away.

Home kindles now her necessary fires,
 Whose shafts of smoke, that gently pierce the air,
 Like incense seem in worship of the Morn,

And, as we list to these far-sounding lyres,
 So great all grows, so most divinely fair,
 The soul, fresh-winged, upsoars as if reborn.

The publisher has done his duty handsomely, save and except for the announcement that the volume is "frontispiced." The frontispiece is an excellent reproduction of Keith's fine portrait of the author. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.25 net.

CAVIARE
 TO THE
 GENERAL.

In his introduction to *The Moral System of Shakespeare*, Prof. Richard G. Moulton compares poetry, fiction and the drama to the experiments of an investigator in physical science. The physicist contrives combinations which had not hitherto existed, observes the result, and from it deduces laws of general application; even so does the literary workman with life. Indeed, Professor Moulton holds that "the survey of life that bounds itself by facts is not even the best kind of observation; it is like the timid examination of nature by one who will use nothing but the naked eye. . . . The poetic mind is the lens provided by nature for human life." In seeking the moral significance of the Shakespearean Drama, each play is to be regarded as "a microcosm, of which the author is the creator, and the plot is its providential scheme. When analysis of the various plays has put together results drawn from each, then we have a body of material sufficient for the study of underlying principles, and—so far as may be—for the coördination of principles into something of a moral system." Professor Moulton defines the three natural divisions of his enquiry as follows:

In the first, particular dramas will be presented to illustrate what may be recognized as root ideas in the moral system of Shakespeare. Then the inquiry will widen, and survey the world of Shakespeare's creation in its moral complexity. In the third part will be considered the forces of life in Shakespeare's moral world, so far as these express themselves in dramatic forms, from personal will at one end of the scale to overruling providence at the other end.

The subtitle, "A Popular Illustration of Fiction as the Experimental Side of Philosophy," seems unduly sanguine. It may possibly appeal strongly to the populace of the classic shades of the University of Chicago. Elsewhere its audience will be select and appreciative, rather than numerous. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE UNDER-
 SIDE OF
 ROMANCE.

Naturally enough, searchers for literary material in the fields of chivalry have for the most part "hit the high places" of glittering adventure and ardent love-making only. Margaret Horton Potter has seen through the glamor to that which always lies behind such gallant clashing of arms—the lonely endurance and bitter anguish of the women who can only wait and lose. Her *Castle of Twilight*—a story of Brittany near the end of the fourteenth century—has this for its leading motive. It is strong, sympathetic and entertaining. But the claim that the book is "a thoughtful, thoroughly studied picture of mediæval life" can only be allowed with some important exceptions. For example, Miss Potter should have discovered that *trouvères* and *troubadours* were not

identical; that Provence was the home of the latter, not of the former; and that the race of troubadours had been extinct for a hundred years at the time of her story. The whole episode of the eloping nun is wildly improbable and unconvincing. And the characters seem to me to be mediæval only as to dress and surroundings—otherwise distinctly modern. A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

Volume VII of the valuable series on "Historic Highways of America" deals with *Portage Paths*—"the Keys of the Continent." It includes a comparative chart of the more significant portages, and is quite up to the standard established by preceding volumes. Mr. Hulbert closes this volume with a strong and entirely sane plea for spending a little time and money in the precise identification and the marking by permanent monuments of these portage routes and other points of historic interest. He urges especially the necessity of immediate action, on the ground that "each year lessens the probability of accuracy, takes from the neighborhood one and another of the aged men who would be of assistance, changes more and more the face of the landscape—in short, tends to rob all future students of something of real value that we might confer upon them." This is well and rightly said, and is commended to the attention not only of historical societies but of individuals who desire to render lasting service at slight cost. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O.

MONUMENTS
WORTH
SETTING UP.

Birds in Their Relation to Man is offered as a Manual of Economic Ornithology for the United States and Canada. Putting "sentiment" into the background it considers bird-life mainly as a natural resource of the farmer, and presents the evidence in regard to each of the more familiar species as to whether the balance of its account shows on the side of profit or loss. This is to be decided by investigating the bill of fare of each species and determining whether the injury done directly to grain and fruit is enough to offset the indirect benefit from the destruction of injurious forms of animal and vegetable life. There has been much argument on this point—mostly based on guess-work. The evidence mainly relied on by these authors (Clarence M. Weed, of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture, and Ned Dearborn, of the Field Columbian Museum) has been the actual contents of birds' stomachs. The verdict in most cases is in favor of our "little friends of the air." It should be noted that the range of the observations does not extend to the Pacific coast, and that some of the conclusions would necessarily be modified in relation to a section where fruit-raising is the major industry. The book is handsomely and fully illustrated, includes a valuable bibliography, and is to be commended to anyone interested in the subject. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$2.50 net.

BIRDS
AS A
FARM ASSET.

A little book of genuine importance is the *History of San Bernardino Valley*, by Rev. Juan Caballeria. I have not such intimate knowledge of the field covered as to enable me to check its facts. But the book contains such internal evidence of careful and patient research, of temperate and unprejudiced judgment and of the scholarly habit of thought, as to leave no room for doubt as to its accuracy. Among the most interesting chapters are those devoted to the social, religious and domestic customs of the Indians and of the Mexican pioneers. With the period after the occupation of the Americans, Father Caballeria does not attempt to deal.

A LITTLE
REAL
HISTORY.

I select for quotation a passage which shows conspicuously the genuine historical temper of this Catholic priest :

"It is sufficient to say that the Mormons who first came to San Bernardino Valley were ideal colonists. They were farmers, mechanics and artisans of the various crafts. So far as material advantages went, there was perfect equality. There was no wealth and no poverty among them. . . . As a community they were honest, industrious, law-abiding, peaceful citizens, and under their thrifty management the beautiful valley blossomed into marvelous productiveness. The church laws were sufficient to regulate all public matters until state laws were established. All minor dissensions among themselves were carried into the church council and there submitted to arbitration. There was no appeal to other tribunal. Their moral conduct was beyond reproach. Idleness, drunkenness, gambling and vice were unknown among them until a later day when another class of people came to mingle with them.

It is to be hoped that Father Caballeria will extend his studies over a wider field, and publish them in a form to get a more extended circulation.

FROM
FLORA TO
LOBSTER.

Whether the "poetry" or the pictures, in the *Book of Nature*, by Johnny Jones, with spelling by his mother, are funnier, is immaterial; there is fun enough in either of them. It is to weep that this eager young scientist should so early have bumped up against the tragical green peach. The truly scientific spirit which was so prematurely nipped in the bud may be tasted in all its ripeness in profound and searching observations like the following :

The things I hate the most of all
To have around are fleas,
They jump and crawl all over you,
And bite you where they please.

The range of these observations is no less striking than their penetration, extending as they do from the jelly-fish to the peacock. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 25 cents net.

OPALS
AND
OCCULTISM.

Jacob Keith Tuley's *Philosophy of Charms* is interesting and suggestive; but—like most other "philosophies"—it will convince only those who were already convinced. The author finds that History is "full of proofs that such occult power has been possessed by jewels and other charms, and that it has been conveyed and exerted upon those who kept them, when they knew nothing about their previous history or associations." It isn't. There is plenty of evidence that this was generally believed, but that is quite a different thing from proof that it was true. He also thinks that he has "clearly shown the scientific possibility of a charm receiving, retaining and giving off perpetually a definite rate of vibrations corresponding to that of the first wearer or 'magnetizer.'" He has not even "shown" that different wearers possess differing "rates of vibrations," or for that matter any rates of vibrations at all. He merely asserts it. The Reasoner Publishing Co., San Luis Obispo, Cal. 25 cents.

ALIQUID
FEMININUM
ARTIS.

The leading article in the current number of *The International Studio*—that thoroughly beautiful and artistic "Monthly Magazine of Fine and Applied Art"—deals with Ignacio Zuloaga, who, at thirty-three, is accredited as legitimate successor of the Spanish masters of other generations. It is illustrated with many examples of his powerful work. Each issue of this magazine is a delight unto the eye of even an Outer Barbarian, who, by the way, gets an added delight from the discovery, on an advertising page, that the *International Studio*, established in March, 1897, is still "approaching its sixth year." Approaching it backwards, perhaps? Or is this but an added proof of the Something Feminine in Art, cropping out with delicious unexpectedness? John Lane, New York. \$3.50 per year.

Practical Journalism lives fully up to its sub-title, "a Complete Manual of the Best Newspaper Methods." Its author, Edwin L. Shuman, writes from twenty years personal intimacy with all branches of newspaper work, and no page of the book is either dull or ill-informed. Mr. Shuman names as the qualities most needed for success in journalism, "an alert mind, an intuitive judgment of news values, honesty, tact, industry, patience, resourcefulness, and a liberal knowledge of the world and of human nature." And he advises intending reporters to cultivate a style, swift, vivid, graceful, picturesque, dignified, clear and brief. It will be generally agreed that this combination of qualities might attract attention, even in a newspaper office. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

WHAT A
REPORTER
NEEDS.

It is natural enough to look with suspicion on an attempt to revise and improve such time-proved tales as *Jack and the Bean-Stalk* and *Little Red Ridinghood*, particularly when the purpose is declared to eliminate "all coarseness, cruelty, and everything that might frighten children." A good many generations of children have fattened on these tales. Nevertheless, W. W. Denslow has clearly "made good." There are a dozen of the books, and both the editing and the illustrations are delicious. The youngster who doesn't get one of them when gift-season next comes will have fair cause for complaint. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 25 cents each; mounted on linen, indestructible, 50 cents.

INCLUDING
A HARDENED
HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

This magazine recently gave some account of the production of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by the English club of Stanford University. The "book of the play" has now been published under the title, *On Seeing an Elizabethan Play*. Besides appropriate comment on the theatre, the play, and the music, this includes both words and music of seven songs and the chapter, *How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play-house*, from *The Gull's Horn-Booke*, printed at London, 1609. The frontispiece is an excellent reproduction of an old portrait of Francis Beaumont. This book is creditable both to the committee which prepared it and to the publishers. Paul Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco.

Strong, wide-visioned, tolerant and hopeful, Lyman Abbott is soundly qualified as bearer of the larger messages. *The Other Room* is a brief but uplifting statement of his thought concerning what lies beyond the one Inevitable Door. To Dr. Abbott, death is a glad awakening, an emancipation, a graduation, an entering upon a larger life of diviner service. Immortality is not a thing to be hoped for hereafter, but to be grasped now, and to be practiced here before we pass through the Door. To my mind the most tonic sentence in the whole book is "Who would not rather have a right to immortality [even though failing to attain it] than to be immortal without a right to be?" That rings like a trumpet-call. The Outlook Co., New York. \$1 net.

In Frances Charles's first novel, *In The Country God Forgot*, Arizona was very much more than the place where things happened to happen—it was of the vital essence of the story. In *The Siege of Youth*, San Francisco is only a stage-set. The "local color" which has been added with some pains, might as well have been that of New York or London for all that it has to do with character or action. However, the story is far from being commonplace. Incident is of less consequence than emotion and reflection—indeed "a study in temperament" would be a fairly satisfactory class-label. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The ten short stories gleaned from the magazines and published under the title of *A Deal in Wheat*, will add nothing to Frank Norris's reputation. They are all readable—and all clearly “pot-boilers.” Perhaps their most interesting feature—certainly the most instructive—is the evidence of how much the author of *The Pit* didn't know about the Chicago Board of Trade when he wrote the title-story of this book. “Ignorant” isn't the right word to describe it; it is actually innocent. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Arthur H. Clark Company announces an extension of the plan of its important series on *The Philippine Islands*. The original intention was to include only “sources” prior to the nineteenth century. In response to numerous and urgent requests, it has been decided to cover the entire period of Spanish rule—that is, to bring the work down to 1898. This will not involve an increase in the number of volumes originally announced. Historical students will welcome this broadening of the scope of the work.

The Passenger Department of the Santa Fé Railroad issues an interesting and thoroughly reliable handbook on the *Indians of the Southwest*. Dr. George A. Dorsey, Curator of Anthropology of the Field Columbian Museum, is author, and his name is sufficient voucher for its accuracy. The customs and ceremonies of the Moquis are treated more fully than those of any other tribe, occupying more than a quarter of the book. The illustrations are numerous and well-selected. 50 cents.

An improvident but fascinating young gentleman of the F. F. V.'s, who marries a lady veiled and unknown to him at the request of his wealthy uncle, and a beautiful and talented young woman who consents to the marriage as a preliminary step towards becoming a great actress, are the central characters in Henry B. Boone's *The Career Triumphant*. The story is of how they came to do it and what came of it. It is skilfully told, and of no particular consequence. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Nancy Huston Banks wrote a good story in *Oldfield*; she has written a better one, and a larger, in *Round Anvil Rock*. She has chosen the same field in Western Kentucky, but has gone back almost half a century, to the more plastic days of its youth. The atmosphere is convincing, the character-drawing varied and effective, the historic fact is not wrested out of proportion, and the story is a holding one. It ranks well up among the novels of the year. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Bears I Have Met is an entertaining lot of California bear stories told by Allen Kelly in fashion to whet the appetite for more of the same sort. Illustrations by Ernest Thompson Seton, Will Chapin, Walt McDougall, Homer Davenport and others add distinctly to the joyous flavor. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

The latest addition to the “Series of Historic Lives” is by John R. Spears. It is, on the whole, satisfactory, though lacking something of the fire and vividness which might be particularly appropriate in a treatment of “Mad Anthony.” D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1 net; postage, 10 cents.

Castle Omeragh is a tale of love and battle in Ireland at the time when Cromwell's iron hand was closing irresistibly upon it. F. Frankfort Moore tells the story effectively, flavoring it with Irish wit, Celtic mysticism and the alluring twinkle of Finola O'Neill's pretty ankles. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A convenient little handbook on the *Santa Barbara Mission* has been prepared by John J. Bodkin. Special care has been taken to make it historically accurate. The Tidings Co., Los Angeles. 25 cents.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

AFTER PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—WHAT?

IT is a wonderful time in which we are living. As a rule, the process by which great changes are brought about is not visible to the naked eye. Generally some startling event, like a war or a panic, is required to awaken us to the fact that something very extraordinary has occurred. The social thunderbolt falls unexpectedly from a clear sky. But today we are moving so rapidly, and by such enormous strides, in the making of far-reaching changes that everybody discusses the phenomena at the breakfast table, on the street corner, or in the cars, just as they do the weather. Every newspaper and magazine is full of it. The ministers of the gospel can scarcely preach a sermon without referring to it. The signs of the time are unmistakable, for they are writ large wherever we turn our eyes.

Private ownership, in the sense of small individual enterprises which compete with each other, is hurrying to its end. Already it has disappeared from the larger spheres of life. It is no longer found among the great manufacturing and transportation interests. It has been largely eliminated from the ranks of skilled labor. In mercantile lines, especially in the smaller cities and towns, it still persists, but is closely pressed by the department stores of the big merchants. Organization is the word of the hour, and organization is constantly developed on a larger scale. The instinct behind it all is predatory only in part. There is much of the defensive in it, and something of the genuinely progressive—the reaching out after a higher standard of living. And it is as irresistible as the movements of the planets. Man did not make it and man cannot stop it. It is the outworking of the great Law of Unfoldment and belongs to the evolutionary character of the world in which we live. One of the most interesting and suggestive of recent developments is that described by Ray Stannard Baker in September *McClure's*.

THE PASSING
OF THE
OLD WAY.

In an article entitled, "How Capital and Labor Hunt Together in Chicago," he shows the remarkable outcome of competition among the coal dealers and of strikes on

REMARKABLE
CHICAGO
INSTANCE.

the part of the teamsters. They did the wisest thing in the world—from their standpoint. It is so simple, as Mr. Baker says, that only a real genius could have thought of it. They stopped fighting each other, and went to fighting the unorganized consuming public. The first step was to form a perfect union among the employers and a perfect union among the men. The next step, to raise the price of coal and divide the increase between both sides to the compact—larger profits for the owners, higher wages for the workers. The public paid the bill. In order to make sure that the public shall continue to do so, the owners agree to hire only members of the union; the men agree to work for none except members of the Employers' Association. Is it not extremely likely that this system, carried out upon a vast scale, will be the result of the present widespread troubles between capital and labor? If so, what will the public do? They cannot reach the problem by any ordinary laws. It is conceded that the dealers have a right to fix the price at which they will sell their coal, and that the laborers have an equal right to say what they will accept as wages. At least, the two propositions must stand or fall together. There is no monopoly in restraint of trade in the popular sense of the term, because the associated dealers by no means control all the coal, nor do the associated laborers represent all the labor. Both sides have simply perfected an organization which is superior to individual enterprise, and those two organizations have agreed to work together. It is a striking example of the modern tendency. And it is safe to predict that only a modern remedy will avail to cure the evils temporarily resulting from its operation.

INEVITABLE
SOLUTION
OF PROBLEM.

In the Far West, our problems are different from those which the people are facing in Chicago and throughout the older and more populous sections of the United States. Out here, we are preëminently a new country—a mining, pastoral and agricultural country. In the larger cities, like San Francisco, Los Angeles and Denver, and in some of the bigger mining camps, the labor-and-capital question is as urgent as it is anywhere, but that is not the aspect of the new conditions which comes nearest home to the majority of our people. The overshadowing question with us in this formative period of our economic life is the question of dealing with our natural resources—land, water, forests, pastures and mines. And of these, all except the last named call loudly for action. There are other things which are becoming yearly more pressing. The consumer finds the cost of living constantly increasing. The producer more and more craves a better system of marketing. And the matter of cheap and rapid transportation is a

looming problem. Unquestionably, the way out of all our troubles and perils will be found in a higher degree of coöperation. This, indeed, must be carried to very great lengths and, in time, to an extraordinary stage of perfection. After private ownership, mutual ownership! After destructive competition, constructive organization and association! After combination of the few for the exploitation of the many, combination of the many for the benefit of all! This is plain enough to every man who thinks. But in its details it does not mean the same thing to everybody. To some, it means the speedy triumph of Socialism—"Socialism in 1908," as its enthusiastic advocates proclaim. To others, it means the gradual extension of the principle of public ownership of public utilities, supplemented by the gradual growth of coöperative organizations among consumers and producers. But to all it means the steady uplift of civilization to higher planes and a juster distribution of the good things of life. In another article, some account is given of the quiet but really remarkable progress which coöperation is making in California, in these days of our boasted prosperity. But in this paper I want to direct attention again to the progress in irrigation which seems clearly foreshadowed as the result of the imperious modern tendency underlying the whole trend of events.

An economic struggle, like the conflict of contending armies, is always fought in detail. Back of it all there may be a common impulse, and the whole line may move forward to a common end. But leaders and followers deal with different problems in different places. No single man or community fights the whole battle. The navy is pursuing the foe at sea, the army is besieging his cities with some of its brigades, and invading his more vulnerable territory with others. So New England must work out its factory problem, Chicago must deal with its coal question, and we of the Far West must solve the enigma of irrigation on the big scale in which it now comes to us. Last month, I pointed out the failure of private enterprise in dealing with the water supply. In that case, it is plain enough, that after private ownership public ownership is to come. Happily, it has already come. As these words are written, surveying parties directed by a central head at Washington are working all over the arid region in taking the preliminary steps which will lead to a great public system of reservoirs and canals. The private individual who desires to compete with Uncle Sam in this field is at perfect liberty to do so. If he is willing to loan his capital for a smaller return than no interest

THE PRIVATE
OWNER
OBSOLETE.

whatever, and to furnish water at a less price than actual cost, then he is the man for whom the enthusiastic settler and home-builder is looking. And in that case, he may reasonably hope to run Uncle Sam out of business. Otherwise, the aforesaid individual may scarcely hope to find an opening in this twentieth-century West of ours when the new policy gets fairly started. To put it bluntly, he is already obsolete and destined soon to become extinct.

THE PEOPLE'S
NEW
OBLIGATION.

But this situation lays a very heavy obligation on the people. Having put their hand to the plow, they cannot turn back. They have decreed that private ownership shall go. Now, they must substitute public ownership for it in good faith. And they must do so upon a very great scale. The present national irrigation policy is merely experimental. We have a few millions obtained from land sales—nothing but the crumbs from the rich man's table. With this we can make a few samples of irrigated homesteads, even of irrigated valleys. We can go into places, like the Salt River district of Arizona, and build the storage reservoir of which private enterprise vainly dreamed for a generation. We can develop and harness the water-power which has been a sleeping potentiality for ages. And thus we can demonstrate the beneficent possibilities of the new policy, with all it means in the way of cheap and abundant water and power and the subdivision of the land into many little farms. But all this is only a sample. We must have big capital to meet the big needs of these big times. We must spend as much in building homes as we cheerfully spend in building navies—as much in organizing the armies of peace as we spend in maintaining the armies of war—as much in averting the menace of foes at home (the foes of want, of land-hunger, of craving for economic independence) as we would spend in repelling the invasion of foreign foes. This is a matter to be settled at Washington, but it must be fought out before the people of the United States. California and the West should stand absolutely united when the time comes to ask for appropriations to carry national irrigation to the full length.

STATE AND
NATIONAL
COÖPRATION.

Can California depend on national aid alone in realizing a great system of public works? I do not think so. The more sparsely-settled States, like Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada, where land suitable for settlement is so largely public domain, may perhaps safely depend on national aid. But California is in a different situation. A very large proportion of the land to be irrigated is in private ownership. This is the case in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, in the Coast Region, and in a part of the South. It is perfectly reasonable


that the State should join hands with the Nation in the work which is to be done. Just as the streams are now being measured, the reservoir sites explored, and the forestry question investigated by means of joint appropriations at Sacramento and at Washington, so State and Federal Governments should cooperate in storing the floods which are to be chiefly useful in improving lands now held in private ownership. Every dollar of the money can be repaid, in accordance with the present National Irrigation Law. National engineers can do the work of investigation and construction. The property, when paid for, can be turned over to the landowners and administered by them in accordance with the good old American fashion of local autonomy, to whatever extent may be compatible with the general welfare. Such plans are simple enough and distinctly in line with the trend of events. After private ownership of water and works, public ownership through the coöperation of State and Federal Government!

The adaptability of the American people to new public policies is one of the most remarkable features of our national character—and one of the most encouraging and inspiring. It often happens that the visionaries of yesterday are the sane leaders of public thought today. Ten years ago the man who talked of public ownership was not merely a radical, but practically an intellectual outcast, regarded by many as a disturber of the peace. Even three years ago the idea, while tolerated, was thought entirely remote as a practical thing. But we are moving forward—yes, *forward!*—with tremendous strides. The time is ripe for the actual measure of legislation which shall aim at the creation of several important works in the manner indicated, at least as an experimental policy. It is the next step in the building of California.

TIME IS RIPE
FOR THE
STEP.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

• COÖPERATION AMONG CONSUMERS.

 COÖPERATION among producers is an old story in California and one that is lengthening and strengthening with the passing years. But coöperation among consumers is more recent and less generally appreciated. In its early stages it was attended by many failures and disappointments, and yet it persisted. The sessions of the Pacific Coast Coöperative Union, annually held at Oakland, find the movement a little stronger each year. There are now fifty-two local stores scattered throughout the State, with a wholesale house in San Francisco at their head. The magic word which proved the inspiration and the turning point in the campaign for co-

operation was "Rochdale"—the name of the English town where the famous weavers inaugurated their epoch-making experiment over sixty years ago and developed the simple principles upon which the vast fabric of coöperative industry in that country now rests.

THE CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

The time has now come when people are beginning to ask, How did the Rochdale movement in California begin? Who started it, and what was the outcome of the original effort?

It began seven years ago, at a small village in the San Joaquin Valley, and the start was even humbler than that of the English weavers. The name of the village is Dos Palos. The original capital consisted of \$10 in cash and \$14 in produce. At first, the store was opened only one night in each week, and frequently the entire stock was sold on each occasion. Business and membership rapidly increased. More capital was paid in and the store opened for business twice a week, then three times, then every day. At the end of six months, an inventory showed: Fixtures and building, \$100; merchandise and cash on hand, \$559; total, \$659. At the end of another six months, the capital had grown considerably, and a dividend of \$160 was divided among the stockholders. At the end of thirty months, the cash on hand amounted to \$1,061; merchandise, \$3,756; fixtures and building, \$557.22; bills receivable, \$1,005.60; total, \$6,379.82. The date of this report was January 2, 1899. At this time a new building was constructed, forty by sixty feet, with a hall above. At the end of that year the capital amounted to \$12,930.25.

The enterprise was then well established, and has continued to expand ever since. The capital on the first of last January was \$20,000, and the gain in business larger in proportion than the increase in capital.

Having learned the secret of coöperation, the Dos Palos settlers began to extend it in other directions. In 1902, they added a furniture and undertaking department to their store, and opened a lumber and fuel yard. During the present year, they have started a creamery which handles the product of several hundred cows. They have now determined upon a cold-storage plant and an ice-factory, and are also considering plans for a steam laundry.

Such things must either die quickly or extend in all directions. They simply cannot stand still. It is contrary to the laws of the universe. And at Dos Palos they appear to have taken firm root and to be likely to extend until all the public-spirited members of the community have come together in an institution

through which they will not only buy all they consume, but sell all they produce. Not the least interesting side of such things is the social life growing out of them. It is a business partnership which flowers in brotherhood. Is it not delightful to contemplate what California will be when the Dos Palos example shall have been followed generally and carried to its logical conclusion by a multitude of communities?

THE LOS ANGELES COÖPERATORS.

An example of another kind is the institution known as the Los Angeles Coöperators. This was strong to begin with, but gets stronger all the time. It started with a considerable capital, as was to be expected in a community as large as Los Angeles. It does a monthly business of about \$8,000, which is constantly increasing. In addition to the large parent-store, it now has two good-sized branches in different parts of the city.

This company has developed a plan which makes it in effect a mammoth department store. In addition to its large grocery business, conducted in its own stores, it has arrangements with dealers in every line, from the haberdasher to the agricultural implement man. By throwing the trade of its 1,500 members to the "associated stores," it obtains discounts ranging from five to fifteen per cent. on all they buy. This goes to swell the profits of the coöperative stockholders. It is more than likely that in the end they will have a big department store of their own, under their own roof, with branches in many different parts of the city. This would be nothing but the legitimate growth which is reasonably to be expected. The possibilities in a city as large as Los Angeles are almost unlimited.

One indispensable condition of success in such ventures is good management. The Los Angeles enterprise had this from the start. Its Board of Directors includes such strong men as A. H. Naftzger, head of the great citrus fruit exchange, Chas. H. Toll, cashier of one of the largest banks, E. T. Dunning, a leading lawyer, and Dr. John R. Haynes, a noted and wealthy practitioner. Under the management of such men, anything would succeed—nothing would have a reasonable excuse for failure.

THE OUTLOOK.

There is every reason to anticipate the rapid and continued growth of the coöperative movement in California and throughout the West. It is a part of the new spirit of the times and of the new and stirring economic history which we are making. The cost of living is steadily increasing. The average family finds it desirable, if not necessary, to increase the purchasing power of its income. The sure way to do this is to combine their capital with several score or several hundred of their neighbors and so purchase their supplies at wholesale.

In this connection it may be interesting for the reader to know that recent private advices from Ireland tell of a most extraordinary growth of coöperation there. This fact, taken in connection with the new land policy, promises a new and different Ireland from that which has aroused the sympathies of the world for many centuries past.

GRAZING PROBLEMS IN THE WESTERN STATES.*

By EARLEY VERNON WILCOX.

ANIMAL industry in the arid and semi-arid regions of the western States differs fundamentally in its main features from the same branch of agriculture in the eastern States. The peculiar features of stock-raising in the West are almost entirely due to the local conditions of scarcity of water and common land. The importance of the grazing lands of the western States for the production of cattle, sheep, horses and other domesticated animals, has long been recognized, and is sufficiently apparent from the large number of these animals which are produced on such lands. In the early days of western settlement, grazing lands were to be had by every one, free of charge and in convenient locations. If, after making a temporary location in one place, the stock-grower found that he was being crowded by other stockmen, or that by overstocking or injudicious management of the range the grazing was deteriorating, he had simply to move a few miles to a new location where natural, virgin conditions of the range were again to be found. In those times, and in fact until very recently, the production of cattle, sheep and horses on the range of the western States constituted an exception to the general axiom that we cannot obtain something for nothing; for, under the natural conditions of the range the grass was produced without any effort on the part of the stockmen, was harvested by the stock, and no efforts were put forth by the owners except to round up the animals and count them at periodical intervals, after which a certain percentage of them was shipped to market.

The unlimited range and absolute freedom which were enjoyed under these conditions made possible the development of various lines of animal industry on an enormous scale, and the profits under normal conditions were correspondingly great. The utilization of the public lands for grazing is rapidly reaching its limit—in fact, in most localities loud and bitter complaints are constantly heard that the range is already overstocked and that the grass is gradually being destroyed. The truthfulness of these charges is apparent even to a casual observer, in the majority of the western States. It is, in fact, only in certain favored localities, where the natural conditions for the production of grass on the range are especially good, that the tendency toward a desert condition is not more or less conspicuous.

*This is perhaps as effective a statement as could be made of this side of the question. I by no means agree with Mr. Wilcox's major conclusions, and expect to present a different view in an early number.—W. E. S.

Of the public lands owned by the United States in arid and semi-arid regions, 450,000,000 acres may be classified as grazing lands. At present there are over 600,000,000 acres which are not used for agricultural purposes, but of this total area about 100,000,000 is already, or should be, set aside as forest reserves, while another 50,000,000 acres may be irrigated, either directly by means of ditches, or by the construction of suitable reservoirs. The remaining 450,000,000 acres cannot be considered agricultural land and will never be suitable for settlement, at least until after the conditions of rainfall have become much more favorable, or immense sums are expended in the construction of reservoirs for storing water. This land is therefore of no economic value at present, except for grazing purposes. It is too immense in area and of too little value per acre to permit any great outlay for the purpose of improving the quality or character of the grass. In fact, the experiments which have thus far been made indicate that little is to be hoped for in this direction, under present conditions, except from limiting the number of animals which are allowed to graze upon a given area so as to permit the gradual restoration of the range.

This area is rapidly being rendered useless, even for grazing, and the great productive power of the western ranges is therefore being lost to the country. The chief problem in connection with this land, in so far as the country as a whole is concerned, is how to keep the range as productive as possible and how to restore its productivity where it has been destroyed by overgrazing. It would seem that a substantial agreement would have long since been reached among the representatives of the western grazing interests regarding a proposed method of treatment of the range problem, and that definite plans would have been urged upon Congress for enactment into laws. Such, however, is not the case. It is not possible to make any suggestion regarding the treatment, even of a limited area of the grazing section, which does not meet with more or less acrimonious opposition from numerous interested parties. It is therefore not to be wondered at that thus far no legislation for the purpose of rescuing the western range from destruction has been passed by Congress. In fact it is highly improbable that any such legislation will take place, until the men who are directly concerned in the utilization of the ranges come to some agreement among themselves which can deserve the respect of the eastern congressmen.

Under present conditions no one has any particular claim to public range—except such as he can enforce with the Winchester, or with some other form of personal violence. If, for any

reason, one stock-grower has been left in undisputed possession of a tract of land for a long time, and should suddenly find himself crowded or threatened by the approach of other stockmen laying claim to the use of the free range, the resulting controversy may be settled in one of several ways, depending upon the temperament and individuality of the persons concerned. The man who is already located usually pleads this fact as the justification for his continuing in possession of the range, while the new comer urges that the range is free and open and that his rights are as great as those of any other person. If the parties to the controversy are both cattlemen or both sheepmen, the affair may be adjusted in an amicable manner, but whenever a controversy of this sort arises between a sheepman and a cattleman, the result is usually a more or less serious conflict. The shooting affrays between cattlemen and sheepmen are of almost daily occurrence during the summer months, and these conditions exist simply for the reason that no one has any legal appeal in settling the controversies.

The unsettled condition due to overstocking the range, and the consequent conflicts between different stock owners, removes any tendency which stock raisers might naturally exhibit in the way of personal interest in the preservation of the range. There is only one way in which the men who utilize the western ranges for stock-raising can be induced to take a personal interest in the condition of the range, and that is by some system of leasing. As long as a stock-raiser feels that he may at any time be crowded out of a location, he will not seek to preserve the grass on the range, but will strive to graze it off as closely as possible in order that he may get every advantage of it before he is forced to leave. The result is the one which would be expected. Everybody's property is nobody's property; and, with no care and the constant overstocking, hundreds of thousands of acres which five or ten years ago were abundantly covered with grass to a height of from one foot to eighteen inches are now reduced almost to the condition of a desert. If, on the other hand, stock-growers are given a lease for a tract of land sufficient for their purposes and extending over a series of years not less than five, with the possibility of renewal, they will naturally seek to preserve this range so that it will give the greatest possible yield of grass for the series of years, and will not attempt to graze all of the grass off in the expectation of being crowded off the range during the next year. Sheepmen and cattlemen have frequently been heard to remark that there is no object in attempting to spare the range when they are not certain that they can stay in a given location for more than one

year. They assert, therefore, that they must, in their own interest, take every possible advantage while they have possession. In one instance, where a large sheep-owner was attempting to drive cattle out of the country by grazing the grass so short that cattle could not live on it, it was suggested to him that he would soon spoil the range even for sheep-grazing. His reply was frank and truly representative of the feeling of a large proportion of the sheepmen and cattlemen who are using the public range: "I understand very well that I shall make a desert of the range inside of two or three years and will not be able to continue any longer in the sheep business. By that time, however, I shall have made enough money to retire from business, and those who come after me may take what they find left." If there were anything left, after the treatment which is accorded the range by the average sheepman or cattleman, the case would not be so urgent; but, as grazing is at present managed, there is absolutely nothing left to eat when the stockman decides to abandon a given portion of the range.

Aside from the income which may be derived by the Government from leasing public lands, we should consider the greatly increased productive capacity of the public ranges, under any system of rational management. At present there is literally no system of management; the affair is left to work out itself, with the usual results. Every suggestion of leasing public land, however, is met with more or less vigorous objections from several quarters. On the one hand we hear from the western stock-growers that they could not make a living under present conditions if they were forced to pay even one cent per acre as rental for the public range. This statement may be dismissed without any serious argument. Men who have for a long period made use of the public range, free of charge, sometimes seem to think that if the returns from their business are not pure profit, they cannot endure the conditions. The idea of getting something for nothing is manifest in these arguments. It is possible to pay a reasonable rent for public range, and make even greater profit than under the present conditions, with no rent to pay, but with all other associated adverse conditions to contend with. Another objection which we see exploited to its full extent on every hand is the contention that any leasing system necessarily gives the large owner the advantage over the small owner. It is of course recognized that a stock raiser with large capital could afford to, and naturally would, lease much larger tracts of territory than a new-comer, without means, who is starting into business with a few hundred sheep or a few head of cattle. It would be absurd to suppose that public range would

be divided up equally among individuals, under a leasing system. There is no evidence, however, that the homesteader would be at a disadvantage with the large cattle or sheep-owner under a leasing system of the public lands. Land which is suitable for settlement for agricultural purposes must be held open according to law, and is not subject to lease as grazing land. By giving preference, in granting the leases, to men who are actual homesteaders in the region, so that the leased land will abut upon their homestead land, the possibility of the small owner being prevented from obtaining grazing land is absolutely excluded. The thing which is most needed by the majority of western States is a more rapid increase in their population. The settlement of the public lands would certainly take place at a greater rate, if the grazing rights, as well as the homestead rights, could be rendered certain and stable by suitable legislation. Under present conditions, a homesteader with a few sheep or cattle, is absolutely at the mercy of the large sheep or cattle outfits, who may run their stock up to the homestead fence, and in many instances deliberately herd their sheep in enclosed fields, so as to destroy the crops of the homesteader and make farming so unprofitable and disagreeable for him that he will leave the country. Such high-handed procedures on the part of large owners of cattle and sheep are by no means rare; they may be seen during almost any growing season by traveling through the grazing country. A person with very limited means is necessarily at a disadvantage as compared with those of affluence; but it is not apparent how the passage of a leasing law for public lands could put the small owner at a greater disadvantage than at present. Wherever leasing of public lands has been adopted, it has been found to operate favorably upon the preservation or restoration of the range. Numerous instances might be cited to illustrate this fact. The well known grazing laws of Australia and Texas may be mentioned in this connection. No one species of animal is responsible for the destruction of the range, but the desert conditions of tracts which were previously natural meadows are to be ascribed entirely to the present open condition of the range and to consequent lack of interest in its preservation.

If a reasonable amount were charged per acre for leasing public lands, and the lease made to extend over a considerable period of years, each man would take an interest in his leasehold, and would see to it that the range remained in a productive condition from year to year. He would not overstock the range, would divide his leasehold up into winter and summer range,

and would not graze any given area for two or three seasons of the same year. The grass would then be enabled to form seeds, and the sod would be maintained without deterioration. In fact, where grazing either by sheep or cattle is properly regulated, the condition of the sod upon the range may be maintained, or even improved, by careful management of stock.

The establishment of any leasing system would put an end to the tramp sheep business, which is at present the greatest curse of a number of the western States. Numberless sheepmen travel from State to State, passing the winter in the southern States, and the summer in the northern States of the Rocky Mountains, driving their sheep with them wherever they go. Many of these men own no real estate whatever, but simply live in a sheep wagon along with their sheep. They have no regard for the condition of the range, none for the cultivated crops of homesteaders along the course of their travels. Their only object is to get as much grass as possible without having to pay for it. Their roaming life makes it also possible that they may escape the assessor. These men claim that they have a perfect right to graze off all of the grass up to the homestead fence of settlers who have lived for years in a given locality and have been instrumental in developing the country. Legally, they have this right, under present conditions, and the homesteaders are guilty of violating the law if they attempt to drive tramp sheepmen away in order to protect their own homesteads. The tramp sheep business would be rendered absolutely impossible by any system of leasing, and all cattlemen and sheepmen, who have the interest of the community in which they live at heart, would rejoice.

It will require careful thought to devise a good leasing system for the range, but it would seem as if the necessity for some system were sufficiently apparent. It is impossible to understand how the stock raisers, who are directly concerned in the preservation of the range, can disagree any longer as to the desirability of some action looking towards this result. When the stockmen unite on the fundamental proposition that a leasing system is required, the details of the system can be worked out in a satisfactory manner, and the millions of acres of fine grazing land, which are still in rather good condition, may be prevented from being added to the rapidly increasing desert of the arid and semi-arid regions.



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STAND BY GIFFORD PINCHOT.

THE recent visit to California of Professor Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the United States, has given many of our people their first glimmer of intelligence in regard to what a true forestry policy means. It is plain to the most casual observer that any attempt to alter existing conditions will be resisted by interested parties. Conditions are never so bad that somebody is not satisfied with them. This somebody wants to be let alone.

The first interest to be educated, converted, or overcome, is the one already engaged in lumbering. In the end, this interest will not oppose the Pinchot policy, which is also the Roosevelt policy, and is fast becoming the American policy. In a recent address Mr. Pinchot significantly remarked :

I am not a preserver of trees. I am a cutter-down of trees. It is the essence of forestry to have trees harvested when they are ripe and followed by successive crops. The human race is not destroyed because the individual dies. Every individual must die, but the race will live. So every tree must die, but the forest will be extended and multiplied. It by no means follows that the face of the land shall be denuded, so that the character of the watershed shall be altered, with resulting injury to streams and to agricultural lands dependent upon them.

Is it possible to make our lumbering interests understand this philosophy which looks far forward into coming centuries? Undoubtedly it is, for the idea has already been accepted by the lumber companies in the East and South, many of which are now carrying on their work under the supervision of Mr. Pin-

chot's men. Doubtless the same result will be had in California. It is purely a matter of education. Even the spirit of greed will fight for the new method, because the preservation of the productive capacity of forest areas means future dividends for the owners.

The next hostile interest to be confronted is the grazing industry. Cattle and sheep men have long enjoyed the use of the public lands. Some portions of the forest furnish excellent summer pasturage. Those who now reap profits from its use want to be let alone. Here again there is some misunderstanding. Cattle are permitted in the forest reserves under proper regulations. Permits are issued, and a reasonable amount of stock allowed to graze at proper times and places. True, the unrestricted use of the public property is stopped. It is recognized that there is a higher interest than that of the cattleman and his herd. But those most familiar with the subject emphatically declare that the grazing industry gains more than it loses through supervision and regulation. It gets better feed, and this feed is preserved rather than destroyed. With the sheep man, however, the case is different. No friend of the forest, and but few friends of the public range, favor the pasturing of sheep in the present way. It is too costly; too destructive. Sheep must be raised by a different method than that which now prevails, or there will be neither pasture nor forest-cover in a few years more.

But there is a greater obstacle in the path of progress than either the lumber or grazing interests, even assuming that these might not be converted. This obstacle is public indifference. That is to say, the very people who are most vitally concerned in good forestry are the least willing to exert their influence in its behalf. This is partly because they do not care, partly because they do not understand. For instance, what is the relation between a city like San Diego, and a great area of mountain and foothill watershed, much of which bears neither trees nor chaparral? Why should such a watershed be included in a forest reserve and rigorously protected by the administration?

The growth of business and population, and San Diego depends, to a large extent, upon the expansion of irrigated homesteads on the western slope of the mountains. This may only be realized through the construction of storage reservoirs. "Will you have those reservoirs filled with water, or with sand and silt?" asks Mr. Pinchot. And he explains that if the reservoirs are to contain water, erosion must be prevented and the surface of the ground preserved. He says he has seen hundreds of such reservoirs in Southern France filled with sand

and silt as the direct result of the denudation of surrounding watersheds. It is utterly useless to build the reservoirs at all, unless the land from which the water comes is protected from destructive grazing and lumbering. It will be necessary to do much planting, too. The agents of the Forestry Bureau are making an exhaustive study of chaparral in Southern California at the present time, with a view to learning how useful this may become in protecting the ground from erosion.

It is the whole of California—all its people, present and future—who are really interested in the outworking of a great forestry policy. It is the very *foundation* of things. Can the public be organized and aroused? It can be done only by some aggressive organization, working systematically to that end. Here is a great task for the Constructive League. And it is a task in which our women can help immensely. The subject is one which appeals peculiarly to them. They should become the missionaries of the cause in every community. If there were nothing else to be done, this alone would be big enough to justify the formation of a Constructive Club in every village, town and city of California.

In the meantime, aside from the comprehensive policy which we have been discussing, there are several urgent matters of legislation in which Mr. Pinchot appeals for our help, asking us to bring our influence directly to bear upon our representatives in Congress.

First, the Timber and Stone Act, under which the remaining public timber is being rapidly gobbled up by speculators, must be repealed.

Second, the forest work, now divided between the Geological Survey, the Land Office and the Forestry Bureau, should be segregated in the latter, where it obviously belongs.

Third, the noble Calaveras Grove of giant sequoias ought to be purchased and converted into a public park by the Government. The women of San Francisco are already working to this end, and we are assured that victory is in sight if our Congressmen can be induced to stand solidly together in favor of the project.

Here is work, and grand work, for the men and women of the Constructive League throughout the State. It should inspire the organization of many new clubs, and bring those already formed into a condition of larger activity.

THE SECRET
OF THE PINES



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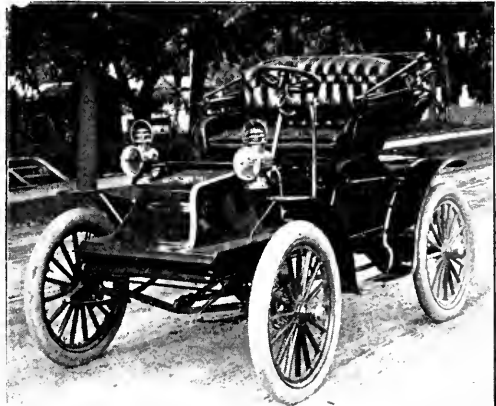


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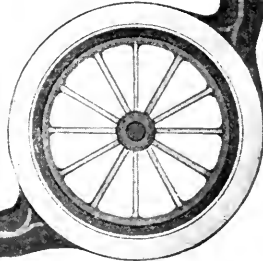
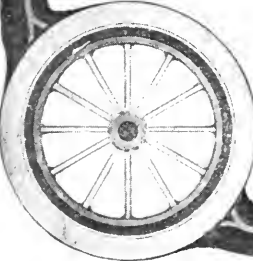
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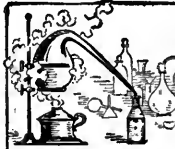
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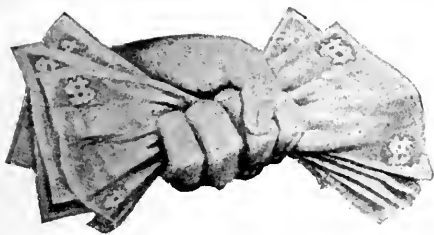
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The above descendants of the athletic Greeks of old have just completed the Pasadena Short Line, and are now making dirt fly ballasting the track for quick travel. The Greeks are not alone in the good work of development which Mr. Huntington is pushing through, for they are ably seconded by the Japanese and Mexican contingents. By the timekeeper's reports over 1100 men completed the broad-gauging into Pasadena. H. E. Huntington is entitled to the hearty cooperation of every public spirited citizen in his great enterprise of building network of electric railways to all points in Southern California. Now is the time to buy lots in the coming residence suburb of Los Angeles **THE PASADENA VILLA TRACT.**

Twenty-five years ago Pasadena was a sheep pasture. What a grand transformation has been wrought! It is today the finest all-year-round residence section in the world. A similar change will take place at the Pasadena Villa Tract, which is three miles nearer Los Angeles' business center. It is as bound to occur as the sun will rise tomorrow. The entire region between Pasadena and Los Angeles is bound to build up into a solid city.

Only \$70 PER LOT \$4 Down and \$4 a Month

We are selling quarter-acre Pasadena Villa Tract lots for \$4 down and \$4 per month until paid for; no interest, no taxes. Our lots are unquestionably a good investment. We are now selling at \$70, but the price will soon be raised to \$100. The new Pasadena Short Line, the Monrovia and Alhambra electric railways now run from our tract to the **business center of Los Angeles in only fifteen minutes.** Such rapid transit is bound to make our quarter-acre villa lots soon sell for over \$300. Two more electric lines will soon run through the tract. **We guarantee 25 per cent increase.** For \$4 down and \$4 per month until paid for we will sell a regular **Pasadena Villa Tract Lot**, full size 50x150 feet, facing on 80-ft. avenue, subject to the following guarantee from us: If at the expiration of one year from purchase this \$70 lot is not worth \$87.50—or 25 per cent increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money paid us, with 6 per cent interest additional. If the purchaser should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to his heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If he should lose employment, or be sick, he will not forfeit the land.

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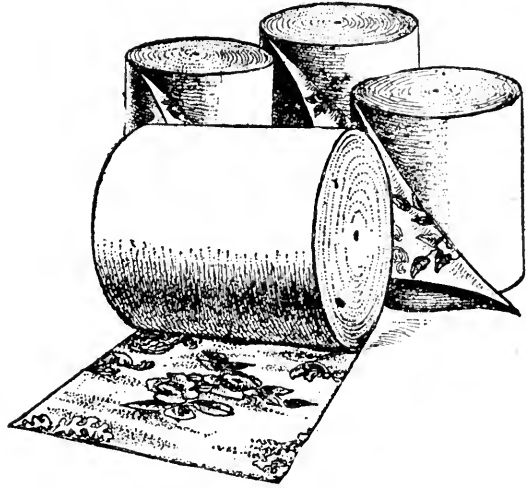
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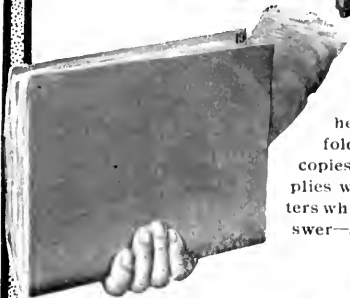
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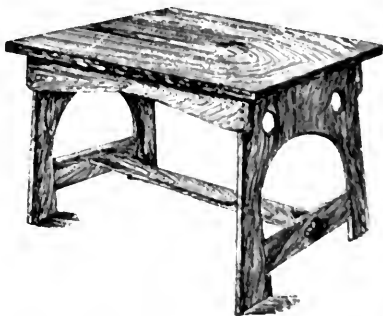
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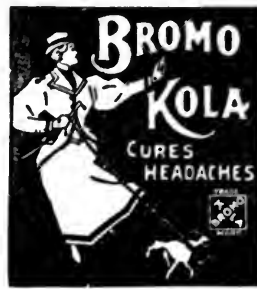
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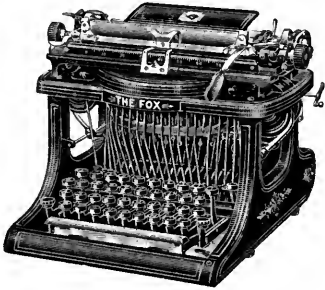
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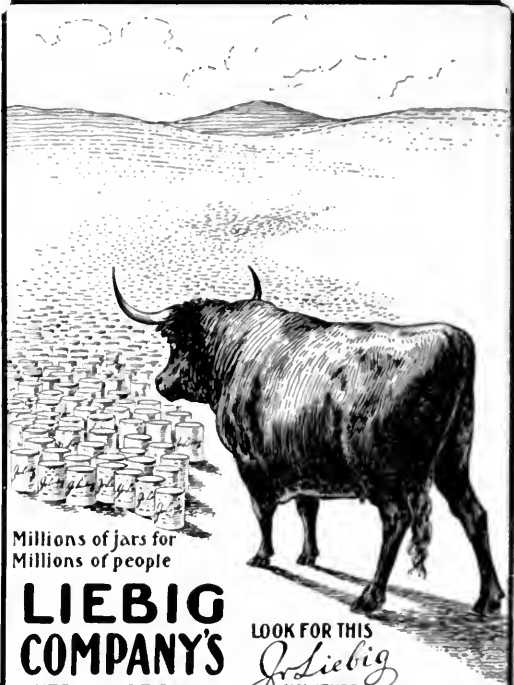
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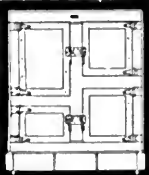
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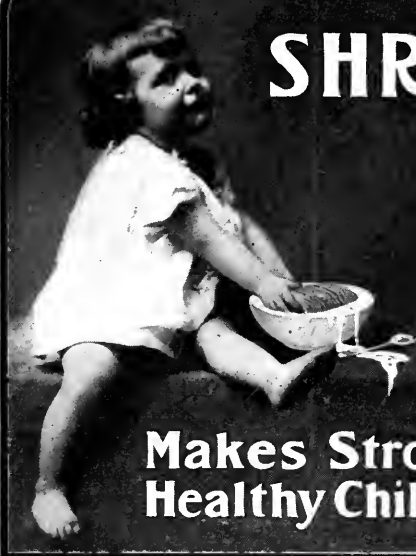
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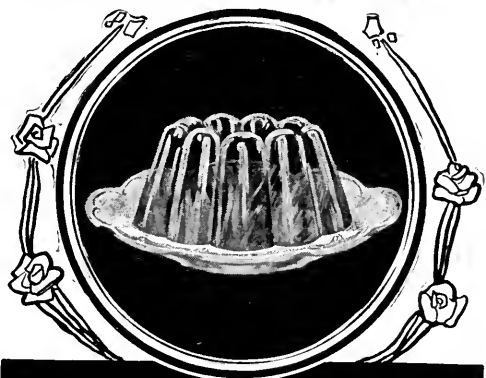
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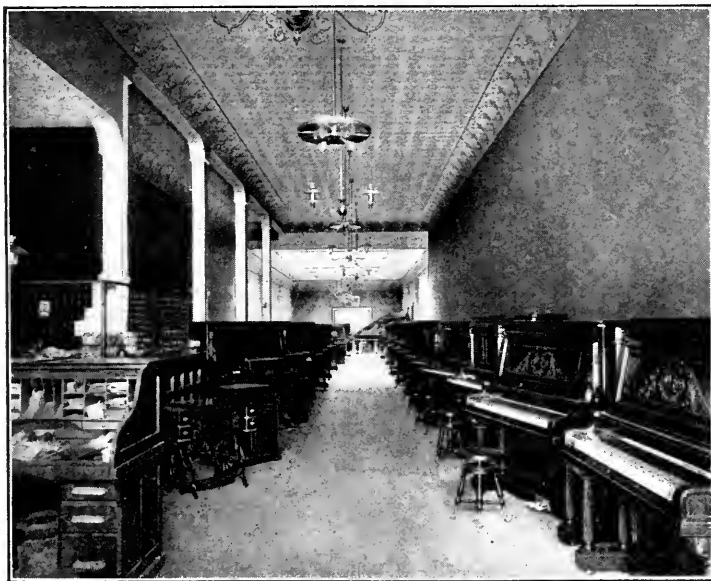


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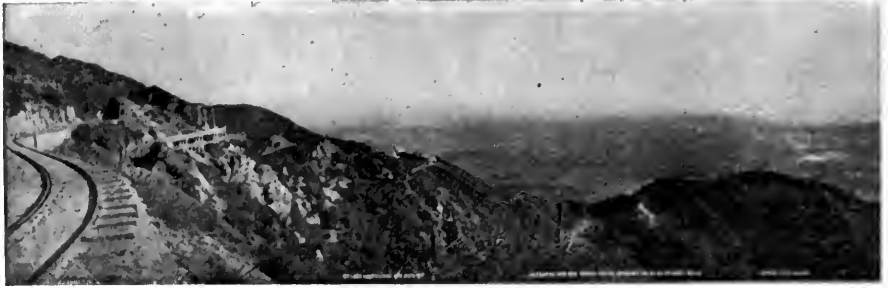
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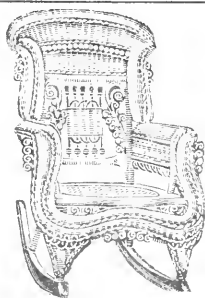
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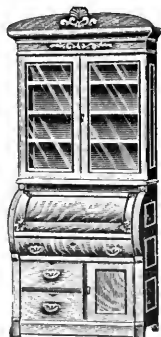


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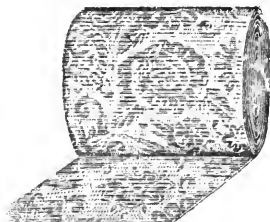
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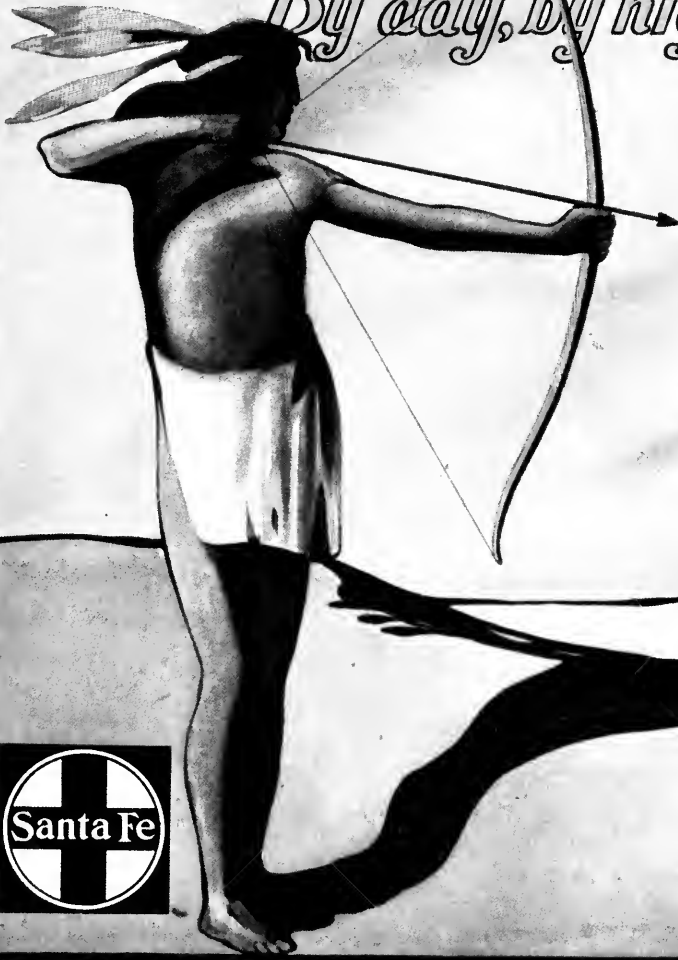
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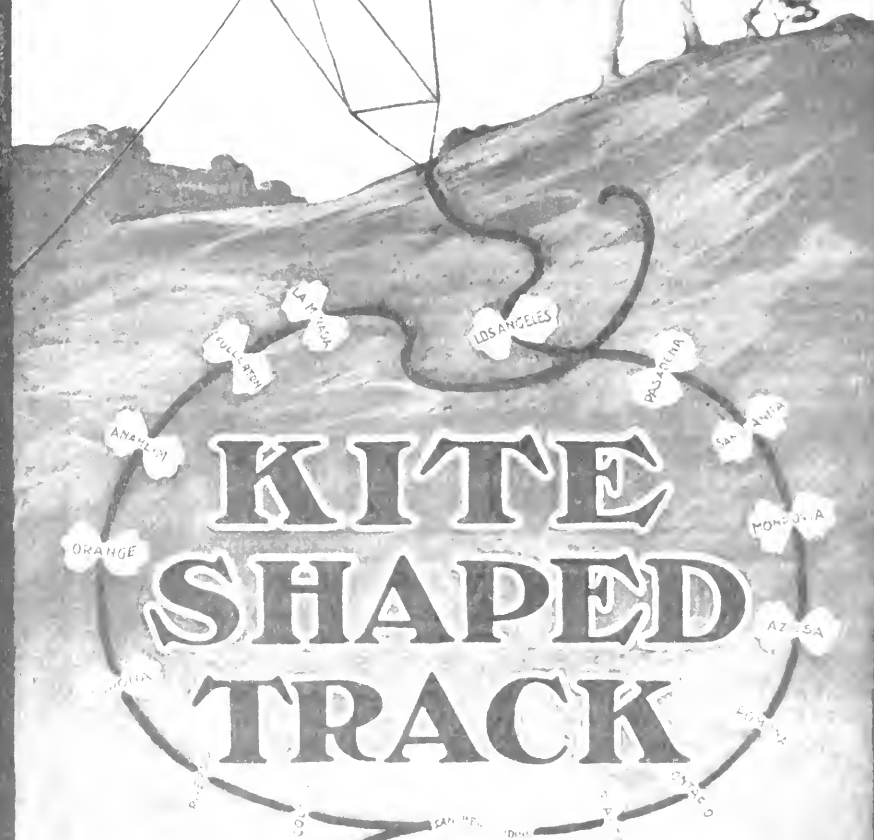
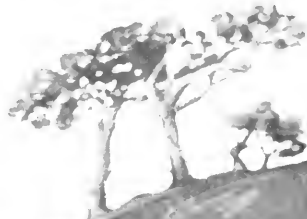
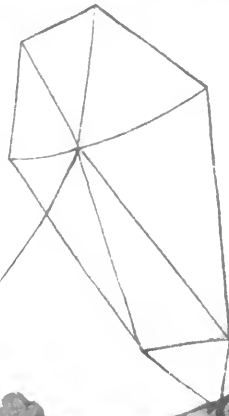
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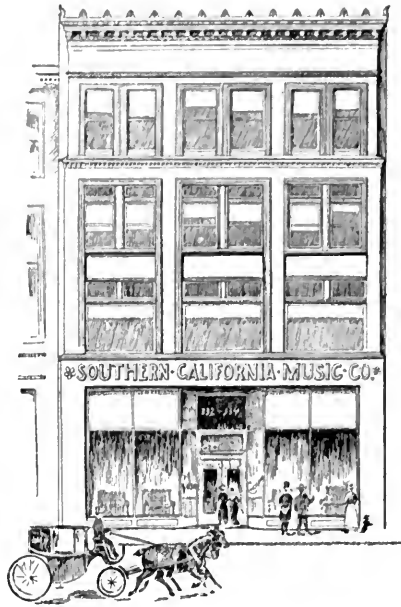
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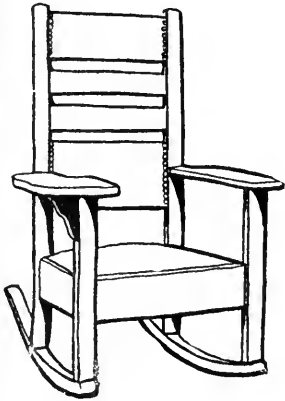
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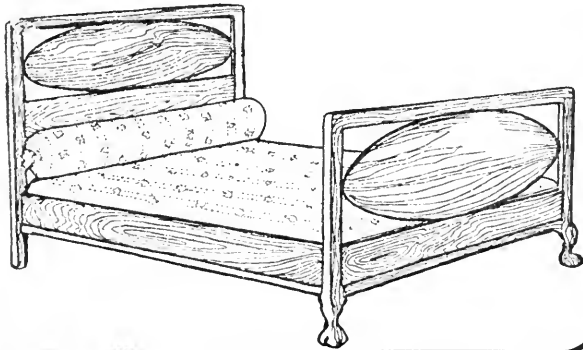


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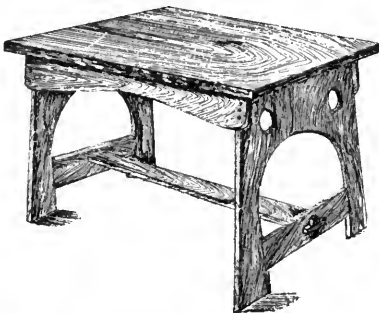
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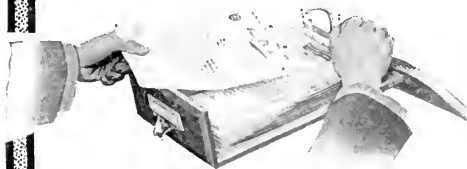
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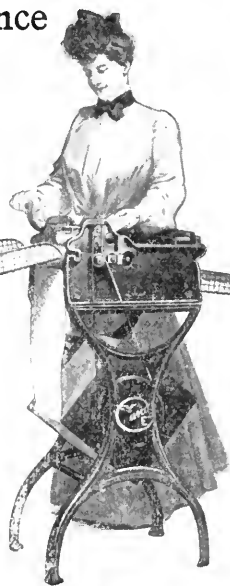
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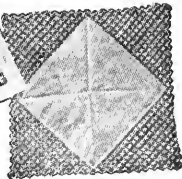
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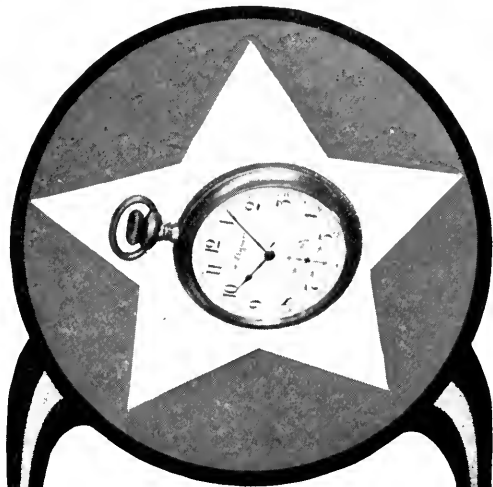
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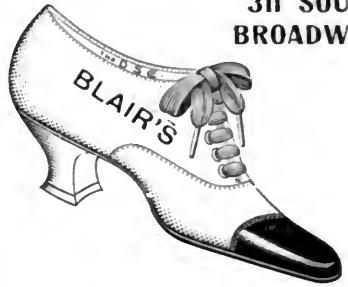
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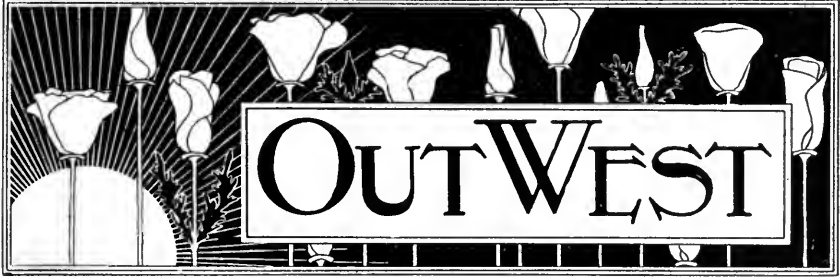
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Vol. XIX, No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

* YELLOWSTONE PARK.

By M. E. ANDREWS.

IN the great earth drama whose theme was the making of a continent, some of the most stirring scenes were laid within the bounds of our National Park on the Yellowstone. Rocks of all the ages may be found there, and in them is written its story for those who understand to read.

Its history as a permanent land surface, so the record runs, begins with the great orographic movement by which almost the entire Rocky Mountain system was outlined—by which the vast reefs and sandbeds of ancient seas, and the rubble of nameless shores were crushed together, folded and faulted, and lifted thousands of feet above the sea; so that the ocean floor of ages past wrinkled to become the mountain top of today.

Following the mighty labor of upheaving mountain-ranges, there seems to have been a period of rest—rest upon the surface only, for beneath it a fiery brew of molten rock was gathering.

“Active volcanoes surrounded the Park on the east, west and north, and broke out in the central region.”* Visitors entering from the north are introduced at once to Electric Peak, an imposing mountain mass, snow-streaked in midsummer, that stands like a sentinel on guard at the northern boundary of the Park. During the period just referred to, Electric Peak was an active volcano, pouring its floods of liquid rock over the region so beautiful now. The extensive lavas that cover the greater part of the Park give evidence how prolonged was the pouring of these scorching libations. The whole range of the Absarocas, which cradle the waters of the upper Yellowstone, was built up

*Yellowstone Park Folio, U. S. Topographic Survey.

by successive lava flows; and a thousand feet of basalt covers much of the Park to the north.

The surface of these older volcanic flood plains is deeply eroded, showing that for a period of time impossible to measure, the great volcanoes lay dormant, while external agencies—wind and rain, the sun of summer and the frost of winter—exerted their energies. Then the flood-gates of the mountains were again opened, and vast quantities of that variety of lava called rhyolite flowed over the old, eroded surface. Mount Washburn was now the most active center, with Mount Sheridan, whose picturesque outlines add so much to the scenery of Yellowstone Lake, but little inferior in energy.

No man saw those vast outpourings; for the time of man's



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL FROM THE TERRACES.

coming was yet untold ages in the future. The whole period of the great Ice Age lay between that time and his. But they ceased at last. Earth, weary of her groanings, fell asleep for a season. Never again did the great volcanoes pour out their fiery flood. But their furnaces are not even yet grown cold; for the hot springs and geysers of today, scattered by thousands over the Park, are but the expression of their dying energy.

The end of this act in the great Park drama found it approaching its present form—that of a volcanic plateau in the heart of the Rockies, more than 8,000 feet above the sea in its higher parts, with peaks and ridges that rise from 2,000 to 4,000 feet higher still.

Just when the dying volcanoes ceased to pour out molten

rock, just when they began to substitute boiling springs and eruptive geysers for flowing lava, it is impossible to say. It is known, however, that springs and geysers had been long in action when the pendulum swing of change brought bitter cold, and vast fields of moving ice covered the land where liquid rock once flowed. In the Teton range today, small glaciers still move down the mountain slopes. They are the last survivors of that battle royal of the snow jokuls of the North, when, in the long winter of the Ice Age, the Park was the center of glacial movement.

The ice mass waxed and waned with growing cold and return-



CRATER OF EXCELSIOR GEYSER.

ing heat. And as the floods from its melting subsided, the curtain rose upon the last act in the drama of the Park—the Age of Man. Yellowstone Lake fell to its present level, leaving its record 160 feet above, in the water-worn gravel that covers the old lake terraces. Rivers shrank in volume, carving their way down through the solid rock, cutting wild cañons as they flowed over the steep descending slope. The boiling water of innumerable springs soaked into the old volcanic rocks, altering their composition by chemical action; changing the very texture of the stern gray rock, making it susceptible of sculpture into wierd towers and pinnacles where eagles love to build their nests; and, by slow alteration into new compounds, painting the rock-walls with the exquisite coloring that is the final

fascination of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. The vegetation of today gained a foothold; wild animals of many kinds found a home there; and the Park assumed its present aspect.

How noble that aspect is, how full of beauty and of majesty, only they know who have looked into the depths of its sapphire and emerald pools; who have waited, and not in vain, for the liquid shaft to lift itself toward heaven; who have climbed its marble terraces; passed through its Golden Gate; listened to the warning thunder from beneath the earth, and the roar of its



GARDINER CAÑON.

great cataracts; who have stood at last on the brink of its marvelous cañon, hushed into silence by the unspeakable glory of it.

Hot springs and geysers are met with at intervals all over the Park, but they are generally in groups situated on the floors of basin-like mountain valleys, or on the sloping sides of the heights that rise above such valleys. They are intimately connected with the rhyolite—the latest of the lava flows that cover the Park so extensively.

The great geyser basins, including the Mammoth Springs basin, are the noteworthy features of the western part of the Park. They are situated along a line almost north and south in the valley of the Madison and its tributaries, the Gibbon and Firehole rivers. Southward still are the geysers of the pictur-

esque Shoshone Lake basin, on the Pacific slope. The southern part of the Park is dominated by Yellowstone Lake, which spreads its transparent waters under the alpine skies at an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet. From the most northern point of the lake issues Yellowstone river, which, from this point to the northern boundary, flows through the middle region of the Park, passing the lofty summit of Mount Washburn about midway of its course.

To the east of the great river and its eighteen miles of cañon, is the broad and very ancient valley of the Lamar river, with the grotesque erosion-forms of the Hoodoo region at its head; with its Amythest mountain, and the wonderful fossil forest



GROTTO GEYSER IN ERUPTION.

along its west side, where 2,000 feet of rock strata are filled with fossil vegetation, forest above forest, tier on tier of noble trees, still standing, many of them, just as they grew when floods of volcanic mud and ashes buried them out of reach of air and light, and made a soil for another forest to grow above. Percolating water has removed the woody tissue, replacing it, atom by atom, with mineral substance—opal, jasper, agate, quartz, as the case may be—preserving the most delicate microscopic details of structure. Five hundred rings of annual growth have been counted on some of these ancient trunks; and there are from nine to twelve forests sepulchred there, one above the other.

So each region has its characteristic attractions, which, as a whole, excel those of any other region of equal area in variety

and magnitude of features unique and marvelous, sublimely beautiful here, restfully picturesque there.

Each of the great geyser basins has its characteristic attractions. At Mammoth Hot Springs, the first on the government road entering the Park from the north, the evaporating waters have built beautiful bowls of pure white, or delicately tinted travertine along the mountain side, terrace above terrace, filled with pale-blue transparent water that seems to beautify even the malodorous steam that rises from it. The level plain on which the hotel stands is covered with extinct craters, from openings no larger than a man's fist to huge depressions with gnarled



"THE GOLDEN GATE."

and twisted cedar trees growing down the sides. Hot springs and geysers, like all things else, have a definite period of existence; and when the exit-tube becomes choked with deposit from its own waters, it is abandoned for a new and easier outlet. Sometimes a cone is built around the exit-tube, carrying it so high at last that the water seeks a lower opening. "Liberty Cap," near the hotel, forty-five feet high, is such an extinct cone of eruption.

Leaving Mammoth Springs, the road passes southward, through wild gorges alternating with prairie-like levels where one catches glimpses of snow-streaked mountains, to Norris geyser basin, twenty miles beyond. It is a broad, gently sloping plain, covered with dazzling white sinter, over which steam rises in scores of places, and slender shafts of water are thrown into the air, the falling spray sparkling in the sunlight against the pale blue sky. The absence of cones of eruption



KEPLER CASCADES.

and the frequent bursting forth of new "spouters" leads geologists to the conclusion that this is a comparatively recent geyser basin. The most important objects are the "Black Growler" and the "New Roarer," which first lifted up its voice of warning thunder on the 5th of January, 1902. The ground trembles near the opening of this great vent, and the ghastly trees near by, dead and coated with white deposit, show the blasting effects of its steam.

By another drive of twenty miles, along Gibbon and Firehole rivers, the Lower Geyser basin is reached. Here are the "Paint Pots," craters of boiling mud of various shades of gray, yellow and dull red. Here, also, are the Fountain geysers, which exceed any in Norris basin in the height and volume of their eruptions. About three miles beyond Fountain hotel, though in the same basin, is Excelsior Geyser, an enormous caldron of violently agitated, deep-blue water, 300 feet long by more than 200 feet wide, sending up dense clouds of steam. A few feet beyond are Turquoise Spring and, most exquisite of all bits of coloring shown in the Park, the wonderful Prismatic Lake, where the whole gamut of the rainbow flashes upon the eye with a sparkling transparency and purity of color impossible to reproduce.

But it is in the Upper Geyser basin, nine miles farther on, that eruptions of boiling water reach their greatest magnitude. Here are situated the best known, the favorite geysers, whose pictures are so familiar—Old Faithful, the Castle, the Grotto, the Grand, the Cascade, the Beehive, and towering above all in the majesty of its 250 feet, the Giant Geyser.

These are but a few of the greatest, however. Hundreds of lesser pools, quiet or eruptive, are scattered over the white plain, each contributing its cloud of steam to the cool mountain air.

The deposit from the Upper Basin geysers is very different from that of the Mammoth Springs. There, carbonate of lime is the chief constituent, forming pure white or delicately tinted travertine. In the Upper Basin, however, the deposit is a dense, hard silica, called geyselite, capable of building substantial rims of considerable height. But throughout the Park, generally, each spring and geyser has an individuality of its own. It may be a beauty of coloring known only to itself; or the curious shape or interesting structure of its rim; or it may have its own choice of time or favorite manner of eruptions; but each is a thing apart.

No brush can do justice to the sparkling beauty of these liquid gems. Deep, pure blue where the diagonal shaft opens upward,

passing by delicate gradations to lighter shades, these again merging insensibly into yellows, pale, deeper, orange and red where iron oxide paints the deposit or fresh-water algae flourish, and in their mysterious, microscopic laboratories help evaporation do its work. Or, if sulphur is present on the inner surface of the bowl, as on the shore of Yellowstone Lake, the blue is changed to a rich, emerald green of surpassing beauty, with a glint of gold where the sunlight flashes among the ripples.

The half dozen theories that have been advanced to account for the intermittent eruption of geysers agree in holding that the energy of expanding steam is held in check in interior cavities or passage-ways until the accumulated force is sufficient to



UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

burst its bonds. Then the water in the exit-tube is thrown violently into the air, and the liberated vapor pours out in clouds of steam. The greater the restraining power, or the longer continued, the more explosive the outburst.

There is something very fascinating in these periodic eruptions. One may see a perfectly calm surface of deep blue water with steam quietly rising from the almost circular bowl. Presently it becomes agitated. It swells up, boils violently, lifts its central portion a few inches above the general level and then subsides. Again and again it repeats this action with ever increasing energy, and then subsides so completely that one thinks all is over. But the interior forces are only gathering themselves for a last mighty effort, and soon the whole great mass shoots skyward, wrapped in a mantle of steam, 50, 100, perhaps 200 feet or

more, and falls to earth again, a glittering mass of spray. For seconds, minutes, or even hours, this spectacular performance may be continued, and then the waters subside again into a quiet, harmless-looking pool. By day the display is dazzlingly brilliant. By night, seen in the silvery, soft moonlight, it is even more impressive in its solemn majesty.

The plateau of the Park is already so high above the sea that mountain crests more than twice the height of the Catskills look like low ridges crossing its surface, and the scenery is sometimes disappointing to travelers familiar with the more sharply



ELECTRIC PEAK.

contrasting heights of the European Alps. Beautiful views are not lacking, however, and one of the rarest of these is to be seen not far from the continental divide that separates Atlantic from Pacific waters. Wave on wave, a forest of pine and spruce sweeps down the slope to the level lines of Shoshone Lake in the middle distance. Beyond, on the far horizon, is the long line of the Teton range, with snow-streaked, sun-illuminated summits sharply etched against the pale blue sky. The three central peaks lift their towering heads more than 13,000 feet above the sea; and to the right and left of these the snowy range continues, far as the eye can follow.

Afloat on Yellowstone Lake, too, nearly 8,000 feet above the sea, a panorama of exceeding beauty is unrolled. The level water has the brilliant green of Niagara. A distant semi-circle

of mountains, Sheridan, Hancock, the Tetons, the Absarocas, form a background to the billowy masses of forested heights that roll down to the water's edge. Above the transparent green of the water rise the nearer slopes, dusky with pines or grey-green with the neutral tints of the sage brush. Overhead, a brilliant dome of fathomless blue, or the magnificent effects of a storm-swept sky.

If the policy of the Government is continued and the law strictly enforced, the Park will in time become a vast zoölogical garden, where all the wild creatures native to that region may roam at will, secure from molestation. Already the bears have



ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.
(Near Fountain Hotel, Yellowstone Park.)

learned their immunity from danger, and may be seen, not infrequently, lumbering sociably along the road civilization has built for their human brothers. They come down to the hotels at dusk by the half dozen or more, to feed on the refuse thrown out to them. The voice of the coyote is heard barking around the hotels at night; and though the buffaloes of the Park number only about twenty-five, elk and antelope exist in larger numbers, and herds of deer may be seen browsing along the edge of the timber, across an open space like Hayden's Valley. The beautiful creatures are started up at times along the way,

when they scatter to right and left, clambering with delicate nimble feet down the slope to the water's edge, or climbing to the other side and looking back from behind the brush with soft, beseeching eyes. The big-horn sheep, mountain lion, mink, otter, and marten are some of the many creatures that must be sought in by-ways of the forest if they would be seen; but numberless squirrels may be heard chattering among the branches, chipmunks scurry across the road at every turn, and the work of the beavers may still be seen in their congenial haunts. The broad expanse of Yellowstone Lake attracts many water birds—swans, pelicans, herons, geese, ducks, cranes, plovers and other.

That the hot springs are sometimes traps for the unwary is proved by a pitiful little tragedy among the wee creatures of the shore of Yellowstone Lake. Along the lake shore the emerald pools of boiling water sometimes shade out in colorless, limpid margins over the grey sinter. Walking among them one day, a baby sandpiper, unmindful of danger, was seen to step into the treacherous pool, where it cheeped feebly to the distressed mother-bird, and in an instant was floated off, dead, a tiny ball of fluffy feathers.

From Yellowstone Lake to Grand Cañon, the government road follows the Yellowstone river as it winds through Hayden's Valley, a quiet stream where fish may be had for the mere tossing of a line; passes Mud Volcano and the solfataras of Sulphur Mountain, and comes out upon the river again not far above the Upper Fall.

Photographs fail utterly to give a correct impression of the height and power of the Upper Fall of the Yellowstone. Measuring two-thirds the height of Niagara at the brink, the steep descent above gives the water a tremendous velocity, and it dashes over the precipice a tumultuous flood of foaming green, shooting out great jets of water and spray as it strikes projecting points of rock. On the farther side, the eddying water has worn the rock into a semi-circular wall, that rises vertically above the pool. Kept constantly moist by rising spray, it is exceedingly beautiful with the rich masses of moss and lichen that cover its surface.

A short distance beyond is the Lower or Great Fall, where the water descends from a height almost twice as great as that of Niagara. The road follows the cañon close to its edge for three miles beyond, terminating at Inspiration Point, where turn on turn of the wonderful gorge is opened up to view. For miles along its lower course the river may be seen zigzagging on between its steeply sloping rock walls, narrowing to a foam-flecked



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.



ELK IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

ribbon of green as the depth grows rapidly greater and greater. Up stream, the scene is closed by the upper half of the lower fall, shut in by the exquisitely colored cañon walls. Not a vestige of vegetation is seen on the rock walls, except an occasional line or group of conifers. One looks eerily down into the nests of eagles far below, on the tops of weird spires and pinnacles that rise from the cañon sides. He may see the great birds circling about in the depths of the cañon, and hear them call to each other, as though in conscious possession of that beautiful rock wilderness. And far below them still rushes the swift river—so far that the roar of its waters never reaches the ear. Scarcely a shadow falls on the cañon walls; but the sternness of the sculptured rock is turned to indescribable tenderness and beauty by the exquisite pastelle tints of its altered substance. Every stage of alteration has its characteristic color, from the pure white of completely altered rhyolite through all gradations of yellow, orange and red, to the yellow browns and



"OLD FAITHFUL."

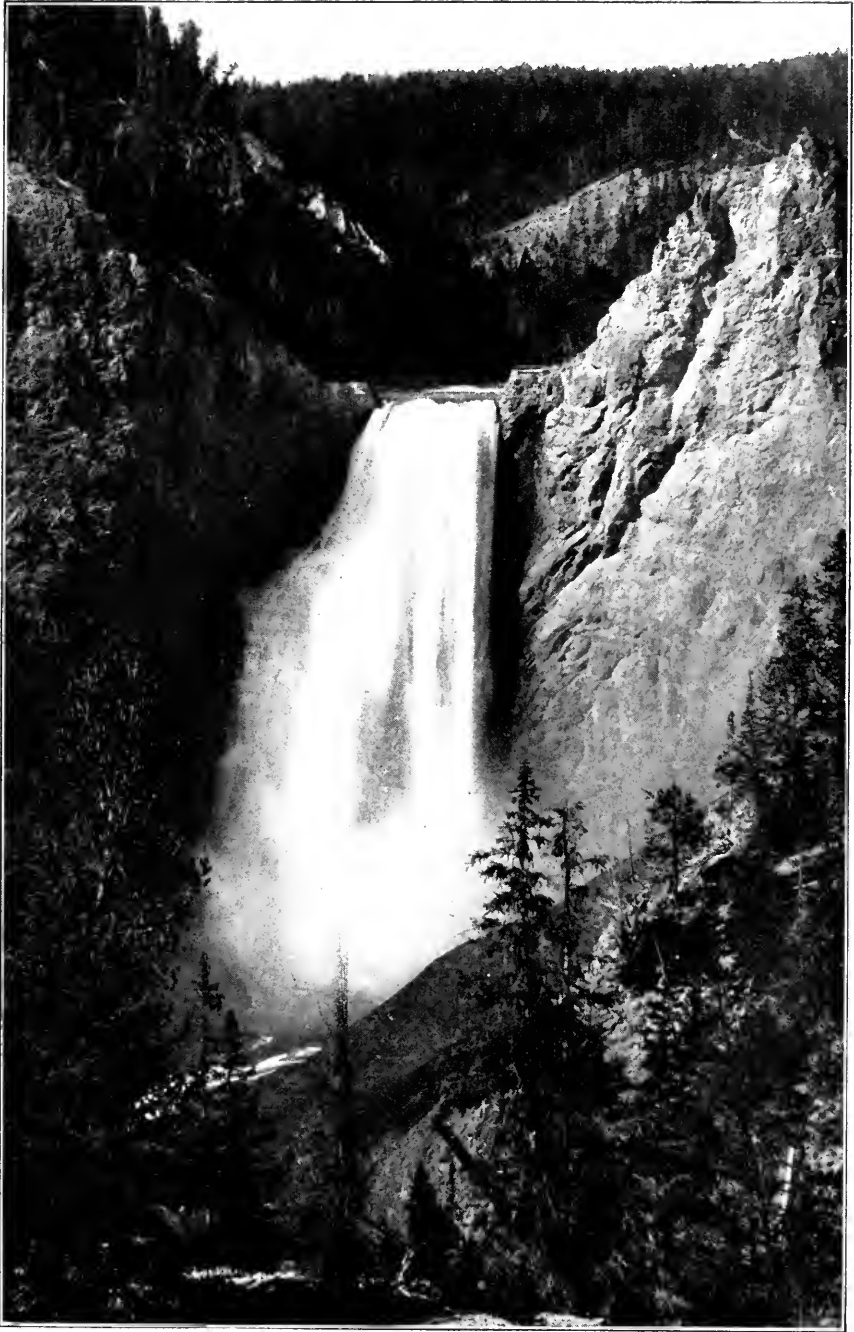
dark greys of the frowning rhyolite that has escaped change. All these delicately varied colors are mingled in exquisite harmony and beauty; while at the upper edge, this softly tinted rock gives place suddenly to the green grass of a rolling country, dark with coniferous forests. Other cañons may be deeper, their rock walls more precipitous. They may be more appalling in their stupendous heights and depths; but to a depth and rugged grandeur that stir the soul, the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone adds this glory of tender and harmonious coloring. This is the charm that holds one spell-bound upon its brink, and awakens emotions no other scene can arouse. It is like the reve-



MINERVA TERRACE AND MT. EVERETT.

lation of a great soul in all its loftiness of thought and depth of tender feeling.

Point Lookout, another pinnacle of observation, commands a superb view of the lower fall in its entire 312 feet of descending flood. The influence of physiographic structure in determining lines of contour is nowhere more evident than here. At Niagara, Trenton, St. Anthony, and a host of falls better known than those of the Yellowstone, horizontal and vertical or nearly vertical lines dominate the scene. These are in regions of horizontal rocks, where the undercutting of a harder stratum causes it to project above softer ones. The water spreads out, forming a level brink with banks rising at high angles.



THE LOWER YELLOWSTONE FALL.
"Its 340 feet of descending flood."

The falls of the Yellowstone are altogether different. Both upper and lower falls are caused by masses of hard, undecomposed rhyolite ; that lie like a dam across the river's course. The slower down-cutting of the water-saw through this more resisting rock-barrier forms an inverted arch that repeats the characteristic lines of the cañon, and through this arch the contracted stream pours to greater depths in the more yielding material beyond. Curves and steep slopes are the dominating lines, bounded by the level margin of the upper edge, and broken by the vertical spires and pinnacles that rise in fantastic shapes from the cañon sides.

A short distance above the lower fall a trail leads down to its brink. There one may stand and watch the flood as it pours



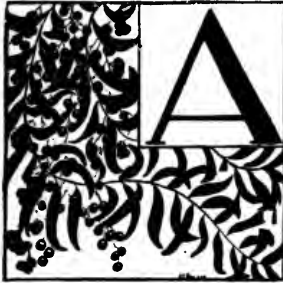
FISH CAUGHT AND COOKED WITHOUT STIRRING IN ONE'S TRACKS—YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

into the depths below. If he lingers through the sunset hour, he may see the daylight fade from the cañon walls, and feel the stillness of the night settle down upon the place. The arching rocks above are like a gateway closing the outer world. The Grand Cañon shuts him in, midway of its depth, and casts its spell upon him. Not a creature stirs in that strange rock world. The eagles, with folded wings, are at rest on their pinnacled nests. The very colors on the cañon wall sleep till the sun shall awake them to warmth and vividness. Not a sound is heard save the voice of the great cataract thundering through the gorge itself has cut. The shadow of the earth creeps over the sky and twilight deepens. Then the moon pours a flood of light over the cañon's brink ; and the whole wild scene is a monochrome of pale gold.

WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM ROME.

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

III.—GARDEN HOMES.



DAM'S first residence was a garden, and a garden is still the finest material aspiration of the man who can choose his home at will. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, are gardens lovelier than in Italy—they form the endless theme of poets, artists, writers. Nowhere in the world, also, might gardens be more alike than in certain parts of Italy and California, for nowhere in the world exists such similarity of material, and, material aside, probably nowhere in the world do gardens differ more. Something there is, no doubt, to be said in favor of both, yet has the new much to learn of the old—and the new has not shown itself altogether teachable.

Lovely examples of possibilities we had in California in the old Spanish gardens which survived, but how many among us building with the freedom which money gives, showed themselves able to profit by those object-lessons? How much more often the object-lesson itself fell victim to the real estate dealer's one ideal of "opening up" a place—till California recalled his lost Iowan or Kansan homestead. One of the first things which strikes the traveler fresh from the gardens of the West is the very different use the Italian, like the Spaniard, has made of substantially the same materials. And this great gulf between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, revealed in his conception of his earthly Eden, can be traced in nearly every case, I think, to what must be admitted the great failure of the eastern American thus far in the West—his inadaptability to an outdoor life. It cannot be too often insisted that the American for the most part has no notion of an outdoor existence, especially if he comes from the traditionally house-bound East. He goes out, he drives out, he walks out, he takes "outdoor exercise," he may even camp out for a few weeks each summer, but live out—no. Nine times out of ten *he* cannot so much as write a letter out of doors, and *she* cannot do her mending; as for habitually eating, sitting, working, even sleeping out—forbid it, Heaven! And his "grounds" bear the stamp thereof; they are show-places, meant to set off the house in which he really does his living.

What you intend to do with your garden naturally determines its character. Because the Italian has always done and intended



"STEPS - SUCH STEPS!" - VILLA CORSINI, ROME.

to do these manifold things in his, he makes his garden differently. And because the American has still to outgrow an indoor ancestry, we find him—not always, of course, but too often—in the finest climate in America (far finer than Italy for the most part) with the shameful confession of his residential unworthiness writ large in barren grounds; scraps of lawn, shadeless and shelterless, revealing not only a superbly unsuitable house, but the mental barrenness also of its occupants, in whom the whole Southwest could not stimulate an idea. Lovely homes in lovely gardens multiply more and more among us, but any Californian can recall whole avenues of stately “residences”



“TERRACES FOR SUNSETS.” (VILLA D'ESTE.)

naked as truth—so much so as to suggest that in addition to what a brilliant writer calls “indecent exposure of the mind” there may be such a thing as indecent architectural exposure. And these are not the homes of poverty, mind you—those you will find adorably hidden in the “immeasurable rose;” it is the Eastern or Middle-Western dollar which shines “for what it is worth” out on the sidewalk.

The Italian, on the other hand, first of all in his garden sought seclusion—and exclusion. Something more than pride of caste reared his high walls about him, and within he made himself a garden of delights. He gave his mind—the most purely artistic imagination in the world—free play. He made shady seats, against the noonday sun; he built terraces for

sunsets and for a casual cup of coffee or glass of "Cesanese" with a friend. If there was a mountain, he made an alley towards it of tall cypress or dark laurel, and then continued it into eternity by setting that blue shadow across its end. Or he roofed his vista over with live-oak of Italy, the sacred ilex, and hung St. Peter's dome (he happened to have it!) like a bubble in the distance. Always he sought blue distances. Had he a hill (and never any people sought the heights so persistently as the Italians and Etruscans, perhaps for purpose of defense originally, but when they got there they behaved as if they had come solely for the view) he built you a hundred steps—and such steps—and reared his villa at the top; or if a slope, he ter-



"URNS HARMONIZING WITH THE STEPS THEY ADORN."
(VILLA DEL PRINCIPE DORIA PAMPHILLY.)

raced it for his comfort with a spaciousness that made it superb. Then for his pleasure he made himself surprises; he threw up here a fountain and there a thicket, not to "*fa figura*" from without, but to subserve his use or contribute to his pleasure within. He made rose gardens and vegetable gardens and fruit gardens, and somewhere he always left a noble sweep of green-sward such as Boccaccio's story-tellers chose to tell their tales in. For the contentment of the eye he set a statue here and there among the green, and great urns harmonizing beautifully with the steps which they adorned or paths they outlined. To realize with what cunning he planned all this, one needs to spend round months in such a garden, finding no hour which lacks



FROM A ROMAN TERRACE.

its shade and sun and view, its breeze and brightness. In such gardens men held their courts, talked philosophy and read poems, walked and mused and conspired, lived and loved, held councils and told tales. In such a garden today the thirteenth Leo still receives his visitors and rules his Papal court through the warm Roman months.

"But all this" say the owners of those altruistic lawns meant for one's neighbors, "is un-American and un-democratic." If one could be absolutely sure that pure philanthropy impelled so many millionaires to deprive themselves of the priceless boon of solitude, that would indeed put another face on it. But it has



"MADE SHADY SEATS." (VILLA BORGHESE.)

never been proved that even in California figs can be grown from thistles.

Even a democracy, with its just civic debt of outward beauty, may maintain an inner privilege of sanctity; and what plea on earth can be made for the individual home except that it is a home for the individual—a place for that collective individual, the family, to be free and private, in the intervals of its larger social life? We still allow him a house-wall—why not a garden-wall as well, if he wishes it?

Yet I do not think we really want these beautiful Italian walls, though not for nothing does the artist love them, with their peering trees and running roses and constant hintings of fair villa or quaint terrace, with now and then a glorious

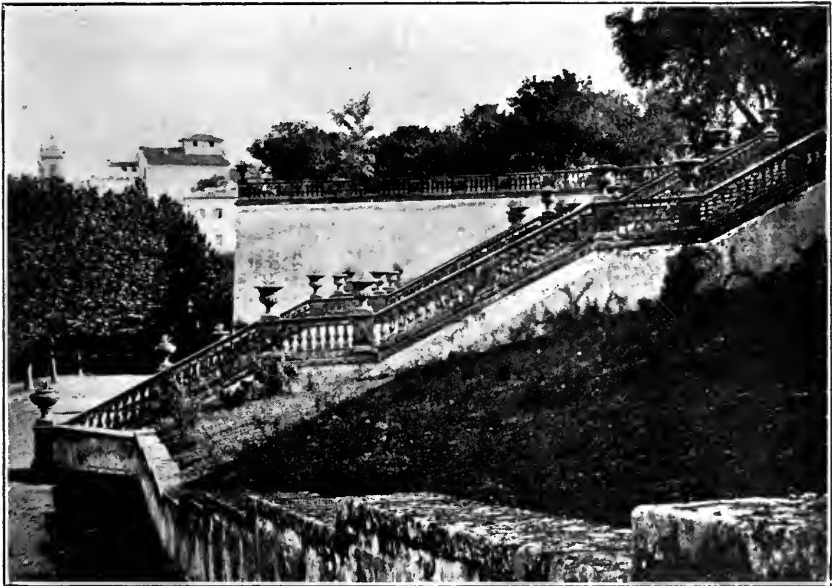


"FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE EYE." IN THE VILLA BORGHESE.



"ROOFED HIS VISTA WITH ILEX, AND HUNG SE, PETER'S DOME LIKE A BUBBLE IN THE DISTANCE."

glimpse through a wide gateway. A noble avenue of trees is a freer and a loftier screen, and a hedge made of ten thousand roses, of spicy cypress, or of tender lime, can shut one in as effectively and shut others out more graciously. No doubt there is exceptional beauty in our union of greensward with greensward, home running into home with an eloquence of ease which says much for the fraternity of man—but it says very little for any notion of home-life that is not merely house-life. Even to the passer-by, there is the difference between the finer charm of suggestion, possible mystery, and the beauty that is all there, lying out on the roadway to be seen in its entirety



“TERRACED STEPS.” (VILLA CONTI A FRASCATI.)

every time we pass—which withholds nothing and has for us no surprises.

True, you might suppose these pretentious houses had an inner court with a fountain and garden and green seclusion as do Italian houses, large and small, where city space forbids the walled-in ground—but you know better. The very tiny gardens of our working-people's cottages, a truly charming feature of our national life, representing in some degree the joy and content of the humbler home and its civic sense, are all turned outward, where in Italy they would all be turned inward. I have been in merest Italian hovels which opened into delicious little trellised courts behind. The American may have just pride in his bright flower-show which all his neighbors share, but he

must sit down in shirt-sleeved relaxation on a doorstep, which is virtually the front street, and there, if she will do it out of doors, must the housewife prepare her vegetables. As for the children, they must—and they do—play in the gutter itself. This is a loss; if we must make so bad a choice, rather let us put the public off with what grace of architecture we may, and a strip of green or ornamental ground if we can—but let us keep an inner breathing, living place for the home itself. It is the back garden which is important, not the front. Best of all, perhaps, for such a land as California, is the model of the Spanish patio, with its wide-open arms enclosing the real dwelling-place for the family.

This charm of seclusion, with bend on bend of wonder in winding avenue and bursting orchard and towering tree, makes the unapproached loveliness of our great western ranches—to me as much more beautiful than any Italian garden, as the noblest of California is nobler than anything I know in Italy—a country second only in my affections. But it is not everyone who can own a thousand miles of California—nor is it necessary. One need not be a d'Este or Medici in Italy, nor a Baldwin in California to produce these loveliest effects. It is not land that lacks; a small garden may be exquisitely fair. It is not money certainly; it is not even water—the trouble has never been even in arid California that trees would not grow if they were let to grow. But men must learn to love trees first.

“He who plants a green tree by the wayside plants a thought of God in the heart of his fellow-man.” What does he do then, who deliberately roots up these thoughts of God because they litter the magnificent red-hot sidewalk, or their roots, more rational than their planters, protest against the burning asphalt? I have known people to object to the eucalyptus because it shed its bark, to the pepper because it dropped its berries, and to the grevillea because it made the lawn untidy. Quite obviously, for such as these the telegraph-pole is the ideal thing. Such people, naturally, are not born to be great gardeners, nor need one hope that those will devise stone seats who never mean to sit on them, or build noble terraces they never mean to occupy.

All things, however, are possible to California; she is the land of contrasts. I think of certain hills between the Sierra and the sea where men have laid out ludicrously paltry terraces, a graveled “sweep” and a patch of lawn, embellished further by palms set regular—like the aforesaid telegraph poles and scraped till they resemble them—all leading up to a paltrier wooden “residence,” with a wooden tower, a weather-vane and

a great glare of window—this on the one hand ; and then I think of other hills or valleys where a stately sycamore, a branching pepper, or a venerable live-oak has determined the home, and the always dignified cement or stone or plaster has taken refuge from the road beneath their shade, speaking of something as tranquil as English country-life with all the color of a sumptuous southern setting—and I know this for the type which waxes as the other wanes.

Tree for tree, bush for bush, flower for flower, we have all that Italy has ; subtract the stone-pine and the laurel, and all is said ; and for these count us up a score of things which Italy has not. And we have it all, incomparably *more*—larger, richer,

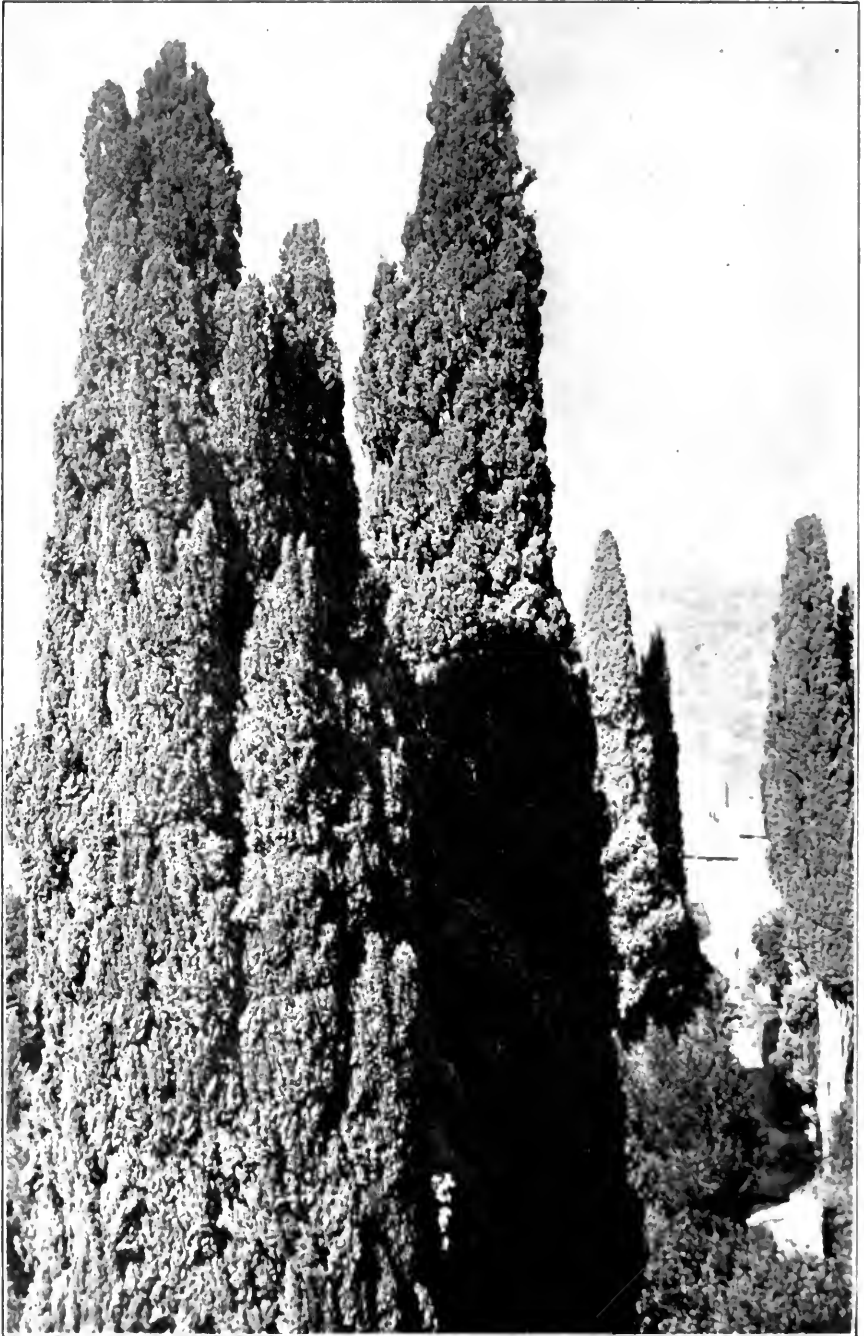


“THE WAY OF A HUNDRED FOUNTAINS.”

more riotously. One who walks dreaming through these Italian gardens which have been so many centuries the delight of mankind, seeing beyond their vistas California's larger spaces, her far more rapid growth of vegetation, her deeper skies and more splendid color—such a one must feel that he can in truth *but* dream what gardens hers might be, and what their influence upon a race growing up amid these “thoughts of God.”

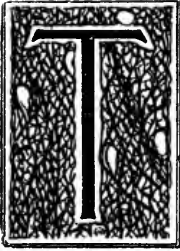
Rome, Italy.





"TALL CYPRESS." (IN THE VILLA D'ESTE.)

THE LAST EVICTION.



THE closing chapter in the long story of the Warner's Ranch eviction—the loss of their immemorial homes by six villages of Mission Indians under decision of the United States Supreme Court—was referred to in these pages last month. How these Indians were dispossessed; how (an agreeable innovation upon the usual custom) they were supplied by Government with a much better reservation; and how the Indians of Warner's Ranch were removed to the new home, is already history.

On the 4th of September, Indian Agent L. A. Wright reached the poor little hamlet of the Cienega, or We-nelch, the home of the so-called San Felipe Indians, with eighteen wagons. Their case was conjoined with that of the Warner's Ranch Indians; the same Supreme Court decision carried against them the same verdict of eviction; and their removal was delayed only by the settling of the more numerous and more troublesome Warner's Ranch Indians on the new reservation.

Agent Wright held a Junta at once, explained to the Indians, carefully and patiently, the status of the case; that they had lost their homes, that the Government had purchased better land and more land for them at Pala, and that he now came with orders to remove them thither. The Indians absolutely refused to consent to the removal; but as they had never been worked upon by the scoundrels who stirred up the Warner's



AGENT WRIGHT AND FARMER BARNES.
(The latter carrying three old women of San Felipe.)

Photo by Fernald

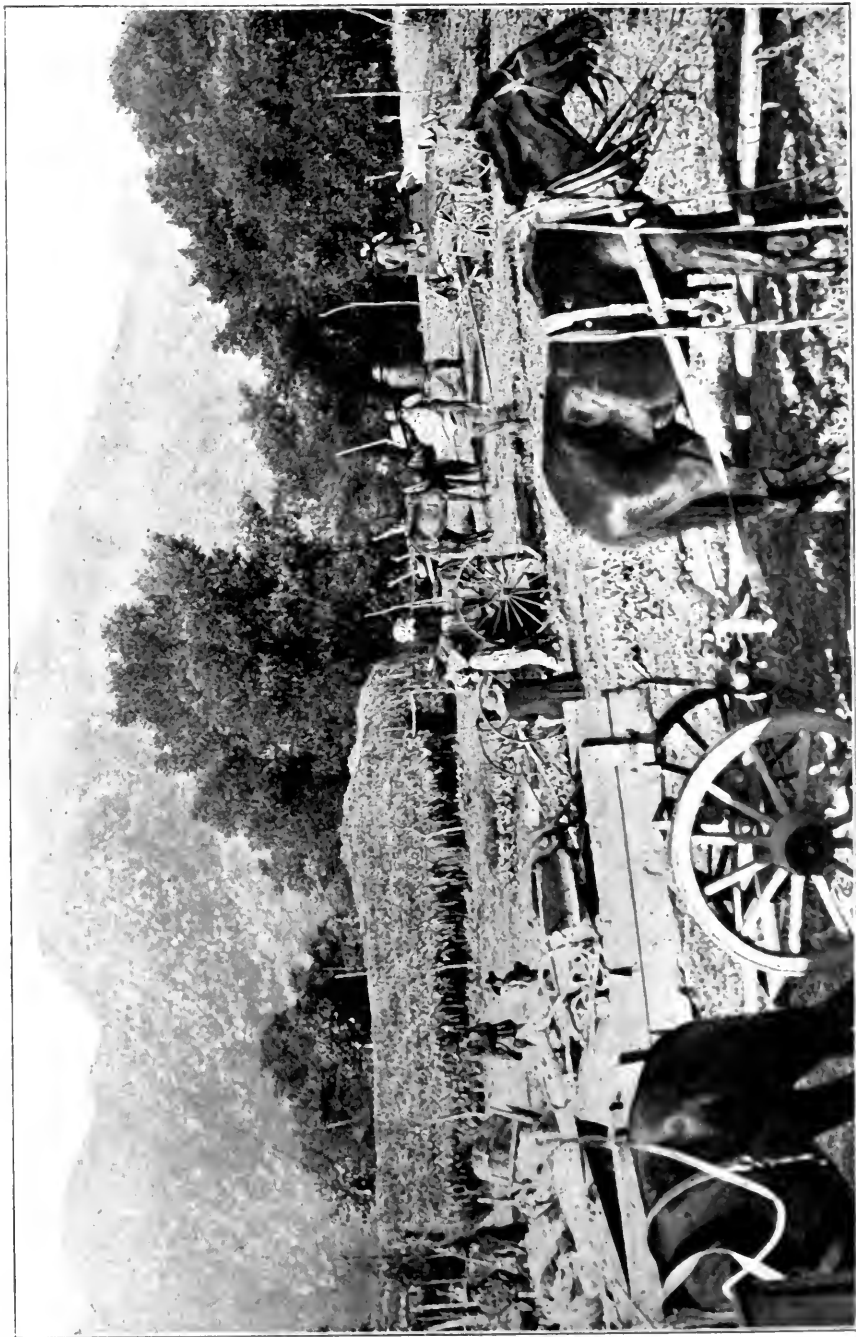
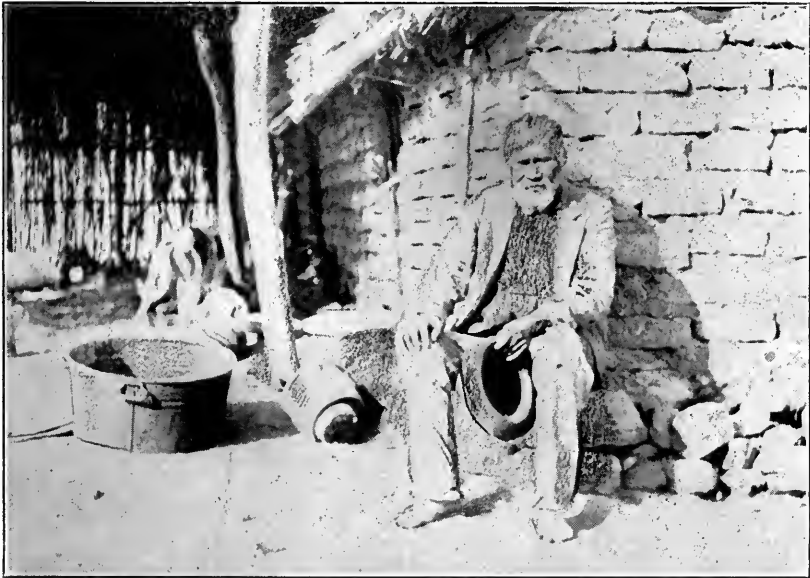


Photo by Fernald.

THE EVICTION FROM SAN FELIPE.

Ranch Indians to rebellion, they opposed only a passive resistance. Dr. Wright gave them till noon to think the matter over. When the junta was re-convened the Indians were stubborn as ever. Some locked their houses and several women gathered up blankets and a few other articles and took to the brush. These were soon brought back, however, and finding argument useless, Dr. Wright broke in the door of the captain's house and ordered the teamsters to begin loading the property within.

As soon as the Indians perceived that, though gentle and patient, the agent meant to carry out his orders, they were reasonable enough to agree to his suggestion that they had

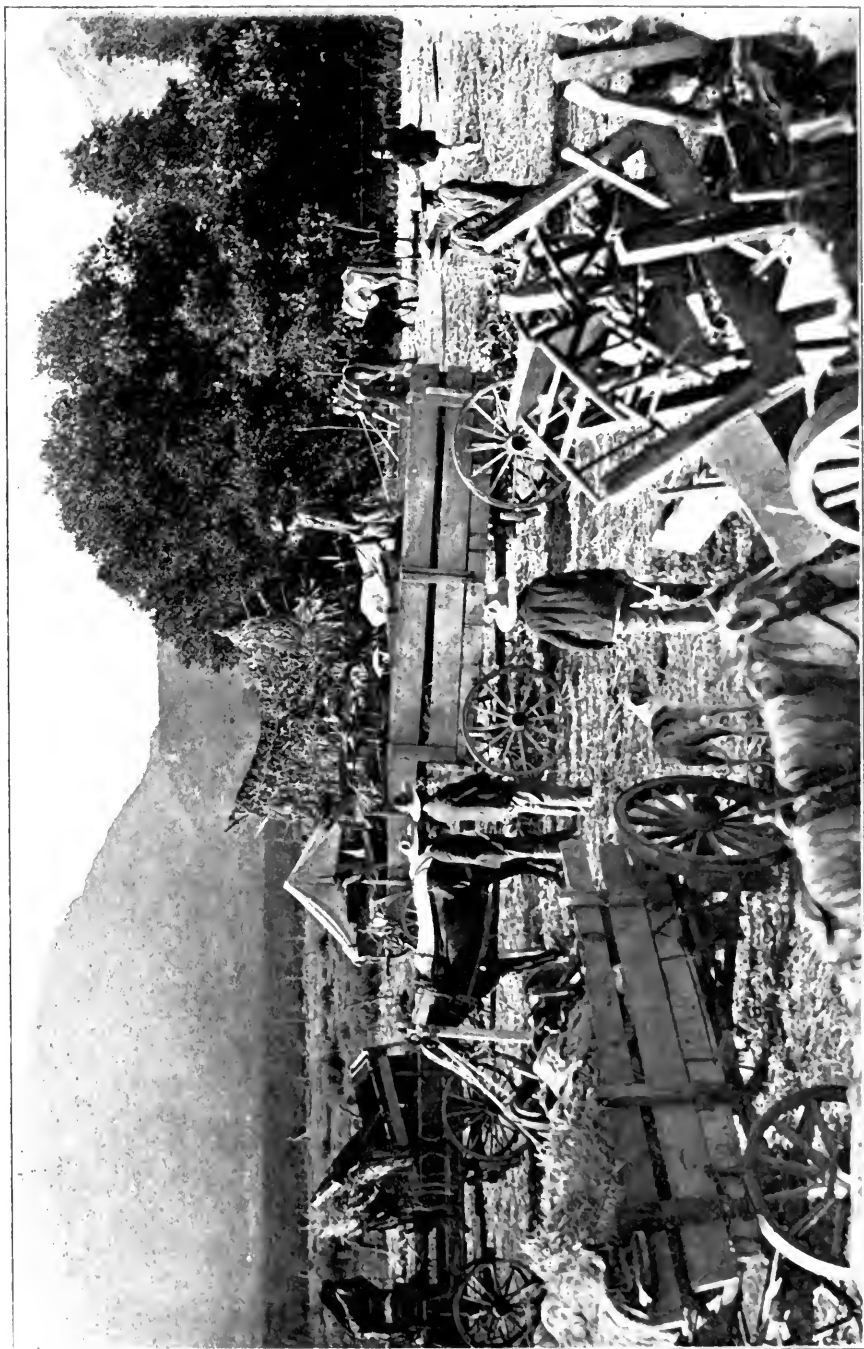


OLD CIENEGA MAN.

Photo by E. H. Davis

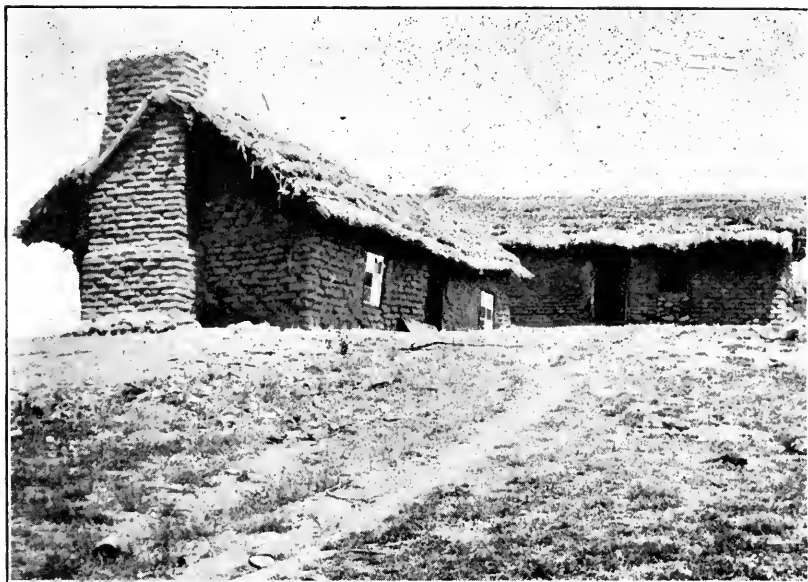
better help in the packing of their effects; and they promptly fell to. Everything that they wished to take along, no matter how worthless (and only those who know that little hamlet can realize the nature of its personal property), was carefully packed upon the wagons—rickety chairs, benches, tables and beds, cats and dogs, hens, the stone mortars, metates, the cracked and grimy cooking pots—everything was patiently and carefully gathered up.

Dr. Wright's posse consisted of Mr. Barnes, the superintendent of farming for the Indians, and three Indian police (Martin Jauro from the Agency, Salvador Duro of Mesa Grande, and Will Pablo from Banning), with the teamsters. No disreputable outsiders were called upon to assist the Government in enforcing its mandates as toward its wards.

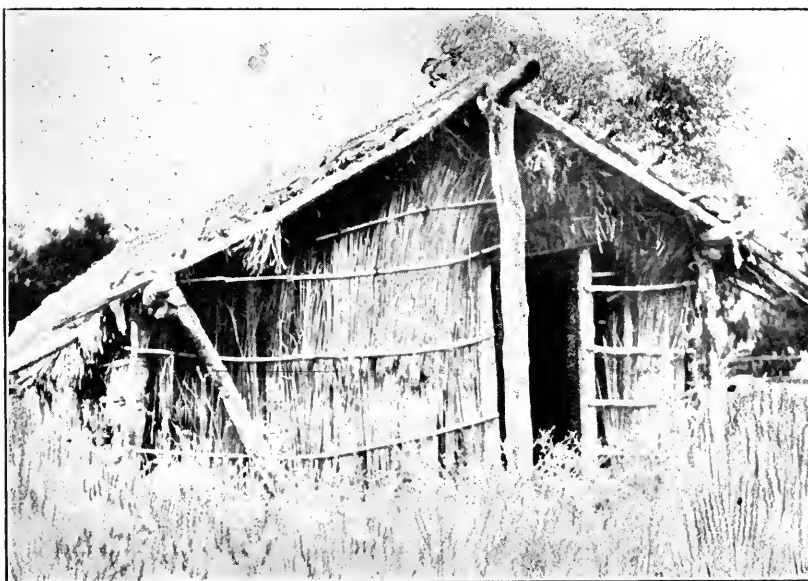


THE LARES AND PESATES OF SAN FILIPE, READY TO MOVE.

Photo by F. J. Mudd

DESERTED HOUSES, HOT SPRINGS. *Photo by E. H. Davis*

As soon as this miscellaneous loading was completed, the caravan started on the seventy-five mile journey, camping that night at Mrs. Page's, where rations were issued to the Indians. The next day Warner's Ranch was crossed, and the party camped at Oak Grove. Temecula was the end of the third day's journey; and at noon of the fourth day the exiles came into Pala. The

LA PUERTA CHIQUITA--DESERTED GRASS HUT. *Photo by E. H. Davis*

Indians picked out a camping site, their goods were unloaded, and the pitching of tents, supplied them by Government, began—along the beautiful little river of San Luis Rey.

There are now about 135 Indians at Pala, counting the fifteen families from San Felipe. The latter, though sad at the loss of their beloved, if worthless, desert home, still retain the dignity and law-abiding spirit which also marked the Warner's Ranch Indians until they were stirred up to insubordination by disreputable whites, and encouraged therein by ill-advised officials. The Pala reservation contains 3,438 acres of land, mostly good, besides some 5,000 acres of public land added to it



CATALINA—OLD CIENEGA BASKET MAKER. *Photo by E. H. Davis*

on the recommendation of the same commission which purchased the reservation. The latter land is of little worth except for grazing, bee-range, fuel and a "fence" against crowding whites. Such a reservation is adequate to support comfortably three or four times the number of Indians now upon it; so there is no reason why these Indians should not prosper handsomely. It is cause for congratulation that they will have direct supervision. The Mission agency has, for years, been impossible of proper administration because of its very size. It covered from the Tule River to the Mexican line some 500 miles; and it was a physical impossibility for any agent to give it the attention made imperative by the worthless character of nearly all the reservations and their remoteness from civilization. The agency has now been divided; Dr. Wright, whose

tact, patience, and conscientiousness have long made the best of an impossible task, retaining the northern jurisdiction; while Mr. Shell, who comes with an excellent reputation, will be in charge of the more southerly reservations, with his headquarters in Pala, where he is now striving to undo the mischief done by the ill-advised or unscrupulous, who have between them managed to get the Warner's Ranch Indians into a serious tangle. An honest and competent man on the ground, familiar with the circumstances and with the material advantages that have been secured for these Indians, can make a model reservation at Pala; and the people of Southern California, to whose deep and general interest in the case the action of the Government is due, will watch with interest and expectantly for such an outcome.

UPON A CORAL STRAND.*

By CHARLES KEELER.

THERE is a little half-moon cove not far to the northeast of Papéete, where I have spent many a happy hour watching the breaking waves by day and by night, in fair weather and in storm. The surrounding shore is raised only six or eight feet above the water, and far and near the eye rests upon masses of swaying palm trees. There is a never-ceasing diapason of the booming surf as it strikes on the coral reef in breakers, whose white line sweeps around the cove like a mighty break-water. When the trade-wind is light, especially in the early morning, the reef is little more than a dash of chalk upon the blue of ocean, and the sound

of the breaking waters is hushed to a deep bass hum; but with advancing day the breeze freshens and the waves tumble and crash in white rollers, hurling the spray far up as they lift in mighty chorus the sonorous chant of the sea. Right opposite the center of the cove is a break in the reef, where the ocean swell penetrates the lagoon until its last throbs are spent upon the sandy shore. The Fautauá River, pouring its current of fresh water into the sea at this point, has killed the tiny builders of this mighty wall, leaving a passage through which the largest ships may safely sail from the ocean into the lagoon, and around the point into Papéete Bay.

There is a small village of natives upon this beach—wanderers from another island who have settled here—and its inhabitants with their homes, few though they be, add not a little to the



A BELLE OF THE STRAND.

*Illustrated from drawings by Louise M. Keeler.



AT THE MOUTH OF THE FAUTA'U RIVER.

interest and picturesqueness of the region. They are fishermen, these men of *Árorai*, skilled in the capture of the dolphin, the bonita, and the flying-fish. Their village cannot be called neat or inviting, but it has none of the repulsive surroundings of native fishing settlements I have seen in other parts of the world. The little thatched huts, or sheds, are scattered irregularly just back of the sandy beach, with canoes in front of them, and cocoanut and *búrau* trees for shade. I never passed this little cluster of frail homes without receiving a hearty salutation from the people who lounged about under the *búrau* trees. Now and again I found them eating their simple meal on the beach, or leisurely at work on their fishing tackle, or making baskets to hold fish, or, more frequently, absorbed in a game of cards.

It is surprising to find their children happy with so few amusements. Like their elders, they are fond of card playing; indeed, most of their games seem to be imitations of the sports or occupations of the grown folk. I have seen, once or twice, a number of small boys playing with a rude model of a canoe, but the girls seem to know nothing of dolls. They are so good-natured that little is needed to content them. Swimming is the greatest joy of all the children, and in the water they are like so many porpoises, jumping and splashing, diving and shrieking in their merry play. They delight in the surf, and when it rolls high, a dozen or more little heads may frequently be seen like so many burnt corks bobbing about on the waves. As a big roller advances toward them, they all dive into it and then come sweeping back upon the sandy beach. After bathing in the sea the children all run to the river for a fresh-water dip, and here they have a royal time, swimming under water until it sometimes seems as if they would never reappear. Indeed, as a general rule, all the natives, old and young alike, prefer to swim in fresh water; hence the mouth of the *Fautauá* River is the public bathing place for the entire settlement. When the



river is swollen by storms, the older people go up the stream and swim down in the swift current, yelling like mad men as they are shot toward the sea. At such times the children frequent smaller streams, where they are carried along with great velocity upon banana stumps. Mothers go to the mouth of the river to wash their clothes, taking their children with them to swim meanwhile; thither, too, people carry their gourds for drinking water.

The only sport in which I have seen the children engaged that resembled the games of home, was playing at war. A party of boys had dug two pits on the sea-beach, piling up sand, drift-wood and cocoanut husks into earthworks some forty feet apart, using dried cocoanut branches for flags. From these forts they made occasional sallies, using handfuls of sand for ammunition; but the attacks were not very spirited, and generally ended in a wrestling match in which everybody tumbled on everybody else, and the opposing factions became hopelessly mixed.

The natives exercise great ingenuity in catching fish about this lagoon, and make use of a variety of devices. While I was walking near the mouth of the Fautauá River one sultry morning, an athletic young man passed me carrying a fish spear—a long pole ending in a cluster of iron barbs. He wore only a *párcu* fastened snugly about his loins, and as he came to a low ridge of coral projecting into the sea near the mouth of the river, he walked out upon it with the surf tumbling about him, sometimes only ankle deep and again curling about his waist. There he stood, poised like a bronze statue, his spear in readiness as he leaned forward to strike. In this primitive way many fish are caught, not only along shore, but out on the half-submerged barrier-reef, where the ocean waves leap in towering bursts of spray.

After a heavy storm, when the river is much swollen, numbers of natives, including a few women, wade along shore in water above their knees and whip the stream with bamboo poles and artificial flies, or with hooks baited with shrimp. Thus they catch the silvery little *náto* or the black *oõpu*, two fresh water fish which are much esteemed. I have seen whole parties fishing in this way, casting their lines like veritable disciples of Izaak Walton, while the river swept by them in an angry flood.

During low water the women often catch these fish in baskets. One morning I saw four old crones come to the mouth of the Fautauá River, and after throwing aside a few superfluous garments, walk deliberately into the midstream like four water-witches. Two of them had big clubs and the other two carried

light-meshed, open-mouthed baskets tapering in the form of blunt cones. They walked in a row up stream, keeping a sharp lookout for fish. As soon as a school was espied, the baskets were submerged and the two club-wielders splashed the water vigorously to drive the fish into them. After two or three unsuccessful attempts, one of the women lifted her basket with a quick motion and a fish was seen flopping in the bottom. The successful fishermaid, her gray locks fluttering in the breeze, hurried to the shore, beat her fish to death with a stone and returned to her place in the row, after passing her prize to one of the club-women who carried a basket on her arm. How those four old natives enjoyed the sport, laughing and screaming in glee!

In the course of one of my rambles upon the beach I encoun-



BATHING IN HAMUTA RIVER, TAHITI.

tered a fine old fisherman—a half-caste Tahitian named Davie, who speaks excellent English. I learned that he was not an Arorai by an almost unpardonable blunder. Meeting him on the strand the day after the villagers had indulged in a carouse I remarked that I had not seen him at the celebration. He professed the profoundest ignorance of the whole affair, until I pointed to the cluster of huts on the beach and explained that the inhabitants had been making merry on the preceding evening.

“Oh,” he replied, “It must have been those working people!”

His own home was slightly removed from the Arorais on the opposite side of a little creek and at a greater distance from the

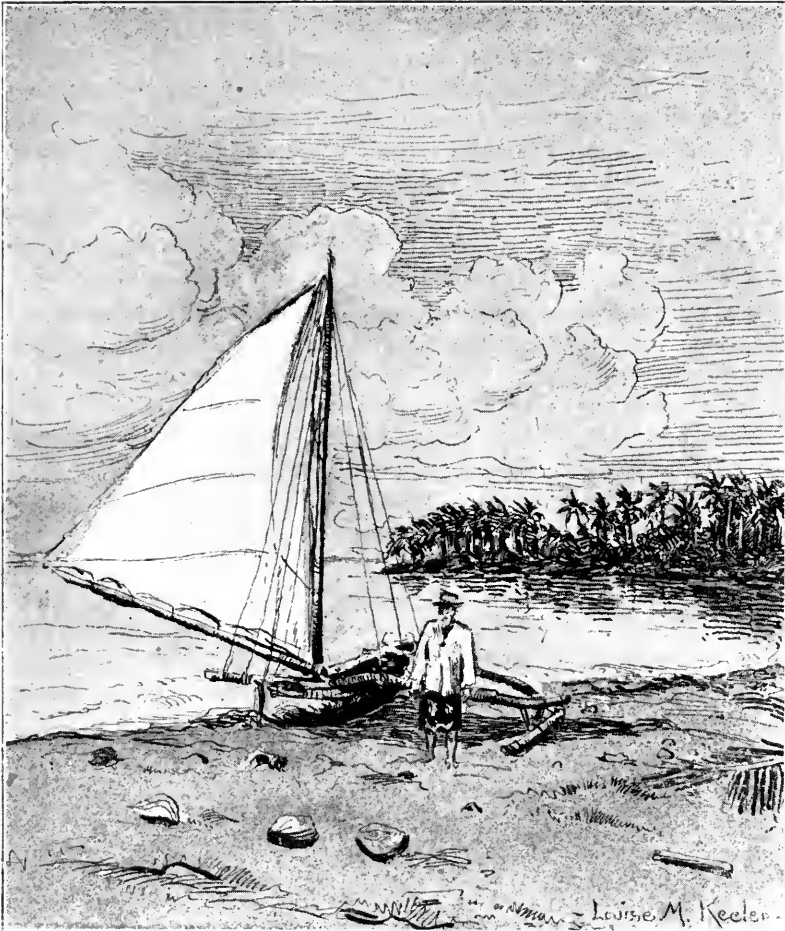
shore. He is a dauntless fisherman, sailing in his stout dugout canoe through the pass into the open sea, and spending the entire day miles off shore in pursuit of dolphin. I have watched him coming in from the day's fishing of an afternoon, his square sail at first hardly to be distinguished from a white comber on the blue sea. As he nears the beach, he jumps into the water and steadies his heavy dugout by holding on the outrigger. Then someone comes down from the village to help him and they put pieces of dry cocoanut branches under the keel, slowly working the boat higher on the shore with every lift of the waves. Presently they remove the day's catch of



A FISHERMAN'S HUT, TAHITI.

dolphin—half a dozen great creatures, each four or five feet long, with high foreheads and but a remnant of their splendid coloring left. The yellow of the head and tail, the deep blue of the dorsal fin and back, the white breast dotted with blue, are all there, but all dull and subdued, their vivid splendor passing with life. The dolphin is caught with a hook of pearl shell on a heavy line, and it requires a stout man with steady nerves to battle with one at the same time that he sails his craft alone upon the open sea.

The bonita, or *auhôpe* as the natives call it, is also caught with hook and line beyond the lagoon, or it may be speared on the reef. Davie tells me that he always knows when to go fish-



THE DOLPHIN FISHERMAN.

ing by watching the sea birds, as the schools of small fish on which they feed are invariably attended by a horde of hungry pursuers. So he sits there upon the strand, smoking his cigarettes, and waiting for the birds to summon him to his task.

Flying-fish are caught at night with a torch and net. These strange creatures are among the wonders of the tropic seas, possessed as they are of such extraordinary power of sustaining themselves in the air. As a rule they are not over six or eight inches in length. The back is a dark blue color and the belly is white, these hues no doubt aiding them not a little to elude their pursuers, the dolphin and the bonita. But their main reliance for escape is the unparalleled development of their fins into wings, enabling them when closely pressed to leap into the air and whiz above the crests of the waves for a hundred yards or more.

Drag-nets are used by the natives, and the hauling of the seine is the event of the day on the shore of the lagoon. The nets are always hung up to dry on the *bûrau* trees and add another touch to the picturesqueness of the village. In their nets they catch the *oarac*, a kind of mackerel, the *atûre*, a small bony fish, and the *ihi*, or red mullet. The last-named they frequently spear at night during the first and second quarters of the moon. Sharks are eaten by the natives with as much avidity as fish grateful upon more fastidious palates. I saw one man going home with a squid dangling from his spear, and looking well satisfied with his morning's catch. Indeed, they argue, what can be unclean that comes out of the sea?

After a storm, many curious and beautiful shells are to be found on the beach, especially in the vicinity of the point, and it gives one a strange sensation to pick up rare forms that have hitherto seemed to emanate only from a curiosity store. I never could feel quite assured that I was not robbing someone when I filled my pockets with them, and half expected, on rounding the point, to see old Father Neptune standing there with his hand outstretched for a Chile dollar for the goods I had filched from his counter. But the great collectors of shells are the hermit crabs. Anything with a cavity, into which they can retreat, suffices them, and it is comical indeed to see a whole conchological collection get up and walk across the sand. They assemble in merry parties about some bit of refuse, and, when



A HOME ON THE POINT, TAHITI.

menaced, take to their legs. If hotly pursued, they instantly subside; and when one of the shells, lately so animated, is picked up, no sign of life is visible but the big claw of the crab tightly closing the door of his house. If the shell is held quietly in hand for a few moments, the big claw is cautiously thrust out to try the effect of a pinch, and then follow a lot of little claws and two big eyes on stalks. With a quick motion it is possible to catch all the claws and draw the creature out, but it requires much careful manipulation to pull out the crab without allowing it, like one of Bo-peep's sheep, to leave its tail behind it. I have robbed many a hermit crab of its home (wanted for my collection) in this fashion, and turned it loose on the beach to look for another.

There is another small crab on the beach—a black fellow—which darts across the strand with the rapidity of a spider. In the dry sand, a little removed from the water, dwell the curious land crabs—great fellows, comically clumsy, but most unexpectedly agile upon occasion. They make big holes in the sand, at the entrances to which they pose themselves, gazing at each passerby with gravely impassive features. My wife once had a semicircle of them watching her out of their pop-eyes, as she sat quietly sketching, but as soon as the natives, equally curious, began to collect about the spot, the crabs beat a hasty retreat to their holes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MONTEREY

By JEANNETTE CAMPBELL.

N atmosphere of dreams and sea-winds blended,
 A shimmering strand, a flashing opal spray,
 A sound of cypresses that talk together
 Of things long passed away.

Worn, crooked streets, that stroll in languid leisure
 To meet the old-time-scarred, time-traveled road
 Along whose length, in days gone by, the currents
 Of other nations flowed.

Old houses—balconied, red-tiled and stuccoed—
 Still fragrant with the glamour of Castile,
 Upon whose crumbling walls and tangled gardens
 The Past has set its seal.

Across the years the tramp of herds is throbbing,
 The gay vaquero's song is on the air;
 The old rooms thrill with sound of mirth and music,
 Untouched by time or care.
 Carmel re-echoes with the tones of Serra,
 The rusted cannon finds its voice again,
 And in the Bay a galleon casts anchor
 With messages from Spain.



THE RECORD BLACK SEA BASS—425 POUNDS. *Photo by Lock Brothers*
Caught at Catalina, California, August 26, 1903, by Ed. Llewellyn, with 16-oz. rod,
24-strand line, in 40 minutes.

THE LOST MINE OF FISHERMAN'S PEAK.

By MARY AUSTIN.



FISHERMAN'S PEAK lies southward and solitary from the high Sierras, a noble dome of granite above a little, old, weazened remnant of hills, looking well over the brown shoulders of Panamint and the valley of the Bitter Lake. It looks east and south over a great waste of sand and scrub, over the white road where the ore wagons creak through crawling heaps of dust, over the dim purple barrows that fence that quarter of the western world. Near by it, under shrunken and impotent foothills, huddles the sometime busy village of Three Pines, where, as in a pool of slack water, harbors the drift of that wild tide of mining life that eddies fitfully yet in the borders of the Coso Hills.

Here, when the days are long, and no one is passing in the street, when there is no sound louder than the squawking of the village hens or the dropping of ripe fruit in the orchards round about, and nothing more insistent than the gurgle of the hydrant where it runs into the horse-trough at the end of the village street—here, from dropt hints of talk, reminiscence and speculation, one gathers the gist of more tales, and better, than are written.

The nature of a land determines in some wise the manner of the life there. This is a large country, with few and far-between oases of richness and greenness. One may take days' journeys in it and not come by any place or occasion whereby men might live; and other days stumble upon the wealth of dreams. Weeks on end the traveler finds no towns nor places where towns could be, and then drops suddenly into close hives of men, digging, jostling, fighting, drinking, lusting and rejoicing. Every story of that country is colored by the fashion of the life there; breaking up in swift, passionate intervals between long, dun stretches, like the land that out of hot sinks of desolation heaves up great bulks of granite ranges with opal shadows playing in their shining, snow-piled curves.

It is so far from the common ways of men by distance, and the manner of living, that nothing disturbs it not native to the soil. Doctrines, schisms, wars, politics, the trumpets of reform never reach it; only the hankering for gold and the coveting of women—with the rages, sacrifices, hatreds, jealousies and retributions that play about these—quicken the blood at Three Pines. No man was ever known to die out of his bed in that country, except some woman or some mine was at the bottom of it; and no ghost walks there that has not like cause for

his unease. And no mine has so much laid to it of the killing of men and the love of women as the lost mine of Fisherman's Peak.

THE MINE
AND HOW
IT WAS LOST.

The first that was known of the mine was in the time when there rioted through that country a great body of mining men drawn off from the dwindling diggings of California and Nevada, and to that quarter, by the report of the marvelous strikes of Panamint and the Cerro Gordo. They raged up and down the passes of the hills, man-hunting and mine-hunting with equal good will, and poured into Three Pines for drinking and gaming what time their means allowed. According to the notion of the time, the times were good. Flour was twenty dollars a sack, and eggs two dollars a dozen, hard to come by at that; and no man when he had put down a coin asked for change. There were five saloons in Three Pines, all going at a roaring blast, when on the bar of one of them appeared one morning, among the glasses and the dice, a spar of rotten white quartz shot through with lumps and streaks of gold. At that time the characteristic ore of each of the large mines was as well known to every miner as his neighbor's face, and this was like no other. The news spread; deputations arrived from the other saloons to see and handle the wonder, and question the barkeeper, who kept a discreet, unwinking silence. But it was no such mystery by noon the next day, when a drunken Indian was observed trying to barter a handful of the precious specimens for a sack of flour. An Indian mine! Possible riches, probable tragedy—and Romance! All Three Pines lost its head.

The Indians in the campoodie back of the town—Paiutes, still savage and embittered—were made more comfortable in the next three days, by gifts of blankets and canned stuff, than they had expected to be this side the Happy Hunting Ground; and were much too drunk for several days to give any intelligent account of themselves. But nothing transpired. Altogether there leaked out, and into the hands of miners, specimens of the gold-shot quartz to the amount of a bucketful, and many false clues; for about that time set out secretly, by night, a dozen or more prospecting parties in divers directions, returning in a week or so, bootless and disgusted.

At that time, also, there was no Indian dared stir out of his tracks but found himself shadowed by a white man. Nevertheless, by some means, bits of the "Indian Mine" quartz continued to circulate in the camp intermittently for the space of two years. During that time never an Indian was brought to the crude justice of a mining camp, that was not proffered better

shift if he would discover the place of the ledge. It is probable that very few of the Indians ever knew, but finally it appeared one did. Upon that errand he set out with six miners secretly, and not one of the seven was seen or heard of alive again. This much came to the surface, by way of the campoodie, that they came to their end either by treachery of the guide, or the wrath of the tribesmen, on the slope of Fisherman's Peak. Once after that, Kern River Jim, a scout notably under the protection of the Government, agreed to guide a party of white men, not to the mine but to that vicinity. He went up Fisherman's Peak and all around it in seven days, returning to the point of starting—but no mine.

"The feet of the white men have been over it, but the eyes have not seen," said the Paiute, and quitted them where they stood. Well, you may guess they were back over that trail with the greatest imaginable caution. But to no purpose. So by such hints and helps, and by the glimmering bits that came up from time to time in barter with the Indians, the story of the mine was kept alive until the last pitiful rebellion of the Paiutes ended in the death of the most part of their fighting men. After that time no more of the white quartz came into Three Pines from any source whatever.

Some years later a squaw-man from Darwin way, reporting what his woman had told him for love, organized a party to prospect for a certain forked pine blasted by lightning, which she recalled as a landmark upon journeys from which her people had returned with the crumbling quartz. It is reported that, though the squaw-man found the blasted pine, he got nothing for his pains. It served, however, to keep fresh in the minds of prospectors the hope of the "Indian Mine," until new discoveries further south drew them out of that country, and the affair came up no more (except in talk) for the space of fifteen years.

About the time all Three Pines wagged with excitement over a handful of nuggets and rotten quartz, Hank GUADALUPE. Sturgess, freighting in from the dim, hot valley of Salt Wells, saw in the blue dawn three coyotes trotting in narrowing circles about a long heap on the sand, lying out about 200 yards from the road. At times it seemed to stir, and then did not. The small wind that creeps along the surface of desert sands blew upon it, and made a flutter as of garments.

"Lord!" said Hank, halting his eighteen mules, and then the sweat broke out on his tanned forehead to hear the morning stillness pierced by a pin-point wail. The woman lay face downward where she had fallen from illness (or drunkenness,

perhaps) dead in the smother of her own garments and the sand. On her back, in its basket, the three-months baby waked and cried. Hank knew who she was, well enough—a Paiute woman who had been as wife to a miner down Panamint way. He, when he had worked out his claim, passed on to other diggings, with no thought given to the woman or her child; it was a common fashion of the time. When Sturgess found her, the woman's face was turned towards home.

The teamster carried the body on to the wash of Grapevine, where he buried it, properly bushed and stoned to keep the coyotes from it; the child, for want of a better shift, he carried to the Señora Lopez, washer-woman-at-large for the camp of Three Pines. The Señora, who was fat and indolent and unwholesome, made much of her condescension in mothering the "half-breed brat," whom she named Guadalupe, and used as a means of exacting contributions from soft-hearted miners. The two became in a manner a charge upon the camp.

The child grew up bright and strong and shapely, choosing her own way of life. There were plenty to tell her who she was; the Señora Lopez, for one—who extolled herself at the expense of the child's possible pride, and her mother's people at the campoodie. Guadalupe was much among the wickiups until she was ten years old and the Lopez woman died. Then Mrs. Hacket, of the Front Street Boarding House, adopted her in a purely missionary spirit.

Mrs. Hacket was a New Hampshire woman with convictions, no race prejudice and no tact. She made no odds of the child's being half white, sent her to school and had her taught to play on the melodeon; taught her to work, too, after a fashion, but never came into so much as the borderland of her hot little heart. So by dint of these things Guadalupe got through seventeen plain years in which Three Pines left off being a camp and became a town; and the lost mine of Fisherman's Peak one of its traditions.

Then, for the reason that she was young and beautiful in a dark fashion, and had come to the full power of womanhood, or for no reason at all, she began to love Castleton, the smooth-mannered faro-dealer and professional gambler of those parts. For her, who had known only miners and teamsters, he was, by all the standards she had, the finest gentleman she had known. Before him she paraded her young attractions with the abandon of perfect unsophistication. For all of which "goings on," Mrs. Hacket corrected her with a scourging tongue. It is a pity good women should be so hard; one would think they might afford the larger compassion. Doubly a pity that they

should be so often so unwise. It was at the tide of the year when the spring whimpers in young blood, that accusation and re-crimination between Mrs. Hacket and Guadalupe reached a point that the girl's nerves, always keyed to the high pitch of expectancy in those days, were not able to bear. So at the last she broke out crying, with great, dry gasps like a hunted creature, not feeling herself at fault, and burst out through the door into the dusk of the spring evening; then, as some reminder of her Sunday teachings came back to her, and timed with the hot impulse of her blood, she stripped off her shoes and flung them back across the threshold, before she ran lightly up the trail. There, an hour afterward, Castleton followed her, having some inkling of the situation, as, in fact, had every gossip in Three Pines. He found her face downward in the long, sweet grass on the edge of the mesa where the trail turns off toward the little leafy huts of the campoodie; and there he comforted her between the blossoms and the grass, until the young moon came up and trod softly on the hills.

So—as you understand — Castleton carried the girl away to Portago, where there were better pickings for his particular trade. They came back again in the summer of that year to Three Pines, Guadalupe going un-ashamed, glorious in sumptuous clothing and the high pulse of young delight.

THE TURN
OF THE
TRAIL.

You will not understand; but *they* understand, who have walked that path, how she trod with it with a pure heart. But with whatever heart, one comes very quickly to the end of such treading. It was nearly a year from the time Guadalupe began to be known as "Mrs. Castleton," and the spring came on thick and warm. She sat in the dance-hall of the "Same Old Luck," talking to the pianist there, dressed in the tawny yellows that so became her, laughing as she talked, but half turning, as her habit was, never quite to lose sight of Castleton, who was gaming idly with two Cerro Gordo men. The door was open, to let in the warm spring afternoon and a sweet smell of blossoming vines that mixed with the sickly odors of the saloon.

Suddenly there was a commotion outside, and Guadalupe looked up from her bright reflection in the piano lid to see two strangers alighting from dusty, road-weary horses at the door. Idle curiosity satisfied, she looked back smiling at Castleton, since strangers were his particular good fortune, and was surprised to find him gone. It was no surprise, but a vague unease she felt when he did not come to his room at all that night. Often, when the game was good, he sat on into the small

hours. But when those hours were come, she woke out of dreams of him—never again to have sweet sleep, or restful, while she lived. Castleton was there in the room, haggard, hurried, anxious, packing a portmanteau deftly.

Guadalupe was out beside him, helping with never a sound. It was over so soon—the hurried movements—a word of explanation: the two strangers men on his track for a thing done in Calaveras a year before—one kiss—another—ah, never no more, no more!

“I will get down to the bay,” he said. “I will send for you when I have money.” And so, good-bye.

There were harder things to come after that; the loneliness, the dread, no word; then the sharp need of money, the jeers of the women; worse—the ungenerous proffers of the men. But being too young to unlove quickly, and seeing no other end to her affairs, Guadalupe went back to her mother’s people. In a wickiup behind the town lived Chico, great-uncle of hers—all the kin she had. The old man took her in; if he had shaped any thought about her at all, it would have been that she had come to that sooner than he expected.

She began to serve him—to learn the crafts of a tribeswoman—suffering no pang in the re-adjustment keener than the need of her lover, of the sight of him, touch of him, print of his foot in the earth.

Chico was wrinkled as the hills, looked older, and wandered in his wits. He could not always remember whose child she was, nor what she had given him for dinner; but he could recall clearly all the things that happened before she was born, and in the course of time he told her about the lost mine of Fisherman’s Peak.

HOW THE
MINE WAS
SOUGHT AGAIN.

“There were four of us,” said Chico; “four men who found the mine and kept it, and never we told another, though many persuaded us. But Red Morning tracked us and held the secret to sell to the white men against his time of need. So when we four heard what he would do, we killed him, and the six who were with him. We followed hard on their trail, even as he had followed us, and killed one man in the night with a long arrow through his body; one each night, never any more.

“When the first died, they said, ‘So we expected,’ and went cautiously about to cover their trail; at the second, they said, ‘So many less to share the mine.’ But at the third killing they were afraid, and some were for turning back; also, they held that Red Morning had dealt them treachery; but ever he spake with a double tongue. Well he knew who followed.

"So we killed Red Morning last of all, and that was part kindness—for if he had been caught in the town, the white men would have hung him. Then we four made a vow that each should kill the other who told any white man of the mine; but of Kern River Jim we took no account, for there was nothing certain that he knew. It was that he would have the white men think well of him. After that came the war, and they three died, two at Bitter Lake and one at the Stone Corral. Then I said, 'How shall I go to the mine with none to watch and cover my trail?' for there were none of my own people I could trust. But now I am old—I would lie softly—and the gold is clean gold."

Then he would grow suspicious, mumbling that she was white and not to be trusted; that she was a fool to attend an old man's greater folly. Next day he would forget and begin all over again.

Now Guadalupe had not grown up in a mining town to no purpose, and there were people in Three Pines yet who had in their cabinets specimens of the white quartz of the lost Indian mine. With all this maundering of Chico's, the girl began to think. The smallest part of the treasure, provided it could be found, would take her to Castleton, whose desire for her she rated equal to her own for him.

So she beguiled the old man with food and comfortable words, until he should tell her where the ledge might be found; and, reaching out for such help as she must have, laid hold of Tom-Jim.

Tom-Jim was a Paiute of near her own age; who, if the tribe had been living in the tribal relation, would have stood high. The reason why he happened to be standing in the way when the girl cast about for a staff to prop her enterprise, was that he had fallen in love with Guadalupe. He was afraid of her and her superior white ways, but man enough to persist, and savage enough to wish to have her, willing or unwilling. His processes were as simple as his passions. He would serve her in this matter of the mine, upon which she was so keen, and then take her for his pains. He had very little idea of the real value of the mine, and as for Guadalupe, she was too busy with plans for the bestowal of herself and the treasure to give a thought to his thought. She would have used him just the same if she had known.

Between them they contrived a way to leave the campoodie, unsuspected, along the trail to Fisherman's Peak. It was a devious path, and steep. Chico lacked breath for it; the old knees wavered and the old wits wandered more and more.

When they came to the bluff of the blasted pine, he was too far gone to be of any use to them. He might come out of that sickness, and he might not; in the meantime, since they were poorly provisioned, they must trust to finding the ledge with the facts they had. The search fell to Tom-Jim; Guadalupe, for her share, watched by the old man under the glooming pines.

The landmark pine stood on the brink of a steep gorge heading there. The mouth of the gorge opened miles away eastward on a river cañon. Somewhere in the gorge, which was called Eagle Rocks, on an open scarp, masked by vines, cropped out a ledge of rotten quartz shot through with gold. Tom-Jim set out to find it. Under the pine, hearing the drone of wild bees above the old man's fluttered breath, Guadalupe comforted her heart against alarms by foolish dreams. Along in the warm afternoon she woke out of a drowse to see Chico lie on his bed of pine boughs with his eyes rolled upward under the dropped lids and no breath coming and going between his parted lips.

HOW THE
MINE WAS
FOUND.

Of much that happened after that, the secret is kept by the ravine of Eagle Rocks and the impalpable somewhat that holds the record of human thought—of candles gone out—of fires burned down. There is a belief among miners, very ill expressed or not expressed at all, that the hot essences of greed and hate and lust are absorbed, as it were, by the means that provoke them, and inhere in house, lands or stones to work mischief to the possessor. That is why, though many strangers have looked for it, no miner of Three Pines who knows all this story will prospect for the lost "Indian Mine."

Between her fear of dead Chico, for so she judged him, and desire to get on with the search, Guadalupe hurried down from the blasted pine into the ravine, by no trails, slipping, falling over places where she never could have climbed up, dislodging a rubble of small stones, and at last (savage fear getting the better of savage caution) crying aloud for Tom-Jim. She found him not far from the foot of that bluff where her watch had been, having worked up all that gully from the river and found no likely place where a mine might be. Even now he was hacking and tearing at the vines that mantled all that front of rock. Chico's directions had been tolerably plain. Guadalupe found herself reassured to help him with such homely labors. So at last they found it, a small vein hollowed out a little by reason of its softness between two walls of country rock. They spent a long time over it, eager, laughing, blowing the sand from yellow grains between their fingers, picking out the soft metal from the rotten quartz with the point of a knife—lingered until the sunlight was clean gone up out of the gully of Eagle

Rocks. All at dusk there came a great cry that rose and shuddered brokenly between the cañon walls. They looked up and down, and could not tell for the moment from what quarter it came, nor what it might be.

It seems that the old man had waked out of the trance or swoon, or whatever held him in the semblance of death, with that unexpected accession of vitality that comes sometimes before the final spark, and drawn by the last sane impulse of his wandering mind, had come down into the gully by some shorter, secret trail to find those two before him. It is plain that he had forgotten them or repented of his purpose, for it was his cry of fury that rang among the rocks, and his body that shot out from the scarp with the impact of a beast against Tom-Jim's shoulders. The two swayed together for one instant of rage; then Chico's arms slacked and fell away, his body shuddered, sagged downward, fell, with knees crumpled under it, among the crumpled vines. This time he was quite dead.

The dark came on; the body of the old man grew large, and half it seemed to stir. The two young people were alone in the gully. Neither of them had loved Chico much. As for Tom-Jim, he loved only Guadalupe, and he had found the mine. Now his eyes began to burn, and some late-awakened instinct made the girl's flesh to creep. To herself, you will understand, since she had mated with Castleton, she seemed all white.

Now the wind rose up and began to moan among the pines, and they could hear the night tones of the rising stream. Something that was neither wind nor water stirred in the air, and Guadalupe bethought her of the knife that lay where it had dropped among the quartz fragments. She felt for it and hid it under her shawl, moving softly to put the dead man between her and Tom-Jim.

But that would not save her; for when the soft dark was all around them and one night bird called another to the mating, he came upon her to take her in the power of his manhood, as he would have taken a girl of his own clan. And so she killed him with the knife, and he fell, coughing blood, across the other body in the gully of Eagle Rocks.

Three weeks later, a party of hunters in the River Cañon to the east found a young Indian woman wander-
 ing crazily in the woods, living on roots and berries
 gaunt and wolfish-eyed. In very pity they carried her to Aurora,
 from which, with the instinct of a homing pigeon, she made her
 way to Three Pines. There she still lives witlessly in a low,
 foul hut on the edge of the campoodie, become the prey of

AND LOST
 AGAIN.

creatures more debauched than she. She goes about muttering and seeking on the ground for what she cannot find, and ever as the spring draws to flood-tide, her madness increases; but for the most part she is sodden with drink. About her neck she carries a little leather bag, and in it a splinter of white quartz with a grain or two of gold. And when she is drunken, but not too drunk, she will show you that and with it as much as she remembers—it is not much—of the lost mine of Fisherman's Peak.

Independence, Cal.

A DEFENCE OF THE MINOTAUR.

By *AUSTIN LEWES.*

“**T**HE artist cannot live on air,” said the Eastern Critic convincingly. “The rewards are East, and he must go East.”

“Yes, and cease to be an artist,” growled the redbearded one. “You are insatiable.”

“It is impossible to alter the law of things. We gravitate to the cities, for there is the center of social life.”

“There you mean is the Mecca of all money-grubbing. I was in Humboldt County this summer, and stayed painting in a little valley. The source of things was there—lots of children and the full, free, open life. The city seems almost intolerable since I was there. There was a child and a calf every year at the little farm where I boarded.”

“And the child will, sooner or later, come to the city,” laughed the Critic.

“So will the calf, and we shall eat them both. That little farm exists in order that we may consume what it produces, and that is what is being done with our artists.”

“Quite a pretty comparison!” laughed the critic. “Almost too realistic, though, for a man of your temperament.”

“If you improved them,” went on the artist warmly, “if you made men out of them, we could bear it better. But you do not; you simply destroy them.”

“Is any fame, is any reputation to be made here?” asked the Critic suavely. “We do not go out into the wilderness to look for John the Baptist nowadays. John must come to Jerusalem, frock-coated and top-hatted, and hear what the rabbis have to say to him.”

“True for you, and be hanged to you!” shouted the redbearded one (for the bad language of this reprobate champion of the West was notorious). “But we don't get any John the Baptists. They cannot live under the conditions.”

"There you are wrong. Directly a man is recognized as having anything to show worth showing, he is run after and petted."

"Which is quite as bad as neglect—or worse!" said the artist. "Your neglect we can stand; your patronage is ruin to us. I have seen boys (and girls, too) go out from this town to be swallowed up by you—turned into magazine illustrators, cheap copyists, imitation Parisian decadents, and all that sort of thing, while they were really worthy of much better things."

"Depend upon it, they amount to just as much as they are worth," said the Critic.

"You are not talking to a five-o'clock tea-party," muttered the Californian. "Let us get down to facts! This is an ideal country for the production of artistic genius."

"There I disagree with you. It is too far removed from the centers of civilization. It is provincial."

"Provincial! You use catchpenny words all the time. You, a Bostonian, have the impertinence to speak of provincialism to us. If you were a New Yorker you could do it with no more show of reason. You Easterners are mere appanages of Europe. You echo the latest fad; you babble the latest slang from the Piccadilly clubs; you drink the latest compound on the boulevards; you are, in fact, mere snobs, shut up in the subterranean caverns which your tall buildings make of your cities. We are not nearly so provincial as you. Even a bat-eyed European can see that. We have our own history, our own tradition, apart and away from your fragmentary continuation of that of Europe. We have the possibilities of a real outdoor life. And if you fellows with your maundering platitudes would leave our women alone, we might amount to something."

"Oh, if you are going to adopt that tone, we might just as well close the discussion at once. I go to Europe every year. I see all that is being done in the great studios in New York. I come West by special request to tell the story to the Californians—and you make me out a destroyer of youth, a perverter of artistic ideals."

"Ideals be hanged! You come here peddling what you call ideals at fifty dollars a lecture, and working up a fictitious interest in what you call art. The results are very plain to those who have watched the matter at all closely. A number of young men and women are infected every year with a wrong conception of what constitutes art. They proceed to supplement their ideals, or rather *your* ideals, with what they have seen in the novels and the pictures of studios in the magazines. They enter upon what they call the Bohemian Life, and most of

them, thank goodness, have sufficient common sense to see their folly in time, and to get out of it into ordinary useful work."

"Of course I recognize perfectly that all cannot obey the calls of high art. There are neophytes who are and never will be anything but neophytes."

"When did you say that last? Was it last night to the Women's League of Art Connoisseurs, or the night before to the Daughters of Rubens? It was equally foolish in either place. But to go on with the story. A certain number become lost in the dirty mazes of slum bohemianism—for our delightful social organization produces slums in every department of human activity. The church, the law, art, universities, all have their slums—even criticism. No! It's not worth while to protest. Have you ever read what passes in the daily press for criticism of art, literature and the drama?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that very well, but it does not affect me. The question which we set out to discuss was whether there was any chance for independent art in the West. I maintain that there is not."

"Why not? Art is an affair of the individual, and I do not see why anyone should not do his individual work here just as well as anywhere else. There is every opportunity."

"Every opportunity to work, yes! But what are the opportunities to make money or even a good living?"

"That brings us to the question whether there are ever good opportunities for the artist to make money. I mean any sort of an artist, not a painter merely."

"Now you are talking like a sensible person. You see I happen to know quite a number of men who are conspicuous in various purely artistic pursuits, and I can assure you that they are not by any means free from the pressure of things. Art, that is, real art, is never a paying proposition."

"I don't see why you should complain; you make an exceedingly good thing out of it. Why, you make more money than any three ordinary artists rolled into one."

"My dear boy, there is all the difference in the world between doing things and talking about them. The world, especially the women thereof, love the big bow-wow. Talk is what pays, and, fortunately for me, I am a talker."

"Oh, yes! you are a talker, but somehow your talk does not appear to help matters. I must repeat for the five-hundredth time that we produce a remarkable number of people who have a decidedly artistic bent, that they begin their work here, and then we lose them, not only in their persons, but in their art. The West ceases to influence them, and they follow in the train of those who never knew this country."

"That all comes of your ignorance of modern conditions. I tell you again that the great centers will devour all that you produce. It is the law of modern life. Even if you had a great artist, and he were to build himself a home far away in the Sierras, the great world would still annex him. You could not keep him. I said before that you are provincial, and I repeat the statement."

"Do you mean to say that we are not rich enough to keep our artists?"

"Rich enough, yes; but not well enough informed. You cannot trust your own artistic judgment. You derive all your information on esthetic matters from the outside (such of you as have any information at all), and you are lacking in independence; so that, in order for you to come to any decision in matters of art, the approval of those of recognized authority is necessary."

"Then you think that we are bound to submit to the authority of the East?"

"I don't see how you can avoid it, if you have no authority of sufficient weight here."

"Now I have you," said the artist triumphantly. "Now I have you. All you have said could be said as effectively and more effectively in favor of Europe against the East. Your defence of the Minotaur is a miserable sham. You devour our artists simply and solely because you have more money, and the control of the big magazines; and because people like you insist that there is no salvation to be had except by following your drum. You kill our artists because you will not take the trouble to understand them, and you place every impediment in the way of their understanding themselves and the part which they should play in the history of our common country."

San Francisco.

WITHOUT YOU.

By JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

"NO more, no more!" the surging waters hoarsely cried
 When after years of grieving absence I returned
 To fair, familiar paths my long loved sea beside—
 My radiant sea—where opal memories burned.

"No more, no more!" the wind-swept branches swayed and
 sighed

When once again I sought their spice-filled, trysting shade
 And listened, pierced with silence, for the songs that died
 In sweetest cadences—that called, and I obeyed.

Vain pilgrimage! Better for me the freighted bark
 Of priceless recollections moored in alien bays
 Than going home to empty harbors, which but mark
 Irreparable loss, deserted, lonely ways.

The light supernal darkens, shines for me no more;
 The mounded, purple isles are graves of violets;
 Through mists of tears I watch the breakers beat the shore
 And strike the moaning strings of infinite regrets.

How strongly was I lured by restless, lying dreams,
 Which promised happiness in wonted haunts anew!
 Enraptured sped I to my goal—and now it seems
 The saddest of all earthly places without you!

San Francisco.

THE BLUNDERER'S MARK.

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back
Wherein to put alms for oblivion.
Those scraps are good deeds past,
 which are devoured
As fast as they are made.



HERE were brave men before Agamemnon, but all of them, unwept and unknown, are overwhelmed with endless obscurity, lacking a sacred bard. Even so, wise Horace, and brave men since, as well, who lacked but a chronicler to make them deathless. Here, in our last-won lands, by a thousand times ten thousand camp-fires, men have gathered whose forgotten deeds match any told in song or story. The Pilgrim Fathers, the Cavaliers of the Old Dominion, the sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground, were fortunate in that they had fitting historians. But these, the Western pioneers, though they hewed from the wilderness a broad empire to be their everlasting monument, left behind them but a dim tradition, fading day by day. The last of them will soon have left us; an unremembered chivalry, whose onset shook the ancient silences brooding over the mighty hills and the illimitable plains.

Rough men were these and uncouth, yet a milder race could scarce abide that grim conflict. Unfortunate, too, in this, that for the most part they lacked the softening influence of woman-kind; so that a stigma of folly and evil doings clings to their memory. But, despite their faults, deficiencies and vices, they were brave and gallant gentlemen, worthy of a better fate than forgetfulness.

Out of the memories of bygone years, where thronging shapes, dim-outlined, heroic, move vaguely through the mist, one generous deed shines like a star; one of those deeds, which, having seen or known, one may not thereafter be wholly base—one which, if I may, I would rescue from oblivion.

It may be some will read these lines who will remember. My old-time comrades—you who knew me as "Doc" or "Wild-horse Charlie"—surely there are some of you in our old haunts still. When the camp-fires are burned low, the songs all sung, the last pipes lighted—sometimes, I think, you look from the dying embers up to the neighbor stars, and tell this story yet.

He was eighteen years old when he first came to Wyoming—a tall, sinewy, active Missouri boy. Naturally, we called him "Kid," and few of us ever knew what his real name was. Kid had worked for Tom Collins four years, and from the first had

shown an extraordinary aptitude for the stock business. He was a quiet, reserved fellow, who always attended strictly to business, and had little to say. But when he gave his opinion, whether of men or of stock, it was pretty apt to be final. He was a top roper, about the best I ever saw in any of the cow countries. A fearless rider as well, although he was sometimes worsted by an especially enterprising horse.

Truthful, sober, quiet, willing and able—that was Kid at twenty-two. Small wonder that he was paid more than most of the other boys, or that other ranches had made him tempting offers. But he had stayed with Collins. He did not gamble; if he drank at all it was not to excess; and he had invested his savings in cattle, running them with Collins's stock. That he was allowed to do this was in itself the highest tribute to his integrity. For when a cowboy runs his own brand, he has every facility for enlarging his stock at the expense of his employers, if he is that way inclined.

White women were almost an unknown quantity in that part of Wyoming in 1874. So when "Butcher" Phillips brought his wife to his ranch at the junction of the Chug and the Laramie, and his niece from Georgia to keep her company, all other events became wholly unimportant by comparison. There was a general shaving of bearded faces, a replenishing of attenuated wardrobes, and an earnest, if entirely ineffectual, effort at betterment of careless speech. When our combined orders reached Cheyenne they just about cleaned out the available stock of hats, boots, saddles, bridles and spurs. Miss Mary Stead—I do not give her real name for obvious reasons—became the idol of the cow countries.

It was remarkable how frequently boys from neighboring ranches ("neighboring" in Wyoming meant anywhere in a radius of seventy-five miles) came to the I X L ranch searching for stray horses. Anyone would have thought that we lived in a sort of horse-heaven, and that the saddle-stock of southeastern Wyoming were possessed by the sole and overweening ambition of spending the remainder of their days on the banks of the Chug.

Kid was one of these earnest searchers, but his habitual reticence was heightened by bashfulness till the result was a painful and uncomfortable silence which resisted the girl's well meant efforts to put him at his ease. A vivacious and sociable girl was Miss Mary, sensible and in no wise "stuck up." Kid might well have found favor in her sight, for the marked respect shown him by even the most reckless of his fellows impressed her, and while not handsome, he had a fine manly face

with honest eyes that met your own frankly, and a grave, engaging smile. But he lacked the debonair, careless impudence which sat so gracefully on some of his brother "punchers," and the girl's merry raillery, which he was totally unable to return, covered him with confusion.

The climax was reached when he wrote to ask her to ride with him. For his speech, though infrequent, was direct, forcible and pointed. But when he betook himself to pen and ink his plight was pitiable. He floundered helplessly, like a colt in a mudhole.

Choking with laughter, the girl showed his note to Mrs. Phillips. It was written in a great, sprawling hand that might have been the work of a schoolboy in the Second Reader. Naturally, he had not sought advice or help in such a delicate matter, and the result of his efforts at clearness was provocative of mirth.

with me
 Dear miss Stead would you like to go for a ride next sunday i
 ^
 in Cheyenne
 have a gentil horse that is ust to ladies riding him and will come
 ^
 if you want to go he will come back by your plase
 down saterday night please send me an anser by barer mr Tom
 ^ ^
 Jonson hoping you all are well i am yours Respekfully
 George Lewis.

"Oh, Aunty! Did you ever see such spelling? And just count the carets and interlineations: One, two, three, four! The Blunderer's Mark! Did you ever see the like?"

"You oughtn't to laugh at the poor fellow, Mary. He can't help it. And Jim says he's the best all-around man in the country."

"He may be all that, aunty, but I can't keep from laughing at him. And I wouldn't go riding with him for anything in the world. He never says a word, and I just know I would die!" And Tom took back the excuse of a previous engagement.

The Spring Round-up was to meet at Sidney Bridge and work back up the river. The wagons of Tom Collins, Phillips (of whose crew I was a member) and two other outfits were camped at the mouth of Cherry Creek, some twenty miles below Ft. Laramie. Each wagon had its own foreman, but Collins was temporarily "making medicine" for the crowd until the captain of the Round-up should join us with the other wagons. There was good feed for the horses, so Collins decided to wait there rather than further down the Platte. So, after supper he sent Kid back to Kelley's with word for the Hash Knife and Flying X wagons to hurry up and overtake us.

He struck out across country for the head waters of Cherry Creek, leaving the stage road off to his right. About midnight he staked his horse, built a fire and rolled up in his saddle-blankets for a sleep. At two he started again; at sun-up he came to Lawrence Forks. As he rode down through the willows, an almost naked man crawled from his hiding-place in the brush. It was one of two brothers who owned the Lawrence Forks ranch. He was wounded and exhausted, and could hardly tell his story. At daybreak they had been attacked by a large band of Sioux, his brother had been killed, and he had barely escaped by swimming the river, sorely wounded as he was.

"Don't mind me, Kid," he gasped. "I'll likely cash in my chips this hand, anyway. You drift and give the boys warning. There ain't enough men left at the ranches to make a stand—you'll just have to pull your freight." And Kid wrung his hand and left him. I am glad to record that four days later, after many narrow escapes, this man reached safety, and, after a long sickness, recovered.

Kid's mind was working swiftly as he galloped on to Kelley's. Phillips, he knew, had gone to Cheyenne, the rest of us were with the wagons at Cherry Creek, and there was no one at the ranch but the two women and the ranch hand, Ryan. It rested with him alone to speed the warning to save fifty lives. To Kelley's, Baker's, and the stage station he bore his unwelcome tidings, sending the men he found there in an ever-spreading, fan-wise line, East, North and West, to warn and save. "Tell every one to drive their saddle horses, or if they can't drive—shoot 'em," he said. "Don't leave any relays for them red devils."

The Phillips ranch lay in a bend of the river, nearly four miles north of the stage line. The river was bank full and there was no safety beyond—the only hope was in Ft. Laramie. They must turn back southeast till they struck the main road to the post, and by the time they reached that again the Indians would have gained at least six miles, and would be close behind. And here, I doubt not, he formed the plan he finally carried out.

It turned out afterwards that this band of about three hundred Sioux had broken away from the Red Cloud Agency, and drifted to the South Platte in Colorado. While hunting there, they had become embroiled with a party of freighters. Several men had been killed on both sides and the Indians had started back to the reservation, burning and killing everything in their track.

When Kid came in sight of the ranch he was overjoyed to see Joe Achuleta's wagon and buckskin mares at the hitching rack.

Achuleta was a noted Mexican trapper and hunter, a man of tried courage and resolution, and the best shot in the Northwest. A more welcome ally could not have been found.

"Hello the house!" he shouted. The two women and Achuleta came to the door. "The Sioux are out and coming. Jump in the wagon and light out for Ft. Laramie quicker'n greased lightnin'. There's not a minute to lose. Where's Ryan?"

"Down at the corrals," answered Mary, as Kid lifted her in. Joe ran into the house and came back with an extra rifle and ammunition. "That's for Irish," he said. They dashed off to the corrals for Ryan and started on their eighteen-mile flight. Kid saddled the horse Ryan had just driven into the corral and followed after them. At the top of the second hill Kid halted and scanned the country behind. He galloped up and overtook the wagon.

"Light a rag, Joe! There's a crowd of 'em not more'n two miles back, coming along the stage road, an' they've seen us."

Their road led over a succession of hills and hollows. They tore madly down the long slopes, crossed the little tributary streams—toiled painfully up the shorter, steeper hills to the ridge tops, then down again. Their pursuers came into view, and bullets began to cut up dust around them.

From time to time Kid stopped and fired at them with his saddle gun. Ryan drove, and Joe, kneeling in the back of the careening wagon, kept up a fire with his Sharp's buffalo-gun—a terrible weapon, heavy and accurate, which threw a 480-grain bullet, with 120 grains of powder behind it, and carried a mile.

Twice they stopped under cover of a hilltop, and, while the panting horses rested a moment, the three men poured in telling volleys on the savages. They killed a number of them, first and last. But the wily foemen spread out on both sides and threatened to surround them if they kept up such tactics.

Their situation was rapidly becoming desperate. The team was failing, and the Indians were fast gaining on them, despite the fact that their own horses were badly winded, Kid's foresight having allowed them no change. To make matters worse, Kid's horse was shot and they had to lose time while he ran to overtake them.

He clambered in. "You women lay down in the bottom of the wagon. Drive like hell, Joe—take the brake off and do your damndest. It's half a mile to the Eagle's Nest. Beat them there!"

Joe stood up and lashed the plucky cayuses in a last desperate effort. The wheels struck fire from the rocks as they thundered down the hill in a cloud of dust, plunging, bounding, crashing

—sometimes on two wheels, sometimes with all four in the air at once. Bruised and battered they reached the foot of the hill, crossed the coulée and turned into the Eagle's Nest with the howling Sioux three hundred yards behind them.

Ten miles from Ft. Laramie a precipitous, rocky spur ran down to the river. Around the face of this the wagon road had been blasted from the solid rock for a quarter of a mile, with a straight fall of a hundred feet into the Platte on one side and a towering precipice of bare rock as high on the other. There was no other way to go. Horsemen could not pass over the ridge till they had gone two miles south.

Halfway through the cut stood an immense boulder, on which, when the road was made, an eagle had built her nest. From this the pass had taken its name.

As Joe slackened speed to make the curve around this boulder, Kid took his rifle and dropped lightly out. Silently as he had lived, he set his face from life.

It was not until they were almost through the cut that the girl missed him, screamed and looked back. One glimpse she had of him, as he waved them onwards; and then they dropped down the slope beyond, and she has not yet clasped his hand again.

Rifle shots rang out behind them—volleyed—echoed—dwindled—swelled—and sank again. Wild yells of rage and despair floated after them on the wind—a few scattering shots, and then silence.

They strained their eyes back to the pass. A cloud of smoke floated lazily out over the river—and that was all. The pursuit had ceased.

"We must go on," said Joe. "That's what he want—so you womens can git away. He's not keeled, else Injuns come after us. But eef he try to git out or I go to heem, they keel us from ze oder end. Eef he can hol' 'em off, I come queek wid de soldiers. But I'm 'fraid they go 'way back and git on de reedge and keel him from up dere."

So they went on. Just before they came to the Laramie Bridge they met a troop of cavalry, sent out by the commanding officer to investigate the uneasy rumors which had reached the post the day before. In a few words Joe told how matters stood, and begged to accompany them. He was given a horse, a few men were sent back to the fort with the women, and the rest set off at full speed to save the Kid if it might be. But as they came in sight of the Eagle's Nest they heard the spitting of rifles from the top of the spur. "Eet is too late!" gasped Joe.

The captain halted and sent a detail to the left to climb upon

the ridge; for to take his men into that narrow pass, exposed to fire from a hidden foe would have been madness. But Joe, with a bitter word—unjust as bitter—dashed on, and the captain, leaving the remnant of his men at the mouth of the pass with strict orders to remain there, followed him alone.

As it chanced, the Indians on the spur had seen the soldiers making the detour, and as they naturally had no wish to be surrounded and hemmed in a trap, they had warned those below and made haste to abandon their untenable position.

So Joe and the officer found the pass deserted. Seven dead braves lay in the road, and beside the boulder lay the Kid, the Seal of the Last Silence on his poor dumb lips. His body was riddled with bullets, and his face—God in Heaven! cover it up, mercifully shroud it in kindly clay from the eyes of men forever!

Scattered around him lay pages torn from his note book, covered with old tallys and accounts. On the side of the rock he had drawn—in his own blood—two arrows pointing upward. The inference was plain. The captain climbed up on Joe's shoulder till he found precarious footing and so to the top of the rock. He found the bloodstained note book Kid had thrown up there, and in it a few penciled lines—his last message.

What thoughts came to him as he waited there, of rose-dawns or purple twilights, of midnight skies and free winds in his face, of burning noons or sunset gates at even—the hand clasp of old friends or perhaps—the prattle of children's voices—we may not know. Only this, that in his last thought there was nothing of self, no trace of complaining. Read now the words he wrote, even as the Gates of Eternity rolled wide for him, and say if the waste places of the earth may not breed Men indeed:

Dear miss Stead the injuns have gone to clime up on top of the
 hill i am to bad shot-up to get away i have a littel bunch of cattle
 and my people is all dead because i love you
 at mr Collinses and i want you to have them the injuns is coming
 ^ ^
 now good by
 George Lewis.

Tularosa, N. M.



THE HOROSCOPE.

By *SUI SIN FAR.*



NO fortune-teller of low degree was Fong Toy of San Francisco's Chinatown. The spirit of divination had been bequeathed to him by generations of ancestors learned in mystical lore; and Fong Toy was said to have cultivated that spirit even more assiduously than did his forefathers.

When he had first come to the American City, he brought with him letters of introduction to many leading merchants and business men in Chinatown, all testifying to the excellence of his inherited talent and the study that had perfected it; and his appearance, together with his calm, affable manners and fluent speech, went far to make a good impression.

As time passed, his elegantly furnished office on Clay Street became more and more a resort for the perplexed of Chinatown's four hundred. The manifold subjects concerning which he was consulted were of endless variety, important and unimportant, according to the caprice of the moment or the superstition of the individual. Sometimes it was a question of the buying of a house, or in regard to some action of the Six Companies, or whether a brother Chinaman could be safely smuggled into the country, or if a sick cousin would recover; whether a certain investment of funds would be profitable or unprofitable, or a certain betrothal lucky, and if so, whether the result would be many children.

One afternoon, about five o'clock, as Fong Toy was preparing to leave his office for his Club, Him Wing, one of the officers of the Six Companies, and the Chief of the Sam Yup Clan, entered the fortune-teller's consulting-room, and seating himself in one of the large, carved, oaken chairs which filled the corners of the room, unfurled his fan and began to wave it vigorously before his cool face.

Fong Toy waited in respectful silence for his patron to speak. Finally Him Wing said, "I have come to consult you concerning the betrothal of my daughter to the eldest son of Hom Lock, the cigar manufacturer of Commercial Street."

Fong Toy started and looked away from his visitor. For a minute, indeed, he seemed to be lost in a dream. Recovering himself, however, he asked quietly for the precise time of the girl's birth, also for that of Hom Lock's son. Upon these being given to him, he proceeded to light two candles and some sticks of incense which stood in a vase below the picture of some deity. Then he took eight pieces of Chinese cash and putting

them into a tortoise shell, shook them before the picture of the god, meanwhile muttering some invocation. After that, the cash were emptied out of the shell. This was repeated thrice, and each time Fong Toy carefully noted how the cash fell, that is, upon which side. At the conclusion of the third observation, Fong Toy turned to his guest and gravely said: "From the eight diagrams I learn that ill fortune will follow the betrothal of your daughter to the son of Hom Lock. It is therefore my opinion that it would be unwise for you to listen to any proposals in behalf of the person you have mentioned."

Him Wing's brow clouded.

"Are you quite sure of this?" said he. "Perhaps today is unpropitious. Some other time——"

"No," interrupted the fortune-teller, his professional pride touched. "I cast that horoscope with much care and according to the instructions of the ancients. It is thoroughly reliable, and although to please your honor I would that my unskillful hands could recast it, that is not possible."

He bowed courteously, shaking his hands within his silken sleeves, and Him Wing, frowning and dissatisfied, left the place.

From that day the wheel of fortune turned backward for Fong Toy. The fact was that Him Wing and Hom Lock had set their hearts and minds upon the betrothal of their respective children. There were reasons known only to themselves why the house of Him and the house of Hom should be united, and that they should be thwarted in their darling wish by a contrary fortune-teller galled them bitterly. For, strange to say, though they chafed at Fong Toy's verdict and felt bitter against him in consequence, neither dreamed of ignoring his horoscope. They determined, however, not to give him another opportunity to stand in the way of their desires, and acted accordingly. Moreover they used their influence to draw from him the favor of other patrons, in which they were so successful that all Fong Toy's efforts to retain his business proved vain, and it came to pass that he watched early and late for "guests" that never came.

"Ah," he sadly murmured, as he stood by his window one afternoon in November and beheld Quong Wo, one of his late patrons, pause beside a side-walk fortune-teller. "Men are easy to please, so long as one seeks but to please; but when one tries to act in accordance with truth, then they are difficult indeed to serve."

"Have you eaten your rice,* Sir Fortune-Teller?"

Fong Toy, upon hearing himself thus addressed, turned in bewilderment to behold a little figure in dainty rainbow hued garments standing in the center of the room. The face of the figure was turned towards him, but the eyes in the face sought the floor in embarrassment as the young fortune-teller exclaimed, "Mai Gwi Far, why honor you me?"

Mai Gwi Far was silent. Fong Toy viewed her with great inward perturbation.

Mai Gwi Far was the daughter of Him Wing, the maiden whose marriage to a promising young man he had been instrumental in preventing. Every girl desires a husband. What

* The phrase "have you eaten your rice?" is simply a Chinese greeting.

more natural than that, smarting with disappointment, she should come to visit her wrath upon his head. It was not proper, of course, but even a Chinese girl, under certain circumstances, can be unconventional. Was she very angry? Perhaps if she knew all, she would feel more pity than anger!

These thoughts flew through Fong Toy's mind as he watched the maiden and waited for her to speak. At last she raised her eyes—very demurely. He gazed into their depths and his heart for one moment became warm with rapture. What had he seen therein? Certainly not anger.

"Why do I give myself the pleasure of visiting such a superior man?" she cooed.

"Pearl amongst maidens!" murmured Fong Toy.

But she heard him not and calmly continued, "Because I wish to thank him for rendering me a great service. He saved me from misery."

"I did but my duty," responded the young man.

His heart was overflowing with joy to think that instead of meeting with reproaches he was receiving sweet thanks.

"But your duty?" queried the girl, glancing demurely at him from under her eyelids.

"Yes," replied the young man seriously. "The gods that superintended the casting of the horoscope caused me to perceive that the betrothal would be unlucky. I but communicated to your father what they revealed."

"Ah, then, Sir Fortune-Teller, I owe you no gratitude at all."

The maiden's voice was cold, and as she spoke, she arose from the seat into which she had sunk.

"Oh, stay but a minute," entreated Fong Toy, making a step towards her. The girl's vanity was wounded, and with dignified air she moved towards the door.

Fong Toy's position was desperate. Love called to him on one side, while professional pride held him on the other.

Mai Gwi Far turned the door-knob. The fortune-teller laid his hand upon hers. Trembling with anger she freed her tiny fist and faced him. "It seems that it is as easy for fish to climb a tree as for Fong Toy to act honorably," she cried.

Fong Toy now stood with his back against the door. It was a bold thing for a Chinaman to do, and a strange thing for a Chinese girl to suffer, but it must be remembered that Fong Toy and Mai Gwi Far were living in America, and Chinese people living in America adopt many of the foreign-devil ways, despite what has been said to the contrary.

"Maiden," quoth Fong Toy, when speech became imperative. "Bitterer by far than the loss of my honorable patrons has been the thought that you, perhaps, resented the part I played in the casting of the horoscope, and my pain was and is because I love you."

The maiden's expression softened.

"Ah!" lisped she, "I have long thought so."

"You have!"

"Yes, I have noticed your eyes whenever they dwelt on me in my passing to and fro. And when it was told to me that you had cast a horoscope against my betrothal—to another—I thought—well, I thought—that which brought me here."

Mai Gwi Far was small and plump, her face a delicate oval, her eyes long and black, her mouth a red vine-leaf, and her nose a delicately carved piece of jade stone.

In the delight of contemplating her charms Fong Toy had lost the power to think.

"But I made a mistake—I thought wrong," added the girl.

"Thought wrong," echoed the lover. "Ah, no, you are right always."

A triumphant smile curved the girl's lips.

"Then, Sir Fortune-Teller, it is true that you wrought the horoscope for love of me."

Fong Toy wisely refrained from answering this, and Mai Gwi Far, with a wisdom even greater, did not press him. But she began teasing him.

"Ah!" said she, "How grave, how dignified is our elegant and accomplished fortune-teller! So awe-inspiring his deportment. One can scarce believe that he has feelings such as we common mortals."

That roused the lover.

"You mock me," he cried. "There are stirrings within me of pleasure, sorrow, joy and anger—all caused through gazing on you. You laugh at me because I failed in wit to know that you knew of my love before I put it into words."

"Only sages have the privilege of being fools. Soon he will say that he is not aware that Mai Gwi Far loves him."

"Does she?"

Fong Toy's face was radiant. The girl's suddenly became grave.

"If it is not love, what is it?" she said, with a dramatic little gesture that was also pathetic. "Why was I glad when it was decreed that another was not to have me? Why did I grieve over your misfortunes? Why am I here?"

Very gently Fong Toy approached nearer to her; very timidly he touched her bowed head. At last Fong Toy returned to earth.

"Your father will never consent," said he.

"I think that he will," she replied.

"And if he does I have no means to provide for you—my patrons have all deserted me."

"Your patrons will return."

And Mai Gwi Far was right, for Him Wing, passing the office half an hour later and hearing a familiar voice, entered the place and beheld his daughter. She looked very sweet and happy, but Him Wing did not think of that. All his concern was her indiscreetness in visiting Fong Toy and the comment it would cause in his world. However, after deliberation, he agreed with the young people that the only way to save his face would be to give her for good and all to the fortune-teller.

Thus Fong Toy, whose cleverness had earned for him the proud title of "Son of a Unicorn,"* won a wife who was even cleverer than himself. As to his business, it again prospered merrily. It takes little to make or mar a fortune-teller's fortune, and Him Wing and his associates could scarcely turn their backs upon "one of the family."

Los Angeles.

*"Son of a Unicorn" means a clever and fortunate person.

A LITERARY EXPERIENCE IN NEW SPAIN.

By I. J. COX.

IN an issue of the *Gazeta de Mexico* of June, 1786, during the brilliant vice-royalty of Don Matias de Galvez, there appeared a welcome break in the ordinary advertisement of imported medical, legal, theological and historical books. Don Joseph Raphael Larrañaga announced the project "of a faithful and erudite translation in rigorous Castilian verse" of all the works of Publius Vergilius Maro. The translator had been led to undertake his difficult but useful enterprise for the sake of the resulting honor to the American nation, especially during the reign of that benevolent and enlightened despot Carlos III, and of the regnant viceroy. In his self-appointed task he had already progressed so far as to translate into "assonant verse with agreeable variation of meter in each part," seven books of the *Æneid*, the ten *Eclogues*, and the first *Georgic*; and this he had done in such a manner as to convince those who knew Virgil that his productions were worthy to be brought to light.

The complete work was planned for eighteen parts, as follows: the first thirteen should comprise the twelve books of the *Æneid*, together with the supplement of the poet Mafeo Vegio; the fourteenth, the ten *Eclogues*; and the remaining four, the *Georgics*. The grand total of 130,548 Latin verses was to be duplicated by as many, more or less, of Castilian hendecasyllables. No wonder the translator characterized his work as "not a little arduous."

The printing was to be done upon the best (and almost the only) press in the kingdom. Each octavo part was to be of fine paper, illustrated by Grosin, and enclosed in a colored paper wrapper. City patrons could obtain each part of the work, thus prepared, for one *peso*, while outside subscribers would receive their copies through the royal mails, at four *reales* additional. The press-work should begin when 400 subscribers were obtained.

Two weeks later, while urging intending patrons to hasten in giving in their names, our translator informs the public that all is going so well with his enterprise that he has already more than 100 subscribers, some of them being the most distinguished habitués of the vice-regal court. His next communication, some three months later, is less sanguine in tone, for subscriptions have been coming in very slowly. He extends for one month the period in which they may be received, and then promises to make a definite statement regarding the publication of the work.

This statement appeared in the *Gazette* of September 26th in the form of an announcement that he should abandon his undertaking. In order to be financially successful he needed at least 400 subscribers, while he had succeeded in securing only 191; so he had determined to desist from his project and to return to his subscribers their money. But Señor Larrañaga did not wish to be completely balked in his literary aspirations, so he gave notice that for his own gratification, and as a token of esteem for his patrons, he should print and distribute to them gratuitously, a small volume containing a translation of two *Eclogues*, with a list of those who had favored him with their names and a note explaining the various mishaps of his undertaking.

If this distribution was a little touch of finesse on the part of Señor Larrañaga, it was completely successful; for by another month the widespread applause that greeted his booklet led him to announce his determination to complete his original task, in the most economical manner possible.

To accomplish this, his new edition should appear in four octavo volumes, fully bound, to sell at four *pesos* each, thus saving two *pesos* on the entire work. The first volume was to contain the list of subscribers, the four Georgics, and the ten Eclogues; the remaining three, the *Æneid* and supplement. As a personal favor he requested an early return of subscriptions, with advance payment for each volume.

By the middle of December the translator was pleased to announce the reception of more than 400 subscribers, with the number steadily increasing. It will be remembered that he had originally intended to publish the Georgics last, so that his new plan of publishing them in the first volume caused him to delay beginning publication until he could complete his translation. As his muse evidently did not lag at her task, he had accomplished this with ease, had submitted the work to the watchful authorities for license, and had provided for the printing with due dispatch. A sufficient number of subscriptions having been received, with the work upon the second and third volumes already under way, and the fourth rapidly to follow, he promised with these volumes no such delay as had characterized the first. He would receive subscribers up to January of the following year, and, for their assurance, he gave notice that in planning the first volume, he should reserve until the last the printing of their names.

The above announcement evidently did not take into consideration the dilatory methods of Spanish-American officialdom; for it was not until the following February that Señor Larrañaga reported the receipt of his license, and reiterated his promise to proceed at once to printing. A new hindrance then arose from the fact that the press he had selected was fully occupied with other urgent work; thus he was obliged, in order to expedite matters, to transfer the task to another. His new printer, however, could not promise the completion of the first volume before the latter part of June. The translator gave due notice of this fact, so that his subscribers, in view of the embarrassments that had beset him since the inception of his great plan, might excuse this additional delay. He repeated the promise that no such delay should occur in printing the remaining volumes.

In July, 1787, some thirteen months after the first advertisement of the plan, came the announcement of the distribution of volume one. The translator still offered an opportunity for further subscriptions, as additional lists would be printed in the remaining volumes; but none of those later published would be disposed of to other than regular subscribers, so as not to break sets. By the latter part of October we learn that volume two is being bound, and that the whole work is in a fair way to speedy completion. Here, with this assurance of final success, the "Gazette" parts company with Señor Larrañaga and his noteworthy translation, thus hardly brought to light.

Before the Anglo-American reader hastens to utter his judgment concerning this ambitious literary attempt, let him note that this was some four years before Mrs. Mercy Warren advertised, in Boston, the publication by subscription of an octavo volume of her poems; and that it anticipated the period among our early authors of local histories and ambitious epics. While literary aspirations here received scanty recognition from a generation entering upon its pioneer task of subduing a continent, in the far-off capital of New Spain, a sympathetic and determined translator of the classics was able to secure an appreciative circle of patrons.

EARLY ENGLISH VOYAGES

To the Pacific Coast of America.

(From their own, and contemporary English, accounts.)

XI.—WOODES ROGERS, 1708.—CONCLUDED.

AS I have not filled this Work with a Variety of Descriptions, so, before I quit *America*, it may not be amiss to give the Reader some Account of *California*; the rather because most of what I relate I was an Eye-witness of, and therefore it deserves the greater Credit. I heard from the *Spaniards*, that some of their Nation had sailed as far betwixt *California* and the Main as 42° North Latitude, where, meeting with shole Water, and abundance of Islands, they durst not venture any farther; so that, if this be true, in all Probability, it joins to the Continent a little farther to the Northward: For shole Water and Islands are a general Sign of being near some Main-land. But the *Spaniards*, having more Territories in this Part of the World, than they know how to manage, are not curious after further Discoveries. The *Manilla* Ships, bound to *Acapulco*, often make this Coast in the Latitude 40° North, and I never heard of any, that discovered it farther to the Northward. Some old Draughts make it join to the land of *Jesso*; but all this being yet undetermined, I shall not take upon me to affirm, whether it is an island, or joins to the Continent. The Dutch say, they formerly took a *Spanish* Vessel in those Seas, which had sailed round *California*, and found it to be an Island; but this Account cannot be depended on, and I chuse to believe it joins to the Continent. There is no certain Account of its Shape or Bigness; and, having seen so little of it, I shall refer the Reader to our common Draughts for its Situation. What I can say of it from my own Knowledge is, that the Land where we were is, for the most part, mountainous, barren, and sandy, and had nothing but a few Shrubs and Bushes, which produced Fruit and Berries of several sorts. Our Men, who went in our Bark to view the Country about fifteen Leagues to the Northward, say, it was there covered with tall trees. The *Spaniards* tell us of several good Harbours in this Country; but we found none of them near this Cape. We frequently saw Smoke in several Places; which made us believe the Inhabitants were pretty numerous. The Bay, where we rode, had but very indifferent Anchoring-ground in deep Water, and is the worst Recruiting-place we met with since we came out. The Wind, at this Time of the Year generally blowing over Land, makes it good Riding on the Starboard Side of the Bay, where you anchor on a Bank, that has from ten to twenty-five Fathom Water: But the rest of the Bay is very deep; and, near the Rocks, on the Larboard side, going in there is no Ground. During the Time of our Stay, the Air was serene, pleasant, and healthful; and we had no strong Gales of Wind, very little Rain, but great Dews fell by Night, when it was very cold. The Natives we saw here were about 300. They had large Limbs, very straight, tall, and of a much blacker Complexion, than any other People, that I had seen in the South Seas; their Hair long, black, and straight, which hung down to their Thighs: The Men stark-naked; and the Women had a Covering of Leaves over their Privities, or little Clouts made of Silk-grass, or the Skins of Birds and Beasts. All of them, that we saw, were old, and miserably wrinkled. We suppose they were afraid to let any of their young ones come near us; but needed not: For, besides the good Order kept among our Men in that respect, if we may judge by what we saw, they could not be very tempting. The Language of the Natives was as

unpleasant to us, as their Aspect ; for it was very harsh and broad, and they pronounced it so much in their Throat, as if their Words had been ready to choak them. I designed to have brought two of them away with me, in order to have had some Account of the Country, when they had learnt so much of our Language, as to enable them to give it ; but, being short of Provisions, I durst not venture it. Some of them wore Pearls about their Arms and Necks, having first notched it round, and fastened it with a String of Silk Grass ; for, I suppose, they knew not how to bore them. The Pearls were mixed with little red Berries, Sticks, and Bits of Shells, which they looked upon to be so fine an Ornament, that, tho' we had Glass-beads of several Colours, and other Toys, they would accept none of them. They coveted nothing we had, but Knives, and other cutting Instruments ; and were so honest, that they did not meddle with our Coopers or Carpenters Tools ; so that, whatever was left ashore at Night, we found it in the morning. We saw nothing like European Furniture or Utensils about them. Their Huts were very low, and made of Branches of Trees and Reeds ; but not sufficiently covered to keep out Rain. They had nothing like Gardens or Provisions about them. They subsisted chiefly on Fish while we were here, which, with the Miserableness of their Huts, that seemed only to be made for a time, made us conclude, they had no fixed Habitation here, whatever they might have elsewhere ; and that this was their fishing Season. We saw no Nets or Hooks, but wooden Instruments, with which they strike the Fish very dexterously, and dive to Admiration. Some of our Sailors told me, they saw one of them dive with his Instrument, and, whilst he was under Water, put up his Striker, with a Fish on the Point of it, which was taken off by another, that watched by him in a Bark-log. The Reader may believe of this what he pleases ; but I give it the more Credit, because I myself threw some rusty Knives overboard, on purpose to try the Divers, who seldom missed catching a Knife before it could sink above three or four Fathom ; which I took to be an extraordinary Proof of their Agility. Instead of Bread, they used a little black Seed, which they ground with Stones, and eat by Handfuls. Some of our men thickened their Broth with it, and said, it tasted somewhat like Coffee. They have some Roots, that eat like Yams ; a sort of Seeds, that grow in Cods, and taste like green Pease ; a Berry, which resembles those of Ivy, and, being dried at the Fire, eats like parched Pease. They have another, like a large Currant, with a white tartish Pulp, a stone, and a Kernel. This sort of Fruit they seem to value much. They have also a Fruit, which grows on a Prickle-pear-tree, tastes like Gooseberries, and makes a good Sauce. They have many other Seeds and Plants unknown to us ; but I was not in a condition to view and describe them. They seem to have an hunting Season, by the Skins of Deer we saw among them. They paid much Respect to one Man, whose Head was adorned with Feathers, made up in the Form of a Cap. In other Respects, they seemed to have all things in common ; for, when they exchanged Fish with us for old Knives, of which we had plenty, they gave the Knives to any that stood next ; and, after they had enough, we could get no Fish from them. They appeared to be very idle, and seemed only to look after a present Subsistence. They observed our Men very attentively, while they cut Wood, and filled Water ; but did not lend us an Hand at either, or indeed in anything that required hard Labour. Their Arms are Bows and Arrows, with which they can shoot Birds flying. Their Bows are about seven Feet long, and of a tough Wood, unknown to us, with strings of Silk-grass ; their Arrows about four Feet and a half, made of Cane, and pointed

with Fish-bones, that they shape for the Purpose. Most of their Knives, and other cutting Instruments, are made of Sharks Teeth. I saw two or three large Pearls in their Necklaces and Bracelets; and the *Spaniards* told me, they had Quantities of them from the inner Part of the Gulph of *California*, where they have Missionaries planted among them. Our Men told me, they saw heavy shining Stones ashore, which looked as if they came from some Mine; but they did not inform me of this, till we were at Sea; otherwise I would have brought some of them, to have tried what Metal could have been extracted out of them. The *Spaniards* likewise informed me, that the Country in general within, on the Main-land of *Mexico*, is pleasant, and abounds with Cattle and Provisions of all sorts. The Natives grew very familiar with us, and came frequently aboard, to view our Ships; which they mightily admired. We saw no Boats or Canoes among them, or any Craft, but Bark-logs, which they steered with Paddles at each end. We gave one of the Natives a Shirt; but he soon tore it to Pieces, and gave it to the rest of his Company, to put the Seeds in, which they used for Bread. We saw no Utensils for Cookery amongst them; nor do I suppose they have any, for they bury their Fish in an Heap of Sand, and make a Fire over it, till they think it fit for eating. There were in this Bay all the Fish usual in these Seas. The fresh Water here is good; and they have abundance of Samphire. They make a Fire in the Middle of their Huts, which are very low and smoky. We saw no extraordinary Birds here. I was told by our People, that had been ashore, that they obtain Fire, by rubbing two dry Sticks one against the other, as customary amongst the wild *Indians*. The Entrance into the Harbour may be known by four high Rocks, which look like the Needles of the Isle of Wight, as you come from the Westward; the two Westermost in form of Sugar-loaves; the innermost has an Arch, like a Bridge, through which the Sea makes its Way. Here you ride landlockt from East by North back to the Southeast by East: Yet it is but an ordinary Road, if the Wind should come strong out of the Sea; which it never did while we lay there. I think it may not be amiss to add to these Facts, which cannot be disputed, some Conjectures, that carry in them great Probability, and, if ever they should be demonstrated to be Certainties, would be attended with very important, and to us, that inhabit this Northern Part of the World, advantageous Consequences. There have been many Opinions started about the Peopling of *America*; but that which, to me, appears the most probable, is, that its Inhabitants came hither from *Tartary*, by that Northern Continent, which is supposed to join this Country to some part of *Asia*; I say, to me this appears the most probable, and my Reason for it is this; because the *Spaniards*, who come hither annually from *Manilla* or *Luconia*, one of the *Philippine Islands* in the *East Indies*, are forced to keep in an high Latitude, for the Benefit of the Westerly Winds; and have often sounded, finding Ground in Latitude 42° North, in several Places of the Ocean betwixt the *East Indies* and *America*, which makes me conclude there must be more Land, tho' none of them, as I ever heard of, ever saw any Continent, till they fell in with *California* in about 38° or 39° North Latitude. I have often admired, that no considerable Discoveries have yet been made in South Latitude from *America* to the *East Indies*. I never heard the South Ocean has been run over by above three or four Navigators, who varied very little in their Runs from their Course, and, by consequence, could not discover much. I give this Hint, to encourage our *South Sea Company*, or others, to go upon some Discovery that Way, where, for aught we know, they may find a better Country than any yet discovered,

there being a vast Surface of the Sea from the Equinox to the South Pole, of at least 2000 Leagues in Longitude, that has hitherto been little regarded, tho' it be Agreeable to Reason, that there must be a Body of Land about the South Pole, to counterpoise those vast Countries about the North Pole. This I suppose to be the Reason, why our ancient Geographers mentioned a *Terra Australis incognita*, tho' very little of it has been seen by any-body. The Land near the South Pole in the South Sea, from *California* to *Japan*, is wholly unknown, altho' the old Maps describe the Streights of *Anian*, and a large Continent, which is but imaginery; for the *Dutch* themselves, who now trade in *Japan*, say, they do not yet know, whether it be an Island, or joins to the Continent. I have now done with *California*, of which the *Spaniards* would know very little, but for these annual Vessels, that sail from *Manilla* to *Acapulco*. As I have mentioned these Ships, I shall take Occasion to observe, that, generally speaking, those that come from *Manilla*, are much richer than our Prize; for she waited a long time for the *Chinese* Junks to bring Silk; which not arriving, she came away with a Cargo mixed with abundance of coarse Goods. Several of the prisoners assured me, that it was a common thing for a *Manilla* Ship to be worth 10,000,000 Pieces of Eight; so that, had it not been for this Accident, we had taken an extraordinary Prize indeed. After my Return into *Europe*, I met, in *Holland*, with a Sailor, who had been on board the large Ship, when we engaged her; and he let us into the Secret, that there was no taking her; for the Gunner kept constantly in the Powder-room, declaring, that he had taken the Sacrament to blow the Ship up, if we boarded her; which made the Men, as may be supposed, exceedingly resolute in her Defence. I was the more ready to credit what this Man told me, because he gave as regular and circumstantial an Account of the Engagement, as I could have done from my Journal.

END OF WOODS ROGERS.

TWO SONGS.

By NORA MAY FRENCH.

YOU love the chant of green,
 The low-voiced trees, the meadow's monotone.
 Oh! friend of mine, it is for these you pray,
 This alien land must call unheard, unseen,
 While one beloved note your heart has known,
 To hunger for it, half a world away.

Come with me to my height,
 And stand at sunset when the winds are still,
 Watching the hollow valleys brim with light,
 The red and brown and yellow hills—they shout
 And on the shoulders of the marching host
 The bayonets are gleaming points of white.

Pressing beyond to deep and gradual blues,
 Their lessening voices die in distance pale;
 Ineffably dissolved in opal hues,
 Against the sky the last sweet echoes fail
 While all the West is quivering, fold on fold
 To one great voice—one vibrant peal of gold.



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A LAVISHLY illustrated pamphlet showing the work already done by the Club will be sent free on application. The Club is seriously in need of funds to continue its work.

THE COOK BOOK.

So grave and serious a review as *The Dial*, of Chicago, says (Oct. 1, 1903): "In this age of domestic-science culture, no worthy cook-book needs an excuse for being, and 'The Landmarks Club Cook Book,' which comes to us from Los Angeles, Cal., would need none in any age. For although it does not claim to be scientific, it is closely allied to science, being the first of its class, as far as we know, based upon or definitely recognizing a regional adaptation of foods. * * * This book radiates attractiveness, from the significant string of peppers on its cover, through its pages of half-tone pictures of the California missions in whose interest it is published, to the body of the volume. With signed recipes from everywhere, its specialty is Spanish-American cookery, and its masterpieces are famous dishes of Old California, Mexico and Peru. The fact that Mr. Charles F. Lummis contributes an introductory article on Spanish-American cookery vouches for its accuracy as well as for its charm. He also gives recipes for many historic dishes of those southern lands which have held a large portion of his life and of his

heart, and his section of this book is the only place known to us where one can get English cooking directions for real Spanish dishes. Every American has reason to thank the Landmarks Club for its efforts to preserve the most interesting of the historic remains of Southern California. It has worked under expert supervision, and the reports of what it has accomplished with little money are most interesting. The compilation of this book has been a labor of love on the part of the club, and the proceeds of its sale will go to the further work of restoration of the now fast decaying yet still beautiful mission buildings."

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Already acknowledged, \$6,398.

New Contributions—The Catholic Church, by rent of rooms at Pala Mission, \$408; the same, by rent of the Monastery at San Fernando Mission, \$72; Frank A. Salmons, services in repairing Pala Mission, \$50.

\$1 each—A. S. Anondson, Borate, Cal.; Alice J. Stevens, Los Angeles (services).

"ROSE OF SEVILLE."

By HENRY WALKER NOYES.


I DREAMED last night of Spain, Love,
 Where storied castles are.
 A Troubadour again, Love,
 I touched a light guitar.
 Within the walls of old Seville,
 Beneath thy moonlit lattice grille
 I sang to thee, when all was still,
 A lay of love and war.

You lingered by the grille, dear,
 A picture in the bars;
 The Rose of old Seville, dear,
 I vowed by all the stars.
 And when a gage I asked of you,
 To me a scented glove you threw,
 And bade me up to dare and do
 With lance and shield of Mars.

* * * * *

You danced with me tonight, Love,
 A stately old Quadrille.
 Your eyes were softly bright, Love,
 —My sweet Rose of Seville—
 You held two dainty hands to me,
 The one was masked—the other free—
 The truant glove I had from thee
 Last night in old Seville.

You blushed at me askance, dear,
 —The music wove a spell—
 And thus in Cupid's trance, dear,
 A prophecy befell:
 Last night—you said—in dream's domain
 A Troubadour of olden Spain
 Beneath thy lattice sang a strain,
 And won a heart as well.



The **SEQUOYA LEAGUE**
(INCORPORATED)
TO MAKE BETTER INDIANS

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for-whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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THE selection of Chas. J. Bonaparte to assist the Secretary of the Interior in ferreting out the rascals who have been preying on the Indians of Indian Territory and Oklahoma is one of the best that could have been made. There seems to be no doubt that members of the Dawes Commission and other government officials, paid to protect the Indians, have indecently combined to "skin" them—and have done it by wholesale. Mr. Bonaparte is the sort of man to get to the bottom of this peculiarly contemptible business, and to bring the offenders to book without fear or favor.

*
* *

Before the 700 Mission Indians for whose relief provision was made last year, through the efforts of the League, have to face another season, it is to be hoped the government will apply that relief. At least as many more are destitute—and the shameful condition of affairs has been known for years—but for these 700 the money is on hand in the Department, and the method of using it officially recommended. The matter was more fully stated in these pages last month. It is time to agitate it now, and to a finish.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THE GROWTH OF LOS ANGELES.

IT may interest the visiting Bankers to know that according to the last U. S. Census Los Angeles presents a phenomenon such as the most progressive of them are not familiar with in the placid East. A long array of official figures covering the astounding growth and wealth of California was contained in the series "The Right Hand of the Continent," printed in this magazine throughout the year ending last June. But the following tables, since compiled, may serve as a hint of what the longer story has to tell. The figures, of course, are for 1900; since which time the growth has been even greater.

Out of the 159 cities in the Union now having populations of 25,000 or over, only 31 have shown in the decade from 1890 to 1900 *one-half* the percentage of gain that Los Angeles has made. These are :

City	Pop. 1900	Inc. over 1890.	Per cent Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	1,698,575	598,725	54.4
Indianapolis, Ind.	169,164	63,728	60.4
Toledo, O.	131,822	50,388	61.8
St. Joseph, Mo.	102,979	50,655	96.8
Memphis, Tenn.	102,320	37,825	58.6
Portland, Or.	90,426	44,041	94.9
Seattle, Wash.	80,671	37,834	88.3
New Bedford, Mass.	62,442	21,709	53.2
Somerville, Mass.	61,643	21,491	53.5
Duluth, Minn.	52,969	19,584	59.9
Waterbury, Conn.	45,859	17,213	60.0
Houston, Tex.	44,633	17,076	61.9
Akron, O.	42,728	15,127	54.8
Spokane, Wash.	36,848	16,926	84.9
South Bend, Ind.	35,999	14,180	64.9
Johnstown, Pa.	35,936	14,131	64.8
McKeesport, Pa.	34,227	13,486	65.0
Chester, Pa.	33,988	13,762	68.0
York, Pa.	33,708	12,915	62.1
Bayonne, N. J.	32,722	13,689	71.9
Schenectady, N. Y.	31,682	11,780	59.1
Superior, Wis.	31,091	19,108	159.4
Butte, Mont.	30,470	19,747	184.1
E. St. Louis, Ill.	29,655	14,486	95.4
Jacksonville, Fla.	28,429	11,228	65.2
Newcastle, Pa.	28,339	16,739	144.3
Atlantic City, N. J.	27,838	14,783	113.2
Passaic, N. J.	27,777	14,749	113.2
So. Omaha, Neb.	26,001	17,939	222.5
New Britain, Conn.	25,998	9,479	57.3
Easton, Pa.	25,238	10,757	74.2
Los Angeles	102,479	52,084	103.3

Aside from the comparison of percentages, it will be observed that only two of these 31 cities have gained *as many people* in the decade as Los Angeles has.

From 1880 to 1890, Los Angeles gained 350.6% in population. In percentage of increase for that decade she was surpassed by Omaha, 360.2% ; Seattle, 1112.4% ; Duluth, 3851.6% ; Kansas City, 1,007.3% ; Birmingham, 748.2% ; Tacoma, 3,179.2% ; Spokane, 5,502.0% ; Sioux City, 413.2% ; Pueblo, 663.3%. All these are now left far behind her in the percentage of increase during the decade from 1890 to 1900. From 1880 to 1890, Los Angeles was surpassed in actual numerical increase by 24 cities of the Union. In the decade from 1890 to 1900 only 13 cities in the country exceeded Los Angeles in number of population gained ; no city which had as many as 14,000 population in 1890 has had as great a per cent. of increase in the decade since. Out of the 159 cities in the Union which now have 25,000 population or over, only six of the smallest have made a larger gain per cent. These are :

Place	Pop. 1900	Gain over 1890	per cent increase
Superior, Wis.....	31,091	19,108	159.4
Butte, Mont.....	30,470	19,747	184.1
Newcastle, Pa.....	28,339	16,739	144.3
Atlantic City, N. J.....	27,838	14,783	113.2
Passaic, N. J.....	27,777	14,749	113.2
South Omaha, Neb.....	26,001	17,939	222.5
Totals.....	171,516	103,065	

Los Angeles, the 36th city in the Union by rank in population, has gained more people in the decade from 1890 to 1900 than any of the 123 smaller cities ; and more than any of the following 22 larger cities. The number preceding the name of each city is its rank in the Union by population, 1900.

City	Pop. 1900	Increase since 1890
9 San Francisco, Cal.....	342,782	43,785
10 Cincinnati, O.....	325,902	28,994
12 New Orleans, La.....	287,104	45,065
15 Washington, D. C.....	278,718	48,326
17 Jersey City, N. J.....	206,433	43,430
18 Louisville, Ky.....	204,731	43,602
19 Minneapolis, Minn.....	202,718	37,980
20 Providence, R. I.....	175,597	43,451
22 Kansas City, Mo.....	163,752	31,036
23 St. Paul, Minn.....	163,065	29,909
24 Rochester, N. Y.....	162,608	28,712
25 Denver, Col.....	133,859	27,146
26 Toledo, O.....	131,822	50,388
27 Allegheny, Pa.....	129,896	24,609
28 Columbus, O.....	125,560	37,410
29 Worcester, Mass.....	118,421	33,766
30 Syracuse, N. Y.....	108,374	20,231
31 New Haven, Conn.....	108,027	26,729
32 Paterson, N. J.....	105,171	26,824
33 Fall River, Mass.....	104,863	30,465
34 St. Joseph, Mo.....	102,979	50,655
35 Omaha, Neb.....	102,555	dec. 37,897
36 Los Angeles.....	102,479	52,084



KICKING around the Lion's floors, amid old Indian mortars, stone axes and the like, is a \$14,000 bar of gold bullion.

At least, that is what four of the Smartest Business Men in a well-known city paid for it, to the Lion's knowledge—for he was younger then, and had not repented him of newspapers, and was a legitimate heir to some of the "finds" of Justice.

He knew these Respectable Citizens whose hard-bought bullion now serves him as a door-stop. One or two were church-members; one was a banker; all were commonly reputed "about as Smart as they make." Not one of them looked to get \$20,000 in coin across the counter in business hours for \$10,000. Not one of them was ever suspected, so far as the Lion knows, of embezzlement, wife-beating, perjury or arson.

But when a polite Mexican confided to them, in broken English—first to one, and then to the three the one invited in—that the stage carrying the monthly clean-up from the Candelaria mines, in Mexico, had been held up, and the driver killed; and the bullion, a gold bar worth \$18,000, taken; and that the superintendent of the mine had disappeared; and that a friend of his (the speaker's) would like to sell the \$18,000 bar for \$15,000—why, they neither called for the police nor kicked the courteous Mexican out of the back office. Here was a chance to "Make" \$1,000 each, for nothing. They seemed to have difficulty in keeping their lips moist, during the conference. An appointment was made for that night—at the Mexican's second-story-back room of a two-bit lodging-house near the railroad.

At this second meeting the "friend" appeared—a gray-eyed, duck-coated American—a civil engineer, it leaked out. With fit reticence as to his general biography, he allowed it to be understood that he had been superintendent of the Candelaria. Doubtless they had noticed in the papers the bad luck the mine had had. (They hadn't—but every reasonable man understands that it is his own fault if he *didn't* "see it in the paper," whatever it was.) Well, to make a long story short, he happened to have the disposal of a 60-pound gold brick. It was pretty clean stuff, worth \$18 a Troy ounce, easy. They could readily figure up (as, indeed, he did for them on paper) what this

would make. For reasons of his own he wished to sell without undue publicity; and would let it go for \$15,000. His wife was dying in Boston; and whatever he had done, he wanted to get her and the children to a country where she could die easy and he could start new.

The Respectable Citizens consulted in a corner. "He'll take less," said one. "Let's offer \$10,000."

But the ex-superintendent smiled—and then turned grave. "I'm not a Tenderfoot," he said. "But about my wife, that's no lie. She's a good woman, and she believes in me—and I need every bit of it."

He was a bronzed, aquiline fellow, and not talkative; but there was water in his eyes—and fire, too.

The Respectable Citizens sought the corner again, again mouth-to-ear. "Might stand for a thousand under, but that's about the limit," was the conclusion; and the offer of \$14,000 was made.

"Dash me if he didn't make me feel like a robber!" said the only one of the party that ever confided the story to the Lion. "He straightened up and said: 'Gentlemen, you've got me in the door. I can't sell at public auction, and while I'm hunting a quiet deal She might die. It's yours, and I hope it'll do you a lot o' good. I'll have the brick here tomorrow night.'"

"Tomorrow night" four Respectable Citizens, with coat-collars turned up, dribbled into the same room by various dark streets. Upon the rickety table were a candle, the Gold Bar, a brace and drill. The ex-superintendent was alone. "Juan's watching," he said. "I got him out o' prison once, and he's stuck by me ever since."

"I told you I'd satisfy you," he went on. "I want good money, and don't want a cent till you are easy in your minds what you are getting. Sample it anywhere you want to."

Wherever tremulous fingers indicated, the drill squeaked. The wiry yellow shavings, the ex-superintendent swept carefully upon a sheet of white paper. When there were no more suggestions, he folded the paper carefully, shaking down the "shavings," and handed it to the banker.

"Gold, all right. Oh, about \$18 an ounce," was the verdict of the best jeweler in town, who tested the "shavings" next morning. And the four Respectable Citizens could hardly wait for night.

The same room, the same shabby table, the same guttering candle, the same gold bar—unmistakably marked by the drill-holes. The money was counted upon the table; and the ex-superintendent swept it into an ore-sack. "Thank you," he

said, earnestly. "Better take my old grip to carry the brick"—and he handed up a battered valise.

But before anyone could sack the brick—which is the heaviest thing of its size any ordinary man ever handled—the Mexican burst into the room whispering shrilly, "Police half-way up stairs!" The ex-superintendent sprang for the open window, which "gave upon" a shed roof. Alas that it must be said—the four Respectable Citizens emerged the same way. They did not care to meet the police just then.

It is not proved that the Mexican dropped to the floor till the scared purchasers were safely gone; and five minutes later marched placidly down stairs with a battered but very heavy valise, and off to an appointed room in another rookery, where the Good Money was already resting. But it takes no special mind-reader to guess so. For it is a fact that in the same town in the same fortnight the same sharpers came within an ace of selling the same Gold Bar to other Pillars of Society for \$11,000. This time, however, a reporter "caught on"—and then the police. And the gentlemen from Candelaria barely escaped, leaving their ponderous nest-egg behind.

This—which is no fable at all—*docet* that a thief is born every other minute. The alternate births of the proverb are daffy but honest. The whole spirit of Something-for-Nothing is not only idiotic—it is petty-larceny. And the Stork seems to befriend the Get-Rich-Quick shark, the bunco-steerer, the stock-gambler, the buried treasure faker. He leaves a new basket on their doorstep every night.

One of the oldest, baldest, silliest, most typical and most gratuitous forms of this disease is Cocos Island. An Associated Press dispatch of so late as October 9th notes the latest record of this insanity—the arrival of the British ship "Lytton" in San Francisco, from her expedition to Cocos Island "in search of £6,000,000, asserted to have been buried in a cave by Peruvian parties during the time that Peru was struggling for her independence. The expedition was in command of Rear-Admiral Palliser, retired, of the British Navy, and contained a number of prominent people. When the Lytton reached Cocos Island, it was found that a great landslide had passed over the spot where the treasure cave was supposed to be. The expedition did not have the necessary equipment to remove the great mass of earth, and came away without the coveted treasure."

There is a Cocos Island. It hasn't any treasure, and never did have. The British Rear Admiral should put on his full uniform and a shovel, and prospect for the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. The nursery mind must be indulged. But it really is a shame that year after year good money for Cocos ex-

peditions should be paid into Alien pockets, with which its owners would otherwise support industrious American three-card-monte men, green-goods dealers and mediums.

With the Newspaper and prepared wheat sawdust, all for breakfast, it is no wonder we are the Sunny Jim of Nations. We don't care what we swallow, so long as our Picture is on the Outer Wall.

OUR
BREAKFAST
FOODS.

Whether it is in having the Turks kill off more Bulgarians than ever lived, or in the offhand confutation of Darwin by a ten-dollar reporter, or in muddling of the history and geography of Europe, Asia and our own land—our daily Breakfast Food in type is much after the sort of Hodge's razor. The gentleman from the country bought a razor for a shilling from a street philanthropist; but was back next day in a rage. "Here, I can't shave with this!"

"Of course you can't. It wasn't made to shave with," replied the faker calmly.

"Not made to shave with? What *was* it made for?"

"To sell, gentle sir."

A straw from the trade wind of our Daily Educators is such a paragraph as this—which is just now going the rounds of the press of the United States:

"Out of the thirteen and a half millions of people in Mexico, less than two millions can read, though the first printing press in the world was set up in Mexico."

The first printing press in Mexico was set up by Zumarraga in 1536—which did indeed antedate any in the United States by about a century. Of course the grave reportorial mind—which gravely discusses whether colleges, books, orators, or preachers can last much longer, since the newspaper has already made them all needless and trivial—can hardly be expected to have heard of printing presses back in the 1400's, or of Guttenberg, or of any of those obscure things. It is true that no book is nowadays so well printed anywhere in the world as books were printed in Germany 450 years ago—but those were only books, and so not worth counting.

As for Mexico, there is a public school in every hamlet; besides the hundreds of academies, training schools, technical schools and colleges. And it is not out of place to add the well-known fact that there are, in proportion, ten times as many people born in Mexico who speak two languages as there are in the United States. Of course vast numbers of our foreign-born citizens learn our language here; but it is as uncommon with us as it is common in Mexico that native-born professional and public men—and in fact every one claiming to be educated—shall learn to use fluently at least one foreign language. Nor have we any such provision in our public schools as that by which Mexico makes it compulsory even for her children to learn a foreign tongue.

The Rooster is a cheerful bird ; but the rooster that crows at midnight because he thought a firefly was sunrise, gets hoarse to no better purpose than making himself unpopular in the neighborhood.

HENS' EGGS
AND

0000. Many years ago there was current a classic poem to this effect :

“ Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen, ‘ you’re a beautiful creature,’
The hen upon that
Laid two eggs in his hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.”

Which was a grateful hen, in excess of some of her successors.

In the same pulpit that Beecher once Filled, now flutters the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis ; a dear young man, of acute culture and an emotion at every pore. Doubtless he tries not to sound like a Peewee where Beecher was once Boanerges. But he is as God made him.

In a sermon preached under that Tall Shadow not so long ago, Dr. Hillis remarked :

“ Religion and refinement have never yet overtaken the barbarians of California. No State has so little regard for the refining influence of American institutions.”

Mebbe so. As elsewhere in this world, much depends on definition. Are churches, for instance, “ Refining Influences ? ” We have in Los Angeles ten times as many, per capita of population, as New York City. If such a procession of churches *hasn't* overtaken us, it must be their fault—for we haven't been running.

Now, very likely if Dr. Hillis came out here, he would not be converted—and it is rather certain that we would not try to convert him. He doubtless would go home without perceiving that the Almighty is still smarter than his progeny—including His Brooklyn Supplement. But on the other hand, it could not hurt Dr. Hillis to try. It might make him no bigger, but it could not make him any smaller. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, quite as famous a New York divine (and, aside from fame, vastly Better Baked), has recently escaped with his life from among us—and not with life only, but with more Power to his Elbow. Some thousands of other Presbyterians similarly dwelt in our Tents of Wickedness during the Assembly season; and found it rather nice than naughty. There are some hundreds of thousands of other Easterners who have anchored in California during the years since Dr. Hillis first gave the rhetorical clocks palpitation of the pendulum, partly because they liked to escape *some* “ refining influences.”

If we lack Religion and Refinement—on which New York is Long—does Dr. Hillis know any more stringent obligation than to come over and give us them from Headquarters ? Or to Try to ?

The number of volumes in the Los Angeles Public Library was given in these pages last month as 80,000. This was true once ; but at present there are 95,000 volumes, and the library is growing fast in quality as well as in bulk.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Not often does the Century Dictionary lag so far behind modern usage as in its definition of the noun *financier*. Once the word doubtless named "one who regulates or manages the public revenues" or "one who understands money matters." Today its more familiar and specific application—as Dr. Johnson would have clearly seen and bluntly said, had he been spared to these times of *haute finance*—may be set forth about as follows :

1. One who borrows great sums on small security. The larger the loan, the longer the time and the more shadowy the security, the more accomplished the financier. The payment of the loans is outside the financier's function, except as it can be done from the proceeds of larger ones. (See *Re-organization, Receiver, Bankruptcy.*)
2. One who adds his credit to other people's cash (see *Lambs*) to buy milk, on the understanding that he is to have the cream for his share.
3. One who buys a business balloon for a million and sells its contents for five, retaining the bag and basket. If the size of the transaction is multiplied by ten, he is sometimes called *Prince of Finance*. (See also *Promoter, and Confidence-Game.*)

Probably few will challenge the sober meaning underlying these jesting remarks as applied to the breed which has waxed so great upon "Ship-building," "Lake Superior Copper," "U. S. Steel," and the like. If any one counts them irrelevant or irreverent, as called out by Dr. Oberholzer's stately and enthusiastic biography of *Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier*, let him consider the unglossed facts as there set out. Certainly no small part of the service which Morris was able to render his struggling country as Superintendent of Finance lay in the facility with which he drew, and discounted, great drafts on Europe, leaving to others the task of pleading for funds to prevent their dishonor; and the cheerful blandness with which he could explain to the French Minister, requiring to know why he had overdrawn his account in France to the tune of three and a half million livres, that he had "miscalculated the amount in hand." True enough, desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and national necessity may be pleaded in apology for operations which would be simply dishonest under ordinary circumstances. But this plea fails entirely to cover Morris's later private operations. If an enemy, instead of an avowed friend and admirer, were writing the tale, he could hardly insert more damaging fictions than the facts as to the building of "his great marble palace . . . the most magnificent house in America," and its furnishing on a scale to be guessed from the report of a single shipment of five thousand guineas worth of mirrors, while he was standing under the very shadow of the bankrupt prison. Nor was the bankruptcy, which would be counted "respectable" even now, less than colossal then—debts of more than three million dollars, with assets of perhaps a shilling to the pound.

Morris was a giant, in very truth—a giant in courage, in hope, in resource and, most of all, in ability to inspire confidence. As a land-speculator he put to the blush all but the largest of the "operators" of this generation. And even they might take off their hats to the man who sold more than a million acres in the Genesee country of New York, warranting it as

containing a million acres "to save a survey," and later finding that the limits named in the deed included no less than 1,296,000 acres; who sold to the Holland Land Company more than three million acres in Western New York (in the title of which "some defect" was later discovered), retaining a trifle of half a million acres in the same tract for himself; and who, in his last desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes, organized the North American Land Company, putting into it the title to more than six million acres, scattered through six States.

In the preparation of this biography, Dr. Oberholzer has had access to sources not hitherto available. He has done his work conscientiously and well, and the resultant volume is both interesting and valuable. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3 net.

AFTER THE
FASHION
OF HANDEL.

Lacking the explanation which James Lane Allen puts into the mouth of Judge Ravenel Morris—who may probably be named as the one of all his characters whom he has most loved—near the end of his *Mettle of the Pasture*, the title might remain mystifying even to the very elect. For to most readers the idea carried is that of lusty and exuberant vigor—of a colt in the blue-grass, snorting and kicking for sheer delight of living. And of this there is almost nothing in the novel. The phrase is taken from King Henry's speech to the soldiers before the walls of Harfleur, as reported by one William Shakespeare:

. . . And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture. . .

Judge Morris philosophizes, to an intimate, upon this earth as but a grass-grown planet, and man as "the pasturing animal." Then using *mettle* to mean no more than dominant trait, he asks:

What is the mettle of the American? He has had new ideas; but has he developed a new virtue or carried any old virtue forward to characteristic development? . . . We are not braver than other brave people, we are not more polite, we are not more honest or more truthful or more sincere or kind. I wish to God that some virtue, say the virtue of truthfulness, could be known throughout the world as the unfailing mark of the American—the mettle of his pasture. Not to lie in business, not to lie in love, not to lie in religion—to be honest with one's fellow-men, with women, with God—suppose the rest of mankind would agree that this virtue constituted the characteristic of the American! That would be fame for ages.

The heart of the story lies in the study of one case of such utter truthfulness as Judge Morris desired. In the opening chapter, a young Kentuckian of the finest breed tells to the one woman of the world for him, the unflinching truth about the only episode in his past life which could possibly separate them. He does this on the very day of her first confession that she returns his love, does it for no reason but his belief that she has a right to know the worst about him—and strikes the radiance from her face and the joy from both their hearts on the instant. The double themes are set in these opening bars—major, minor, and the intervening shock of discord—and the rest is but their development. Mr. Allen has written symphonies before; this is a fugue. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A GIFT
OF QUALITY
UNSTRAIN'D.

Masked by its somewhat clumsy and unattractive title, Dr. S. S. Curry's *Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible* (or *Literary and Vocal*—the title-page and the cover do not agree) shines with enthusiastic conviction. Dr. Curry holds that the reading of the Scripture Lesson, since it is the delivery of God's message to man, is at least not a less important part of public worship than the sermon, which is man's message to man, or the prayer, which is man's appeal of praise and entreaty to God. (That is, this seems to have been the conception of prayer held by the Son of Mary. Too many showy pulpit orators seem to regard it as

the occasion for administering to the Almighty a blend of smoothly patronizing approval and eloquent advice as to things He has been Overlooking.) Yet to many, if not most, clergymen and congregations, the bible-reading is but a part of the Introductory Exercises, while the Sermon—and the Sermonizer—are the Really Important Things. The purpose of this book is to assist those who have been chosen (or who have chosen themselves) as Bearers of the Message, so to speak the Written Word that its vital meaning shall sound out clear and unmistakable. This, of course, requires a certain mastery of elocutionary technique, but it requires far more a thorough grasp, by both mind and heart, of what the message really is. Dr. Curry discusses the subject on all sides, with such soundness of generalization and such familiarity with practical detail as he has gained from a quarter of a century of teaching—and learning. I can very cheerfully recommend the book to any church member who finds the Christmas impulse moving toward his “pastor” to the extent of its price. It *might* prove, to both congregation and pastor, that gift whose quality Portia tried to make clear to Shylock. Doubtless some who so received the book would resent the gift as reflecting on their capacity. Doubtless also anyone so resenting will do wisely to read and reflect upon its Introduction, by Dr. Peabody, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School—particularly the sentences following :

No professor of elocution can make an effective Bible-reader out of a light-minded, consequential, self-assertive, or sentimental man. Reading is an extraordinary revelation of character; and it would surprise many a minister to be told with what precision his reading of the Bible betrayed affectation, or hardness, or indolence, or conceit.

I propose to follow my own advice in this case, by giving my copy to the clergyman whom I know best—and who does not need it so badly as do many others within my acquaintance. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Some two score essays, critical, mystical, philosophical and poetic, by W. B. Yeats, are published as *Ideas of Good and Evil*.

THE MYSTICISM
OF THE
CELT.

Here is a quotation which represents the author fairly both in substance and style, so far as this can be done by a fragment :

Man has wooed and won the world, and has fallen weary, and not, I think, for a time, but with a weariness that will not end until the last autumn, when the stars shall be blown away like withered leaves. And now he must be philosophical above everything, even about the arts, for he can only return the way he came, and so escape from weariness, by philosophy. The arts are, I believe, about to take upon their shoulders the burdens that have fallen from the shoulders of priests, and to lead us back upon our journey by filling our thoughts with the essences of things, and not with things. We are about to substitute once more the distillations of alchemy for the analyses of chemistry, and for some other sciences; and certain of us are looking everywhere for the perfect alembic that no silver or golden drop may escape.

Since the days of Ecclesiastes at least, there have not been wanting those to sound the note of world-weariness as the “modern” and final one; symbolists who hold that truth can be properly communicated only in very little bits, wrapped in a great deal of fiction; and “precious” spirits, who find emotion, moods, revelation, of more value and importance than critical scientific knowledge. Some of the truth is with them, undoubtedly, but not all; nor is intolerance of another habit of thought and vision either more tolerable or less frequent among those who would spin their facts from their fancies than among those who prefer to build their fancies upon their facts. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The same author has written, as Volume I of Plays for an Irish Theater, *Where There is Nothing*. Which, in spite of its brilliancy, to this Philistine mind, seems sufficiently described by its title. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

THE LONGEST
FEBRUARY
ON RECORD.

Samuel Merwin, in *His Little World*, has drawn, with few lines but deeply-etched, a life-like and convincing picture of a lusty, full-blooded "common" man. Hunch Badeau, lumberman and schooner-captain, is a man worth knowing, and the tale of his love, self-sacrifice, disaster and final success is a holding one. If the book were biography, instead of realistic fiction, one would be justified in enquiring how the eastern shore of Lake Michigan can be reached by sailing north-west from Milwaukee. Even more interesting is an examination of certain dates, by the exact specification of which the story gains much of its realistic flavor. These can only be explained by assuming laws of literary perspective which warrant a certain foreshortening as to time. I found an hour's entertainment in preparing a sort of time-schedule—from which it appears conclusively that "Bruce's" accidental killing could not have happened earlier than the second Tuesday in February. The following Sunday is specified as being spent in Liddington; then comes at least one week in Manistee. Following that, "Hunch worked hard during the rest of the winter, so hard that he was startled one day, after two weeks up country in the logging camp, to find that March was only a week away." Most of us would be worse than startled, after putting in at least six weeks in February, to find March still a week away. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.25.

THE SECRET
OF THE
IMMORTALS.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come will be generally accepted as the very best work which John Fox has so far done—and it is a best to be proud of. It is the story of a Kentucky mountain-lad and his growth from a friendless waif to splendid manhood. I do not recall in all fiction any boy more real or more winning than Chad Buford. With his little prayer in the first chapter—"God! I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now,"—he steps into the heart of the reader, and stays there to the end. This is to be of the company of the Immortals. And who loves him must love his dog, "Jack," as well. Nor is the story one of those in which a single star holds all the interest. The stage is constantly full, and every character is well-drawn and worth the drawing. There is humor in plenty, and broad farce a little; passion in all its phases, tragedy, self-sacrifice and triumphant love. The prayer accredited to a circuit-rider may be of use, as well as interest, in California the next time a "dry season" sets some of us to praying.

O Lord! we do not presume to dictate to thee, but we need rain, an' need it mighty bad. We do not presume to dictate, but, if it pleases Thee, send us, not a gentle sizzle-sozzle, but a sod-soaker, O Lord, a gully-washer. Give us a tide, O Lord!

Through the greater part of the book the tide of the story sweeps steadily and powerfully. But the chapters devoted to the Civil War, though still strong, seem to me by no means so distinguished as those which precede. Chad's boyhood and earliest manhood are drawn with a free hand and the fullest sympathy; his military service appears to have been followed rather because it was necessary to round out the tale. But a much more labored ending might be forgiven for the vitality and power of the earlier chapters. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

"A MOUNTAIN,
A MINE, AND
A GIRL."

It is probably without precedent that a single publishing house should bring out in the same month two novels so much alike in outline, so absolutely different in essence, as that of Mr. Fox, and Frederick Palmer's *The Vagabond*. Here is a hasty summary which will fit either one of them with exactness:

A plucky lad of exceptional quality, whose early years have been spent almost without association with other children, is deprived in his early 'teens of the guardianship to which he has been accustomed. Objecting to the new one proposed, he strikes out for himself

makes friends of his own and has won notable success by the time he comes of age. The Civil War then breaking out, he enters the Union army, although the girl he has loved since childhood is an ardent Confederate. He fights to the end of the war, winning rank and distinction, and is at last forgiven and accepted by his heart's desire.

But here the resemblance ends, except that both are emphatically "good stories." The books are not even of the same family, one being a finished and artistic study of development, the other a rapid and absorbing tale of adventure. Mr. Fox takes his readers into "Chad's" mountain home, makes them free of the boy's friends and surroundings, and then lets them watch him grow, meanwhile sharing his experiences, not only of body, but of mind and heart. Mr. Palmer tells his audience, in a way to hold its interest and awaken its sympathy, about what "the Vagabond" did and why he did it.

The effect of these two books upon my younger Voluntary Assistant is worth recording, the more so since the thorns of the editorial coronet (of his school-paper) are scoring his brow this term. Chad's steps he followed with an absorption that deafened him even to the dinner-call; but to my question about *The Vagabond* he replied this evening: "I haven't read it through yet, papa. I've started it three or four times, but somehow I can't seem to get interested in it." That Chad and his dog should be fascinating was entirely to be expected; but the verdict on the other tale was an entire surprise and not easy to explain. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

It will be a most extravagant appetite for gore that remains unsated after feasting upon Francis Johnson's *Famous Assassinations of History*. The sanguivole-minded may here smack their lips over the details of more than thirty major crimes, with numerous side-dishes of the same order. Yet there is occasion for laughter even among these "bluggy" scenes. As, for example, when we read that Charles Kingsley's description of the slaughter of Hypatia "may not be accurate in every little detail;" or when Mr. Johnson thinks it necessary to explain that he does not omit Garfield from his list of Famous Assassinated "from any want of respect or sympathy for the memory of our illustrious martyr-President." One may perhaps fairly wonder, since Wilhelm Tell's dealings with Gessler are given "with historical fidelity"—and a portrait—why Cain and Abel should not be similarly honored, with historical fidelity—and portraits. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50 net; postage, 14 cents.

"WITH HISTORICAL FIDELITY" AND PORTRAITS.

Anna Robeson Brown's *The Millionaire's Son* must be ranked far up among the novels of the year; indeed, if I were asked to select three from the list for a reader of whose taste and mental habit I knew nothing, this would certainly be one of them. Its central motive is the deliberate choice, after adequate test, of his life work, the fixing of both mark and method, by a young man qualified by talent, education and position for success along either of two widely diverging paths. Stated thus baldly, the subject does not look especially promising; but the masterly handling of the intricate play of conflicting motives, the study of the complex influences of heredity and environment, the entertaining dialogue, the singularly exact and discriminating character study, and the exquisite love-story make a life-picture that is no less than fascinating. There is not a dummy figure in the book, nor an uninteresting one, but "Old Mr. Ellicott," with his atmosphere of Emerson and Bronson Alcott, is a genuine acquisition to my personal friends in the book-world. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

"UNDER WHICH FLAG, BEZONIAN?"

CERTAIN
VERY MODERN
WOMEN.

Life's Common Way, by Annie Eliot Trumbull, is not to be recommended for an idle hour nor to an indolent mind; it is quite too subtle, too stimulating, too keenly alive, to be appreciated except by a reader who is all awake and content to be kept so. But given the right reader and the right mood, its persistent sparkle of humor, flashing not uncommonly into keen wit, the pleasant sub-acid flavor of its character-drawing—often delicately malicious, but never unfriendly—will be highly relished. These are, of course, but the spices to the real meat of the story—the development of a fine type of New England woman under the stress of such emotion and experience as comes in an apparently conventional life. A financial king and some of his lieutenants, politicians, labor-leaders and society-men all appear on the stage; but the "Committee of Ten"—that select association of Ladies Appointed (by themselves) to Run Things—is the real tid-bit of the book. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

AN
INTELLECTUAL
PARASITE.

The Silver Poppy is the first novel from Arthur Stringer, whose reputation as a writer has hitherto depended on clever short stories and agreeable verse. It moves in "literary New York," and the protagonists are a young English journalist, poet, novelist and essayist, and an attractive vampire of the female persuasion, who, as she has done before with another man, feeds her reputation upon his brain-products. But she pays bitterly in the end. It is vivid, dramatic and entertaining, if somewhat incredible as to the main action. I take for apocryphal the hint that it is thinly-veiled autobiography. If that is to be credited, it lacks something of being creditable. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

GOOD READING
THOUGH NOT A
"READING-BOOK."

First Lessons in Zoölogy, by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, of Stanford University, has been prepared as a text-book for grammar schools and such high-schools as are not equipped for animal-study by dissection. I have not yet received, or applied for, a license to criticise the work in his own specialty of so sound and careful a scholar, and so successful an instructor, as Dr. Kellogg. Yet I may venture to remark that though the book is specifically *not* offered as "a reading-book or nature-study story book," I have found it specially interesting in both text and illustration. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

Ernest W. Clement's *Handbook of Modern Japan* carries out reasonably well its avowed plan "to be a compendium of condensed information, with careful references to the best sources of more complete knowledge." A long appendix contains much valuable tabular and statistical matter. The Index is amusingly inclusive, Buffalo, Toledo, Damascus, Atlantic Monthly, Babylon and Andover Review being sample items. A certain old story about an Irishman who declared himself "agin the government" actually furnishes two references to the Index—"Irishman" and "New York City." A bibliography of reference books is placed at the end of each chapter, from which (since they "have been prepared with great care, and include practically all the best works on Japan in the English language") the reader may infer that Lafcadio Hearn has written nothing of consequence on the Education, Art, or Language and Literature of Japan. This is, to put it mildly, not accurate. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Alice Jean Patterson introduces her *Spinner Family* by disclaiming for it any pretence of being "a scientific work in the strictest sense." She need not have done so. It is just that for which it offers itself—"a simple, accurate account of the habits and characteristics of many of our common spiders." Now, correct observation and exact and simple statement make

work strictly scientific, so far as it goes. Nor does the fact that this little book is particularly pleasing to eye and hand, well illustrated and readable, really injure its value. I note a minor slip as to the home of the trap-door spider, which she places in the *sandy* soil of California and other Western States. These peculiarly interesting underground homes may sometimes be excavated in sandy soil, but the many I have seen were all in adobe of the quality which requires a pickaxe and patience to bring it to reason. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1 net; postage 17 cents.

The New Thought Simplified is a tolerant and coherent statement of what the author—Horatio Wood, one of the pioneers in this field—defines as “a philosophy of life, or, better still, a new consciousness.” An appendix gives directions for Mental and Spiritual Gymnastics, with Formulated Lessons for Self Development through Auto Suggestion. Some ribald spirits may suggest that a more elaborate course than is here provided would be desirable before testing practically Mr. Wood’s assertion that “every natural force in the world, within and without, will work in our behalf if we give it free coöperation,” by coöperating freely with, say, a cyclone that is tending strictly to business. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 80 cents net; postage, 8 cents.

Those who have followed Clifton Johnson and his Discriminating Camera in England, Old or New, Ireland or France, will hardly need assurance that his ramblings through Scotland have been fertile of good pictures and entertaining anecdote. *The Land of Heather* is the very agreeable result. If one were to consider these saunterings as a sort of literary pilgrimage and undertake to infer Mr. Johnson’s preferences from them, the order of the list would be, Maclaren, Barrie, Scott, Burns, Black and Crockett. But this is a speculation of small consequence, the important fact being that he has produced another attractive book of his own. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2 net.

Toilers of the Home is a record of something more than a year of work as a domestic servant in half a dozen “places,” by a clever young college graduate with journalistic ambitions—Lillian Pettengill. Her purpose was partly to earn her living, partly to find out why “respectable American girls who work will cheerfully starve and suffocate in a mill, factory or big department store—rather than grow healthy, fat and opulent in domestic service.” She found out, and the tale of her experiences is both interesting and instructive, even to one who is barred, in the present incarnation at least, from being either mistress or maidservant. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

The greater part of the handsome little volume published as a souvenir of the exceedingly creditable production of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, at Stanford University last year, is taken up by scholarly essays by Professors Fairclough and Murray, one of them considering the dramatic, the other the choral, side of the subject. The illustrations are not up to standard, whether on account of poor photographs, bad engraving or unsuitability of the Japan parchment used for half-tone work, I cannot say. It looks as if each of these causes might have had something to do with it. Nevertheless, the volume is very well worth while. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$1, net.

Geraldine Anthony’s *Four-In-Hand* is vouched for as an entirely faithful picture of “the fashionable club life of the ultra rich set of New Yorkers,” and its flavor smacks genuine upon the palate. The story is cleverly told, with neither worshipful awe nor sour-grapes cynicism, but with the informed assurance of the initiate. Yet, if the best there is in this book is the best life has to offer when activity is no longer conditioned by the necessity of earning daily bread, some of us will be more thankful than ever for the grindstone. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Care of a House is described by its author, T. M. Clark, as a “simple explanation of the structure of a modern house, and of the appliances which are attached to it, with descriptions of the disorders to which they are subject, and of the methods of preventing and curing such disorders.” To this modest and exact statement, it may be added that the book is comprehensive, reliable and exceedingly useful. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Florestane, the Troubadour is a light and entertaining story of France

and Italy in the days of Courts of Love and Miracle-plays. Its author, Julia deWolf Addison, has taken more pains to be correct in color and fact than most dalliers with mediæval romance consider necessary. Dante, Cimabue and Sordello appear on the stage, the latter, for the purposes of the story, having turned friar and lived some twenty years beyond the time ordinarily credited to him. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.

Stanley Weyman's latest romance, *The Long Night*, is one of his very best. The place is Geneva, the time 1602, and the plot is woven around an attempt to betray the Free City, heart of the Protestant faith, into the merciless hands of Savoy. The characters are alive and individual, the action swift and reasonable, and discretion is used both as to blood-letting and love-making. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

If a book well named is more than half sold, as I am inclined to believe, Bradford Torrey's *The Clerk of the Woods* should not linger unwooded on the book-counters. It is a particularly apt title, as well as attractive, for this record of a year's strollings in New England by-ways—simple, yet touched with the illumination of the true nature-lover. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10 net; postage, 10 cents.

Songs From the Hearts of Women is a collection of one hundred of the finer hymns written by women during the past two centuries, together with brief biographical sketches of their authors. It is compiled by Nicholas Smith, and the publishers recommend it as a gift-book—with sound reason. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.40 net; postage, 10 cents.

A Pleasure Book of Grindelwald deals with a part of the Swiss Oberland of much interest to those who are fond of mountain climbing, either in person or by proxy. Its author, Daniel P. Rhodes, knows his ground thoroughly, the illustration is notably good, and the book altogether pleasing to eye and hand. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

Book I of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is the most recent addition to the valuable and exceedingly low-priced series of "Pocket American and English Classics." The Introduction and Critical Notes are by Dr. Wanchope, Professor of English in the South Carolina College. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents.

McTodd, who has elsewhere played but an engine-room accompaniment to Captain Kettle's truculent lead on the quarter-deck, is now given a chance by his creator, C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne, to tell a dozen tales of episodes in which he figured. More than half of them are set on Arctic seas. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Real Diary of a Real Boy, by Judge Henry A. Shute, seems to be mostly genuine, though two or three of the more elaborate incidents are open to the suspicion of having been edited and enlarged upon at a later date than "186—." At any rate, it is genuinely funny throughout. The Everett Press, Boston. \$1.

Widows Grave and OItherwise is a collection of remarks, mostly humorous and cynical, on the state of widowhood and its occupants. "They can show no mercy to the widow" might well enough have been taken for the motto. It is attractively illustrated and decorated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$1 net.

Distinctly the best of the stories so far published in the series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors," is Gwendolen Overton's *The Golden Chain*. It is a tale of young love flowering swiftly under the glowing desert sun. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

The Dent edition of Thackeray, in thirty volumes, is completed with *The Roundabout Papers* and *Denis Duval, Lovel the Widower, etc.* It is satisfying at every point, not least for the quiet elegance of its appearance. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1 per volume.

A competent biography of Crabbe—one of those poets whom everyone agrees to have been eminent, but no one reads—by Alfred Ainger, is added to the English Men of Letters series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents net.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

THE Eleventh National Irrigation Congress was a surprise alike to the veterans and to the raw recruits. The attendance was immense, the program almost without a dull moment, and the enthusiasm boundless. When the debating stage over mooted questions was reached, the scene was as brilliant and as thrilling as it is on the rare occasions when the Congress at Washington rises out of its dull sea-level and lashes itself into a storm of interest and passion. Those who were responsible for the arrangements did their work exceedingly well. They anticipated the pleasure and comfort of the delegates at every point. Nothing was left undone that ingenuity and lavish hospitality could suggest. Probably not one individual in attendance regretted the expense and time he had invested in the affair. And this has by no means been true of all the previous meetings.

A WONDERFUL
IRRIGATION
CONGRESS.

The most impressive feature of the program was the singing of the Irrigation Ode, written by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg. Some of us have waited long and patiently for this theme to pass out of the realm of prosaic things and become a subject of poetry and song. We have believed there was something in it that might well kindle the imagination and quicken the pulse of the masses, and that in due time that something would be found by those who know how to put it into music. It was a melting experience to hear the beautiful Ode rendered in solo, duet, quartette, and by the choir of two hundred voices, and, especially, to hear the closing choral sung by the whole great audience to the familiar strains of "America." It would not be very extravagant to say that if the Congress had ended with that song, at the close of the first forenoon's session, the inspiration gained from it would have been almost sufficient to pay for the effort it cost.

After twelve years, the Irrigation Congress has become thoroughly representative of the West, and partially so of the entire United States. Twenty-six States and Territories had delegates at Ogden. While there were plenty of private interests with axes to grind, it was the thought of great public policies

which dominated the convention. The movement has become broadly national in character. It has taken such strong hold upon the popular feeling that it is probably safe to say there will never be another meeting, like some of former years, lacking in numbers or in the attendance of strong leaders from every walk of life. Problems will be settled, but new ones will follow as the night the day. For years the question was: How shall we get the water on the land? The method has been determined by the National Irrigation Act, though we must still fight for adequate appropriations. We are now dealing with another large issue—the question of saving the lands for actual settlers. Beyond this, lies the problem of colonization. There is work for the men of today, and there will be work for the men of tomorrow, in carrying on the movement begun with the formation of the National Irrigation Congress in 1891.

“ AT PEACE
WITH

ITSELF.”

In the course of a very able address on State and national coöperation in carrying out the new policy, Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, referred to the failure of the Works Bill in California last winter. Without attempting to discuss the merits of that particular measure, he predicted that this State cannot make much progress in irrigation matters “until it is at peace with itself.” He also expressed the opinion that those who fought the proposed legislation owed it to themselves and to the State to suggest some alternative. This is a criticism which is frequently heard and which is fair enough on its face. In time it will be a thoroughly just criticism, provided the opponents of the Works Bill shall offer no substitute. But there was no time to frame, discuss and perfect a measure after the Works Bill was placed before the people a year ago. It was not until December that the California Water and Forest Association, at its annual meeting, formally endorsed the Works Bill and appointed a committee to present it to the Legislature. Another month elapsed before those interested in such matters throughout the length and breadth of the State learned of the provisions of the bill and came together in public meetings to discuss it. It was then nearly time for the Legislature to convene. The utmost that could be done—and it required lively work to do it—was to bring public opinion to bear with overwhelming force against a bill which certainly did not meet the views of those who do the real work of irrigation, and who must be depended upon to make a success of any new law dealing with this subject. It was a physical and intellectual impossibility to prepare an alternative measure in time to bring it before the Legislature during its session of sixty days.

Senator Newlands certainly does not mean to say that, in our anxiety for progress, we ought to accept any sort of a bill, even if we believe it fundamentally wrong, unless we are prepared to present a substitute at a moment's notice. The point he made (and it is a sound one) is that there must be a substantial agreement of public opinion in California as to the underlying principles of irrigation, before we can expect a great deal of assistance from the national Government in developing the resources of this State. That is doubtless true, and the time has now come when we must all work to that end. Public opinion was with those who fought the Works Bill last winter, because of its obvious evils; but public opinion will swing in the other direction, if this element becomes merely obstructive and refuses to assist in any progress of constructive character.

The convention was much interested in Senator Newlands' account of the new State legislation in Nevada. It represents a unique experiment in State and national coöperation in the distribution of water. The State Engineer, as well as the water commissioners on the various streams, are nominated by the Secretary of the Interior and appointed by the Governor. This is done as an evidence of good faith upon the part of the State, and as a guarantee that the method of distributing water shall accord with the spirit and the letter of the National Irrigation Act. Would California be willing to go so far? Senator Newlands said there were some in Nevada who were inclined to think, at first, that it was a dangerous surrender of sovereignty, but the general opinion was expressed by one old irrigator who said: "If the Governor appoints, that may be politics. If the people elect, that may be the upper end of the stream against the lower end. But we can all trust Uncle Sam."

THE NEW
LAW IN
NEVADA.

Nevada's situation differs very materially from that of California. In the former State, development is extremely backward, and it is probable that new works will be created almost exclusively by the Federal Government. It is in the highest degree desirable that the water administration should command the entire confidence of the Secretary of the Interior, under whose supervision the works are to be built and carried on. But in California we have a great variety of conditions. On the Santa Ana, for instance, every drop of water that can be had by diversion, storage, or pumping, so far as any one knows, is being beneficially applied, and there is nothing for the Government to do. The people have worked out a system of distribution among themselves which admits of little improvement. The same is true of many smaller streams, especially in the South. On the

Tuolumne, to take a different case, practically the entire supply is handled by two big irrigation districts (Turlock and Modesto) which work together in perfect harmony and distribute the water by means of their own elected officials. Here there is probably no excuse for interference on the part of either State or national authorities. But would it be feasible to follow the Nevada example wherever works are to be built by the nation, or by State and nation together? Great plans are already in contemplation for the Sacramento and Colorado Rivers. Storage works are thought of on the San Joaquin, the Kings and Cache Creek. In case such works are built, would it be feasible to provide that so far as *those* are concerned the water commissioners who are to divide the supply among a multitude of users shall be nominated by the Secretary of the Interior and appointed by the Governor, at least until the last dollar of the national expenditure shall have been repaid by landowners? If so, it would meet the objection of the friends of the national policy who are afraid of State control, on one hand, and, on the other, dissipate the fears of those who see danger in the creation of more State patronage. The suggestion seems well worthy of consideration at a moment when hitherto warring elements are trying to find common ground upon which to unite in developing the most important of the State's resources. The Nevada law provides a cheap and effective method of adjudication of priorities without creating any new judicial machinery. It is certainly well worth study on the part of Californians, whatever may be thought of it after mature consideration.

The most important result of the recent session of the

A GREAT
DECLARATION.

Irrigation Congress is one which has thus far obtained but slight publicity. This was the sweeping declaration in favor of a great system of public works on the larger rivers of the West. The unanimous adoption of this resolution marks a tremendous step in the progress of the cause. Talk about a substitute for the Works Bill! Let the people of California read the following :

"Whereas, The National Government is now actually engaged in the survey of a great system of engineering works for bringing the waters of the Pend d'Oreille Lake, one of the sources of the Columbia River, out upon an area of more than a million acres of rich and fertile, but now arid, land, in the eastern part of the State of Washington, and is also making preliminary surveys for a comprehensive plan for the solution of the whole problem of the regulation of the flow of the Sacramento River, the protection of the lower valley lands from floods and the utilization of the waters of the Sacramento River which will furnish water enough for the irrigation of over 10,000,000 acres of land in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys of California, and is also now surveying a system of reservoirs and large canals as a harmonious unit for the conservation of the flood waters of the Colorado River and their use in irrigation of the rich alluvial lands in the valley of that river, which contains an area of over 1,000,000 acres of irrigable lands ; and,

"Whereas, These great works, and other similar works, will, when built, rival the great irrigation systems of India and the Assouan dam recently completed on the Nile, and develop a closely settled population in regions which will, in fertility and productiveness, equal the most densely settled parts of France and Belgium, and such marvelously fertile irrigated regions as the Valley of the Nile in Egypt and of the Po in Italy; therefore,

"Resolved, That we urge that the national Government should proceed with all practicable expedition to complete the surveys and make the necessary plans and estimates for the construction of the great reservoirs and canals necessary to regulate for navigation and for the utilization for irrigation and power of the enormous volume of flood water that now runs to waste in such great rivers as the Columbia, the Sacramento, the Colorado, the Rio Grande, the Arkansas and the Missouri and their tributaries, and that as soon as surveyed and ready for construction, and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, these great engineering works should be built just as rapidly as actual settlers will take the lands and build homes on them and repay to the Government the cost of the construction of the works. *A loan from the reclamation fund in the treasury of the United States should be made each year by congressional appropriation for the full amount which the Secretary of the Interior may annually recommend to Congress as the amount which should be made available for disbursement for construction during the ensuing year, all such loans to the reclamation fund to be repaid in ten annual installments as provided by the National Irrigation Act.*"

Here we see the policy of national irrigation in full bloom. Works like those on the Po, the Ganges and the Nile! Millions and millions of acres to be conquered from the desert and translated into little farms—the free homes of free men! Here is something big enough to appeal to the great heart of the American people. It invites us to the mightiest task to which the nation has ever set its hand. How all the little schemes of private capital fade away into nothingness compared with this proposal of vast schemes to be realized by means of public capital! And already one powerful convert has been won—no less than the *San Francisco Chronicle* itself, whose tears over the unhappy fate of the Works Bill would, if properly conserved and economically used, have irrigated at least one county in the Sacramento Valley. Listen to the following extract from an editorial which appeared a few days after the adjournment of the Ogden convention:

THE PROMISE
OF ABUNDANT
FRUITAGE.

The great possibilities for irrigation lie in the Sacramento Valley. The land is in private ownership, but, being already occupied, that will make it all the easier for the Government to recoup itself for its expenditure in storing flood waters for summer use. There are in the Sacramento Valley 6,500,000 acres of fertile land capable of irrigation, and they are capable of supporting a population of 10,000,000 people. . . . The valley of the Po (in Italy) is in no more need of irrigation than the valley of the Sacramento. The watershed drained by it and the valley lands which it waters are no larger. In their behavior as denuding streams and in the delta lands at their mouths they are much alike. Similar problems arise for solution in both cases. But the Italians have so dealt with these problems that the valley of the Po contains a dense population, while that of the Sacramento is for the most part uninhabited, save by the transient population which sows the grain in the winter and returns in summer to harvest it. *The great problem of California is the problem of the Sacramento.*

Yes, indeed, and it is a problem so great that nothing but Government enterprise can possibly solve it. Let us work to-

gether to this end—let us irrigate the Sacramento and make it sustain a population of 10,000,000. If the *Chronicle* will bring the influence of San Francisco to the support of the proposition the work will be done in the next few years.

THE RENAS-
CENCE OF
NEVADA.

Nevada will receive the first benefits of national irrigation. And probably there is no one, even among those who are most anxious to see their own localities developed, who will begrudge Nevada this advantage. It is the one State in the West which has ever shown a record of decreasing population. This fact was due to a combination of extraordinary circumstances which the people of Nevada were utterly powerless to alter, but it was nevertheless humiliating to them and to their neighbors. It is a matter of Western pride, as it is a matter of national interest, that the tide should be turned. And at last the combination of circumstances is all in favor of the State. The mining industry is enjoying a wonderful revival. Tonopah bids fair to be another Cripple Creek. Senator Clark is rushing his new railroad through the Southwestern counties on its way from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. And, more important than all else, the Government has actually entered upon work which will open something like half a million acres to settlement. The first contract was let some weeks ago for the canals on the Truckee River, and another one will soon be consummated for the work on the Carson River. Under the impulse of these events, business and population are growing apace in many towns, Reno particularly. Potentially, Nevada is one of the great States of the Union. It has waited for what is now happening. Rich natural resources, rich men and a rich government are working hand in hand to bring this neglected State into the front rank of Western commonwealths.

THE PROBLEM
OF THE
RANGE.

The present method of handling Uncle Sam's great pasture is a lingering relic of the barbaric age in the West. It has scarcely a defender among intelligent men. But what shall take its place? That is a question with which the President dealt in his last message, and he suggested that it might be necessary to create a commission before a lucid answer to the question can be found. There was presented in these pages last month a strong and clear argument in favor of leasing the public domain to stockmen. It was written by Mr. Earley Vernon Wilcox of the Agricultural Department at Washington. Elsewhere in this number, the opposite view is urged by a practical and successful stockman of Montana. His account of coöperative round-up associations now in actual operation is one of the most interesting contributions to the discussion of the grazing problems which has appeared anywhere. It seems that the very thing which Major Powell advocated a quarter of a century ago in his classic report on "Lands of the Arid Region" is now being realized in the locality of which Mr. Wooldridge writes. This plan stands for a democratic live-stock industry instead of the monopoly of the range. It gives every settler a chance to send his stock into the coöperative

herd and to enjoy the benefits of the great public pasture. And, what is equally important, it avoids the great risk which would be incurred by giving private parties possession of the range under long leases. No man can say today where the line is to be drawn between lands which may be cultivated and lands fit only for pastures. The Montana idea is worthy of the most careful consideration on the part of those who must solve the problem of protecting the livestock interests without endangering the welfare of future settlers.

Henry Demarest Lloyd died in Chicago during the last days of September. He died a martyr to the cause of the common people. Worn out and broken in health by his labors for the coal miners before the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration (in his last letter to the writer he remarked that he had been "almost too busy even to write to my wife") he retired to his summer home in Rhode Island to recuperate. Before he had regained his health and vigor, a call came from Chicago summoning him to take the leadership in the pending battle for municipal ownership of the street railway system. He was not fit to go, but he did go—and laid down his life in consequence. He went into the fight with all the ardor of his nature, working night and day, and hurrying from one public meeting to another in the course of the exciting campaign. He took cold and died of pneumonia.

Mr. Lloyd was one of the most devoted and unselfish champions the American people have had in this generation. Gifted with splendid talents, blessed with large means, he was in every way equipped to win honor and power by siding with the strong, to whom he belonged by birth and position. But he preferred to forego all that money and popularity might buy and take his place by the side of the weak. His shining lance was the first one thrown at the trust system, and it was embodied in his memorable *Wealth against Commonwealth*. It was his patience and industry which discovered for the American people the wonderful coöperative system of Europe. This story is told in *Labor Co-partnership*. And it was he who set us all to thinking and talking of New Zealand institutions, by going to that far country and gathering material for *A Country Without Strikes* and *Newest England*. All these books will live and grow in popularity with the passing years. But they represent but a small part of his contribution to the thought of our times. His speeches and articles published in newspapers and magazines have been innumerable. Throughout the thickening contest of the past few years, his voice has rung strong and clear above the tumult. Although he has not held office, he has been a true leader of the people. It is hard to think that he must be spared from the contests that lie before. But if he has gone from sight, his spirit and his influence will live on. The forces which he did so much to organize will move forward to the goals he pointed out, even though his saddle be empty and his voice forever stilled. Henry Demarest Lloyd lived nobly and died nobly. Nor shall his name or his influence perish from the earth.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

COÖPERATIVE HERDS ON THE RANGE.*

A POSSIBLE METHOD OF SOLVING THE GRAZING PROBLEM WITHOUT INCURRING THE RISKS OF LEASING.

By *W. M. WOOLDRIDGE,*
President of the Montana Agricultural Association.

THE time has arrived when the question of the utilization and disposal of the public grazing lands of the United States must be fairly met and decided. While I cannot agree with some of the plans proposed, I recognize that they are advanced by those who desire to have the question decided to the lasting benefit of all concerned.

A residence of nearly twenty years in Montana, for the past fifteen of which I have been actively engaged in promoting settlement and reclamation of a territory as large as the State of Indiana, has caused me to study the subject from the standpoint of the sheepman, the cattleman and the homesteader. In the present paper, I shall tell the story of a practical experience in Montana, which possibly points the way to the solution of the problem throughout the West.

Prior to irrigation development, and before much settlement had occurred, the Montana valley of which I write was occupied by large outfits, which ran their stock upon the range plan, without any provision being made for winter feed and care. Next came the settler with his few head of cattle. Irrigation canals were constructed and fodder produced with which to feed the stock during severe weather. Those with a limited number of cattle at first ranged them around their farms, riding out once or twice a week to see that everything was all right with the stock, but as their herds increased and other cattle and sheep began crowding in, the range near these homesteads became eaten off first, and this plan was found impracticable. Nothing was left for winter grazing. Then the fencing of adjacent range lands and leasing was resorted to. This was found to be too expensive for ordinary pasture land.

The next step was for a number of farmers and stockmen to combine their herds, sending them out of the settled portions of the valley about April 15th, or sooner if the weather was favorable. These combined herds ranged in size from 400 to 2,000, and were in charge of from one to four men. With the larger herds a mess wagon and cook was sent, and as soon as one locality became fed off the camp outfit and wagon were moved to another, and the stock worked over to the new range. The price charged for the season was about \$1.50 per head for those owning less than 100 head and \$1.00 for those owning 100 head

* See article in October *OUR WEST* entitled, "Grazing Problems in the Western States," by Earley Vernon Wilcox; also editorial note in this issue on page 554.

or more. Practical cowmen made a business of running these herds. A forfeit of \$5.00 per head was exacted from the party running the stock for each head which he did not return in the fall or which might have escaped to the open range. It finally became the practice to crowd in as many as possible into the herd. Revenue being the only consideration, the stock began to be returned in the fall in a thin condition. Much dissatisfaction prevailed, also discouragement, and many contemplated the abandonment of the cattle business.

This was the condition four years ago, when the cattlemen of Chinook, Montana, proposed to other farmers and cattlemen the organization of a coöperative round-up association. This association provided that each rancher should turn his stock over to the foreman about April 15th. The association took all the stock to the range, scattering them in small bunches, so that no crowding of range would result. The stock is first placed upon ranges where there is an abundance of water during the spring months, but none later, and as the water dried up, or the range became fed off, the association cowboys would work the stock to a newer range. No attempt was made to herd the stock, but lines were ridden and the stock confined within a certain territory. If any attempted to cross out of the territory in which it was desired to hold them, they were turned back. At branding time, every person having cattle in the herd was notified that the branding would be done on a certain day, thus giving owners an opportunity to be present if they desired and to witness the branding. After the calf-branding, came the first beef-gathering, at which time an outlook was kept for any unbranded calves which might have been missed in the first calf-branding. The beef being gathered, it was shipped to the Chicago market, and another beef round-up made, which was also shipped.

After the second beef-gathering, about September 25th, preparations are made for the final gathering of the season. This includes all stock on the range, which is gathered, and, about October 15th, driven to some suitable point near the valley, the owners being notified that the stock belonging to them would be cut out and delivered to their representatives upon a certain day, and at a particular place, and to be prepared to accept them from the association foreman or representatives.

It is a great sight to witness one of these final round-ups and deliveries. Eight or ten thousand head of cattle are seen in charge of possibly fifty men on horses, the association representatives busily engaged in cutting out and driving each brand to where the owner is stationed with his men, ready to receive his stock. In the case of small herds, several nearby neighbors

have their stock cut out together, and the owners again divide the stock when near home. As soon as the entire herd has been thoroughly worked over and divided, each owner departs with his stock for home, and they are placed upon his winter range, convenient of access to his homestead, where he has an abundance of hay for winter feeding.

Handled in this way, the risk is reduced to a minimum. Instead of starving the stock through the winters and taking desperate chances upon the entire herd being wiped out of existence by a severe winter, the stock is fed and kept in a thriving condition. Particular attention is paid to keeping the cows and spring calves in a healthy, thriving condition. Those having an abundance of hay have been giving considerable attention to fattening of steers for the spring market, with very gratifying success.

The first season that stock were handled in this manner, the cost of doing so for a season of six months was seventy cents per head and forty-eight cents per head for the branding of calves; last season, sixty-eight cents and thirty-eight cents respectively.

With the herd system a considerable number of stock escaped to the open range, and was not easily recovered. Under the present plan, everything is gathered, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to hear of more stock being returned in the fall than was taken out in the spring, stock which had previously escaped having been recovered by the association.

A very friendly disposition is manifested among the various owners of cattle throughout the valley. As a rule, it is the practice that if a neighbor's stock strays to the ranch of another it is cared for and the owner notified to call for it. During heavy storms any stock which may be out on the range drifts into the valley and is fed and cared for. The very best of good feeling exists between the stockmen on both sides of the international line, and the line is no barrier to neighborly acts.

There is no limit to the number which any individual may run in the coöperative herd. A man with a single cow or steer pays and has the same privileges as the man with 1,000. Therefore, there is no friction between large and small owners—in fact there never has been in our valley, even when controlled by large stockmen, who were very friendly with the farmers of the valley, showing them many courtesies. There are many individuals in the association having 100 head or less, several with 200 to 350 head, one outfit with 2,000. The cost per head to each is exactly the same, cost being based proportionately per head.

The greatest advantage derived from this method is that it enables the farmer and stockman to save his winter range: to run many more stock than formerly. It enables him, in a measure, to cope with the sheepmen; to gather and properly care for his stock during the winter, having them where they can be fed, if necessary. It avoids the necessity of leasing and fencing large tracts for pasturage, which has been thoroughly tried and found entirely too expensive in comparison with this method, even if the question of lease price did not enter into the question, and merely the fencing, securing water and main-

tenance of fence were considered. There is even no objection to non-resident stockmen coming in, they taking their chances upon getting someone to care for their stock at so much per head during the winter, the cost of winter care and feed being from \$3 to \$4 per head from October 15 to April 15. This method enables the farmer to find a ready home market for his surplus hay.

It is my belief that if this method of handling stock were more generally understood, and practiced in communities having large stock interests, it would prove very beneficial to the cattle interests as a whole. It would avoid the necessity of large enclosed areas, settling for all time the leasing question.

In comparison with this method, leasing would be found entirely too expensive. It is my belief that certain laws should be passed to encourage this method of handling stock. A law should be enacted compelling transient sheep and cattle to be restricted to certain separate ranges. I believe this should be a national law. Today, the man with a band of sheep is not bound to respect the range of any cattleman which might be upon government land. I know of many small cattlemen who are disposing of their stock, abandoning the business and going into sheep, because with sheep they can hold their own against another sheepman, and feeling that they have an uneven struggle in the cattle business by reason of trespassing bands of sheep. In other sections, range wars have arisen over the disputed range, resulting in murder and great financial loss.

I am fortunate in living in a part of Montana not affected by land-grant railway. The railroad line operating in that section of the State fully realizes that its own future welfare depends entirely upon the fullest possible development of the agricultural resources. I can readily realize that, were I a stockman, living within the land grant of any railroad line, and possibly owning or controlling a large area of private lands, with a rapidly increasing number of live stock, and looking at it from a purely selfish view, it would be to my personal interest to secure as much more land as possible from the railroad, or through scrip, desert entry, Commutation Clause of the Homestead Law, or Timber and Stone Act, but we are not discussing what will benefit a few individuals. We are trying to promote the largest possible development of the arid West.

In advocating leasing, very few take into consideration the record-breaking movement of settlers now moving westward. The movement is merely in its infancy. What I have said regarding the round-up association is from the standpoint of a farmer who combines livestock with his farming. My experience in Montana, confirms my belief that with very few exceptions this class of farmers and stockmen are thoroughly opposed to leasing in any form. They are so numerous that they will make themselves felt whenever the question of leasing comes up. Then, the new people now moving west are possessed of more or less means, and as soon as they have developed a farm sufficiently to produce winter feed, will also engage in the stock business. They, too, are opposed to leasing in any form. Then there is a constantly growing and powerful element throughout the entire West who are anxious

to see the country fully developed; to see it settled with a prosperous people. These are bitterly opposed to leasing, fearing that if permitted under any guise it would retard settlement and development.

We often hear the statement that this land is unfit for cultivation; that it is too high and unavailable for irrigation; that it should be made to contribute a revenue towards the irrigable land; that it should be leased and the money turned into the reclamation fund; that the range is being denuded.

Last month I was in a portion of the State of Washington where, as late as ten years ago, that vast stretch of the State was given over entirely to stock grazing. Their annual rainfall is only twelve inches. It was stated most emphatically that the land would produce nothing. The Great Northern Railway built through that territory; Eastern settlers began to move in and occupy the grazing land. They insisted upon plowing up some land. The result at first was not encouraging, failure after failure resulted; the stockmen said, "I told you so;" a few of the more studious farmers at last began more fully to understand the conditions; today it is one of the banner wheat countries of the world, crowding the famous Red River Valley itself. Twenty bushels of wheat to the acre is considered a failure. Who can say what land will or will not produce a crop? I used to think I understood the capacity of my own State, but I no longer do so. I can cite a vast area of territory in North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington that has had a similar experience.

The interests of the whole country can best be served in the following manner:

1. Coöperative Round-up Associations should be encouraged.
2. Communities adjacent to the public range should form such associations.
3. Such communities should elect by vote what particular range and quantity should be assigned sheep and cattle, respectively.
4. The Secretary of the Interior should issue annual grazing licenses to such coöperative cattle and sheep associations.
5. Sheep and cattle should be restricted to separate public range.
6. No leasing should be permitted under any guise.

Hinsdale, Valley County, Montana.

THE FATE OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.

THE overshadowing issue at the great Irrigation Convention in Ogden, and the paramount Western question to come before the Fifty-eighth Congress at Washington, is the fate of the public lands. The laws now under fire are the Desert Land Act, the Commutation Clause of the Homestead Act, and the Timber and Stone Act. Shall these laws remain on the statute books? Shall they be modified and amended? Shall they be repealed outright? And, if they be repealed, what shall take their place?

These questions were debated at Ogden, in the presence of a

most representative audience, by men who are the leaders of Western thought at this time. The opportunity for full and exhaustive discussion, and for a deliberate and conclusive verdict so far as that gathering is concerned, was a magnificent one, but the opportunity was largely thrown away. This was not the fault of any individual, but was due to the lateness of the hour when the debate was brought on and to the impatience of the Congress to get away after a four days' session of unprecedented interest and enthusiasm.

Not less than an entire day should have been devoted to the discussion. The Congress had assembled on Tuesday morning, September 15th, and was scheduled to adjourn on the afternoon of Friday, the 18th. Four days is as long a time as such a body may reasonably expect to be held together, and interesting excursions had been planned to follow immediately upon adjournment. The report of the Committee on Resolutions was presented at eleven on Friday forenoon. It was a very long report, covering a wide variety of subjects and making many important declarations, and it took Senator Reed Smoot thirty-five minutes to read it rapidly. That was the only opportunity the convention had to comprehend it, for it was not seen in print until after the body had adjourned *sine die*. At the conclusion of the reading, the noon recess was taken. The afternoon session came to order about two o'clock. Everybody saw it was perfectly hopeless to attempt anything like a discussion of the entire platform, and that it must be taken on faith; but everybody insisted on hearing a debate touching the recommendations of the majority report in favor of repealing existing land laws and the recommendations of the minority report which advised letting the land laws alone. It was finally decided that each side should select three debaters who should have fifteen minutes each, and that the question should then be thrown open to the house for five minute speeches.

This was perhaps as well as could be done at that late hour, in the midst of the confusion of a great convention then hurrying to its close. But it was impossible for either side to present the merits of its case in that way, and yet more impossible for the convention to render a calm and careful decision. No man, whatever his ability, his familiarity with the subject, or his experience in debating, could possibly make a worthy presentation of the great issues in an impromptu speech of fifteen minutes. One man on each side should have had at least one hour, and should have had more than five minutes' notice of what was expected of him. If that had been done, the convention would have heard two speeches which covered the ground completely, and marshalled the facts and arguments in orderly array. As it was, the convention heard a passionate debate, carried on in the midst of an uproar of applause from the contending sides. It was more like a joint debate in the heat of a political canvass than like the calm discussion of a solemn and fateful economic question by a deliberative body. It could not be otherwise under the circumstances, but it was a pity that the circumstances were not favorable to a complete and dignified discussion of the matter.

The advocates of repeal insisted that existing land laws are chiefly used as instruments for taking the public domain for speculation and monopoly. They demanded new laws which should safeguard the public interests and rigidly preserve the irrigable lands for actual homemakers.

The defenders of the present laws insisted that these laws are good in themselves, and such evils as have arisen from them can be cured by administration. And they aimed to arouse the suspicion that the advocates of repeal are working in the interests of the land-grant railways, whose property would be enhanced in value if the laws are repealed.

The applause which greeted the telling points of the argument on both sides seemed about equally divided; but this was somewhat misleading, for the reason that States lying conveniently near to the convention city sent big delegations to fight against repeal.

Under the rules of the Congress, a State delegation of 150 members could cast but twenty votes, but there was nothing to prevent the entire 150 throats from making as much noise as their lungs would permit. A careful canvass, made during the noon recess, showed that the friends of repeal had the convention by the close margin of twenty-five votes. It is generally conceded that they at least held their own during the debate, and would have won had not something unexpected occurred.

At the critical moment, the Hon. James Carson Needham, representative in Congress from the Sixth District of California, took the floor. He began by saying, "I have never had much sympathy with destructive statesmanship," and proceeded to urge caution in dealing with the existing land laws. Finally he presented the now famous Needham Resolution:

WHEREAS, the Timber and Stone Act, the Desert Land Law, and the Commutation Clause of the Homestead Act, have in many instances, in their administration, *been found to result in speculation and in monopoly of the public domain to the exclusion of actual home-building*; therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we request the Congress of the United States to make such modifications in said laws as will save the remaining public lands for actual settlers who will found homes and live upon said lands.

This resolution swept the convention by storm on *viva voce* vote. Idaho's 150 throats yelled a stentorian "Aye," though upon roll-call Idaho subsided to the constitutional twenty. And this was right, because there was no reason why the 161,772 people of Idaho should have a larger voice in the matter than the 1,484,053 people of California, for instance. In point of fact, it was treating Idaho generously to put it upon an absolute equality with California.

On roll-call, the Needham resolution prevailed by twenty-five majority. Owing to a mistake in the footings, the newspapers stated it differently, but the resolution won by so narrow a margin that a change of thirteen votes would have beaten it.

It is probably just to say that the Needham resolution reflects Western public sentiment today with remarkable accuracy. It was certainly carried at Ogden by the judgment of good men who honestly seek to do what is best for the country. To illustrate, Oregon and Utah intended to support the majority report, but instantly accepted the compromise. They deeply sympathized with the demand that the public domain shall be used for

honest home-building, but they deprecated hasty conclusions as to the method by which this should be done, and preferred to leave the matter to the calm and careful consideration of the national Congress. The delegations who went to Ogden to fight repeal grasped hungrily at the Needham resolution because they saw a chance to snatch a partial victory from the jaws of defeat.

But was it even a partial victory for the opponents of repeal? The reader's attention is invited to the italicized portions of the Needham resolution. These words absolutely concede the contention of the opponents of the land laws, so far as their premises are concerned. They confess that the lands are being absorbed for speculation and monopoly, and they declare that the lands ought to be saved for the home-builder. True, they stop short of demanding the repeal of the laws, and now the burden is upon Congressman Needham, and those who stand with him, to prove that any method except repeal will accomplish the objects set forth in the resolutions of the Eleventh National Irrigation Congress. And let them not forget that while they are dallying with this question, the lands which are the heritage of the children of the United States *are being looted right and left*. If the delay shall continue long enough, the object of repeal will be thereby defeated, for there will be nothing to save for the home-builder.

The advocates of repeal know what they want, and present a clear-cut proposition. They say the Desert Land Law should be abolished, and that in its place there should be enacted an Arid Homestead Law. This law should provide that a settler may initiate his filing, for an area not exceeding 160 acres, before water is brought upon the land, and that, in order to do so, he must show the means by which he proposes to irrigate it. But before he may get title to the land, he must actually live upon it and cultivate it in good faith for five years. The repeal of the Commutation Clause of the Homestead Act would be one step in that direction. In place of the Timber and Stone Act, the advocates of repeal ask for a new land law providing for the sale of stumpage at its real commercial value and for the protection of watersheds by the Government.

These laws would close the doors securely on speculation in the public domain, so far as agricultural and timber lands are concerned, but would do no harm whatever to the man or woman who wants in good faith to get a home. They would not interfere with any legitimate enterprise now or hereafter engaged in the development of Western resources. They would prevent any new undertakings which aim at a monopoly of land.

The debate is now transferred from Ogden to the entire United States. This is just as much an Eastern and a Southern question as it is a Western question. In fact, it is much more so; for the homemakers of the future live East and South more than West—in the ratio of about fifteen to one. The country will ring with the discussion until the matter shall be settled. Whatever the result, one thing is certain—no man who fights to save the property now belonging to all the people of the United States, to be used for the highest benefit of all the people of the United States, will ever be ashamed of his record on that question.



President—WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.
Vice-President—D. T. FOWLER.
Secretary-Treasurer—CHARLES AMADON MOODY.
Assistant Secretary—CHARLES SUMNER KING.

THE OLIVE BRANCH TO THE WATER AND FOREST ASSOCIATION.

IT has been widely announced that the Constructive League will prepare an irrigation bill to be presented at the next Legislature as a substitute for the so-called Works Bill. Such is still the intention of the League, but recent events kindle the hope that another conflict with the California Water and Forest Association may possibly be avoided, and that all the friends of progress may be united on certain measures. If this hope shall prove substantial, the League will be found ready to do its part. The Irrigation Congress at Ogden brought together about sixty representatives of California irrigation sentiment. The delegation had at its head the Governor of the State, who has since expressed his enthusiasm for irrigation and his strong desire to see something done in connection with the Sacramento River, which he truthfully describes as "the great problem of California." The Irrigation Congress made a most important deliverance about the Sacramento, which is reproduced elsewhere in these pages. The gist of it is that the national irrigation policy shall be applied to this stream and comprehensive works created, like those on the Po, the Ganges and the Nile. The entire California delegation supported that resolution, and it seems likely to become the basis of our plans for future development.

But it is likely that State legislation will be needed to supplement this great plan. Can those who supported, and those who opposed, the Works Bill now come together in support of such measures as may be necessary to affect State and national cooperation on the lines of the Ogden platform? If so, an enormous stride will be taken in the solution of the foremost economic question of California. There may be other points of agreement between those who found it utterly impossible to unite on the measure presented by the Water and Forest Association last year. But at any rate, one big thing is in sight—a vast system of public works to control and to utilize the Sacramento River is now "within the sphere of practical politics."

The members of the League are urged to join the California Water and Forest Association, if not already members, and to attend the annual convention of that organization at San Francisco in December, prepared to do whatever is possible to unite the friends of irrigation in support of constructive measures for the benefit of the commonwealth.

REDLANDS.

By HENRY L. GRAHAM.



IN the natural world, the phenomenon of growth is one of great interest to the thoughtful observer. The tiny acorn, carried to some favorable spot by wandering bird, becomes the mighty oak, monarch of the forest; the ungainly little colt, tottering unsteadily beside its mother in the paddock, grows into a lithe, and sinuous winner of the Derby; and that most helpless of all created things at birth, a child, may become the

strong support on which a nation leans in its crises of storm and stress.

Of no less interest to the student of sociology is the growth and development of the communities that form the integral parts of our great commonwealths, and they, in turn, the Nation.

Redlands is perhaps the most conspicuous example in all Southern California of the evolution of a progressive, modern "city of homes," from what little more than a decade ago was but a waste of sage brush and cacti.

Mr. Lummis says in his *Right Hand of the Continent*: "On the seventh of May of this year (1903) President Roosevelt drove over miles of Redlands' streets, carpeted with rose-petals and fringed with charming homes—not brick pigeon-holes elbowing one another, but Homes—and miles of beautiful park; and addressed a crowd of 5,000 people of an average of intelligence, refinement and taste no Eastern community whatever could surpass, and very few could tally up with—and all this on ground where I used to hunt jack-rabbits sixteen or seventeen years ago."

The real beginning of Redlands dates from March 10, 1887, when the town plat was filed. Here then was a hamlet comprising the usual "brick block," a few score small dwellings, one or two stores, and perhaps 100 acres of newly planted orange trees. From that date to this, Redlands has never taken a backward step, but has made steady, substantial, and permanent progress. With nothing of the "boom" nature in the gradual, healthy growth of the past years, today it bears the enviable reputation of "the best interior town of Southern California."

And small wonder when one thinks of the great charm of the climate, comparatively free from fogs; the fertile soil, the wonderful beauty of the natural surroundings—of all of which more anon—and the sterling qualities of its citizens, "for the most part," as another has said, "men and women whose standards of culture, of intellectual attainment, of morals, and of religion, are high."



STREETS AND
HOMES
IN REDLANDS.

Eighty miles from the ocean, Redlands nestles close to the foothills, sheltered by a mountain range averaging in height on the north and east about 5,000 feet; and towering head and shoulders above their lesser brethren are San Antonio, or "Old Baldy," San Bernardino, and San Gorgonio, or "Grayback," three of the highest mountain peaks in Southern California—reaching skyward from 10,000 to 12,000 feet.

But to stick to the text—about growth—the past two years, 1901 and 1902, have been remarkable for the number and value of buildings erected. Think of a million dollars' worth of improvements a year, for two consecutive years, in a city with a population of 7,000! And when the history of 1903 shall have been written, from present indications it will prove another million-dollar year.

Statistics are dry reading, to be sure, but to prove to those who may be skeptical as to the above statements, it might be well to quote the actual figures secured by careful and accurate canvassers employed by the local daily papers to obtain the information direct from builders and owners.

The canvass for 1901 was made by the *Daily Facts*. During that year 310 buildings were erected, almost a building a day for every working day in the year. Of this number, 285 were residences and 25 were business houses. The sum expended by the city for general improvements was \$24,800.00, this sum including improvements to school buildings, to streets, ditches, storm-water bridges, sidewalks, gutters, curbs, and a \$6,000.00 building for the fire department.

In the business section, \$317,725.00 were expended, about equally divided between new business houses erected and general railway and business improvements.

In the residence section, 296 houses were put up at a cost of \$546,000.00, and \$53,000.00 expended for improvements. The most imposing of the new houses built that year was the residence of Mr. A. C. Burrage.

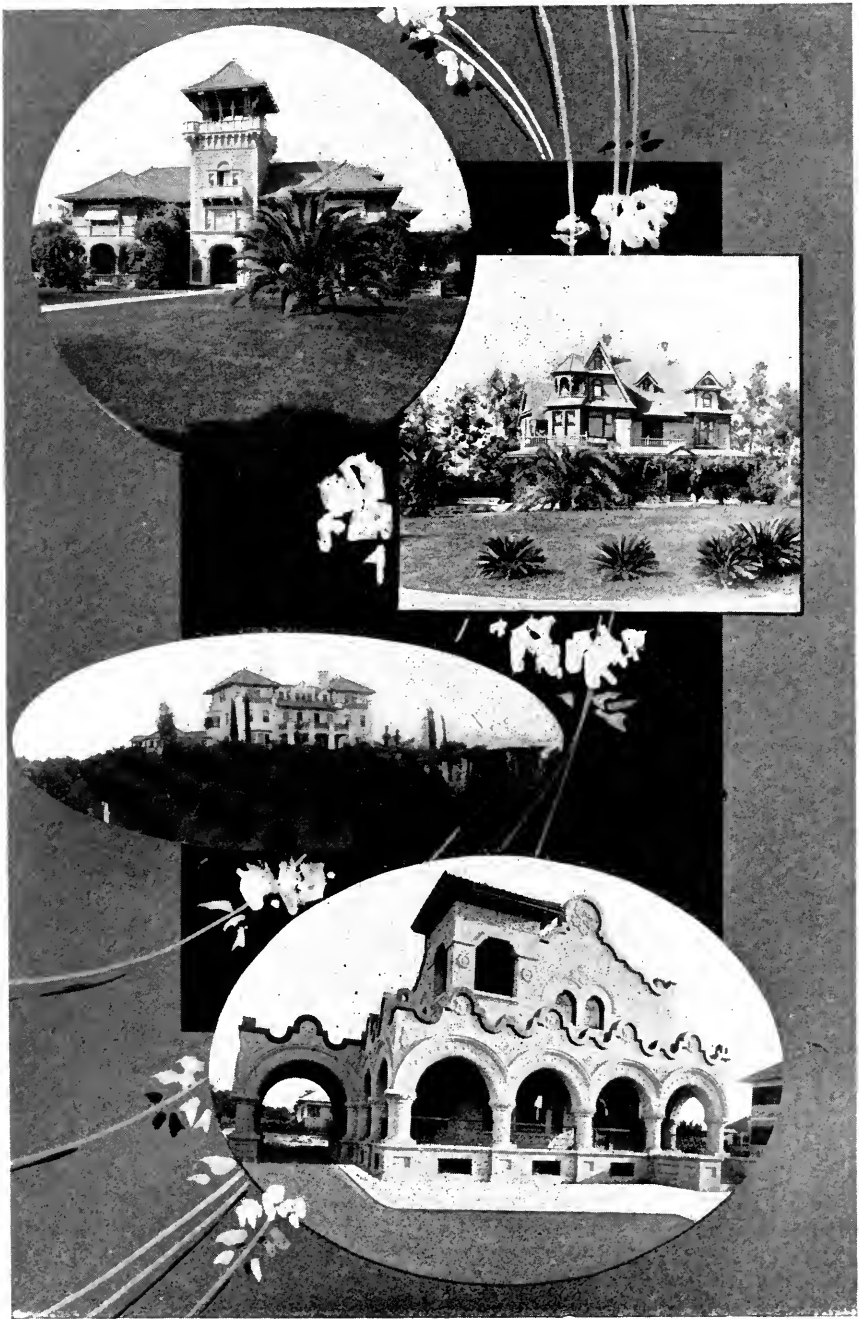
The total sum expended in improvements during 1901 foots up to \$957,237.00.

The figures for 1902 were secured by a representative of the *Daily Review*, and set forth in a special illustrated edition. Dwellings and appurtenant improvements, \$519,461.00. Buildings entirely for business, \$330,616.00. Improvements of a public nature, \$42,250.00. General improvements by contractors, \$75,850.00. Add to this the Edison Electric Co.'s plant in Mill Creek Cañon, adjacent to the city, \$200,000.00, and the total sum expended for improvements is \$1,168,177.00.

In general, the buildings erected have been substantial, many ornamental; some by their size and beauty would do credit to a city much larger than Redlands is at this time. During 1902, a number of first-class business blocks were erected, the new Methodist Church almost completed, a number of fine residences built, and many less pretentious put up by people of moderate means. And the end is not yet. Since the first of the present year, building has continued in all sections of the town. More than three score dwellings have been completed and many more are in process of erection at this writ-



LAKE IN
CAÑON CREST PARK.



A FEW REDLANDS RESIDENCES.

ing. Trinity Episcopal Church will have, when finished, a substantial and churchly edifice, costing \$25,000.00. The Baptist Church is making a large addition to its building; the Presbyterians will spend approximately \$20,000.00 in their new Sunday School building and addition to the church auditorium.

The Savings Bank of Redlands has just fitted up, at an expense of \$5,000.00, new quarters adjoining the First National Bank.

The University Club, organized two years ago with a membership of fifty, now, with twice that number, owns a magnificent home, designed by one of its own members, Mr. L. Dorr Schaeffer, that will cost, complete with furnishings, about \$20,000.00.

The Contemporary Club, a woman's organization with about 200 members, devoted to letters, art, society and local reforms, is contemplating the erection of a new club-house opposite the Smiley Library.

Plans are now being made for the erection of a handsome theater building to accommodate 1,200 people and to cost approximately \$35,000.00.

The Home Telephone Company, a local concern, has completed a \$6,000.00 office building near the center of town, having installed a service with about 500 subscribers. \$30,000.00 worth of bonds have been issued for a new eight-room school-house in one of the school districts, and to accommodate the increase in the number of High School pupils, \$68,000.00 will be expended this year in remodeling and enlarging the present building.

The Casa Loma Hotel, filled during the tourist season, finds it necessary



THE CASA LOMA HOTEL.

to expand and has added a large number of new rooms, enlarged the dining-room and fitted up a new amusement hall. New plumbing, new carpets, and new painting and renovating make it practically a new hotel. While not the largest tourist hotel, it is certainly one of the most comfortable and attractive in the State, an ideal winter home for those who wish to enjoy the fine climate and beautiful scenery of Redlands.

The present population of the city is 8,000, an increase in three years of 69 per cent, since the census of 1900. There are 200 miles of streets, 16 miles of cement walks, a property valuation of \$14,000,000.00, an assessed valuation of \$6,000,000.00 and a bonded indebtedness of \$54,000 00.

From vast storage reservoirs in the mountains an abundant water supply is provided for domestic use as well as for the irrigation of the orange groves, flower gardens and lawns.

As has been well and truly said, "What has been done in material development during the past year has been more than duplicated along intellectual lines. Redlands is a city that stands for culture, and with her schools and churches, her woman's clubs, and her musical organizations, has gone ahead, in this respect, with leaps and bounds. A city of homes, with all the good that the word 'home' implies, is what Redlands strives to be and is."

A brief mention may be made here of the various musical and social organizations in Redlands. Besides the University Club, and the Contemporary Club, already noted, there are the Spinet, a purely musical organization, the Country Club, with a picturesque club-house on "The Heights," the Fortnightly, a men's club of limited membership, and the Redlands Medical Society. The Elks Club has handsomely furnished rooms, with café adjoining, in the second story of the Post-office building. The Masons, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, and almost all the fraternal



THE A. K. SMILEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

organizations are represented by lodges. The Young Men's Christian Association owns a fine building, in which are the city offices. The Board of Trade, one of the active commercial organizations of Southern California, with a membership of nearly 400, maintains an Exhibit Room and Bureau of Information, centrally located, for the convenience of visitors.

All the leading religious denominations have adequate and attractive church buildings. There are in all about twenty religious and charitable societies, and thirty literary, musical, social and patriotic associations.

The public school system of California is maintained at a high standard of excellence, and it is universally conceded that there are no better grammar or high schools in the State than those of Redlands. There are eight school buildings, fifty-one teachers, and upwards of 1,900 school children.

The A. K. Smiley Public Library is a very handsome and substantial brick building in modified Mission style, containing 8,400 volumes, and with over 3,000 regular readers. This building, with the park of eight acres in which it stands, was the gift to the city of Mr. Smiley, whose name it bears.

The Facts and *The Review* are respectively the evening and morning papers. *The Review* issues a weekly edition. *The Citograph*



PEPPER TREE WALK.

is a well-printed weekly, "a local authority on horticultural subjects, as well as a purveyor of news."

While Redlands, on account of its inland location, will never become a great commercial center, it has a large number of business houses and shops to supply the demands of its inhabitants, and these institutions have kept pace with the growth of the city in improved and modern buildings. There are three banks, two telegraph companies, two telephone companies, and ample express facilities through a Wells-Fargo office.

The Santa Fé and Southern Pacific railroads maintain an excellent system of train service to Los Angeles and neighboring towns.

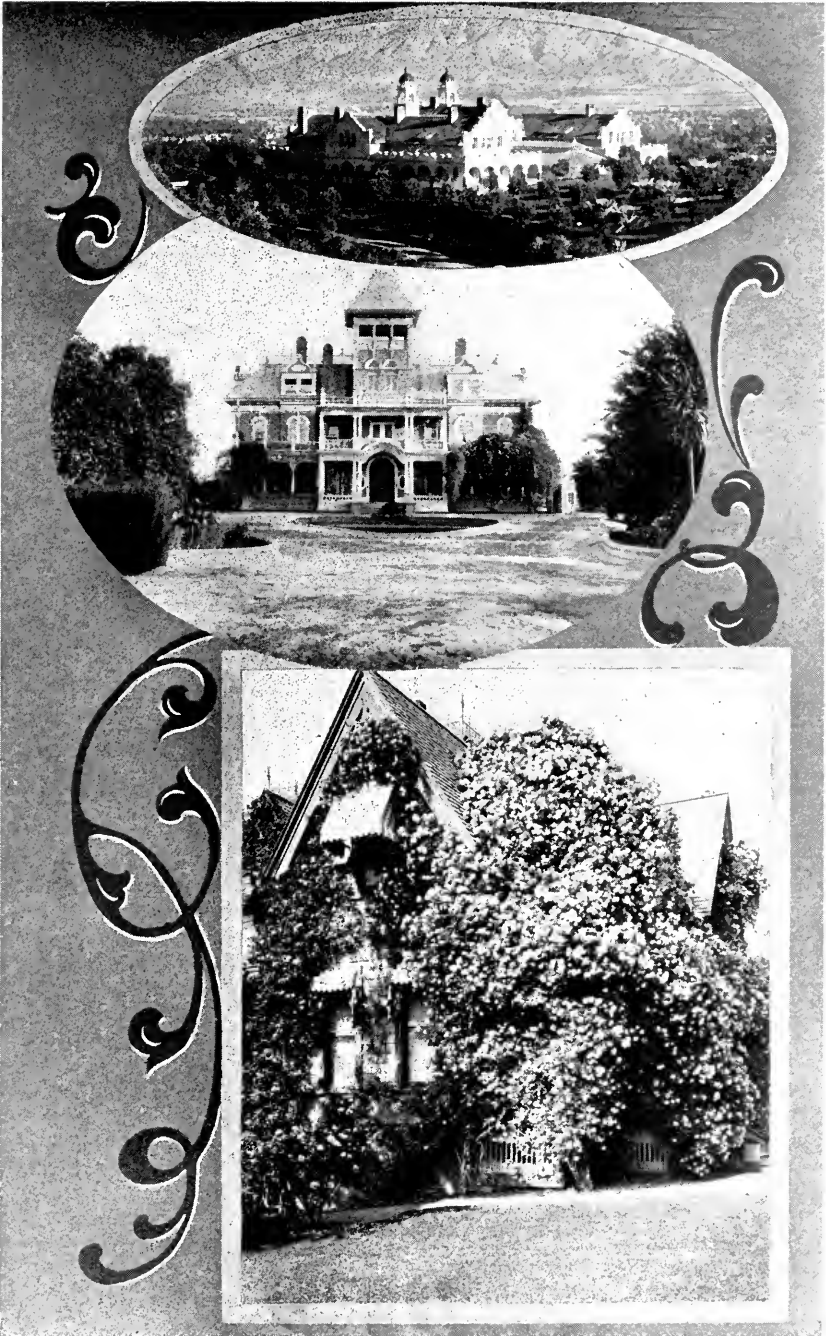
The San Bernardino Valley Traction Co., an electric road having recently acquired the Redlands Street Railway, carries passengers through and between the cities of Redlands, Highland, San Bernardino, and Colton, and under the aggressive management of A. C. Denman, Jr., is reaching out into new territory.

On the line of this electric road, within a short distance of Redlands, is situated Urbita Springs, a health and pleasure resort with a fine, large swimming pool, and provision for sulphur or mud baths.

Between Urbita and Redlands the cars pass the new race track and ball grounds recently fitted up by the Traction Co. with grand stand and sheds. Harlem Springs, where is also a sulphur water plunge, is on the Highland branch of the electric road.



IN THE MOUNTAINS.



TYPICAL REDLANDS HOMES.

Neither the resident nor the visitor in Redlands need suffer from *ennui* for a moment. The matchless climate, the more than 300 sunshiny days in the year, afford ample opportunity for all sorts of out-door sports and recreations. Horseback rides, coaching parties, golf, tennis, and bowling may be enjoyed; for the fishermen there are trout streams in the cañons beyond the city; for the hunter, quail and dove shooting on the foothills at the terminus of the car line, and deer in the mountains; for the artist, scenery of wondrous grandeur; for the lover of Nature, beauty everywhere. Cañon Crest Park (Smiley Heights), with its 200 acres of tropical trees and flowers; Prospect Hill Park, also a fairyland of flowers; Edgemont Road, one of the finest scenic drives in the world, and the famous "McKinley Drive," are some of the attractions of Redlands.

A recent visitor from Canada, charmed by the outlook from Cañon Crest Park, exclaimed: "If there is any spot on earth calculated to give one an idea of the beauty of the Garden of Eden, surely it must be Redlands." The semicircle of snow-capped, rugged mountains; the foothills, pic-



CAÑON CREST PARK.

turesque in their barrenness; the distant valley, a delicate shade of green all over its broad fields of upcoming grain; the thousands of acres of groves, where are grown the famous Redlands oranges; with the clean, beautiful city in the midst—all this must be seen to be appreciated.

Many visitors have expressed in effect the opinion of Prof. Liberty H. Bailey, when in Redlands. "I have twice visited Europe and am familiar with Germany, Sardinia, Italy and Switzerland, yet I have never looked upon as beautiful a city as Redlands, nor have I ever seen as excellent culture as is shown in your orchards."

Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, was a trifle more extravagant when, after returning from a drive through Cañon Crest Park, and over Edgemont Road, he said: "We had a splendid drive. One taking it can have but one thing to say, that this is the most beautiful spot on earth."

"I don't wonder," said the late President McKinley, when here in 1901, "that the people of Redlands are proud of their city."

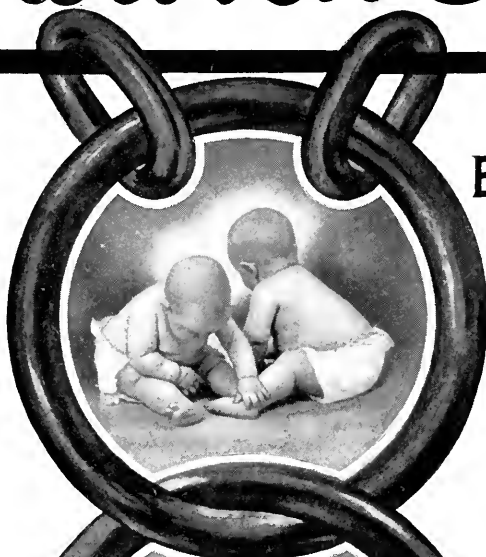
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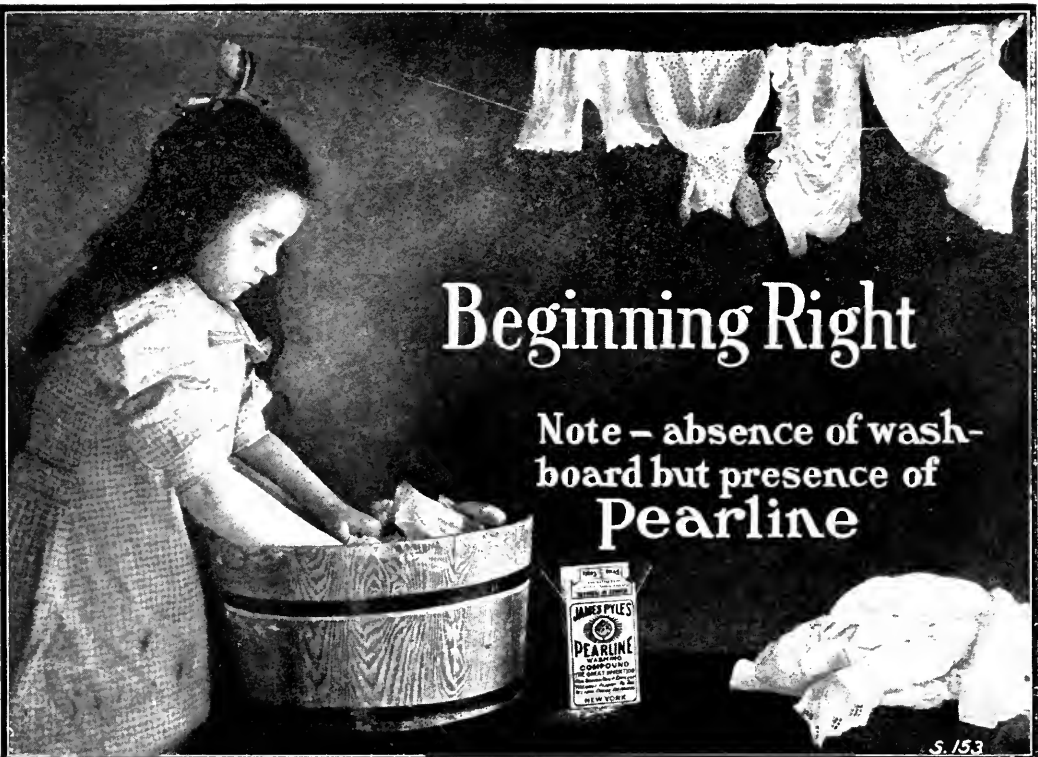
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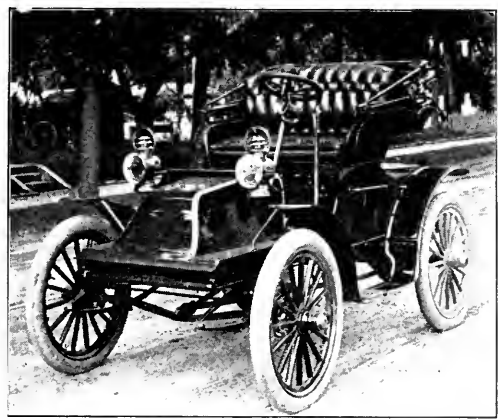
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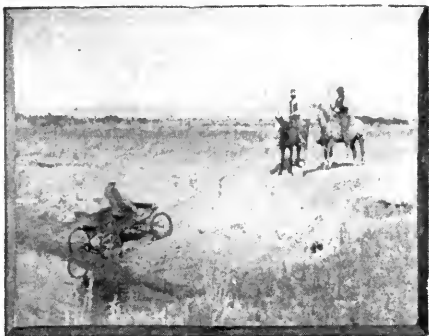
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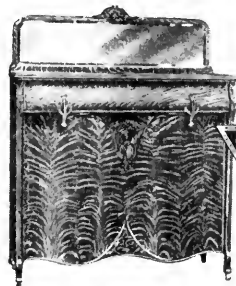
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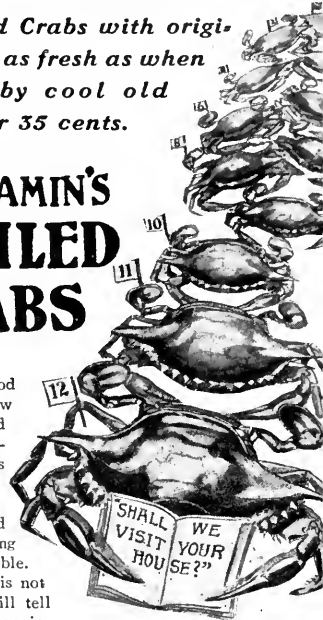
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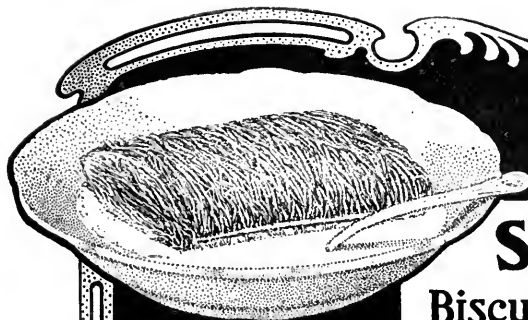
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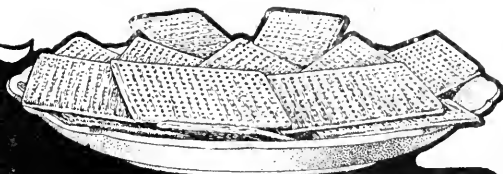
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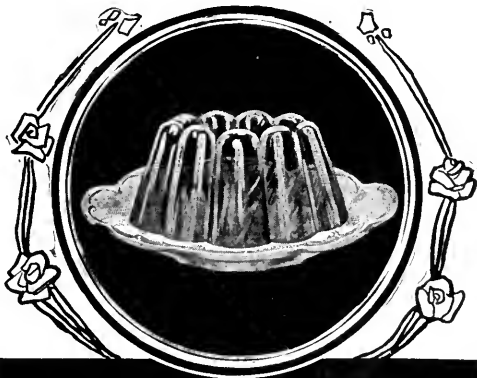
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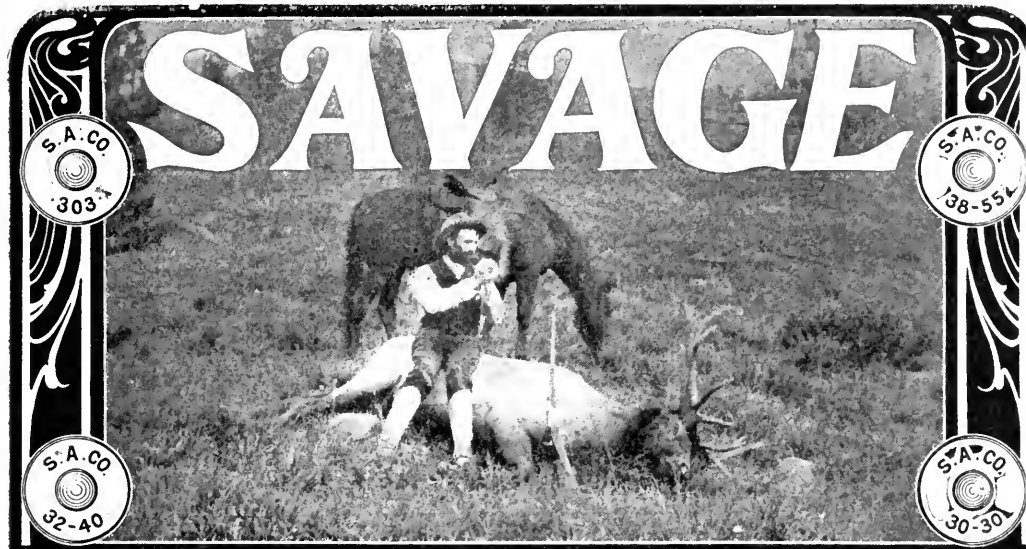
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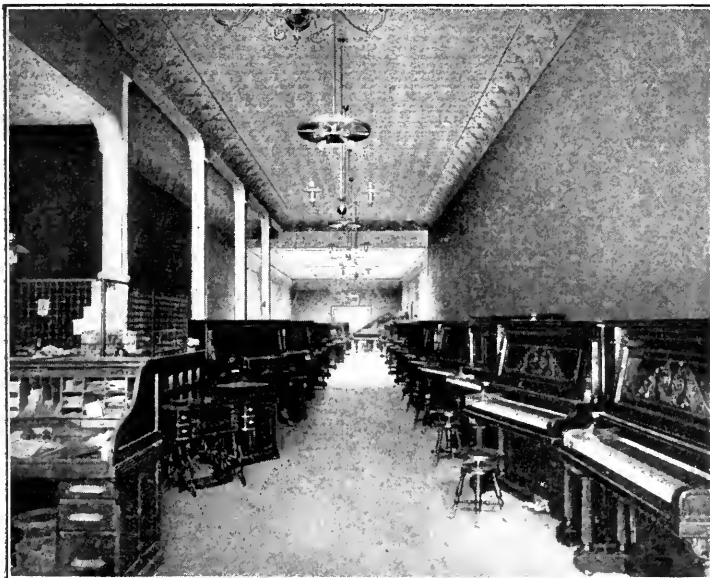


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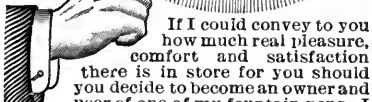
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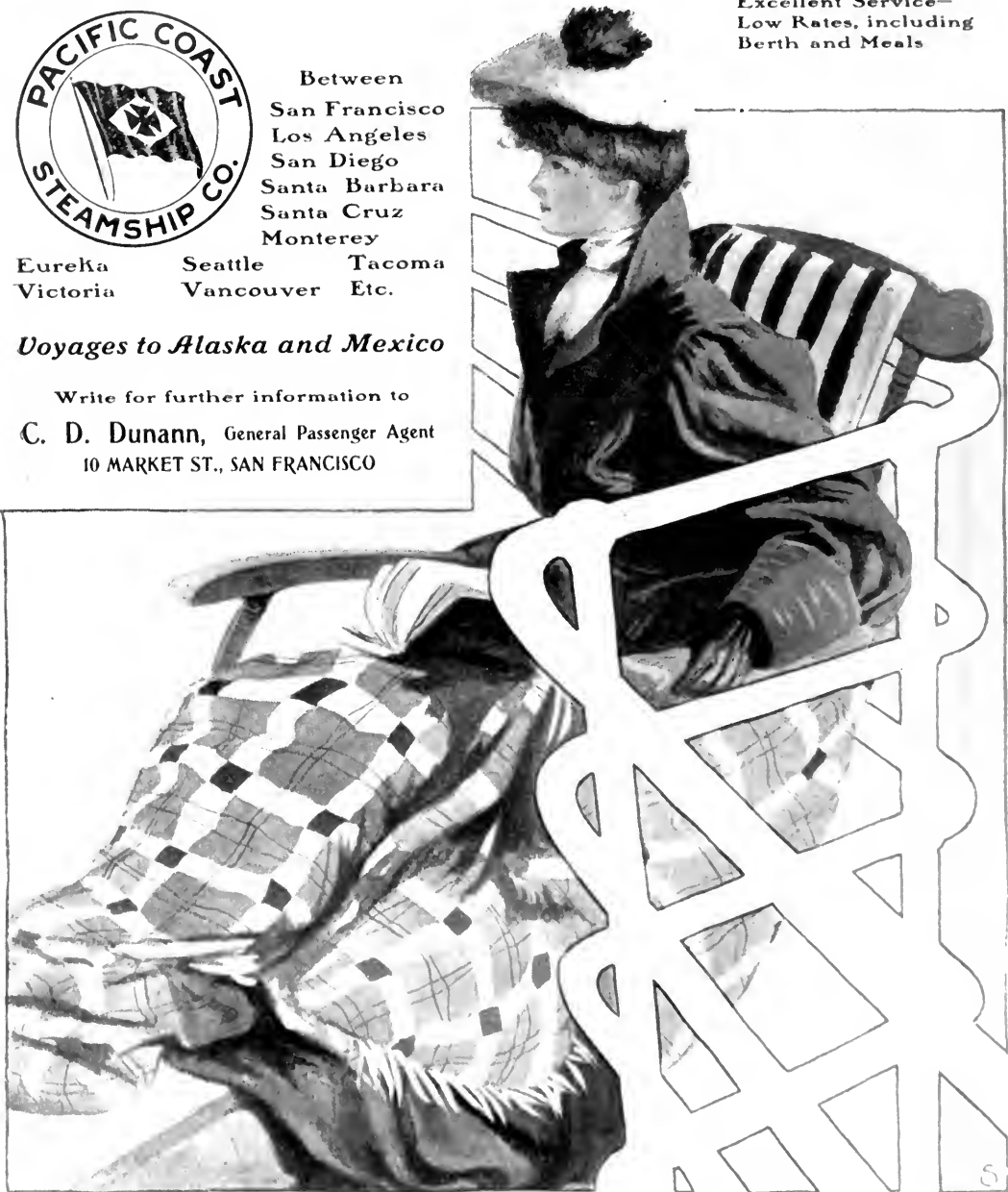
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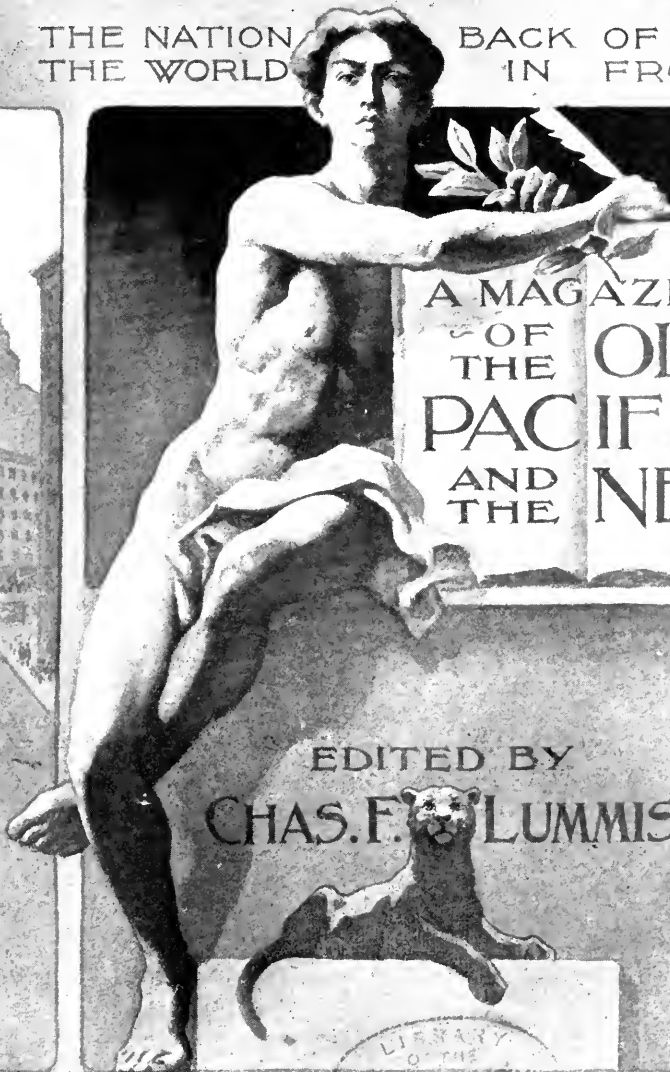
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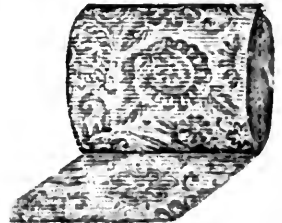
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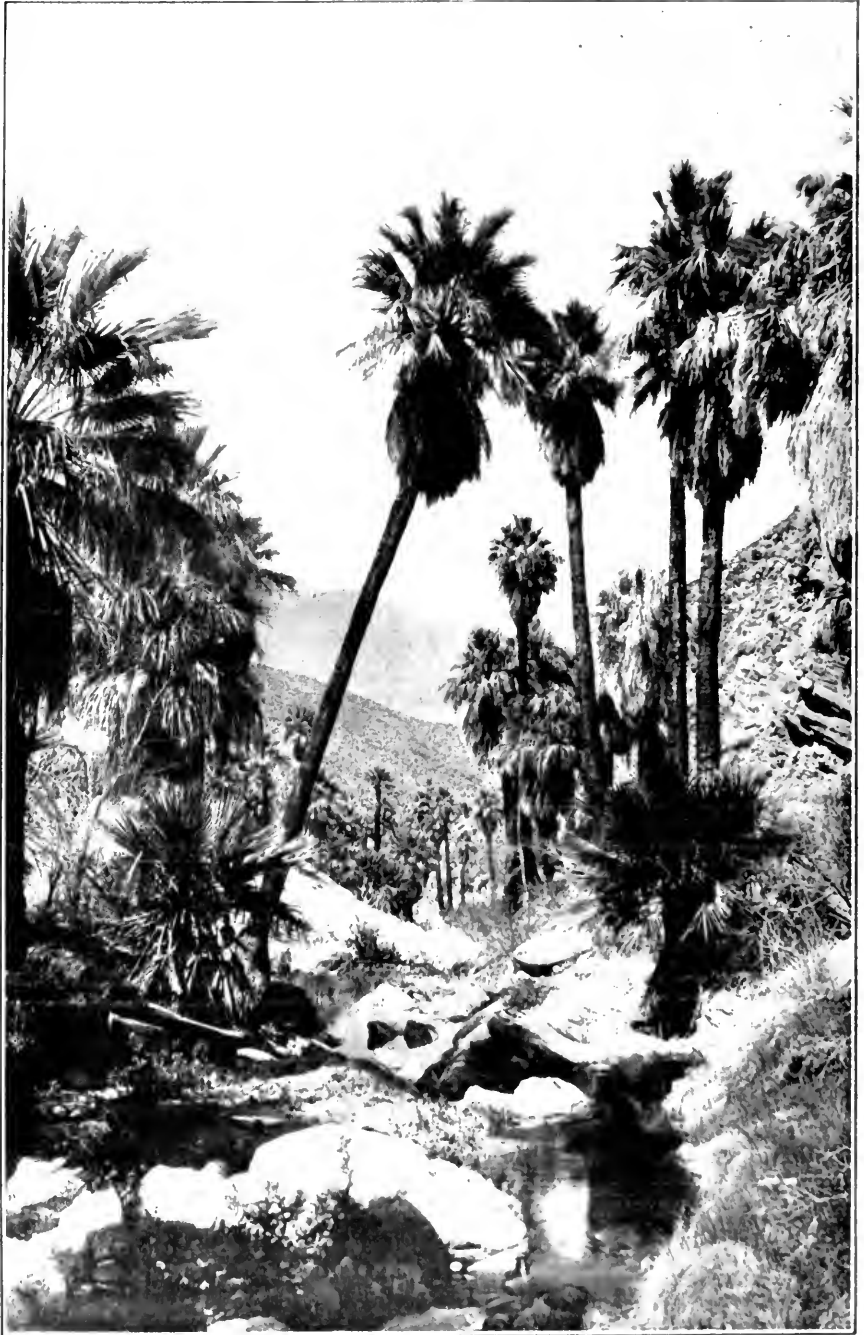
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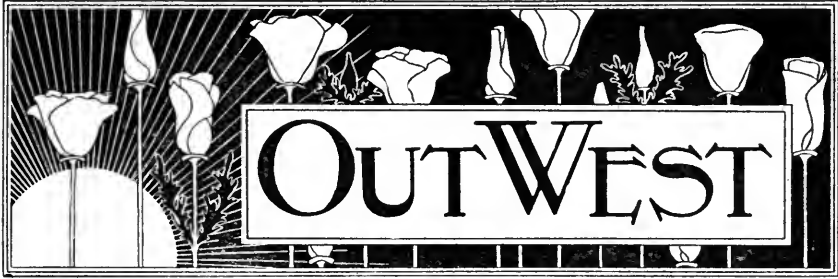
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Vol. XIX, No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1903.

"RAMONA": THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

By CARLYLE C. DAVIS.



Photo by Schumacher, Los Angeles
HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE devotion, vigor and perseverance with which Helen Hunt Jackson pursued her chief mission in life scarcely have a parallel. Her literary labor and fame culminated in the historical romance of *Ramona*, the influence of which has been second to the production of but one other American purpose writer. The inspiration of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and of *Ramona* was identical—the wrongs inflicted by a superior upon an inferior race. The chief aim of each was ultimately achieved; the one through immeasurable sacrifices of blood and treasure, the other through the peaceful evolution of public sentiment, leading up to a revolt of the national conscience, and compelling a reversal of public poli-

cies. It is not an extravagant claim that the humanitarian impulse now giving direction to the conduct of Indian affairs by the government had its genesis largely in the romantic novel. The influence of the woman and her work was not only immediate but lasting. It has come down to this day and hour. The tragedy of Temecula will never be repeated. The era of

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evictions has forever passed away. The Mission Indians will not again be driven from their homes at the point of the bayonet. Helen Hunt Jackson's posthumous influence will continue to shield them.

The home of the author of *Ramona* was long the border land. Its earlier citizens suffered greatly at the hands of the Indians. Many now living remember when even the capital of the state was menaced by roving bands of murderous Arapahoes and Cheyennes. The Meeker massacre is still fresh in the minds of its people. The treachery of the Utes may never be forgotten. But the prejudices of two generations, there and elsewhere, should give way before the fact that the Mission Indians of California belong to a different category; that they are peaceful, industrious and frugal; that they worship the white man's God, and endeavor, with a meager equipment, to raise themselves to his plane of civilization. Some of them loved their homes so well that they suffered death within them in stoic preference to going out into the world in search of others! Not a few so died as martyrs to boasted American civilization!

It was Helen Hunt Jackson's purpose to tell the whole pitiful story. It was her desire to paint it in its true colors in her first book; but she was persuaded that it was the better plan to clothe it first in the presumably more attractive garb of romance, and then to follow with other works of a more historical character after the ear of the public should be secured. This was the sage advice of Don Antonio Franco Coronel and his wife Doña Mariana; albeit these staunch friends did not begin to realize the enormous sale which the initial story was destined to reach, the far-reaching influence it was to exert. Nor does popular interest seem to decrease with the lapse of time. The Public Library of Los Angeles owns twenty-nine volumes of *Ramona*, yet one can secure a copy only by means of a reservation and a long wait. It would seem that at least nine of every ten tourists have read the story. Thousands of them visit the San Diego, the San Luis Rey, and the Santa Barbara Missions every season, confessedly because of the association with them of "Ramona" and "Alessandro," and all esteem it a privilege to catch a glimpse of "Camulos," as the trains of the Southern Pacific railroad pass through the hallowed spot. In the "Coronel Collection" at the Chamber of Commerce in this city is a portrait of Helen Hunt Jackson in oil, about 7 by 12, by Alexander F. Harmer; and beneath it is the little mahogany table upon which the opening chapters of the story were writ-



THE HISTORIC "SOUTH VERANDA," AT CAMULOS.

ten. But the world, outside of Southern California, knows little of the Coronels, the relation of the author of *Ramona* to them, or the reason for displaying the portrait and the table with this particular collection of curios. Few indeed know that a number of the characters in the story were living persons idealized, that they are living today, or that the famous jewels, most unlikely incident of the plot, are still in the possession of a Los Angeles woman. These facts and incidents constitute most interesting side-lights to the writer, intensified by a long acquaintance with Helen Hunt Jackson in her lifetime, and may not prove uninteresting to others. The truth will be found to be, as so often it is, stranger than fiction. It is here first given, only once removed from the lips of the living actors.

The inception and development of *Ramona* is in itself a story of more than ordinary interest. It was the product of a peculiar and fortunate combination of circumstances and events, a happy mingling of realism and romance, the timely meeting of Design with Chance.

Helen Hunt Jackson came to Southern California in 1882, with a purpose not too well defined. She had been commissioned by the Scribners to "write something about the Mission Indians." It would have been an easy matter for her, as well as another, and without leaving comfortable apartments in a hotel, to prepare an interesting series of articles on the prolific theme, and her publishers would doubtless have been satisfied. But she was directed to higher and greater achievements by influences not reckoned with by her or those whom she represented. The inspiration may have been heaven-sent, but the instrumentalities that proved most potent were human, tangible, real. The conditions were ripe for her mission. Indeed, they were waiting upon her. To the task of harvesting the matured fruit she brought a rare equipment. If events and circumstances



Mount of KAMOWA

THE PATIO AT CAMULOS.

Photo by C. F. Lee, 1888

were favorable, a less earnest, a less receptive, a less impressionable person might easily have failed to recognize their significance. She brought a letter to the Roman Catholic Bishop. He gave her a cordial welcome, and pointed the way. Don Antonio Coronel, he assured her, was the traditional friend of the Indian in these parts, and to him she was sent with a suitable letter of introduction.

The Coronel rancho consisted of seventy-five acres of fruitful land lying in the valley of the Los Angeles river, on the eastern outskirts of the city, and was covered with a noble growth of citrus and deciduous fruit trees. In the center of the tract was the hacienda, for decades a conspicuous landmark. It was a typical Spanish adobe house, with projecting tile roof and broad verandas opening upon the proverbial "court." It contained thirteen large rooms, more than sufficient for the needs of its two occupants, the old Don and his young wife; but Spanish hospitality took into account the necessity for providing accommodations for all comers, and it is not likely the hacienda was ever found to be too large. The rancho was a gift to the Don's father from the Mexican government, in consideration of distinguished services in the field, the grant dating back to the early 30's. It descended to Don Antonio, who came upon the stage of action in time to be of service in opposing American aggression. He, indeed, had been singled out for the distinction of conveying to the Mexican capital the flags captured in various engagements with the invaders. The rancho was still intact upon the occasion of Helen Hunt Jackson's first visit, but the subsequent growth of Los Angeles has completely obliterated all of the ancient boundary lines. Railroads cross and recross it, streets have been cut through, monster depots and factories built, residences erected, and the once pastoral quiet of the locality has forever departed. The famous hacienda itself, still retaining its original proportions but fast going into decay, stands within the enclosure of a mammoth cracker factory near the corner of Central avenue and Seventh street, and is now used for storing merchandise.



OLD MISSION INDIAN.

At her first visit to the historic hacienda amidst the orange



HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

trees, Mrs. Jackson met a cordial reception at the hands of Don Antonio and Doña Mariana, not because of her distinction or her worth, but because she bore a letter from the Bishop. They had never before heard the name of their guest. Not blessed with offspring, they had never read her *Bits of Talk* for young folk. They had felt the omnipotence of perfect, patient love, but not from reading her story of *Zeph*. They knew, for it had come home to them as to few others, about a *Century of Dishonor*, though they had never seen the book. They had been fighting the battles of the Indians for many years, in the most practical and helpful way, without the aid of allies beyond the mountains, without knowledge of the devoted work being done in other portions of the vineyard by the Helen Hunts and their colleagues elsewhere. In the old and happy days of church domination and priestly rule there had been no "Indian question." That came only after American "civilization" took from the brown men their lands and gave them nothing in return. It ministered neither to their spiritual, intellectual or physical needs. It neither helped them nor permitted them to help themselves. It simply abandoned them to their fate. In struggling with this they ever counted upon the sympathy, the advice and the material aid of Don Antonio and his great-hearted wife.

The situation had reached a critical stage when Helen Hunt Jackson appeared on the scene. The statement of her mission and the proffer of her assistance at once won the hearts of Don Antonio and Doña Mariana. The mutual confidence early established soon developed into friendship and ripened into love. And the last meeting of the trio was quite as pathetic as was the first. Doña Mariana was very ill, and believed she was on her death-bed. Helen Hunt Jackson had responded to a summons, and the speedy rally of the patient was doubtless largely due to her visit. "You are going to get well, Mariana. You will



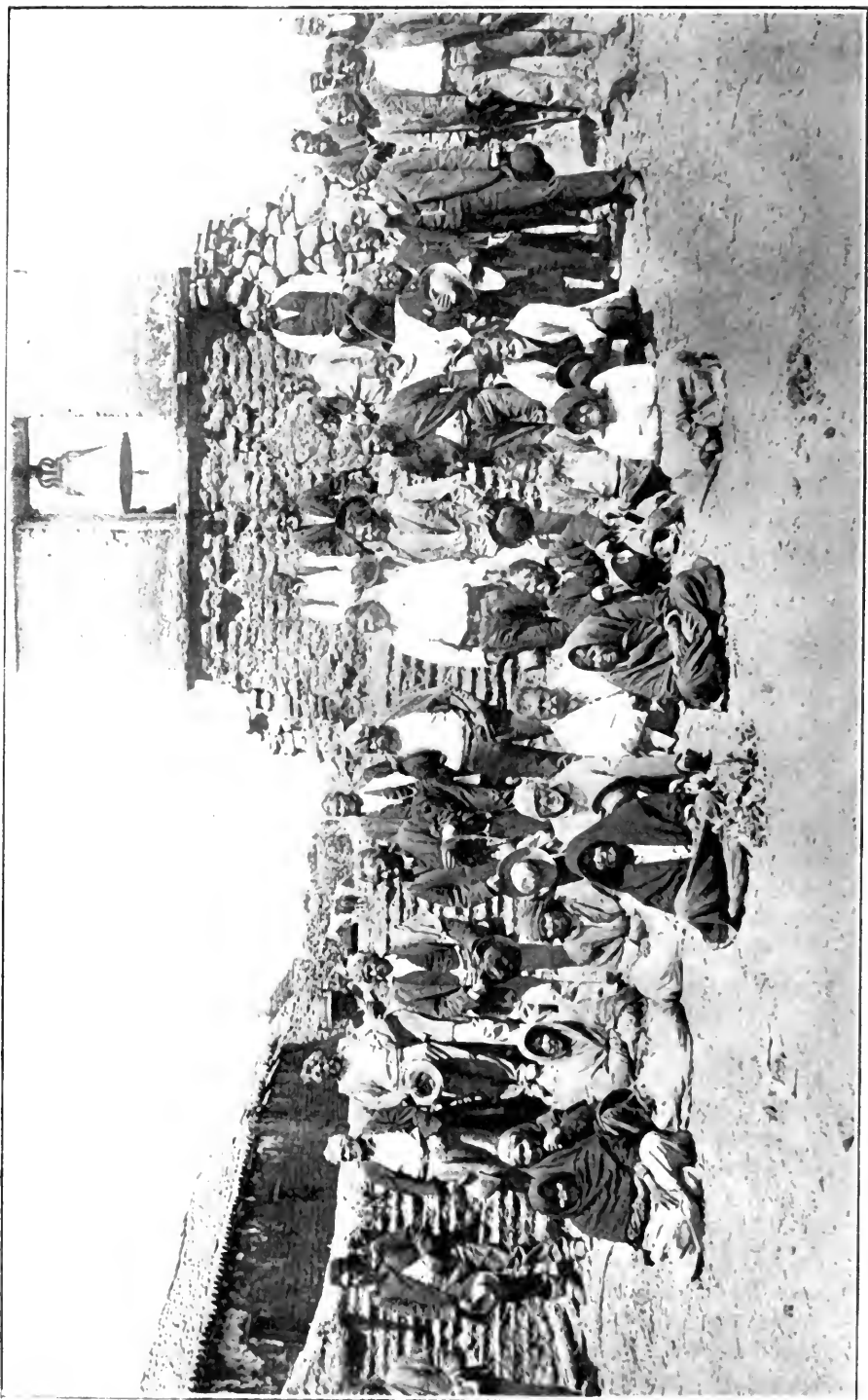
"EL RECREO"—THE OLD CORONEL HOME.

survive me. I feel that you will live to complete my work." Only a few weeks later Helen Hunt Jackson was among the blest.

At her initial interview with the Coronels little more was accomplished than the establishment of confidence. A second conference was arranged for the following week. It happened to be Christmas Day, 1882, a circumstance that appealed to Helen Hunt Jackson only after her arrival at the hacienda, so absorbed was she in other thoughts. Don Antonio, Doña Mariana and their guest were seated upon the broad veranda, the latter intent upon the details of her host's relation of Indian history and Indian wrongs, when the conversation was interrupted by the appearance in the yard of five mounted men, evidently in great mental perturbation.

"More trouble!" quietly suggested the Don, accustomed to such visitations. "But it must be unusually serious, for these are all chiefs of their tribes, and their ponies indicate that they have been ridden a long distance and very fast. Excuse me for a moment while I try to discover what it means."

The interview between the Don and the Indians was very animated, all talking at once. Mrs. Jackson soon became as excited as were the Indians. She could not understand their language, it being a mixture of Spanish with the tribal dialect; but their voices and manner indicated the deepest distress, and it was not difficult to perceive the import of their mission. It soon developed that papers had been served upon them to abandon their homes and give immediate possession to white claimants; and these chiefs had come, as so often before, for counsel from the Don and Doña Mariana. Upon three distinct occasions had the life of Don Antonio been saved by the timely intercession of Mission Indians. The bond between them was in-



MEETING OF OLD MISSION INDIANS WITH SEÑOR CORONEL AT PALA, JUNE 28, 1887, WITH REFERENCE TO THE LOSS OF THEIR LANDS.
Those sitting down had been beaten off.



AT THE OLD CORONEL HACIENDA, "EL RECREO."
Where the story of "Ramona" was conceived and begun.

dissoluble. The Don was their "padre," and Doña Mariana was in their sight little less than a saint.

Mrs. Jackson begged the privilege of talking with the chiefs ; and, with the help of her friends in interpreting, she was soon established in their confidence. The inspiration at that moment seized her of visiting their villages, and the foundation was laid for securing, as she might in no other way, the fullest confirmation of all that had been told her prior to their visit. This was most pleasing to Don Antonio and Doña Mariana, and the incident was regarded as fortunate, for Helen Hunt Jackson was assured of a welcome in the Indian settlements such as otherwise might not have been accorded her, and of knowledge that could be acquired by no other means. The details of the journey were soon arranged. It included a long and wearisome ride over the mountains, in a springless wagon, to the Indian settlements, with a side trip of observation to Camulos ranch, which the Coronels desired her to visit, that she might get a better idea of a typical Spanish abode, and because its occupants were not only zealous children of the church, but traditional friends of the Indians as well. Scribners' artist and Mr. A. W. Kinney accompanied her on this journey.

It is not my purpose to follow them in their wanderings over the San Jacinto mountains. The details have been recorded in reports to the government. It is enough here to say that the name of Helen Hunt Jackson is to this day revered in the abode



PEDRO PABLO, HIS WIFE, AND OTHER MISSION INDIANS AT PAUMA, JULY, 1885.

of every Mission Indian, and that, were it in the power of these grateful people, it would long ago have been placed in the church calendar of saints. Judged by the accuracy of her description of Camulos, it is likely the pictures she drew of Indian life were faithful and conscientious. She was at the ranch but a few hours, a circumstance which makes her portrayal of it all the more remarkable.



SEÑORA DOÑA YSABEL DEL VALLE.

In the short half day she not only observed every detail of situation and environment, but while there evolved the chief incidents of the story. It "was sheepshearing time in Southern California." The Indians from over the mountains were there. All of the preparations described in the opening chapters of *Ramona* had been made. "Father Salvierderra" had come down from the Santa Barbara Mission. The

matin songs had echoed through the court. Mass had been said in the little chapel in the orange grove. The altar cloth, made originally from Señora Moreno's wedding gown, was spotless in its whiteness; but to the discerning eye must have disclosed a patch, for Helen Hunt Jackson saw it, and every visitor there since has seen it, although it is probable that on that particular day its existence was unknown to Señora Moreno. That dear old soul, whose virtues suffer to some extent in the idealization of her character by the novelist, had been occupied with manifold household duties, and may not have been as observant of the smaller details as was her guest. However that may be, the patch was an inspiration, and provided the material for one of the most touching incidents of the story. The dimensions of the ranch have since been somewhat curtailed, but the ranch-house, or hacienda, with its picturesque environment and now historical belongings, survives the twenty

years that have since elapsed, without essential modification. The visitor of today, stepping from a Southern Pacific train into the precincts of Camulos, will need to go through the yard



HON. REGINALDO F. DEL VALLE.

where the shearing was done, past the shed in which the wool was stored and in the heat of which "Felipe" was overcome, to reach the entrance of the house, for the railroad track is in the rear of it. Once within the court every scene will seem familiar: the arbor and the fountain and the chapel; the path leading down to the stream where "Ramona" washed the stains from the altar cloth, and where "Alessandro" first beheld the wondrous beauty of the maiden; the porch on which the hammock swung with its precious burden, and where the lover drew symphonies from the violin fetched at such cost of effort by José from Temecula for the delectation of the invalid. With



BLANCA YNDART—IN HER EARLY DAYS AT CAMULOS.
"The one . . . who may be regarded as the 'Ramona' of the story."

the physical conditions unchanged in the slightest particular, and with at least some of the real characters of the story present, it is not difficult to fancy the actual scenes being re-enacted. All of the influences of earth and air, of sheen and shadow, of restless foliage, and laughing waters of fountain and stream, combine to produce a state of consciousness the disturbance of which comes necessarily in the nature of a shock.

Various considerations, now no longer potent, have prompted the suppression of the real facts regarding the story and the principal characters in it; and there have been circulated innumerable fictions. Most absurd of the stories with which tourists

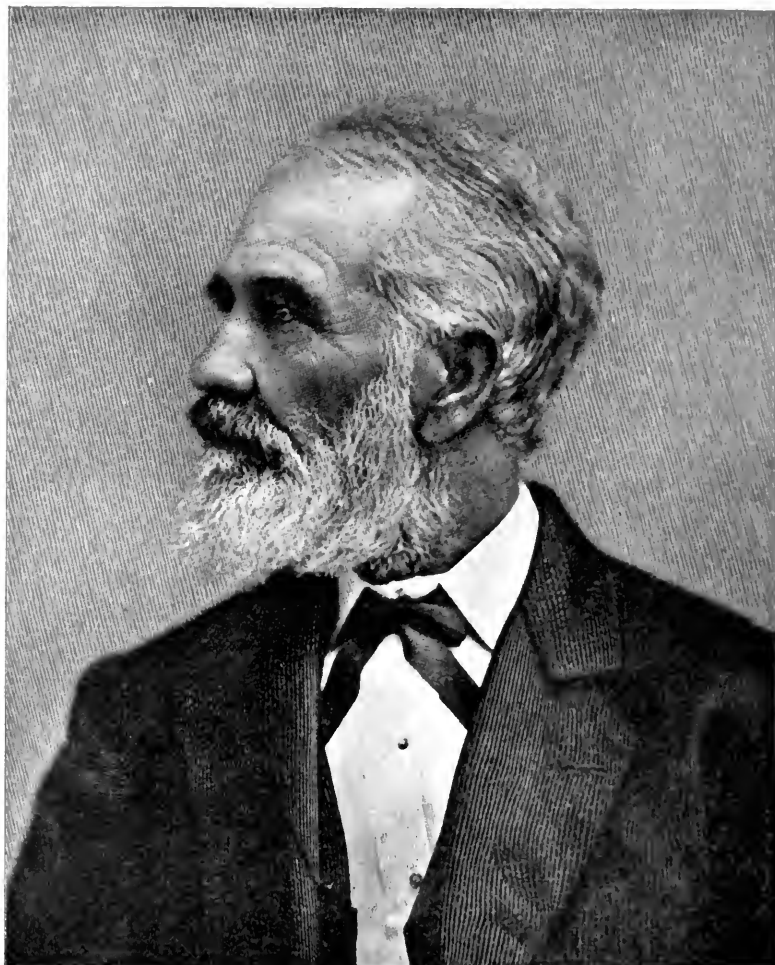
are regaled is one that credits the author with having been bribed to write it by interested parties for political effect, and that the \$10,000 thus earned was used in setting up her husband in business! An equally absurd yarn, that found believers with a certain class, credited the authorship of the story to an unfrocked priest, whose nearly completed manuscript was appropriated by Helen Hunt Jackson. A brochure that originated in Los Angeles, and which has reached its fourth edition, contains a half-tone from a photograph of an Indian woman, said to be now living in San Diego County, which the author claims is "the real Ramona." There is scarcely a settlement south of the Tehachepi that is not pointed out to the traveler as the "home of Ramona." She was married at every mission from San Diego to San Luis Obispo, if one but credits local legend. The real facts, until now withheld, are as stated below.

For the "Señora Moreno" of the story there was doubtless a hint in the equally strong, but infinitely more lovely, real character who was and still is queen of Camulos—Señora Doña Ysabel del Valle, a widow of sixty-two, still living at the ranch. The property descended to her husband from his father, to whom it was granted before American occupation for meritorious service in the Mexican army.

Ex-State Senator Reginald F. del Valle, the oldest son, may have suggested to the novelist the "Felipe" of the story. He has long been an honored citizen of Los Angeles, a prominent member of the local bar, and influential in the counsels of the Democratic organization in this State. He was a delegate-at-large to the last national convention of his party, and rumor at the time connected his name with the Mexican mission, in the event of the election of Mr. Bryan. It will be remembered that it was to the City of Mexico that "Felipe" and "Ramona" went on their bridal tour, and that with their happiness there the author closes the story.

"Ramona" was a creation of Helen Hunt Jackson. She is supposed to have been a happy blending of two characters of the del Valle household—Blanca Yndart, a Spanish girl, a ward of Señora del Valle; and Guadalupe, a Mission Indian girl, given to the Señora when a child by a Saboba chief. Blanca was the only child of U. Yndart, a resident of Santa Barbara. Her mother, dying when the child was five years of age, committed her to the keeping of Señora del Valle, and she lived at Camulos ranch as one of the family until she was fourteen. Then her father took a second wife, and Blanca returned to the parental roof, living there until her own marriage, four years later, to James Maguire. Upon the death of her husband,

some years ago, Blanca, with her two children, removed to Los Angeles, and now resides on First street. She is the one human document who may in truth be regarded as the "Ramona" of the story. She is of the purest Spanish blood, both father and mother having been born in Castile; and at forty-two is still a woman of exceptional beauty. Her grandfather, Captain Yndart, was a sea-faring man, more or less familiar with all the navigable waters of the globe. In his world wanderings, covering a period of forty years, he accumulated a chest of treasures of surpassing beauty and worth, and these are the "Ramona jewels." For years they were held in trust by Señora del Valle ("Señora Moreno") for Blanca Yndart ("Ramona"), when she should be married; and they are still in the possession of Mrs. Maguire. They consist, in the main, of a large cross of pearls of rare purity and unusual size, a rosary of pearls, and a single pearl, pear-shaped, of extraordinary dimensions, and valued at several thousand dollars, "tray after tray of jewels," an East Indian shawl of texture so delicate that it can be drawn through an ordinary finger ring; a number of dainty kerchiefs, and other rich and costly fabrics from the Orient—"shawls and ribosos of damask, laces, gowns of satin, of velvet." A daughter of Captain Yndart, who subsequently married a cousin of the same name, was living at Santa Barbara when the old sea captain paid his last visit to this coast. Having a presentiment that he would not survive another voyage, he left the chest of treasures with his daughter, with instructions as to their disposition at his death. They were to be divided between his two grandchildren, Blanca and Pancho Yndart, the latter a cousin of the former. Blanca's mother was delicate, and realizing that she would not live to see her daughter married, she provided that, at her death, Blanca should be taken into the del Valle family at Camulos, Doña Ysabel being her nearest and dearest friend. Mrs. Yndart, unwilling to trust others with the jewels, herself took them to the ranch, and it is said that not even her own husband knew of their existence. This was before the era of railroads at Santa Barbara, and the route chosen, along the beach, was safe enough when the tide was out, but a miscalculation was made, and in rounding the promontory just above San Buenaventura, in water reaching almost to the seat of the vehicle, Mrs. Yndart and the treasures narrowly escaped being washed into the sea. Pancho long supposed his inheritance was so lost, and it is said that the first intimation he had to the contrary was gained from his reading of the story of *Ramona*. Upon the death of her mother, Blanca went to Camulos and remained there for nine years, wholly unconscious



DON ANTONIO F. CORONEL.

Don Antonio and his wife gave Mrs. Jackson the inspiration for the novel.

of the existence of the jewels, or that such a rich marriage *dot* awaited her. This was strictly in accord with the wishes of her mother, which were sacredly respected by Señora del Valle. For thirteen years, and until Blanca's wedding, the jewels remained in a stout chest beneath the bed of the Señora, unseen by others.

Helen Hunt Jackson never saw Blanca or the jewels, but received the story from the lips of Doña Mariana Coronel, years afterwards. The little Indian girl, ward of Doña Ysabel, was at Camulos when she visited there. She learned from members of the household of the relations of the child to Blanca, corresponding with the relations of "Margarita" to "Ramona" in the romance. The story of the girl had also been told to Helen Hunt Jackson by Doña Mariana. But there is a sequel to it



DOÑA MARIANA DE CORONEL.

which the former never heard. It may be told in a few words, and is well worth the telling. Notwithstanding their lineage and the traditions connecting them with Mexican rule, the del Valles have never, since American occupation, been wanting in loyalty to the United States government. There have been numerous occasions for the visit of regular army officers to various points in Southern California, and in passing up and down the coast it was the good fortune of many of them to enjoy the hospitality of Camulos ranch. They were always sure of a cordial welcome there, especially at the hands of the elder del Valle, who, in his declining years, took especial delight in re-



"GENERAL" JOSÉ PACHITO AND HIS CAPTAINS, AT PALA, JULY, 1885.
At a meeting with Don Antonio Coronel.

counting with those military gentlemen the thrilling events that had transpired in this border land. Upon the occasion of a visit of Captain G——, of the —th U. S. cavalry, to the ranch, he was struck with the singular beauty of the little Indian girl, whom he saw flitting in and out of the court. Turning to a companion, a citizen of Los Angeles who had accompanied him on this journey, he inquired with some agitation: "Who is that girl? Why, she is the exact image of my sister!" His friend could only say that she was an Indian, given to the family by a Saboba chief, but adding that the hostess would doubtless tell him all that was known of her. An interview with Doña Ysabel was immediately sought, followed by a talk with the girl and a brief explanation, and when the officer left Camulos he took with him to his post, in Arizona, the child who bore such a striking family resemblance. It was natural for the father to want his daughter. The child had known no mother save the kind Señora del Valle, and the parting with her was of course painful. Her own mother had been lost sight of in the wanderings of the tribe after their expulsion from Temecula.

The sagacity of the advice of the Coronels to Helen Hunt Jackson to visit Camulos is thus shown to have been happily vindicated. Upon her return to Los Angeles it was only necessary to gather the tangled threads of fact into her loom as warp, and, with the aid of her fancy as woof, to weave the beautiful and symmetrical narrative that has done so much to enrich and elevate American literature.

It has been seen that there was no "Ramona," and that there was no "Alessandro," in the relation in which we have come to know the two. And yet there was a strong suggestion of both the incidents and the persons in events transpiring at the time. It is an historical fact that in October, 1877, one Ramon Corrales, a Saboba Indian, was shot and killed by Samuel Temple, for alleged horse-stealing. The tragedy took place high up in the San Jacinto mountains, shut in by lofty peaks on all sides, and having but a single access. This was doubtless visited by Helen Hunt Jackson, for her description of the spot to which the lovers flew exactly corresponds with the scene of the tragedy. It is what is now known as the Idylwild tract, Strawberry valley, in the midst of which has since grown up a much-frequented summer resort.

The slayer of Ramon still lives at the foot of the mountain, more or less shunned by his neighbors because of the still popular belief that his victim was in the deplorable mental condition

described by Helen Hunt Jackson, when, as "Alessandro," he was found in possession of the white man's horse. There was also current at the time a legend connecting the same Ramon Corralez with a romantic elopement with a half-breed Indian girl named Lugarda Sandoval. The young couple in their flight are supposed to have experienced many of the painful episodes credited to "Ramona" and "Alessandro" in their night journeys over the mountains to San Diego. At the same time, while Helen Hunt Jackson was engaged upon the superstructure of the story of *Ramona*, at the Coronel ranch, Los Angeles was ringing with the sensational infatuation of a beautiful American girl of the city with a Saboba Indian, whom she met during an outing with her parents in the San Jacinto mountains. They were not permitted to marry and did not elope, but it is likely the incident, in connection with the Corralez-Sandoval affair, furnished the inspiration for the "Ramona-Alessandro" romance.

Helen Hunt Jackson desired to write the story of *Ramona* while in Southern California, in the atmosphere of the Coronel home, and within easy reach of reinforcing material, but fate forbade it. The work was scarcely begun when events dictated a different plan, and a temporary suspension of the writing. She realized that unless the government could be prevailed upon to extend speedy relief to the Indians, great suffering would ensue, and she hastened to Washington to lay the whole matter before the president and congress. She was fortified with reports of officials and civilians, with statements of influential people of all stations, the material facts verified under oath, and was in every way equipped for an effective campaign. She successfully appealed to some of the most prominent men in public life at the time, including Senator Henry M. Teller, and finally prevailed upon the administration to send out a commission to see what could be done. Reforms in the policy of the Indian bureau soon followed, and within a twelvemonth she had the satisfaction of securing the passage of the law granting lands in severalty, together with implements for its cultivation, to such Indians as would give up their tribal relations. The Indian Rights Association seconded her every effort, also sending a commission to Southern California and doing effective work at Washington. Before leaving Los Angeles, Mrs. Jackson, in conjunction with the Coronels, devised a somewhat ambitious plan for the institution here of an industrial school for the Indians, with the idea that many of those who had lost their homes might, with proper instruction,

become self-sustaining. It was hoped that the government would provide a suitable home for such an institution, vesting the title in the Indians, and this achieved, it was her purpose to raise the necessary funds for equipping it by private subscription and otherwise. Personally she contemplated devoting the royalties received from *Ramona* and other books to be written to this purpose. Her mission to Washington accomplished, she went to New York, finished *Ramona*, and arranged for its publication. She then began the preparation of five additional books, which she seems to have carried forward simultaneously, but, on account of the fatal illness that attacked her, never



MEETING OF MISSION INDIANS WITH DON ANTONIO CORONEL
AT PALA MISSION, 1887.

completed any of them. In the midst of this labor of love she was forced to lay down her pen and return to California, her physician hoping but scarcely believing that the change would prolong her life. She survived but a few months, passing away peacefully at San Francisco on the 12th of August, 1885. Almost her last act was to dictate a letter to the president of the United States, thanking him for what he had done toward alleviating the sufferings of the Indians in Southern California. The details of her burial on the slopes of Cheyenne mountain, under the shadow of Pike's Peak, and amidst scenes she loved so much, are familiar to all.

Another generation has come on the stage since Don An-

tonio Coronel gave up, at the behest of commerce, the picturesque home in the orange grove which had sheltered him and his since 1834. The troubled Mission Indian can no more find it nor him. After the partition of the rancho he built a handsome modern residence at the corner of Central avenue and Seventh street, overlooking the old tract, and there, in the companionship of his noble wife, he spent the remainder of his days, dying in 1894. There Helen Hunt Jackson visited the Don and Doña Mariana in the summer of '85, a few weeks before her death, and there a delegation of Mission Indian women brought to their benefactress, as a token of their love, a beautiful white linen morning robe, marvelously wrought by their own hands, with the "drawn work" for which they are famous accentuating the entire front. Señora Coronel describes the garment as the most elaborate and exquisite she had ever seen, and calculates that in the production of it months of patient and artistic labor of many persons must have been expended. To the new home was removed the collection of California antiquities which Don Antonio had been fifty years in gathering, and which has been pronounced unique and the most interesting of any on the coast. The commonwealth had repeatedly sought to acquire this collection for the exhibit of the State Historical Society, and \$30,000 had been offered for it; but this and all other offers were declined, since it had been Doña Mariana's purpose, ever since the death of her husband, to give the precious relics to the city. During the past year they were turned over to the Chamber of Commerce, where they are now displayed, filling entirely one large apartment. Since that time Señora Coronel has taken up her residence in Guadalajara, Mexico.

Photographs, sketches and paintings of the old hacienda survive in the Coronel section of the Chamber of Commerce exhibit, and will be viewed with interest and delight by generations yet to come. They give strong hints of the gentle life beneath its expansive eaves in the long ago, when Don Antonio was the Indians' *padre* and every man's friend, the gates of his castle ever opening inward to all comers, his hospitality known from San Diego to Siskiyou. The figures depicted in some of these views, the figures of the old Don and his wholesome, handsome wife, and their native dependents, all drawn from life and perpetuated in oil, will serve to recall not only their charming personalities, but, as well, the gorgeous costuming of that early era on this coast, the chief events of which are rapidly mingling with tradition.

A MORNING WITH THE BEES.

By ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

I STOOD before a line of small white dwellings with flat roofs, meditating upon a mysterious subject called "The Condition of Women." "Here," I thought, selecting one out of a dozen of the dwellings, "is the greatest organized body of individuals in the world, and under 'Woman rule.' It is not a harem. It embraces politics, religion, municipal affairs, household economics. And yet the ruler was never seen save once outside her own door."

With my hands behind me, that I might not seem aggressive, I observed the entrance. The home-guard in golden uniform paced back and forth at the open threshold. Now they peeped, with intelligent faces, from the inside corner; and now they emerged, made obeisance to the morning sun and retreated to their post inside, but visible from without. To each worker returning from the field, burdened with merchandise, the alert guard gave room to creep heavily in. "Heavily," I say—for no loyal resident of this colony returns empty-handed and light of motion. Should any such essay to enter, they would be recognized at sight as robbers and driven back at the point of the bayonet. Perhaps there were twenty sentinels in all, perhaps less, but they were the defenders of thousands. These, relieved at intervals by fresh recruits, guard the entrance through summer and winter, night and day, with bayonets always fixed. I, myself, led on by curiosity or thoughts of plunder, have been wounded more than once.

"An ideal day for swarming," I thought. But there were no "signs"—no excitement, no hanging in wreaths and clusters on the outside; only the laborers going and returning silently, with now and then the *bum-bum* of a drone straggling out alone intent on his own purposes.

No living thing in the world is so sneaking, so surreptitious, so cunning, as a drone creeping on his belly through the entrance, and leisurely soaring away without a word, as if he would not disturb his colleagues at their breakfast among the honey pots inside. He should wait until noon, by pre-arrangement of all concerned; but he has listened to whisperings among the women folk inside, and slinks out to take advantage of his fellows in love affairs. Thank heaven, by heaven's own decree his day is short.

Cramming my mind with intention, I being owner of these dwellings by right of conqueror and mistress of supplies, I turned away, certain of no swarming for that day. With my back to the bee-hives I stooped to examine the track of a lizard



"DRIVING THEM INTO MY BOSNET."

in the dust, when there came a sound a bee-keeper would recognize on the desert or in mid-ocean. From the entrance of the very hive I had been watching there was a gush of life, each individual separate and distinct, the blend forming a cataract. The hive was pouring out its animate contents, and yet it was not a-tilt. It stood in its white dignity spouting the golden stream from the parted lips of its doorway, seeming to recede from the booming mass.

Pell-mell, tumbling to the ground beneath in their mad exit, flowed the bees, rising in the air as soon as each could separate itself from its neighbor, and altogether circling about the parent hive in such a whirlwind as might have caught up an Elijah. They struck my face and shoulders like hail, and I could see only as through mist. I was dizzy; yet, that I might not seem aggressive, I obeyed my law and kept my hands behind me.

Suddenly the force lessened, as when maple syrup pours from the kettle first in a stream, then in breaking dribble, and last in reluctant globules. In the air the bees were coalescing in one direction. I called to the Doctor, "Come and help me." He came, rubbing his hands and laughing. I sent him back for veils. Returning, he also brought a vial of fluid extract of ipecac and a wad of absorbent cotton. Be it known to those who handle bees for pastime or livelihood that this remedy applied at once to dagger wounds dissipates pain and swelling.

As my comrade came, he slapped gently right and left as if fighting mosquitoes.

Nothing so irritates me—and the bees—as such movements. I explained how "one must deliberate, and not perspire, physically or mentally, when hiving bees." And I told the Doctor to go rub himself in the peppermint bed, hands and clothes, and shuffle his feet very much as a cat rolls in catnip. Bees like the smell of plants, not of excited persons. If those who fear an apiary would take the precaution to walk among sweet herbs, they might borrow what they do not possess.

"Look, look!" I exclaimed. "They are going into that orange tree. They've got to come out!"

Gathering my skirt full of little stones, I threw them into the foliage with all my might. Most of the stones hit the house behind me. Then I climbed two feet up the trunk and shook the boughs.

Now let any person attempt to climb an orange tree and he will understand how it happened that the life-current trickled down my face and made zigzag rivulets on my bare hands. It was a pitched battle between me and the intentions of the bees.

Up rose the whole mass, circling about as at first. Then they

made a perceptible move, as bees do when the mood is on them, slow but straight away. Any bee-keeper knows that, unless arrested at the initial stage, this move means hopeless disappearance of the swarm.

"Throw dust!" I cried. And I set the example, filling my doubled hands with dry dust from the plowed ground and tossing it into the swarm to the best of my feminine ability. It returned in seemingly increasing bulk, covering my upturned face, sifting down my neck, and blinding the Doctor, on whose innocent head fell more than his share of blessing.

"Bring my sun bonnet, or any dark thing!" I cried. I have lived long enough to know that bees have no ear for the racket of tin pans and kettles when they are swarming. But they *see* and *feel*—hence the dust and my sun bonnet. The dust disorganized the band, and the blue bonnet suggested a "settlement." They thought it a cluster of their advance column signalling to halt.

I tossed the bonnet into the outstretched hand of a peach-tree, in the path of the moving bees. Quick as a flash the leaders espied the dark spot in the foliage, made a dash for it, and the entire swarm made a bee-line for that tree.

They were a pretty sight as they swung from the bough, a pendent, glistening, agitated globule. The family artist took a shot at them, the Doctor playing the mirror back and forth to lighten the varying shade of the leaves. They clung to one another in a bunch like an inverted cone, heads up, wings parted to show the golden bands, dropping here and there in links like a chain, holding to each other by the hands or fore-feet. The primitive settlers, underneath the mass at the initial hold, must have been strong of limb and resolution. I touched the bough lightly, and the bunch swayed gracefully, still intact.

My comrade brought me a ladder and a match, acting on partial instinct in the case, or from past experience. It was now that I slipped the veil over my hat. I had premeditated it on account of a possible "slump" as it were, in the market. Then I blew a little smoke into the cluster.

Far back in the history of bees, ere they had bowed to the march of civilization, they housed in hollow trees and old logs. Forest fires ate them out of house and home. They came to dread the signal of blue smoke, however distant. Obedient to the inherited instinct they still cower at smell of smoke. A whiff, judiciously applied, is an irresistible sedative to the most savage of them.

Finding the bough too weak to hold a hive set above them, I decided to let them drop. Calling for a sheet, I took up the four



"WITH MY FINGERS PUSHED THEM GENTLY ASIDE."

corners, holding it well under the bunch, and instructed my comrade to give the main branch a sharp rap with the axe. He did so, and retreated simultaneously. Down fell the bees *en masse*, covering my head and shoulders, and sticking like burrs. Here was the "slump" I had feared. Waiting for those who had scattered to join their friends on the sheet, I gathered up the corners like Peter in his vision and descended the ladder. It was all I could lift, and my arms were not weak.

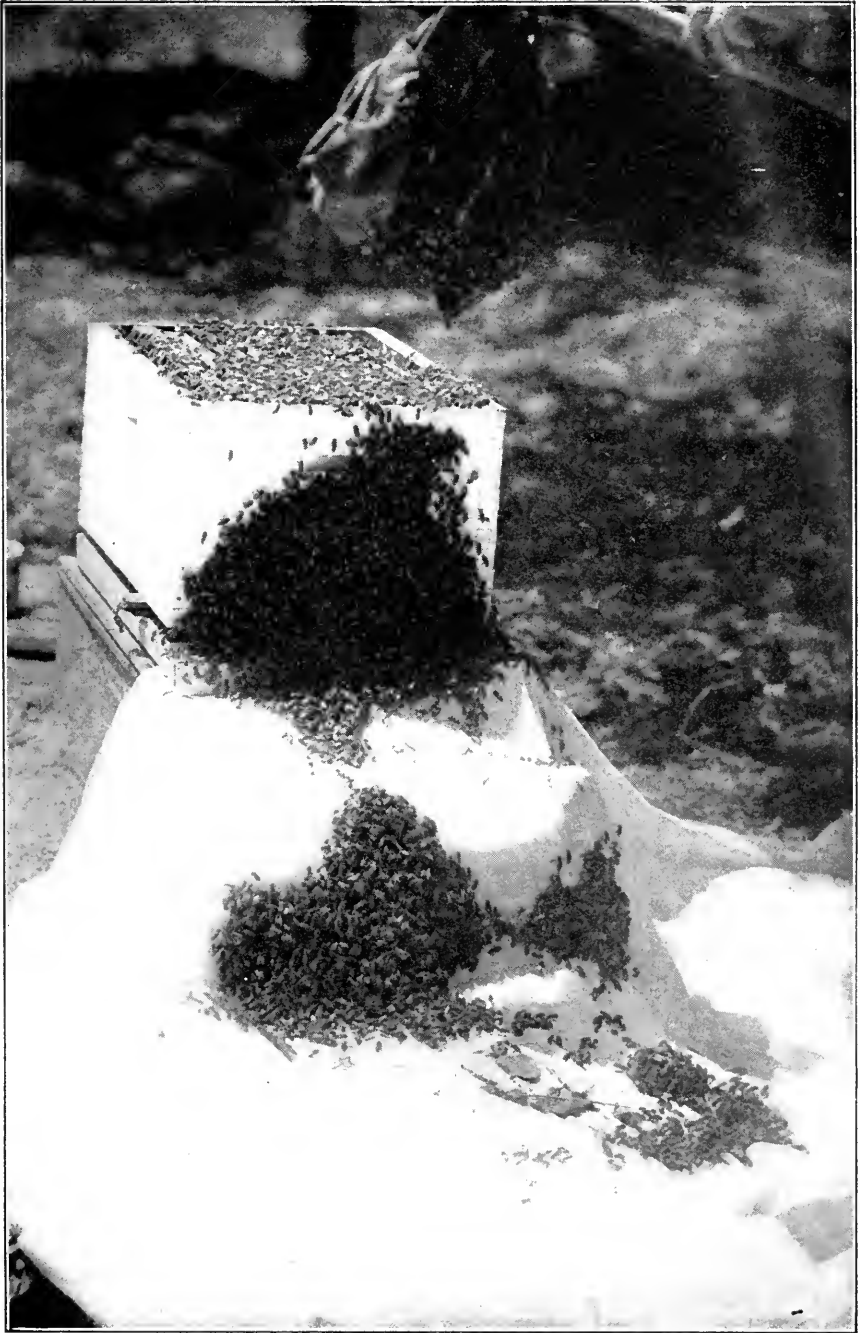
Once down, I threw away my hat and veil and carried the sheet, tremulous with the vibration of its imprisoned emigrants, to the empty hive I had prepared for it. I fastened the edge under the alighting board, thus making a good and even roadway for the travelers. As soon as the sheet was unfolded and laid, the bees headed for the upper end, as if acting by command, while I drove them along with a switch of grass as if they were a flock of sheep, and as easily. None flew. It was a pretty sight, and one a bee-keeper loves—these thousands of golden-banded creatures heading straight for a doorway they have never seen before, acting solely on faith, or instinct—faith's counterpart.

Suddenly I noticed the bees were climbing up on the outside of the hive, ceasing to go in at the entrance; while those already in had crawled to the top of the frames, as I saw by lifting the cover.

"The queen isn't here," I exclaimed. "They have lost their bearings."

"Maybe she's in the bonnet," called the Doctor.

"Of course she is," I answered; and taking a convenient implement I reached up and dislodged the bonnet. I knew full well that my individual and collective treasure would disorganize and rise in a flash should they hear the voice of their queen before I could take her to the hive. Bringing the bonnet carefully down, I took it to the hive and examined. What delight was mine! I discovered the graceful creature I sought, slender of body, short of wing, more golden than her subjects, and to one acquainted with her character and mission in life, an object the gods might worship. I took her gently by one hand and showed her to my comrade. She was the first real queen his eyes had ever met. He bowed, lifted his hat to her, and looked the admiration which he could but feel. At least I thought it was admiration for the queen which I saw in his eyes, though he intimated afterwards that it was really the condition of my face. The dust I had tossed at the bees in the beginning had not every particle fallen to the ground. But what cares one for the blend of dust and perspiration at the close of a successful campaign?



"I NOTICED THE BEES WERE CLIMBING UP OUTSIDE." QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS
IN THE SUNBONNET ABOVE.

Retaining the beautiful creature just an instant, that the sensation of an imprisoned queen of pure Italian blood which might be imparted to my hand (once felt, is never forgotten), I laid her on the uncovered top of the hive, her lovely face towards the slit between the frames of the brood-chamber. She paused, looked about her intelligently, whispered a word I could not hear for my dull ears, and accepted the situation as one she had beheld in her dreams.

Instantly her attendants surrounded her, caressed her, kissed her face and neck and limbs, and offered her refreshment. Then they escorted her to the dark interior of their future home.

I placed the flat roof on the hive, and knelt down before the shrine. Up the white pathway of the sheet came a long file of beings, their silvery wings, against golden-banded skirts, shimmering in the noon sunshine. Faster than the narrow doorway would permit entry they climbed, and straggled over one another, blocking the entrance in their eager rush to join the family inside.

With my fingers I pushed them gently apart to make room for those passing in, smiling at the sense of comradeship which the touch imparted to me, and which links the human race with bird, and beast, and insect, when once experienced.

We carried the new home to the row of little white dwellings of its kind and set it in its place. At nightfall I tilted the roof and looked in. A piece of snow-white comb, as large as a fig-leaf, depended from the middle frame. It was the token of citizenship. I replaced the cover and resumed my morning meditation upon that mysterious subject, "The Condition of Women." If the bees continue to swarm, I shall never get through with it.

Pasadena, Cal.



WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM ROME.

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

IV.—“HOUSES TO LIVE OUTDOORS IN.”

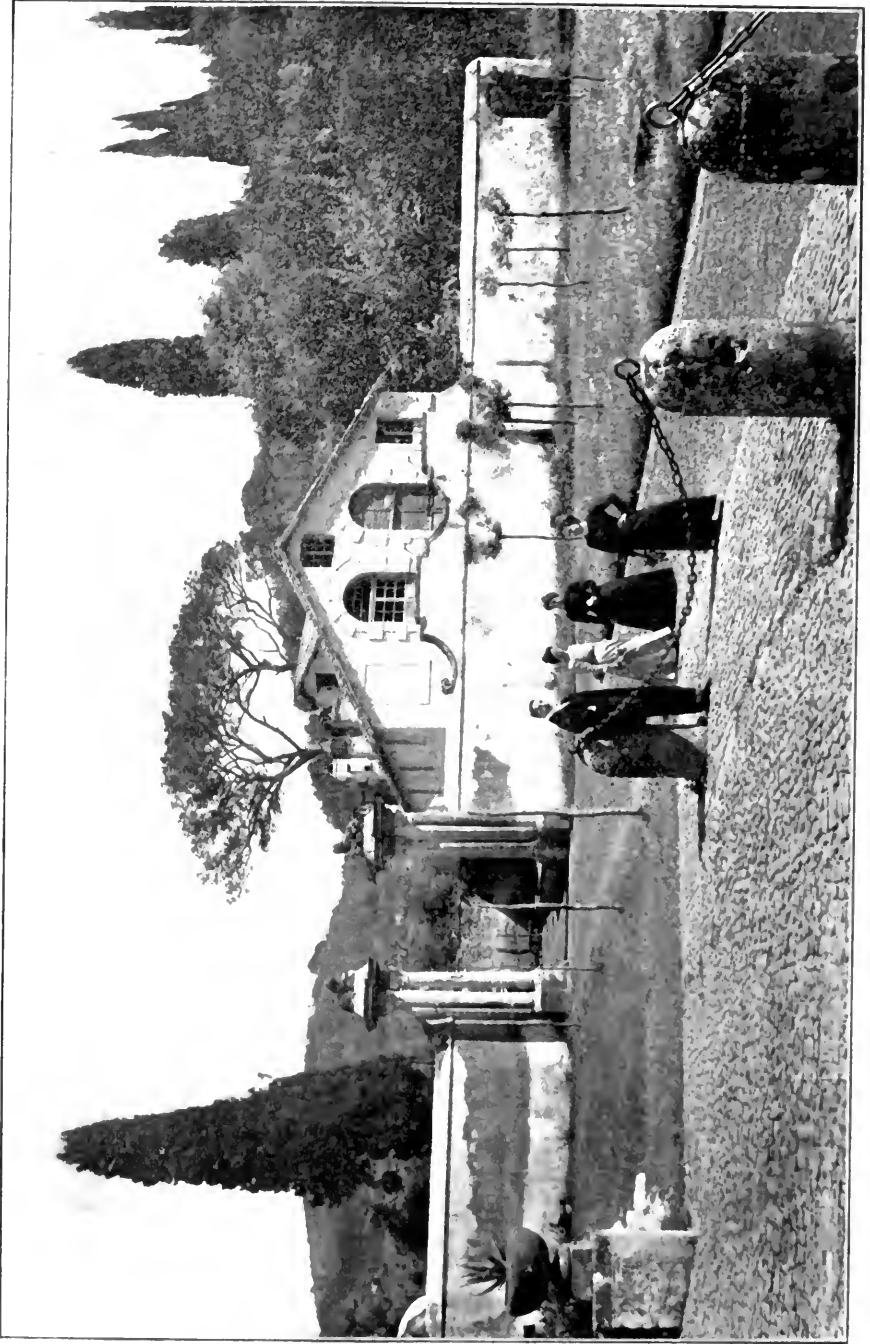


THE first thought we should not look to the princely or aristocratic dwellings of a Mediæval society for hints serviceable to the homes of free Americans; but however strong man may be, Nature is stronger still, and he never gets wholly away from his climate—unless he emigrates to another. Therefore, although we no longer feel a pressing necessity for tall towers, conveniently windowed, from which to pour out boiling oil on ill-regarded neighbors, nor iron links into which to thrust our torches, nor gigantic halls for sycophantic levees—most of us being able to compress our sycophants into a single parlor—nor yet cunning trapdoors through which to drop them; though we do not in America require a *piano nobile* for the head of the house, nor successively less magnificent *pianos* above for the families of younger sons as these eventuate; though, in a word, its social uses are not ours, yet nearly every Italian house can furnish a hint or two for our pleasure or comfort.

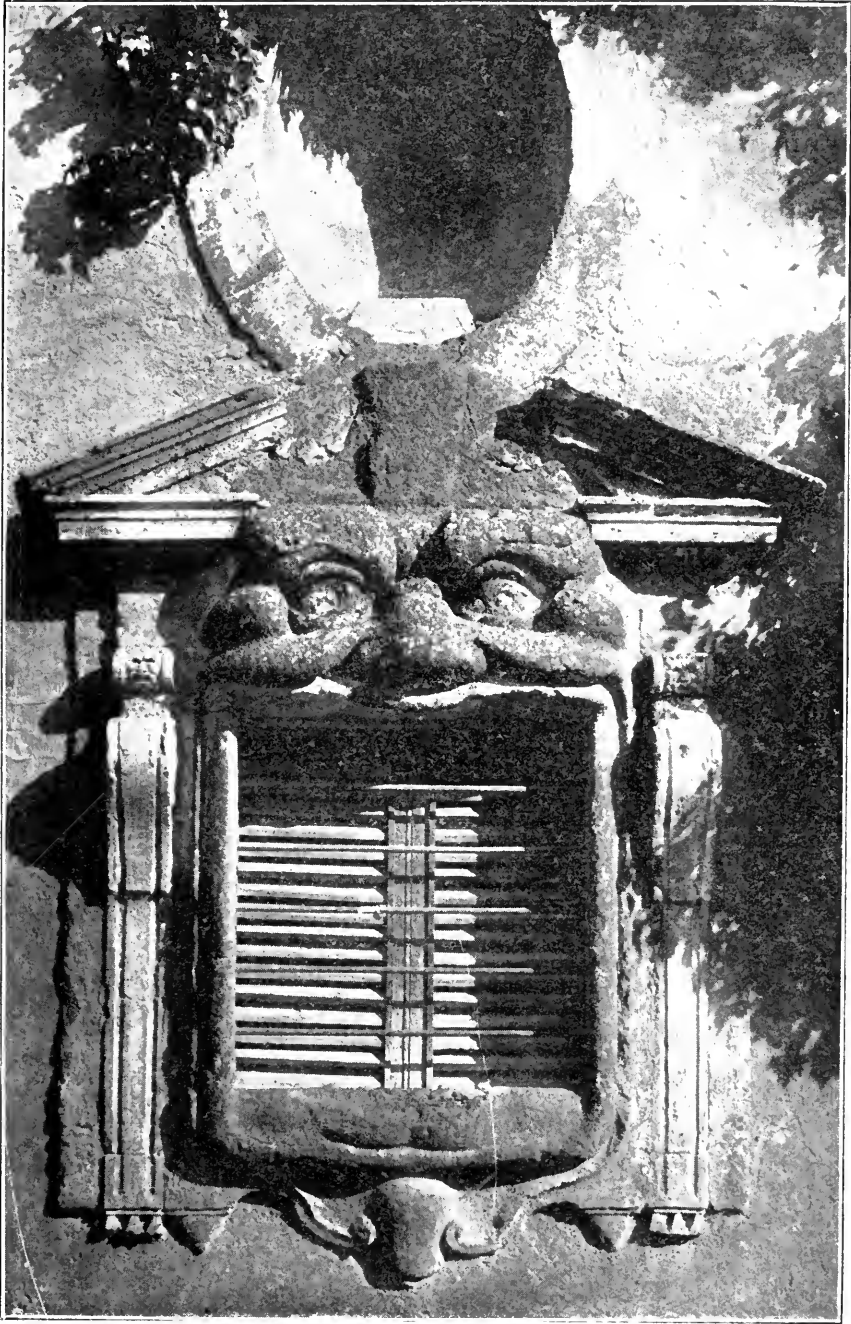
The first characteristic of it, palace or humble two-story dwelling, is that it presents only its exterior to the outside world, in contrast to the American home which takes the public



A COUNTRY VILLA.



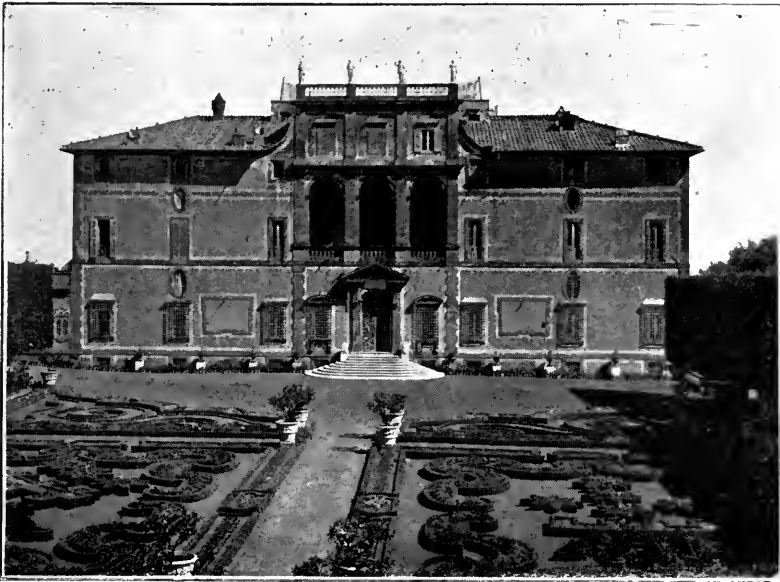
CALIFORNIA OR ITALY?



A WINDOW IN A MILLION.



LITTLE BALCONIES AND GRATED WINDOWS.



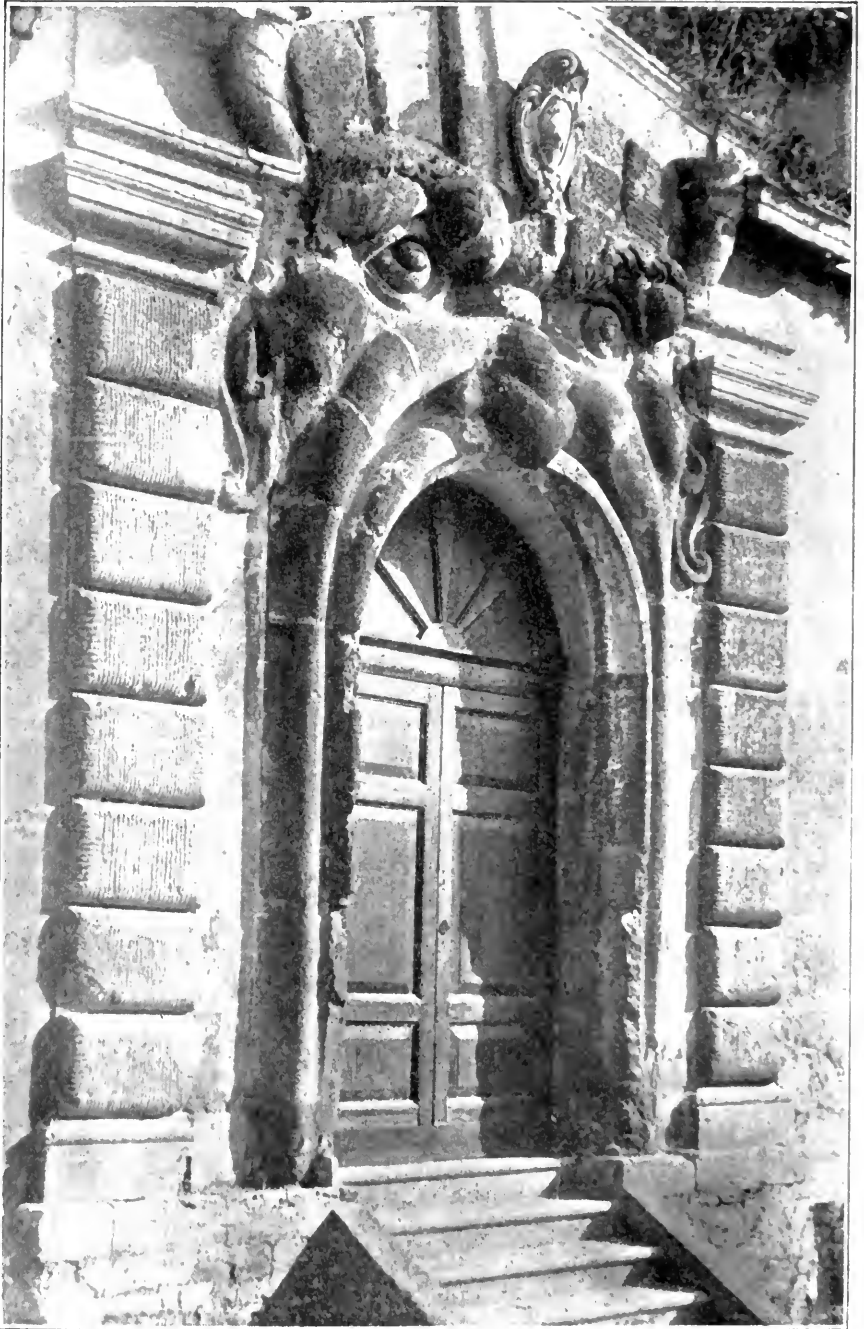
A COUNTRY VILLA.

so largely into its confidence. All that you see at first is a façade, more or less simple or splendid or forbidding in proportion to the social standing of the family, but in any case a stone front set squarely on the street (we are dealing with city houses of course) with grated windows in the lower story and the successive tiers more or less decoratively treated, up to an elaborate sculptured cornice and a tiled roof. The *piano nobile* is distinguished by a more florid line of molding about the window casings.

Tiled roofs we already know ; we found them when we went "Out West," and have never yet found anything better.

A wide *portone* in the Italian house, heavily ironed, stands open usually all day, and through the vaulted passage you look into an inner court, which may be a whole garden or but a little square with an ever-playing fountain. There may be—in the large buildings there usually are—cloisters, and from the entrance-passage flights of stairs branch right and left to the upper *pianos*. The shell of the house thus surrounds this court, so that every room has its portion of light and air, and once sealed up at the entrances the whole becomes an impregnable fortress—very well adapted to the times for which it was built—those genial "good old times" for which the unimaginative still sigh. Times are changed ; but no better plan for a house in a warm country exists today, with the sole exception, as I have several times remarked, of the Spanish *patio*.

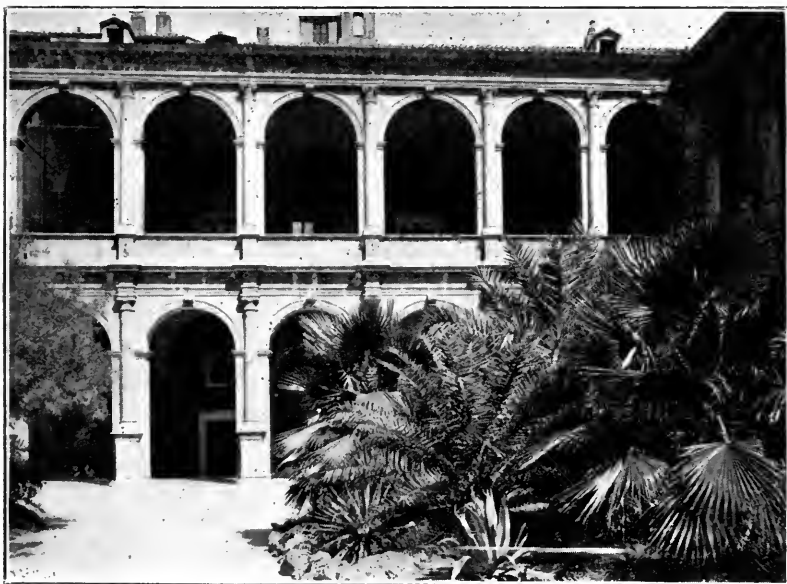
Where the Italian enclosed four sides, the Californian some-



THE DOOR OF A HOME.

times enclosed but three, making the fourth side a well-secluded garden; and this is the more genial plan for such a land as California and such an age as the Twentieth Century, when we no longer presume a prospective assassin in every caller. More genial still, perhaps, would be the native instinct of the American, which would infallibly lead him to turn his *patio* round to face his neighbors and put his sheltering wall behind his back—more genial and more in keeping with the kindly American idea of what is due one's fellow-man, but with a resultant not half so much like home.

It is a frequent taunt that the Latin has no name for "home" and no idea of home-life. He presents then the



AN INNER COURT.

anomaly of being the one creature extant who builds for a life of which he has no conception. The Italian house, whether it be palace or villa, is admirably adapted for the privacy of the isolated household—as our American house is admirably adapted for *neither* the isolated family nor community life, as a rule. In fact, so badly is it adapted to the former that some of us who look hopefully forward to a coöperative future think we discern in its objectionable transitional condition the promise of an evolution to a better state. From this point of view it is perhaps a pity to call it back to the other ideal.

Where the Italian can, he shuts his house in, both with wall and garden; where, as in a city, that cannot be, he turns his strip or patch of outdoors inwards and keeps it where it will do



AN ITALIAN HOME AND ITS GARDEN.

him and his the most good. What strikes one most pleasantly is to see how much outdoor life he will and does secure even in his city dwelling. In the house of the rich there is the inner court, the cloister, the deep loggia; in the lesser houses there are these same things in small, or all except the cloister. From both, wherever there is a point of vantage, the Italian thrusts out a terrace or hangs forth a balcony, then crowns the whole house with a roof-terrace, and goes up there not merely of a Fourth of July to watch the fireworks but nightly while the sky is kind. In summer nights another city of Rome twinkles aloft, populous and gay, or romantic and dreamy. A little building but two windows broad will have two balconies and its



BEHIND ITS TREES.

roof-garden; and the flowers, lacking everywhere below, bloom aloft in the sunshine or fill the night air with fragrance. On all conceivable occasions the Roman delights to hang forth lanterns; very weird and pretty is the effect of all those softened rainbow tints against the dusk. These—the roof-terrace and the balcony—are almost universal features of Roman architecture. The higher up one goes, the more the windows tend to become casements, whereas with us the garret window gravitates as if by inevitable attraction towards the “dormer”—sometimes because the badly-constructed roof is low, but more often because “it looks so well from the outside.” I think the main reason houses are so charming in the continental cities is

that—like people who are charming—they never seem to be thinking how they are looking “outside.”

Another favorite Roman trick is to cut off a corner where it juts upon a street, giving a chance for another tier of balconied windows. These houses always remind me of the “blunt-nosed bees” of Theocritus. It is also a frequent device to make tiny three-cornered balconies in the inner angles of walls, so that, as one wanders about Rome’s “back-streets,” one sees whole flights of women, as it were, sitting preparing food or patching clothes, chatting across or up and down to one another. The triangular platform barely holds the chair and woman, but it is still out of doors and better than a fire-escape.



A PART OF THE GARDEN.

The grated lower windows are so manifestly sensible for a climate where houses should stand open to the breeze, and “night-air” is not a word of terror, that I wonder we have not long since adopted them; they are, moreover, one of the most decorative of architectural features. A similar reasonable novelty is found in the open-work brick walls for barn and storehouse, insuring safety together with ventilation, and charming to the eye.

The Italian does not attempt the American feat of living without blinds, and depending for shade upon curtains which imply the closing of the window; he uses the sensible *persiani* and the awning, but clings also to his inner shutter; his win-

dows (in spite of a window tax) are many, his walls are thick, and his formidable fortress-house is more amenable to sun and air than many a house that looks more promising. But of his stone floors and un-homelike high ceilings may we take warning; true forerunners of the tomb are they in winter, though in a Roman summer they have their excuses.

It is, however, those balconies, loggias, roof-gardens and bright terraces which, set at variable heights, give a charm unique to Rome, and keep you walking literally with your head in the air, every turn of the way revealing new and yet more seductive corners, and all so eminently livable that you choose a new apartment each time you walk abroad. Not infrequently, these summer evenings, the lantern-lighted balcony or loggia just makes shadowy-clear a merry dinner-party, too high up for any passer to infringe its privacy. The bulk of our Californian homes are too small to admit of cloister or even court, but the smallest could have its balcony, as now its porch, and its roof-garden above all—literally above all.

It is mournful to think of all the waste space on top of our houses. This comes to us straight from our New England homes, where roofs were necessarily snow-shedders, and where we received the fixed idea that the function of a roof is to be umbrella; we go on building them, accordingly, where sunshades would suffice. What was good enough for our ancestors is good enough for us—good enough for the West, too. We continue to offer up to a southern sun habitations framed jealously to catch each scant ray of New England winter sunshine—and to rear “Fronts,” designed narrowly to border city streets, in the midst of orange groves, or on lots bought by the front-foot, it is true, but with a reckless western half-acre thrown in behind. We are unconscious humorists. To illustrate the possible diversity of idea in regard to one climate—I knew two charming people who were to build a home. *She* wished it to be a Southern mansion, white-walled and lofty-columned; *he* was bent upon a pure New England-Colonial. “Well,” said she, “let us compromise and build a bungalow.”

Now, a climate in which it is possible to build so widely must be a remarkable one. It is true her house would have been something chilly in the winter, and his something over-tropical in the summer, and the bungalow might leave something to be desired at any time—California being neither a second Maine, Alabama nor India. Perhaps, indeed, one might have pursued a migratory system from wing to wing; but what is certain is this—a house composed of all three put together would be more agreeable and interesting, both to look at and to live in, than any coming ready-made out of the architect's brain with no assist-

ance from the pair who meant to occupy it. Misfit houses are worse than misfit clothes, because there is more of them; and they can be mis-fitted two ways—with reference to the country they occupy or to the individuals who occupy them. The architect who should condescend to study the one, and the individuals who should act upon their knowledge of the other, might in combination effect happy things for architecture.

To return to our neglected roofs. In Italy they wrap them round with parapets, and sometimes roof them secondarily with light pillars set between the two roofs, making a loggia which is available even on rainy days. A charming place it becomes for children to play, for hammocks to swing, for lazy people to inhabit the hammocks; a gay place to give supper parties, and a restful one to carry "nerves" to. Not infrequently it becomes also a useful one—for the family washing. I look across at sunset to my neighboring palace-roof, and sometimes I see the flapping of phantom garments (the invaluable Chinaman is not in Italy), and sometimes I see outlined against the rosy sky the profile of a young girl, perched on that parapet, and stitching placidly.

Thus much of outdoors for city houses. When it comes to country houses it is no longer possible to say where the villa ends and the garden begins—or at least where the indoor life begins and the outdoor life ends. The garden is merely an extension of the home—a yet lovelier part, however lovely the villa itself may be. And many and many a villa picked up bodily and transplanted to Southern California could not be told for an exotic—just as many a Californian home built since people began to build with their brains might be set down in any one of these Italian gardens and neither look nor feel a foreigner. The villa, carried to California, would be the one to mourn; for it would miss its flights of steps, its fountains, fauns and favorite stone jewels of all kinds. We build now better than we plant—last of all we shall come to furnishing our gardens with the same, or even greater care, than our houses, as befits the Land of Out of Doors.

Take it all in all, what with balcony, terrace, loggia, abundance of roof up above and abundance of *patio* down below, running into superabundant garden when we can—I do not see what we want of a house at all except to store things in (including now and then ourselves), and that mainly to give excuse for those indispensable grated windows. To be sure, this presupposes a Climate; but who that has once been next friend to one ever thinks of building, by choice, outside it?

BUTTERFLY COLLECTING WITH A CAMERA.

By WM. S. RICE.

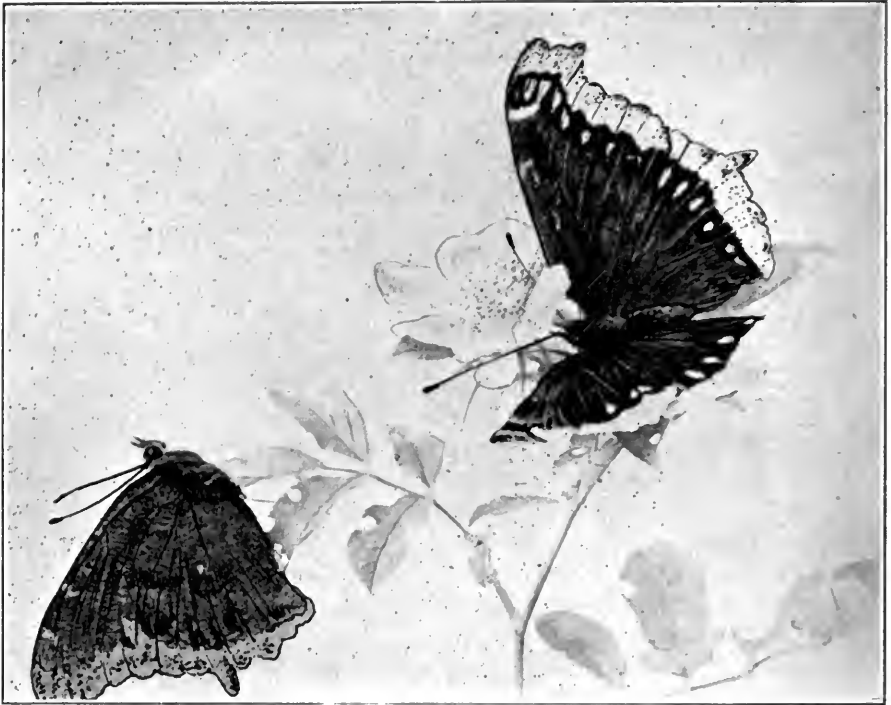


CONSIDERABLE interest is manifested lately in nature study aided by the faithful eye of the camera as a medium for preserving life-like portraits of insects, birds, animals and flowers upon the sensitized plate.

There is no more fascinating field of work in photography than that of making studies of moths and butterflies in various phases of action as their dainty and exquisite forms emerge from the chrysalides, for it is then that the best opportunity for taking butterfly photos presents itself. The insect at this period of its life is usually so tame that it will pose long enough to make an exposure of several minutes. At this time the butterfly is seen at its best—every scale in its place, every spot of color at its brightest; and while the amateur photographer is adjusting the camera and obtaining the proper focus, it will rest quietly on a leafy twig, or flower, so that a time exposure of three minutes may be made through a



THE "BLACK SWALLOWTAIL" (a *Papilio*). On garden pinks.

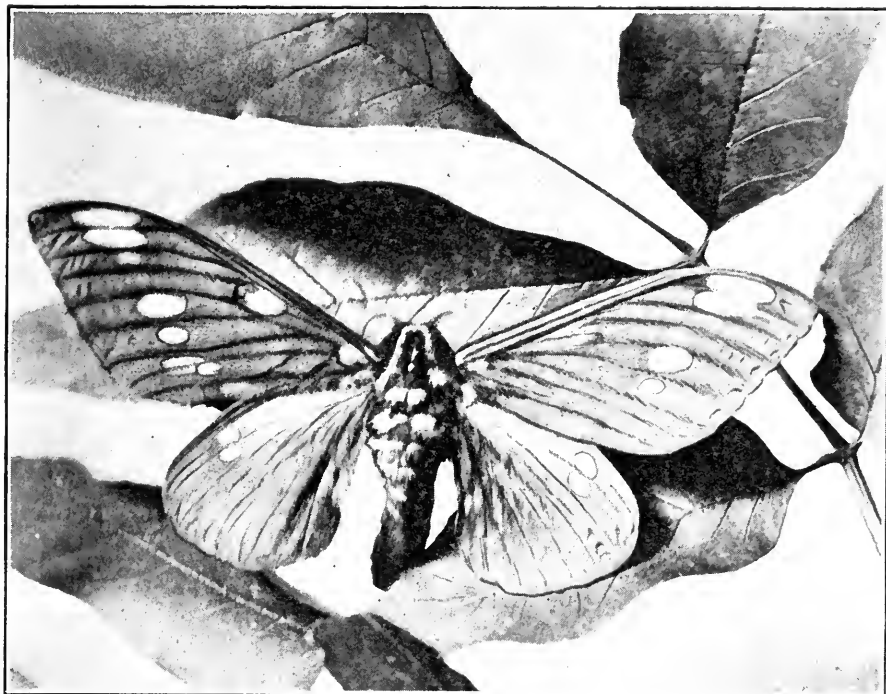


THE "MOURNING CLOAK."

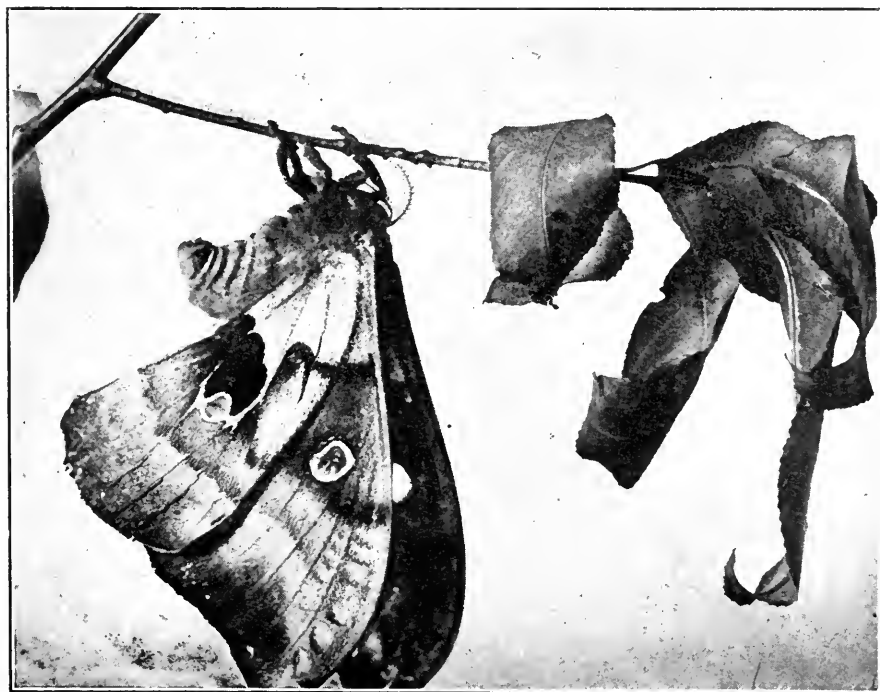
small diaphragm opening, say 64, and very satisfactory pictures will result.

To be assured of success, however, it is better to operate indoors where the light may be better controlled and any desirable background may be used. A room with white, or light gray, walls answers the purpose very well. Suitable twigs or sprays of flowers are secured and kept in bottles filled with water, for the insects to pose upon—better gather the flowers the day before you want to use them, and keep in a cool place over night. About a foot back of the group place a sheet of white or gray cardboard, so that no objectionable shadows may be cast upon it; and, supposing that the light comes from one source, place a white card in such a position that it will reflect some light into shadows which might be too dense otherwise. If your model is a butterfly you must be careful to avoid the slightest draught of air through the room, as it will be sure to sway the delicate wings or the blossoms.

A large proportion of the creatures with gorgeous wings, the moths especially, fly only at night; and therefore the insect hunter is especially fortunate, if, during the daylight, he discover any of these beautiful creatures clinging with body and wings hanging downward from a leafy twig. Such a specimen



THE "HICKORY DEVIL" MOTH.



POLYPHEMUS MOTH. Just emerged from the chrysalis.



Io Moth. On Yarrow.

was the Cecropian moth, which the writer found one day while strolling through an oak grove. It had evidently just emerged from its chrysalis; for its wings, while fully developed and colored, had scarcely hardened sufficiently to give it courage to fly away. In the dim light of the oak woodland, in the afternoon of a day with a "hazy sun," an exposure of three minutes was given to this subject through a very minute diaphragm opening (about 64). Isochromatic plates, which cost but a trifle more than the ordinary ones and which give more truthful color values, were used. The coloring of this insect is wonderfully soft and harmonious. The wings were elaborately banded and shaded in soft grays and brownish blacks, with here and there a touch of tan and coral red.

The milkweed butterfly, known as Monarch, with his wings a gorgeous shimmer of gold alloyed with copper and bordered with black, pursues its lazy flight among the milkweeds and other wild blossoms with which summer meadows are overflowing. The Monarch is immune from the bite of bird enemies, as the feathered songster that makes his meal on "his royal highness" wipes his beak in disgust and remains a total abstainer ever afterward. These butterflies are frequently met

with, as well as their cocoons, and are some of the richest of Nature's colorings.

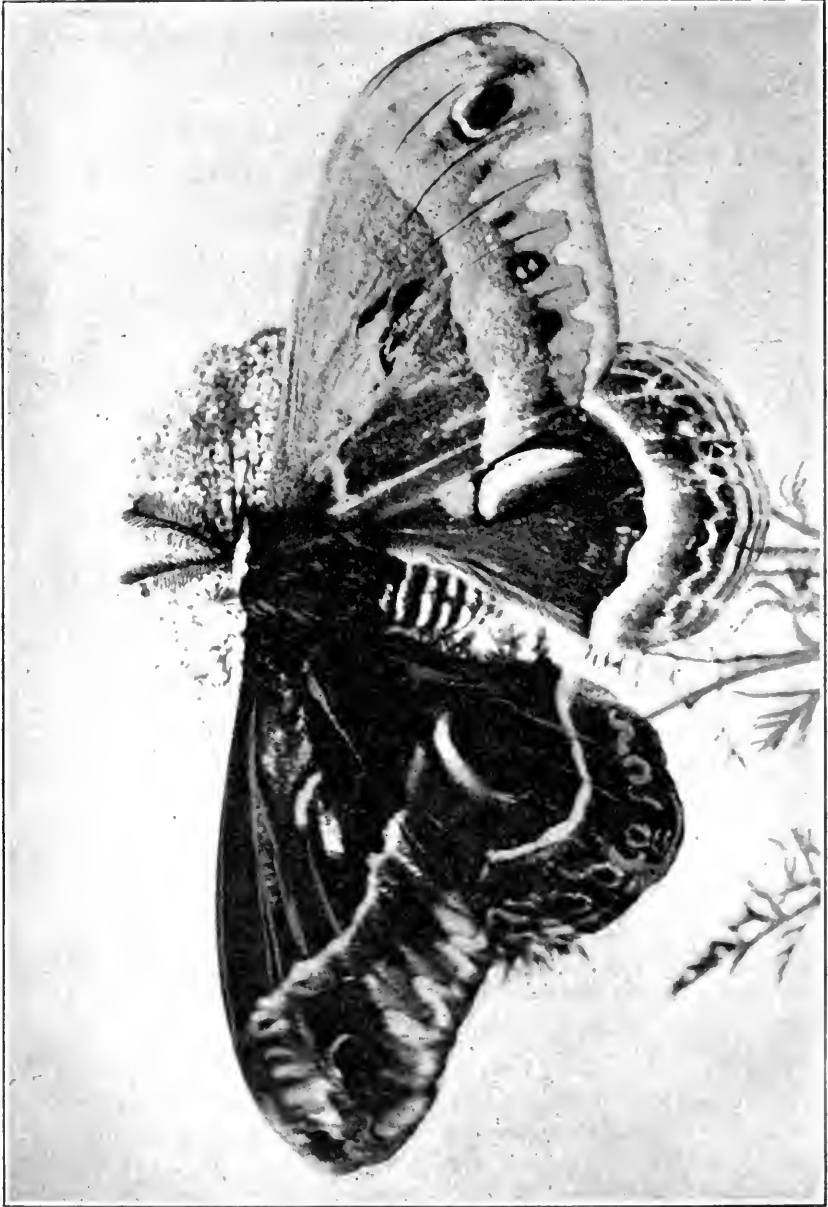
In attempting to get indoor photographs of adult insects, it is well to bring them at least a day before you wish to pose them, and surround them with flowers or foliage so as to acquaint them with as natural conditions as possible. For this purpose an insect cage is very good. A cage is nothing more than a box with glass sides and a piece of wire gauze tacked over the top. Thus they become used to their new surroundings and they will remain quiet much longer than if these preparations are neg-



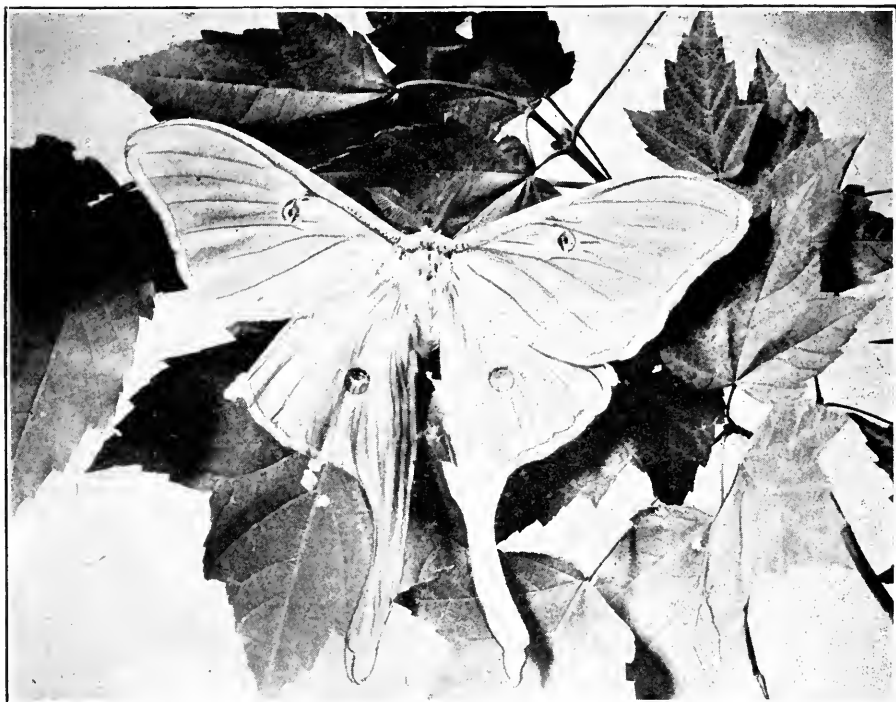
THE CECROPIAN MOTH. Resting on an oak branch.

lected. If you will wander along any highway during summer, especially if the roads have been sprinkled the day before, leaving damp spots in the wagon ruts, you cannot fail to notice a moving, frolicking cluster of yellow objects, which, as you draw nearer, resolve themselves into dozens of the yellow roadside or *Philodice* butterflies. If you clap your net over them and examine a few, you will be surprised to learn how many variations occur in their markings and colors. Once upon a time these commonest of butterflies were insignificant green caterpillars, feeding upon the leaves of the alfalfa in yonder hayfield.

The *Antiopa*, or Mourning Cloak, is frequently seen in mid-

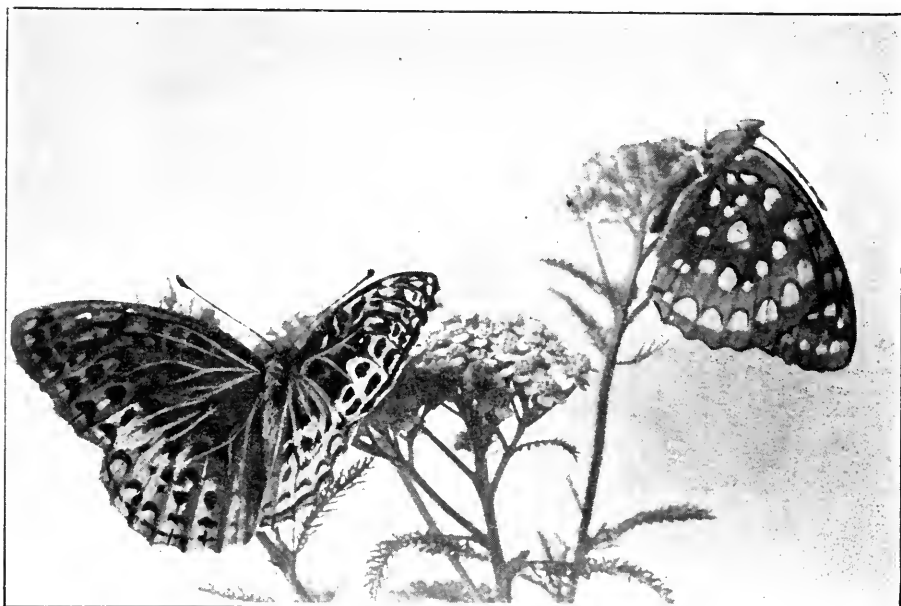


THE CECROPIAN MOTIL. On a carrot top.



THE BEAUTIFUL "LUNA." On a maple bough.

summer and rarely in early spring. Unlike most hardy insects, he emerges from the chrysalis in autumn, and when cold weather



THE SPANGLED FRITILLARY.

approaches, he hides in hollow trees or old sheds, coming out for an airing, perhaps, the first mild day to stretch his cramped wings or to feed upon the sap which exudes from scarred or cut trees. In May the eggs are laid in clusters on the leaves of the elm or willow. In two weeks these hatch into caterpillars which begin to eat for dear life. These caterpillars become covered with bristly black hair and have large red spots down the middle of their back. After several weeks they enter the chrysalis state, and after hanging like little gray bags from fences or woodwork of buildings they emerge as butterflies.



"ZEBRA" BUTTERFLY (G. Papilio).

These hunts with the camera require infinite patience in order to secure good results. Very interesting studies of dead insects may be made, providing the creatures are fresh and simulate the living insect in pose. These studies need not necessarily be like the stiff, unattractive pictures seen so often in works on Natural History. By carefully and gently placing the subjects on twigs or flowers in a position as though just alighting, the result is far more pleasing and artistic than the "pinned and dried" specimens ever could be.

The photograph of the Black Swallowtail resting on garden pinks was made thus, and also the picture of the Spangled Fritillary resting upon a plant of yarrow. Such specimens are

best photographed indoors, using a light background—preferably a piece of white cardboard tacked on the wall a few feet back of the subject, so that there will be no confusing shadows on it. On a bright, clear day, the lens may be stopped down to 64, and an exposure of from three to four minutes may be given. Black or dark-colored butterflies or other insects should be given a trifle more time—say one-half minute longer.

This is a fascinating field of work in photography for the boys and girls who love to collect insects. By making portraits of the insects and then setting them at liberty again, one may, at the end of a summer's vacation, have a very creditable collection of studies to mount and catalogue in a natural history album.

To take pictures the full size of the insects, an ordinary box camera will not answer; it must be one of the modern long-focus instruments with a bellows long enough to extend so that objects brought close to the lens will be seen in good sharp focus upon the ground glass.

The indications are that future books on Nature Study will be illustrated in this manner, so that literature on such subjects may be better understood and enjoyed by the masses.

Stockton, Cal.

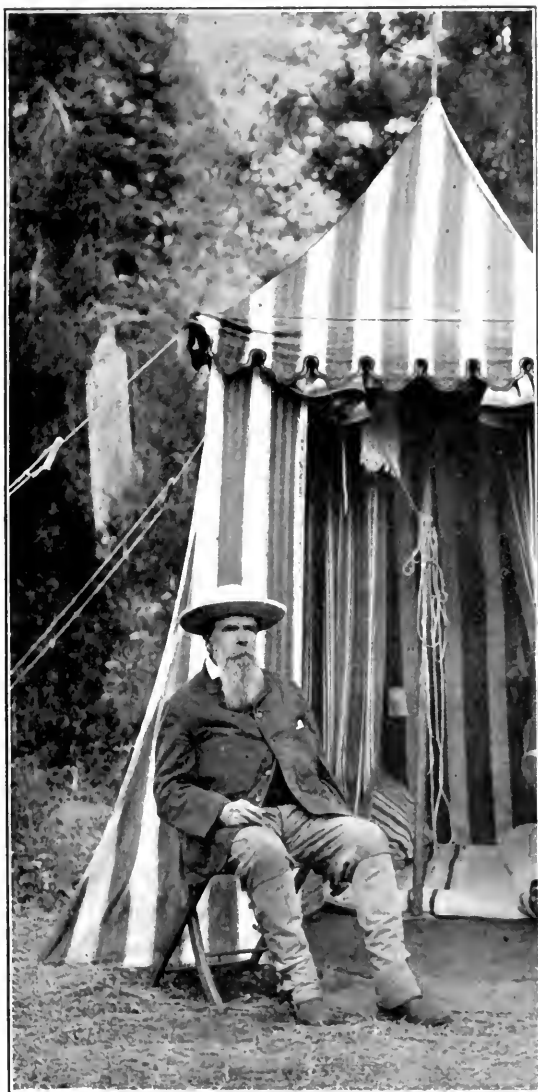
JOHN BIDWELL*—A CHARACTER STUDY.

By WILL S. GREEN, OF COLUSA.

"The world is some better because he lived."

WERE it the purpose of this paper to give a biography of General John Bidwell, I should have to lay stress on the fact that he was born in Chautauqua county, New York, August 5, 1819; that he came to California in 1841; how his life was blended with the affairs of the State; that he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1860, and went with the Breckenridge wing of that party; that he came out strongly for the Union as soon as that issue was made; that he was elected to Congress in 1864; that he was a brigadier general of the State militia; that he was defeated for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1867; that he ran on what was known as the "Dolly Varden" ticket and was defeated by H. H. Haight for Governor; and that he was the nominee of the Temperance party for President. But other men have been through much such experiences as these whose lives have not entitled them to live on in the love and esteem of the genera-

*This study of General Bidwell, written by a life-long friend, will be followed in subsequent numbers of *OUT WEST* by the publication of General Bidwell's reminiscences of his life in California before 1850. These are of great interest, and valuable as historical "sources."—ED.



GEN. BIDWELL IN CAMP IN THE SIERRA NEVADA, 1899.

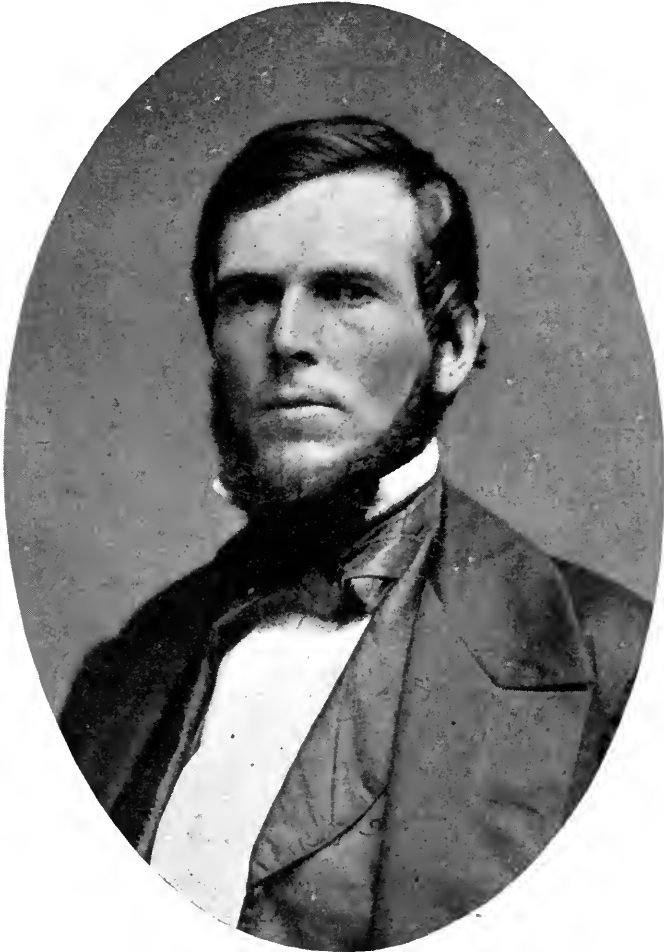
tions. I shall confine myself to such incidents as go to show the character of the man, and, I think, show that "the world some better because he lived."

General Bidwell was not a success as a politician; and if the reader does not understand why he was not when he is through with this paper, it will be owing to a want of power on my part to portray character.

He was a determined man. When a boy he determined that he was going to have a better education than the country schools of the backwoods of Ohio afforded. He walked 300 miles to the Ashtabula academy, where he took a scientific course, including civil engineering. He thought the Pacific coast was going to develop rapidly, and he determined to reach it. Starting westward, he fell in with an emigrant train and crossed the plains.

Everybody who has been on the plains has been struck with the near appearance of snow on the mountains, and many a man has been disappointed in not being able to reach it. Young Bidwell saw it, started for it and *did* reach it; although he did not get back to camp until next day. He brought some snowballs in his kerchief to show that he did reach it. When he settled at Chico, he wanted to plant trees and vines, but he did not know where he would find a nursery nearer than San Luis Rey, in San Diego county. He saddled up a horse and started after them, and the stock he brought back on that horse

formed the nucleus for the great orchards of Rancho Chico. The ride, going and coming, was not less than 1,300 miles. He was not hampered with roads and fences, but he could not go as the

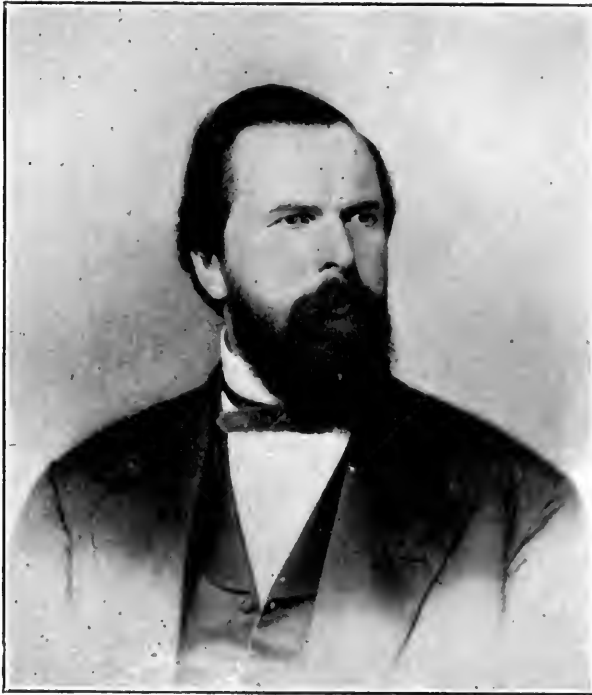


GEN. BIDWELL IN 1850. *From daguerreotype by Brady*

bird flies. He explored the Sacramento valley on horseback, and the map he made would be considered a very correct one now. Stony Creek runs parallel with the main Coast mountains about forty miles before it turns to the east and debouches into the valley. Young Bidwell saw that there must be a valley to the east of the high mountains, and as he was on an exploring expedition—all alone—he determined to go over there. He knew, of course, that he would meet Indians who had never seen a white man, and who might resent the coming of one, but he had determined to go and he went, and laid Stony Creek

down on his map. He met Indians there who wondered much at the manner of man, but he did not fear them. He had been among Indians before to whom the white man was something new. Children, animals and wild men instinctively know their friends. Bidwell's disposition to the Indians—and to all mankind—was one not only of friendship but of love, and they instinctively trusted him. But the fact that he went shows determination and courage of a rare order.

He was a just man. And speaking of the Indians reminds me that no incident I could relate would show this trait better than his treatment of the Indians. He had seen what civilization



GEN. BIDWELL IN 1868.

had done for the Indians, and when he went to the Rancho Chico, he determined to try to protect their rights. He gathered even those not on his land on to it, and gave them a chance to make a living. He taught them to know the living God, and later on built a church on the lands set apart for them, and often worshipped there himself. He furnished them school facilities, so that they are educated. When the town grew up around them, he protected them as far as possible from the corrupting influence of "civilization." And when he died, he left it incumbent on his widow to provide a home in perpetuity for the Indians.



Photo by Prof. Hensbard, 1893

GEN. BIDWELL ON HIS ENORMOUS MULE, "LINDA."

Each family has its allotted ground and household. They occupy considerable valuable land with their homes, their stock, their gardens and orchards. And John Bidwell taught them how to acquire all these things, and how to use them. I have seen many heart-rending stories of the removal of the Indians from their homes to make room for civilization, but I have not heard of another instance like this. John Bidwell was a just man.

He was a Christian. In his pioneer life he kept the Sabbath day holy. His people were Baptists, but he attended worship wherever he found Christian service. He was the largest subscriber to every church in Chico. He connected himself with the Presbyterian church, and spent \$13,000 in the erection of a church in Chico. People have thought him straight-laced and sectarian, but in fact every man who worshipped God was his brother. Straight-laced Presbyterians are supposed to be somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic church, but he gave this church a block, one-half of which was sold for enough to build

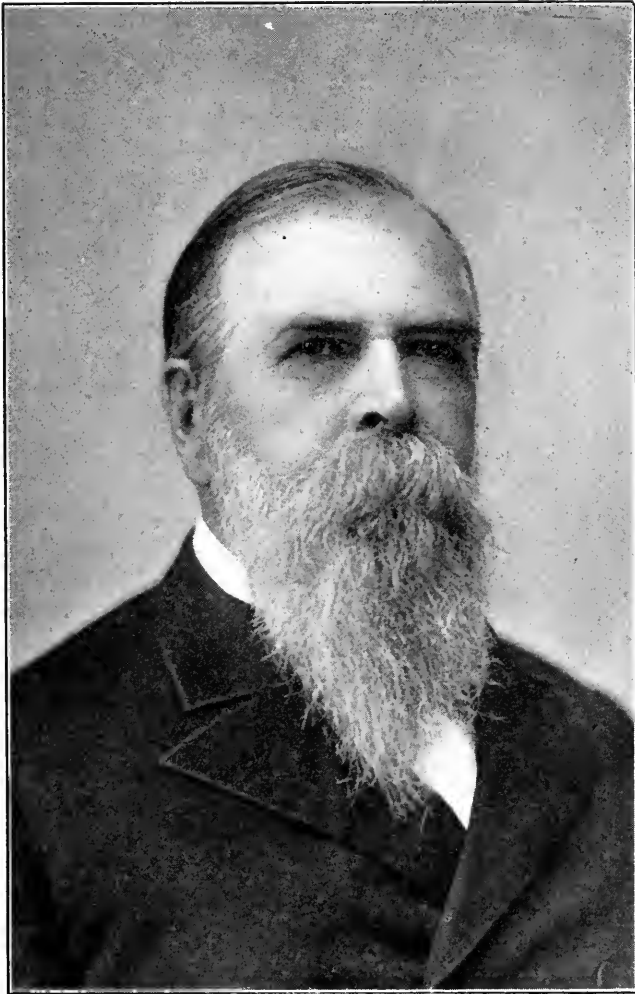
a church. In his Christian work, he included Temperance. He believed that intoxicating liquors were the bane of the race, and he had no compromise to make with the traffic in them. To have been Governor, or President of the United States, he would not have agreed to sign a saloon license. His religious principles, his determination and his love for all mankind combined on that.

He was a public-spirited man. He was depended upon to head every subscription for anything that was considered of benefit to Chico—and he always did it. He spent \$50,000 on one moun-



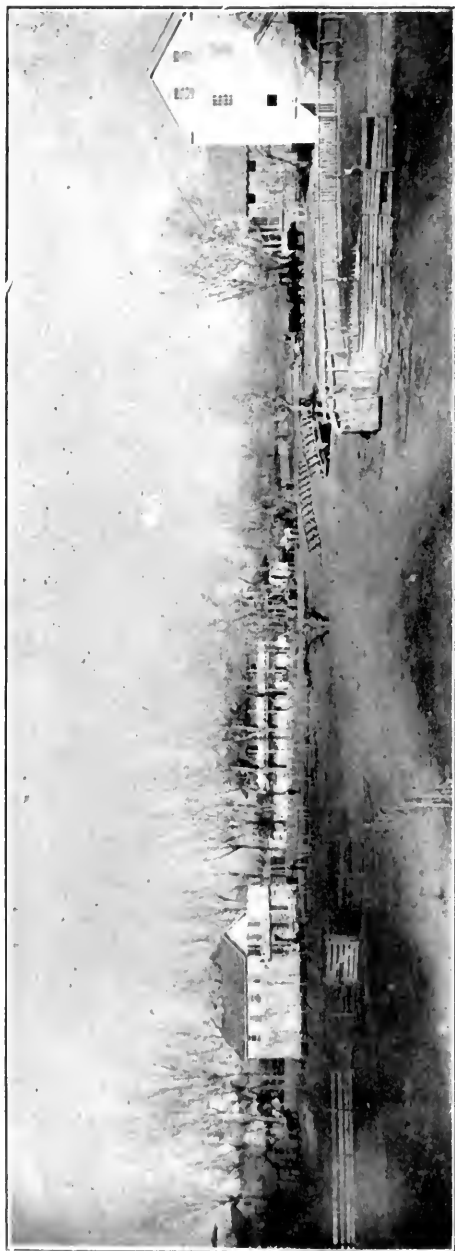
THE BIDWELL HOME, RANCHO CHICO.

tain road to bring trade into Chico. Some twenty odd years ago I made a survey for a railroad from Colusa to Chico, and undertook to raise \$100,000 subsidy. With one voice everybody said, "Start with General Bidwell." I went to see him. He said it had been a hard year on him; that he had not paid the interest on his indebtedness; that he would like to do something worth while for the enterprise in hand, but, all the circumstances considered, he thought that \$10,000—one-tenth of the amount to be raised by the two towns and between—was all he could stand; and he set it down. That night there was a fire. I went to it. It was a hay barn belonging to General Bidwell. It was certainly incendiary, and he had several incendiary fires just be-



THE BEST LATE PORTRAIT OF GEN. BIDWELL.

fore. The hay lost was worth \$10,000, to say nothing of the barn. I went to see him next morning and asked him how he felt about the subscription. He did not say he wanted the paper back, but he said if he had not signed it he believed he would ask the postponement of the enterprise until he felt more settled about the incendiary fires. I handed him the paper, and left for home. He would not have asked it back. When the people of Chico undertook to get the Normal School located there, General Bidwell was in Europe. They wanted a location and wired to him asking him what he could do in that way. Quickly came the answer so characteristic of the man: "Any place on Rancho Chico is at your disposal except my door yard." He made drives all over his fine grounds for the use of the



THE OLD ADOBE AND OTHER BUILDINGS, RANCHO CHICO.

From a daguerrotype, 1854

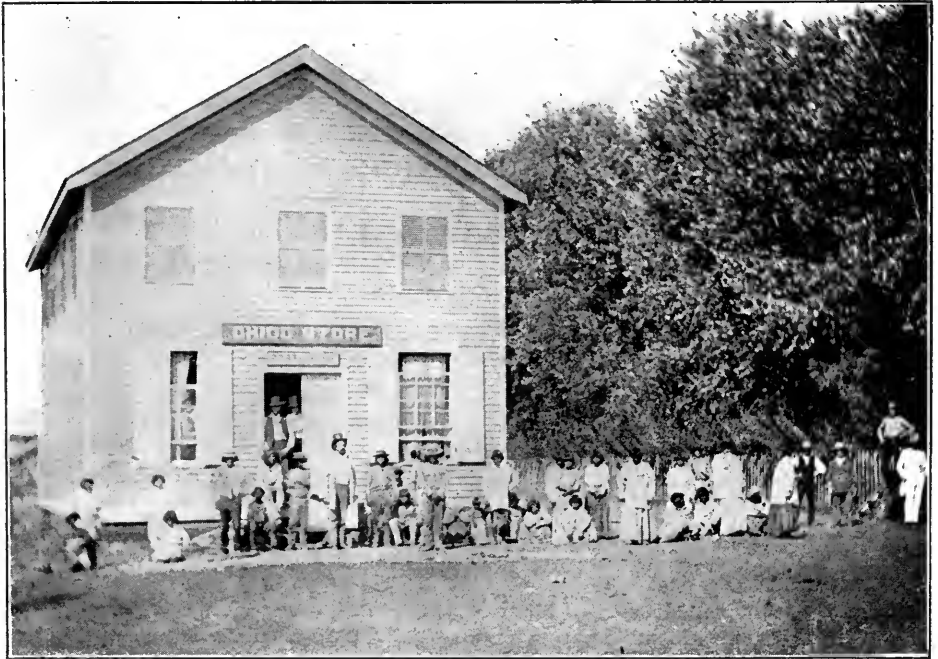
public. I have not in mind the length of these drives, but I think about 100 miles. His enjoyment always was to see other people prosperous and happy. This led him to want to see them all Christian and temperate; and he set an example.

He was precise and particular in all things. Every magazine or paper that he cared to keep over the hour was marked when he had read it, and carefully laid aside. He classified and carefully set down in a book kept for the purpose every plant or flower, giving its English and its botanical name. He was a great lover of botany; he loved it because it was a part of Nature, and all his works show that he loved Nature—loved the handiwork of God. He was particular in all his accounts. He had an account with all persons with whom he had any dealings, kept in a precise manner of his own. He knew every day how he stood with all mankind, and it was his aim to know how he stood with his Maker. Knowing how he stood, he kept his end up fully to every mark that Justice could command—and if he wanted to allow something to the other side, that was with

him. An instance of how he did things in this way is told by a foreman. The foreman went into his office and said: "General Bidwell, that man who got the load of fruit last week has peddled it all out, and comes back and wants another load on credit. I think he will never pay." "Well," said the General, "let him have it. I understand he has no means of supporting his

family. It may help do it." If one could now see that book account so carefully kept, one would see a characteristic credit thereon. Being particular about his own language, never allowing a vulgar or an obscene word to pass his lips, he was naturally somewhat particular about those with whom he associated on intimate terms. He was fastidious about his dress, and being a man of commanding physique, he got the reputation of being proud and haughty.

It is just here that I wish to remark upon that misconception



From a daguerrotype of 1852
GEN. BIDWELL DISTRIBUTING GOODS TO THE INDIANS AT RANCHO CHICO. 1

of character. There was no bond of sympathy between General Bidwell and an impure person. There is usually a bond or a want of it felt on first introduction. There are men who have forced themselves, through political or business interests, to ignore the instinct until it is not heeded. Give a man the character of being over-religious and over-particular about temperance, who is dressed with precision and who has such a physique as Bidwell had, and a person of opposite character would say on introduction that he was "stuck up," or that he was proud and haughty. I knew General Bidwell for half a century, and I never saw another man whose heart beat so kindly for people in the humbler walks of life; never one who would go further to lead

a man from the path of vice, and put him on the right road ; never one more easily approached by any one who had confidence in himself of being worthy of approaching a good man. I know I have thought more of myself, because during all these years John Bidwell maintained a liking for and a confidence in me.

Children approached him always with the utmost confidence. During all his life on the Rancho Chico the Indians came to him with all their difficulties and disputes, and he was their judge and jury, deciding everything in so just a manner as to lead to perfect acquiescence. Of course he liked to have at his mansion men of high standing in science, literature, the arts, men at the head of this church or that ; and, attracted by a man of means, of learning, of high character, many of these visited his home. This lent color to the notion of his haughty and exclusive disposition. Can the reader imagine such a man as I have described being a successful politician ?

Of the many complimentary things said of him when he died I think the following by the Board of Education of Chico described his character more exactly than any that came under my observation, and I think it worth preserving in the pages of *OUT WEST* :

General John Bidwell died April 4, 1900. Death came to him unwarned, swift and painless, but the day and hour of that coming concerned him not who was always ready ; and yet General Bidwell loved the world and all she gave of good ; the trees, the flowers and vines spoke for him a language that filled his soul with happiness, and spring time zephyrs, the angry winter winds, the rushing water in its ceaseless journey to the sea, and every voice of Nature was to him a song finding responsive echo in his heart.

His life work was to learn all that was good ; to teach and educate ; to uplift and ennoble humanity. He was the foe of ignorance and vice, the friend and patron of enlightenment. When from his bounty he gave his choice gifts for the advancement of education and morality, this he did not as a charity but in the line of his high ideal of citizenship and patriotic duty, as sacred trusts for high and lofty ends. Of none could it be better said,¹

“ His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘ this was a man. ’ ”

Colusa, Cal.

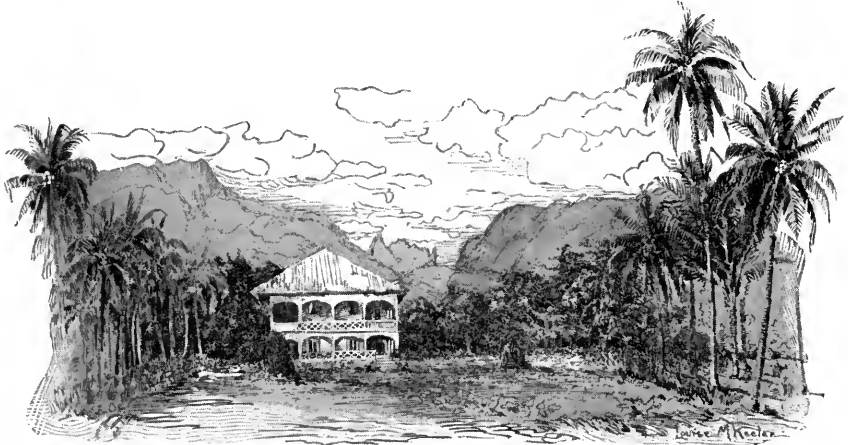


UPON A CORAL STRAND.*

By CHARLES KEELER.

[CONCLUDED.]

DURING the course of three months I learned to know this beach almost intimately, and to look upon its graceful shore-line as my own. I watched the dark-bodied frigate birds as they flew swiftly above the palms in search of plunder, with their long sharp wings, their tails forked swallow-fashion, and their slender bills. I saw the tropic-birds, flapping above the sea in snowy mantles, with their crimson beaks and two long tail feathers. Not infrequently a curious gray wader, like a small heron, stalked among the



ON THE SITE OF THE MARAI—TAHITI.

stones at the river mouth, or lumbered above the beach with heavy wing-strokes. Now and then a dainty tern, in silver and white, whipped the air with its pointed wings, or a gannet wandered in from the sea on its heavy flapping pinions. Always plover haunted the pebbled places of the shore.

The clouds were a never-ending joy to me. Sometimes, when the water was unruffled by the breeze and its glassy surface heaved unshattered, their high-piled masses were reflected across the lagoon in all their mystery of form and hue, wavering only with the deliberate rise and fall of the ocean swell. The white cumulus clouds that drift upon the horizon in fair weather were splendid in their rolling outlines, and formed a noble setting to the intensely blue water with its crisp white waves. Then there were the storm-clouds from over the sea. Dark shrouds of vapor might lower about the mountains for

*Illustrated from drawings by Louise M. Keeler.

days, and even sweep into the valleys, without indicating a storm along the sea-shore; but when the clouds began to gather thick and ominous beyond the reef they were almost sure to be followed by wind and rain.

What an impressive time it is upon the beach as the storm approaches! The blue waves darken to indigo, the breeze freshens, the black squall advances rapidly, folding the sea in pallor of mist and rain. The spray upon the reef leaps in great, joyous breakers. The waves thunder mightily and the rain deluges the strand with its solid downpour. I stood at the extremity of the point in such a tropical squall, drenched and bareheaded. It was impossible to breathe facing the wind, and the force of the water compelled me to look toward the ground. The pandanus leaves fluttered as if they would be torn to shreds. The cocoanut branches were wildly tossed in air. The wind, the sea, and the rain were masters of the strand, and I felt subdued and awed in their presence.

If such a rain be but a passing squall, it is soon ended, and the sun comes out in tropic brilliance, with a rainbow, perchance, arching down to the dark point where the cocoanuts are still agitated; but if it be the inaugural of a December storm, we need not look for the sun again for many days. Then the waves rise higher and higher, and their hollow booming grows into an ominous roar. The rivers swell until their banks can no longer contain them, plunging madly down the valleys in muddy torrents and carrying uprooted banana and *bîrau* trees out to sea. The Fautauá and Hamúta Rivers meet at the sea-beach and flow as one into the lagoon. In ordinary weather they are little more than mountain brooks; but when swollen by a heavy rain, they are formidable torrents, rushing impetuously into the sea with their freight of silt and drift, to be beaten back by the advancing surf. As the waves roll over in combers on the beach, they are not blue-and-white as in fair weather, but dark brown or chocolate-colored from the great amount of sediment poured into the sea by the river. They come tearing in, high and menacing, looking doubly wild on account of their turbid hue. The sea is half lost in the obscuring veil of mist and rain. The agitated clusters of foliage of the cocoanut trees are bent toward the shore. A woman hurrying along the beach toward the shelter of her thatched home, with red garments clinging like the draperies of a statue, but adds to the loneliness of the deserted shore.

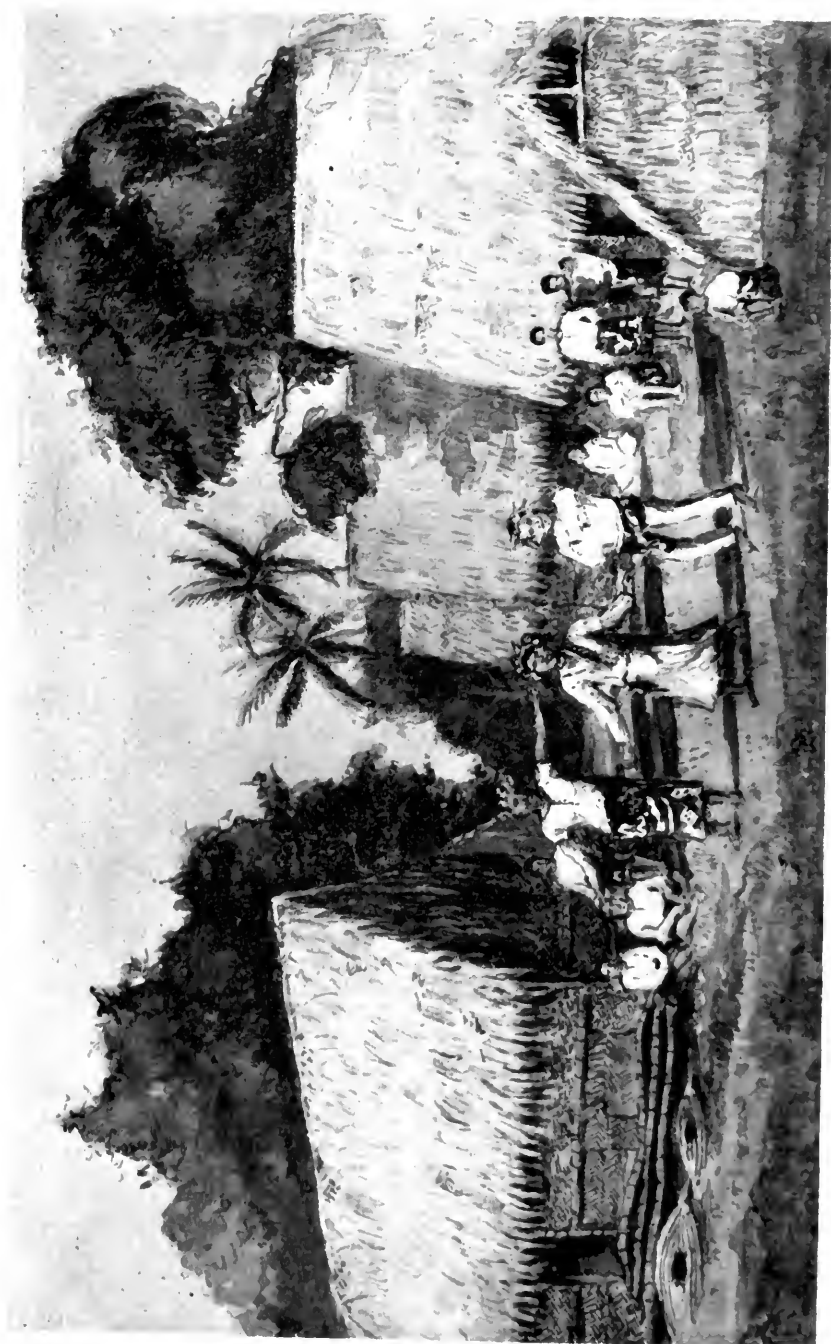
From the eastern point of this cove, Moõréa can be seen off to the west of Tahiti, with its wonderful outline of crags and pinnacles. Its summits are the great cloud-gatherers of the

region, and here the ships of air lie at rest, their vast sails piled aloft in the blue sky. It seemed like a cloudland, this blue island across the water, and its enchanted shores drew me as I



A BIT OF MOÏRÉA.

paced my coral strand. Arranging to go with one of the parties of natives who frequently pass back and forth between Tahiti and Moïréa in their open boats, I waited in vain at six o'clock on the appointed December morning. They had postponed departure until two in the afternoon, at which hour I was bidden



IN THE ÁBORAI VILLAGE.

to attend. At two I was informed that one of the party had gone on a spree and been arrested. The boat would certainly leave the next morning at six, said they.

Meanwhile a storm was brewing. Had we started that afternoon we should probably have been shipwrecked in our little open boat; for the worst squall of the season suddenly blew up from the sea, with a heavy wind and an angry roll of surf. For two weeks the gale continued and Moõréa was not to be thought of in such weather.

As a last resort I determined to go in the little tug *Eva* which makes weekly trips there with the mail, and on the return of fair weather, set out with my little family to attempt once more to break the spell which seemed to bind this cloud-wreathed island. By the light of the full moon we started for the steamer landing, arriving there in the flush of early morning.

We were just in time, and had no sooner settled ourselves for the trip than the moorings were cast off, the whistle blew a fierce toot and we started out on the lagoon. Then some one noticed a family of natives wildly gesticulating on shore and we put back to the dock again. I began to doubt whether Moõréa was not destined to remain forever an island floating betwixt cloud and sea, and forever unattainable; but we made another start and put bravely out through Papéete Pass to the ocean. Here we rolled and tossed about, the poor little boat, which seemed to be trying to do a man's work long after it was entitled to a berth in some home for aged and infirm mariners, puffing through its asthmatic engine and gasping now and then as if ready to give up the ghost. In some way it



BY THE SEA WHERE COCOANUTS GROW, MOÕRÉA.

crossed the intervening stretch of sea, however, and carried us along shore, just outside the reef, past Cook's Bay and into the mouth of Openóhu Bay, where we were landed at the little pier. Here we were received by the gendarme, in full uniform, with white braid on his blue coat. He was a very important-looking personage—as he should be, since he fills all sorts of positions from governor and postmaster-general to chief of police and customs inspector. Although so much of an autocrat, he appeared very amiable, and none of the natives seemed in the least awed by his august presence.

Moöréa on near view was no less a land of enchantment than when seen in its blue mist across the sea. Its two deep bays pierce it to the heart, circled about with crags so sharp that they resemble rows of gigantic sharks'-teeth. Here and there single slivers of rock shot up into the clouds, and as the veil was withdrawn from time to time we saw great cathedral spires and strange, haunted castles of the gods, half tumbled into ruins. The lovely shore-line was margined with lofty cocoanut-palms and the thatched homes of the people nestled under bread-fruit and pandanus trees on the narrow rim of plain. If Moöréa was a tropical wonderland of strange grandeur, its inhabitants were living there under a spell that seemed to cause little sorrow despite its curse. Many of the people are stricken with *féfe*—that fearful swelling of the limbs which turns a man to a monster—with the dread leprosy, or with other diseases almost as insidiously deadly. But troubles do not weigh heavily on these simple folk, and they seem, to the casual visitor at least, as happy and care-free as the birds.

The *Eva* carried us back to Tahiti in safety, staggering bravely through a head sea and several brisk squalls, finally leaving us at the dock before the set of sun, rejoicing, as we went our homeward way, to think that we had lifted the veil and at last peeped in on the mystic land of Moöréa. After that, as I trudged over the sand of my coral beach, and saw the familiar outline of peaks across the sea, darkly silhouetted against the sunset sky, or barely visible through the mantle of morning haze, I filled out the outline with visions of its impressive beauty when standing in the shadow of its crags.

But my strand has glories of its own to be enjoyed, even without the vision of Moöréa upon the horizon. In fair weather it is most inviting when the colors change from hour to hour, and an ineffable serenity broods over the scene. In the early morning the water of the lagoon is often of the tenderest shade of azure, which deepens imperceptibly, with advancing day and freshening breeze, into the deep blue of mid-ocean. Sometimes

the color is the same close to shore that it is beyond the reef, and again there will be a great streak of pale, opalescent green inside the white line of breakers and a strip of ultramarine blue beyond.

When the wind blows well to the eastward, the cove is sheltered by the point. Here it is sometimes so still that all the cocoanut trees might admire their images in the water, although a stiff trade wind may be blowing off the point. From this low tongue of projecting land a fine expanse of coast is visible—toward the west the cove where the Arorais live, and toward the east a large bay terminating in Point Venus. Looking through the screen of cocoanut and pandanus trees, the green, rolling mountain-slopes may be seen gradually ascending from both sides of the island and piling up toward the precipitous crest of Aorái. Many a time while walking home at the close of day, I have seen the mountains with deep blue shadows marking their valleys, and with the overhanging fleeces of cloud tinged to glowing hues.

By starlight the cove is no less wonderful than by day. Then the sound of the waves is hushed to a lapsing moan, and darkness holds its spell over the shore. The point is thrust out as a black silhouette between the white clouds above and the sea below, with the pallid line of foam edging the strand. Here and there an ebon coco-palm shoots its graceful head above the mass of foliage. Orion is in the zenith, the Hyades and Pleiades following, with the peerless Sirius in their train. Two spots of Magellan clouds are in the southern horizon, and the whole vast dome of night is resplendent with stars. On such a night I watched the coming of the full moon. The after-glow had long since faded in the west when the pale presence of light grew into being in the east. Imperceptibly it brightened, slowly it illumined the dark night, until it was apparent that the great luminary herself was at hand. The rays of light streamed up into the clouds, vague and intangible. Then suddenly a cloud sailed by and out of it stepped the moon, full-orbed and splendid. The coco-palms glistened at a thousand points; the undulating sea quivered with a path of ghostly fire; the night was more glorious than the day.

Many a moonlit night I have gone through the banana thicket and over the plank bridge across the Hamúta River, with the pale, fascinating light playing on the tropical foliage and imaged in the still pool down under the cocoanut grove where the silver light shimmered on the graceful drooping boughs of the trees, and past the two stones that mark the *marai*, to the shore of the lagoon. What weird beauty of

tremulous waves dancing upon the strand! As they came sweeping proudly up to the shore and arching landward, the moon-

light shot a silver shaft into the breaking line, that glistened for a moment, expanded in wavering reflection on the trough of the sea, and vanished in a ghostly length of white foam upon the dark shore. With the plunging of the wave the surf cried aloud, and as the white foam slipped back into the deeps, a soft whisper of pebbles sliding over one another answered the call of the sea. So it was continued with every wave that sought the strand, sometimes louder and brighter as a larger billow spent its force, and some-



A BIT OF ISLAND SCENERY, MOÛRÉA.

times lower and dimmer as a smaller comber rolled into shore, but always crashing in flashes of subdued fire.

On New Year's day I was walking along this beach with my wife and little girl when we heard a great commotion at the Árorai village. A shower had just passed overhead as we approached the cluster of thatched huts, but the people were all out of doors in spite of it, witnessing a rehearsal for a dance. They were to give a performance that evening at the residence of the sugar-planter hard by, as a token of good will at the commencement of the new year, and the star actors were having their dress rehearsal. I had seen a number of native dances, but never one like this. The performers were two men and two old women, all in an advanced state of intoxication. The elder of the men was a half-witted creature with the face of a baboon—broad and bestial, fringed with a scraggly gray beard. His companion was a tall, athletic fellow a little past middle life, with a countenance so plastic in grimaces that it ran the whole gamut of an insane asylum while he danced. The women were withered old hags with wrinkled faces and skinny limbs orna-

mented with tattooing. They were toothless, or nearly so, and might have served as witches in *Macbeth*. Their red dresses were draped so that the knees showed in the dance, and their



ALONG MOÏRÉA COAST.

unkempt heads were crowned with wreaths of bright yellow leaves. All four sang—the men roaring like mad bulls and the women shrieking like furies, while they postured with outstretched arms, swayed, grimaced and slapped themselves in time to the crazy music. When the dance was ended they all insisted on shaking hands with us, not once but a dozen times, wishing us a *bon anni*—and looking with maudlin admiration at the sketch my wife had made of them. Then we hastened homeward to escape the squall and the importunities of our drunken neighbors.

In the evening I went to the celebration. All the inhabitants of the little hamlet who were able to stand were upon the lawn in front of the house. The same quartet that had entertained us with their dance of death in the afternoon were on hand, and in addition there were two little girls of about nine and twelve years of age, who were to make their debut. The old women gave them the motion and the pretty creatures, in long purple dresses and wreathed in flowers, started across the lawn in time to the wild song. They held their arms akimbo and swayed their hips from side to side as they advanced. Flanking them were the drunken hags who danced with them and urged them to more and more violent motions, while the two old men stood behind, singing, and the whole circle of onlooking natives shouted and laughed at the performance. Holbein might have searched long for a more suggestive scene.

I fancy the shades of the men of long ago must have looked on at this scene in horror of the sacrilege, for the dance took place upon the site of the old *marat* or temple which was of old so sacred that no woman dared approach the spot, and men spoke in whispers when they drew near. There is little left today to mark the ground—only two big stones standing upon end

near the seashore ; but it is enough to stimulate the imagination and to recall the wild scenes which once must have been enacted there. Its location had been chosen with the greatest care. It stands just back of the sea-beach on a long stretch of level ground, and its stones are placed where they command a view of the entrance to the harbor seaward and of the mountains landward. Indeed, the view from this spot is particularly impressive. A long, level plain leads off to the steep range of mountains, with Aorái sweeping up as a sharp ridge to a height of over 7,000 feet, and then dropping off precipitously, leaving the pinnacles which compose the Diadem, or Maiáo as it was called by the natives, in the midst of the great Fautauá Valley. The home of the sugar-planter stands upon the site of the *marái*, and interrupts somewhat the view of the noble range of mountains. It is an old French plantation house, with a history dating back to the palmy days of the Aitamóno boom, but its interest pales before the romantic visions which cluster hauntingly about the two big stones. Here gods were invoked and sacrifices offered ; the living came to supplicate and near at hand the dead were laid to rest. I like best to think of this lovely coral strand of Tahiti as it was when the gods walked the earth, when sea and shore were filled with the presence of spirits, when every action was attributed to their intervention. To the shades of Po they have all retired now, and Taäróa, the father of gods, with all his hierarchy, is scarce remembered where once he was supreme.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE PARTING YEAR.

By CLARA L. MASON.

SIGHING wind creeps through the purple haze
 Which swathes the sleeping vale, and soft unweaves
 The clinging fingers of the dying leaves
 That drowsily rustling fall to earth. It plays
 Among the tall, dry, whispering weeds, where sways
 A busy goldfinch. O'er the rude stone walls
 The clematis has draped her feathery balls,
 And 'gainst the stones like flame-tongues move
 The swaying goldenrods. The dreamy day
 Is steeped in sweetness, sadness, mystery.
 And list ! the call of some late-mourning dove
 Floats from the hillside down the hazy way—
 The day's perfecting note of harmony !

Silverado Cañon, Cal.

THE SANCHEZ GRANT.*

By RICHARD L. SANDWICK.

“WELL, how are you anyway, Bill Richardson? You an’ me’s about the only fellars left in these parts that come over from old Missouri with the Dander party. They’ve all cleaned out and gone to the mines.” The speaker swung from the saddle, slipped the bridle from his buckskin, and turned her loose to graze in the rich alfilerilla.

“I know one besides us that ain’t there right now, Jake,” said Richardson.

“Who’s he?”

“Si Peters. Don’t tell nobody; but I seen him last night about dark with a couple o’ strangers from the diggin’s. They’ve got somethin’ in the wind. He said cattle was fetchin’ a big figger in the mines. I reckon we’ll hear of somebody that’s lost a bunch o’ cattle ’fore forty-eight hours is gone by.”

“Si is a devil,” said the other. “He was runnin’ a faro-table last I heard, and lettin’ his hair grow down his back; makin’ loads o’ money.”

“Yes? Wal, Jake, they’d be good money in honest farmin’ if it wasn’t fer these Greasers that’s took up all the good land.”

“That’s dead right, Bill. When we was after ’em at Santa Clara, Fremont and Stockton oughtn’t ever to ’a let up till we’d chased the hull kit an’ passel of ’em out of the State—women and all.”

“What gits me is to see ’em ridin’ round on their hosses,” said Richardson, “never doin’ a stroke o’ work. An’ we Americans that licked ’em in the war, an’ know more in a minute than a Greaser could ever know, have to work like slaves for a livin’.”

“I dunno’s we know so much after all, Bill,” said his friend, “to give them the best valley land, while we stake out claims in the sage brush.”

“What you goin’ to do about it? All that fightin’ agin Val-lejo up to Sacramento ain’t done the settlers no good. The Greaser keeps the land fur all their howls.”

“Yes, but they’s Americans backin’ Vallejo.† Frisby married his daughter. Did you hear how Lyser got away with Castro’s ranch over in the Salinas Valley?”

* This story is vouched for by the author as correct in outline and essence; the detail has been filled in with the story-teller’s privilege. The time is the winter of 1852. Not all the methods by which California lands were “conveyed” from the hospitable and trustful hands of their original owners to the shrewder invaders were so contemptibly mean as those related here—but they were commonly as effective. The Spanish names and the places are given correctly in the story; the English names are fictitious. A son of Gil Sanchez married a sister of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.—ED.

† Of General Vallejo’s ranch at Sonoma it is said that he could gallop his horse all day steadily in one direction without passing its borders.

"No; what was they to it?"

"Why he bought four thousand acres out of the ten thousand in the ranch and then fenced in the hull. Castro went to Orr to see what could be done to get it back. Orr took time to look up the law and meanwhile see Lyser. Orr got two hundred dollars for his opinion; which was that Castro must deed the land to somebody else in order to appear in court himself and swear it was his'n. So Castro deeded it to Rice; and Rice turned it over to Lyser. Lyser is starting a town on the place, and is callin' it Salinas. Orr is busy sellin' lots fur him. An' the great Commandante Castro is the only man that's out of pocket."*

"Serves him right," said Richardson, "fur goin' to war agin the Americans."

"I'm tryin' to git them Injuns off my claim in the Carmel," his friend continued. "They and the priests and the Greasers all swear that the land was granted to the Reds when the mission busted up. But they ain't got nothin' to show fur it, and that's too good land to go without a title in black an' white."†

"Say, I wonder if Sanchez has got a good title to his land around the Santa Cruz Mission here?" asked Richardson. "One of these days that land 'll fetch a price."

"They ain't no record of it among the papers up to Monterey," the other replied, "so fur as I ever seen, an' I've ben through 'em huntin' titles for them cussed Injuns on my place. But I think he's got some sort of a grant from the Mexican governor, Alvarado. If I was you, I'd go up to his house and see. They say Sanchez is took blind."

At this point Mrs. Richardson announced dinner.

"Say, Bill, 'fore we go in, I've got a proposition I want you to help me out on. I'm goin' to run for sheriff under the new constitution. I know a lot of folks that I think 'll come my way, if somebody 'll get out an' hoop it up a little fur me. An' I'm kind o' bankin' on you fur that somebody."

"You can count on me doin' all I know how," said Richardson.

"Thanks, Bill; I may be able to help you out some time."

"Ain't you folks never goin' to come to dinner?" called Mrs. Richardson, a second time appearing in the door. "Miss Sanchez has fetched over a pipin' platter of enchiladas and a chicken cooked Spanish style. They smell real good."

"Ain't you a little scared o' Spanish cookin'?" asked Jake.

"I dunno; I kind o' like the chile peppers," answered Mrs.

* This is substantially the story told the author by General Castro's son, now living in Monterey. The General once owned forty leagues of land and numerous herds of cattle.

† When the Spanish missions in California were secularized the neophytes from the San Carlos mission were settled in the Valley of the Carmel on four hundred-vara tracts.

Richardson. "They say, though, that the Mexicans is so full of 'em that a coyote won't touch their dead bodies."

"I think I'd be afraid of somethin' a little stiffer than pepper, if a Greaser give it to me. Them Greasers is awful good to your face, but nasty enemies behind your back."

"Yes," said Bill Richardson, "I hear say they'll knife a man in the back too quick if they git a chanst, where nobody'll find it out. But they wouldn't dare pizen us. We've et their hash afore, with no bad effect. Gimme an enchelady, Lize."

While dinner was going on at the Richardson's, Gil Sanchez's young wife sat looking down toward the new neighbors from the porch of her home.

"I wonder how the American lady will like this," she asked herself as she held up a piece of Mexican drawn-work, evidently intended as a gift to Mrs. Richardson. "I'm goin' to make her love me. And then if any one tries to take our land from us as they have that of cousin José Jesus, and Castro's, and Pio Pico's, they will find we have a friend at court. Señor Richardson was a soldier with Fremont, so he must have influence. I am glad I took them those enchiladas. Señora Richardson says her husband likes them much."

Unconsciously she spoke the last word aloud. Baby stirred in his cradle and the señora set it gently in motion, while she brushed away the troublesome flies. Little Juan, her eldest, lay on the lawn playing with the dog.

"Go, Juanito, and ask Papa if he does not wish to join us on the porch?"

Soon Señor Sanchez appeared, little Juan leading him through the door. He was a man of some thirty years, above the average height. There was no mixed blood in his veins; he had accompanied his Franciscan uncle direct from Spain when a boy. From him he had acquired the love of books that led him to indulge in reading too early in convalescence and so ruined his sight. Below the shade over his eyes there showed a nose sufficiently strong and masculine, and a well-carved chin. His mouth, however, was fashioned for melancholy. There was that of tenderness and sadness about it, which must have marked his face for sympathy even had his sight been whole. Yet of his own misfortunes no one ever heard Gil Sanchez utter a complaint.

"I've been thinking of your cousin, José, Maria. How could he have lost his ranch?"

"You must not let that trouble you; nor think, because of it, we may lose ours. I told Señora Richardson of José's misfortune, and she seemed to feel quite sorry for him. I am glad we have some good Americans for neighbors."

"I think we had better ask José and his wife to come and live with us. They must not want while we have plenty."

"What a good man you are to think it! Of this I am sure, the blessed Virgin will never let anyone wrong such a dear, kind soul as you, my husband."

She went and stood behind his chair as she spoke. Her soft arms slipped from the loose sleeves, entwined themselves around his neck, and drew the big head back on her breast till the up-turned face met hers in the warmth of a dozen kisses.

"There now, don't you feel better?"—then, looking to the west, she cried, "Oh, Gil! the sun has come out! Let's take it as a good-luck sign to us and to everybody!"

The sun had dropped from a bridge of clouds and hung just above the waters, wrapping the bay in its own warmth and glory. She stood shading her eyes with her hand, till the sun dipped and the waters darkened. Turning, she saw Richardson riding up the path.

"I was just thinking of you, Señor," she said. "I was wishing you and Señora Richardson might come over to dinner some day, and spend the evening with us."

"Mebbe we will," said he, dismounting and coming up the steps. "Them encheladies was fine; I e't four of 'em myself."

"I'm so glad you liked them, Señor. I was afraid Concepcion had made them too hot for you."

"No, they was all right. Say, Sanchez, I come over to see if I could get a squint at your grant. They's a feller wants to sell me a piece o' land that he says he got on a grant from Pio Pico; and I want to see what a grant looks like 'fore I go in and like as not git my fingers burnt on a forged piece of paper."

"If you would like to see mine, you are welcome Señor. Maria will get it for you."

"Yes, I know right where it is," said she. "Then I must put the baby to bed. This night air is not good for him."

She brought the tin box and put it in her husband's hand. He felt for the key, unlocked the box, and, raising the cover, ran his hands through the contents.

"Here, Sanchez," said Richardson, "I'll find it. Mebbe my eyesight is some better'n your'n."

He took the box from the futile hands and began to rummage.

"It is the paper with a red line at the margin," said the courteous host.

"I don't see it," said Richardson. He cast a quick look around him, then bent again over the box. His right hand dropped down by his side, and something slipped into the leg of his cowhide boot. Looking up, he started at sight of little

Juan coming round the corner of the house. Did the boy see? Little Juan darted off after the dog. If he saw, he did not understand.

"My wife will find it for you when she comes out again," said the blind man.

"Well, I guess I won't wait to get it tonight. It's most too dark to see. I'll come in some mornin', when I'm goin' by, and take a look at the grant by daylight. Good night, Sanchez."

Late that night the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard out side. A rap on the iron bars of their chamber window followed.

It was Rosalas, one of the two Indian vaqueros employed on the ranch.

"Señor, I tell bad news. Much cattle gone, Romero gone. Gringo steal, Gringo kill."

"Come in, Rosales. What is this you say?"

Doña Maria opened the door and the Indian entered. He stood silent for a moment, with eyes fixed on the floor; then in a few words told the story of the stolen cattle. Discovering the loss of a herd, they had followed the trail to the Santa Clara valley, where they found the cattle headed north. The long-haired faro-dealer and his two companions of whom Richardson had spoken were in charge of them. Romero galloped up to the former, and with his quirt pointed out the brand S over the hip. "Sanchez, Santa Cruz," was all he said. But it was enough. For answer the white man struck at him with his rifle. Romero drew a knife, but fell the next minute with a bullet in the head. It was all over in a moment. The three had turned their guns on Rosales next, but he spurred his horse into the chaparral, and quickly disappeared.

"Is Romero dead, Rosales?"

"Si, Señor. I ride San José. I get nobody go for cattle. All fear Gringos."

"Are the other cattle safe?"

"Si, Señor."

"I would gladly give all the cattle I have if it would but bring good Romero back."

Gil Sanchez groaned, the faithful Rosales passed out of the door, silent, with eyes downcast. As for the tender hearted little señora her pillow was wet with tears that night.

Next morning early, Padre Soto visited them. "I would have come last night," said he, "but I was too tired after my journey from Monterey. I came to tell you that your grant should be recorded at once, before some one annoys you by filing on your land."

"Tell us, good father," said Don Gil. "Do you think there is danger of our losing the property?"

"No, Señor. Your title is good and the grant is clear. Many of our people are losing their property because the location and boundaries are so vague.* But yours is not so. Father Casenova is come with me; and he will take your grant back with him to Monterey, if you wish, and have it recorded."

Doña Maria stood up on a chair, and from the highest shelf in the cupboard brought the tin box down again. She looked the papers through hurriedly, then went to the window and examined them one by one. When the last paper was raised from its place, she gasped; and the box fell to the floor.

"What is the matter, Maria dear?" It was the voice of Señor Sanchez, who had risen from his chair and was groping toward her.

"Nothing, Gil. Only—I am so nervous—I cannot find anything. Here, Father Soto, you please find the grant." She put the box in the good priest's hands, and led her husband back to his chair.

Father Soto went over the papers deliberately, laying them out one after another on the table.

But the grant was gone.

For three days Señora Sanchez searched the house for the missing paper. They dared not tell any one of the loss, not even the Richardsons, for fear some stranger would lay claim to their property. Luckily, Richardson did not come in to look at the grant as he had said he would. Father Soto consulted a lawyer, who advised that they take the case to court and try to prove their title. He would undertake the case himself for eight hundred dollars down, and half the property if he won the suit. But Father Casenova approved neither of the man nor of his offer. At last it seemed best to take up the land as if it belonged to the United States government; and Father Soto and Señora Sanchez went to Monterey for that purpose. Father Casenova, who knew the officials there, went to the state house with them.

It was all too late. Their land was already filed on. *And the claim bore title to James Richardson.*

Now I should like to have this story turn out as all good

* The vagueness of many of the Spanish grants as to the boundaries and the location of the property granted will be apparent from the following grant of a building lot in Monterey, which is copied verbatim:

Gregorio Castenarez

On the 3rd day of June, 1843, a lot was granted to him, consisting of 30 varas frontage and 600 varas in depth, toward the right side of Don Manuel Dutra's house.

(Signed) *Teodoro Gonzalez*
Jose A. Chaves.

Located on such property, the Spanish Californians have sometimes been unable to resist the encroachments of more resolute neighbors.

stories do; the villain hung, and the hero exalted. But somebody might enquire into the truth of the matter, and, finding the conclusion false, doubt the whole story. I should like to have the lost grant unexpectedly come to light—but Jim Richardson tore it to shreds the night he stole it and the winds scattered it beyond recall. I do not know what happened to the new sheriff that ordered Gil Sanchez off his own land; I hope he was afterwards kindly shot. I should like to record that the Richardsons were driven out of their ill-gotten possessions, and that Gil Sanchez was restored to sight and property. But alas, I have seen the record; *Gil Sanchez, murio, Nov. 2, 1867*; and it stands in Monterey, not Santa Cruz. As for his sons, both of them are dead. But there remains a vigorous grandson* who had the honor of being addressed by Stevenson in a poem to his Name Child. This grandson might call me to account should I paint in any but sober colors the wrongs of Gil Sanchez, when property went over peacefully from the conquered to the conquering race—from the Spaniard to the Anglo-Saxon.

University of Chicago.

IN THE KEEPING OF THE VIRGIN.

By LUELLE GREEN HARTON.

YES, Señora, I am old, very old. The years had brought sorrow and manhood to me before the seeds were born of the moss on the oldest adobe house in San Francisco. Look at this old leather hand! It is dry as parchment. I cut my finger the other day, Señora, and no blood came. But my mind is growing young. I remember things that I had forgotten. I remember how pain felt. And, do you know, I can remember how it felt to love. That is the only proof I have that there is still a drop of blood in my old body; for my heart grows warm, Señora, when I think of her.

She lived in Monterey; Maria Avila was her name. She was the adopted daughter of Doña Avila. Her birth was a mystery—an Indian, they said she was, but her face was pure Castilian.

I am only a half-breed, and when I first saw her I was a peddler of glass beads and trinkets which the fathers had brought from Mexico. I was brother to the wind till I met Maria.

That was the day before Christmas, seventeen hundred and something. I can't recall the year—I count by centuries now. We had spent the day in dancing, in watching bull fights and in tournament riding. When I saw her first, she was dancing with José Avila, the son of her adopted parents. He was good

* Louis Sanchez, nephew of Robert Louis Stevenson, now a student in the University of California.

to look at, a big handsome man with a man's brown face and the long black curls of a woman. The searching torchlights discovered tiny blazes of red in her almost black hair. Tall and slender, she moved with exquisite grace. She had the straight features of a Madonna. Her face was pale, unless warmed by the fire in José Avila's eyes; and then it was the delicate color of the wild rose—not the red that scorched the cheeks of many other girls under the same provocation; for his were eyes that looked love into the eyes of all women.

At midnight, mass was celebrated in a church built for the occasion. It was a big arbor, or sort of pavilion, large enough to hold several hundred people. We men had built it of hewn trees and great green branches. Even the roof was made of boughs and leaves. Garlands of red berries brightened the walls. The green ceiling was covered with blue and white gauzy stuff that had been brought from Mexico for that purpose. Stars of tinsel were thrown among these fleecy clouds. The whole pavilion was illuminated by swarms of little lamps, made of earthenware and filled with tallow.

The altar was a pyramid of burning torches and lighted wax candles. At one side of the church, near the altar, a large booth had been erected which contained the crib—the Child in the Manger. The wax figure of a pretty, dimpled baby lay on the straw. Live cows stood near, blowing out clouds of warm smoke from their nostrils, chewing the hay and gazing placidly at the brilliant sight about them. At the close of the midnight mass, a procession of young women and men dressed in fantastic shepherd costumes entered the church and proceeded to the crib. Each carried an offering for the baby Christ.

Leading the procession were Maria and José. No other shepherd was attired so richly as she. Her short gown was of crimson velvet with an overskirt of silk of the same color lined with yellow. She wore the jewels of Doña Avila. In her arms, which were sleeved only with costly bracelets, was a little bleating lamb, her gift to the Holy Infant.

After that I could not leave Monterey. I loved Maria, though I never dared to raise my eyes to her. She was a pure star shining in the heaven of my thought. I never hoped even to touch her tiny hand. I lived at the ranch of Doña Avila, but my seat was at the servant's table.

Months passed. A change came over my loved one. We thought she was going to die—she was so sad and pale. José Avila had gone, no one knew whither. They said he had asked his mother's consent to his marriage with Maria, and that there

had been a terrible scene between them—that she went into a fury and ordered him away.

In her bad health and trouble, Maria seemed to grow fond of me. She would send for me to sing for her. We were alone together many times, and once I knelt and kissed her little buckled shoe, and she smiled at me. I was filled with delight and ready to die for her.

One day Doña Avila summoned me to her apartments. She had never done so before. I was surprised to know that she deigned even to remember my existence, and was vaguely wondering what she could want of me, when her door, which I had reached, was flung open by her and as violently shut behind me. Doña Alvira and Maria were the only others in the room. The older woman's face was ablaze with anger.

"Vile Indian!" she screamed at me. "Is this your gratitude? You accept my food—you live upon my bounty—and you corrupt the creature I loved! Take her away from me—she is viler than you. Her mother was vile before her."

My love stood calmly by, her head lifted a little haughtily. She held out her hands to me, and said:

"Pedro, I have told her that you are my lover. Will you take me away from here?"

I felt a burst of glory in me. The man, that had been crushed in the half-breed since birth, sprang up, full-grown and strong. I opened my arms, and she knew that the act was a promise of protection and a pledge to take no mean advantage of the situation. She came to me, and for the first time rested within the circle of my embrace.

There was a fine scorn in Doña Avila's glance.

"Indian, go get your horse and the best in my stable for this creature. Get a basket of food also, that you may not starve. Then take her, and let miles cover her shame and mine," she said as she swirled out of the room.

We rode into the mountains. There I made my dainty lady a home of pine boughs. I fished and hunted for her food, and prepared it for her. I slept outside her door at night, glad to be her watchdog.

In the morning of the day before Christmas, Maria appeared at the door of the hut. Her eyes were strangely bright. She demanded that the horses be brought and that we go to Monterey. I objected, for I knew that at last unhappiness had done its work, and that she was out of her mind. She insisted, and, the habit of obedience being strong upon me, I yielded.

What a ride that was! She sang and laughed, and called me "José, my love," in tender caressing tones. Her long hair

became unbound, and flirted and capered with the wind, and the horses, urged on by her mad shrieks, flew faster than birds.

It was dark when we reached Monterey. The sky was black and starless, it was raining, and I thought the angels must be weeping for my love. Her horse stumbled and she fell. I leaped from mine. Both beasts stopped.

The deep-voiced bells and the silver singing chimes announcing midnight mass broke the stillness as I lifted Maria in my arms. I forgot her shame. I remembered only that she needed help, and I carried her toward the arbor. Just outside I stopped. It came to me that she would wish to be concealed from the people there, not shown to them. In the darkest place I could find, against a side wall of the arbor, I spread my coat on the ground and laid her on it. The music from the church and the odor of incense stole out to us. She was alive . . . And she was sane.

* * * * *

The arbor was dark with the exception of the perpetual light before the holy sacrament and a little lamp in front of the crib. These flickered and cast unearthly shadows about, filling the church with a congregation of noiseless, moving spectres. They might have been angels silently worshipping. Maria, who, the year before, in the splendor and pride of wealth and girlhood and happy love, marched through the church at the head of a joyous procession, to the sound of glad Christmas music, carrying a bleating lamb, now a mother in sorrow, surrounded by a band of shadows, tottered over the same path to the mournful, sobbing music of the wind. She was leaning, not on the arm of her proud lover, but on me, a poor half-breed, and she was bearing a little human lamb. Together we went to the crib. She held her shivering baby to the warm breath of the cows. Then she said,

“ Pedro, take up the little Christ! He will go with us; and in the manger we will leave my baby to the Blessed Virgin ”

She died in my arms on our way back into the mountains. I buried her there in a spot where the grass is oftenest green, where in spring the wild flowers blow and the birds sing to the blossoms and the sun the hymn the angels sang at the birth of Christ. In her cold embrace I placed the little infant Jesus.

THE PASSING OF THE CAMPMEETING IN CALIFORNIA.

By LEELA B. DAVIS.

EVEN the memory of the old-time campmeeting is rapidly fading; yet barely a generation ago it was one of the most important phases of religious life in California. Methodist missionaries came to this coast in the '30's. The Catholic padres had long preceded them; and until the inundation by the gold-seekers, California was known as an exceptionally religious, God-fearing country. The discovery of gold transformed San Francisco from a straggling, isolated village to one of the busy seaports of the world, and rushed throngs of men into the trackless valleys and over the untrailed mountains. The missionaries had the difficult problem of coping with the new condition and reaching these men. The first services outside of the city were held in the rough roads that wound by a cluster of miners' cabins, in saloons, in school-houses (as soon as there were any), and in private houses when one could be found with a room large enough to hold a dozen persons.

The long, warm season of the interior valleys was favorable to out-of-door services, and as there were no buildings of a size to hold large congregations, the worshippers were driven, perforce, to the woods. As the population increased "basket meetings" were held, so-called because their attendants took lunch in baskets and remained to services held at intervals all day. These soon merged into campmeetings, which grew in interest and importance for many years.

The first campmeeting was held near Nevada City, in July, 1852, by ministers of the M. E. Church South. Soon after, one was held in the Santa Clara Valley by the M. E. Church. The Cumberland Presbyterians and the United Brethren held a few campmeetings, as did also the Baptists. The Christian Church for years combined their annual State meeting with a campmeeting. But the large majority of the campmeetings were held by the two branches of the Methodist church. Beginning in July or August, about the close of the harvest season, and continuing till the rains began, one campmeeting after another was held throughout the Santa Clara, San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, and many in Sonoma County. A feature of the summer editions of the church papers was the column or columns of announcements of campmeetings.

A grove of trees near a stream of water would be selected as the site. The pulpit was a small slightly elevated platform on which stood a pine table and one or two wooden chairs. The seats were rough boards, loosely laid, on puncheons. Immedi-

ately back of the pulpit was a large tent for the use of the preachers. The tents, sometimes made of tent cloth, but usually of rough boards, were erected in irregular fashion on three sides of the central place. The grounds were kept thickly strewn with straw. The cooking was done over open fires back of the tents. The arrangements for cooking, like everything else in connection with the meeting, were devised to meet a specific need; there was nothing of the superfluous. Some families would bring their cows to supply milk, or a coop of chickens to be eaten. The children and family dogs had free run of the grounds.

The order of services was, usually,

Morning Prayers.

Nine o'clock prayer meeting and song service.

Morning service at 11 A. M.

Afternoon service at 3 P. M.

Evening service at "early candle-light" (usually preceded by a service of song).

A horn, sometimes of tin, sometimes a cow's horn, was blown to announce the time for service.

Occasionally "grove prayer meetings" were held between 3 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The men would go off by themselves to some secluded spot in the woods for a short "season of prayer." The women also would have their hours of prayer.

The people in those decades had few opportunities to attend religious meetings of any kind. When a sporadic service was held within their reach, the time was snatched from a round of toil abated only slightly on Sunday. The continual services of campmeeting afforded the religiously inclined a satisfaction not to be had at any other time. It was also a season of social intercourse, when friends could meet and indulge in friendly gossip, take notes of the latest styles (since this was the time for the wearing of one's best clothes), and exchange ideas on the best methods of cultivating grain and fruit lands, preserving, pickling and dressmaking. In the balmy evenings the young men could furtively woo the maidens. The campmeeting was a sort of clearing-house for pent-up emotions, desires and ambitions. Those who could not "camp" attended the services whenever it was possible.

Sunday was, of course, the most important day. Small moving clouds of dust for many miles around showed that all roads led to campmeeting. The best preacher was appointed to conduct the eleven o'clock service, which had been preceded by a "love feast" or "experience meeting." The ministers present, and many of the church members and new converts gave testi-

mony to their religious experience. This was a trying time for such members as were too timid to rise and say anything without suffering torture, yet fearful that not to do so would be interpreted as "denying Christ." At the close of the morning service opportunity was given for those who wished to unite with the church to do so.

As soon as there were evidences of interest, a call would be made at the evening service for those who were seeking religion to come forward and kneel at the "mourners' bench." The exhorter would conclude in some such way as: "Come! Come now! Now is the accepted time. Come forward and kneel at the mourners' bench while we sing." Between the verses of the song, this invitation would be pressed forcibly, by aid of the thunders of Sinai, the glories of the promised land, and the terrors of hell. The moving shadows cast by the flickering candles touched the impressive scene with weirdness. Shouts and exclamations of "Amen!" "Bless God!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!" mingled with the songs and punctuated the pleas.

Sometimes there would be a fringe of irreverent spectators at the rear of the evening congregation, to make jesting comments and watch for "the fun" of the occasion. Occasionally one of these would be touched by some plea and join the seekers round the altar. His "gettin' religion" might be ridiculed, but such an incident never failed to have a subduing effect.

Bibles and hymn books were scarce; usually the hymns were "lined out," but often the old hymns that needed no "lining" were sung—hymns linked with tender memories, and pointing to a better land with a force that no other words could have. The sermons might have been—probably were—soon forgotten, but the familiar hymns were a personal possession, and much of the spirit of the meetings ran on the threads of time-worn melodies. Many—thousands in all—were "converted," and the influence of these meetings was deep and far-reaching.

The great valleys, rimmed with the purpling haze of the distant mountains, and arched over by the brilliant blue of the sky, made fitting temples for the worship of the Most High. And the ministers, however imperfect their efforts may have been, saw that there should be harmony between this magnificent enfoldment and the human creatures struggling on the earth beneath—a harmony that should lift the careworn souls to consciousness of kinship with the Power that set and shifted for them the wonderful panorama of valley and mountain and sky.

The advent of the "boarding table" marked a step upward in the scale of convenience, and also, though not so recognized

at the time, a stride toward the end of campmeeting days. Large churches in nearly all of the towns, in which regular services were held, made outdoor meetings unnecessary. Frequent social communication and varied diversions sapped their "drawing" quality along those lines. The inconveniences and discomforts of camping contrasted sharply with the increasing household conveniences and comforts; when inconveniences came to seem hardships the end was at hand.

The conditions which called the campmeeting into life and sustained it are past—and with them the meetings. In a few places in the State they are still held occasionally, and doubtless this fitful survival meets some special need. But the spirit of the old-time campmeeting does not tent within their bounds.

San Francisco.

THE DAUGHTERS OF AH SUM.

By MABEL CRAFT DEERING.



AH FOON and Ah Tai were alone as usual. The big clock in the police station which looks out so impotently over the Chinese Quarter had chimed twelve; and the ill-smelling oil in the little lamp was throwing off more and more odor, and less and less light. Ah Foon stretched her rounded yellow wrists back of her head, sleek as a swallow's, and the sound of her pretty yawn was drowned in the click of her jade bracelets.

"It's late, little sister," she said, "and they won't be here for hours—better come to bed with me."

The almond eyes of the little Ah Tai were already almost closed in slumber. She was nodding heavily when she suddenly sat bolt upright. Foon was startled, too. She blew out the light and turned the key in the door, but very, very softly.

"Who's there?" she murmured at the keyhole, in Chinese.

"A friend," came back a man's voice. "Is your father at home?"

"No," said Foon.

"Where is he?" said the voice.

"They are selling the girls at auction tonight. He is going back to China with my mother," said Foon.

"The auction was broken up by the police—they are gone," replied the voice. "However, it does not matter. Just tell him that Quong Chong is coming down on the morning train tomorrow."

"All right," breathed Ah Foon.

Ah Foon's heart stopped beating beneath her *sahm*. Too

well she knew what the message meant. Quong Chong was the old Chinese in Marysville to whom her mother had been trying to sell her, and Foon knew that if Chong were coming all the way to San Francisco it meant that the bargain had been closed, the money paid over, and that Quong Chong was coming to take his purchase home. Then, in a flash, many things were made clear to her. She knew now why her mother had been jingling gold pieces two days before; she knew where her parents had obtained the money with which they were gambling so late tonight; she knew for whom those handsome *sahms* and trousers and pleated skirts were intended. Her mother had tried them all on Foon, but she had said they were for the other girls—the girls who were about to be sold at auction. Alas, they were Foon's sacrificial garments—the silks and satins in which she was to be decked before she was offered up.

Ah Foon's heart quailed within her. If she had never seen Quong Chong it would not have been so bad, for she would probably have welcomed marriage with any man to escape from her parents. Quong Chong was old; he had few teeth; his cheeks and lips fell in; his sparse hair was gray at the roots of his cue, and he had unpleasantly skinny fingers with long, claw-like nails. Even these things might have been endured, however, say six months ago, for Quong Chong would probably not live very long, and then Ah Foon would be young, quite rich and a widow—and even in Chinatown widowhood brings some desirable privileges. But one month ago Ah Foon had met Lon Sook and, since then, even a week with Quong Chong had become impossible.

Lon Sook was an actor at the Chinese Theater in Washington Street—the Wing Go Sang—palace of delights for impressionable Chinese girls and even for stolid Chinese men—a place where coolie cares slip from tired, bent shoulders; where clothes do not matter; where surcease from worries can be purchased for twenty-five cents—a temple of delights, in fact, for all grades of Oriental life. Ah Foon, like all Chinese women, was devoted to the theater. She loved it so much that it was the despair of her life that respectable Chinese women may go at but one time of the year—the New Year. Truth to tell, Ah Foon and Ah Tai had gone many times when they should not, and so had spread their forbidden sweet through the whole year. But the New Year, with its brilliant lights, its flowing *sam shu* and its heavy stalks of fragrant lilies, had been over less than a month and, during the two festal weeks, Foon had gone to the theater every night—had gone to hang her slim yellow hands over the gallery rail and to fix her eyes with delight on the expressive face of

Lon Sook as he trod the boards. He was so handsome and so young! Foon loved him best in tragic parts where he strode about fiercely and wore peacocks' or pheasants' feathers in his headdress and clashed a sword about his enemy's ears until the flimsy stage rocked under his splendid stride. But she loved him too, in piping feminine parts, when he was rouged to the eyes and whitened about the mouth, when he overworked the ravishing dimples which were quite hidden under the terrible beards of his tragic roles and when his wonderful falsetto voice, soaring into unnamed keys, was the delight and despair of Chinatown. Ah yes, Foon loved him this way, too—she could scarcely tell which way she loved him better. She sat motionless the nights he played, from six until midnight, never clapping, for that would be against etiquette, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should lose one of his piping notes in the loud squeak of the Chinese fiddle or the blare of the brass trumpet. Bred with a Chinese orchestra from babyhood, she sometimes wished the horn was not quite so loud—it made it so hard to hear the liquid notes and beautifully articulated words of her idol. She was even too absorbed to notice the vendor of grapes and *li chee* nuts as he passed around. She was very fond of sweetmeats, was Ah Foon, but who could stop to chaffer and buy while such heavenly things were happening just below on the stained piece of old carpet which had, perhaps, belonged to Aladdin; for had he not wedded a Chinese princess? Sometimes she envied the women who were Lon Sook's wives in the play, until she remembered with a thrill that they were men masquerading, and she was glad that women were not permitted to act.

Then she met him. Of course her mother did not know. Even people of the social position of Ah Sum and her husband would have looked down on Lon Sook with disdain. Handsome he was and young, money he made in plenty, but he was an actor—and the actor is still an outcast in China.

Ah Foon had grown up like a weed. Since her babyhood she had run wild through the streets and alleys of Chinatown and, as she was exquisitely pretty, everyone loved and petted her. The very policemen on the beat smiled at little Ah Foon and called her by name. She had run away to the Mission School many a time and for that her mother had whipped her; but she had managed to pick up some English crumbs and once Miss Cameron, the missionary, had tried to get Foon into her possession. But Ah Sum and her husband had talked to the judge so plausibly, had sworn so glibly and had brought so many wealthy merchants as witnesses to their respectability, that the judge had awarded the girl to her parents and had made side

remarks about societies for preventing things and missionaries who tried to break up families.

Freedom had made Foon self-reliant, and the influence of the street seemed only to have made her hardy. When she met Lon Sook she presented him on the instant with that little remnant of heart which had not already flown down to him from the gallery. Sook was young, too, and he had given love for love. In token of it, he presented Foon with a pair of black kid gloves. They had been his; but his feet and hands were so delicate that they were scarcely too large for Foon. When she returned from the theater that night she went to bed with the gloves on. In the morning she still wore them.

"Where did you get those silly foreign things?" asked Ah Sum crossly.

"I found them at the theater," answered Foon.

"Foolish one, take them off," returned the mother.

Foon left the room.

At the midnight supper, Ah Sum noticed the gloves again.

"Still wearing those ugly coverings?" she enquired.

"Yes, my hands are cold."

The next morning, Ah Sum observed, "You must be crazy—take off those things."

"My hands are sore," said Foon desperately, for she had resolved to wear the gloves always.

Then the mother roughly tore the gloves from the flawless satiny hands and threw them in the stove. Foon wept miserably all day.

Foon had cried tonight because she could not go to the theater. She had no money and had sat all the evening alone, thinking of Lon Sook and wondering if he were looking for her in the gallery, the while she pressed Ah Tai, whom she truly loved, against her side. But now she was glad that she had not gone to the theater, for in that case she would not have received the news of Quong Chong's coming.

She flew to the dirty window. The dust was thick on the pane, but she scratched some of it away and peered out at the illuminated face of the clock. It was only ten minutes after midnight. The play did not end until twelve and it would take Lon Sook some time to wash the paint off and dress himself in his own garments, for he was to play the woman tonight. She might waylay him on his way from the theater. It was worth trying.

"Ah Tai," she said, "Dear Ah Tai, will you go to bed alone? There are plenty of people in the house and no one will come for two hours. I must go out for a little while; but I'll be

back in half an hour and if anything should happen that the father and mother should come while I'm away, keep very still and don't let them know that I'm not with you. You shall have *li chee* nuts tomorrow if you do as I tell you, Tai."

The sleepy Tai nodded assent. She was too tired to care much. She was often alone; and *li chee* nuts were attractive at any time.

Before Tai had removed her outer *sahm*, Foon was speeding down the dark and dirty stairway. Across the landings and down the narrow stairs she flew, for she had not a moment to lose. In a few seconds she was walking rapidly in the shadows up Stockton street, then she darted down an alley and was lost altogether. She was not courting observation; she did not wish to raise questions in enquiring minds, and, worse still, she might meet her father and mother. That would be fatal to all her plans. If they were winning, they would stay late; if they had lost all their money they might, even now be returning.

In the shadow of a doorway she waited. It was only a few minutes, then a group of chattering actors came along. Foon held her breath and listened. She did not hear his voice. As they passed she leaned forward—she did not recognize him among these shuffling men. But she dared take no chances of missing him, so she followed. Then they passed under a street lamp and the face she sought was not among them. She sped back along the alley and almost ran into the arms of the man she was seeking.

"Ah Foon," he said, "What's the matter? What are you doing here?"

"Ah, beautiful Sook," she breathed, "tomorrow Quong Chong is coming from Marysville to marry me. He has paid my mother what she asked and he is coming tomorrow—in the morning. What shall I do?"

Lon Sook was bewildered. This was most inconvenient. He loved the girl, but he was making money—what could he do?

To think of hiding a girl as well known as Foon in the Quarter was out of the question. For twenty-five dollars Ah Sum would hire some one to murder him. There was no other place where he could act except in New York and he had not the money for so long a journey. Suddenly he bethought himself of some cousins who lived on a fruit ranch in the interior of the State. They had invited him to join them in their venture, thus removing the stain from the family 'scutcheon, but he had said "no"—no humdrum ranch life for him. But now, with this pretty girl who loved him for his constant companion, the monotony was less appalling. He made up his mind quickly.

"Meet me at ten o'clock tomorrow by the golden fountain in the square," he said, "and I'll take care of you."

"Where can we go?" trembled Ah Foon, but the oracle would not answer. Discipline must be preserved.

Foon went home strangely peaceful. She crept in beside Ah Tai, but not to sleep. In the darkness she drew her little sister to her and bade her good bye. "I'll send you the *li chee* nuts," she breathed to the sleeping child, "but not tomorrow."

In the still hours she heard her parents climb the stairs. They were quarreling angrily and disputing as to certain wagers. Foon hated them mildly—but not as an American girl would have hated them. She knew that she was pretty, and she didn't see why they could not have sold her to some one young and attractive, and the young and attractive person always took the form of Lon Sook.

When all was quiet, Ah Foon made her preparations to go. She went to the chest where the new trousers and *sahms* were kept and selected the plainest of them by her sense of touch. Another dark and useful one she made into a bundle with a large red handkerchief tied about it. Then she was ready. To go by the door and stairway she would have to pass through the room where her parents slept. She dared not do it. So she made for the bamboo ladder which stood in the room where Tai slept so profoundly. The ladder sagged under her weight, but she climbed like a cat, and, presently, lifted the skylight which led to the roof. The ladder always stood there—it was the way of escape taught in all well-regulated families. Whenever disagreeable Americans with disagreeable papers came around, the standing orders were, "Make for the roof."

Day was just breaking as Foon crept out on the uneven surface. Across the street some Chinamen were turning over their drying fish—damp from the vapors of night—but Foon darted behind a chimney and the men soon went down. Foon made her way to the street by a staircase two blocks from her own. She had no time to lose now—the hue and cry would soon be after her. She knew what she was going to do—she was going to search for an ash barrel near old Portsmouth Square. She would have to trust to luck to find a barrel partially empty and she would have to take chances on being carted away by the ash-man; but she must be near the "golden statue" and the striking clock, so as to keep her tryst at the proper hour.

Chinatown sleeps late. It loves the night and enjoys the dark hours, and daybreak finds few abroad in the streets. Ah Foon found a barrel that would do—it contained only a little dry rubbish. Hastily emptying this into the street, she turned the

barrel over, crawled beneath it, and prepared to wait until the clock struck ten.

The city's noises waxed about her. The first cable cars, few and far between, rattled past. Then came horses struggling for a footing up the steep and slippery streets, their iron-shod hoofs making music on the cobblestones. Then she smelled fresh vegetables and her barrel shivered and trembled as it was jostled by the heavy basket of a passing vegetable vendor. The noises became more confused. Foon was very cramped and very tired. She thought she would sleep a little. She was roused by what seemed an earthquake. She clutched at the inside of the barrel; it righted itself—it was only an idle boy who had kicked it in passing.

The big clock struck nine. By this time her father and mother had missed her and the chase was on. Foon's heart beat high. If only she were able to meet Lon Sook at ten, she had the most perfect confidence that all would be well. Half-past nine—still no ash-man! How she blessed that man for being late! As the clock struck ten a man on the opposite side of the street was startled to see a barrel on the sidewalk reel and tip and a Chinese girl crawl out on hands and knees. She gave herself a hurried brush or two, patted her hair and ran off through the square with a red bundle. The man looked after her idly, but one is never surprised in Chinatown, and to this Irishman she was only "one o' them chinks."

The square was full of tramps sunning themselves on long benches. There was not a Chinaman in sight. The windows of Chinatown looked down on the square, but the denizens themselves leave the walks and shrubbery to the specimens of decayed Caucasian manhood which gather there. Around the "golden statue" Ah Foon sped, and there, on the other side, was Lon Sook waiting. Silently he took her hand and together they raced across the grass while a policeman waved his club, and shouted "Hi there," behind them. One of the dusty hacks of the waiting line had an open door, and the driver had folded the blankets from his horses and was preparing to sit down on them on his high perch. Lon Sook pushed Foon into this carriage and the horses galloped down the street. Ah Foon had the most delightful sense that something was happening—something of which she was the center. No American girl reclining on cushions of pale corduroy ever enjoyed more vividly the sensation of an elopement or of a bride starting on her wedding journey.

Ah Foon did not know where she was going. She only knew that Lon Sook declared in Chinese that she was eighteen years old and that she nodded her head vigorously, since it was almost

true, and the fact that Lon Sook said so made it true to her loyal little soul. Then a man wrote things on a sheet of paper and handed it to the interpreter who went with them through long, damp, stone halls. The next thing Foon knew she was standing with Lon Sook before a man who asked them a few questions, and then smiled indulgently at them, remarking to another man who sat at a table below his desk, "Mighty pretty Chinese girl—I'd enough sight rather kiss her than most of the American ones that blow in." Then Foon and Sook made their way through the halls to the carriage again and were rattled and jolted down to the ferry where they took a boat and were off for the fruit ranch in the interior of the State. There were no tears and there were no kisses, and there did not seem to be much love about it, but Foon and Sook belonged to a race which understands without overmuch speaking.

Meanwhile, Chinatown was boiling and bubbling with the news of Foon's disappearance. Ah Sum and her husband had slept late, for they had not received the message, but they expected Quong Chong by the afternoon train, and at nine o'clock Ah Sum went to call her daughters, for Foon must be decked for her bridegroom. Ah Sum roused the still sleeping Tai and inquired crossly where her sister was.

"Where is Foon?" she cried, shaking the little girl.

"She went out late last night," said the truthful Tai. "I have not seen her since."

Such a jabbering and chattering as ensued in the outer room! The parents lost their heads completely. Ah Foon gone out in the middle of the night and not returned! She had, of course, been abducted by some highbinder. Why, ah why, had they not guarded their treasure more carefully? Now she had been stolen, and what was to be done when the purchaser appeared? He would demand the girl or his money back. Alas, some of the money had been spent for clothes and the rest had been lost at dominoes and *fan tan*. Ah Sum tore her thin hair in her anguish, and her cries ascended to heaven.

Such a thing as an elopement never entered their heads. There is no word for it in Chinese, for a girl with sufficient independence to run away willingly with a man was never born south of the Great Wall. Women have been abducted, kidnapped, stolen, thousands of times—but eloped, never! Before eleven o'clock, Ah Sum had visited the house of every friend she had in Chinatown. Her old face was tear-stained where the bitter drops had coursed down her wrinkled checks. She even went to the Mission. Miss Cameron might have heard that they were going to sell Foon and might have taken her; but Miss Cameron suc-

ceeded in persuading the old woman that she knew nothing of the missing girl.

Quong Chong arrived, gray hairs, fallen-in cheeks, wrinkles and all. He was deeply disappointed, of course, and he gazed disconsolately at the presents he had brought for his bride—beautifully carved gold bracelets and rings, in the nature of a bonus. Then he demanded his twelve hundred dollars. Ah Sum tore out some of the few hairs that remained to her and explained that the money was gone. Quong Chong was furious—he talked of arrest. Ah Sum was very polite. She called Tai—sweet twelve-year-old Tai, who was beautifully dressed, with her black hair coiled coquettishly over one ear and caught in a gilded bird-cage.

“This is our other daughter, Tai,” said Ah Sum, grinning horribly. “She is much prettier than Foon. If you will wait five years you may have her at the same price. Meanwhile,” she added hurriedly, “we will pay you interest on your money.”

Chong looked at Tai.

“I will wait,” he said simply.

Tai went back to play at dominoes with apricot pits for chips.

Two years passed, and Ah Sum had never heard of Ah Foon. They had searched for her in every California city, but they had never found a trace of her. They had been told that Lon Sook had broken his engagement at the theater because he had a better offer from New York—so he had said. No one ever thought of putting the two disappearances together. The fruit ranch was far from any Chinese settlement, and news of Lon Sook’s pretty wife never traveled beyond its boundaries. Ah Tai, perhaps, might have given a clue, but Ah Tai, though but a child, was loyally devoted to the memory of a sister who had been kind to her. The *li chee* nuts had arrived within the week, but they had been conveyed secretly to Ah Tai by the Bible woman who came to read to the little-foot woman on the floor below. Quite often little gifts reached Ah Tai, but they always came through Miss Cameron of the Mission; and Ah Sum, more devoted to gambling than ever, knew nothing about them.

Ah Tai was now fourteen and growing womanly. Quong Chong did not find himself younger as the years wore on, and he was becoming impatient. He made the trip to San Francisco to see Ah Sum and to urge his claim—he was tired of waiting for his twelve hundred dollars. Ah Sum recognized the justice of his demand. It was hard to be obliged to give two daughters for the price of one—it was harder still to let Ah Tai go at fourteen, when the next three years would have ripened her beauty and enhanced her value. Ah Sum regarded

girls as a farmer's wife counts chickens—they increase greatly in value if you let them get a little bigger.

But toothless Quong Chong could not wait. At his age every month is important. He would give Ah Sum a month to get Ah Tai ready, and not a minute longer. Remembering the mysterious disappearance of Ah Foon, as well as to guard against surprises, Ah Sum put Tai under surveillance, confining her in the third floor of a gambling house up a barricaded stairway. She would never be alone there night or day.

The change was accomplished not a day too soon. Tai had not been to school for a week, and Miss Cameron felt sure that something was wrong. Tai did not know that she had been promised to Quong Chong, but Miss Cameron knew the circumstances of the case and she thought it probable that Ah Sum had promised her younger daughter to avoid making restitution of the money. Lately Ah Tai had complained of beatings from her mother, and Miss Cameron thought the time ripe for a rescue.

Ah Tai's absence from the school for a week alarmed the young missionary. Something surely had happened, for Ah Tai was faithful and punctual and, besides, there was a letter waiting for her from Ah Foon. One day the missionary and two police officers, one of them belonging to the society for the prevention of cruelty to children, swooped down upon the lodgings of Ah Sum. The door stood open, and Ah Sum smilingly invited them to search. They looked everywhere—it was no use—the child was gone. They questioned Ah Sum. She smiled blandly and in a most innocent way replied that she did not know where Tai was. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah Foon disappeared, now Ah Tai disappears also. You perhaps know where Foon is?"—this with a little leer—"Well, Tai is gone perhaps to the same place, maybe, who knows?"

Miss Cameron contrasted Ah Sum's complacent attitude with her distress of two years before—and she knew that the mother had put the little one safely away.

"It's no use," she said to her two escorts. "She'll never tell us where Tai is. They've hidden her somewhere—I'm afraid I've waited too long."

Many underground wires led to the Mission. Men who owe their wives to Miss Cameron are grateful; and whatever faults the Oriental may have, ingratitude is not usually one of them. It was not many days before Miss Cameron knew that Ah Tai was in the gambling house; but the heavy doors of the staircase were a problem. The gambling club was regularly incor-

porated, and the law was powerless to disturb its pleasant little evenings.

A raid at night was out of the question—then there would be electric lights and look-outs, and no one but a member might pass up the stairs. Miss Cameron was sometimes sarcastic about American laws—Chinese gold seemed so much more potent. Her attorney advising her that there was nothing to be done—nothing legal at any rate—Miss Cameron was thrown back on the only advisor who had never failed her. With all her keen Scotch wit and her sharp Scotch tongue and her laughing, shrewd, gray eyes, Miss Cameron was a devotee. Hour after hour she spent upon her knees, talking over her difficulties with her God. Her friends in the world, and they were many, could not understand this phase of her character; her friends in religion were sometimes nonplussed at the sharp criticisms she gave vent to—she was certainly an unusual combination.

So Miss Cameron prayed about it—she prayed that the iron doors might open—she prayed that she might rescue the body so as to get at the soul of Ah Tai. Rising from her knees, she went at once to the telephone and called up the Children's Society.

"Send Mr. Kane up, please," she said, "I have news that will interest him."

Mr. Kane came a few cars afterward, and Miss Cameron told him that Tai was in the gambling house, but that there seemed little prospect of reaching her. Mr. Kane knew all about the iron door and he scarcely thought it worth while to make the trial. Still, it was an empty afternoon and he was willing to go.

"It might just happen to be open," said Miss Cameron wistfully.

"Not very likely," said Mr. Kane, smiling indulgently, in a superior, masculine way.

In ten minutes they were on their way to Waverly Place. It was the middle of the afternoon and the quietest hour in the Quarter when they turned in at the door of the Hongkong Club, Limited, and paused half way up the stairs at the heavy iron door. Not a sound from above could penetrate beyond that barrier. Ah Tai might scream her heart out and no one be any the wiser. The intruders pressed into a cobwebby corner of the stairs and waited. Miss Cameron's firm lips were closed and her gray eyes were steady. No one would have suspected that she was sending up a fervent petition. Sometimes it seemed to her that her insistent pleading must make her a nuisance in heaven. She said to herself that she was becoming a perfect tease; but she was convinced that those who believe have their prayers answered—if it be good for them—and how could it fail to be good to save the soul of Ah Tai?

Just then the iron door swung slowly open. Someone had unfastened it from inside and if Miss Cameron and her escort had been on the other side, they would have been neatly imprisoned behind the door as it swung open. In the open space stood an old man. He was carrying a chubby baby boy and he was descending very carefully, for the child was fat and heavy. For

a moment he did not see the intruders, then he shouted in Chinese :

“The officer and teacher are coming.”

There was a confusion of noises on the floor above. Dominoes were thrown to the floor, stools were knocked over and when Miss Cameron and Mr. Kane reached the top floor there was a mixed-up-looking room and some innocent-looking heathen who tried to behave as though they had been having a quiet smoke and had not been interrupted at the very apex of an exciting and interesting game.

Miss Cameron explained breathlessly that she was looking for children to attend the Mission school and inquired if any families lived there.

“No, no families,” answered one of the men blandly.

Around the main apartment were several closed doors and Miss Cameron asked if she might enter. The Chinaman who acted as spokesman frowned and shook his head. Miss Cameron raised her clear voice—the partitions were thin.

“Ah Tai, Ah Tai,” she said, “Your teacher is here. Where are you?”

A small voice behind one of the doors said “Her——” and then the sound was cut off by a hand hurriedly placed over a mouth.

But the visitors had heard. Mr. Kane placed a burly shoulder against the door.

“I’ll break it down unless you open it,” he said. “Don’t you try to bluff me.”

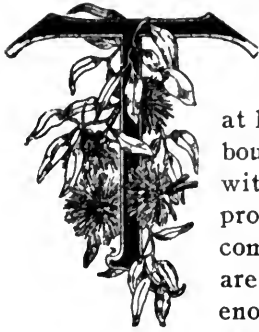
The door was slowly opened and there was Ah Tai. She was sitting on a table, tailor fashion, and a domino game had evidently been in progress about her. She had been rolling and lighting cigarettes for the players when the warning cry was heard and they had carried her, table and all, into the inner room. She had slipped off her shoes and was now trying to encase her little bare feet in her embroidered slippers.

There was no parleying. Possession was to be nine points, as usual, and Mr. Kane picked the child up and ran down stairs, Miss Cameron running behind them. On the stairs they met Ah Sum, and she went tearing after them up Stockton street, through the rain, followed by a motley crowd which collected in the street at sound of Ah Sum’s lamentations. Their only reward was one of Ah Tai’s slippers which dropped off during the chase.

Of course they tried to get her back; but there were tell-tale bruises and marks of beatings, and Ah Tai went from her parents’ control to that of the Children’s Society, and through it to Miss Cameron, who is a sort of godmother to half the Chinese girls in California.

Ah Tai spends her school days in the Mission; but her vacations are passed on a fruit ranch in the interior of the State. On her embroidered *sahm* she wears a chatelaine and gold watch, which may be incongruous, but which, since it is their joint gift, speaks eloquently of the prosperity and happiness of of Ah Foon and Lon Sook.

THE CAMINO REAL.



HERE are many tokens that the time has at last come when we can reconstruct the Camino Real—or at least the three-fifths of it lying under the accepted boundaries of Southern California. If it is undertaken with the right spirit, in the right way, and with the proper combination of historic accuracy and “business” competency, this fine ideal can now be realized. These are the conditions precedent; the undertaking is an enormous one; but “Some things can be done as well as others”—if only they be done right. The complete

Camino Real would be about 500 miles long. If it is to be rehabilitated, it must be emphatically a Good Road. There are not today so many miles of Good Road in California. These two basic facts are enough to show to any thoughtful person that if we are to more than double our mileage of good roads, it must be by allying sentiment with “horse sense.” The Camino Real must be such a highway that Col. Pope will say “Good!” when he sees it. It must be no fake in history. If it pretends to summon the sentiment of the historic highway, it must follow it. We cannot afford in California to call never so good a road the Camino Real, if it goes nowhere near the historic line. It always pays to be honest; and in this case it doesn’t “pay” not to be. The Franciscan pioneers picked out the best through road from San Diego to San Francisco as unerringly as they selected the garden spots of California for their Missions. There is nothing original in saying that every great highway and railroad in the United States was surveyed by the Buffalo and the Indian. Senator Tom Benton said it, half a century ago; and the most exhaustive work on highways ever printed anywhere is today serially emphasizing it in 16 volumes. The only way in which the Camino Real can be rehabilitated is by dealing honestly with the historic interest which attaches to that romantic trail from Mission to Mission of that marvelous chain of 500 miles of establishments the Franciscan pioneers built in the wilderness a century ago; and as honestly with the modern sentiment that even a historic road ought to be “good sledding.” With that two-fold care, the Camino Real can be made the most popular and the most important utility in which any section of California has ever joined.

The organized historical movement which originated in this city, and has here been developed by patient, consistent and competent prosecution for upward of ten years, is at last ripening its logical fruit. It has reached such proportions—both in volume and in solidity—that it should be adopted, adapted and

applied to a larger public utility. It has not only laid the foundations substantially and well; it has created and crystallized public feeling to such a degree that the superstructure is now not only possible but in demand.

The beginning of organized effort in these lines was made upward of ten years ago by Miss Tessa L. Kelso, then City Librarian. She founded a Society for the Preservation of the Missions; interested a goodly corps of well-known and zealous workers, and did very effective pioneering by conducting the first excursions to the Missions, making a historically valuable collection of lantern slides, and, in general, awakening sentiment to the critical need of protective work. Her departure from this city arrested the movement only temporarily; the "good-will" and the material assets of that society being bequeathed to an organization of wider scope incorporated to carry the work forward.

Almost contemporaneous with Miss Kelso's pioneering, born of it and inseparable from it, came Miss Anna B. Picher's long, patient and almost personal crusade for the Camino Real—a logical outcome, and indivisible part, of the Landmarks movement. It was Miss Picher's splendid share in the great general plan for the preservation and rehabilitation of the historic landmarks of California. It needs not to recall the really heroic campaign of that devoted woman—how unselfishly, how gently, but how unswervably, she kept her quiet way, nor how finely she succeeded, at last, in bringing the better portion of the public to support her ideal.

Eight years ago, the Landmarks Club was organized as a medium for the forwarding of all such work, responsibly, effectively, and with that historic accuracy which all such enterprises demand. It is incorporated under the laws of this State, to secure "the immediate preservation, from decay and vandalism, of the venerable Missions of Southern California; the safeguard and conservation of any other historic monuments, relics or landmarks in this section; and a general promotion of proper care of all such matters."

The Old Missions are as a class by far the most important historic remains in California; and to their conservation the Landmarks Club has bent its chief energies. How large the contract is, is perhaps best inferred from the fact that seven of the nine Missions in Southern California were going fast to decay; and that one building at one of them could not be replaced to day for \$100,000.

But the greater the task, the more need to perform it. The Landmarks Club has awakened, organized and expanded public interest by many illustrated lectures throughout Southern California; by personal appeal; and by the regular publication, every month for nearly eight years, of Landmarks literature. It has gathered its membership from every country of the

civilized world and from every State of the Union. It has aroused the women's clubs not only of this State, but of the country—and at the National Federation held in this city in May, 1902, the Landmarks Club presented to that body the Mission work and the Camino Real, awakening an enthusiasm which is still operative. Furthermore, similar clubs, directly inspired by, and modeled after, the Landmarks Club, have since been formed in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wisconsin—and at last, this year, in San Francisco.

The Club now holds long leases on the Missions of San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano and Pala; has made more repairs at each than were ever before or elsewhere given all the Missions in the State; has also done important work at the Missions of San Diego and San Luis Rey. Without resorting to questionable methods of raising money, it has already expended over \$7,000 in protective repairs. For one item, it has reroofed more than 60,000 square feet of Mission buildings. Had not this work been undertaken when it was, and prosecuted as it has been, the Missions of San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano, Pala and San Diego would be today hopeless ruins. Besides this, the Club has made successful campaigns to save the historic street-names of this city; to prevent the obliteration of the Plaza by a public market; and (within a few days) to preserve the old frescoes on the Plaza church.

The Camino Real was the "King's Highway" from Mission to Mission. It had neither existence, nor reason to exist, save as road to the great establishments between which it ran. It was a rude trail. Its sole interest—whether to history or to the tourist—lies in its relation to the Missions. The fact that these buildings are now being preserved is the best reason, as well as the only practical one, for a rehabilitation of the road.

Interest in the Missions and their highway has been cultivated till it is now general and vital. The wide-spread and fast-growing Good Roads propaganda can easily be allied. The bicycle and automobile interests are powerful and can be enlisted. The enormous accession of tourist travel—all very much in want of amusement, and all finding too little organized amusement now provided in Southern California—would make in this the most famous coaching road in America. The women's clubs, the farmers, and many other interests, can be rallied to this work for considerations sentimental, practical, patriotic.

Believing that it is time to regard the Camino Real no longer as a dream but as a practical matter to be worked out, and with its foundation already laid, steps have been taken to initiate it under such auspices as will secure its success. The foremost commercial, historical and technical bodies have been enlisted. If the building of this historic road as a modern highway shall be attempted at all—as it is almost certain that it will be—it will be under the direction of such business men as will assure its being a Good Road; under the direction of such scholars as will guarantee that it is truly a Camino Real; and with the allied interests of so many kinds that now can, now ought to, and will now be glad to, make it a magnificent success.



IN American history there is not, perhaps, a more extraordinary instance of moral triumph by Man over the Machine—if indeed there be a fairly comparable case—than that of Roosevelt in the matter of Cuba. A year ago he was the one Voice Official for Honor. Congress was—well, it was Congress. The billionaire States whose gout twinged at mere thought of the Cuban baby's bare foot in the same room, were united against the fulfilment of our pledge; the States which had no compunction of corns upon their southerly toe were indifferent and inorganic, so far as concerns national ethics; and the large, noisy and powerful correlation of Interest was in the saddle against the reciprocity treaty. The President was the only authoritative voice speaking for national decency. But he spoke. And he insisted.

NOT HARD,
WHEN YOU
KNOW HOW.

It is a little more than a year ago since it was prophesied in these very pages that Congress, in disregarding this injunction as to our duty, was making a mistake. "The Legislative Dogberries," it was then said, "have not quite read the dips and angles of Roosevelt's jaw, nor taken the pulse of that Reformed Dutch blood. He will wear them out. They hold over him numerically; but he has the same advantage over them that the Washington monument has over a congress of weather-cocks. He knows where he is, what should be done, and how to do it. . . . They can bother him, they can disgrace themselves and the country; but they cannot change a principle."

Behold what things a year has brought forth! The President's admonition as to our public honor may have been lost on the politicians, but it found the American people. The paunchy Beggars on Horseback of a year ago are dismounted, and fain to walk humbly at the tail of the procession. Congress has Heard Something Drop. Even the materialists of California, though they make a wry face, have yielded to the thing that was inevitable, just so soon as an authorized American spoke straight to the American conscience.

The keeping of our word to Cuba is not a triumph only, but a lesson. It means that careless as we are, busy as we are, "delud-

hered" with our Success as we seem to be, the public sentiment of America responds safely when the right man questions it aright. There are impossible people who complain that the treaty with Cuba is after all only a doll, with the saw-dust leaking. Maybe so. But to secure even this plaything is one of the finest victories recorded in the history of this republic; and only the armchair critic can think to blame, for lack of omnipotence, the man who hath wrought thus much miracle. Meantime, in this critical year, Cuba has gone ahead magnificently in self-government. It has justified the expectations of its warmest friends—and far more rosy expectations than the Lion ever entertained. Nothing can increase a moral obligation; but this, at least, does not lessen ours. With the class of persons who still maintain that "we do not owe Cuba anything," it is no longer, thank Heaven, necessary to be concerned. The American people have decided that whatever we may owe, or may not owe, anyone else, we owe Something to Ourselves. Including the fulfilment of our word of honor. And not only for our little day, but for all the days to come, after history shall have held its Crowner's Quest upon us; when our passions shall be dumb clay, our urgent pockets dissipated, the confident voice of us forgotten of the very echoes that crowed us back; when there is none to speak for us but our very acts in all their proper coldness—then, men will say "See how easy it still was for one Man to lead his people Right, when a million tried to lead them wrong."

AND NOW
SAVE THE
BIG TREES.

"I appeal to you to protect these mighty trees, these wonderful monuments of beauty." So said the President when, for the first time, he saw last year the giant Redwoods. It is now in order for us to appeal to him—and to every other fit American—to *help* us protect them.

The Big Tree is the biggest growing thing on earth. It is the oldest living thing on earth. Its veterans were tall trees when Christ came to teach people to Care for things. There is only one place on the globe where it grows, and that is California. It exists here in ten isolated groves. Only one of the important groves is adequately protected from vandals. The rest are more or less completely at the mercy of the sort of people who would knock down the Washington monument and Bunker Hill to sell the stones for pig-pens, if they could do so without getting into jail. Forty mills are now butchering the Big Trees into shingles, stakes, and other things equally important—"skinning," as Roosevelt said in his Western tour, "a part of the country for the benefit of the few today, which should be saved unspoiled for our children's children."

California has a good many irons in the fire for itself. It is developing faster than any other State in the Union. It "ought

to protect its own forests," maybe ; but it cannot practically do so—nor should a truly enlightened public sentiment ask it to, unaided. As a matter of fact, where one Californian sees the Big Trees, two people from outside of California have that enlightenment. The Big Trees, which grow nowhere else on earth, are a world's heritage. If there is anything in America which can righteously be deemed a national duty, it is the preservation of these peerless monuments.

Californians are doing their share toward the preservation of that American possession which is greatest—if we reckon at once the ease with which it can be destroyed and the possibility of replacing it. They have organized and agitated a reasonable, self-respecting plan for national preservation of one of the groves—the most important, that known as the Calaveras. Speaker Henderson of the House smothered this Bill. He is a nice man, but he never saw God's Big Things. A new bill for the preservation of the Calaveras Grove is now prepared, and will be presented by the California delegation. The President has seen the Big Trees. He comprehends, so far as the phosphorescent end of our little human spinal marrow *can* comprehend, the thing it has taken four thousand years of God's Patience to create. Maybe he can labor with the unreconstructed Eastern Congressman, and convince that excellent, if near-horized, personage of the necessity of preserving these chiefest hereditaments of this most favored nation. And it is time for every Californian, whether he has or has not seen the greatest perishable treasure of his State, to take his Pen in Hand and beleaguer every public man he knows to Bear On, lest America be disgraced.

In the happy days of childhood, it used to be only the College Professor or other urban person "discovering" the country, that in some twilit ramble tried to pat a "Pretty kitty! Kitty! Come, kitty!"—and too late discovered that it Wasn't a Kitty at all. Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it never before befell a hunter.

QUITE
ANOTHER
KIND OF CAT.

But cross-examine his nose as he will, the Lion cannot make this Panama business seem to smell like a Kitty.

It need not be said in these pages that the Lion believes in President Roosevelt, from the ground up, and from tip to tip—not as a demigod, not as a Party Savior, but as one of the luckiest—or most Providential—Miracles of Manhood that ever befell any nation in its need. "Miracle" may seem to have some dimensions of a large word. It is intended to have. If Mr. Roosevelt has a halo, it sticks to his hat when that is doffed. He has the outward appearance of being Just a Man. But a Man, in our politics today, is more of a miracle than the

Loaves and Fishes—which are no miracle at all, when it comes to politics, though a bit reversed; for of the twelve baskets-full spread, the wonder is that neither a crumb nor a minnow is left. In our public life, if the man who nowadays steadfastly Fits himself for statesmanship, by study, by concentration and by travel, *isn't* a miracle, the dictionaries will have to Guess Again.

Unspoiled, unafraid, self-confident; beyond suspicion by any sane and outdoor person as to his absolute integrity; with a mental grasp not more than three of all our presidents have equalled, and a far broader preparation than any one of them had at his age—the President is still a man. And as he knows he makes mistakes, it is no treason now and again to agree with him. The Panama mistake—for it *is* a mistake, if there is a God in Israel or anywhere else; if history, honor and fair play are not the composite photograph of a Jest—is not alone the only vital one thus far; it is incomparably surprising. For almost in the same breath, in the matter of Cuba, our David had laid out the Huge Lubber of the Philistines with the pebble of American Honor sunk deep between his eyes.

So far as the Lion's limited observation of history runs, there was never precedent nor parallel for this Cæsarian recognition of a "Republic" before it was delivered. If England had recognized the Southern Confederacy by return mail after the firing on Sumter; if We had recognized the Boer Republic even two years after it had made the world's record for incomparable resistance; if—well, without "rubbing it in" any deeper, if any civilized or savage nation had ever before recognized a rebel "government" (using that term for convenience, of a Tooley-street movement which *had* no government, and hasn't one yet), there would perhaps not be much left to say, in a material age wherein Honor does mighty well if it is ever heard from at all. But no man ever knew of the like before. We did not recognize our own Texas—where more Americans were killed by the Mexicans than Colombians have killed one another in twenty years—Q-U-I-T-E so precipitately. Monroe, of the Monroe Doctrine, was the President who recognized the Spanish-American colonies, which had revolted from Spain; but he took time to do it. It was in March, 1822, that he recognized the republics which by then had maintained war with Spain for from six to eleven years; and had proved, as he said, Spain's inability to subject them.

Whom do we "recognize" in Panama? Do you know? Does anyone know? Who composes, or who heads, this slide-for-the-plate "republic." A Frenchman is its representative in Washington, and is writing impudent letters to a United States

Senator as to the Senator's duty. We know him. But who is its Panameño President? Who are its Congress? Who elected them? When? What was the vote?

The Lion doesn't know much, but he does know Panama. It and Colon are the vermiform appendix of Colombia, in morals and in patriotism. They get their living by the interoceanic traffic. They are the Baxter street of Central America. There is not, the Lion believes, another tawny town in all Colombia that would sell its Motherland. No other population has had any hand or voice in this Declaration-of-Independence-for-What-There-is-in-It. The alleged "Republic" of Panama has neither head nor hands nor feet. All it has is its belly. Which is its god.

There are people as certain that an interoceanic canal is the greatest thing on earth as they are that High Protection or Jeffersonian Democracy is our Sole Salvation; and for the same reason—they have Heard So. So also has the Lion. But he doesn't know anything really about either gospel. Either is too big for his small mind; and he would rather leave both with the people that Know they Know. When the canal is built, politics will have as much to say as engineers; and politics at present favor the route where only about \$140,000,000 has already been wasted in visible failure—leagues of rotting testimonials that the Law of Gravitation is still bigger than some people. But of course they were Mere French. When WE come along, of course Gravitation will Cease Continuing. A mean person would hope it may—if only for the sake of watching the face of the California Promoter when he really gets what he thought he wanted—and perceives the whole Oriental trade (which *had* to come his way) Passing by on the Other Side some 3,000 miles; and observes what a benefit it is to his Idol to have New York brought twice as near to the Other Fellow as to him—the Other Fellow being merely all the intermediate countries which produce the same things, but where land costs one-fiftieth as much, and labor one-seventh as much, as where the Gentleman has Something to Sell. But the Lion isn't mean—at least, when he can help it. It is always pleasanter to learn—or to see anyone else learn—by forethought than by crucial experience. Those were only Frenchmen whose locomotives, steamers, dredgers, tugs, scrapers, rot in evidence along the Panama right-of-way to the tune of more millions than the metropolis of the United States dare vote for sewers, transit, public schools and all other utilities in two years. Of course American water would run up hill. Of course American machinery never rusts. The best machinery in Panama's graveyard, through which you can stick a heretic forefinger, was American—but the owner was only a Frenchman. Americans have certainly succeeded, before now, where all else had failed; but if in 20 years from now American genius shall have opened and maintained the Panama canal and realized one per cent on the investment, the Lion will be glad to pull his own teeth at the first door-knob, and beg pardon of the Prophets.

But this is straying. It is only human judgment against the Future, which no man may safely promise. But the Past is

open; and in all of it, the Lion fails to find the earlier case where the world's great model of self-government said to another friendly country, about knee-high to a respective grasshopper: "Come, make a treaty giving me half what you have, or I'll take it all." Never before has a big republic said to a little one—almost as badly misgoverned—"If you try to put down, in any of your towns, a riot that might Do Me Good, you have me to fight." Never before has the republic "recognized" a revolt before the mother country heard of it.

The Lion loves people who do not stutter on too many precedents when there is something vital to be done. But, after all, precedents sometimes have their uses. Government has been going on for some time—at least long enough for a consensus of governments to have invented International Law—which is merely the application to peoples of the most rudimentary and undisputed equities that rule as between man and man. And this Panama business is flat in the face of both. A "World Highway" sounds good—but it is poor walking if it must be paved with the broken tablets of a nation's honor.

No man, probably, is fool enough to question the President's courage; but neither is anyone so much a fool as to imagine for an instant that if Panama had been on British territory we should have got up before breakfast to recognize the toadstool republic of over-night, and to forbid England to land troops to put down her own riots. Nor would our warships (with extra marines) have been flocking to the spot before there *was* any revolution, to make sure that England *didn't* land police.

Still, we are not such bullies as we just now look. We rob Colombia not so much because she's little and helpless as because we are ignorant of all these Southern countries, and have acquired, too, the habit of despising everyone we don't know—particularly if they are more brunette than we. What rights have "Dagos," anyhow? Indians, "Niggers," Filipinos, Mexicans—if they were Human they'd be Bleached, wouldn't they? This may be a "natural" notion—but it is a blunder. And on the Isthmus it has its funny feature. The Colombians elsewhere are mostly Spanish and Indian blends; conservative, quiet, staunch, and patriotic. The Panameños (except foreign adventurers) are colored by way of Africa—octoroons, quadroons, and on up to Erebus—more imitative, less moral, and easier to buy their Country from. They may be handy to Deliver the Goods; but the whole South would have a harder swallow than Booker Washington if the Panameño government was entertained in the White House.

If no one else on earth cares to protest against the forgetting of fair play and against our recognition of a Graft Republic, the Lion is content to be one. And if none of the entitled and habituate can put up a petition in this behalf to whatever Gods may be, this unaccustomed beast will make some staggerer to Pray that either the Man he believes in may See Better, or that the public sentiment he has led so nobly and so far may now take its turn at the nose-rope and fetch *him* where he Belongs. For he is one who Belongs on the side of Right.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Tried by every test which I have skill to apply, *The Land of Little Rain* is one of the relatively few books that really count—that justify their being by something more than an agreeable titillation upon the palate, or the imparting of information of no particular consequence—of those that have both body and soul. For, first of all, it is true—carefully true to the infinite detail of outer seemings as well as to the larger sweep of their massed effect, intimately true to vital inner meanings. Now truth, so far as it may be passed about among men, is by no means the simple and elementary thing which it appears to the unenquiring, but a most intricately woven fabric, in which one may perhaps distinguish as the seven primary strands, unblurred vision, sympathy, fearlessness, charity, discrimination, assimilation and interpretation. Only from all of these, in just proportion, and with patient industry can the white garment of truth be wrought. And this book of Mary Austin's is clear white.

It is of hardly less importance that this truth-telling centers upon a subject which is but a name to most who will hear it—and a name which has carried with it ideas of desolate loneliness at best, of tragic horror more commonly. Not many know anything of "the desert" by personal experience, and of the books which have been attempted at it I recall but one—VanDyke's *The Desert*—which approximates this in quality. And this is by so much the more interpreting than that, as the Professor of Art concerned himself primarily with form and color, while the woman—teacher of children and mother—was more interested in life.

For its style alone, for the felicity of its phrase and the rhythm of its sentences, *The Land of Little Rain* is worth more than one reading. The passage here quoted, though chosen for another reason, is perhaps a fair sample from which to get the flavor of the whole. Mrs. Austin is writing about a mining-town "about three days from anywhere in particular:"

Somehow the rawness of the land favors the sense of personal relation to the supernatural. There is not much intervention of crops, cities, clothes, and manners between you and the organizing forces to cut off communication. . . . Along with killing and drunkenness, coveting of women, charity, simplicity, there is a certain indifference, blankness, emptiness if you will, of all vaporings, no bubbling of the pot—it wants the German to coin a word for that—no bread-envy, no brother-fervor. Western writers have not sensed it yet; they smack the savor of lawlessness too much upon their tongues, but you have these to witness it is not mean-spiritedness. It is pure Greek in that it represents the courage to sheer off what is not worth while. Beyond that it endures without sniveling, renounces without self-pity, fears no death, rates itself not too great in the scheme of things; so do beasts, so did St. Jerome in the desert, so also in the elder day did gods. Life, its performance, cessation, is no new thing to gape and wonder at.

But two words more can now be said about this book, which would need many more to do it full justice. One, that it has been fitly dealt with by the publishers, who have made a volume that is a delight to the eye and hand. The other, that this admirable craftsmanship brings peculiar and personal pleasure to each of those who have helped OUT WEST to become what it is, and have in turn been helped by it in their own growth,

since Mary Austin has been more intimately of that company than most others. And the dedication, "To Eve, the Comfortress of Unsuccess," touches very close home. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Stoll & Thayer, Los Angeles. \$2 net.

LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE—AND
FINDING IT.

Roger Pocock's *Following the Frontier* is unmistakably the real thing with the hide on. It is autobiography of the kind that grips the reader on the instant, never lets go its hold and leaves him finally convinced that he has been following the trail of a Man—cranky enough and somewhat inclined to bluster, knowing quite well how many different kinds of a fool he has made of himself and quite willing to add some new kinds to the list provided only that they are interesting—a man, indeed, who has spent considerable of his time in getting into fool scrapes and most of the rest of it in getting out of them. Here is something from the first page :

When I was old enough, and went to school in the Midlands, the big boys, with a healthy instinct of something wrong, did their best to put me out of my misery ; and I survived, but with broken nerve, a coward.

Yet that was not so disastrous as the grammar school tuition, which still prepares the modern boy to be a scrivener for the sixteenth century. We asked for bread, and they gave us a stone—the bones of foreign languages to gnaw instead of the living speech of living nations ; the . . . squalid biographies of English kings instead of the history of our freedom ; the names of counties to us who were citizens of an Empire ; dogmatic theology to cut us off from Christ ; and no training whatever of the hands in craftsmanship, or of the eye in aiming rifles to defend our homes.

Having missed an education, I came forth blinking into the modern world with an apologetic manner appealing for kindness, and large useless hands, as fit for earning wages as a nine-days' puppy.

His father having a habit "when he felt depressed about his income," of moving, "generally to another continent, by way of economy," he found himself in 1883 at the front of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was then, "a youth tender and awkward, with a nose long enough to lead, but a chin too weak to follow. Such a chin as that shrinks back from success in life, such a delicate inquiring nose always gets hurt in a fight, and dreamy blue eyes are apt to see much trouble." And right here he must be left, so far as this paragraph is concerned ; but with the assurance that the high places which he hit during the years between 1883 and 1900, with his unexpurgated opinions concerning them, make a book which is emphatically unladylike ; which is not to be taken as authority on the spelling of Spanish names, the morals of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, the ethics of Mexico—indeed it doesn't pose as authority on anything except what one man did and saw and thought—but a book not to be overlooked. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE
MANTLE
OF ELIJAH.

If it be true, as the publishers assert, that fact and fiction have been combined in Stewart Edward White's *The Forest*, the blend has been made with singular skill. The whole book rings true, and its note, unstrained and unquavering, is very good upon the ear. It is not a "nature-book," nor a book of travel, or adventure, or humor, or description, or character-study, or philosophy—though all of these are in it. Indeed, it is not to be classified at all ; there are not enough of the kind to make a class. If it belongs to any family, it is to that of which John Muir is the rightful patriarch—and if anyone now in sight has a reverent interest in the cloak of the Prophet of the Sierras (long may be the day before it slips from his own shoulders), it is Stewart White. He does not ask you to read about the forest ; he takes you into the wilderness with him, and, according to your own capacity, you add unto yourself of its fragrant breath and its bigness, and discover the genuine luxury of

doing without the "necessities" of the tamer breed. Only he who is both genuine lover and patient artist can weave this particular spell. In fibre and finish alike, this is Mr. White's best work so far, and is besides a sure presage of better yet. The illustrations, by Thomas Fogarty, rival the text, and add much to both the beauty and the meaning of this rarely beautiful and significant book. The one facing page 76, in particular, has for me the charm of an opal. The Outlook Co., New York. \$1.50 *net*.

The Magic Forest, by the same author, is a much slighter book, but one quite as certain to fascinate the audience for which it is intended. It tells of a little sleep-walking lad who closes his eyes in a Pullman berth on a Canadian Pacific train and opens them again to find himself alone in the forest north of Lake Superior. Fortunately, he soon falls in with some Indians on their way home in their canoes from a fur-trading trip—and what happens to him thereafter will fill the mind of every boy who reads the book with envy. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

It was long ago demonstrated, by painful experiment, that a gentleman who feuters his lance to ride in tourney does exceeding well to assure himself definitely as to the permanence of the relation between his uttermost parts and the rich caparisons of his steed. Mr. Rossiter Johnson, who has been long enough in the literary lists to know better, has offered himself up as a new evidence—painful or amusing, according to the point of view—of this fact, with his *Alphabet of Rhetoric*. An avowed expounder of the correct use and arrangement of words, a critic who repeatedly essays to show in detail how Macaulay, Addison, Burke, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Emerson might have phrased their thought more correctly and elegantly, is assuredly under penalty to give reasonable pains that the words from his own mouth shall at least be true words, even though the finish of his own style be far inferior to that of any of those with whom he finds fault. On questions of taste, Mr. Johnson may well enough fall behind the disclaimer in his preface—"I wish the reader to look upon this book, not as an authority, but as a reminder, from one who is simply a fellowstudent." (Considering, by the way, that the author, in the body of the book, distinctly disapproves of the "Preface Apologetic," one may wonder whether he would annex unto himself Sara Bernhardt's plea in extenuation of the result of an early slip—"But it is such a little one!") But this will not avail as to matters which are within the easy reach of any student of language. To say that the book is peppered with error on such points is hardly overdrawing it. Of these a few may be cited.

"LET HIM
TAKE HEED
LEST HE FALL."

Mr. Johnson objects to *after* as an adverb, asserting that it is primarily a preposition, that its adverbial use is erroneous, and that *afterward* is the only correct adverbial form. Even a casual study of the history of the word would have shown him that the adverbial use was the original one; that the prepositional use was subsequent and derivative, and that "about the space of three hours after" was good enough for the scholars who were responsible for the King James Version.

Mr. Johnson offers *assault* and *repulse* as instances of "the unnecessary making of a verb from a noun." He alleges that the original words were the verbs *assail* and *repel*; that from these were derived the nouns *assault* and *repulse*, and that these came to be used, incorrectly and unnecessarily, as verbs. It would be difficult to pack more innocence, both as to history, and present discriminating usage, of words which are nearly synonymous, into the same space. Neither *assault* nor *repulse*, as a verb, is a by-blow;

each can trace its lineage directly and honorably back to the Latin. The ancestor of *assault*, in that generation, is the intensive verb derived from the ancestor of *assail*; similarly, *repulse* springs from the frequentative cousin of the ancestor of *rebel*. And to this day a writer choosing his words with precision will use *assault*, as a verb, to indicate a more violent action than *assail*; while *repulse* on his pen will connote repeated attacks.

Page 244, on which the blunder as to *repulse* is emphasized (it is referred to in at least two other places) is literally shocking to one who is a stickler for exact statement. Beginning with its first line, "*Relative*, as a noun, has but one meaning"—the Century Dictionary has discovered four—"the noun *relation* may have any one of three meanings"—the same authority is responsible for eleven major definitions. Follows the discussion of *repulse*, and then comes "**REV.**—See HON." On turning to "**HON.**" one finds the author, who, on yet another page, protests vehemently against the use of abbreviations, actually standing sponsor for "*the Hon.* Caleb Smith." The last shot on this unfortunate page is aimed at **Ringleader**, of which it is said: "If *ringleader* has any meaning different from *leader*, it consists in the implication of a rabble headed by some vulgar fellow." In fact, *ringleader*, used with any respect for the niceties of language, necessarily implies organization, coherence and carefully devised system. A rabble may well enough have leaders—it cannot have ringleaders.

With more space, and fewer books waiting on my table for comment, it would be interesting and profitable to point out half a hundred points at which Mr. Johnson stumbles inexcusably; but the specimens already given must suffice. It should be said, however, that the book is exceptionally readable, considering its subject; that the majority of its points are well taken, and that a little scholarly care would have made it useful and creditable. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

GOOD
EDITING—
AND BAD.

The delightful little volumes of the *Pocket American and English Classics* have been prepared with special reference to use in the secondary schools, but their appeal is much broader than that of mere text-books. The selection of titles has been discriminating and catholic; the biographical and critical introductions are generally excellent for both scope and condensation; the notes usually adequate without being obtrusive; there is nothing "cheap" about paper, type, press-work or bindings; and the price of each is that ridiculously insignificant sum which Californians are wont to call "two bits." The series deserves a place in any library. Nevertheless, it occasionally happens that the editor selected for some one of the number deserves such castigation as has been earned by the Harvard Instructor in English who is responsible for the "Notes" to *Tennyson's Shorter Poems*, just appearing in this series. These, besides fracturing several of the minor commandments applying to explanatory notes, transgress repeatedly the first and most essential one—*Be Accurate*. Space is lacking to set this forth at length, but I may mention as specimens that *churl* does not mean "a country wagon," as stated in the note on "Charles's Wain" (page 264); that *pentagram* is not "the figure of a six-pointed star" (page 273); that the Inquisition was an ecclesiastical court, not "a form of torture for unbelievers" (page 277)—neither was it "instituted" by the Spaniards, with the connotation of "originated" which the word will carry to most minds and that, as shown by the context, the editor misses wholly the poet's meaning in the note upon lines 8-15 of "The Two Voices." Such blunder-

ing as this is especially intolerable when pressed upon students with the weight of a teacher's authority.

The two other volumes in this series which have lately come to my table—*Plutarch's Lives* (of Cæsar, Brutus and Antony) edited by Martha Brier, of Oakland, Cal., and *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*, edited by Edward P. Morton, of the Indiana University—are fully up to the high standard of the series. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents each.

A. Barton Hepburn, LL.D., some time Comptroller of the Currency, ex-Supt. of the Banking Dept. of the State of New York, and now an officer in one of the great banks of New York City, has written a History of Coinage and Currency in the United States, of which the somewhat overwhelming title is abbreviated to *The Contest for Sound Money*. It is careful, thorough and reliable, and will at once take rank as a standard authority in its special field. When an author strays away from his own fireside, he is apt to discover the pitfalls which are strewn thickly for the unwary. Mr. Hepburn explains that,

*Ne Supra
Crepidam
Judicaret.*

The term "sound money" doubtless originated from the auricular test commonly applied to coins. The counter or other convenient surface offering an opportunity, the coin is dropped thereon, and its quality depends upon whether the resulting ring possesses the true sound or not.

This is truly profound. "Doubtless," also, by the same rule the term "sound lungs" arose from the habit of physicians of tapping and listening at the outer walls of the human bellows; and "a sound thrashing" from the vigor of the protesting wails which it calls forth. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2 net.

While in London last year, Jack London deliberately shucked off his accustomed clothing and environment and went over to the East End to live as they do who must live there. What he learned there and what he thinks about it are now told vividly and powerfully in *The People of the Abyss*. The book is—as every candid view of the lower and larger segment of life in any great city must be—a terrible indictment of what we are variously pleased to call "Christian civilization," or "Anglo-Saxon progress," according to the angle from which it is viewed. Here is the author's final answer to the question, *Has Civilization bettered the lot of the average man?*—an answer essentially similar to that of Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, Huxley and many another who has cared to see and dared to speak.

THE UNDER
SIDE OF
PROSPERITY.

Civilization has increased man's producing power an hundred fold, and through mismanagement the men of Civilization live worse than the beasts, and have less to eat and wear and protect them from the elements than the savage Innuït in a frigid climate who lives today as he lived in the stone age ten thousand years ago.

The book is fully and satisfactorily illustrated from photographs. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

History being the rightful prerogative of statesmen—rightful but too often neglected—it is entirely fitting that Hon. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, should have written *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*. The treatment seems to be competent along the main lines (though I am not expert in that field and lay no claim to speak with authority), as it is certainly briskly interesting. But more entertaining are the author's excursions into various side-paths; the stern candor with which he exposes the delinquencies of others who have attempted this field—Curtis, Woodrow Wilson, Prof. Channing, Henry Cabot Lodge and even Roosevelt; the penetration with which he discovers that "the attitude taken by Washington, Lee, Henry" and others, in 1774 "was sub-

CASTING
SHADOWS
BEFORE?

stantially that of a labor union of the present day during a struggle with a capitalistic trust ;" the facility with which Gouverneur Morris grows from "the cold-hearted snob who preferred to guzzle wine with brother snobs," on page 202, to "a practical, successful financier, a statesman of rare intelligence, a student of men and measures," on page 438 ; or the airy confidence of the allusion to "some adventurous seaman who flew the Union Jack in remotest waters with Hawkins or with Drake," both of whom had been dead a century and more before there was any Union Jack. Far the most significant feature of the volume is its dedication to William Randolph Hearst,

Because he has consecrated his wealth, talent and energies to the improvement of the conditions under which the masses of our people live ; because he has shown an earnest, fearless and consistent interest in the cause of the weak and oppressed ; because he is to-day working with splendid ability along the same lines which Mr. Jefferson marked out a hundred years ago.

D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50 net.

ANOTHER

LITTLE SISTER
TO EVERYBODY.

One of the dearest, quaintest and most lovable of the blessed family of everybody's children has just been added to that joyous circle by Kate Douglas Wiggin. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* steps into the reader's affections at the moment she starts on her journey to her aunts' home—that stifled place where (to quote herself)

. . . those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as serrafim
Though not as good.

She is sweet, and bright, and unexpected, and affectionate, and unselfish, and has as many other of the heart-winning qualities to which a woman-child is entitled as she can hold. Yet she seems so convincingly alive as to make one wonder if Mrs. Wiggin did not draw many of her lineaments from her memories of the One She Knew Best of All. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston ; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. \$1.25.

MEMORIES

OF A

Against the *Recollections, Personal and Literary*, of Richard Henry Stoddard, but one complaint can lie—that there are not nearly enough of them. It is an illuminating addition to the literary history of the United States since the early 40's, when the young artisan began to find his poet's tongue and to win the friendship of others of the literary guild ; and it gives besides—mostly by indirection, since Mr. Stoddard was never given to posing under the limelight—a very winning picture of a modest, courageous, achieving and inspiring life—a life of even more value for what it was than for what it did. The editing, by Ripley Hitchcock, and the introduction by E. C. Stedman (close friend for forty years) have been labors of love, and show it. I may be pardoned for adding my one personal recollection of Mr. Stoddard. It is of a little party, ten years ago or so, each one but myself with assured stand in the literary world, which dined together, and then spent the evening at a "Test Seance." I found no disembodied spirits there, but even that casual evening has left to this day a warm and vivid impression of the strong and kindly spirit of the living poet. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

HOW SPAIN

LOOKS TO A
CALIFORNIAN.

The letters written from Spain, by Jerome Hart, for publication in the *Argonaut*, now appear very richly garbed, under the title of *Two Argonauts in Spain*. There is little effort at "style" in this easy-going talk of the experienced traveler, and no trace at all of "gush." Mr. Hart himself describes them as "pen sketches taken on the wing," vivid if not profound, interesting if not "literature." I cannot better this frank estimate, by a penetrating critic, of his own work ; but

can heartily underscore the *vivid* and *interesting*. Mr. Hart does not trouble himself to be thorough or conventional; he merely tells, always with a dash of satirical humor, about the things which interested him, not hesitating to follow any line of thought right back to California, or wherever else it may carry him. The result is an intimately personal flavor which is unusual and agreeable. The illustrations, from photographs taken by "the Argonauts," are not in this case misnamed; they really illustrate. In every mechanical detail the book approaches perfection. The Index, seems to have been prepared mainly for the Entertainment of the Indexer. Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. \$2 *net*; postage, 18 cents.

The Heart of Rome is one of the best of the long list of good stories which are to the credit of Marion Crawford, and that means that it will make the most jaded novel-reader sit up and pay attention. With a charming love story is blended a hunt for hidden treasure of an unusual sort, and to this is added a risky adventure in which the "lost waters" of Rome nearly end the career of hero and heroine. All this is given zest by the fact that the action takes place almost wholly in—or under—palaces; and that a Baroness, wife of a Senator of Rome, is distinctly plebeian in the circles to which the reader is introduced. In closing the tale, Mr. Crawford says that if it "shows anything worth learning about the world, it is that a gifted man of strong character and honourable life may do a foolish and generous thing whereby he may become in a few days the helpless toy of fate." He might have added that it shows, in relation to the art of story-telling, how far a practised artist may involve a lady, noble of lineage and of character, in situations almost unbelievably compromising, and yet keep both her and the tale clean and credible. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

CRAWFORD
AT HIS
BEST.

After the high-flown unrealities with which Charles Major bid successfully for big editions with his *Blooming Knighthood*, or words to that effect, it is a surprise and a delight to have from him a tale so simple, so informed and so genuine as *A Forest Hearth*. This is a love story of the days when Indiana was still a wilderness for the pioneers to tame. Mr. Major warns his readers in the opening paragraph that his story will contain "no heroics, no palaces, no grand people—nothing but human nature, the forests, and a few very simple country folk indeed." That is, in place of the gilt and tinsel of his earlier "historical romances," with Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart and others of that ilk come direct from Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works to play at being alive, the reader will find here only an affectionate and convincing picture of the earlier days of the country which the author knows best and loves most dearly, and of the people who lived and loved in it. He—*either* he—is to be congratulated. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

WOONG
IN PIONEER
DAYS.

It is for its studies of character that Mason A. Walton's *A Hermit's Wild Friends* is most valuable—for its clear-cut and convincing drawing of the distinct individuality of those persons who wear the fur and feathers that grew there. Mr. Walton has lived for almost twenty years where and so that his calling list has been made up for the most part from among the people who fly or run or crawl. He has studied them with clear eye and open mind; he tells about them with no particular effort at literary style, but with contagious affection and insight; and anyone who, after reading his testimony, can still doubt that our

SPARROWS,
SQUIRRELS AND
OTHER FOLK.

cousins of the field and the air think, and reason, and learn, and choose, instead of automatically stepping upon the treadmill of instinct—why, he is simply beyond the reach of evidence. The book is illustrated profusely and competently, and is a credit to all concerned in its making. Dana Estes & Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

BOOKS AT
SO MUCH
A PAGE. The "Unit Books" promise to be an interesting experiment in book-making and selling—particularly the selling. The purpose is to reprint, one a month, "the permanent books of all literatures," and to sell them at a price based on the number of pages—one cent for each "unit" of 25 pages, with no extra charge for paper cover, 30 cents for cloth and 50 cents for leather. Thus, Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, with 524 pages, will cost 21 cents in paper, 51 cents in cloth, 71 cents in leather. This, and the *Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln*, are the two of the series which have come to my table. They are competent editions, and cheap at the price. Howard Wilford Bell, New York.

THE WORSHIP
OF THE
GOLDEN CALF. Dr. William Mathews, who wrote *How To Get On In The World* a generation ago, now elaborates the same theme in *Conquering Success*. This contains nearly 400 pages of mingled anecdote and advice. In the Index I find the titles, *self-advertising, self-assurance, self-confidence, self-reliance*—but not *self-sacrifice; persistence and pertinacity* are there—not *loyalty; economy and liberality in business*—but not *charity or helpfulness; success, over and above all*—but not a line for *friendship, charity, love, justice, mercy or even usefulness*. I should be sorry to see my own boys setting their course in life by such a compass. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50 net.

THE ADVANTAGE
OF STAYING
ALIVE. Cyrus Townsend Brady has torn his mind from the scenes of gore in which it delights to ramble, for long enough to enable him to abridge that famous novel of the 40's, Dr. Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*, to a length more fitted to this generation's endurance than its original 400,000 words. The work has been skillfully done, and the illustrator, Will Crawford, has caught the spirit of the book admirably. Dr. Brady prefers *Tittlebat Titmouse* as a title to the one selected by the author; and, in this case, when doctors disagree, the one above ground has the say. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.50.

Eight "Essays in Western History," by Reuben Gold Thwaites are published under the title of the first—*How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest*. This is followed by "The Division of the Northwest into States," "The Black Hawk War," and others of almost equal significance. Like all the published work of this sound and indefatigable historical student, this volume is both interesting and valuable. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.20 net.

The same marvelous expedition—hardly to be matched in history for the difficulties overcome and the tremendous permanent results tracing to the courage and endurance of so small a band—has furnished Caroline Brown with the inspiration for her romance, *On the We-a Trail*. She has taken much pains with the historic facts underlying the story, which is otherwise sadly faulty. She loves the inflated phrase far too well; she tangles "his's" and "him's" up so impossibly that, for example, one gentleman's "figure . . . fell short of his own height by some six inches"—which would seem to make him a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Her hardy pioneers, regardless of sex, shed large tears freely and frequently; her Indians are pure Cooperesque—and so on for quantity. Yet the storyteller's knack is there under all the rubbish, and evidence of the patience

to labor. There is reasonable probability of a vastly better book from this pen. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

A sample of *The Limerick Up To Date Book*, by Ethel Watts Mumford, will serve better than a page of criticism.

There was an old sculptor named Phidias,
Whose knowledge of Art was invidious.

He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie—

Which startled the purely fastidious.

There are fifty-two of these, and the book is appropriately decorated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$1 net.

The elaborate foolery with which George H. Derby, graduate of West Point and Lieutenant of Engineers, amused himself while on duty in California in 1855, writing over the signatures of "John Phœnix" and "Squibob," has probably been responsible for as much hilarity as falls to the share of most fun-makers. It is just as funny as ever, and well deserves the new and attractive edition in which it now appears. Forty illustrations, by E. W. Kemble, add greatly to the flavor. It is worth mention that the copyright legend of *Phœnixiana* is the same, except for the date, as was carried by the first edition almost half a century ago. Not many publishing houses of today were alive then. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

The sixth volume of *The Philippine Islands* covers the years from 1583 to 1588. The most persistent question, just at that time, according to the documents here appearing, was what to do with China and the Chinese. Some wanted the Chinaman excluded from the Islands, others would have him regulated, while still others wanted him encouraged to come. Nor were there lacking those who strongly urged that China should be conquered, for the service of Christ, the glory of Spain and the benefit of both public and private purses. "Statesmen" have not changed so very much in 300 years. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland; to be completed in 55 volumes; \$4 net per volume.

Probably more people have made the shudderingly fascinating acquaintance of their uncomfortable relative, the gorilla, through the good offices of Paul Du Chaillu, than in all other ways put together. It is more than forty years since this giant ape made his initial bow to any considerable audience, in the pages of the first book of this explorer-author; quite fittingly, therefore, he appears in the last one, *In African Forest and Jungle*, published just before the veteran's recent death. Unless the boys of this generation differ radically from those of mine, they will find the book sufficiently thrilling. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50 net.

Leaving other students to collect and record the facts about birds—including a good many that "ain't so"—Abbie Farwell Brown has gathered some of the older fancies from many lands. Her *Curious Book of Birds* contains twenty-nine tales from sources far removed in both time and place. It will satisfy any child who gets it for a Christmas present. Miss Brown has made no effort to preserve, or even suggest, the individuality of the peoples who made these stories, by indicating ever so slightly their idioms of expression or thought. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10 net. Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles.

The Mark, by Aquila Kempster, is a story of India, in which reincarnation, hypnotic control and Hindu magic are set off against a background of peculiarly slangy English officers. The tale is sufficiently entertaining, albeit the conversation of the ancient adept, the reincarnated prince and the Lady in the Case brings to my irrelevant memory a circus of long ago.

It had an elephant and the elephant had a stately attendant, Hindu as to turban, complexion and robes, but, when excitement betrayed him unto speech, most unequivocally of the Celtic persuasion. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A number of Frank Norris's later essays, mostly upon various phases of literary work, are published under the title, *The Responsibilities of the Novelist*. They are always vigorous, often polemic, and, without exception, show marks of haste and lack of preparation. Mr. Norris held high ideals of the power and duty of the writer of fiction, and worked steadily towards them. The value of his work as essayist lies mainly in his formal statement of his self-imposed standard as novelist. The proof-reader has made some exceptionally bad blunders. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

Raiding With Morgan seems to bring to an end the "Young Kentuckians Series." At least it marries off one of the gallant cousins whose thrilling fortunes in the opposing forces of the Civil War have kept boy-readers hungry for more through the four preceding volumes. The other hero was similarly dealt with in the preceding installment; and, though fighting does not necessarily end with the signing of Articles of Capitulation nor love-making with the marriage certificate, their usefulness for the story-teller's purposes departs at these milestones. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

Michael Davitt's *Within the Pale* seems to be a temperate and informed study of the outrages against the Jews in a part of Russia. The material was gathered on the ground, and under commission for an American newspaper. Mr. Davitt was even more concerned to learn the causes and the possible remedies for these repeated horrors than to dwell upon their hideous details. The most surprising piece of information in the book is one wholly apart from its main course—that "no Jew has ever become a millionaire in Scotland or the United States." A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

Poe's Best Tales and the same author's *Best Poems and Essays* are presented in companion volumes, with preface, biographical sketch and introductory studies by Sherwin Cody. The work is well done from every point of view. Not the least merit of the volumes is the ease with which, in spite of their 500 pages apiece, either of them will slip into a reasonably roomy overcoat pocket. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1 each, net.

The Scarlet Banner, by Felix Dahn (translated from the German by Mary J. Safford), gives vivid pictures of the luxury which rusted the iron out of the Germanic blood after a century of rule at Carthage, and of the intrigue and struggle which preceded the fall of the Vandal Kingdom in Africa. The story is interesting; and the history, though rather richly embroidered, is probably safely reliable—since care and thoroughness are habitual to German students. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

The conclusion of the whole matter, in Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's *Place and Power*, is that "the mainspring of English public life, the fundamental force of the British national character, is neither the cult of the jumping cat nor the worship of the golden calf . . . it is the fear of the Lord, which fear is the beginning—and the end—of wisdom." Which may be true, in spite of appearances; but the evidence of it is not to be drawn from this novel. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

In *The Year's Festivals* Helen Philbrook Patten tells agreeably about nine of the days which time-honored usage has set aside for distinctive ob-

servance—New Year's, Twelfth Night, St. Valentine's Day, All Fool's Day, May Day, Easter, Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving and Christmas. History, tradition, legend, jest, anecdote and verse all contribute to the attractive little volume. The illustrations are from paintings of the masters. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. \$1 net.

An earnest and athletic young clergyman, with a clear conception of his duty and a determination to do it regardless of what may be in the way, and a young woman of beauty and position who begins by earnestly disliking him, are the principal characters in Caroline Atwater Mason's *Holt of Heathfield*. She begins to pity him early in the book; naturally, the embrace comes before the end of it. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

Marjie of the Lower Ranch is announced as "a ranch story by a real ranch girl," with "the Western dash that might be expected of a girl who would not ride a broncho that she herself had not broken to saddle." The young lady may very likely be an accomplished "bronco-buster," but needs further training before attempting to mount the Steed of Romance in public. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Mildred Champagne undertakes, in her *Love Stories from Real Life* to prove that, "Virtue is truly its own reward;" that, "Trouble is often a blessing in disguise;" that, "Experience is indeed the best of all teachers;" and to establish sundry other statements as startling. Any who doubt their truth may (perhaps) be profited by reading the stories. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The marvelous pioneer work of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe in discovering a way to open the windows of the soul for blind-deaf-mutes is recorded interestingly by two of his daughters in *Laura Bridgman*. There is no better title to immortality than that earned by Dr. Howe, whose whole life was a flame of unselfish struggle for the uplift of those oppressed by men or conditions. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Marriage in Epigram, compiled by Frederick W. Morton, contains remarks by more than 500 authors on that absorbing subject. "The book does not take sides;" hence the searcher may find testimonies bearing out whatever shade of opinion he may happen to hold at the time. The longer he has lived, the more inclined he will be to agree with all of them. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 80 cents net.

Much the best work so far done by Frances Charles is *The Awakening of the Duchess*. Her former books have seemed to strain after effect. This is naught but a simple and straightforward tale of a little San Francisco lassie who had lacked a mother's tenderness, and how she won it; but it hits the mark which the other books often overshot. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

My Favorite Book-Shelf is described as a "collection of interesting and instructive reading from famous authors." This is exact; and it may be added that the selection is creditable to the taste of the compiler, Charles Josselyn. In *format*, the book approaches perfection; a handsomer page, or one more comforting to the eye is rarely seen. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$2 net.

The Star Fairies is a particularly good-looking book of fairy tales, by Edith Ogden Harrison. Her fancy is delicate, and the old materials are given new and attractive form. The illustrations in color harmonize with and set off the text. Altogether it is an excellent Christmas present for a rather dainty little girl. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25 net.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Dancers, and Other Legends and Lyrics, Poems by Edith M. Thomas. \$1.

Summer Songs in Idleness, by Katherine H. McDonald Jackson. \$1.25.

English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp, by Herman Montague Donner. \$1.

The Mothers, a dramatic poem, by Edward F. Hayward. 75 cents.

Young Ivy on Old Walls, A Book of Verse, by H. Arthur Powell.

A Reed by the River, Poems by Virginia Woodward Cloud. \$1.

A Field of Folk, Poems by Isabella Howe Fiske. \$1.

Tangled in Stars, Poems by Ethelyn Wetherald. \$1.

Apollo & Keats, Poems by Clifford Lanier. \$1.50.

Semanoud, Poems by H. Talbot Kummer. \$1.

All the above are from the press of Richard G. Badger, Boston.

The Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1904, by Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner, "with many clever illustrations and bright decorations in red and black, bound in bright colored shirtings with poster label." Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 75 cents *net*.

The Thirty Years War on Silver: Money Scientifically Treated and Logically Presented. By A. L. Fitzgerald, Justice Supreme Court of Nevada. Ainsworth & Co., Chicago; Jones's Bookstore, Los Angeles. \$1.10.

Drawing Room Plays, by Grace Luce Irwin. Seven "practical amateur plays" by "an experienced writer of amateur dramatics." Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. \$1.25 *net*.

Said the Observer, a collection of newspaper sketches, by Louis J. Stellmann. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 75 cents.

A Biographical Sketch of Charles A. S. Vivian, Founder of the Order of the Elks. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1.

Wild Roses of California, A Book of Verse, by Grace Hibbard. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1 *net*.

Hagar; a Dramatic Poem in Three Acts, by Rollin J. Wells. The Broadway Pub. Co., New York.

The City of Is, and Other Poems, by Frederick Milton Willis. Mercury Press, San Francisco. \$1.

Poems of Love and Philosophy, by J. Vinton Webster. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1.

Beyond the Requiems, and Other Verses, by Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1 *net*.

Cloistral Strains, by Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1 *net*.

Spray from Helicon, Poems by Henry Reed Conant. The Ohio Printing Co., Cleveland.

The Solitary Path, Poems by Helen Huntington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Westwind Songs, by Arthur Upson. Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis. 75 cents *net*.

A Gentleman, from one of Cardinal Newman's lectures. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. 10 cents.

The Golden Banquet and Other Functions during the Reception of President Roosevelt. The Stanley-Taylor Co., San Francisco.

Death Valley; Swamper Ike's Traditional Lore, by D. A. Hufford. D. A. Hufford & Co., Los Angeles. Paper cover, 50 cents; yucca, 75 cents snake-skin, \$2.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

WHEN the news came that 20,000 men had suddenly become idle at Butte, every man who knows the wonderful State of Montana must have grown profoundly thoughtful. Litigation over a mine threw the shadow of approaching want over 20,000 homes just at the edge of winter in a country where winter is real and not imaginary. And yet those men are surrounded by vast natural resources which only await the application of human labor to render them fit for the support of millions. Why, these miners are the Ancient Mariners of their time—

SOCIAL TRAGEDY
OF
MONTANA.

Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink—

opportunities for homes and profitable employment on every hand, but nothing for these men to do, and nothing wherewith to satisfy the cravings of their hunger! It is a social tragedy.

Excepting Texas and California, Montana is the biggest State in the Union in point of area. In extent and variety of resources, and potentialities for the support of a population, its rank must be about the same. Something like seventy per cent of its soil is still public property, though this statement is somewhat misleading, since much of the unoccupied land can never be used for homes or farms. However, there is plenty of fertile agricultural soil which may be made useful when irrigation is provided. In the midst of all this natural wealth less than 300,000 people are living today. And yet 20,000 can starve to death because a few men have had a row about the ownership of a mine and insist on shutting down the works until the case has been passed upon by a higher court. The 20,000 can suffer, but the very act which plunges them, and their wives and children, into the darkness of coming want adds a few

Since the above was written, the Governor of Montana has called a special session of the Legislature to enact a "fair trial law"—whatever that may be. As a consequence, the mines have reopened and the men returned to work. But this fortunate circumstance does not lessen the importance of the question discussed—the question of providing methods which will render impossible the suffering of great numbers of people in the midst of undeveloped natural wealth equal to the sustenance of millions. The Butte miners have gone to work, but the problem which was sharply revealed by the situation in which they were temporarily placed, remains to be solved.

millions to the superfluous wealth of the men who are fighting over the mine, since the cessation of production enhances the value of the great stock of copper they have on hand. Is it treason to say that in a land where the people have the power to right every wrong such things should not be? Well, then, make the most of it! It is a foolish and short-sighted people who permit 20,000 industrious citizens to suffer even the apprehension of want in the midst of such plenty as exists today in Montana.

WHAT
NEW ZEALAND
DOES.

If the New Zealand democracy ruled the affairs of Montana the 20,000 idle men would have no cause for worry. Their idleness would be of short duration. They would be put at work, not for some other mine owner, but for *themselves*. And their last state would be decidedly better than their first. The New Zealanders have a public employment agency that is looking for the Man Out of a Job. Like Montana, they have a wealth of undeveloped resources and, unlike Montana, they are perfectly capable of turning those resources to good account. The New Zealanders own the railroads, and are thus able to furnish transportation to the man who needs to travel in order to find a place to work. They utilize waste labor in improving waste land. If they had the Montana case to deal with, they would give the idle 20,000 a chance to build roads, bridges and irrigation canals. Thus their immediate wants would be promptly met. This would involve no loss to the State. The new values created by the expenditure of money and labor would largely exceed the cost. Having prepared some fine, new district for settlement, New Zealand would proceed to settle it with the very men who had done the work of preparation. The men would be trained, if necessary, in agricultural work by practical teachers, and then permitted to settle in villages convenient to the public domain.

"But how would they get the capital to start?" some one asks. Simplest thing in the world—New Zealand would lend it to them. "What, without security?" the inquirer persists. On the contrary, the security is the best in the world. It consists of a little farm with an industrious family upon it fighting for home and independence. New Zealand loans money for such purposes in sums ranging from \$150 to \$15,000, the amount depending upon the settler's needs and the value of the property. Not good banking? Well, the Colony asserts that it has not lost a single dollar in the process yet. What better can be said of any banking?

The truth is that nearly all new countries are improved with borrowed capital. That is the explanation of the presence of so many loan agents wherever colonization is in progress. The

people of New Zealand are no more a class of borrowers than were the settlers of Kansas and Nebraska—and no less. Only New Zealand issues the promissory notes of the country, borrows its money *en bloc* at three per cent, and loans it directly to the people at four and a half per cent; while Kansas and Nebraska borrowed of a broker, who borrowed of a commission house, who borrowed of a loan and trust company, who borrowed of some thrifty school ma'am back in New England. It cost the people of Kansas and Nebraska anywhere from eight to fifteen per cent. for their money, and the people of New Zealand four and one-half per cent. In both cases the security was of the same kind—that is, land and human labor. To the casual observer, it would appear that the New Zealanders are several per cent smarter than their American cousins.

At any rate, New Zealand has the remedy for all such blighting disasters as that which recently fell upon Montana. There is room enough in this world for every man who is willing to work, and especially in Montana, where wasting waters are crying to be stored, and where manless land is waiting to receive the landless man. Some day Americans will gain wisdom enough to develop their resources after some such method as that which is working so successfully in New Zealand. Already we have begun to build irrigation works by national enterprise. This is good as far as it goes. But we shall go farther in time. We shall say it is just as necessary to build homes as it is to build battleships, and we shall appropriate money as freely for one purpose as for the other. Some of this money will be loaned to settlers who would otherwise be unable to make a start, or who could only hope to do so by mortgaging themselves to money-lenders who collect interest several times over for the benefit of numerous interests engaged in the transaction.

There is another aspect of this matter well calculated to make men think. Most of the valuable mines in the West have been discovered on land which was formerly public property. What the people own they have a perfect right to dispose of under such terms and conditions as they may think just and wise. They could, if they chose, provide a simple and effective method of establishing title to such property definitely and finally before anyone is permitted to operate it, and thus avert such calamities as the one which has fallen upon Butte. They could, with justice, and perhaps with wisdom, provide that the title to mineral lands should never pass from the Government, but that the property should be leased for a term of years to those who would develop and operate it under certain humane and business-like regulations. They might even stipulate how differences between labor and

IS THERE
A BETTER
WAY?

capital used in connection with such leased mines should be settled, and thus erect safeguards against disastrous strikes and lockouts and long periods of idleness, which now bring hardship, not only to owners and operatives, but to many other elements whose prosperity is dependent upon that of mining districts. Indeed, the people might go farther and arrange to collect a magnificent income in the form of royalties for mines located on public property. It is reasonably certain that the larger part of our mineral wealth yet remains to be discovered. It lies, unsuspected and undisturbed, in land which now belongs to all the people of the United States. The establishment of such regulations could do no possible injustice to anyone. There is no vested interest in this undiscovered wealth, except the vested interest of the American people. Those who do not care to lease mines under these terms would be under no obligation to do so. Still, the terms might be such as to encourage them to engage in mining. The mine that turned out to be unprofitable might pay no royalty whatever, while those that paid reasonably well might contribute a reasonable royalty to the public treasury, and those that proved to be bonanzas might contribute in proportion. For instance there is a certain mine which is said to yield a net revenue of \$1,000,000 a month to the person who owns it. It is located on land which a few years ago belonged to the Government. Such a mine might reasonably pay ten per cent of its profits into the treasury. In ten years this would amount to nearly as much as the total sum now lying in the Reclamation Fund for the benefit of national irrigation. The man who owns it might worry along with an income of \$900,000 a month from the property, while thousands of homes would be created with the proceeds of the royalty and the whole country benefited.

These ideas are not new. Other countries have applied them successfully in the past. The Boers filled their war-chest with money obtained from this source. The mineral wealth which still remains as the property of all should be used for the benefit of all, and it may be that the reason 20,000 men, and many more women and children, are plunged into gloom at Butte is that we may learn this lesson.

SOCIAL
INFLUENCE OF
ELECTRIC LINES.

Henry E. Huntington, and his widespread scheme of electric railways, are probably the strongest factors in the evolution of new social conditions throughout a large part of California. Mr. Huntington and his associates must be men of imagination, or they could not foresee a vast future development of material resources and a growth of population, then proceed boldly to employ their millions in hastening the realization. Taking Los Angeles for the center of their

operations, they are reaching out into the country in every direction. They are going east through the San Bernardino valley and west at least as far as Santa Barbara. From the latter point they are likely to reach up the coast to an ultimate connection with the growing network of electric lines at San Jose and thence on to all the communities about the Bay. They are striking south into prosperous Orange County, and will no doubt follow down the coast to San Diego, thereby opening up a delightful region which is destined to become the resort of many thousands in summer and winter alike. But this is not all. The new system is to penetrate the great San Joaquin Valley, going north from Ventura to Kern County, then on through Tulare and Fresno. The latter city and its surrounding colonies will become like a web of electric lines. What effect will these developments have upon the social and industrial life of California? The effect will be two-fold.

It will enlarge the lives of all who now dwell in the territories to be traversed. To cheapen and to quicken transportation is to bring people closer together and to lengthen their days by saving their time. The electric car is the poor man's carriage. It opens the door of the country to those hitherto housed up in the town. It is merciful to the farmer's horses, for it is cheaper to ride in the car than to drive one's own team. These new conditions mean a constant interchange of people between town and country with a resulting increase of social opportunities. People will now gather to attend all sorts of meetings as they never did before. They will see each other oftener and know each other better. And this means the enlargement of life.

There is another aspect of the matter of no less importance. These new electric railways will facilitate the settlement of the country in small farms. Doubtless they will give a new impulse to the modern tendency which makes for the concentration of population in large towns, but this is not likely to be the evil in agricultural California, which some people think it has been in Eastern commercial and industrial centers. The reason is that it pays here to cultivate the soil and that the conditions of rural life are much more attractive and satisfying than in some other parts of the country. With the exception of irrigation, no influence can do more to facilitate close settlement of the land than cheap and rapid transportation. Therefore, a large, immediate and constant growth of population may be expected to follow the construction of these new electric lines. It has required much faith to build them in advance of the actual demand, but no one who appreciates the latent greatness of California doubts that this faith will be handsomely justified. Mr. Huntington's enterprise is a big contribution to civilization on the Pacific.

A GOOD
MAN
MISTAKEN.

It is little wonder that persons who are unfamiliar with the facts fail to sympathize with the demand for the repeal of the Timber and Stone Act when a man like General Green, the Sage of the Sacramento, misunderstands the reason and the object of the movement. General Green keenly appreciates the vital need of preserving the watersheds, and always means to be on the people's side of every question. And yet he criticises Chairman Boothe, the executive head of the National Irrigation Congress, because he has called upon the President and the General Commissioner of the Land Office and urged them to favor the repeal. General Green's point is that it is the President and Commissioner who are solely responsible for the honest enforcement of the law, and that it is ridiculous to ask them to favor its repeal when all they need do is to insist that the letter and spirit of the law be observed. So he denounces Mr. Boothe's talk as "humbug."

The Timber and Stone Act was not enacted for the purpose of preventing the absorption of the forests for speculation and monopoly. How can it be "enforced" so as to prevent that result? A citizen files upon a quarter section of timber, making oath that he does so for his own use and benefit. He pays two dollars and a half an acre and gets title. Then he turns around and sells the land to a syndicate which is consolidating a vast tract into a single ownership. The moment the title vests in this citizen he has a right to sell it to whomever he chooses. Perhaps that is the "use and benefit" he intended from the beginning, or perhaps he has honestly changed his mind. It is an extremely difficult matter to prove that the filing was dishonest within the meaning of the law. There is something in General Green's contention that the "poor devil" who takes up land to sell for a song as soon as he gets title is as much within his rights as the well-to-do individual who takes it up to hold for a high price and pays taxes on it for five or ten years before finding a customer. But that is not the point involved in the demand for the repeal of the law. Neither the "poor devil" nor the well-to-do citizen should be permitted to acquire valuable timber-land merely for speculation. Watersheds must be preserved, because of their intimate relation to agriculture. They can only be preserved, when timber is cut and denuded areas replanted under good public regulations. And when timber is sold, the Government should realize something like its true value.

Evidently General Green does not understand what the advocates of repeal propose as a substitute for the present law. Their proposition is that the Government shall not part with another acre of its forest lands, but shall retain title forever. Then they propose that stumpage shall be sold at reasonable prices to those who will cut it in accordance with good regulations. Thus we shall eat our cake and have it, too. This is a sane and just policy which should be supported by everybody except those who want to grab the forests and hold them against the needs of the future—a class to which General Green by no means belongs.

WM. E. SMYTHE.

IN DEFENSE OF FOREST RESERVES.

THE West is trembling in the travail of a new birth of customs and institutions. And among these is the scientific and comprehensive forestry policy represented by Gifford Pinchot, the official head of the work in the United States. The first step in this plan is the withdrawal from entry of timbered areas still belonging to the Government.

The creation of forest reserves is bitterly opposed throughout the West by two elements—the lumber interest, which wants to acquire more timber, and the livestock interest, which desires to range its cattle and sheep on the forest lands without restrictions, as it has done in the past. Besides these two chief objectors there are many who sympathize with them. These include merchants and other business men who want the country developed as rapidly as possible, and who regard the reservation as an interference with legitimate enterprise. The opposition is particularly aggressive in Northern California, where timber is an economic factor of vast moment.

Mr. Pinchot recently visited California and listened to the objections advanced against his policy. In a letter to a prominent citizen of San Francisco, he has supplied specific answers to all the arguments brought to his attention. The essential points contained in his letter are reproduced, not only as a matter of current interest, but also that they may be of record in these pages for future reference.

The object of the forest reserves is, to use the words of the President, "the making and maintenance of prosperous homes." The idea is not to retard development, but to make all the resources of the forest available for use. The present lines of withdrawals are not intended to be permanent, but are made simply to give time for a more careful examination. Land found unfit for forest reserves will be excluded.

It is claimed that large areas unsuited for reserves now owned by the Southern Pacific Company have been included, and that this will permit the Company to effect an exchange of comparatively worthless land for valuable lands elsewhere. The Government has shown in its dealings with the Santa Fé Company in Arizona that its policy is to exchange for lands of equal value, where railroad property is unavoidably included in reserves. Lands temporarily denuded may, however, be very valuable for reserve purposes. Brush and chaparral are of great importance as protectors of water supply.

It is claimed that large owners will denude their lands and then exchange for valuable timber elsewhere, and that various counties will lose in taxes. Mr. Pinchot replies that denuded lands unsuited for agriculture pay small taxes, but admits the

other evil mentioned in this complaint. He says the friends of forest reserves have repeatedly sought to have the law amended so that land could be exchanged only for land of equal value. They still hope to succeed. If the timber on thousands of square miles now covered with chaparral had been cut under proper regulations, the land would now be covered with valuable stands of timber and be a permanent source of wealth to the counties in which it lies.

It is also objected that mineral development will be retarded by the reserves. The mineral laws apply equally within the reserves and outside, except that large users of timber are required to purchase it from the Government under permit. Convenient regulations have been made in this regard and there is no danger of delay on account of red tape. In the Black Hills, where the policy is in full operation, the miners sustain it heartily.

Mr. Pinchot denies that the livestock industry will be unreasonably restricted in consequence of the reserves. Of course, the Government is anxious to prevent overgrazing, and this is important to all the interests dependent upon the watershed. But during the past year 1,151,278 sheep and 459,137 cattle and horses have been grazed on forest reserves under regulations.

There is no force in the objection that the reserves will interfere with homeseekers, since land more valuable for agriculture than for timber will not be included. Neither is it true that investment in railroads and power plants would be discouraged. The law makes provision for right of way through the reserves, and new railroads are chiefly contemplated where large areas of timber are in private ownership. Friends of the forest policy favor a law permitting the sale of stumps, so that timber on the public land would continue to be cut, though under good regulations. The success of power plants depends on continuous water supply, and on the holding of the soil by the forests to prevent the silting up of reservoirs. Power plants are much more likely to locate on streams whose headwaters are thus protected than elsewhere.

It is said that the prolific growth of young trees after cutting makes forest protection unnecessary. But good forestry, says Mr. Pinchot, will keep the land producing trees instead of brush.

Finally, the opponents of the reserves declare that the forest is unnecessary to regulate the flow of streams, and that on the contrary it wastes the water by absorbing it. As this objection amounts in some localities to a popular superstition, Mr. Pinchot's reply must be quoted:

It has been proved by the experience of all mankind, not only in the United States but throughout the world, that the forests do regulate the streams. This truth is held most firmly by the United States Geological Survey, which is the highest authority on the subject in this country. Those who hold that the forest does not regulate the flow of streams, or that the trees absorb more water than they save, are simply mistaken. Careful local studies by the agents of the Bureau of Forestry in Northern California definitely confirm this view.

Mr. Pinchot's letter is the most important contribution yet made in defense of the great forest reserve policy. It should be widely read and discussed, for it is inseparably related to the growth of the largest possible number of homes and the prosperity of all industry in the West.



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POSSIBLE GROUNDS OF AGREEMENT.

THE most public-spirited and disinterested citizens of California would be glad to see all the thoughtful friends of irrigation unite upon some good measure to be presented to the Legislature thirteen months hence. The *San Francisco Chronicle* was the most prominent champion of the Works Bill. The opposition to that measure was perhaps voiced as vigorously in this magazine as in any other publication. That newspaper and this magazine now find themselves in agreement on two very important propositions.

The first is that the policy of national irrigation should be promptly applied to the development of the great interior valley of California in accordance with the declaration of the Ogden Convention. This plan is heartily supported by Governor Pardee and the Interior Department. The money is lying in the Treasury to carry it into effect. It is no longer a remote possibility, but an absolute certainty if the people want it. So far as we know, none of the elements which opposed the Works Bill would object to this epoch-making development.

The *Chronicle*, in a recent editorial, speaks well of the District Irrigation Law, and expresses the opinion that it offers a feasible method of future progress. It very wisely suggests that it should be safeguarded on its administrative side to prevent the repetition of some very foolish mistakes which were made in the past. Many who opposed the Works Bill, though not all, would agree with the *Chronicle* on this matter also. It would secure that joint ownership of land and water for which we contended, and it could be made to supplement most admira-

bly the system of public works to be constructed by the Government. It also secures the principle of local autonomy, or home rule, so dear to the irrigators of the West. It would leave absolutely undisturbed the various communities, particularly in Southern California, which have worked out their own salvation by using practically all the water supply beneficially and economically, and which now want to be let alone. While strong opposition would doubtless develop to any extension of the District idea, the same would be true of constructive legislation of any kind.

Even with such plans adopted, it would still be necessary to have some general administration over streams in which these large new works should be created. Agreement on this subject might be more difficult. But in this connection a study of the new Nevada law is earnestly commended. Some of its features may prove feasible in California. At any rate, the Constructive League is ready to do all in its power to unite the friends of irrigation on some good measure. This done, the League will fight as hard to put that measure through as it fought to defeat a bill which it considered fundamentally wrong.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIVAL.

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS ENTERS UPON A NEW EVANGELISM WITH SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC BEARINGS.

A NEW evangelism was launched in Southern California during October last. It seems quite safe to predict that it will make a deep mark on the life of the times. While the work is of a profoundly spiritual character, it is also intimately related to social and economic thought and tendencies, and may thus well be chronicled in these pages. Indeed, it is distinctly a product of the Twentieth Century West, and lends encouragement to those who believe that some of the most potent influences of the future are to originate on the Pacific Coast and travel eastward.

The voice of the new crusade is one that has long been heard in the land in connection with evangelistic work, though on somewhat different lines. With the exception of Dwight L. Moody, no revivalist of recent times has addressed more people or accomplished larger results than Benjamin Fay Mills. Although he is yet but forty-six years of age, his name has been familiar to the whole country for at least fifteen years. A dozen years ago he was in the height of his career as an Orthodox evangelist, and his work in that capacity extended into a much later period. But the day came when he changed his views on some material points. The churches which had everywhere lent

their enthusiastic coöperation to his former work were naturally shocked and grieved when the announcement came that he had adopted liberal views of theology. They felt, and did not hesitate to say, that B. Fay Mills had destroyed his usefulness at a moment when he should have entered upon the prime of his career. But no one questioned his sincerity. There is a simple rule by which such things are measured in these days.

"How much does he get out of it?" the average man asks, meaning, of course, how much money does he make. The successful revivalist of national or world-wide fame always enjoys a large earning capacity. Usually, he demands nothing, but invariably he receives a handsome free-will offering from his large and enthusiastic congregations. He is well entertained, as a man intensely busy in doing good for others ought to be. His name and his words fill the newspapers and his praises are on every lip. He becomes a man of real power and, in addition to the satisfaction of noble achievement, enjoys a very generous measure of worldly success. It was evident enough to all that when Mills the Orthodox became Mills the Liberal, he must have done so for conscience's sake. This fact did not mitigate the genuine sorrow with which the announcement of the change was received in the hundreds of communities which he had so deeply stirred in former times, but it did make him quite secure in the respect of his fellow-men.

Mr. Mills began his career in liberalism at Boston, where he was invited to go by Edward Everett Hale. A committee was organized to support his work, and for two years he addressed great congregations in Music Hall and Hollis Street Theater. Four years ago, he accepted a call to the First Unitarian Church at Oakland, Cal. He filled that pulpit until the 11th of last October, also preaching at Alameda in the afternoon, and at San Francisco in the evening, each Sunday. He still enjoyed good audiences, though of course no such concourse of people came to hear him as during the great revivals when nearly all the churches worked with him.

A settled pastorate, even with two extra congregations to preach to once a week, was a very quiet life for Mr. Mills, after the years of strenuous work which lay behind him. But the four years' residence in the beautiful Piedmont Hills represented a period of intense intellectual activity. With the aid of his gifted wife, he became a profound student, not of theology in the narrow sense, but of all the great religions of the world, of literature, of science, of society and of economics. He was searching for God and found him—everywhere! And he was seeking the inmost meaning of Christ's teachings in their relation to the practical affairs of daily life. For he believed that

his real mission on earth was yet to be performed—that his “future” lay before and not behind. He felt also that his true work lay in the evangelistic field and not in filling any single pulpit.

But a more momentous thought was stirring within him. He had once been a powerful preacher of Orthodox theology. He had left this ground and become a Unitarian. But could he rest even there? He had reached the conclusion that the essence of every religion is the same, and that all the great teachers, through all the ages and in all parts of the earth have preached an identical gospel. At length, a clear conception came to him. He would resign his pastorate and go forth “without scrip or purse” to preach “the very best thoughts that I can think, believing that if this be not the truth, then truth is something so much greater that as yet I cannot even think it.” But where should he begin?

He prepared a brief statement of the religious work which he believed he was fitted to do and sent it to a few trusted personal friends living in different parts of the United States. He asked them to tell him frankly, first, whether they sympathized with such an undertaking; second, if so, whether they would undertake to “father” it in their community. All of his friends replied sympathetically, but only one place seemed to be open for an immediate beginning. This was San Diego. Mr. Mills preached his farewell sermon at Oakland on Sunday, October 11th, and the first sermon of his new evangelism Tuesday, October 13th. It was absolutely necessary to rest one day—on the cars!—because of the distance between Oakland and San Diego.

Mr. Mills and his San Diego friends anticipated no difficulty in the formation of a representative committee to take charge of the meetings. The plan was to have a member from each religious organization, including the Hebrews, Catholics and Theosophists, as well as representatives of the public outside of all organizations. But it was quickly discovered that no such committee could be enlisted. Prominent church members declined to participate, but did so in a way which could not fail to command entire respect. They said that if Mr. Mills was trying to do good they wished him all success, but since he had changed his views materially they thought they ought first to hear the new message before committing themselves to its support in the slightest degree. Otherwise they might put their churches in a false position. On the other hand, they did not desire to be put in the position of declining to assist something which might turn out to be acceptable to them. In other words, they thought they ought not to be asked to declare themselves one way or the other until the new evangelism had spoken. When the matter was reported to Mr. Mills, he promptly concurred in the opinion of the church members. “But,” he said, “I did not want anybody to feel that while professing to love everybody, I did not love them.” There was, therefore, no committee to prepare the way. A hall was engaged and it was announced that Mr. Mills would deliver four addresses on “Twentieth Century Religion.”

When the hour arrived the speaker found a crowd which extended out upon the sidewalk. He had to request the people who filled the aisles to stand a little closer and let him pass through. The moment he was recognized, a wave of applause swept the hall. One thing was already settled—the people still desired to hear Benjamin Fay Mills. He intended to make no reference to the change which had occurred in his theological opinions since he appeared in San Diego twelve years before,



BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

Photo by Stephens

and did make none himself. But the friend who introduced him touched upon the matter briefly. He said: "When such a revelation comes to any man what would you have him do? Would you have him grovel, like a coward? Would you have him hold a mask before his face, like a hypocrite? Or would you have him, like a brave and dauntless soul, sacrifice power and popularity and emoluments, if need be, and be true to himself?" The answer of the audience was unmistakable.

In his first address, Mr. Mills gave a rapid outline of the kind of religion which he thinks the twentieth century should accept and practice. It will be a religion of learners, of laborers, and of lovers. On the three following nights he took up these ideas in detail. In discussing the "Religion of Learning," he planted himself squarely on the doctrine of evolution and gave a marvelously lucid account of the world's scientific progress, particularly during the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth. This religion will accept nothing as final, so far as the physical facts of the universe are concerned, but will keep abreast of scientific knowledge as it unfolds. "The greatest thing we know," he said, "is that we are to know more." The sermon on the "Religion of Labor" was one of the most inspiring of the series. "God never made a world," he declared. "He has started several, including this one, but He depends on the human race to carry it forward to completion. All who do their work in the right way, and in the right spirit, are working in partnership with God." He proceeded to show the beauty, dignity and holiness of labor and the importance of training the young to this conception of the work they are to do. There is no more important aspect of religion. In his address on the "Religion of Loving," he applied the teachings of Jesus not only to the relations of individuals to each other, but to their relations with industry, politics and society. It was a plea for brotherhood, carried to its logical conclusion. He fearlessly declared that Socialism is inevitable, though he looks for a day beyond that, when men will be "good enough to live the loving life without the compulsion of law."

The Mills meetings in San Diego were planned to cover four days. Actually, they lasted four weeks, being extended from time to time in response to popular invitations. Soon the preacher was speaking three times a day—at the early hour of 8:15, then at 3:30 in the afternoon, and at 7:30 in the evening. Unity Hall, where the meetings began, was early outgrown, and the more commodious Isis Theater was engaged when it had vacant dates. On one occasion it was suddenly found that neither the hall nor the theater could be obtained for two days. In this dilemma, Mr. Mills's friends asked for the use of the First Congregational Church for the purpose of holding four meetings. The request was graciously granted, after full discussion at a meeting of the membership. In all, something like forty meetings were held, with an aggregate attendance exceeding the entire population of the city. And what did the preacher talk about at all these meetings?

The early morning meetings were of a very tender and confidential character. The people were required to be in their seats promptly at 8.15, when the doors were locked. Mr. Mills spoke exactly one-half hour, and dealt exclusively with the inner meaning of the Sermon on the Mount. These talks were extremely spiritual, and brought the people very close together in thought and purpose. The public meetings covered a wide range of discussion and amplified the ideas which had been suggested by the four opening addresses. A very notable group of addresses was that on "The Divinity of Man."

Mr. Mills was asked to formulate a statement of his teaching, and did so in the following words, which have been printed in colors on a card and placed in many a San Diego home and office :

THE GOSPEL FOR AN AGE OF UNREST.

The Gospel for an Age of Unrest is a re-statement of the fundamental truth that unselfishness is the solution of every individual and social problem. Science teaches the unity of substance, and the last word of philosophy emphasizes altruism as the type of life that is fitted to survive. In private life this gospel means consecration to the ideal expressed in the words "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." In sociology, it is called brotherhood; in economics, it requires coöperation; its political expression is democracy, and in religion its name is love.

It stands squarely on the declaration of Paul that "All law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love!"

It is always constructive and never censorious; thinketh no evil, is always kindly in spirit and utterance; contends with nothing; aims to criticise only by creation, and takes as its motto, "I am come, not to destroy, but to fulfill." It is Christian in the true sense, and teaches that the life we believe Jesus to have lived is the life men ought to live, and it recognizes the same gospel at the heart of every great religion.

It aims to found no institutions, but to generate the Spirit that will test every institution, strengthen those that are worthy to live, and make its own appropriate forms of expression.

It attaches itself to no church or sect or party, but endeavors fearlessly and lovingly to apply its principles to the home, the school, the church, industry and commerce, the State and the intercourse of the nations.

It is empirical, not dogmatic; practical rather than theoretical, and affords a basis for spiritual union and practical coöperation of those who differ in intellectual opinions.

It recognizes no artificial distinctions among men, but regards them all as children of God and brothers one of another.

Mr. Mills' farewell meeting was held at the Isis Theatre in the presence of an immense audience. Besides his own address, there were feeling remarks by several citizens who voiced the appreciation of the community. Two of the addresses expressed the popular sentiment so perfectly that brief extracts must be quoted :

Mr. Philip Morse, a prominent business man, and a Methodist, said :

Do we not all believe in goodness? And, if we do, are we willing to order our lives accordingly? * * * Hegel says that "when the time is ripe, men know." I believe the time is ripe for men to begin to practice brotherly love, and that it is going to win.

If this spirit has really taken root here in San Diego, our city will have an added charm that shall eclipse all the rest. The self-seeking spirit will be put away; greed and the rule of gold will be effaced, and the glorious heaven will spread until other communities, other States and other nations shall catch the divine inspiration and realize the true meaning and practice of the Sermon on the Mount.

Mr. Ernest E. White, manager of the Spreckels Commercial Company, and a Unitarian, said :

What Mr. Mills has been saying is not new. I have heard just such truths from my youth up, but I can truly say that I have never *known* them before. Mr. Mills is inspired with the true spirit, and has been enthusing us with the same spirit. His teachings are a panacea for all troubles, and make life and its problems so simple that its difficulties fade away. They do not make life easy—no man who wishes for his epitaph the glorious epilogue to Asolando, which Mr. Mills has just quoted, would want to make life easy. But they do make life simple, and wholly within the comprehension of each of us. Now, if we wish to express our thanks to him, in the way that would please him most, it will be by trying to live the life he has pointed out to us—to live our religion—a religion of deed and not of

creed; a religion of service to our fellowmen. And it will be in this way only that we can thank him adequately—not to talk about it, but to *do* it.

Such is the story of the first chapter in the new evangelistic career of Benjamin Fay Mills. Readers will naturally ask if there was any practical outcome of the work aside from the spiritual awakening which always accompanies a powerful presentation of Christ's life and teachings.

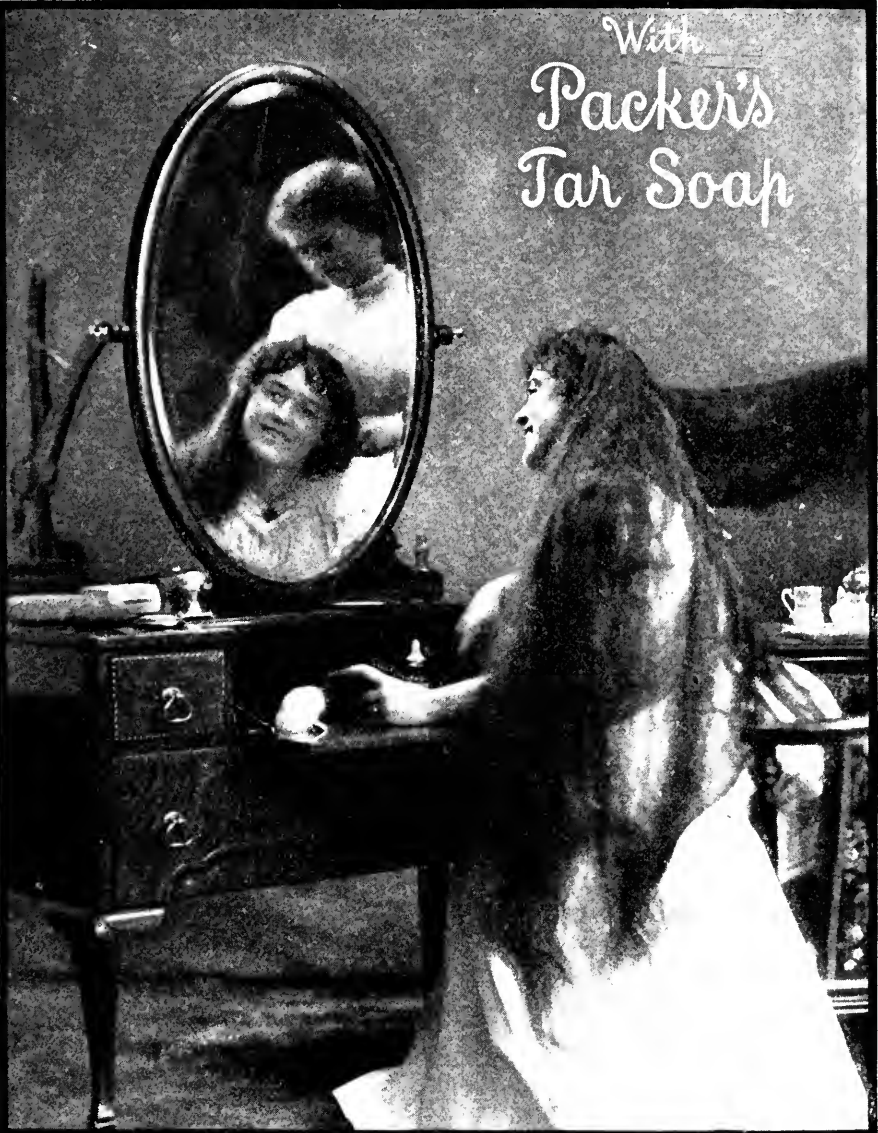
There was no "mourners' bench," no appeal for converts. But as the meetings went on from day to day, the speaker saw many evidences of tremendous earnestness on the part of men and women. A few days before the close, he invited all who seriously desired to lead the Christ-like life to address letters to him and say so in black and white. A large number did so. These received a reply, asking them to assemble and confer after his departure. He outlined definite plans on which they might proceed. He did not advise an organization. "You cannot build anything that has roots—it must be planted. If it has really been planted here, it will grow," he suggested.

Some people thought he would try to found a new church or society. On the contrary, he urged those who now belong to churches to remain with them and build them up, and those who do not belong to churches to affiliate with whatever church seems best to meet their needs. But there is a large field of labor which he urges them to cultivate, coöperating as far as possible with existing institutions. To this end, committees were formed, and every individual assigned to service on one of them. These committees cover a wide variety of activities, not all of which are in the line of charities. Something will be done for the spread of scientific knowledge and, it is hoped, much will be done to teach the young the religion of labor. Public meetings will be held to discuss the wide range of topics in which general interest has been aroused. Prominent men from abroad will be invited to give the public the benefit of their knowledge and ideas. Home talent will be developed in the same field. But, most important of all, the little band will try to live the simple, loving, self-effacing life which Jesus lived and taught. In a word, the plan is not to talk, not to pose, but to *do*—and to do it so quietly that no one will know who did it.

Mr. Mills went from San Diego to Long Beach, where he preached the "Gospel for an Age of Unrest" in a Congregational church. Over the door of that church are these words, "A Temple of Brotherhood and Truth." Thence, he went to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where he continued his labors in another Congregational church. The first of the year will find him back in Southern California, for a crusade which will perhaps cover several months. Los Angeles gave him an audience of thousands on a recent Sunday, and demanded a series of meetings, which will probably begin in January.

His enthusiastic friends believe the new evangelism will sweep around the world and make a spiritual awakening that will write its history in the annals of social and economic progress. Whatever may come of it, the new work of the famous evangelist is certain to attract the deepest attention throughout the religious world.

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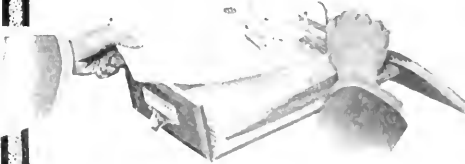
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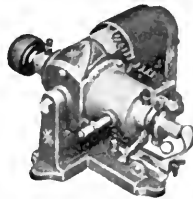
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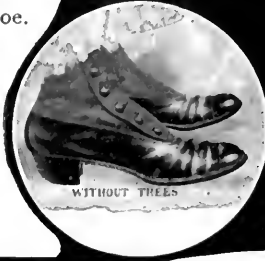
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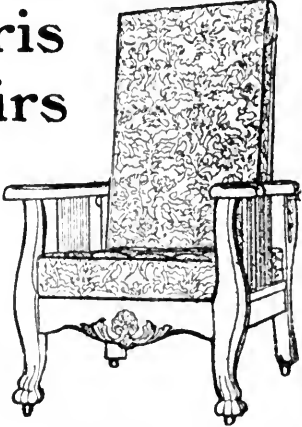


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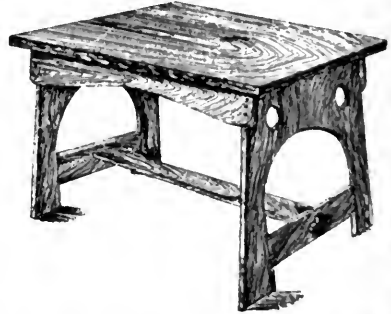
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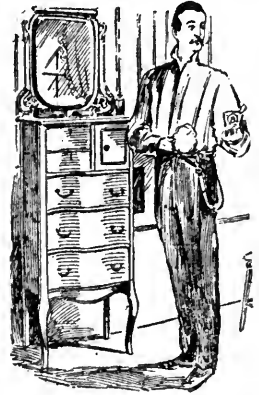



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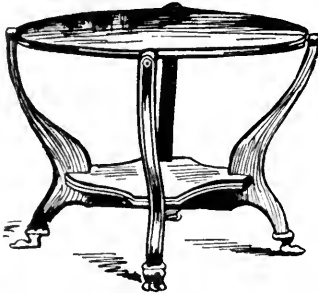


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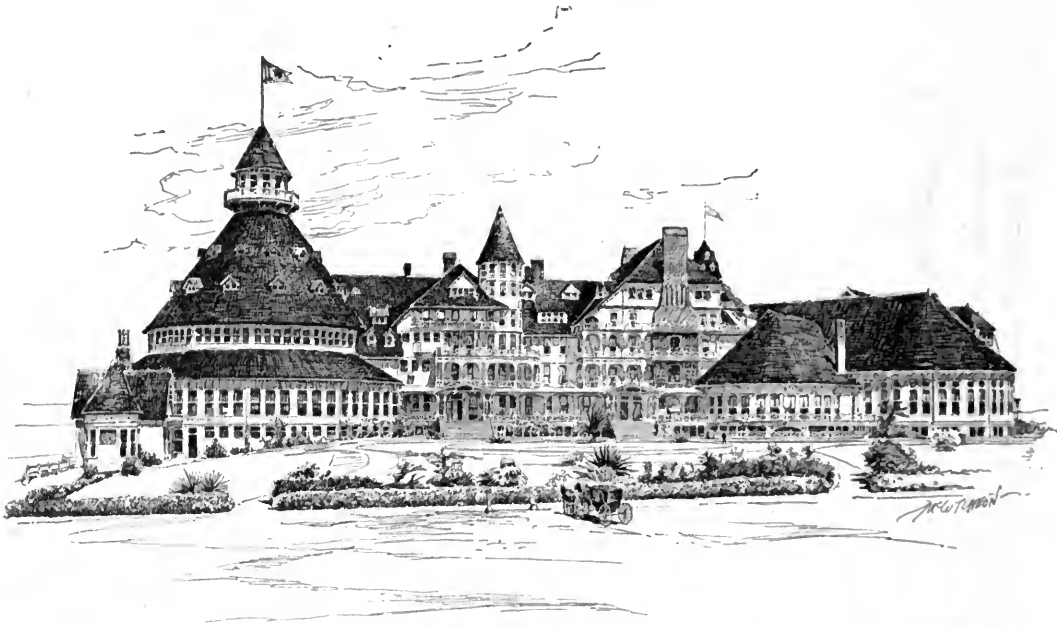
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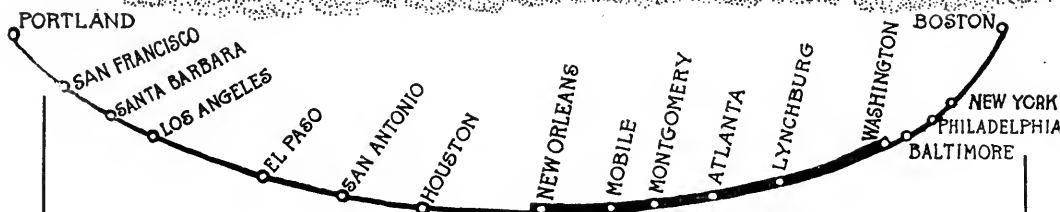


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The foregoing are all especially fine goods. My catalogue shows engravings of all these styles, as well as others. May I not mail you a copy, and at the same time, give you the name of one, or more, of the 9,000 dealers who sell the "Lucky Curve"? In event there is no one in your locality, please order direct. "Some people have ordered as many as a dozen Parker Pens for Christmas presents.

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P.S. If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a fountain pen, I will send you complimentary, a 6-in. Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamps for postage—to others 12 cents.



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prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 N. Main St., Los Angeles

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THE LATEST FASHIONS

developed from designs furnished us exclusively by the leading dressmakers of Paris and New York;

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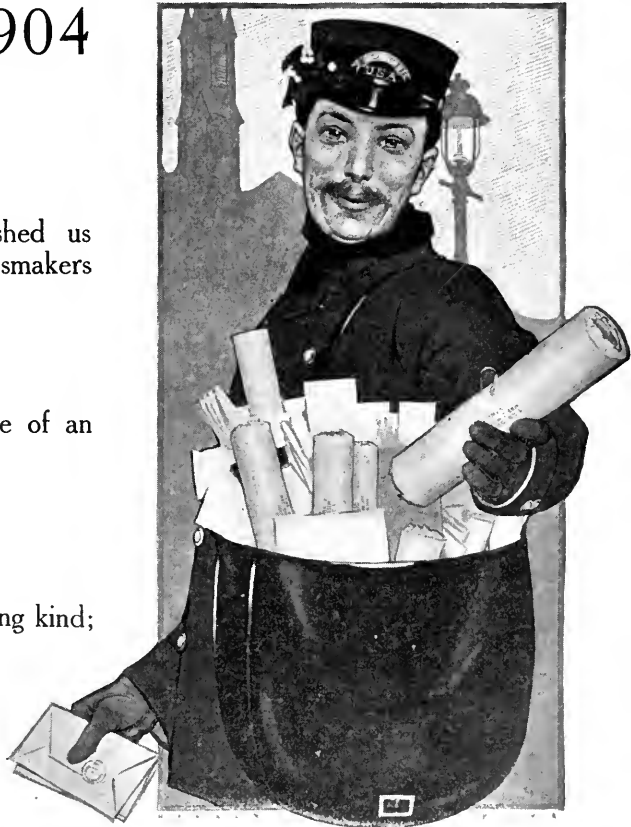
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THE EVOLUTION OF A CLUB WOMAN

appears in its third installment in this Number. This most remarkable story of club life began in October, and for the benefit of later subscribers who wish the story complete, a reprint has been made of the October and November issues. It has also fiction by Andrew Lang, Richard Le Gallienne, Albert Bigelow Paine, W. A. Fraser, Harriet Prescott Spofford; Special Articles by Gustav Kobbé, Carolyn Wells, Clara E. Laughlin, J. C. Hemment and Grace Peckham Murray.

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A CHILD CAN
PREPARE IT



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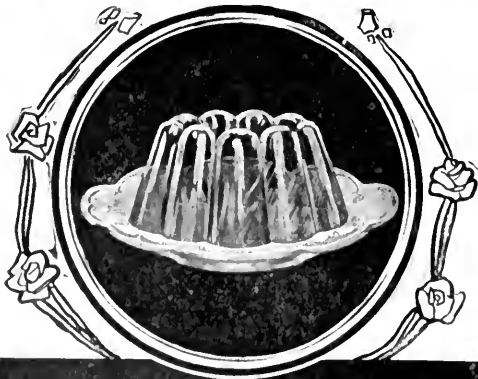
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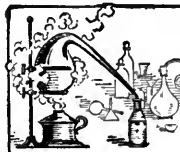
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Mothers!!!

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FREE FACE BLEACH
 GIVES THE SKIN
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Removes Pimples, Freckles,
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Unquestionably the best, safest and surest preparation for purifying, beautifying and preserving the complexion, giving it the healthful glow of youth, and making it clear, fair and perfect, and removing pimples, freckles, m. th, brown spots, oiliness, blackheads, sallowness, skin diseases and all skin discolorations. Is
Mme. A. RUPPERT'S WORLD RENOWNED FACE BLEACH. A Free trial bottle will be sent to any lady who will clip this advertisement and forward with it her name and address;—or a large bottle,—enough in many cases to thoroughly clear the complexion,—will be sent for \$2. Also a jar of my superb **Egyptian Balm** will be sent free with each \$2 bottle if you will forward this advertisement with your order.

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is a tailor made garment. It gives a perfect glove fit at the top, impossible to attain with any other skirt.

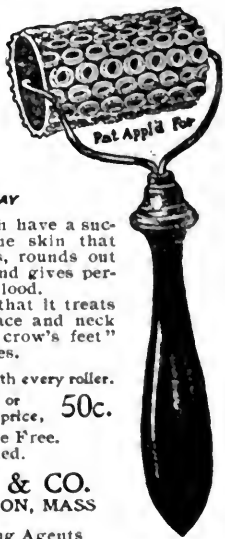
It does away with all wrinkles at the hips and waist, and adds that artistic grace to the beauty lines of a graceful figure that cannot be obtained with any other petticoat.
 Every lady knows the advantages of a tailor-made garment, and these petticoats are appreciated by all who care for that ease, comfort and style of a well-fitting garment, and ladies who wear these petticoats have a well-dressed appearance.



We shall be pleased to show them to all ladies who wish to see them, at

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MAKES, KEEPS AND RESTORES BEAUTY IN NATURE'S OWN WAY

THE cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

It is so constructed that it treats every portion of the face and neck perfectly, even to the "crow's feet" in the corners of the eyes.

A jar of skin food given with every roller. For sale by all dealers, or Mailed upon receipt of price, **50c.**

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Established January 1st, 1900.

Limit of Membership Now Increased From 1000 to 2000.

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The present wide acquaintance with ORANGEINE proves that under intelligent and timely use, it quickly dispels all kinds of pain and promptly corrects common and reasonable ailments.

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To Our Members:

The results of continued good health and quick rescue from pain and common ailments, are faintly indicated by a few selected experiences printed below.

To Us:

Our Club has brought so much instruction and enthusiastic co-operation, that we have decided to double the membership, and have increased our facilities for properly caring for the same.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

Upon payment of \$5 annual dues, each member will receive, post paid, on the first of every month, for one year, a \$1 box of 35 Orangeine powders with our monthly letter. They will further receive, upon application, from our medical department full information as to the **uses, composition and results** of Orangeine, full instructions for special applications, and complete knowledge of Orangeine's power to relieve pain, prevent and cure common ailments, and dispel chronic conditions.

Our Members Agree to apply the Orangeine powders thus received (at far below our trade price) only for private use, and further, as may suit their pleasure and convenience, to thoroughly ventilate, wherever possible, their own experiences of comfort, health and protection through Orangeine.

A Few Specimen Experiences, Selected from Three Days' Mail
Showing the Never Failing Power of

Orangeine

(POWDERS)

Promptly and Intelligently Applied, Under Our Simple Directions

To Quickly Dispel: Colds, Grip, Headache, Neuralgia, Fatigue, Nervousness, Indigestion, Stomach Upsets, (temporary and chronic ailments), **and the "Half Sick," "Out of Sorts,"** conditions which often lead to serious sickness.

Mr. J. A. Waldron, Editor Dramatic Mirror, New York, who has used Orangeine several years, writes: "It helps me over hard places with a hand as light as a feather. For me it dispels Grip and Colds in winter, Hay Fever in summer, and keeps me in good condition always."

Mr. T. E. Flimby, Brooklyn, N. Y., the distinguished inventor, writes: "In the interest of humanity, I am pleased to say that I am never without Orangeine, as I regard it a speedy cure for nearly every ill, and it should be in every one's reach by day and by night."

Mrs. E. Odell, New City, N. Y.: "It has been a God-send to me for I suffered untold misery for years, until I became acquainted with Orangeine a few months ago. I have not had a headache since I commenced to use it, and before I was hardly ever without a headache."

Mrs. Fanny G. Bartlett, East Windsor, Ct., in her 83rd year writes: "Orangeine is very sustaining for my years, and I have found it very helpful to friends who suffer from Hay Fever and Asthma, and really magical in recent cases of Neuralgia and Grip."

Hon. Wong Kai Kah, Imperial Chinese Commissioner at the St. Louis Exposition, says: "Orangeine has done me a world of good. My continual round of official duties calls for something to tone me up and keep me always in condition to perform all sorts of mental and physical effort. Always effective, easy to take, produces no other than the effect desired."

Prof. O. B. Snapper, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. "I have entirely escaped Hay Fever during the past two seasons. I have not had a cold for more than a year, thanks to Orangeine."

Mr. J. D. Wilson, 5 Trinity Place, Williamsport, Pa., says: "Orangeine has accomplished for me a relief that I thought was hopeless. While abroad, Orangeine kept me and my party immune from headache and all dyspeptic discomforts."

Mr. Shipley W. Rieker, Jr., South Berwick, Me.: "I am finding new uses for Orangeine every day, and am constantly recommending it to my friends."

Mr. Alonzo Williams, of New York City, says: "My wife and myself both use Orangeine, as we have here found it the best remedy for headache and neuralgia we have ever used."

Mrs. L. E. Woodson, Macon, Ga., says: "I would not be without Orangeine for anything. It has been used by the entire family and we are all devoted to it."

Hon. C. McClymonds, Atwood, Pa.: "Orangeine is certainly a splendid remedy in an emergency, and for colds and headache most efficacious in my experience, and among my neighbors."

Mr. Jns. T. McGauran, Jersey City, N. J.: "My wife has suffered with headache for five or six years; has tried nearly all kinds of remedies with only temporary relief. Orangeine gives her almost immediate relief."

Mrs. Lena Swain, 65 St. Stevens St., Mobile, Ala. "By the timely use of Orangeine I have not had a cold this summer."

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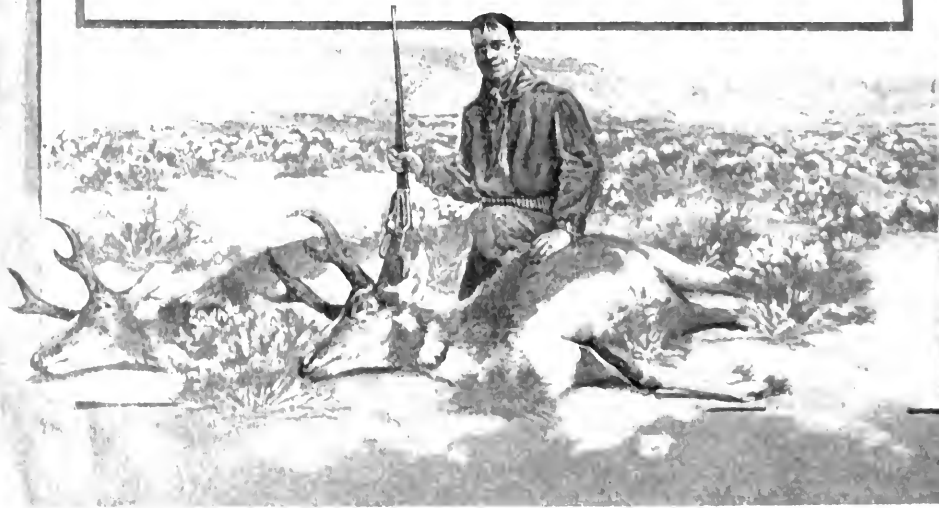
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It is a mild
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The artesian water used—the absolute cleanliness—the filtering of the beer, and of even the air that touches it—the extreme aging—the sterilizing of every bottle after it is sealed; those are the facts that make Schlitz what it is.

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Yet no standard beer—no beer that is good for you—costs less.

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Nothing more appropriate as a remembrance—everyone wants a calendar and the Fairy Calendar is the most artistic of the year. Send one to each of your friends.

Consists of seven sheets, 10 x 12 $\frac{1}{4}$, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the year's calendar, and the other six, heads of beautiful women, with a burnt leather border effect and decorations in L'Art Nouveau. Exquisitely lithographed in twelve colors, ready for hanging.

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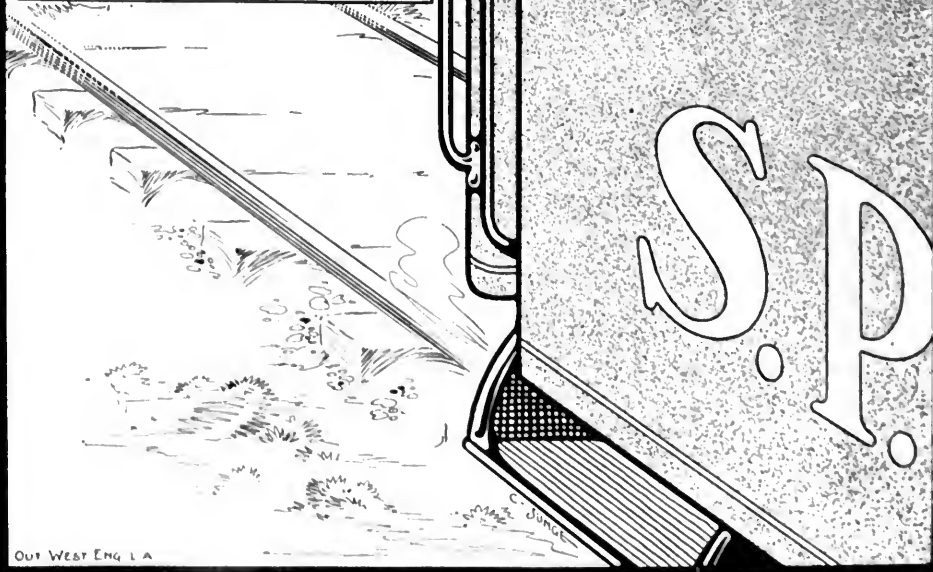
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The world whereinto he was
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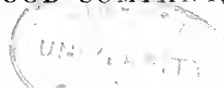


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- It is used by millions of families the world over.
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- If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because

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- It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects.
- It is wholly free from objectionable substances.
- It contains the laxative principles of plants.
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- It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.
- All are pure.
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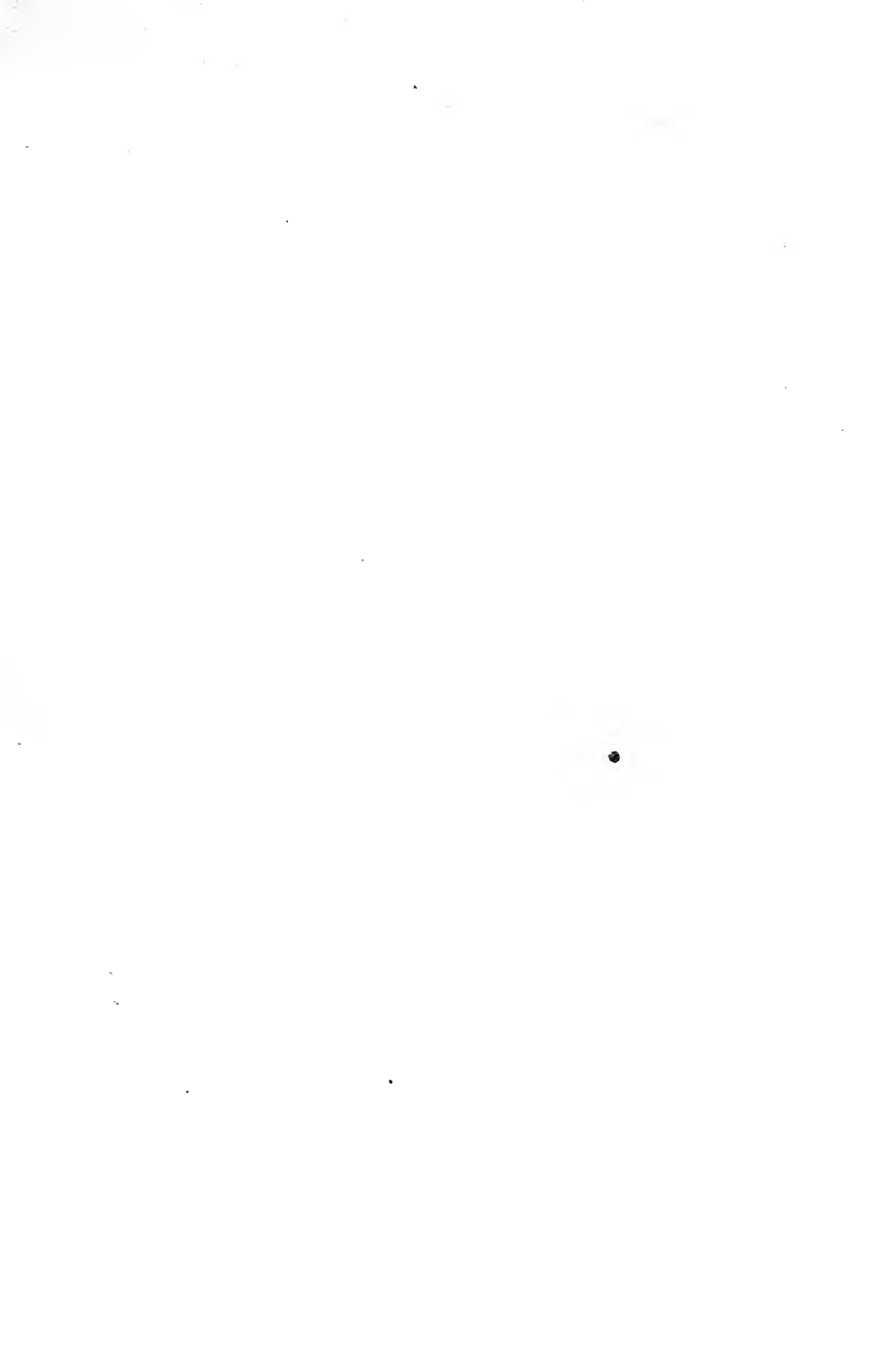
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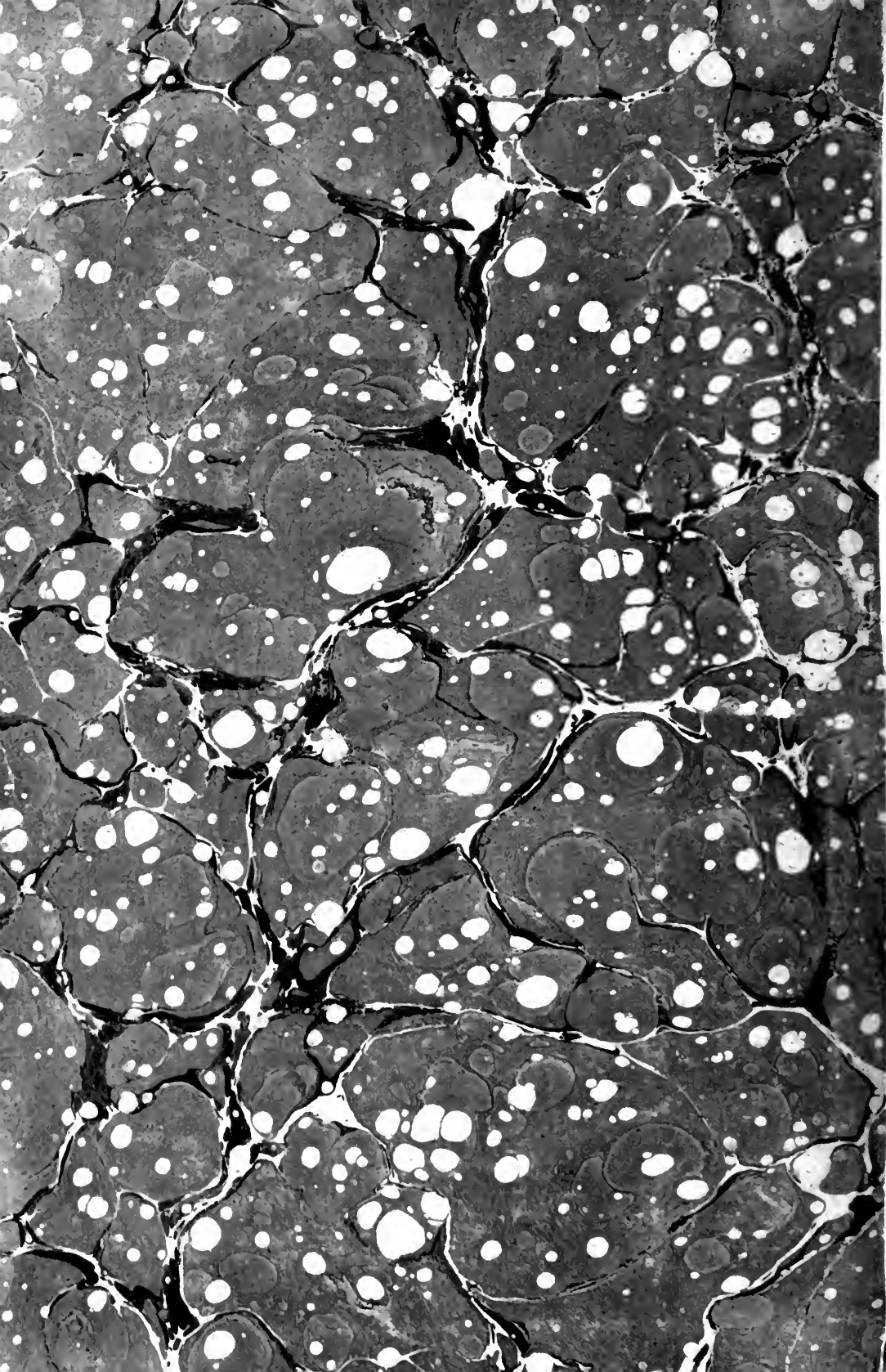
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