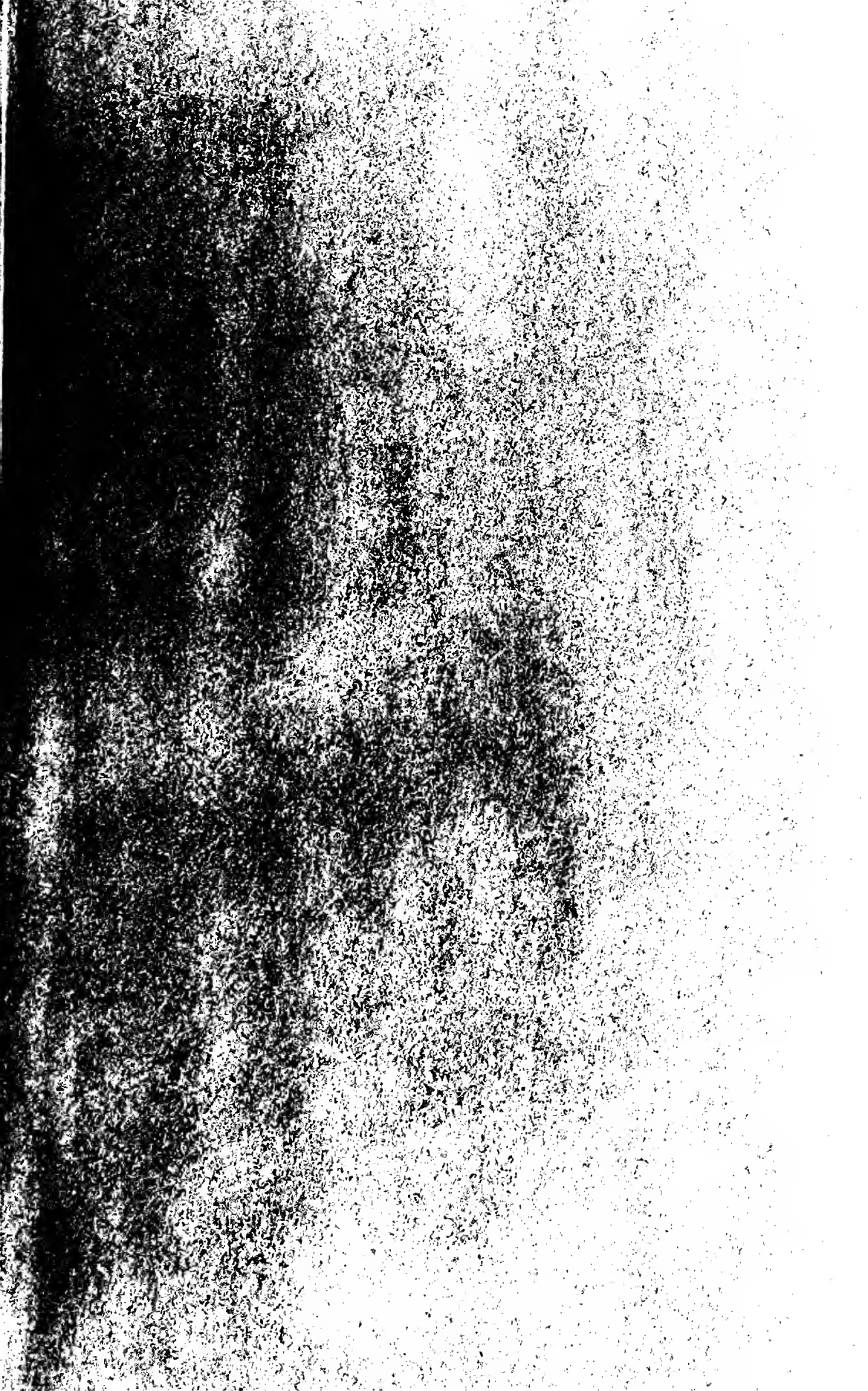




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OUT WEST

A Magazine of the Old Pacific
and the New

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Editor

NEW SERIES, VOLUME VI
JULY 1913 to DECEMBER, 1913

Out West Corporation
218 New High Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Index July 1913 to December, 1913

(New Series, Vol. 6.)

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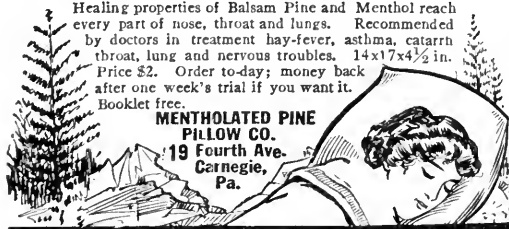
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New Series, Vol. 6

July-August, 1913

Number 1

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

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YOUNG CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE!

I SAW THY BARREN HILLS AGAINST THE SKIES,
I SAW THEM TOPPED WITH MINARET AND SPIRE,
ON PLAIN AND SLOPE THY MYRIAD WALLS ARISE,
FAIR CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

WITH THEE THE ORIENT TOUCHED HEART AND HANDS;
THE WORLD'S RICH ARGOSIES LAY AT THY FEET;
QUEEN OF THE FAIREST LAND OF ALL THE LANDS—
OUR SUNSET-GLORY, PROUD AND STRONG AND SWEET!

I SAW THEE IN THINE ANGUISH! TORTURED, PRONE,
RENT WITH EARTH-THROES, GARMENTED IN FIRE!
EACH WOUND UPON THY BREAST UPON MY OWN,
SAD CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

GRAY WIND-BLOWN ASHES, BROKEN, TOPPLING WALL
AND RUINED HEARTH—ARE THESE THY FUNERAL PYRE?
BLACK DESOLATION COVERING AS A PALL—
IS THIS THE END, MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE?

NAY, STRONG, UNDAUNTED, THOUGHTLESS OF DESPAIR,
THE WILL THAT BUILDED THEE SHALL BUILD AGAIN,
AND ALL THY BROKEN PROMISE SPRING MORE FAIR,
THOU MIGHTY MOTHER OF AS MIGHTY MEN.

THOU WILT ARISE INVINCIBLE, SUPREME!
THE EARTH TO VOICE THY GLORY NEVER TIRE,
AND SONG, UNBORN, SHALL CHANT NO NOBLER THEME,
PROUD CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

BUT I SHALL SEE THEE EVER AS OF OLD!
THY WRAITH OF PEARL, WALL, MINARET AND SPIRE,
FRAMED IN THE MISTS THAT VEIL THY GATE OF GOLD,
LOST CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

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1913

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In SAN FRANCISCO



By Katharine D. Osbourne

THE wide fame of California comes not altogether from her natural benefits. As much as in these her glory rests in her heroes. But, peculiarly, they were not born on the soil—are not the products of the poetry, the spirit, and the occasion of the West Coast, but were attracted from other lands. The explanation is obvious: lack of time, lack of generations since the occupation other than by the aboriginal Indians and the scattered Spanish settlers. We have yet to look to native sons and daughters for native genius.

But, of all the borrowed heroes since Drake and the Franciscan friars, perhaps not another has brought more honor to California than Robert Louis Stevenson. He came and went and found no home in this new western country. From his coming to his going was less than a twelvemonth. He visited few parts of the State, only Monterey and San Francisco, and the slopes of Mount Saint Helena. The Sierras and the Sacramento Valley were seen by him from a railway car window, and the San Francisco Bay from the ferry-boat. Yet this cursory visit of less than a year made Stevenson singularly Californian. It has come to be that these facts of Stevenson's abodes stand out above all others: that his boyhood was passed in Scotland, where he was born; that he lived the last years of his life in the South Seas; and that he spent some while in California.

This prominence given to his California sojourn is due chiefly to three reasons: that his motive in coming was

after a piece of knight-errantry; that his experiences were exceptional; and that subsequently he used his knowledge of California in some of his best books. With what eyes did he see! With what a pen did he write! And it was the peculiarity of his art that he communicated through it to his readers something of the personal charm and fascination he exercised over those who knew him, so that for the countless lovers of Stevenson in every corner of the world this great Pacific State has a new meaning, and every scene familiar to him is endowed with an interest both tender and romantic. Truly, California was never more fortunate in an adopted son, who both enhanced and spread abroad her honor.

For Stevenson himself, his coming to California was one of the most vital and decisive steps in his life. It marked the dividing line between a reckless, intense, but indulgent youth and a deep and sincere manhood.

We will not judge too harshly his early vagaries and indiscretions. As much as they were the result of the hot blood of youth and wayward companions, they were also caused, as he said of Burns, "from being formed for love; he had passion, tenderness, and a singular bent in the direction; he could foresee with the intuition of an artist, what love ought to be, and he could not conceive a worthy life without it; he was greedy after every shadow of the true divinity." The tempestuous, intense, betraying temperament of the artist and lover and the generous, noble leanings of the man were for long conflicting elements in his character.

What was it that drew those force^s into one where they no longer opposed but served each other; what special circumstances aroused all his latent conscientiousness and sincerity and determined him to pursue no longer broken ends, but one great comprehensive purpose in which soul and body united, is not one of the confidences he has seen fit to make us, even if he knew himself. It may have been, as he described another change in his life, idleness to industry: "I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God." What we do know is that this wild journey from Scotland to California was evidence of the change.

In later days, in retrospect viewing some acts of his life, he sorrowfully called himself Don Quixote. His proposed journey to America was at that time regarded by the friends in his confidence in that light, but it was sublime.

In poor health he set out, and with little money in his pocket, and small prospects of more, since he had voluntarily cut himself off from the allowance which his father had always made him, by this step contrary to his father's wishes. Neither had he any great reputation yet in his chosen profession of letters, nor had he an assured publisher. His heart was heavy with the knowledge of the sorrow he was causing his devoted parents, whose only offspring he was, and whom he himself dearly loved; but he saw no other way than to involve them in his decision. Yet through all, his heart never quailed. Worn out with the discomforts of the voyage and the days in an emigrant train, "his body all to whistles," as he styled it, made melancholy by his sordid surroundings and the dreary country through which he was carried, he still was sustained by the conviction, "I am doing right."

Stevenson's nature was essentially a nature formed for love, and before his heart found rest, he had formed three deep attachments, all of which had failed. Yet no bitterness came to him in these experiences. He still believed, as he said in his essay on Burns: "The

universe could not be yet exhausted; there must be hope and love waiting for him somewhere."

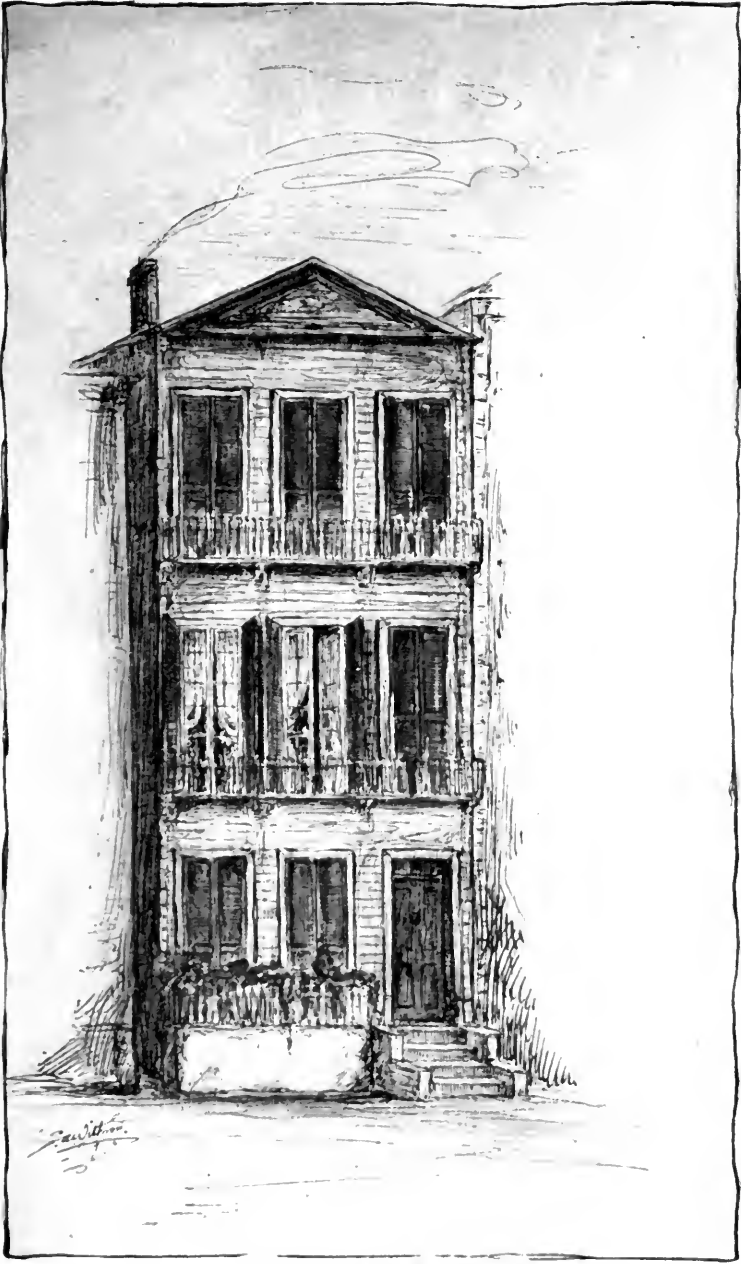
Going to join some painter friends in a small village, called Gretz, lying just outside the Forest of Fontainebleau, in France, a place frequented in summer by artist students from Paris, Stevenson, fresh from his Inland Voyage, met an American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, for whom he conceived a warm regard from the first, and a knightly interest on account of some unfortunate circumstances in her life. The friendship was maintained throughout the rest of the lady's visit abroad. In Paris, at Gretz again, and in London they continued to see each other until her departure with her children for her home in California.

But this was not to be the end. Separation did not bring forgetfulness. Nearly a year afterward, on receiving an appeal by cable from Mrs. Osbourne, he did not hesitate for an instant to hasten to her side. Stevenson's chivalry toward all women was infinite, and his heart was always full of sympathy for their unequal position. Exhibitions of vanity and meanness in men's relations to women, witnessed all too frequently, drew from him vehement indignation and pity.

An exalted sense of fidelity was now drawing him westward. With no word to his parents about his going, in the early part of August, 1879, and in the twenty-ninth year of his age, he departed from Edinburg bound for the far-away and unknown Western world. * * *

His words make our hearts leap as did his own on the occasion, as he depicts the leaving behind of the unsightly desert and the sudden shifting of the scene as the train of the Central Pacific Railway shot out from the sterile canyons of Emigrant Pass and began its plunge down the seaward slopes of the Sierras—a picture of color, freshness, and loveliness.

In his book which describes the whole journey, *Across the Plains*, and in his letters to his friends he dwells upon the theme. And memory rejoices to recall each new feature which greeted his eye as the train wound its way downward into the valley of the Sacramento River—sweeps of forest dropping thousands of



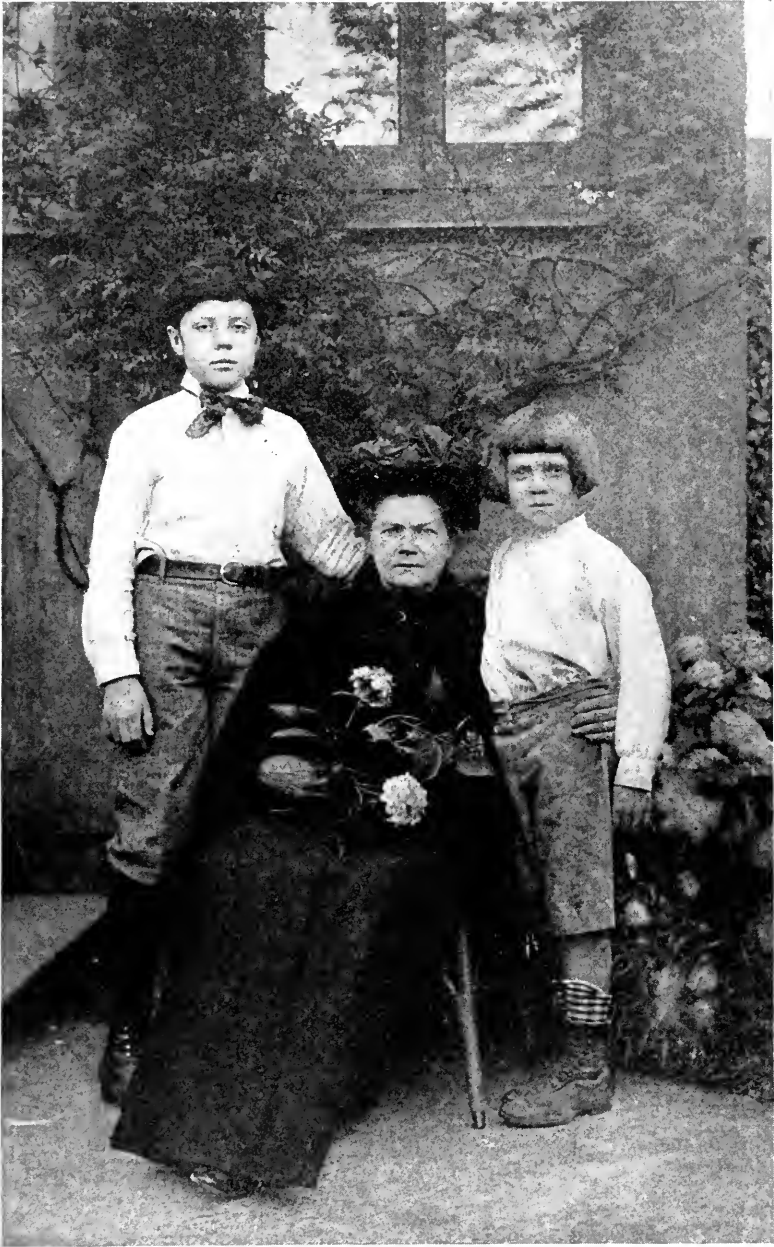
THE CARSONS' HOUSE

No. 608 Bush Street, San Francisco

From STEVENSON IN CALIFORNIA, by kind permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

feet toward the far sea level, spires of pines along the sky line, the cascades and trouty pools of a mountain river, Blue Canyon, Alta, Dutch Flat, and all the old mining camps, and hillsides of orchards and vineyards. Finally, set in a

plain of wheat fields, the garden city of Sacramento was reached and later Oakland, beside the blue expanse of San Francisco Bay. It was early morning when Stevenson crossed the bay on the ferry-boat. The sun was just beginning



MRS. MARY CARSON, WITH STEVENSON'S
STEP-GRANDCHILDREN

From STEVENSON IN CALIFORNIA, by kind permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

to gild the head and spread itself over the shapely shoulders of Tamalpais, the unwearied sentry at the Golden Gate. And the sea fog, opalescent in the morning sunshine, rose over the citted hills of San Francisco.

Nine years afterward, when in the trading schooner *Equator*, on his way to the Gilbert Islands in the Pacific, when he began *The Wrecker*, his mind went back again to the same scenes and he brought his hero by the same way and

described again his own first golden glimpse of California.

Throughout his travelling he had been suffering in his health from his usual complaint, weak lungs, and he had gotten at a wayside eating place some food that acted on him like poison. That he had been able to complete the journey, that he had not fallen by the way, was due to his sheer force of will. He did not stop longer in San Francisco than to get his train for Monterey, where Mrs. Osbourne was at that time staying and awaiting his coming. He collapsed utterly on his arrival there. Open air was always his remedy in illness and now he thought to try it again. After seeing Mrs. Osbourne he took a horse and went on eighteen miles farther to an Angora goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains.

Of the owners of the ranch one was Captain Smith, an old man, a great bear-hunter, who had been in the Mexican wars; the other was a pilgrim who had been out with the Bear Flag under Fremont when California was taken by the States—men of action and adventure much after Stevenson's own heart.

In the first days he camped alone out under a tree. He was terribly ill, dangerously so. He could do nothing but fetch water for himself and his horse, light a fire and make coffee. After four days, Captain Smith happened around where he was, and finding Stevenson and pronouncing him "real" sick, took him to his house, where, together with his partner, he tended him with true frontier hospitality and kindness, prescribing homely remedies and treatment.

Captain Smith's wife was away from home, but there were the children with their father. When Stevenson was better he showed his appreciation of their goodness to him in such way as he could, by giving the children reading lessons. And since Stevenson was one of the most beautiful readers himself, it may be hoped that they were helped to an accomplishment with which Stevenson frequently delighted his family circle. After three weeks he was sufficiently revived in health to return to Monterey. Nearly four months Stevenson remained in Monterey.

A few days before Christmas, 1879, Stevenson moved to San Francisco.

Looking for a room he walked up Bush Street till he came to No. 608, where there was a sign in the window announcing furnished rooms to let. It was in the days when people lived farther down town than they do at present. The house was an old one and showed its dilapidation. It had been a two-story cottage, brought round the Horn. This part had been raised and a new story inserted underneath. There were French windows and green outside slant blinds.

What interested Stevenson more than all else was that the house faced south, and that there were balconies to the windows, running the width of the front, on all three floors. Air and sunshine, the two great *desiderata* for his health's sake, were to be found here. His ring brought to the door the landlady herself, Mrs. Mary Carson.

If Stevenson eyed her with questioning glances, no less suspiciously did she eye this new applicant for a room. She had just gone through an unhappy experience with two London Germans, who had departed leaving several months' room rent unpaid; and she saw at once that Stevenson was also a foreigner. His manner and voice proclaimed it. More than that, to use her own words, "He was such a strange-looking, shabby shack of a fellow. Not that there was anything repellent in his looks, only his appearance was not what his acquaintance bore. For when I came to know him, I just loved him like my own child."

His garb was in itself a disguise, as his clothing generally was. The secret of his dressing poorly, as he always did, was, first, his preoccupation in his art, and, second, because the money with which he might have bought himself better clothes always went to unfortunate friends whom he thought in more need of it. Only the necessary and useful much concerned him, and resulted rather nondescriptly occasionally. In Monterey he was one chilly morning in need of a little heavier clothing than he had on. A coat was deemed too much; a jersey would have answered the purpose. Lacking it he pulled an extra undershirt on over the outside. Mrs. Carson describes his dress the day he came to her house seeking lodgings thus: "He wore a little brown rough ulster buttoned up tight under his

chin, and Scotch brogues, the walking kind, laced up high, and his pants stuck in the tops, and a dicer hat."

He was tall and thin naturally, and emaciated by illness. His hair was light brown and down on his neck; his complexion olive but rich-tinted, for he never lost his color even in sickness; and his

closed a bargain with Mrs. Carson for the room, and with two grips moved in the same day.

This house and one at No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, where, after his marriage, he and his wife went for a few days before moving to Mount Saint Helena, and the old Occidental Hotel, where Stevenson



THE CARSON CHILDREN

A Picture Taken for Stevenson

From STEVENSON IN CALIFORNIA, by kind permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

lips were full and red. His manners and gestures were like those of Latin people.

Stevenson looked at the room to be rented. It was the southwest corner one on the second floor. It and a hall bedroom occupied the whole front. The larger room contained a bed, table, a dresser, and two chairs; and there was an open fireplace. "Here is all there is of it," honestly exclaimed Mrs. Carson, on throwing the door open. Stevenson liked a bare room to work in. He remarked on the fireplace and the price and went away. Not long afterward he returned,

stayed on his return eight years later to ship from this port for the South Seas, were the only houses Stevenson ever lived in in San Francisco.

A certain house in San Francisco, called Stevenson's, was not his; in fact was not built until many years after his being there and even some time after his death. More than that, he never visited even the site on which that house stands.

Seekers after literary landmarks will find nothing remaining in San Francisco connected with Stevenson, other than localities. The old house at No. 608

Bush Street was torn down long before the great fire. When Stevenson returned the second time, and he and his mother climbed the Bush Street hill in search of Mrs. Carson, they found the old house gone and a new one erected in its place. The Montgomery Avenue house and the Occidental Hotel and the restaurants in which he ate are all gone; all were swept away in the conflagration of 1906.

Of all the landmarks in San Francisco Portsmouth Square is the one most nearly connected with Stevenson. It is in the midst of the part of the city Stevenson found most interesting and which he portrayed in *The Wrecker*, and it was here he often came to sit on the benches and watch the strange humanity that drifted thither. And it is in Portsmouth Square where his monument is, which Mrs. Bruce Porter and some other citizens of San Francisco set up to his memory, the first to be erected anywhere.

Mrs. Carson still retains a most vivid remembrance of her lodger; of his happy presence in the house—although he was inwardly in sore distress, for he spoke years afterward of that time as being the saddest hours of his life.

He spent most of his time in his room, generally writing. But he liked well to have his landlord or landlady come in to have a talk with him. He was ready always to draw them out in conversation, and listened attentively, regarding them closely with his keen dark eyes all the while. In his hours of despondency Mrs. Carson's gay Irish ways and wit buoyed his spirits, and his heart responded to her many kindnesses: the fire she lit for him in his grate, the motherly little visits she paid him in his room when he was ill, the hot foot-baths, her tucking the blankets and the counterpane about him when, as was his usual way while writing, he lay in bed, his head bolstered up with pillows, and his knees drawn up for a book-rest.

His sympathies always drew the deepest life stories from his friends, and it was not unnatural that when Mrs. Carson received a letter from an old flame of youthful days, it was carried to Stevenson. His refusal to her request that he write an answer (being an author and competent to compose it better than she) was made with the explanation that he

was sure the writer would a hundredfold rather have one written by herself than the most eloquently worded epistle of another.

Mrs. Carson, speaking of Stevenson's ready indignation, says he was "that quick" but equally ready to apologize. His concern regarding the ruling passion of the Carsons, to gamble away on mining stocks all their savings, was like his desire always to help all those he met exactly in the way they needed it most. Stevenson said to Mrs. Carson on their memorable last meeting, "I hope you do not waste your money on the stocks." "Stars, no, no!" replied Mrs. Carson. "No, I never buy mining stocks any more. I cannot, I have no more money. The stocks has got it all." Such were his sympathy and distress and his labor in helping with the nursing when the Carson baby fell dangerously ill that it brought a new fit of illness on himself. To the Carsons, with his usual frankness, he told much of his own experiences, and took them into his confidence about his approaching marriage.

When Stevenson returned to San Francisco, of the family of four (Mrs. and Mr. Carson and their two little sons) only Mrs. Carson and Robbie, the one who had been the sick baby, were left. Nor finding her at the old house, where he had gone at first to see her, and lacking strength to hunt farther, he sent her a letter to come to the Occidental Hotel. On the evening appointed, word was left in the office that she alone was to be shown up to Stevenson's room. When she entered, Stevenson from his bed held out his arms to her and drew her to him and kissed her "for auld lang syne."

Not long since, in telling some one of Stevenson's life at her house, Mrs. Carson concluded, "I remember one morning papa's coming home, and he had a newspaper in his hand, and he said, 'Well, your author's dead.' I had a picture of him he had sent me, enlarged and hung in the parlor; but I couldn't think of anything when the big fire came, and somehow I left that and the silk sock of the author's he threw away in my house and that I had always kept my money in when I had some, and all the things I had cut out of the papers about him when he got famous, and they all burned.

And do you know, there is something nice in all artists?"

Stevenson's wonderful gift for friendship brought out the ready response we have seen in Simoneau, and Mrs. Carson, and other true hearts and warm and kindly natures like his own. But for any act of kindness or a favor received he repaid, when possible, a hundredfold.

And it is a sad fact that one in very easy circumstances, in England, owed Stevenson the most part of a considerable sum of money his father gave him on coming of age, while he was sick and almost penniless thousands of miles from home. Stevenson was not the man to ask for it. But this was one of the features of his life that sadly made him



VIRGIL WILLIAMS

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He was most generous with his money, and could never say no to a beggar. Important friends were helped to the extent of every cent he possessed. After he became famous and made with his writing twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, little was spent on himself, but all went, just as his monthly allowance from his father had gone, to his friends who happened to want it. With human nature what it is, it is not surprising that there were those who benefited by Stevenson's generosity when they stood in less need than he himself.

liken himself to Cervantes' hero, and yet also brought out one of his famous proverbs: "Greatheart was deceived. 'Very well,' said Greatheart." This was really the summing up of his own life experiences and disillusion.

The famous letter in *Across the Plains*, "not written," as Stevenson said, "by Homer, but by a boy of eleven," to "My Dear Sister Mary," and describing his and his brother's attempt, before the days of railroads, by ox team to go from Missouri to California, he got in San Francisco. Two of the boys reached

"the good country," but one was slain by Indians on the plains. This letter was written by Martin Mahoney to his sister, afterward Mrs. Carson. It deeply interested Stevenson, who had so lately come the same journey but in the more comfortable way of travel, by train, and yet the hardships of which journey had been almost more than his strength. When Mrs. Carson one day gave Stevenson the letter, then twelve years old, to read, he took it to his room. Several days afterward he returned the letter to her but without comment. He was at the time writing *Across the Plains*, in her humble upstairs front bedroom. After Stevenson had returned to Europe, one day the mail brought Mrs. Carson a copy of the completed volume and she beheld her precious letter, and the memory of her little brother who had escaped death at the hands of wild Indians on the plains, only to find an unknown and unmarked grave in the new country, there immortalized. Martin Mahoney's body lies in the potter's field of Laurel Hill Cemetery on Lone Mountain, but his memory is as wide as the English-speaking world.

While he lived in San Francisco, ill health and consequent hindrance in his writing brought Stevenson's purse to a low ebb. He could afford to go for his meals only to cheap restaurants. He got a ten-cent breakfast at a coffee-house on Sixth Street south of Market; for his dinner, which he took in the middle of the day, he went to Donadieu's restaurant on Bush Street, between Dupont and Kearny; and for his supper he returned to the Sixth Street coffee-house. Needing later to reduce still further his expenses, he permitted himself but two meals, to bring his daily expenses to a forty-five-cent limit, and to the complete destruction of his health.

It was when Mrs. Carson observed that he did not go out to a meal, that a tray from her own kitchen was carried by herself to his room, with almost an apology: she wished him to taste her good soda biscuits, her coffee, or a chop. And when his room rent fell due and there was delay in payment, it never troubled her good heart. Stevenson spoke only too truly when he called her "the rose

that had blossomed and bloomed under the bush."

If to him his writing seemed to lag, the list does not appear a short one for three months' work. Much that was begun in Monterey was polished off and brought to a conclusion. Some useless work was put on *The Vendetta* before the whole was entirely abandoned. *Across the Plains* was mostly written at Mrs. Carson's. *The Amateur Emigrant* was finished and posted from there.

Of this time of Stevenson's life we have his own description in the letters with which we are familiar, in the *Letters to His Family and Friends*. Only that of Professor Meiklejohn, of St. Andrew's University in Scotland, was not included. In spite of what is said in his letter to Professor Meiklejohn about seeking relief in works of adventure, there was a book of an entirely different kind that Stevenson kept constantly with him, carrying it about in his pocket in San Francisco street-cars and ferry-boats when he was full of unhappiness and anxieties and sick unto death, finding it at all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. It was Penn's *Fruits of Solitude*, printed in Philadelphia.

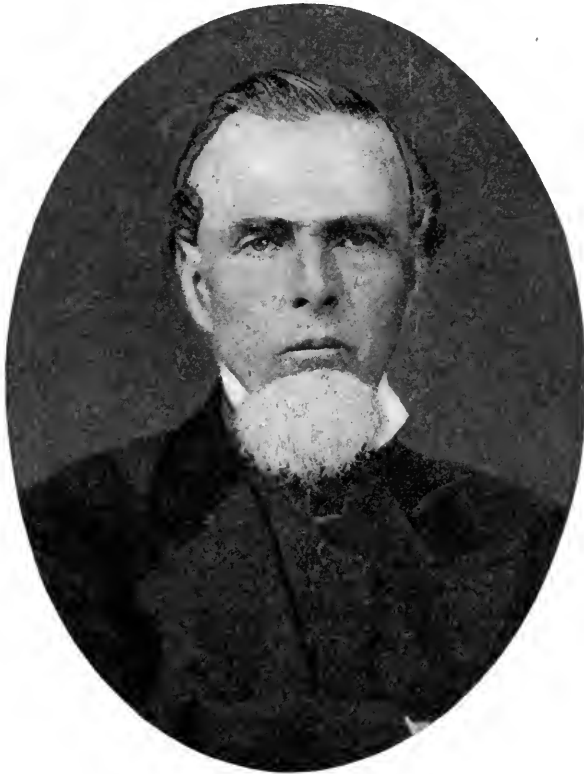
The next winter, after he had returned to Europe and was at Davos, a health resort in Switzerland, he passed the volume on to Horatio F. Brown, not without some regret at parting with it.

Professor Meiklejohn had just read his *Burns*, and being greatly pleased with it wrote to tell Stevenson so. His cheering words were a God-send to Stevenson, not solely for its own sake, and because it confirmed his own estimate of his essay: "*Burns*, I believe, in my own mind, is one of my high water marks," but it came at a time when he was sorely in need of encouragement and a pleasant word. His other literary friends had seen fit to fill their letters with criticisms and warnings which were the last things poor Stevenson wanted while sick and anxious and on the verge of collapse. In his reply Stevenson wrote: "When I suffer in mind, stories are my refuge; I take them like opium, and I consider one who writes them as a sort of doctor of the mind; and frankly, Meiklejohn, it is not Shakespeare we take to when we are in a hot corner; nor,

certainly, George Eliot—no, not even Balzac. It is Charles Reade, or old Dumas, or the *Arabian Nights*, or the best of Walter Scott: it is stories we want, not the high poetic function which represents the world; we are, then, like the Asiatic with his *improvisatore*, or the Middle Ages with the *trouwere*. We want

much just yet, for my parents are very much opposed. This will give you a clue to some of my troubles."

Stevenson met not a great many people in San Francisco, but some of the dearest friendships of his life were formed here. First must come the Williamses: Virgil Williams, the painter and founder of the



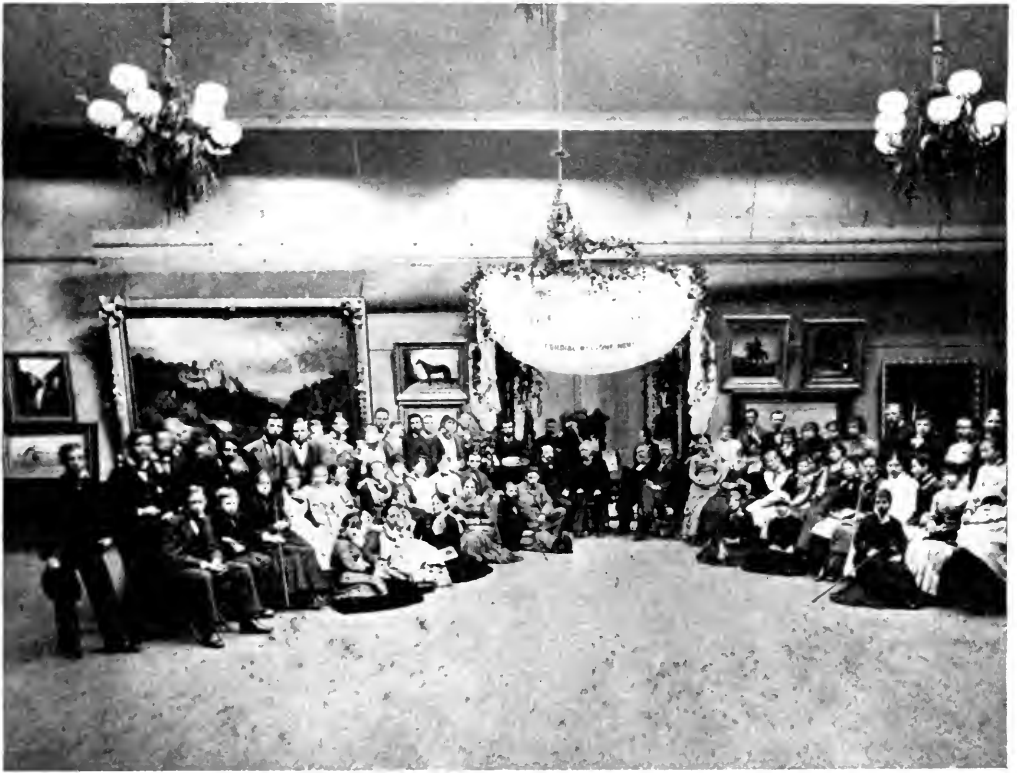
DR. W. BAMFORD
East Oakland

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incident, interest, action; to the devil with your philosophy. So I, when I am ready to go beside myself, stick my head into a book, as the ostrich with her bush, let fate and fortune belabor my posteriors as they will."

The secret of much of Stevenson's misery while he was living at Mrs. Carson's, Stevenson reveals farther on in his letter to Professor Meiklejohn: "When I may return is a great mystery. I am going to be married first, at least; but I suppose you had better not talk of it too

California School of Art, and its director for thirteen years—until his death; and his wife, Dora Norton Williams. These two had long been friends of the Osbournes, and Mrs. Osbourne and her children had been pupils in drawing in the Art School before their going to Europe, where they met Stevenson. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, when Stevenson came to San Francisco, were living in the old Supreme Court building on Montgomery Street, at that time transformed into studios and living rooms for artists.



STUDIO IN CALIFORNIA ART SCHOOL, 1879

From STEVENSON IN CALIFORNIA, by kind permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mrs. Williams was ill and alone one afternoon, when Mrs. Osbourne brought Stevenson with her to pay a visit. At first Stevenson made not much of an impression. Mrs. Williams observed that he was tall and thin and in disarray, and had fine eyes and carried his figure well. He was silent and left most of the conversation to the ladies. Next day Stevenson came again to get what he called his gum coat, which he had forgotten when he went away the day before. The two got into a pleasant animated discussion and he remained some time. Stevenson shone best always in talk; and those who knew him declare that his written works, wonderful as they are, are not the equal of his conversation, when "all the many lights and colors of his richly compounded spirit could be seen in full play." He had a peculiarly beautiful voice, with a rich, round, but not provincial, Scotch accent. While he conversed with Mrs. Williams, he paced

up and down the floor in his usual fashion, with rapid and graceful motion, or hung on the mantel-piece. It was not strange that the conversation turned on the subject of the relations of America and Great Britain.

Stevenson regretted that England had lost the Colonies. He pictured the States under British rule, with America the seat of government of the whole empire. He dwelt upon the benefits that would have accrued to the whole English-speaking race from such a union, and to all mankind, with Great Britain and America ruling the world for peace and righteousness. In a flight of fancy, and with all the richness of language that was his, he pictured the actual transporting of the royal family and all the paraphernalia of government across the Atlantic, the pageantry of the ships and the gorgeous landing, and the setting up of the throne at Washington.

While Stevenson was talking, Mr. Wil-

liams came in. He looked doubtfully from Mrs. Williams to the stranger; for, as he told his wife afterwards, he thought a tramp had got in and she could not get him out again. But it was only for a moment, and soon the two men were talking with all the interest and pleasure of those who feel much in common, and from that day began a friendship between the two that never ended until the death of Virgil Williams.

Virgil Williams introduced Stevenson at the Bohemian Club, then occupying rooms over the old California Market, at No. 430 Pine Street, and on the same floor with the Art School. Here Stevenson was afterward wont to go and sit and read or talk with some of the members. But he is remembered most at the Club as a reserved, melancholy-looking figure poring over a book. There were three other members of the Club besides Williams for whom Stevenson conceived a warm regard. These were Judge Rearden and Judge John Boalt, of the latter of whom Stevenson said that he was the finest type of American gentleman that he had met, and Charles Warren Stoddard, professor and author, who was most instrumental in inducing Stevenson, a number of years later, to embark for the South Seas.

It was at this time that he was taken seriously ill. Mrs. Osbourne had him moved to her cottage in East Oakland, where the climate was better for his weak lungs, and where he could have the care he needed. Dr. Bamford was called in to attend him. For six weeks it was a toss-up for life or death. He seemed on the verge of a galloping consumption, he had cold sweats, fever, prostrating attacks of cough, sinking fits in which he lost the power of speech, but after a few weeks, he once more began picking up. He said: "I have come out of all this, and got my feet once more on a little hill-top, with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die, neither; only I felt unable to go on farther with that rough horse-play of human life: a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge; that I had taken up many obligations and

begun many friendships which I had no right to put away from me; and that for me to die was to play the cur and slinking Sybarite, and desert the colors on the eve of the decisive fight."

No sooner did Stevenson's parents learn of his illness than money was telegraphed him, and the news that he was to count on two hundred and fifty pounds, or twelve hundred dollars odd, a year.

About the same time Mrs. Osbourne obtained a divorce from her husband, but without provision for her or her minor child's support. Stevenson was on the mend, but the doctors gave him no hope of complete recovery, nor even many months to live. An early marriage of himself and Mrs. Osbourne was the best thing for both.

A wife could give him the care that he very much needed; and when he died, there would be the pension of a Scottish advocate for his widow; and he believed that his father, who was a man of very comfortable fortune, would also make some provision for her out of an inheritance that would have naturally come to him, his only child. But he was too unselfish a man to have taken a wife for the sake of the care she could give him; and he said afterward, when month after month, and even for years, he experienced only the weary prison of the sick-room, had he known that he would live to be an invalid he never would have married.

The marriage took place quietly in San Francisco, May 19, 1880, in a manner simple and suitable. Mr. Stevenson and his wife-to-be went to the Taylor Street residence of Mrs. Virgil Williams, and she walked with them to the house of the Rev. Dr. Scott, the Presbyterian minister, on Sutter Street, near his church on Union Square. Presbyterian was the denomination of his father's and his mother's families, and if he held broader religious views himself, it was the church in which he had been brought up. Stevenson had been to the minister's before and made the arrangements; and Dr. Scott pronounced the ceremony with only Mrs. Williams as witness.

It was to Virgil Williams that he dedicated *The Silverado Squatters*.



STEVENSON'S MONUMENT, PORTSMOUTH SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO

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(The foregoing is from Mrs. Osbourne's book, "Robert Louis Stevenson in California," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and to her and her publishers we are much indebted.

A NEW CALIFORNIA

By the Editor



POET

CHERE have been but few poets spring from the Frozen North, with its wide barren wastes of snow and ice where the frost-king reigns supreme. Once in a while a Joaquin Miller, a Jack London, a Robert Service, a John Muir, will go into a frozen land and come back to tell of its marvels in glowing and poetic prose and verse, but seldom does the poet or orator spring full-panoplied from the cold-stricken land

itself. On the other hand, poets blossom naturally in a sun-kissed and zephyr-caressed land. Hence it is not surprising to find poets in California blooming, like violets, in the most unexpected and retired nooks. Such a poet was recently discovered, and, with his usual patriotic enterprise, our courageous San Francisco publisher, Mr. Alexander M. Robertson, gathered together a large bouquet of the new poet's



SAMUEL JOHN ALEXANDER

choicest verse-flowers and presented them to the world in a book entitled *The Inverted Torch and Other Poems*.

The new poet is Samuel John Alexander, a Scotsman by blood, I should judge; an Imperialist by training, inheritance and inner feeling; a gardener by profession; and a poet between whiles and all the time, no matter what his outward avocation may seem to be. His home is at Beresford, San Mateo County, on the peninsula reaching up to the Golden Gate on the westward of the southern arm of San Francisco Bay. It is a simple cottage flanked and banked by roses and nestling at the top of the first rise leading from the bay to the foothills, and here, with his two sisters, he toils in his garden for their livelihood. A writer upon the staff of the *San Francisco Call* thus describes a visit he made to Mr. Alexander:

"Poet?" he repeated, with rising inflection, when the question was asked. Then he smiled from gray-blue eyes that shone kindly from a rugged face, and came forward.

"I am Samuel Alexander," he said. "Sometimes I write verses. I do not call them poetry. As some one has said, 'It has become almost an honor not to be crowned.' Won't you come into my garden?"

He had given in his first sentence the cause of his long obscurity among the roses. His poetry is the simple, frank expression of himself; it has charmed and pleased his sisters through many years. That others should read it and find there a beauty uncommon or an appeal from a kindred soul he cannot realize or understand. The world outside his rose garden finds him modest and retiring—simple, frank and unaffected, but boyishly happy that joy has come, through him, to other men.

Plainly he is a poet of nature, divinely gifted, if there are divine gifts, for his inspiration and his songs belong to no school, unless it be that of the Greek, and Alexander has not studied Greek. It is, he says, that he has a Greek soul. He believes in reincarnation.

"It is a sad thing to be born 2,000 years too late," he lamented, with a smile. The talk had turned to his views on art. "When one is born ahead of his

time he can look forward and see the dawn coming, but when a man is born after his time that pleasure is denied him.

"I love the Greek gods more than your newer gods. I have lived with them so much in the mountains and by the seashore and in my garden that I half believe in them. To me they are incarnate beauty and incarnate joy. I read of them in an old translation of Homer that I have; it is my dearest book.

"I don't know where I get my inspiration to write. Sometimes I have been asked if it came from the roses and the pansies, but I believe not. Tending them is such arduous work. No, I just write as it comes to me, whether I am in the gardens or tramping across the fields. One of my verses—I think one of sonnets I wrote sitting in the street with the rain pouring down upon me."

That was as far as he would—or, seemingly, could—go in tracing the impulse that has made him a poet, except to name two or three famous poems that had been in his mind and heart since he was a boy of ten in his native state of Tennessee.

His age we will not tell, but his thick hair is fast turning gray, although his close cropped mustache is still a ruddy brown. His hands, twisted and gnarled from tedious work in the garden, give no indication. His deafness, also, is not a sign, because he has been so afflicted for many years.

But he has always been a gardener—ever since coming to California years ago as a youth. For a dozen years or more he lived at Colma and Ocean View, growing flowers for the San Francisco market. Later he was at Millbrae for six years, and since 1909 he has lived in the cottage at Beresford, the farthest house on the little road that wanders up into the hills.

For a score of years he has been writing poetry, all untutored and innocent of any technique of poesy. He confesses that he has never studied poetic forms and knows nothing of his tolls except a vocabulary and usage gleaned from years of reading. Yet his poems scan, each line perfectly, as a rule, and with a musical rhythm that can come from genius alone.

Rather than what he is, he would talk



THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF SAMUEL J. ALEXANDER, THE POET, BERESFORD, CALIF.

about what he is not, and the first of these is "Pharisee."

"I hate hypocrisy and cant," he said, "and I hate 'phariseeism' above all—in art or religion or politics I hate it. That is why I have not written what the magazines would buy. I suppose that if there were a modern market, as in the days of old, I would go and sell my own soul, but I will not sell God's soul.

His admiration for Ambrose Bierce inspired one of his best poems, "The Angry Red Star," which appears in the little volume and is dedicated to Bierce.

Up from the west I saw it rise;
I watched and worshiped from afar;
Not peace on earth proclaimed the star,
The angry red star of the skies.

In darkened skies it set its rule,
They fled before the fiery sign;
It pierced with influence malign
The triple armor of the fool.

War, war, a just and righteous war!
Its flaming lances in and out

Flashed their ensanguined lights about
The altars where the false priests are.

Whose shrines the ancient shrines supplant;
Who, kneeling, bind about their face
Phylacteries of the Commonplace,
Wherewith to see the Great God Cant.

* * * * *

Alexander has never met Bierce, but more than fifteen years ago he had a kindly letter from the great California writer that he says has been a great stimulus to unselfish effort. At a critical time Bierce strengthened his soul against defeat and he kept on.

A result of all the years is contained in a personal letter received a short time ago from Joaquin Miller, after the "Poet of the Sierras" had read Alexander's unexpected volume. The letter, in part, is as follows:

My very dear Poet Alexander:

Your very beautiful, very bright and true book is at hand. Thank you ever so much. It is the best, the most poetical book of poems this great land of promise has as yet produced. I like it entirely from cover to cover. * * *

Now a line or two about ourselves, our "trade." I publish my poems not for today, but for tomorrow. I do not really care to be read in this day of dollars, but I do care and expect to be read when this great sun-land is another Greece—as it will be. We will not live to see it, but we have set our torches on the mountain tops, where the new poets may see and pursue the path up the steep of Olympus with a more certain step than otherwise. Let this be our comfort and complete reward.

"I am a believer in the divine right of kings," Alexander said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and nothing can alter my belief. I wouldn't change it if it would run my book up to 1,000,000 copies tomorrow. My southern birth and blood may account for it to some extent, but it is there, firmly implanted in my soul.

"Socialism I fear more than anarchy, for art would be the sufferer. After fifty years of it no poet would dare raise his soul above the dead gray level of the commonplace. I should like to have the good opinion of the few, if that is to be accorded me. I always have written what I believed, and as I look back over it I have never been on the popular side in my life."

Last October (1911), he went on to say, when the State of California approved the initiative, the referendum and the recall, he wrote his "Miserere Domine." One stanza of the verse contains his prediction of the ultimate result:

The people greet their queen today,
Their new crowned Progress hailing.
Oh, God! If this their mirth, I pray
Let me not bear their wailing.

From spirit heights I see beyond.
Oh, discord of tomorrow!
Oh, glad, exultant voices waned
And beaten thin by Sorrow!

This is the poet Samuel John Alexander. Sitting amid the ruins of San Francisco after the fire in 1906, he cleaned brick for day wages and composed royalist verse while he worked. In his little Beresford garden he has reached a point where he is at one with Bierce and Joaquin Miller in their understanding of men.

And when night comes the rising moon shines not upon California soil, but illumines the fair fields of a lost Arcadia. For Alexander is of the Greeks, two thousand years after his time."

Alexander's imperialism is expressed in

several of the poems of his volume, and especially in "The Mother Call" does he set forth his idea of the influence England still has upon her sons and daughters:

With Mother faith, with Mother love,
The Mother calls her sons,

and sends them forth to other lands and in other climes to fight for the highest of her ideals and inspirations.

His sonnet to Cromwell is a fierce indictment of the great commoner, whom he deems a doubly damned regicide, standing above Satan himself

On inaccessible mountain peaks of shame,
Crowned with all final infamies of fame.

This attitude is, to say the least, strange and uncommon in one living in a republic, though one does find it, now and again, in rigid conservative royalist types in the old country. And that Alexander is still royalist to the backbone his tribute to Rudyard Kipling testifies. Here is the last stanza:

Here's to England! Glasses brimmed,
Here's to England! With eyes dimmed
By the stormy waves that break against the
heights of our emotion.
Here's to England! Brother, drink,
Standing each upon the brink,
Farther East and Farthest Westward of Her
tributary ocean.

Yet, he loves San Francisco, and feels with Harte and many others that she is a Peerless City of Destiny. In his "Our Lady at the Gate" he sings her fame and irrepensible power:

While still the pillars of the Earth endure,
The deep foundations of Her house are sure.
Though the red flag of cosmic hate unfurled,
Flash through the caverns of the underworld;
Though Titans, struggling in the primal deeps,
Fling hill on hill, to gain Her sun-crowned steep,
Still shall She reign, Our Lady of the Gate,
Where all things enter, come they soon or late.

And in his stirring poem "To San Francisco" he cries out in the deep passion of his soul:

We are sprung from the builders of nations; by
the souls of our fathers we swear,
By the depths of the deeps that surround Her,
by the height of the heights She may dare,
Though the Twelve league in compact against
Her, though the sea gods cry out in their wrath,
Though the earth gods, grown drunk of their
fury, fling the hilltops abroad in Her path,

Our Mother of masterful children shall sit on
 Her throne as of yore,
 With Her old robes of purple about Her, and
 crowned with the crowns that She wore.
 She shall sit at the gates of the world, where the
 nations shall gather and meet,
 And the East and the West at Her bidding shall
 lie in a leash at Her feet.

The soul of man is a strange entity.
 Here is Samuel John Alexander, to men
 a rude, untutored gardener. Yet his
 soul flings off, through fingers and pen,
 iridescent flashes of rainbows which
 gain their gleam and shine from the
 throne of God. To the unthinking he is
 but one of the common working herd,

yet, by virtue of that soul-power, he is
 akin to the great of earth's mighty past
 and present. He fellowships with Moses
 and David, Sophocles and Euripides,
 Virgil and Dante, Moliere and Fenelon,
 Goethe and Schiller, Ibsen and Anderson,
 Tolstoy and Towiguenieff, Burns and
 Scott, Tennyson and Browning, Shakes-
 peare and Johnson, Emerson and Miller.
 What a glorious company to live with.
 What matters it, in such companionship,
 whether a man carry pick or scepter in
 his hand, wear dirty cap or golden crown
 upon his head, feast at humble table or
 laden banquet-board.

The Lost Control

(THE WILD MUSTANGS)

By May Justice Canby

*I own a field, well fenced and green,
 The verdant growth, I joy to see,
 And there are kept of various mien
 My well-trained steeds, and—quandary!
 Some wild, unmastered mustangs, free.*

*One day in confidence undue
 I lashed a wild thing thoughtlessly;
 And sudden, as at given cue,
 I saw the whole band onward flee
 And leap the fence full recklessly.*

*And still I watched with curious eye,
 Nor doubted my ability,
 To round up all with hue and cry,
 And smile at their futility,
 Within the fenced field bye and bye.*

*But while I loitered, nor achieved
 The capture of my flying herd,
 I, turning, saw as one bereaved,
 My beauteous steeds, trained to the word,
 Had followed, nor could be deterred.*

*Since then has trouble multiplied:
 I cannot know the day or hour
 When my control will be defied;
 And now to subjugate and cower
 These wild mustangs, is past my power.*

*My mustangs names are Rage and Hate,
 Ambition, Greed and Lust most swift:
 Their appetites—insatiate,
 Drive far afield in mountain rift,
 And haste me to a nightly shrift.*


The CALIFORNIA

TOWHEE

With photographs by the author



By *Harriet Williams Myers*

HE California Towhee is one of our commonest, tamest, and, I think I might safely say, one of our plainest, birds. They are so common, being with us at all times of year and in all kinds of weather, so tame that they come in to our homes when we allow them, and so plain in their attire, and so modest in their ways, that I fear that we do not appreciate them as we should; for we are apt to rate most highly that which is rarest, losing sight of the many worthy things that surround us because of their very commonness.

I mistrust that should these common, inconspicuous birds leave our grounds they would be sadly missed, for no birds—save the Mockingbirds—seem so much a part of the natural life as these same brown Towhees. They hop about in the yard, picking up all the crumbs thrown out, or scratch about by giving quick jumps with both feet and making the dirt and dry leaves fly in a truly comical way.

They are solitary birds, never going about in flocks as do the Linnets and White-Crown Sparrows, but seeming to stay about in pairs.

There is no bird in the East to correspond with this common brown bird of ours; the Towhee, or Chewink, of the East more nearly corresponding to our Spurred Towhee, a beautifully plumaged bird who frequents the canyons and arroyo more often than the dooryards, although these birds come into the yards which are near their chosen haunts.

The California Towhee is in color a dull brown, with rufous under tail coverts and fine inconspicuous markings on throat. It has been called the "ground robin," because in its habit of staying about the dooryard it resembles the Eastern bird. Because its chief note is a thin chip which it frequently utters,

the boys have dubbed it the "Brown Chippie."

Sometimes at the nesting season, but not always, the male sings a song which for musical ability does not amount to much, but all unconscious of this, or perhaps to make amends for it, the song is sung with the greatest frequency from house-top or doorstep with an enthusiasm that we would do well to emulate. Sometimes this song is not heard until after the first nestlings are reared and weaned. Perhaps it is then a pean of thanksgiving and praise that the nestlings have escaped the feline tribe or other mishap.

Though these birds are tame, and trustful, for the greater part of the year, when they are raising their young they very much mind being watched, and slip to and from the nest so that the casual observer would not detect their nesting place.

Both birds work at the nest building, carrying twigs, rags, strings, and coarse material for the foundation, lining the cup-shaped affair with fine material, horse hair, plant fibers, or rootlets. At one nest where I watched the female did most of the building, and that after six o'clock when it was nearly dark. It is their way to build leisurely, a little each day, sometimes taking two weeks in the building. Then the female usually waits several more days, sometimes a week, before brooding begins. The nests are placed from two to twelve feet from the ground, usually in low vines, or shrubs, about the yards. The nests I have found have had three or four eggs, which are a pale blue, with dark pencilings at the larger end.

As far as I have observed, the female does all the brooding, leaving the nest when she wishes food.

In two weeks the young are hatched. Like most young birds they are feather-



Mr. California Towhee



Miss Towhee



Mrs. California Towhee

less and very homely. With the coming of the nestlings there are busy days for the father. At one nest, which was built about three feet from the ground between two posts that were overgrown with English ivy, the young hatched April eighteenth. The days were foggy and cool, and the female was on the nest about as much as before the young hatched. For the first week the male did all the feeding. From the very first day he carried light green worms to the nest, slipping them into his mouth for an instant just before feeding, not feeding

Towhees feed their young, they differ from many other birds. Six times an hour was the most that I ever saw these birds in the ivy bring food to the nest, and more often it was only four times—seventeen minutes being the shortest interval; forty, the longest. But such mouthfuls as went up on that nest! In the first week when the male was doing all the feeding, he searched about on the ground picking up green worms, millers, and any sort of insect, until they bulged from both sides of his bill, and it seemed impossible that he could hold more.



Mrs. Towhee's Nest

by regurgitation, as the Goldfinches and Linnets do, and as these Towhees have been said to do.

The female always left when the male approached; and after feeding, the male rested on the edge of the nest until she came back. I never knew him to brood the young. At these times, when the male was guarding the young, he showed the greatest fearlessness. In fact, at all times he was much braver than the female, who "chipped" and made a great fuss if I but went near the nest.

The nest was where the sun never shone on it; never-the-less, I succeeded in getting a very good photograph of the male guarding the nest, by taking a time exposure. The bird allowed me to focus my camera within two feet of him, and he remained immovable, eyeing me, for just so long a time as I chose to stay.

In the frequency with which these

But still he hunted and gleaned until, when he finally went to the nest, one wondered if the tender nestlings would not have indigestion from this over-indulgent father.

The young birds in the ivy grew rapidly, getting their eyesight when four days old, and also having wing feathers started. When a week old they were sparsely feathered, the drab breasts being streaked with brown, and the under tail coverts having the rufous tinge that the adults have. The tiny tails stood up like sign posts in a barren field, for no feathers surrounded them. When nine days old, these ambitious little Towhees left the nest. Though fairly well feathered at this time, they could not fly, and, as it is the nature of this species to go right to the ground and stay there for several days, they were exposed to cats, and other enemies. However,

though showing foolishness in leaving the nest while still so helpless, these Towhees show wisdom in that they usually pick out the stemmy portion, which is often thorny, of some shrub or rose bush, and there, motionless, they so resemble the ground that they escape detection. Even their plaintive "chip" does not help one much in locating them, as it has so much of the ventriloquistic power in it that it is almost impossible to tell from whence it comes. Should one find one of these young birds and undertake to catch it, it would lead them a merry chase, for their ability to hop is something extraordinary.

An interesting act of mother love recently came under my observation. A pair of Towhees were nesting in an apricot tree in the yard, and we knew that there were newly hatched young in the nest. One day a small Towhee was brought to me by a boy who had found it in the road. We placed it in a box in the screen porch, which was near the apricot tree. It cried lustily for its parents, which greatly distressed our Towhees. They seemed so anxious to get at the young bird that we finally opened the door. Without much delay they came in, hopped upon the box where they could see the nestling and convince themselves that he was not theirs. Having done so they were satisfied and went about their home duties with no more thought of the orphan in the house.

Had I thought that these old birds would have taken care of this young one, I would have quickly let him out, for he did not seem to know how to open his mouth to be fed, and we were having a rather hard time with him. It has, however, been my experience that, as a rule, old birds will not feed a young one not their own, even if it be of the same species.

About a week later we noticed that the old Towhees were again trying to get into the screen porch. When we set the box containing our nestling out of doors, one of them at once jumped on top of it in an effort to reach the young bird. Upon removing the top screen, one old bird went in with his mouth full of worms and fed the nestling, who responded with loud calls and quivering wings. If these old birds had been slow in wanting to care for him, he lost no time in adopting them. Finding that the Towhees were sincere in their desire to feed the baby, we released him, and, fed faithfully by both adults, he grew to maturity.

Striving to find a reason for the changed attitude of these old birds, I went to their nest only to find it empty. Some prowling cat had, undoubtedly, found them. In this empty nest seemed to be the solution of the actions of the Towhees. So strong was the parent love within them that, bereft of their own nestlings, they were glad to adopt this strange bird.

My World

By Mary Carolyn Davies

*This is such a happy world,
Dusk, and dawn, and dew—
And Oh, the robin's song is clear,
And Oh, the sky is blue.*

*This is such a cheery world,
Full of smiles and sun—
Can the world that's after death
Be a sweeter one?*

Life in California

By F. E. Ashburn

*Life's worth while in California,
Where the fairy tales are true,
And the golden gleam of summer
Keeps right on the whole year through;
And the fragrance of the flowers
Mingles with the balmy breeze
That is borne across the waters
Of the broad Pacific Seas.*

*And you keep a gettin' younger
As the days pass quickly by;
And you wish you'd lived here always
'Neath the bright and smiling sky.
For the glory of the morning's
Beaten by the glow of noon,
And the sun keeps sinkin' westward,
And it's evening all too soon.*

*But the night's a benediction,
And you sleep the sleep of youth,
And your dreams are but repeative,
Just the day-time's blessed truth;
And you waken with a feeling
That another life's begun,
That will last from early morning
Till the setting of the sun.*

*But I guess there is one drawback
To this land of farthest west,
For we'll never want to leave it
For the "regions of the blest;"
And we'll always be a dreadin'
That the time'll come to go,
For the place to which we're headin'
Is'nt just a "cinch" you know.*

*So I'll take a "long chance" livin'
Where there's life in every breeze,
And the sunshine keeps a pullin'
Out the gold upon the trees;
And I hope that when I'm done here
And I stand on "Canaan's Shore,"
That I won't be troubled if I'm not
In Cala. any more.*

The POINTING PENCIL



By Martha Martin Newkirk

Public Opinion in the Making

ARIVER begins somewhere as a tiny stream. Perhaps it bubbles up from a fern-bordered spring, cool, refreshing the thirsty, the very luxury of satisfaction in the cup. Perhaps it trickles down a mountain side, or possibly it starts from the shadowy pond above the marshes. But it must go on patiently little by little. Other streams join it, laughing as they flow together, gathering force, ever widening and growing deeper—pressing on and on to the ocean, the final goal.

So, opinion starts with an idea, a simple mental notion. It may be like a sluggish stream half undecided whether to flow this way or that, merely inclined to some particular course.

* * * *

Public Opinion

Public opinion is the prevailing sentiment of a great many people, perhaps a majority. It is not necessarily a law, though it may be. But a law that is to be enforced requires public opinion back of it, else it is likely to become of no effect. If a ruler acts contrary to public opinion he may be called a tyrant, a traitor or a fool. Laws written by rulers in the face of public opinion are not worth the paper on which they are written, save as historical records of past failures.

* * * *

Mere Followers Not Thinkers

An opinion requires a degree of thought. The word is derived from *opinus*—to think, or thinking. And no one will deny that thinking is the “noblest exercise of the mind.” We study, when we follow other people’s thought. We read, seeing another’s thought, or we imagine, or dream, or, dully, impassively allow half-formed ideas to float through our brains—mere chaotic forms, not even labelled or pigeonholed for future reference. Even the information that we

have collected may be lost amid a chaos of mental rubbish—a few bits of gold in a ton of debris. These are not even opinions. One must confess that actually thinking out a subject is not easy, and not of everyday occurrence. Some one has said, “He walks to and fro and thinks he is thinking;” whereas he is perhaps only wandering about in mental chaos. Thinking demands the highest use of the reasoning powers. Intuition may reach the same conclusion that reason does, but she cannot show the chain by which she was carried through, while reason points proudly to every link.

We should think it out. We should array the facts in order, and place the causes against their effects. There is method in thinking, and we call the method “logic.” The facts are labelled, summed up into clear, positive statements, from mere idea to power.

An “idea is the simplest mental notion.” An impression is a mark, a dent made upon a substance sufficiently soft to receive it—like wax or clay. The impression may not remain. The wax or clay, so quick to take form, assumes another at the hand of the Master Artist.

The general public are like unto wax or clay, sometimes. They take the impress of the present speaker or writer. This may be transient, but at times the clay hardens, and the public becomes a force that moves with creative power.

Political public opinion was formed in older times mostly by orators. In our country “stump” speakers collected audiences, mounted the stump of a tree, and poured forth their own opinions or convictions. These ideas were taken by the men of the Corner Grocery, the Post Office or other public place and there discussed. And men cast their vote largely for the cause that moved their sympathies.

Togetherness

An essay might be written upon the grocery store as a maker of public opinion, or upon our beloved writer of Scotch stories' notable *Pig Sty Club*, and its benefits to humanity. For, often at just such meeting places as these men exchange ideas, find the weakness in their tenets, adopt the stronger theory, and by common consent weld the ablest thought, or the one most forcibly expressed, into opinion. These could not tell—most of them—how they reached their conclusions, but they are sure, because *Together* they had worked them out.

Rarely does one stand out alone and cry—as Elijah did—"I even I, only." Human beings are gregarious. They want to be with their fellows in some organization, an army, a club, or a legislative body. The President of these United States knows that he only stands in front of his cabinet, the House and Senate. The minister in the pulpit has behind him his officers and the "backbone" of his church.

Every one knows that the pulpit a century ago had great power to mould public opinion. Few people were educated; fewer books, and very few papers were read. The minister "reads books and he knows," was the common feeling.

Now, public opinion is formed largely by the press. Everybody reads. The newspaper tells the story, and it expresses strongly its editorial opinion. Thus it is both narrator and advocate. The press is called, sometimes, a weather-cock, because it is an index pointer of public opinion. As newspapers quote one another, either to commend or attack, the same opinion is spread from ocean to ocean. By "the press," I would include daily papers, weekly journals, like the *Outlook*, *Colliers*, *The Independent*—papers not primarily political; family papers like the great religious weeklies, magazines and books that come into homes bringing the thought of the best writers, and moulding their opinions that in time come to be *public opinions*.

The Press and the Woman's Club have enabled women to become factors in the making of public opinion. Half a century ago, when "Susan B." and other agitators began talking of "Rights," the majority of women were not ready for public duty. But they tried using what rights they had, and meeting, comparing ideas, sifting, considering, *Thinking*, until they now have nearly a fair share in the "making of that criterion we call 'public opinion,' which at once reflects an age and reforms it."

So, on the whole, in our land, pulpit, press, school, club, literature—all that makes for righteousness—combine to form in the whole people that sense of law-abiding, of honor and integrity that is the highest and best public opinion.

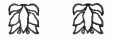
Synonymous words are sentiment, view, persuasion, idea and estimation. An opinion is a lesser force than a conviction, for that is the welded force, the granite formation of man's mental life. *A conviction is a thought that has been in battle and come out victorious.*

Public opinion welded into conviction made possible our Declaration of Independence, and the Emancipation Proclamation. Bitterness, desolation, heart-rending grief, following the horrors of our Civil War, left our people in a condition of mental and spiritual numbness. Then opinion became merely personal sentiment, never ripening into conviction. Personal sorrow and losses had blinded eyes, hardened hearts, and closed ears. There was—as with the Israelites of old—long "wandering in the wilderness," until the older men and women—who could not outgrow their prejudices—passed on. Then a new generation—no better, no nobler than the former, but living in a different era, a different environment—now clasp hands across the continent, East and West and from North to South, and all shout a mighty chorus of,

*"My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee WE sing."*



MOODS *of* SAN FRANCISCO BAY



By Margaret Troili Campbell

HERE ARE ALL SORTS of days on the bay. And this is a rainy day. The clouds are folded against the Contra Costa hills; there is nothing in the east, the horizon is smudged with the rain and the mist. There is a grove of masts, slender and black, etched on the soft, gray mist-plate, and a curve of black accenting the etching below. That is Long Wharf. There are tones of brown and tan beside the grove—the piles of lumber give that, but the big hulks are dark. The rain washes over everything with its soft gray brush. To the south, another uncolored, boundless vista, perhaps cut into by a listless fishing-boat, overtaken by the inertia of the day. It is bound for nowhere; it has only gathered enough of the gray to be quite black. Goat Island is the softest green in the veil of atmosphere, and the water washes around it with a brown like that of leaves in the wood—old last-year's leaves. Perhaps, in the spring, you have seen green spears rising from their brown beds? Those are the colors. Away up north the hills elbow each other, and there may be tinges of blue among them, but the rain washes even that very pale. The transports and round-the-Horners have gone out of commission, stranded on a rainy day. There is nothing to do, forever and ever, but only to be gray, or dark, or black, in the weather artist's landscape. Even the ferry-boats have a slower pulse than usual, and proceed gently, with a shallow wake on the smoothed water. The sea gulls are aloft, sodden and inert. Their wings fan the air to the slow tempo of the day. The hills are blocked in against the west, a bold black line cuts into the resistless gray—it will take a brighter day to sketch in details. Even the smoke is water-logged.

But wait till the sun shines! The winds

from the north will clamber over the ramparts, and clear the air, and burnish the bay, till it washes blue in its hillset basin. Long Wharf will have tan, brown, red, white and black. The wind will rub off all the soft gray wash, and put blue on the far hills, green on the near, and white on the crest of the waves, on the point of Goat Island, and on the ferries, and he will rub, rub, till Mt. Tamalpais and all the hills south and north are restored in the picture. Down south is a boundless sea, and the fishing-boat on adventure bent, with swelling brown, triple sails. The round-the-Horners stir again. A tug is pushing a clumsy barge out to sea in its foaming, determined manner. Ships are going out to sea, ships are coming home. The wind unfurls the smoke-plumes, and as he rushes past, they stream after him. It is the day of release from the smothering rain. The sea-gulls sail the air with never a flap of their taut wings. They balance, they veer, they fall back with the push of the air, they rise against it by some invisible oblique path. They sail away on circles of flight, and are back again. All the day is tense and strong, and smelling of the sea.

Sometimes, too, there is a stormy day. Then there is wilder play, browner water, colors more blurred through the mist-passion of the storm. Small craft are under cover, but the launch that ventures out has fine sport in the toss and dash of the driving brown and white waves. The ferry-boats heave and sink. An exhilarating sea adventure like this does not come into every day. All the bay craft have changed from their usual placidity. The cypresses on Goat Island are bending and tossing. Foam and spray are breaking everywhere, there is glorious rush and roar in the air. The sea-gulls are following, but keep well up in the wind—not a scoop down into the

water for even a bait of bread. To turn body and wings broadly against the wind would mean a wild career in space that might leave the poor gull derelict. No circles today, but a steady, onward sailing. And shortly the boat is in its slip, and the birds are perched on the piles as usual. But a storm on the bay is a cleansing bath for dusty spirits.

On other days, have you seen the magic scene shifter push up his cloud phantasmagoria from behind the triple hills and Twin Peaks? All the hills that sit about the bay will lift the soft tumbled wreaths above their heads to watch the artist as he works. He will throw bars of clouds across the clear space in the west. A white brilliance shines down upon it, whiter and clearer as the sun slips below each bar. And the artist plays his fancy in the west, and leads the sun down, down, and stains the path he came with royal red. Mt. Tamal-

pais is transcendent now, on his base of mist. The sun is gone, and yet there is a luminance on the horizon, and it takes long before the sky and the water have gathered darkness to themselves. But the islands in the bay have long since become palpable shadows.

The city is rather heedless. The sky artist works so deftly from the wings of the hills, and withal so silently, that it comes out of its rooms and offices rather surprised to find the show almost over. Twin Peaks rise at the head of Market street with the calm assurance of evening, and the beautiful lights begin to glow on the streets. You will divine something festive in the air, a significance of beauty that calms the busy city and lifts it into the broken gleams and lights of the sky above the hills; out from its dying noises, the great quietness of the sky and night enfolds it, and the city sinks to rest in its place in the great realm of earth.

Out West

By Cloa A. Parker Fuller

*I often wonder, as I mingle with the crowd—
The restless, nervous crowd, which throngs the city's streets,
With aching, hungry hearts and haughty spirits bowed,
Who fain would weep to ease the ache of their heart-beats,
Yet proudly stumble on and pray for strength and rest—
Why they are heedless of the waste that lies—OUT WEST.*

*The blackened, poisoned air—the reek of slow decay—
The crowded tenements—the ugly rooms for rent,
Where people come and go, for year, or month, or day,
Where people work, and starve with hearts and bodies bent
That they may still exist, with neither joy nor zest—
Forgetful of the blessed, tonic air—OUT WEST.*

*There is a balm for burdened hearts and lonely souls—
A balm that heals the scars of grinding toil and want,
Where sunsets paint the sky in flaming, golden scrolls,
Where miles are spoken of as, "just a little jaunt,"
Where one has time and space to eat, and dream and rest,
Or climb a mountain peak, or just to live—OUT WEST.*

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY *of* Josephine Clifford McCrackin

By George Wharton James

(Continued from June Number)

He had cut a round opening in the top of the tent and through the fly—as if the space had been intended for the passage of a stove-pipe—and from this point of observation he could see the dust flying up in the road when anyone approached the camp. Then he would make a spring at me—as a tiger springs upon his prey—grasp my throat with both his murderous hands, and urge me to confess for whom I had sent, and by whom I had sent this message, swearing direst vengeance on all concerned did he but discover them. If, however, the orderly came to the door the next moment to announce that Mr. So-and-so, or Such-a-one had arrived and desired to see the lieutenant, this gentleman was all good nature and condescension, sending an immediate invitation to the visitor to come to our tent, or going in person to meet him. I had to smooth my ruffled feathers as best I could, for I knew that the least failure to appear happy and cheerful in the presence of the guest would be rigorously punished as soon as the stranger's back was turned.

“You must remember there was nothing in the country then save military posts at long intervals and a very few poverty-stricken Mexican towns and settlements, separated by hundreds of miles of waterless sand deserts and barren rocks, with Indians of different tribes, but all alike hostile, sprinkled over the whole *ad libitum*. And yet I was often on the point of braving all those horrors to escape the terrors of my captivity and torture. Often when Toby came whinnying around our quarters, I was sorely tempted to cut the fastenings of the tent and make a bold dash for liberty or death; for you must understand that during the lieutenant's absence from the tent I was never permitted to go to the entrance under any excuse. I might have taken an opportunity of that kind to appeal for help, or send word of my wretched condition to the commanding officer by a passing soldier—don't you see? And this he was determined to prevent. Poor Toby, never corraled or hobbled as other

horses were, would clatter around the tent for hours, pawing the ground, tugging at the ropes, and scratching at the entrance; but never till the lieutenant made his appearance was I permitted to give him the lump of sugar or other tidbit I had ready for him. Day by day my life grew more intolerable, and I don't know how soon it might have been ended, either by that man's hand or my own, had he not finally bethought him of a way in which I could perhaps benefit him. He had been placed under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty soon after we reached camp, and though this might have been all the more pleasant under ordinary circumstances as giving him more time to pursue his own pleasure, he began to chafe under this inactivity, and at last concluded that it was a deep, underhanded plot of his superior officers to injure and annoy him. If the conception of this idea strongly suggested one of the common fancies of the insane, the remedy he concluded to adopt certainly afforded proof conclusive that his brain was turned. As, however, I saw in it a possible means of escape, I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw. His plan was this: I was to apply to the commanding officer for an ambulance and escort as far as Santa Fe, and there I was to lay his grievances personally before General Carleton, and ask at his hands redress and protection for my husband. Redress and protection for **him!** The bitter irony and humor of the thing was not lost upon me even in the abject state of mind I was then in; but I took good care to allow no trace of my real feelings to appear upon my face. The purpose was quickly carried out. Next day the orderly bore a note from me to the captain, written, I need hardly say, under the eyes of my tormentor; and in a little while after, a polite note from him assured me that my train would be ready at the hour mentioned the following morning. Very gladly had this kind-hearted man consented to my request, for, as I learned later, something of the true condition of affairs at our quarters had become known to him through our orderly and the cook, and the captain felt but too happy to grant me safe escort on my way back to my friends, which he thought I was now taking. Women, however, are the most foolish, unaccountable, soft-hearted idiots in creation. The night preceding my departure was spent in great part by the lieutenant on his knees, imploring my forgiveness, vowing reform, and explaining how it was only his great love for me that had made him at times a little tyrannical."

Yet when she begged her husband to allow her to take her horse Toby, he positively refused, and the captain confirmed his refusal, stating that the danger from Indians would be enhanced if she attempted to ride horseback through so dangerous a country.

"Toby, poor fellow, had been confined in the corral, and his whinnies grew first rebellious and then heart-breaking, as dragging at his chain and wildly pawing the ground, he saw the train moving out and leaving him behind. My heart smote me at the horse's cries, if it was only a horse; but the lieutenant had got into the ambulance with me, to go as far as the limits of the post, and was giving me his parting instructions and making his parting promises of repentance and reform, and I did not even dare to express my grief at leaving my dear, devoted friend. Pinkow, the orderly, for whom the lieutenant had obtained the captain's permission to accompany me all the way to Santa Fe and back, sat beside the driver of the ambulance, as I said, while the lieutenant and I sat in the seat behind.

"Hardly had the lieutenant left the ambulance and vanished from sight when Pinkow turned in his seat and faced me with an eager, questioning look in his eyes. I was startled by the man's sudden movement and asked him in some alarm, 'What is it, Pinkow?'

"'Thank God!' he cried, with a great sigh of relief, 'You are free, madam. I have counted the moments since the lieutenant came into the ambulance with you, dreading that he would change his mind at the last minute and drag you you back to that horrid tent to murder you at his leisure.'

"'Why—Pinkow,' I protested, 'the lieutenant—'

"'—is my commanding officer and has detailed me to wait on you, with secret instructions to bring you back from Santa Fe, dead or alive. Alive if possible; dead, should you refuse to return to the prison he has prepared for you. Do you think, madam, that because your silent, uncomplaining endurance of the lieutenant's tyranny was ignored by the captain and the other officers, it is not known at headquarters? And in the company there is not a man who has forgotten your courage and kindness on the long march out here. All these men here will go into Santa Fe with you if you but say the word; and once under the general's protection, the lieutenant can never more approach or harm you. The captain, though not advised of your intention, feels convinced that you will never return to our camp or the lieutenant again. I have his orders to see that every-

thing you may need on your journeying, whether undertaken with a military escort or on the overland stage, be furnished you, though, indeed, the general himself will see to that, and the captain also thinks that some of the other officers' wives are at Fort Marcy (Santa Fe) at present.'

"'But, Pinkow,' I remonstrated tremblingly, 'I promised to come back; he will come after me if I break my promise; I know he will, and will kill me, wherever he finds me.'

"'Do you suppose the captain will give him permission to leave camp and follow you? Not while he thinks you will seize upon this opportunity to make your escape. He is under the firm impression that you are anxious to get out of that madman's clutches, and would be surprised if he heard that you had conscientious scruples about breaking your word with him. Do you know,' he continued in a lowered voice, 'that he is a condemned criminal, that he escaped the gallows only by flight, and lives in hourly dread of being recognized and handed over to the civil authorities by his brother officers? And to such a man's power you would return?'

"'It will break his heart if I go and leave him in his trouble,' I cried, thinking of his parting appeals and promises. 'He is not bad, Pinkow; he was young and hot-headed when that man in Texas enraged him, and he shot him in a fit of passion. It has been kept secret so long; why raise up that dread ghost now? And think of Toby; I should never see Toby again, and you heard how he cried. I must go back, Pinkow; oh, I must go back!' And I burst into tears."

Is it possible for words to tell the horror of that drive? Not only did she have the desert to cross, but there was the constant terror that her husband would surely escape, follow, torture and ultimately murder her. "A scorching sun above, a barren waste beneath; a chain of dull brown mountains on the right, a ridge of low hills far to the left. Thus the road winds, drearily, silently, changelessly along. Hour after hour you gaze upon this blank, vast monotone, never daring to hope that one bright spot may greet the eye, but dreading ever that the brooding stillness of the heavy air be rent in sudden horror by the Indian's savage cry. Oh, the long, slow hours that dragged their leaden wings across this waste! To me, there were twin demons lurking in every isolated clump of lance-weed that we passed. Where the men looked for only one enemy, I feared two—the Indian's painted visage was not more dreaded by me than the

diabolical smile I had seen on that madman's face. And I could not shake off the feeling that he was pursuing me—that he was even now on the road I had just passed over."

Day after day the dread of pursuit grew more intense and vivid. One morning when they were delayed by a broken wheel, she cried out to her orderly: "Pinkow, we **must** go on. All last night I dreamed of the lieutenant; he had overtaken us, and everywhere around me was blood—blood. I am going on; if there is no ambulance to be had, they can give me a horse, or I will ride one of the ambulance mules. Somehow, I feel that the lieutenant knows by this time that I mean to escape, and if he catches up with us now he will kill me sure."

On, on, the frantic woman urged her escort. Her nerves racked with the torture to which she had been so long subjected, she was now under the fearful pressure of appalling dread, of intolerable terror. She **felt** the unspeakable horror of pursuit. She **knew** her husband was following her, and just the very day after she had crossed the Rio Grande, as the ambulance was about to start, her direst fears were justified by an exclamation which came from Pinkow. Turning her eyes in the direction they all pointed she saw a horseman, the sight of whom seemed to turn her heart to stone.

"The lieutenant!" said Pinkow faintly, and involuntarily Sergeant McBeth urged his horse closer up to my ambulance.

"I did not faint, but there was a blank of several minutes in my memory, and then I heard a hissing whisper close to my ear.

"So you tried to get away from me, did you? But you see I have overtaken you, and alive you will never get away from me again. Don't scream or call on those men for help—I have two revolvers with me. I would kill them all, and then tie you to Toby's tail and let him drag you to death. Do you hear me?"

"There must have been something deathlike in my wide-open eyes, for he bent over me with sudden apprehension; but I had heard him. Every word of his had burned itself into my brain as with a searing-iron. The words are there to this day—the Lord help me—and I answered, hardly above a breath:

"I hear you!"

"Not that I wanted to whisper or speak in a low tone. I could not have spoken a loud word if my life had depended on it, as perhaps it might.

"Come back into the house with me," he said in a

louder tone: 'I am hungry and tired; neither Toby nor I have had rest or food since leaving camp, except what we could get at a Mexican ranch back here. I knew that they would keep me back at the posts, in order to give you a good start.' He lowered his voice again, and his strong yellow teeth gleamed viciously behind his drawn lips. His hollow eyes were burning with the fire of madness, and strands of long, uncut hair were hanging wildly about his face. He laid his talon-like hand on my arm.

"'Come,' he continued aloud, 'we shall not be able to go from here today; the ambulance will need an overhauling. Come into the house with me!'

"'Never!' I said, speaking low, and trying to speak firmly. 'Kill me right here, if you want to—I shall not go into the house with you.'

"'Then you insist upon bloodshed and open disgrace.' He spoke close to my ear again. 'Remember that I promised to reform, and that you promised to be patient with me and aid me. Is this what your promise is worth? You want to deliver me into the hands of my enemies—to see me wronged and murdered. Come with me and I will forgive you.'

"**He to forgive me!"**

"'But refuse and I will kill you and the rest here on the spot.'

"And he raised me from my reclining posture and lifted me from the ambulance to the ground.

"Pinkow stood by, pale and motionless with suspense, but Sergeant McBeth had dismounted and stepped up to me.

"'Madam,' he said, touching his cap, 'the damage to the ambulance can be repaired in half an hour's time; you need not even alight, for we shall not take the mules out at all.'

"'Have the mules taken out, Sergeant,' the lieutenant interposed sharply, 'and let your men dismount. My wife will not continue her journey today.'

"'My instructions are to obey madam's orders, and I see none of my superior officers here who could countermand the order. As soon as madam signifies her wishes, I shall hold my men in readiness to carry out her commands.'

"Every man of the escort had dismounted, and they stood clustered about me as if ready and eager to carry out any order I might give. I saw an appealing look in Pinkow's eye, and noted the gleam of hate and fury that flashed on him from the lieutenant's bloodshot orbs,

while with a quick movement he threw back the old soldier overcoat he had on and displayed the shoulderstraps on the cavalry jacket he wore under it. But even now the gallant sergeant would not submit.

"Your orders, madam?" he asked, with eager eyes and glowing cheeks.

"I have none to give, sergeant," I replied sadly, 'except that you take the best care of the outfit in your command. I thank you and your men for their attention and obedience, and I want them all to have a rest after their long journey.'

"Stand aside, sergeant," the lieutenant said harshly, 'I will now take charge of the command, and herewith relieve you of all further responsibility. You will consider yourself under orders to me.'

"He gave me his arm and led me back into the courtyard, where, somehow, the escort had collected, and again I was reminded of a military funeral as I passed through the file of sober-faced, heavily armed men.

"Entering the low door which I had left but an hour ago forever, as I thought, I turned my head wistfully back, and there, at the foot of the courtyard, near the gate, stood Sergeant McBeth, the wind blowing about the folds of his short soldier's cape, his hand resting on the hilt of his cavalry sabre, and his eyes following me with a questioning, pitying look. Sergeant Brown stood gravely holding the door open for us, offering the lieutenant a military salute; but I vainly sought Pinkow with a last, despairing look.

"Suddenly his voice came, rough and broken, from the open gate of the courtyard.

"Madam," he cried in evident distress, 'Madam---oh! it is too late. Toby is here, but—'

"Toby! True, had I not seen him totter under the lieutenant's cruel spurring when he was urging him up to the ambulance a while ago? Swiftly and with sudden strength I snatched my hand out of the lieutenant's encircling fingers and was flying back across the yard and outside, where I saw Pinkow leaning, sobbing against Toby's neck. The animal was trembling in every limb, but when he spied me a low whinny struck my ear, and he moved forward a step to reach my side. I rushed toward him, but before I could reach him he had tottered and fallen at my very feet, with a deep, almost human groan.

"I cried out with grief and knelt by his side, stroking his white, silky mane and trying to bed his shapely head in my lap. But his eyes broke even while I was caress-

ing him, and I bent over the faithful, long-suffering animal, and my tears fell hot and fast—tears as honest and sincere as any I ever shed for a human being.

“ . . . I cannot remember for the life of me how I got back to Sergeant Brown’s adobe house. The first thing I remember was the lieutenant’s haggard face bending over me, and most unexpectedly his protestations of affection, repentance and reform were as profuse as they had been on the night preceding my departure from Fort Bayard. He needed my sympathy, he said, and my aid, for we **must** now proceed to Santa Fe; it was almost a matter of life and death with him, an officer under arrest, to escape from camp and venture directly into the lion’s den—the commanding general’s headquarters.”

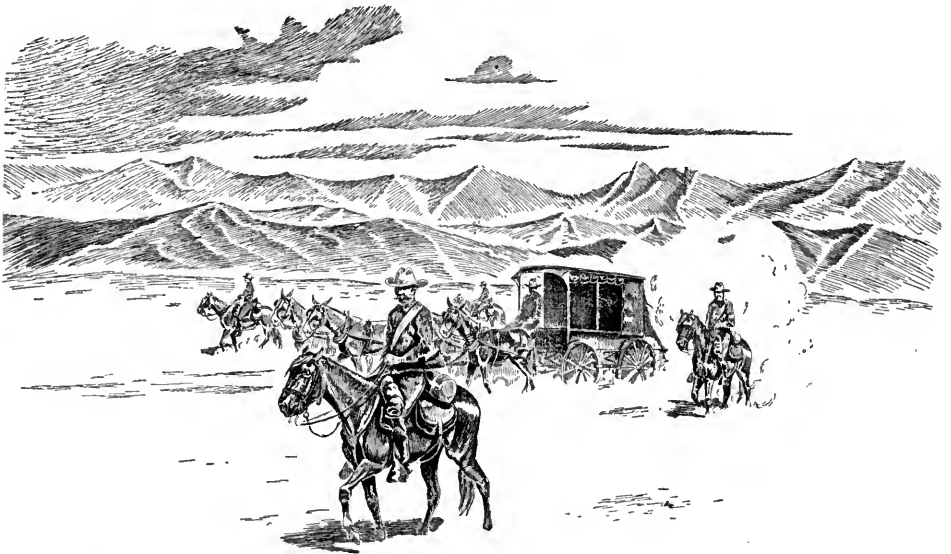
On his arrival, however, at Santa Fe, the presence of his wife availed him nothing. The general ordered him under arrest at once, and commanded him to return to Fort Bayard, there to await trial. Friends sought to intervene between the crafty madman and his yielding wife, in whom a variety of conflicting and strange emotions were contending. To her dismay she found herself at last in the ambulance returning to Fort Bayard in the company of the mentally disordered wretch who still claimed her obedience and fealty as a wife. That return journey was enough to have killed her. A pet dog that had been allowed to ride in the ambulance part of the way was cruelly thrown out, and, when in a state of indecision it made as if it would return to Santa Fe, the lieutenant called a halt, whistled to the dog, and after beating his brains out with the butt of his revolver, shouted in mad fury: “I’ll teach you to try and get away from me,” and pointing to the quivering body of the poor brute, he called to his wife, “That’s the way I serve all runaways.”

At all the posts on their return those who had hoped the wife was escaping from her husband when she went north alone, were puzzled at her apparent abject subjection to her husband, and as she says of the commander at Fort Bayard: “Perhaps he was the most puzzled of all. All circumstances considered, it was only proper that he should not call to greet me on our arrival, but he immediately sent his servant to me with supper and compliments. My husband had reported to him at once, had been ordered not to leave his quarters without special permission, and late at night the captain sent an orderly to demand his side-arms. The lieutenant was

furious, but I knew what it meant, though the future proved that all the captain's efforts to ensure safety to me were futile."

For a few days he seemed cowed, then unfortunately one of his men was persuaded to obtain him a two-gallon keg of whiskey from Pinos Altos. This naturally added fuel to the fire of hate and rage that were consuming the madman's bosom, and he vented it all upon his long-suffering but proud-hearted wife. Though his side-arms had been removed, the lieutenant had no difficulty in gaining access to the tool-chest of the company-carpenter, and his wife soon learned that a hatchet was as formidable a weapon in the hands of a madman as a pistol or revolver.

When the court-martial convened the excitement of



MRS. McCrackin's ambulance, with her escort, when fleeing from her mad husband. She crossed the desert of Arizona to New Mexico

the lieutenant increased, and his threats and actual violence to his wife grew more intolerable. "I knew," said she, "that the sitting of the court-martial would be as much, and more, of a trial for me than for him, for at the very worst his judges could not and would not take his life, while the preservation of mine would be highly problematical."

One day one of the officers discovered a slight error in the proceedings, which uncorrected would have given the lieutenant a loophole of escape had the verdict gone

against him. He called attention to the fact, and that night his poor wife was made to bear the burden of his anger, his spite and his bitter hatred against the man who had circumvented him.

Another day he returned home earlier than usual from the trial, closed the tent and drew a hatchet from under the mattress. He commanded his wife to kneel down and hold her hands, for he was "going to cut her head open." As she did so—for she knew it was useless to resist, and that if she cried out he would murder her before help could come—he spanned her throat with one hand and with the other held the hatchet above her. Fortunately something distracted his attention, and soon he stumbled upon the whiskey which his wife had hid, and, taking a tumbler full of it, was speedily lulled to sleep. But as he stretched himself out on his bed, he bid her lie where he could touch her with his hand, lest she should open the tent during his sleep and let the soldiers in to murder him.

Though anguished almost to the breaking point, merciful Nature came to the tortured woman's aid, and at length she herself fell asleep. Can anyone conceive her situation when she was awakened as follows. Here are her own words:

"What woke me up I never knew, but as I opened my eyes they fell directly on the sharp edge of the hatchet, and the maniac face of my husband grinning fiendishly behind it. In a moment it flashed on me that he was taking deliberate aim so as to kill me at the first blow, fearing, doubtless, that in my death agony I should scream for help if the blow were not planted full in my brain. Before I could move my head, his other hand was grasping my throat and pressing my head back on the pillow; but the struggle, faint as it had been, changed the position of the weapon in his hand. Then I saw that not only was he trying to get in the most telling blow, but he was also calculating the exact position in which the shadow was thrown on the roof and the wall of the tent. He had evidently replenished the fire, as the night was cool, to convince Pinkow and the guard that serenity and harmony prevailed in our tent; and the glitter of the drunken fiend's eye was hardly less cruel than the glint of the cold steel of the hatchet. I raised my hand imploringly and tried to speak.

"'Not a word out of you,' he hissed into my ear with an oath. 'I can cut you into little pieces before the guard can get into the tent, and I'm going to do it. So much

you get for asking for a guard to protect you. Then I am going to roast you alive for telling the judge-advocate all about me.'

"And he pressed my head back, and again took aim. Presently he laughed, shifted his position and declared he didn't want my brains spattered all over his hands, like the dog's, and putting his heavy hand on my forehead, he brought the hatchet within an inch of my throat, making the motion of drawing it across and across.

"'Steady,' I heard him mutter, 'steady.'

"Whether he meant this admonition for himself or for me, I never knew, but after a moment's balancing he rolled over, the hatchet fell from his nerveless hand on my breast, and in a moment more he slept the heavy, sottish sleep of the drunkard. Hardly daring to breathe, I lay with my eyes wide open, praying for daylight to come, and for some helpful hand to lead me from this dark, dreadful tent and out of the dreary, desolate graveyard of a country.

"At last the day dawned; Pinkow called to the lieutenant what hour it was, and when he saw from the lieutenant's looks that this gentleman had slept all night with his clothes on, he knew that the remnant of whiskey had been found. Coming in to light the fire, he started back when his eyes fell upon me, and well he might, for when I approached the little mirror over the chimney-board, I saw that there were white hairs among the brown on my head."

This damnable assault was the last straw. The obedient wife died then and the militant woman arose in her might and declared that let the hazards be what they would, she must escape from this living death. Her devoted orderly was informed; he and others plotted how it was to be done; the commandant and other officers heartily co-operated, and at length the long-suffering woman succeeded in getting away. This time it was open, avowed flight. She was sent back, with the most kindly letters to the various post commanders, over the road she had so recently traveled twice, to Santa Fe. The captain himself came and assured her that he had placed a man with a drawn revolver in the lieutenant's tent, a sentinel back and front of the tent, and a full company as a cordon around it to prevent any possibility of escape.

Could that long journey have been any other than one long, drawn-out agony? The wonder is that human beings do not utterly succumb under such frightful men-

tal torture. But at last she reached Santa Fe. There General Carleton placed her under the kind protection of General Alexander and his wife who, under full and watchful escort, took her back to civilization.

Yet, strange to say, when they reached Fort Lyons, an express rider who had followed them brought the startling information that the lieutenant had escaped again. Fortunately he was rearrested, and subsequently, though he gained technical liberty, he was placed in such a position by the army proceedings that he made no effort to follow his wife. The last she knew of him he was dismissed from the service, but from that day to this she has never learned of his whereabouts, alive or dead.

Almost immediately after she made her escape from Fort Bayard other misfortunes befell her which compelled her, for the first time in her life, to gain her own living. Her brother, sister and mother were already in California, and it was natural that she should come there, and for a while she taught German in the South Cosmopolitan School in San Francisco. Then, while she was paying a short visit to Arizona, which always has had a great allurements for her, she heard of the founding of the new magazine of the Pacific Coast, the **Overland Monthly**, by Bret Harte, and she decided to try writing for it. Her first article was entitled "Down Among the Dead Letters," and it appears in the December number, 1869. Harte liked it so well he urged her to write more, and especially some of her army experiences, and stories based upon them. She did so, and in the Volume IV four of her army and desert sketches appear, with an equally prominent scattering in later volumes. Before her first sketch appeared, however, she had been enabled by the influence of the Bancrofts to visit the Harper Brothers in New York, and they accepted one of her sketches and paid her on the spot for it—\$45 in ragged greenbacks, the first money she had ever earned by writing.

Now began what may be called the literary epoch of her life. She wrote for many magazines and papers both East and West, until the name Josephine Clifford was one of the well-known names of current literature.

Then, in 1881, Arizona again attracted her. Her army friends were always begging her to come to visit them, and in spite of the horrors she had endured at Fort Bayard, the country itself never ceased to call her, so she yielded to the importunity of friends and—met her fate! For while visiting around she was introduced to many

prominent people, among others Jackson McCrackin, a South Carolinian by birth, but now a thorough-going Westerner. He was the discoverer of a well-known and productive gold mine, the speaker of the first legislature ever convened in Arizona, and an attractive gentleman. He fell in love with Mrs. Clifford, wooed and won her, and in 1882 they were married.

Now began the pastoral epoch of her life as Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin. She and her husband moved to a ranch they had purchased in the Santa Cruz mountains, which she named the Monte Paraiso (Mountain Paradise), and there for seventeen happy years she lived with the man she loved, surrounded by all that sincere and devoted affection could give her. During this period she wrote much for a variety of publications, both Californian and Eastern, and many of her sketches were translated and published in German. She had already issued, in 1877, a volume of her collected stories from the **Overland**, so they were called "Overland Tales," and in 1893 a second volume, entitled "Another Juanita," was published.

In a letter written to me but a short time ago, Mrs. McCrackin thus speaks of the ranch and her life there: "So many happy years I spent on Monte Paraiso Ranch, and I had counted on spending the remaining years of my rather stormy life there; but fate had decreed otherwise, and the forest fire of October, 1899, which swept away every building on the ranch, with contents, was really the beginning of the end, though Mr. McCrackin did not die till December 14, 1904, and I soon after left the mountains and put the land up for sale.

"We had built up such a beautiful place; it was rightly named, before the fire had swept it. And always we had delightful people with us, and in the neighborhood. Old army friends looked in upon us, and Major-General Barry, with his charming wife, knew the ranch before the desolation. Mr. McCrackin had elected this distinguished officer to the Presidential chair while he was still captain in the First Infantry. A young officer, Lieutenant W. Ory Smith of the Seventh Infantry, was also a great favorite with Mr. McCrackin, for 'Billy' Smith's grandfather, William Onry, the Arizona pioneer, had been his friend and 'pardner,' as Mr. McCrackin was the first white man to set foot on the ground where Prescott now stands.

"A very pleasant summer was that of 1899, though it went out with the pall of smoke hanging over it. Am-

brose Bierce came up in the Santa Cruz mountains early in the year, with the avowed intention of remaining through the season. Ambrose Bierce, the best-hated and the best-loved man in California, whose renown followed wherever the fear his name scattered had penetrated first. Yet he could be so good and kind and companionable. Though he could have been Mr. McCrackin's son in years, he chose to act as if they were old cronies together, greatly to Mac's delight, for Bierce, too, claimed to be country-bred, and he would turn to Mac for corroboration when he said, 'We used to do so on the farm, didn't we, Mac?' But he could be merciless in his sarcasm; he hated hypocrisy and was utterly without fear.

"He made his home at the Cotton's resort, though he rented a cottage farther up the hill, where he wrote his manuscripts. To my mind he never wrote more beautiful things than those he wrote here, especially of retrospection, a memory embodying his army days, the most touching, pathetic strain from the depths of a heart that so many thought calloused. For Bierce had been an army officer, and though no one was ever permitted to say 'Major Bierce,' I have always maintained that the army lost a brilliant officer where the world of letters gained a brilliant writer.

"Herman Scheffauer, the young writer, now of London, was a protege of Bierce's, was with him when the forest fire devastated our land and the surrounding country. The fire did not burn below the line of our redwood timber, so the cottages on lower Loma Prieta Avenue, where Bierce lived, were safe. As soon as they could, our friends made their way through the fire, for the destroying element raged in the mountains for nearly a week; and when we together reached the ruins of the Monte Paraiso cottage, I was utterly exhausted, and crying, too, and I leaned against the only chimney that was left standing of the whole house. Mr. Bierce, always sympathetic, had thrown his cape, a remnant of his soldier-days, around me, for my clothes were in tatters; and Scheffauer took the accompanying picture, which Bierce said reminded him of the ruined homes in the South in war time. In every way did this much-dreaded, much-maligned man show his sympathy; and of the writing material he brought to me after the fire, I still keep envelopes and paper to remember him by."

Of the fire itself, Mrs. McCrackin wrote a graphic account, which appeared in the **Wide World Magazine** for May, 1902. Expecting to sell the ranch, she and her

husband had removed to a cottage which they built, intending to spend their last years in quietude and comfort. But the sale was halted in some way, hence they had personally to see after the harvesting of the grapes, apples and other crops. Mrs. McCrackin had been to the fruit house to see how the Chinamen were getting along, and as she returned home she noticed smoke rolling and wavering in the wind on the north ridge of a nearby mountain chain, though several miles away. Her husband poo-hooed the idea of there being any danger, so she retired to rest as usual, but not to sleep. It was not until after three in the morning that she dropped into an uneasy slumber, only to be awakened before dawn to a sense of coming danger. Above the uproar of the storm she at last heard the voice of a neighbor: "For heaven's sake, wake up! You've lost everything. The whole country's on fire! Quick, for heaven's sake, or you'll burn in your beds!"

Opening the door, "Heavens! The sight! The terror of it"—she wrote—"seemed to freeze the blood in my veins; but I did not faint—I knew I must not lose my senses. The blinding, flashing, glaring flames shooting up into the sky, higher than my eyes could follow; the clouds of smoke, muddy, turbulent waves rolling above sudden leaps of fire; the hideous roar and crackle—it was all simply awful. There was nothing but fire and glare and smoke as far as my eyes could see, and I could think of nothing—my mind was a blank. . . . Monte Paraiso fire-swept—the buildings in ashes! I watched a lot of men, looking like demons in the glare of the fire—brandishing axes, swinging brush hooks, wielding long shovels, whipping the flames and beating the ground with boughs and branches in their desperate efforts to beat back and subdue the fast-encroaching enemy. But I was stunned. I felt no interest in their proceedings. I seemed perfectly indifferent.

" . . . Then I saw the chain of fire-fighters slowly retreating; it was daylight now, and one after the other they came nearer to the house. It was safe, they still told me; but I must be calm. Would not some of them have a cup of coffee, I asked. But they all said, 'Not now, pretty soon.'"

The cause of their delay was soon apparent. They had assured Mrs. McCrackin too soon. The men scrambled on the roof of the porch at the back of the house, A little later she saw them jump to the ground, and at the same moment she heard a hissing sound behind her.

"I turned in terror, only to see flames leaping up into the crown of the very tree against which I was standing, while at the same moment, the stable, belching flames from its interior, burst asunder with the sound and force of an explosion. . . .

"I gave up everything for lost! In a moment I had untied our horse from the tree, in the branches of which the fire-fiend was already making havoc, and rushed round to the front of the house in order to make my escape down the road. The fire, however, had reached the road before me, setting ablaze everything on either side and cutting off this natural avenue of retreat.

"Where should we go—which way turn? North, east and west were all barred by fire, and our only chance was to get through on the south, though the tall firs on the land of our neighbor were already on fire. Some of them, being strangers to the locality, grew bewildered, and I could not make myself heard in the wild uproar of the destroying flames. Making a dash for some bars in the fence that could be let down, I motioned to the men which way I wanted to go. We had plunged through the vineyard only a short distance when the wind, with a sudden swirl, brought up flames and smoke from the very direction in which I was heading. A little to the west lay the only avenue now open, but this was barred by a stout line fence, on which the men at once got to work. The fire was now crackling in the trees above us, and I was half stifled with smoke and flying ashes. Huddled together here, I suddenly missed Sancho [her pet dog] from our crowd, and though I shouted myself hoarse, it was of no avail; perhaps he was already dead.

"When I saw the fence give way I put Billy's bridle into the hands of the men, while I rushed through the opening first of all. My false courage had left me, and I ran screaming, but always straight on, away from the fire, through orchards and vineyards, scaling or breaking down fences as I came to them. What I saw when I turned my head only drove me on the faster—the same blinding, glaring ocean of fire, the waves of flame rolling high as the tree-tops, in which fiery serpents seemed to be hissing in rage and fury, and clouds of suffocating black smoke. Every now and then pieces of burning wood came hurtling through the air, murky with smoke, and made still hotter by the rays of the sun.

"Presently I came to a fence which I could neither climb nor break down, and I ran back to the highway, where, in the few houses that stood here, the women had

all their possessions bundled up, ready to move, while the men folk were away fighting the fire. None of these women succeeded in stopping me, but when I reached the bottom of the next hill I sank exhausted on the steps of a veranda, where friendly arms were laid around me."

Soon she saw the men who had been so unselfishly working to quell the fire at her house. "We could save nothing. We tried hard to save the piano, and Mr. Burrell badly burned his hands trying to roll it out, but it burned up under the trees outside. We can do no more, and the Meyers have sent an urgent message for help, so we must go on there."

At last she was able to reach the spot on the road from which cries of admiration had always sprung from visitors and travelers as they passed by. "I gave but one look toward the scene of desolation and ruin, where only an hour before had stood our tree-sheltered, flower-decked 'Forest Nook.' Nothing was left but the pitiful stumps and blackened bodies of the great spreading madrones; the tall firs lay dead among smouldering ash heaps; the fire-crisped leaves on the charred, half-burned branches of the oaks were falling, one by one, to the heat-baked ground.

"'All go,' the old Chinaman had sobbed a little while ago. 'All go,' I repeated after him, but I did not sob—I could not."

And when later they were able to go to the larger ranch house of Monte Paraiso, it "was not easy to find the road, for the whole stretch of the country was now one blackened region, with rills of fire still running through it. We found, however, that we had only to follow the trail made by the half-burnt bodies of rabbits, foxes, skunks and wild-cats, who had evidently made for the open road when driven from their lairs by the fire. Birds, partly consumed by the flames, had dropped in their flight and lay thick strewn along the land. Every now and then I had to stoop hastily to crush out the flames that came lapping up the edge of my skirt as I picked my way along. Sancho, poor beast, would howl dismally when his foot accidentally stirred up a bed of hot coals, and he limped worse than ever.

This interesting account of
Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin's Life
will be concluded in the September issue of OUT WEST,
together with a new story from her pen.

SANTA MONICA To Become America's Finest

Resort and All-the Year-Round Home Place

By Jay D. Cassatt

Director—Bureau of Publicity, Santa Monica



ALL signs point to the one fact that in but a few years Santa Monica will take her place and be known far and wide as America's finest resort. By "fine resort" we mean one of quality, in which gaudy attractions will not predominate, and improvements will be of the more substantial order.

Thousands of Americans who now pilgrimage yearly to European resorts along the Mediterranean will then be fully acquainted with the natural beauty of their own Riviera in Southern California, and will give more attention to it.

campaign for greater Santa Monica. Mr. Dow, in a recent interview, covered one point which seems to be favored by all Santa Monica boosters and that is to have the paramount policy, the attraction wholly of the better element of citizens and residents.

Some facts and figures as taken from the *Santa Monica Outlook* show that Santa Monica is very much alive. We quote a few of these items here:

"The building permits for Santa Monica for 1912 are claimed to be the greatest per capita



Long Wharf at Santa Monica, the Largest in the World.

Comparison of topography shows that in Santa Monica can be found a combination of rugged coast line, silvery beach and tinted mountains surpassing anything the European seaside cities offer.

Another feature to be considered in our prophecy for the future of the Queen of the Bay Cities is the increasing interest on the part of men of big affairs who are coming to Southern California from the East. Such men as King C. Gillette, Adolphus Busch and a score of others have shown their faith by the investment of large sums of money in Santa Monica and its environs.

CIVIC STRIDES

Santa Monica is fortunate in having a very energetic mayor in R. H. Dow. He is one of the most enthusiastic supporters for a steady

of any city in the world. This year will exceed last year. For three months of this year the building permits are close to half a million dollars.

"In addition, there is at the present time more than \$1,000,000 worth of street work under construction. Some 46 different contractors are building sidewalks, curbs, streets, sewerage, etc. The alleys in the business district covering seven blocks wide and sixteen blocks long are being paved with asphaltum and concrete."

"Oregon Avenue has been renamed Santa Monica Boulevard and is one of the main thoroughfares of Santa Monica. It is now being paved its entire length to the city of Sawtelle with asphaltum. Eight-foot concrete gutters, six-foot Robusta Palms, decorative lamp posts, are also included in the plans for improvement.

"The completion of this work will make Santa Monica Boulevard the shortest possible route from Los Angeles to the sea.

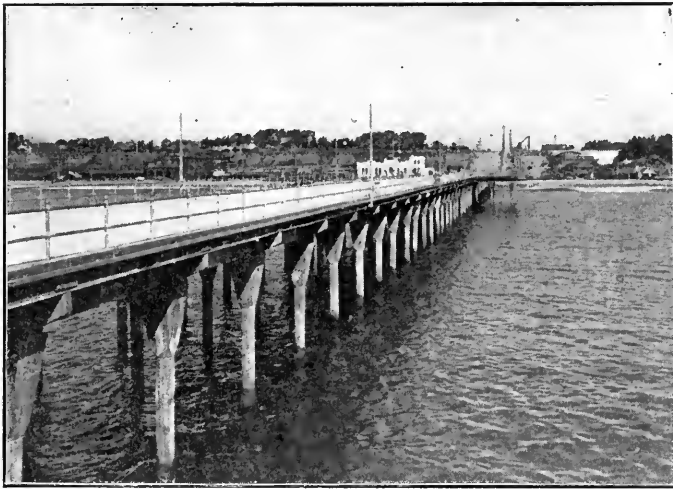
"Bids have been called for the erection of a bath house on North Beach, which will consist of four store-rooms, sun parlors, Turkish baths, massage rooms, twenty-five de Luxe bathrooms, 100 private dressing rooms, 220 public dressing rooms, suites for hotel and Athletic Club purposes, automobile parking space, and, in fact, the bath house as now outlined will have many new features, will be exclusive and high grade."

The new Municipal Pier is attracting considerable attention on the part of engineers from all over the world. It is of reinforced concrete construction, and is built to permanently withstand the action of the waves. The ocean-front promenade is being extended.

Its topography is rugged and interesting. From the seashore you pass through the wide mouth of the Canyon, thence over the broad promenade to the walks following the winding roads, through groups of sycamores, eucalyptus and live-oaks, to a point a considerable distance inland.

Visitors say the Canyon has a charm all its own. Certainly a brief visit at least to such an accessible beauty-spot should be of interest to you. The great long wharf, only a short distance from the mouth of the Canyon, affords the opportunity to enjoy fishing for the finny denizens of the deep.

It's a pleasure to live all the year 'round underneath the sycamores in this sheltered Canyon. Easily reached by both electric car or auto, it is appealing particularly to business men. There



Municipal Pier, Cost \$85,000, built by the City of Santa Monica.

It is expected that there will be a great amount of activity in home building during the coming year. It is a fact that buyers are showing more and more appreciation of high lying property. Unfortunately there is even now a scarcity of this class of land because of the rapid rate with which lot offerings are being taken up by investors.

Santa Monica has a perfect climate. During the summer months the ocean breezes temper the heat of the sun and the winters are unequaled for mildness. Jack Frost is a total stranger here, and the choicest plants and trees of semi-tropical nature grow luxuriantly.

SANTA MONICA CANYON

Undoubtedly there is no other place in Southern California appealing more to the nature-lover than does beautiful Santa Monica Canyon. Its history dates from the time of the early explorers and Mission Fathers. For many years prior to its subdivision and improvement, this famous canyon, with its mighty sycamores and cool retreats, was the playground for thousands of pleasure-seekers

are already examples in the Canyon showing how a cozy home can be built under or around a giant sycamore, and thereby produce a pleasing rustic effect. There is really no excuse for existence in a crowded city where such moderately-priced and accessible homesites are available.

Knapp and Woodard, landscape engineers, were given the task of artificially improving the Canyon without interfering with its natural beauty. The result has been one of extreme harmony with preservation of the old trees and shrubbery. Hundreds of auto enthusiasts are availing themselves of the opportunity to motor over the winding roads 'neath the leafy sycamores.

A visit will convince you that this is the beauty spot in the heart of San Vicente-Santa Monica, the Riviera of America.

IMPROVEMENTS AND CONVENIENCES

Over \$150,000 has been spent for the substantial and ornamental improvements in this Canyon. There are many miles of fine auto boulevards. These wind here and there to advantageous viewpoints. Cement sidewalks,



Polytechnic High School, covering 13 acres, cost \$350,000, Roman Architecture, Santa Monica.

curbs and stairways of the very best material have been constructed.

Rustic bridges in many places span the concrete channels. A broad promenade to the ocean front, lighted with ornamental electroliers is one of the features artificially beautifying this historic playground.

As a writer recently said in the *Riverside Enterprise*, "What is bringing about such a change in Santa Monica?" He is answered by studying the business conditions existing in Santa Monica, for he soon learns that a bunch of live ones, genuine, energetic boosters who

never sleep on the job, are at the municipal wheel. They have awakened to the fact that Santa Monica has all of the advantages for pretty scenic residences—ocean view, delightful bathing beach and sea air, also, on the other side of their city, mountain scenery sufficiently pleasing in itself to attract the better element of seekers for beautiful, commodious homes."

Educational facilities in Santa Monica are exceptionally good, also transportation. Judging from the many advantages of this favored city, it can be easily prophesied that it will become America's finest resort and all-the-year 'round home place.



Woman to Woman

By L. T. Crittenden

*Ye women of slum and ghetto, who fell in your upward way,
To you goes my heart in yearning, tho' the whole wide, wide
world say nay.*

*I would I could stop to help you, I am bound by laws of men,
Oh! When will a New law enter, Oh people, now answer,
When?*

*There's a curtain of tissue between us, but the tissue must be
not torn,
Lest we learn too much of your sorrow, ye women of shame
and scorn.*

*Lest we pity instead of loathe ye, ye women of the street;
Aid ye or show compassion, Oh women we dare not greet.*

High Sierras

By Blonda Banks Colborn

In the heart of the Sierras!
 Ah how these words had thrilled
 Our hearts in great expectancy,
 Till now they were fulfilled—
 And we stood within the silence
 Of the tall majestic pines,
 Surrounded by the mountains
 By which the lakes were lined.

Spread before our eyes in beauty
 Stretched Lake Tahoe, wondrous blue,
 Like a mirror she reflected
 All that passed before her view,
 And her soft and rippling waters
 Bathed in colors from the sky
 Stretched before our eager vision—
 Beauties which all art defy.

Gone were all the cares and worries,
 Gone the sordid thoughts of life—
 Swept away as if by magic
 All the petty things so rife;
 And within was born a message
 To thrill our souls anew,
 While we caught the broader vision
 That makes all of life more true.

There they stand! those peaks so mighty,
 Capped with God's eternal snows,
 Speaking loud like Sinai's thunderings
 Of the Power that ere controls;
 While their silent, steadfast faces,
 Lost in blue and emerald green,
 Strikes a chord that vibrates quickly
 To the hidden Voice within.



Lake Tahoe from Tahoe Tavern

Ah, how wonderful at daybreak
 Was the coming of the morn!
 When a stillness brooded over all
 Before the day was born.
 Silently the shadows trembled,
 And the stars grew faint and grey
 Till from out the purple veiling
 Burst the glory of the day.

All along the mountain ranges,
 Like a rim of burnished gold,
 Lighting up the tall dark pine trees
 With a majesty untold,
 Forth she came with steps so royal,
 That our hearts beat fast within,
 And our voices hushed to whisper,
 And our souls looked up to Him.

Again we mused at twilight,
 As the moon rose over all,
 In her stately robes of silver,
 Before which our hearts enthral;
 Across the limpid waters,
 She threw a path of light,
 Fledged with pink and red and crimson,
 Like opal gems set in the night.

Ah, the trails, how strong their luring
 To the hidden wealth in store,
 With what eager, careful footsteps
 Enter we this open door—
 Where we pass up heights to higher,
 Through the trails, blazed years ago,
 Finding all along the pathway
 Wonders rare to gaze upon.

Here, amid the rocky fastness,
 Blooms the paint-brush bright and gay,
 And the sulphur flowers in yellow,
 Nod their heads along the way;
 While the larkspurs and the gentians,
 In their robes of brilliant blue,
 Dance with all the violet lupins
 In the forest far from view.

All along the spreading meadows,
 With their petals pink and white,
 Tall and stately grow the lilies,
 Swaying in the morning light;
 Royally they stand and greet us,
 Regally they stand and wait,
 And the air is filled with fragrance
 While we pass on—through the gate.

Thus we enter trails so bidden
 To this sylvan banquet-hall,
 To this feast spread out before us,
 By the Father of us all.
 And as we gaze in wonder,
 Comes a calm before unknown,
 And we bare our souls in silence
 As in silence we commune.

Lake Tahoe
 Sierra Nevada Mountains
 in the distance



O wonderful, wonderful blue, that creeps out over the lake!
 O mist, that rises at twilight, enveloping all in thy wake!
 O flowers, that carpet the pathway of weary, heartsick man!
 O peaks, that tower in the distance, beckoning all to come!
 O pines, through whose low, soft soughing we list to requiems sweet!
 O ceaseless waves, on whose billows walked His triumphant feet!
 O birds, whose glistening plumage herald a love and care!
 O stars, hung out in such splendor before our vision fair!

We hear thy myriad voices, as borne in the silent night,
 We catch thy wondrous harmony, as the orbs swing into sight,
 We feast on the marvelous beauty, as the day transcends the night,
 And are lost in speechless wonder as we gaze on these glorious heights.

O teach us the lessons needed in a world so filled with care;
 Teach us of things eternal, that shall make our lives more fair;
 Give us more of Thy Spirit, that shall make all of life more grand;
 O God of the High Sierras! which came forth at thy command!



NEWPORT BEACH

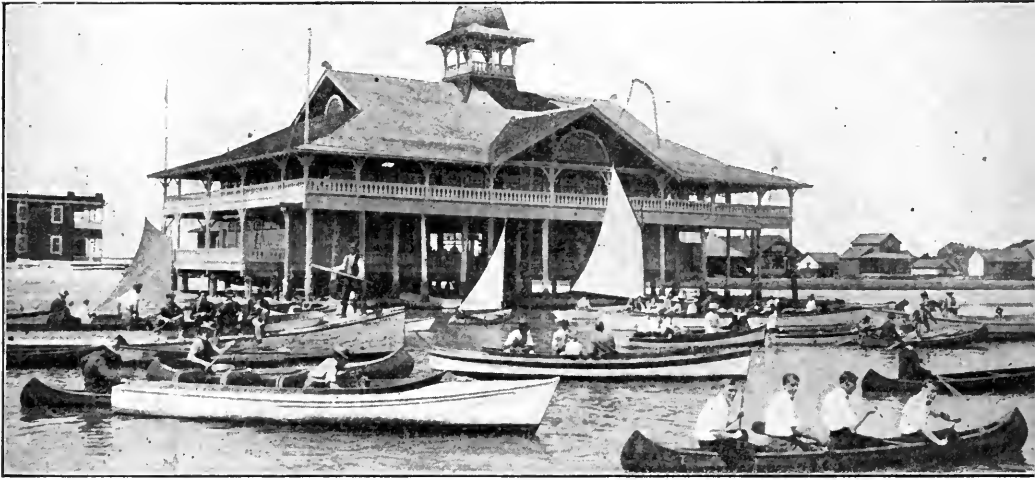
By W. A. Cornelius
Editor Newport News

🌿 West Newport 🌿 Newport 🌿 East Newport 🌿 Balboa 🌿

WHEN any community meets with an extraordinary growth in these days of strenuous competition, it is never an accident, but due to some peculiar advantage this locality has over its rivals for public favor.

Newport Beach was located on the shore of Newport Bay and on the beach of the Pacific ocean, at one time due to the freak of nature in throwing up a long narrow sand spit which

waters of the ocean and bay have at once a modifying yet invigorating effect on the atmosphere. The heat of the summer sun is chased away by the cool breezes that come from the sea on their mission of mercy to the sunbaked interior, while during the winter Jack Frost is kept on his throne on the summit of the nearby mountains by the equalizing effect of the mighty body of water which withstands both the heat and the cold.



Balboa Pavilion

separates the quiet waters of the bay from the restless billows and swells of the mighty Pacific.

The city was laid out years ago as a shipping village when steamers crossed the bar into Newport bay and took on cargoes of hides, wool and grain for distant ports, but now, when Southern California has been made the nation's playground, it has been discovered that the Newport bay resorts fill in the list for the entertainment of visitors by supplying a valuable feature that none of the other resorts have—a spacious area of salt water on which there are no breakers what ever, and where if the amateur sailor or boatman overturns his craft he must furnish the energy for the catastrophe himself, for the water lies around him for eight square miles as placid as the surface of an inland lake.

Man has an inherent love for water, and the surface of the bay is covered with a myriad of water-craft from the plebian skiff, the stately yawl, the smooth gliding canoe, to the sputter of the family or passenger launch, or the roar of the hydroplane of the speed king.

Lying as it does on a peninsula, the encircling

Newport bay is too good a natural harbor to remain long undeveloped, and the rapid increase in the produce and populace of Southern California demands that the entrance to the bay be made safe for ingress, irrespective of wind or tide. Thousands of people who have never before heard of this place will be benefited in the decade to come by the commerce that will be laid at their doors through this Orange County port, but in the mean time other thousands will continue to regard it as the best place to forget the trials and tribulations of a business world.

Money has been appropriated by the county supervisors to build a coast boulevard connecting Los Angeles and Long Beach with Newport bay, and the road will continue down the coast to San Diego. A part of the county bond issue of \$1,270,000 goes to building a lateral to connect with the state highway and county good roads system at Santa Ana. The Pacific Electric has all arrangements made to connect Newport Beach with Riverside County during the next year. This road and the Southern

Pacific now operate trains to Los Angeles and intermediate points.

Newport bay subdivisions consist of West Newport, Newport proper, East Newport and Balboa. These go to make up the incorporated city of Newport Beach. Then there is Balboa island, which is meeting with a wonderful growth, lying just across the bay from Balboa and Newport Heights, the mesa land lying tributary to the city, and the sire of the new glass factory.

Soon all roads will lead to Newport. None will lead away, for they will not be needed.

THERE WILL BE NO MORE FLIES IN NEWPORT

P.L. SHERMAN, EXPERT CHEMICAL ENGINEER, SECTY. OF THE BRANAGAN GLASS MFG. CO. WHICH BIDS FAIR TO BE A BIG INDUSTRY OF THE SOUTHWEST

BALBOA THEATER

F.L. RINEHART, MGR. AND LESSEE OF THE BALBOA THEATER - THE UP-TO-DATE AMUSEMENT HOUSE - 400 SEATING CAPACITY - GAINED EVERY NIGHT - WHY? BECAUSE **FRED BOOSTS BALBOA**

CONY ISLAND RESTAURANT

IN THE BALBOA WILL BE THE BEST BEACH RESORT ON THE COAST

E.D. MORRIS, PROP. CONY ISLAND RESTAURANT, BALBOA'S POPULAR CAFE. ED IS A HUSTLING YOUNG BUSINESS MAN AND BOOSTER

RAMONA APTS

W.M. ULRICH, DEPUTY MARSHAL OF NEWPORT HAVING CHARGE OF BALBOA WHERE HE HAS THE RAMONA APARTMENT HOUSE.

Newport and Balboa Boosters

BALBOA FISH MARKET

C.G. ALVES, PROP. OF BALBOA FISH MARKET AND ALVESTON APT'S. DEPUTY SHERIFF OF ORANGE COUNTY. HIS MOTO IS 'EVERY ONE BOOSTS'

JACKSON-NORTON

A.W. JACKSON, MGR. JACKSON-NORTON CO. - MARINE REPAIRING - BOATS OF ALL KINDS - FIRE PROOF GARAGE. JACK IS AN OLD TIMER AND A BOOSTER

THE PIONEER REALTY MAN OF NEWPORT

I HAVE BOOSTED NEWPORT 13 YEARS

ALBERT HERMES, MAYOR OF NEWPORT BEACH, PRES. CITY TRUSTEES AND ONE OF THE MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZENS OF THE ENTIRE So. COAST

BALBOA'S GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE

Every Boost Better Balboa all business interests

C.H. WAY OF WAY AND DRIGGERS - CHARLIE IS ONE OF THE CITY LEADERS AND AN ALL ROUND PUBLIC SPIRITED BOOSTER

MAP OF NEWPORT HARBOR

LEW H. WALLACE, PRES. STATE BANK OF NEWPORT AND THE CHIEF BOOSTER IN ORANGE CO. FOR NEWPORT HARBOR. ALSO A LIVE WIRE IN HIS OUT OF BUSINESS

BOOST BALBOA

MAN OF BALBOA ISLAND

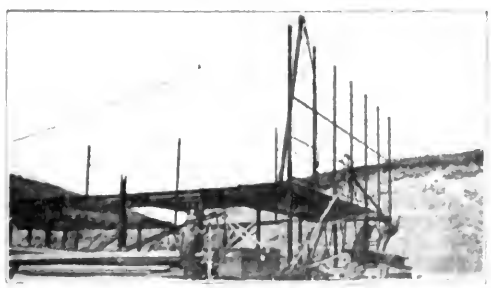
M. LOAKES - HE BOOSTS BEAUTIFUL BALBOA ISLAND AND SELLS 'LOTS OF LOTS'

UP-TO-DATE REALTY MAN OF BALBOA AND EAST NEWPORT WHO NEVER LOSES AN OPPORTUNITY TO BOOST THEIR BEST INTERESTS

W.L. ROBERTS

CHACE & BRAMWELL REALTY & PROPERTY

E.H. BRAMWELL OF CHACE & BRAMWELL THE LIVE REALTY MEN. BRAM IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB AND A LEADER OF PUBLIC SPIRITED MOVEMENTS FOR THE GOOD OF BALBOA



Plant of the \$15,000 Branagan Glass Manufacturing Co., under construction, Newport Heights

NEWPORT HARBOR

By Lew H. Wallace
President State Bank of Newport

ABOUT the year 1887 James McFadden, along with a few others, conceived the idea of making a harbor out of Newport Bay. At that time, however, political pull, backed by the population of the City of Los Angeles, swung all harbor improvements for the Southern California coast towards San Pedro Harbor, now Los Angeles Harbor, regardless of the fact that for many years prior to this date coastwise vessels of light draught crossed the bar at the entrance to Newport Bay and loaded and unloaded their cargoes at the old Newport Landing, now known as Port Orange, while cargoes at other ports were loaded

and unloaded by means of lighters because of the fact that ships could not cross the bars into the other ports in safety.

Just twenty years after this, or in the year 1907, the Newport Beach Chamber of Commerce was organized and adopted as its slogan, "The Development of Newport Harbor." From that day to this there has never been an organization of more enthusiastic boosters for any project than have been the people of Newport Beach in the development of Newport Harbor.

The first year was devoted to the education of the people in Orange County as to the harbor facilities lying within its boundaries. Hundreds,

FIRST STATE BANK OF BALBOA

THE MAN WHO PUT THE "BOA" IN BALBOA

BALBOA

OH! YOU BALBOA BOOSTERS

BALBOA PAVILION

BALBOA TOWNSITE

COMMODORE E. J. LOUIS
"THE FATHER OF BALBOA"
PRES. NEWPORT BAY INVESTMENT CO., HEAVILY INTERESTED IN BALBOA LAND AND WATER (S. BALBOA REALTY Co. AND BALBOA LIMITED)

J.P. GREELEY
SECT'Y. NEWPORT BAY INVESTMENT Co. WHO HAS BOOSTED 8 YEARS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BALBOA AND THE ENTIRE BEACH.

FRED W. BECKWITH
MGR. BALBOA PAVILION
POSTMASTER OF BALBOA
MEMBER SO. COAST YACHT CLUB, REALTY OWNER AND AN ALL ROUND LIVE WIRE
"BALBOA BOOSTER"

THESE ARE SOME OF THE MEN THRU WHOSE EFFORTS, THAT WHICH WAS SAND DUNES IN PROFUSION A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO, IS NOW TRANSFORMED INTO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RESORT OF ITS KIND - BAYS, CLIMATE AND ENVIRONMENTS - AND IT SPELLS

•BALBOA•

E. E. RICHARDSON
FORMER SANTA ANAN WHO FORSAW THE FUTURE OF SAND DUNES CONVERTED INTO BEAUTIFUL BALBOA AND REGRETS AN OCCASIONAL ENFORCED ABSENCE

BOOST MATERIAL

BANANA

STRIPPING



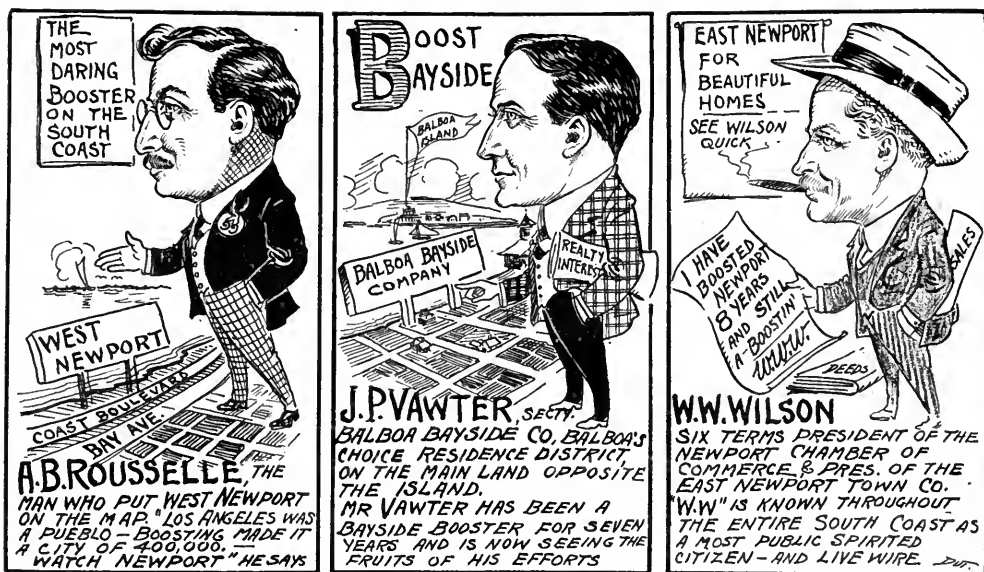
Bay Island, East Newport. Still Water Bathing and Boating



Four of Newport's Live Boosters



Main Street, East Newport



Three of the Biggest Boosters on the Peninsula

—yes, thousands—of residents of Orange County had never seen any more of Newport Bay than that portion readily seen from the sand-spit. The Newport Beach Chamber of Commerce, however, furnished launches for free rides, taking Orange County residents over the entire bay, which consists of about eight square miles of land-locked water, the upper lagoon, so-called, being of itself an excellent harbor of refuge surrounded by steep bluffs of over a hundred feet in height until the upper end of the lagoon is reached where the ground gradually slopes from the bay to the farm land of the interior.

The first visible reward for the continuous and concentrated effort of the men who were so enthusiastically backing their belief in the ultimate development of the harbor was when Congress, in the year 1911, appropriated \$2,500 for a preliminary survey and the establishing of harbor lines within the boundaries of Newport Bay. This was the first instance where the United States Government had made such an appropriation, and this appropriation was made upon the assurance by the people of the City of Newport Beach that they would vote a bond issue of \$100,000 for the construction of a jetty at the mouth of Newport Bay, in order that the sandbar might have an opportunity to clean itself and make it possible for boats having a draught of from 14 to 18 feet to clear the bar at low tide, and this will make it possible for boats of 20 to 25-foot draught to clear the bar at high tide.

The preliminaries have already been completed for the voting of the \$100,000-bond issue, and before the summer season expires the question will be voted upon and without doubt unanimously carried.

In carrying forward the work, the Newport Beach Chamber of Commerce has been ably seconded in their efforts by practically every civic organization in Orange, Riverside and San



Bernardino counties, thus demonstrating that the people in the interior are alive to the possibilities and the quick advancement the development of Newport Harbor will bring directly to them, the distance from the centers of population mentioned being about one-half as far from Newport Harbor as they are from Los Angeles Harbor.

It is the hope and the belief that the United States Government will further assist in the making of Newport Harbor not only a first-class commercial harbor, but a harbor of refuge into which war vessels may safely enter.

Making Gold from Sand *and* Salt Water

By *W. S. Collins*
President Newport Land Company, and owner of
Balboa Island

Fourteen years ago, or in the year 1899, I sat in my office one day talking to a man who wanted to sell me 1000 acres of land around Newport Bay for a consideration of \$50,000. In the day-dreams of the future I imagined it would be a good investment and purchased the property.

On that day the south coast came into existence while a host of my friends stood around and predicted my immediate failure. They thought I was crazy to go away off down the south coast and invest \$50,000 in sand, as they put it.

Today that same property, since subdivided, sold, resold, developed and connected to Los Angeles by the Pacific Electric railroad, is worth more than \$5,000,000. Some of the very people who laughed at my original purchase have since bought some of the property from me and they,

Finally I secured my own right of way for an electric line from Santa Ana to Balboa and entered into negotiations with Mr. H. E. Huntington, head of the Pacific Electric, to build my own line over this right of way. Later a contract was signed for the construction of the road, but on the eve of beginning work Mr. Huntington decided it was too good a bet to overlook, took over my franchise and built his own road from Willows Junction, on the Long Beach line, to Balboa.

Later he built the line from Santa Ana to Huntington Beach, connecting with the Balboa line at this point and now it is only a question of a short time until the line from Santa Ana to Balboa Island will be constructed.

On the day that these lines were completed, and the first cars sent over them, the south coast began to go ahead with leaps and bounds. The



Residence of W. S. Collins, Collins Island

too, have realized large profits on their investments.

Twenty miles in extent, the south coast beaches comprise the most beautiful, even, sandy coast line to be found anywhere. The extent is from the San Pedro harbor to the picturesque hills of the Corona del Mar, at the mouth of Newport Bay, and comprising the beach towns of Naples, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Sunset Beach, Redlands Seaside Colony, West Newport, Newport, East Newport, Balboa and Balboa Island.

Today the population of the south coast I would estimate at not less than 50,000 people at any time of the year, and during the summer seasons easily 100,000 people per week visit these beaches. On holidays and special occasions this number is greatly increased.

The coming of the Pacific Electric line to the south coast is a most interesting story. For years it was impossible to get the Pacific Electric to build a road down the south coast. Every inducement was offered, but with no avail.

transportation problem was solved and people began to come to the south coast.

Every improvement now being made on the south coast, the sum total of which will reach up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, is helping the development of this beauty-spot of Southern California.

A boulevard from Long Beach to Balboa, along the coast line, and then across Balboa Island to the Corona del Mar and on to San Diego, is now in the making. It will be a scenic highway, the scenic beauties of which will attract the automobile populace of Southern California.

At Balboa one reaches the terminus of the south coast, where Newport Bay connects with the Pacific Ocean at the Corona del Mar, the hills and seal rocks of which are a rendezvous for artists and lovers of Nature's beauty.

On the narrow neck of land that separates the waters of the Pacific from the quiet, peaceful waters of Newport Bay is Balboa, covered with pretty beach cottages, apartments, hotels, tent cities and business blocks. The pavilion, which

is on the bay side of the peninsula, offers every amusement.

In the center of Newport Bay and surrounded by its still waters, twenty-two square miles in extent, is Balboa Island, where hundreds of homes are built and under way. The hangar of the Glenn Martin Aeroplane Company was built at Balboa Island only recently, and aviation tests are daily attractions at Balboa Island now.

The automobile speedway around Balboa Island and connected to the mainland by a bridge will prove an added attraction when completed, as will the new \$100,000 hotel to be built on Balboa Island.

Newport Bay will soon have navigable connections with the Pacific Ocean, as a jetty at the mouth of the bay will be built in the near future. The bonds for this jetty have already been arranged for in the city of Newport.

When this is completed it will be possible at all times for pleasure craft to go to and from the ocean to the bay. Newport Bay is also the headquarters for the South Coast Yacht Club, and was the home of the late Madame Modjeska during the years of her retirement previous to her death.



Grinding Out the Dollars with the Little Old Mill

While the artist was cartooning Mr. Collins, he related the old legend of "Why the Sea is Salt,"—how a poor man begged from his rich brother a ham for a Christmas dinner for his family. The wealthy man gave the poor one the ham, who, while returning home with it that night, was surrounded by a hoard of dwarfs, who took him into dwarfland after vainly persuading him to sell the ham. They showed him their enchanted hand mill, which, as the story goes, one had to but wish and turn the crank and every wish was gratified.

The poor man traded his ham for the old mill, took it home and ground out a beautiful home, jewels, raiment, sumptuous repast, etc. In the

morning the rich brother, who was manufacturing salt, saw his brother's new home. Astounded at the wonderful mill, and failing in buying it from his brother, stole it and placed it upon his outgoing ship and commanded it to "grind out salt, never stop grinding, grind, grind, grind."

So it ground out tons of salt, sunk the ship, but kept up grinding out salt, and is still grinding out salt on the bottom of the ocean. And this is "why the sea is salt."

Hence the inspiration for the above cartoon. Mr. Collins has literally made riches from salt water and sand by dredging Newport Bay and making Balboa Island.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL

BOOST NEWPORT NOW

LUMBER

PERMIT

W.W. CROSTER
MGR. NEWPORT BEACH LUMBER CO., MEMBER OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 8 YEARS A BOOSTER—NOTICE THE BUILDING ACTIVITY IN NEWPORT

WALT T. TRICKEY
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

"WHEN WE GET THE INLAND CONNECTION, WE WILL HAVE THE BEST BEACH ON THE COAST"

Walt Trickey

WALT T. TRICKEY
LEADING GROCER OF NEWPORT, MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND DEVOTES MUCH TIME IN BOOSTING ALL NEWPORT

NEWPORT GARAGE

GARAGE

H.A. ROBINSON
PROP. NEWPORT GARAGE AUTO LIVERY AND ACCESSORIES. HE VOICES THE OPINION—"WE ARE ON THE EVE OF A GOOD BOOM" AND IS BOOSTING FOR IT.

"I AM A STRONG ADVOCATE OF A PACIFIC ELECTRIC DEPOT"

Chas. Grau

CHAS. V. GRAU
PROPRIETOR OF THE ORANGE CO WINE CO., LIVE MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AND A BOOSTER FOR GREATER NEWPORT

"KEEP THAT CAN CLEAN AND WE SHOULD WORRY"

Barker

CARGO

ASSESMENT BLANK

J.E. BARKER
CITY SUPT. OF STREETS. "ED" IS A FRIEND OF CLEANLINESS AND A FOE OF FILTH AND DOESN'T NEED A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE TO START HIM—HE'S A LIVE ONE

AGENT FOR So. PAC. WELLS-FARGO AND PACIFIC ELECTRIC

CITY AFFAIRS

ONLY HONOLULU AND HAVEN LEFT'S US ON CLIMATE T.S.U.

L.S. WILKINSON, 16
YEARS NEWPORT RESIDENT, CITY CLERK FOR 7 YEARS AND ONE OF THE OLD GUARD BOOSTERS

S. BAKER
NEWPORT REALTY
BEACH PROPERTY

"MY MOTTO IS THE GOLDEN RULE"

S. BAKER
FOR SEVEN YEARS A NEWPORT REAL ESTATE BOOSTER BOTH IN AND OUT OF BUSINESS CIRCLES.

SEE JACK FOR THE LATEST BALL DOPE

JACK HALLA
POOL HALL PROP. JACK IS A "SOUTH PAW," PITCHED 2 YEARS FOR LOS ANGELES AND WILL PITCH PROFESSIONAL BALL NEXT SEASON IN THE PAC. COAST LEAGUE.

A Group of Some of Newport's Leading Boosters



A Typical Balboa Modern Apartment House

STAYING QUALITIES of LOS ANGELES INVESTMENTS

With Cartoons of Some of its Chief Builders

By Theo. B. Comstock



IN many years of observation and operation in Southern California, the writer has met only one class of dealers and investors—all are optimists. With the record of the past as evidence, and the well-conceived and rapidly-maturing arrangements for the immediate future, the most cautious operator may safely disregard every consideration except expansion. Actually accomplished results render one utterly incapable of setting bounds to growth in every direction. The optimist justly uses this irresponsible spirit of expansion as the sure criterion for estimates of further increment in property valuations. But even he is continually outstripped in his calculations by the progress of events.

There are three elements which the prudent investor must carefully investigate in determining the real prospects in any given region. These are: 1. *The Country*. 2. *The People*. 3. *The Atmosphere*.

1. *The Country*. It is evident that no amount of advertising or zeal of boosters could ever bring about the colonizing permanently, as a winter resort, of a district about the summit of Pike's Peak, or the building up of an industrial center in a spot destitute of all conditions requisite to such development. So it is essential that nature provide at least a part of the foundation for any settlement of sufficient importance to give solidity, permanence and some degree of continuous appreciation to real estate investment. Certain natural deficiencies may be overcome by artificial importations or substitutes, but any community which banks upon such growth to come from influx of population must provide inducement to settlers in one or other form, and where adverse conditions of climate, lack of provision for creature comfort and forbidding aspects of scenery combine to make life unenjoyable, there is little chance of making real estate active in market at any time.

I base my own firm reliance in the continued enhancement of real values in all parts of California and more particularly in Southern California, upon the character and resources of the country itself, in very large measure.

This region was as fair and as beautifully endowed, to be sure, in the halcyon days of the Padres and Dons, and it is every whit as intrinsically valuable today as it will be when all its worth is fully utilized. But its potential value, upon which appreciation is to be calculated, lies in utilization. This process is even now in the incipient period. We get returns which are ample upon our *own* investment, but we are not economical or intensive in our husbandry, because we do not have to be so yet. Gradually we are learning that many blades of grass may be made to grow where one struggled for existence before, and that men and women

and children, in multitude as the sands of the sea, may be supported in affluence by the bountiful harvests which modern agriculture has made to replace the nibbling pasture-ground of earlier inhabitants. Usage has marvelously developed uses; resources hitherto undreamed have become apparent in bounteous proportions; healing virtues of an all-year dependable and agreeable climate have attracted permanent settlers as well as evanescent tourists; growth of business has extended the demand for business enterprise and introduced new classes of industry. In a word, the mere tickling of the soil and a little testing of resource have revealed storehouses of potential assets which cannot be more than surface-plowed by the present generation. We, of today, are merely consuming the shavings and sawdust of the builder's work. Around and about us are vast treasurers of unutilized raw material capable of being fashioned into food and raiment, and essence of mental and moral growth of humanity.

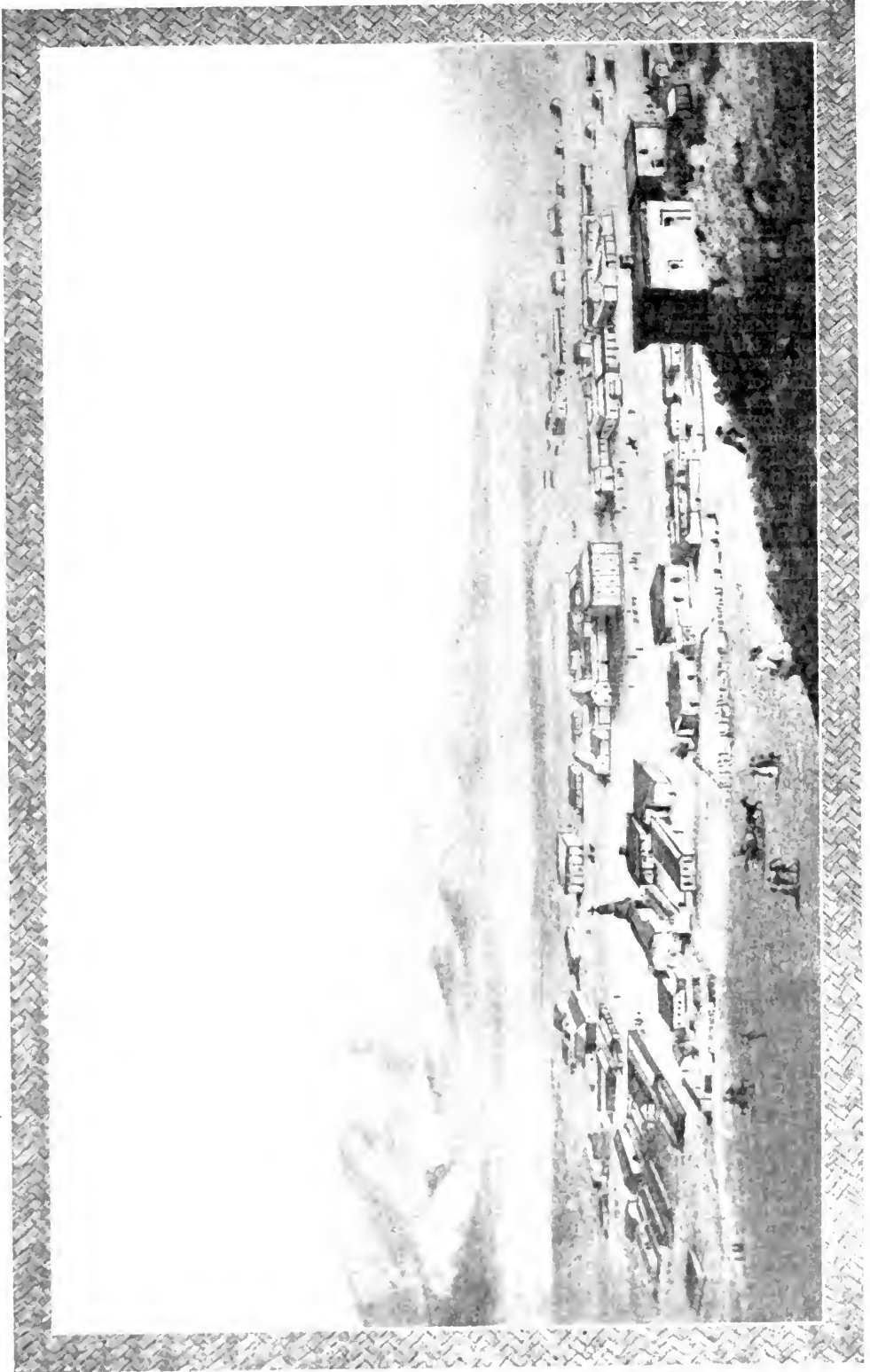
Nature has been kind also in other ways. The very structure of the earth, induced by geologic changes, has been so fashioned as to give marked advantages in topography for low-grade transportation routes; for collection of water and the provision of available lines for conduits; for supply of power by natural fall. The materials of construction, fuel supply, ores and minerals for unborn manufacturing industries, all are accessible and of admirable quality.

As to the Country, then, the seeds of empire are here, in quantity and quality sufficient to render Southern California, if need be, independent of the whole world. If only this be requisite, the future of this fair land must surely so far outstrip its marvelous past as to make of the region a veritable "wonder of the world."

2. *The People*. How can we judge of their employment of the talents committed to them? Truly this factor may be even more effective in results than the material upon which their energy shall be expended.

There are two kinds of power used in blasting operations. One is *slow*, the other *quick*. One *lifts*, the other *shatters*. One exerts its power along lines of *least resistance*, and this is useful when you want just that style of action. The other drives home its energy regardless of obstacles. Perhaps it may take no account of weak lines of opposition in its zeal to overcome the maximum restraint.

Well, the *vim* and *push* and *boom* of the people who *do*, the moving spirit of the populace, constitutes the powder which blasts the way of progress in any community. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Merchants and Manufacturers Association, its Realty Board, Advertising Club, and various kindred institutions, are world-famous rallying points for the sappers and miners who prepare the ground for the plowing,



Copyright by Sydney B. Brown

Broadway in the Early Fifties

and these are never able to keep far in advance of the procession of sturdy, pushing, driving home-seekers, who are always crowding to the front. It is not the people who were here sleeping on guard of their riches, but those who came from afar, of the old pioneer stock, restless, enterprising, conquering, compelling, adventurous, if you like; these are the ever-active forces which have occupied and prepared the country and who are now beckoning to earnest, capable, brainy people in all parts of the world to come and share the promised land with themselves.

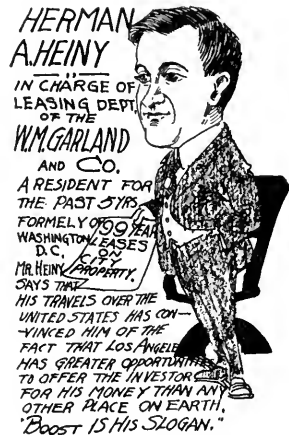
Having done so much, and absolutely assured of the depth and solidity of the vast resources we have merely skimmed at surface, we confidently stake our lives and fortunes upon an abiding faith in a future far more glorious than the proud past of our achievement. The people here—the very best of the race which made these United States the peer of the nations of the world—are descendants of the hardy pioneers of the East and the West. And keenly alive to the work yet to be done, regarding accomplished fact as mere surveying and staking out of ground, we are so thoroughly in earnest, so united in purpose, so persistent in effort, that any one who can doubt the certainty of the outcome will be diverted into the current and carried along perforce.

With the Country and its marvelous treasure at our command, and the People who dare and do, with hands and funds at our backs, you can't hold back our progress if you try.

3. *The Atmosphere.* Other portions of God's Country, other People with the will to achieve, lie elsewhere out-of-doors, and the combination has not always brought results of tremendous importance. Too true, because there has been a lack of vivifying atmosphere. We have that unlimited in our beneficent, health-winning climate. This gives contentment, a certain sense of harmonious environment, a spell of enchantment from which our captives never fully recover wherever they may roam. Atmosphere, in climatic terms, undoubtedly has much to do with the "pull" exerted by Southern California, as it may add fuel to the indomitable "push" of its loyal boosters. But there is Atmosphere of another kind, an intangible but demonstrable essence, bearing about the same affinity to air as subtle electricity to ordinary gas. It is the *vis viva*, the compelling power of team-work, which actuates and inspires every mother's son and daughter to inhale faith and enthusiasm with each breath, and to hold aloft the banner: "EXCELSIOR—Elixir of Youth." The secret of our zeal and our accomplishment is E PLURIBUS UNUM—the same watchword which made and preserved the union of the States. Our heritage from the heroes of old is pre-vision as well as the records of history. *Stand aside and don't believe in us, if you will; if you come and see, you will believe and you won't stand a-side, but be-side us and "in the swim."*

Given the Country, the People and the Atmosphere, all unified and harmonized in the great work of human development, what is to limit the expansion of Southern California's inspired sway and the growth in value of every square foot of her well-endowed territory? Certainly nought but over-crowding with People who come without tools, means or incentive to

industrial occupation. Our land will respond beautifully to every honest draft upon it. We can supply all needs of every man and woman who will but perform a due part faithfully in the community. There was a time when financial resources had to be drawn from without by dint of argument, and by sacrifices commensurate with the supposed risk of the ventures made by investors on the Pacific Coast. We are happily over that period of testing out. Capital is here seeking application and there is no speculative future in real estate investments properly handled. That is to say, the investor who purchases land at going prices anywhere in Southern California, including the small stockholder of an honestly-managed corporation, runs no risk of loss of any portion of his capital, and he may safely rely upon a reasonable interest accretion in land value, year by year, from the simple growth of the country. There is a certain speculative element beyond this in the probability of much greater enhancement due to the development of resources and the certain demand to come from the multitude of newcomers whose legitimate wants must be supplied by subdivision of acreage holdings and in other ways. But the speculation is only as to the percentage of increment—not the certainty of it, which is amply secure.

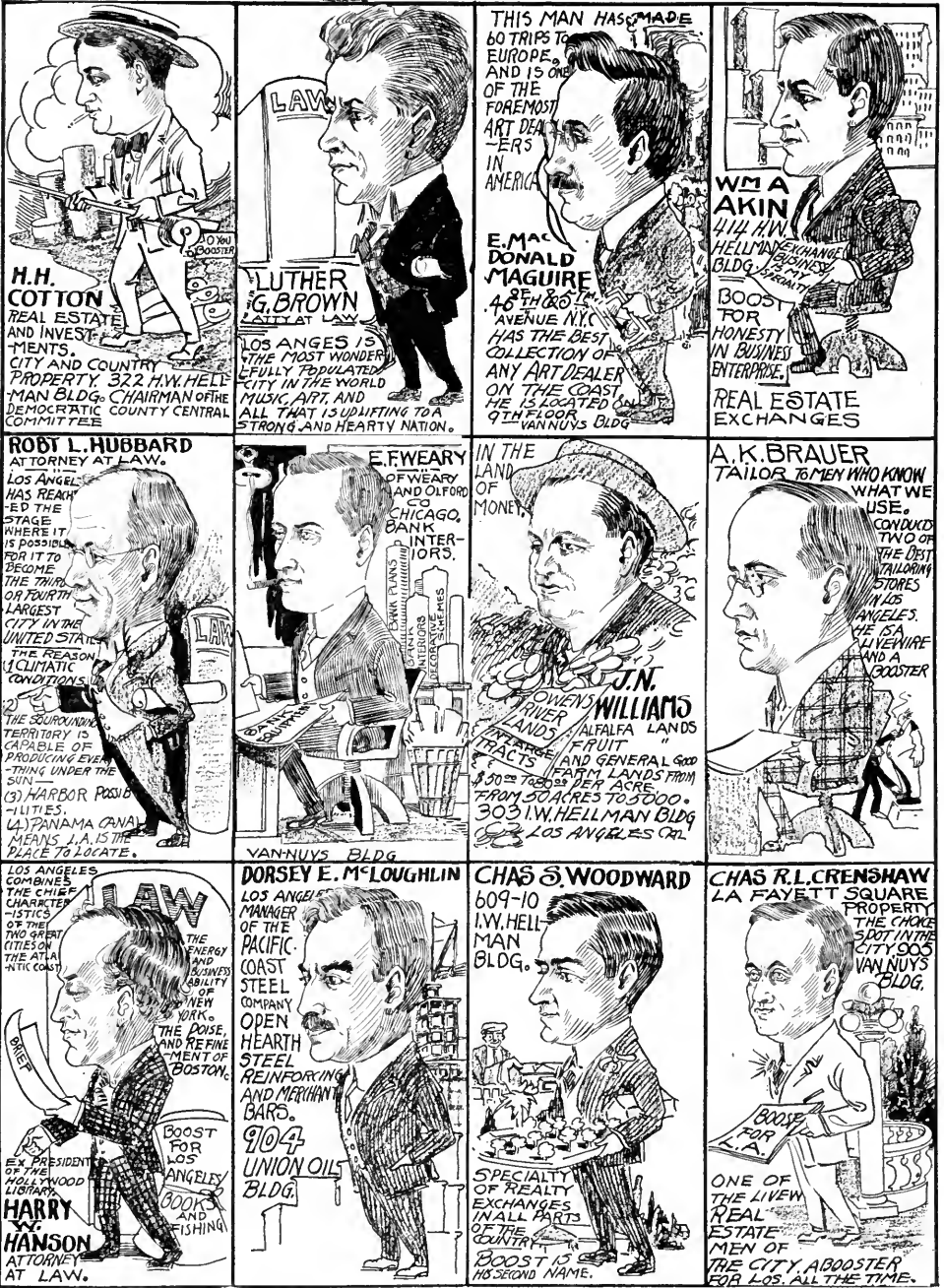


Little has been written here of the fourth ingredient of successful operations, the financing of real estate transactions, because it has not been found necessary of recent years to go beyond the accumulated resources of the region itself to procure funds for any reasonable business enterprise. The time has come when outside capital is pouring in abundantly without urging, and any legitimate, well-managed undertaking no longer goes begging for needed pecuniary support.

The foregoing outline is enough to show the real solid basis of real estate investment in Los Angeles and the surrounding country. Without more than the assured growth which is due to present conditions, the steady increase in values is certain to continue. But a new era of development has begun which cannot fail to produce



Broadway in 1912. Corner of Seventh Street. Copyright by Sydney B. Brown



Some of the Men Making Los Angeles a City of Progress

results in geometric ratio compared with the past record. Even the stimulus to manufacturing industries, which the needs of our permanent settlers has made apparent, would be sufficient to guarantee this progressive advancement without ulterior aids. The building up of gigantic establishments in fields hitherto untouched has already been extensive; but the supply and the delivery of oil fuel and the multiplication of

conveniences and great extension of markets are in their initial stages only. Reciprocal trade with the Orient, and distribution of supplies to interior western markets and along the coast of North and South America would soon tax existing equipment to the utmost, and react decidedly upon land prices, so as to keep up the constant appreciation in values. Every element of growth in this particular, which has been effect-

<p>THEO B. COMSTOCK PRESIDENT OF THE CALIFORNIA FARM AND HOME BUILDERS.</p> 	<p>CHAS LEE EVANS ATTY AT LAW L.A. IS A CITY OF GREAT OPPORTUNITIES AND WE WILL HAVE A MILLION POPULATION IN 1917. BOOST</p> 	<p>THE PANAMA CANAL WILL BE A GREAT HELP TO ALL BUSINESS INTERESTS ON THE COAST. EARL M. DANIELS ATTORNEY AT LAW</p> 	<p>REAL ESTATE SPECIALTY OF THE WILSHIRE BULVARO DISTRICT W ADAMS HEIGHTS WEST MORELAND HEIGHTS WELLINGTON PLACE WESTMINSTER PLACE ART HIS BOBBY JAMES V. BALDWIN BOOST</p> 
<p>L. C. McCURDY PRES. OF McCURDY AND MILLER MANFG OF ELECTRICAL AND LIGHTING FIXTURES, 204 To 209 I.N. VAN NUYS BLDG.</p> 	<p>MULTICOLO PRESS 305 I.N. VAN DISTRICT SALES MANAGER 305 I.N. VAN HELLMAN BLDG. AND THE MACHINE THAT EVERY LARGE OFFICE NEEDS THIS IS A CINCINCH NO WORK TO IT JAMES M. HARRIS</p> 	<p>G.W. HUGHES GENERAL REAL ESTATE MGR OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AT ONE TIME ONE OF L.A.'S BIG SUB DIVISION MEN. BOOST</p> 	<p>GEO. W. MILLER OF GIBSON & MILLER REAL ESTATE CITY PROPERTY AND EXCHANGES 406 I.N. VAN NUYS BLDG.</p> 
<p>LOS ANGELES HAS EVERYTHING BEFORE IT. F.C. FINKLE CONSULTING ENGINEER DOMESTIC WATER SYSTEMS A E T C HYDROLIC POWER PLANTS AND IRRIGATION SYSTEMS MR FINKLE HAS DONE A WONDERFUL WORK FROM COLORADO TO CALIFORNIA. OWNER OF THE FINKLE APTS HOTEL SHAW AND OTHERS.</p> 	<p>DICK QUINN ATTY AT LAW A LIVERIED CHAMBERLAIN AN STEWARD WITH AN EVER LASTING BOOST FOR LOS ANGELES AND SAYS THAT LOS ANGELES HER DAUGHTERS WILL BE THE FLOWERS - GIRLS AT THE COURT OF HONOR HER SON'S REPLYING TO SERVE AS PAGES TO THE COURT OF MAMMON.</p> 	<p>CHARLES L. TALBOT GENERAL REAL ESTATE BOOST I.N. VAN HELLMAN BLDG</p> 	<p>E.W. TUCKER MINING BROKER GOLD COPPER ZINC LEAD WE REALIZE THE BEST INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES 210 I.N. HELLMAN BLDG</p> 

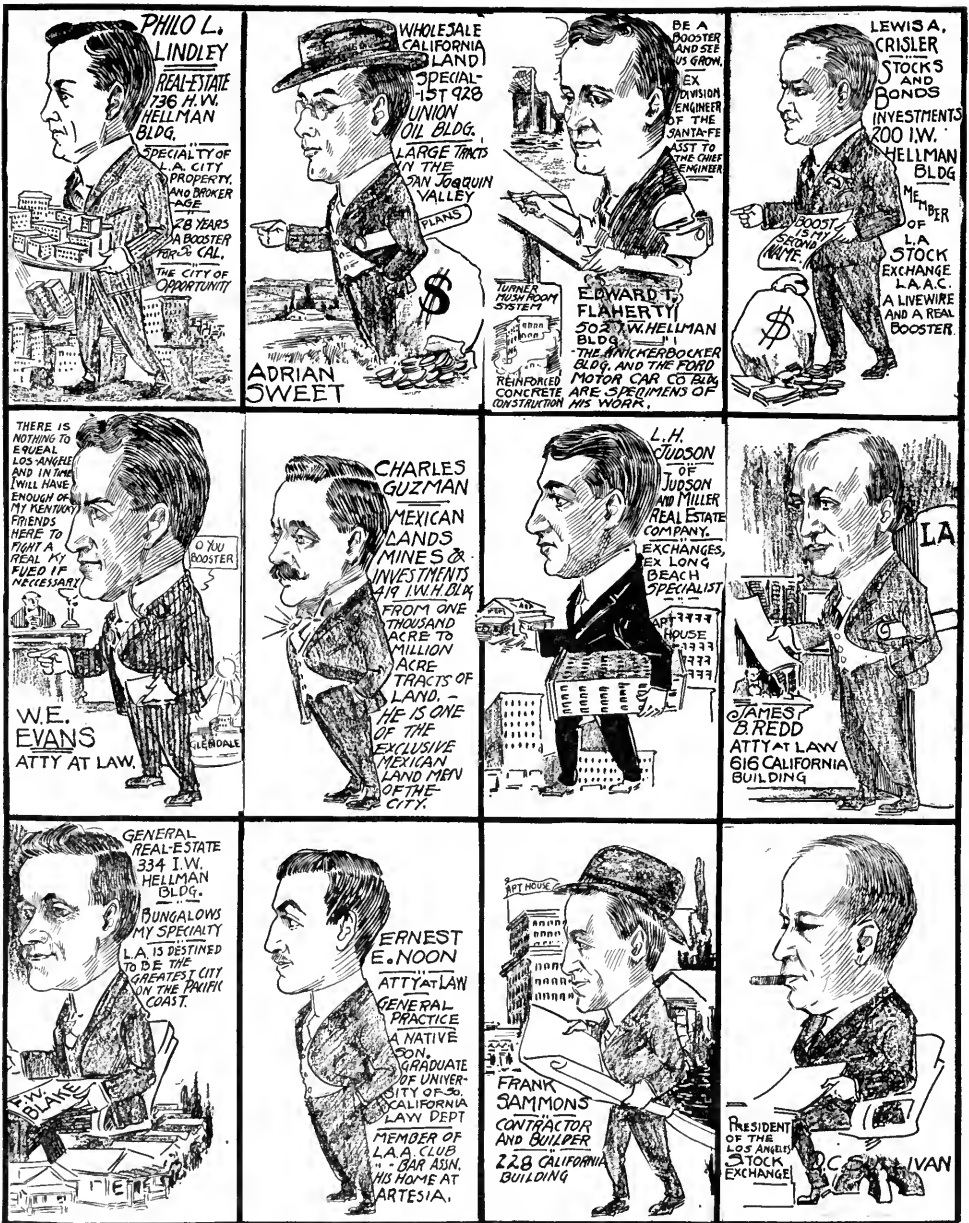
Million Mark Boosters

ive in the past, must gain force enormously in the near future. And the cost of land, high as it may be in comparison with earlier rates, is still very low as contrasted with other regions of similar status in population and advancement in the Arts.

Then, to crown all, there is just beyond us a quickening influence of untold potential, which is sure to make for heavier demands for settlement and development, with commensurate gain in values. The opening of the Panama Canal, supplemented by the demonstration of wealth

and industrial opportunities of this favored land through the greatest of World's Fairs, will bring incalculable amounts of new energy, new demands to create new industries, to occupy the land more closely with more intense use. And, with all this, every square foot of earth will become more precious and prices will advance far beyond any estimate which can now be figured.

In short, there is no place in the world where real estate may be purchased today with more certainty of profitable returns than in any part of Southern California, if judiciously selected for



Men Who Progress

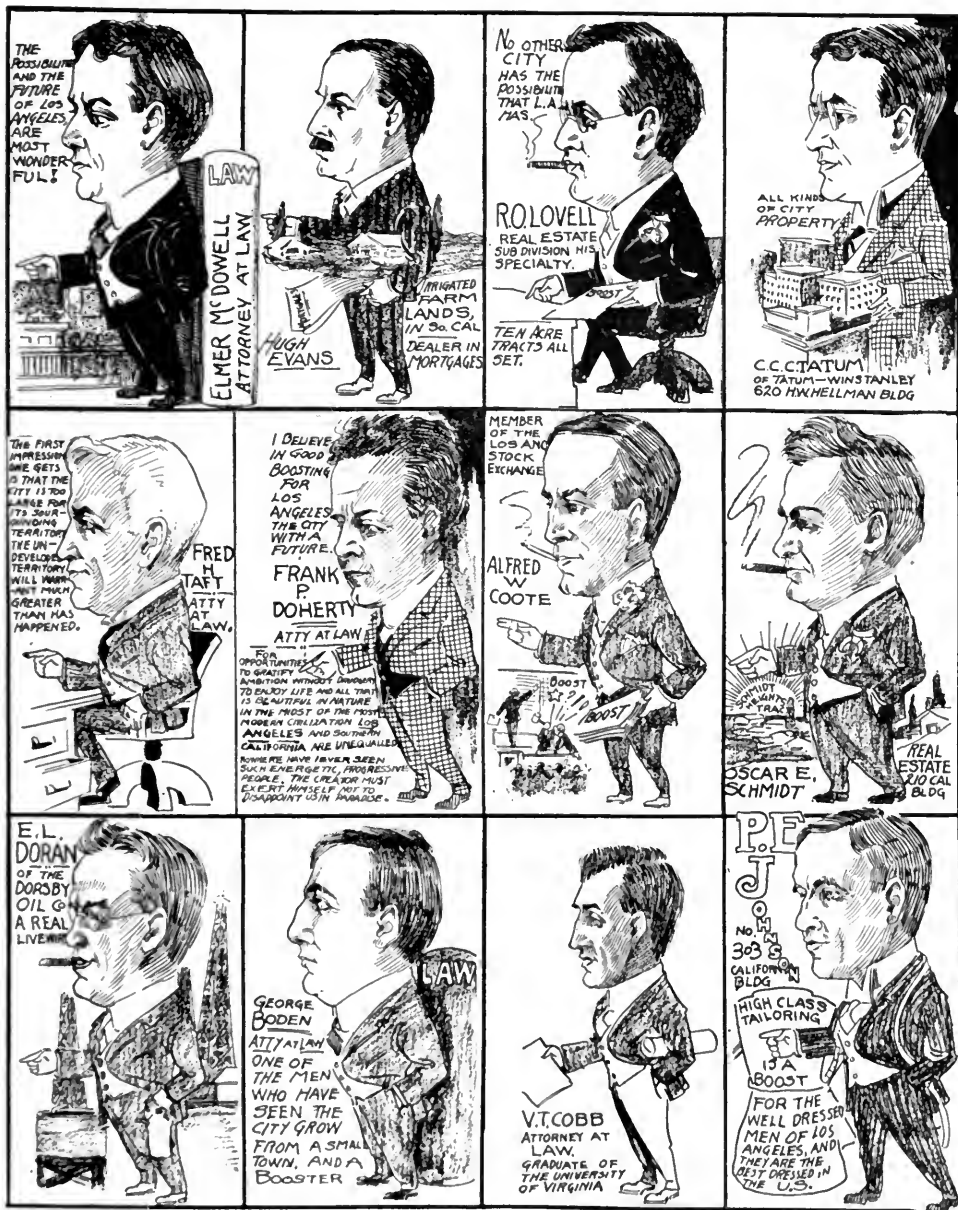
any use to which land may be put. Take it today for what it is worth in the market for the purpose it is serving. It will surely advance rapidly for that purpose, in any event, and more probably it will soon be required for use which will put it into a higher priced class.

Eleven years ago the writer purchased a home lot on a fine residence street in Los Angeles for \$2400. It is used for residence today, but the street is being filled with apartment houses, with similar lots selling for \$12,000 to \$15,000 and

upward for this use. Lots not far away, which sold for residences ten years ago at \$2500, are going now for business buildings at \$25,000, and few to be had so low. In another decade such lots will be in demand at \$250,000.

These are not the predictions of a wild optimist, but a very carefully worked out estimate of the result of the mere action of known factors, which are plainly evident to any ordinary observer.

Although the foregoing bald statements are



More Live Wires of Los Angeles

based upon actually accomplished results, this fact is not as well known as it should be. Therefore some interesting statistics may well be set down in this place. The following figures are compiled from accurate details supplied by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce—an authority undisputed.

In 1912 the total value of the principal products of Southern California amounted to \$254,250,000. It may surprise even many of our own citizens to learn that close on to forty per cent of this vast total comprised products of local manufactories, exclusive of all canneries, win-

eries and many other industries which might properly be classed as manufactories of farm products. Petroleum and allied products in Southern California comprised more than seventeen per cent, citrus fruits nearly twelve per cent, mineral products five per cent, all kinds of farm products, not included above, less than twenty-five per cent of the whole. Beans yielded revenue equal to nearly the combined value of eggs and poultry marketed, and beet sugar was produced to greater amount than all three combined of the foregoing.

Taking account of such items as were not



Boost is Their Motto

classed as manufactured products nor as farm products in the foregoing estimate, the actual value in 1912 of articles manufactured was actually near one-half of the total output.

This important fact signifies that we have reached the point where the demand for crops produced is equal to the supply available. The mechanical, as contrasted with purely agricultural industry is gaining rapidly, and just here is the absolute assurance of security to the tiller of the soil. The markets cannot be glutted

except by wholly unnecessary or criminal methods of procedure, and every tendency of modern progress is to reduce cost of cropping and to enhance returns to the producer.

Surely there cannot be found safer investment than land in this well-favored country, with all the conditions as they are; nor more certainty of rapid increase of capital from the simple action of irrepressible forces actually in effect, without considering the much greater probabilities, or even certainties, of future developments.

LA FAYETTE SQUARE---

Los Angeles



ONE of the most notable events in the Los Angeles realty field was the recent opening of La Fayette Square by the Crenshaw Security Company.

This magnificent residential park, comprising eighty broad acres, has been planned and improved on such a magnificent scale that it stands today as a veritable "Royal Domain," exclusively restricted for beautiful homes.

The location enjoyed by La Fayette Square is one of wonderful prominence, being elevated on the very pinnacle of the highlands of the fashionable West End, and surrounded by three great highways: Washington Boulevard, Crenshaw Boulevard and West Sixteenth Street.

The approach from these highways is through nine beautiful gateways built of moulded granite; the architecture is a refined ballustrade of the Parisian type, surmounted by handsome electroliers.

The crowning and central feature of the Square is St. Charles Place, a Spanish Pasear of marked beauty; in the center, smooth asphalt drives surround a group of private parks set with tropical palms, bordering the walks at either side of the Pasear are rows of handsome electrolier of the same granite material as the gateways.

This elaborate plan of ornamenting the

Pasear is a direct reproduction of the beautiful park effects that surround the magnificent Theatro Municipal at Rio de Janeiro, South America, and has created widespread admiration.

The owners have taken a special pride in planning and transforming this property into a genuine residential park, and thereby adding to the residential section of Los Angeles, something of real merit and permanent beauty instead of the ordinary commonplace subdivision. In other words, this big project, as to its scope of preparation and improvement, has been placed on a basis of stability seldom equalled in a tract offering, and only made possible by the fact that back of it all stands the Crenshaw Security Company, one of the most responsible and conservative investment corporations of Los Angeles, with assets of more than one million dollars.

The many friends of the company are congratulating it upon the notable undertaking which is being carried out with such distinction, and loudly praise the adoption of this unique slogan: "Build your beautiful home in La Fayette Square and live forever."

C. R. L. CRENSHAW,
Secretary.



First Residence Built at La Fayette Square

A. H. WOOLLACOTT

Stocks and Bonds, Member of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange.

The man who is at the back of the Los Angeles Fireproof Building Co. Their new building is to be thirteen stories. He is a native of Los Angeles, his mother a native of Los Angeles, also his father was of the early pioneers of Cal-



ifornia, and later became at the head of one of Los Angeles' largest trust companies. Mr. Woollacott was educated in Los Angeles public schools, finished his practical education in his father's office, took charge of his father's business

in 1907, which was most substantial. He inherited a large estate from his father, and has been one of the most aggressive business men of the city ever since.

DOMENICO GATTONE

Proprietor of Stewart's Tailor Parlors, 324 Exchange Building; proprietor of Leeds Weaving Co., 213 South Spring.

One of Los Angeles, California, boosters. For many years was manager of the Royal Italian



band, which has a world-wide reputation. Mr. Gattone is conducting two of the largest tailoring establishments of Los Angeles, and says that though he as a native of sunny Italy, California is his home for life.

This was the first house erected in La Fayette Square, and was built by the owners of the tract, the Crenshaw Security Company, not as a building venture, but to serve as a material demonstration of the high class character of La Fayette Square.

The idea of building such a fine residence prior to the formal opening of the tract is in keeping with the general plan pursued by the Crenshaw Security Company in developing this beautiful residential park. Work on the improvements was started about one year ago, and quietly carried to completion at a total cost of \$15,000 before the gates were formally thrown open to the public, the Crenshaw Company believing the discriminating class of home-seekers prefer to select their home sites strictly on the beautiful merits of the property already improved, rather than to invest in a new tract as is too often the case, on the strength of glowing promises and wild imagination.

Some idea of the advancement of Los Angeles may be gained from the fact that one year ago this eighty acres was merely a waving barley field of uncertain value, whereas today it stands transformed into a magnificent residential park representing a value in excess of \$1,000,000, and

in a comparatively short time, when entirely built up will aggregate more than \$4,000,000.

It is now ten years ago that the Crenshaw Investment Company became impressed with the beauty of the waving barley fields that spread over the highlands bordering Washington Boulevard, at the westerly gates of the city. The company, having unlimited confidence in the future of Los Angeles, foresaw the possibilities of transforming this pastoral landscape into beautiful homesites. They invested heavily in the unimproved land, and since then have operated exclusively in that section. Ten large tracts have been subdivided and marketed by this company. The last, and the masterpiece of them all, is La Fayette Square, a magnificent residential park of eighty acres, valued at more than \$1,000,000. The plan and improvements are distinctive, and of the highest order, giving to the tract an atmosphere of elegance and a marked individuality that it will never lose. In fact, La Fayette Square is regarded by many as the handsomest tract ever subdivided in Los Angeles.

G. L. Crenshaw is president, and C. R. L. Crenshaw is secretary, of the corporation.

JOHN A. VAUGHAN



Mr. Vaughan's new home

Owner of a Superior Place for the Homes of Particular People.

This beautiful subdivision is in that section of the city which has enjoyed a period of building and development activity seldom experienced in any community.

It extends from Crenshaw Boulevard to West Boulevard on Washington and West Adams. Washington Boulevard, the northern boundary of the tract, is the great highway, Los Angeles to Venice and the sea.

Wellington Square is irresistibly attracting the very best class of investors and homeseekers because it is undoubtedly the finest residential offering in this section.

The time to buy property for either investment or a home is when it is new and prices are at their lowest. Today you can buy this high-class property in a built-up region for considerably less than it will shortly be selling for. Nothing in the vicinity surpasses it and the man looking either for investment or homesite should fully investigate its claims.

The development all about this section assures rapid increase in value and consequent profit to early investors. It is in the direct line of the city's resistless march to the sea.

Considering location and opening prices, this new and attractive subdivision is the choicest offering in the western part of Los Angeles today.

Wellington Square is practically surrounded by fine boulevards and is within two blocks of the proposed subway, which will mean a trip of only 15 minutes to the business and shopping centers of the city. Its location guarantees its future. Some of the newest and finest subdivisions in the city are adjacent.

This region is in the high part of Los Angeles and a fine unobstructed view of the mountains and foothills is obtainable at all times. Palatial homes are on every side. Every convenience is provided for the home-lover or family-man. Lots are wide and deep.

The street work is more than distinctive—it is a revelation to even those familiar with high-grade property development.

The scarcity of desirable property in this fashionable part of the city is growing more and more pronounced. Good residence sites will be hard to procure very shortly without paying exorbitant prices.

Advance inquiry is already great. This is an exceptional home tract and it offers a rare opportunity. Make your reservation now and build later, if more convenient. People of prominence, socially and financially, have selected this region for their homes and you will make no mistake by doing likewise.

EXCHANGE BUSINESS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF



By William H. Akin

We, of Los Angeles, glory in our Wonder City, marvelous as to present attainments and future possibilities, which, to adequately express in words, would beggar the vocabulary of the most ardent and fluent optimist.

Our matchless "year-around" climate is an asset which widely heralded is attracting to this glorious Land of Sunshine and Flowers constantly-increasing thousands and tens of thousands, who become permanent residents for the most part, some returning to their former homes to adjust their affairs as quickly as possible and buy a "one-way" ticket back, fully determined, if living then, to be among those present when Uncle Sam's census-takers count our **MILLION OR MORE** in 1920.

It is the ultimate destiny of Los Angeles, strategically situated as the first World Port of the Pacific available to west-bound traffic passing through the Panama Canal, to become a great seaport city. If present plans do not miscarry, we will soon have completed and ready for world commerce, a harbor modern to the minutest detail, and intensely practical.

A wonderful opportunity for industrial development is here. Factories may run 365 days and nights in the year, our moderate climate rendering unnecessary the expensive construction customs of the East, and our petroleum so abundantly produced locally supplying the necessary element for cheap power while raw materials in great variety are easily obtained.

Our merchants should be alive to the trade possibilities in the Orient, where vast multitudes of the eight hundred million Chinese are casting off the shackles of ignorance and superstition and having emulated the American form of government are now in a receptive mood for American-made articles, while we in turn have a growing demand for many things produced by them.

World-famous orange and lemon groves, alfalfa extensively raised, vast areas in sugar beets, vineyards miles in extent, olive orchards and practically endless variety of deciduous fruits, berries and all sorts of garden truck, together with rich mines and vast oil fields comprise some of the many wealth-producing elements in our surrounding territory.

The record-breaking volume of real estate business we transact, broad in scope and diversified in character is the natural outcome of our conditions, and each succeeding year finds a greater amount of this business brought about through the medium of exchanges.

While there exists a more or less uniform conception of ethical salesmanship as applied to other departments of the business, the exchange branch, with its present volume of important transactions and ever-increasing opportunities for future expansion along proper lines, should be comprehensively standardized in its various ramifications and established and maintained on a higher plane, in fact, than any other branch of real estate activity.

An exchange broker should be the financial adviser, inspiring and maintaining the full and complete confidence of his clients, and having adequate facilities for gathering accurate and dependable information concerning properties placed with him for trade, and based on information so gathered the broker and not the owner should appraise the value of listings thus eliminating time-wasting arguments as to price, which arguments are for the most part without point or merit as the measure of value in an exchange is not money, but other property and different conditions.

The owners have ample protection in that a deal must have their sanction in the last analysis, and if the broker does not plan his deal with a view to getting such final sanction he is obviously wasting his time.

In view of the fact that the broker's compensation is at all times contingent upon securing for his client an acceptable proposition, the client should certainly be willing to pay the full rate of commission when a satisfactory deal is obtained. Brokers would do well to confine their listings and efforts to the holdings of persons who are cheerfully willing to pay properly for services rendered.

I dream of an ideal state where owners with utmost confidence unfold to their broker the true story of their condition, secure in the knowledge that practiced and skillful attention will be given their case; that their property will be justly and equitably appraised, and that a proposition suited to their requirements will eventually be evolved: I dream of satisfied customers who pay full commissions willingly and cheerfully: I dream of an era of honest and candid interchange of propositions among brokers, enlarging greatly the scope of individual opportunity and inuring to the benefit of all concerned.

Will this dream ever come true? We are not permitted to know the future, but if I should hazard a guess, the optimistic note would predominate.



Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise intitled, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

Are we satisfied with our prisons as they are? Are they humanizing to those confined within their walls, or do they squeeze out the last remnants of humanity? These and many other questions are being pretty thoroughly discussed nowadays. Fred High, the Lyceum Director, speaks of "our inhuman prison policy that treats men as criminals instead of looking upon them as brothers." With the help of an array of well-known platform and pulpit lights, Mr. High has gathered together a large amount of information and much valuable thought and suggestion about our prisons. He desires to awaken interest, to arouse thought, to compel attention, and to demand a change in public sentiment so that our prisons may become corrective instead of corruptive, reformatory rather than deformatory, uplifting instead of degrading. *Prison Problems*, compiled by Fred High, 176 pages, \$1.00 postpaid, The Platform, 610 Steinway Hall, Chicago, Illinois.

Slowly but surely the history of the Far West is being understood. Students of ability and experience are seeking to grasp the facts from every possible standpoint. One takes them from the standard of the explorer, another the historian, another the church, and now comes Katherine Coman and analyzes them from the standpoint of industrial economy. For four years the trustees of Wellesley College allowed Miss Coman to study, and the Carnegie Foundation provided the funds for travel, in order that she might gather the material at first hand and in the field for this work. The result is a most luminous and valuable contribution to the literature and philosophy of the history of the great West. It deals with the Spanish Occupation, Exploration and the Fur Trade, the Advance of the Settlers, the Transcontinental Migration, and Free Land and Free Labor. Therein is no acceptance of cut-and-dried theories, no refresh of prejudiced and one-sided viewpoints. As a trained student, observer and philosopher, carefully gathering all the facts, then calmly weighing them, she gives her judgements, not as final and fixed, but as aids to an understanding of the facts. History is thus reduced to a philosophy, a science of human life, and the interests of the great mass of the people are shown to be paramount. We have not yet fully learned this lesson, but the history of our Great West clearly demonstrates it to the thinking mind.

The causes of the failure of Spain's attempts to colonize New Mexico are shown to rest entirely upon the inability or refusal of the Spanish leaders to realize this fundamental fact. The failure of the Mexicans in California shows the same lack, and that for a country to prosper its economic foundation must be secure. In the days of "the splendid idle forties" the Spanish *bought* instead of producing from the soil. Consequently they were constantly impoverishing themselves by sending away their gold for things they might have produced themselves. The decline of the fur trade is shown to have been a lack of character: "The trappers and traders were dying out quite as rapidly as the beaver. Exposure, drink, and the hostility of the Indians were destroying them one by one. Their wages were spent in the carouses that disgraced the rendezvous and the trading posts." In similar analytic fashion Miss Coman shows why certain communities of settlers advanced so much more rapidly than others, the advance or its converse being determined by inexorable law. The curse of slavery upon the land-owners was never more logically and relentlessly shown—not in partisan fashion, but by the working out of unchangeable economic principles. Altogether the work is of great importance and value and should serve to mould the minds of the young in the right form for the ultimate and permanent success of the nation. *Economic Beginnings of the Far West*, by Katherine Coman, 2 vols., 425 pages each, fully illustrated, \$4.00 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

The historical novel still makes its appeal to many minds. Samuel W. Odell has given vivid and realistic pictures of the times of Cyrus, the great conqueror, of his drunken and licentious son, Cambyses, and then of the noble Darius, in his *The Princess Arthura*. The book has a strong love motive throughout, and the devotion of the Princess Arthura for Darius is well and touchingly told. More than in any way, however, the story impresses me with the horror of selfish and inhuman

kingship—the so-called divine right of kings—the bloody wars that were made (and still are made) on their mere say so, and the reckless and prodigal squandering of precious human life and countless treasure, merely to gratify the passions of these imaginary superior persons. O kingship! what countless and bloody crimes have been committed in thy name, what horrors perpetrated, what sufferings endured, what woes prolonged! Books like this affect me now as unconscious indictments of the whole bloody business of war and the selfish vanities of men that provoke war. From this standpoint the story is useful as well as interesting. As a story it is well thought out, dramatic in plot and strong in action. *The Princess Arthura*, by Samuel W. Odell, 312 pages, with colored frontispiece, \$1.25 net, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

What is a girl to do whose parents die and leave her without money or occupation? How many an unhappy girl has had to answer this question for herself. The what-shall-I-do girl is a pretty doleful creature as a rule. Isabel Woodman Waitt has hit upon a good plan to give suggestive helps. She has her heroine—left an orphan—write to a number of her school-day friends who are out in the world, and the book is made up of their answers. One was a newspaper girl, another a matron in an orphan asylum, a milliner, an actress, a beauty-specialist, a piano teacher, a nurse, a typewriter, a telegrapher, a school teacher, a librarian, a teacher of dancing, a farmer, a baby tender and a sales—"person." Each tells how she entered her chosen work and the special difficulties she has had to contend with and overcome.

Then, squash and squeezes! dollars and doughnuts! what does the girl who has asked advice do but run away off to Seattle with a fellow who has asked her to marry him and shake our faith in human nature and books and everything by leading us to assume that they lived happy for ever after. *The What-Shall-I-Do Girl*, by Isabel Woodman Waitt, \$1.25 net, 332 pages, L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

To tell stories sweetly, purely and naturally for children is a great gift, and a book that comes to us from a real story-teller is a delight. I have had this pleasure in reading Maud Lindsay's *A Story Garden for Little Children*. There are twenty pretty, simple stories told in just the fashion that children love, dealing with nearby things, and I heartily commend them all without reservation. Older people with the child heart will love them as much as will the little ones. *A Story Garden*, by Maud Lindsay, 91 pages, profusely illustrated by F. Liley Young, square 8vo., \$1.00 net, postpaid \$1.10, Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

Especially appropriate at this time is anything that truthfully gives us a real conception of the condition of affairs in the Balkan States and Turkey. A Greek lad tells of his home life and training, of the experiences he had personally, or saw, in connection with the rule of the Turks in Macedonia. Without making a plea for his people he makes the strongest possible plea, and he shows us clearly why he thus reaches our hearts. Brought up in an environment of danger and death, nurtured on stories of those patriots who had died rather than betray their country, his little heart was fired from the earliest day to the highest type of local patriotism and to a complete understanding of the causes that led to the enslavement of his people. No wonder, then, that he fully understands present conditions and makes our pulses beat in response to the cry of his heart that the Turks may be forever driven from his native soil. It is a book for boys and girls and equally interesting to their elders. *When I Was a Boy in Greece*, by George Demetrios, 168 pages, with illustrations, 60 cents net, postpaid 67 cents, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

A new country generally establishes its literary reputation before it essays the role of critic. There are those in the East who would have us believe that California is "too new" to have established anything except its rawness and youthful exuberance. Yet Jerome A. Hart, for many years the able and successful editor of *The Argonaut*, dares to come forward and give to the world a book of information, analysis and criticism on *Sardou and the Sardou Plays*. What unspeakable temerity! What arrogant audacity! Yet, strange to say, Mr. Hart does his work as well—nay, better, in my humble judgment—than it could have been done by any of the sophisticated and "properly-equipped" critics of the East. He has gone to his self-imposed task with California enthusiasm and sunlit knowledge. Dividing the book into three parts, he deals first with the important events of Sardou's life as a dramatist; second, with narrative analyses of two-score of Sardou's plays; and third, of the Sardou plays as given in the United States. We are given graphic pictures of his early life, his struggles to gain a footing in spite of his poverty, the blows dealt to him by treacherous collaborators, his first triumph and the attacks of plagiarism his success brought upon him. Then we see him at the court of Napoleon III, as a landed proprietor, and finally as an academician—the pride and glory of all great Frenchmen. His relationship to the "Divine Sarah" is graphically told, and the mutual help they were to each other presented with sympathy and understanding. Indeed, Sardou's whole career as a dramatist is fully covered without any of the foolish and inane details about which few care a rap. The second and third parts are devoted to the plays in detail, and the particulars of their presentation in the United States. To those who are interested in Sardou this volume is

indispensable. *Sardou and the Sardou Plays*, by Jerome A. Hart, 403 pages, three portraits, \$2.50 net, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Marvellously analytical, with a deep knowledge of complex, weak, fashionable, super-sensitive, super-refined, somewhat contemptible human nature, Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *The Nest and Other Stories* reveals to us the subtle workings of other people's minds. As a literary craftsman no one can question the ability and genius of the author. Her characters are drawn with swift, deft and sure lines. Holland's physician tells him he has but a month to live. He and his wife, Kitty, have not been very happy together, and now he learns that she loves Sir Walter, their neighbor. When the news of her husband's impending death is told to her, however, every fibre of her being seems to throb with love for him. He responds and they are apparently perfectly happy in "the nest." Then come subtle questionings, analysis of motives, complex feelings and a complete upset of the short-lived joy. When, finally, he discovers the doctor was mistaken and he goes home and tells it to his wife, bitterness comes to the surface, and reermination is indulged in, so that both move apart henceforth from each other's inner life and love. The other stories are of this same type of people. *The Nest and Other Stories*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, 302 pages, \$1.25 net, postage extra, The Century Co., New York.

In *The Book of the Beastie*, Ruth Ewing and Josephine Trott have gathered together from every possible source 253 pages of stories, poems, and beautiful photographs dealing with birds and beasts. The selections are made with discrimination and care, and the accompanying pictures are beautiful and attractive. Such books as this should be multiplied and largely distributed among the young to lead them to a fuller knowledge and appreciation of Our Universal Kinship. *The Book of the Beastie*, 253 pages and many illustrations, \$1.00, The Forest Press, Highland Park, Ill., or of *Out West*, Los Angeles.

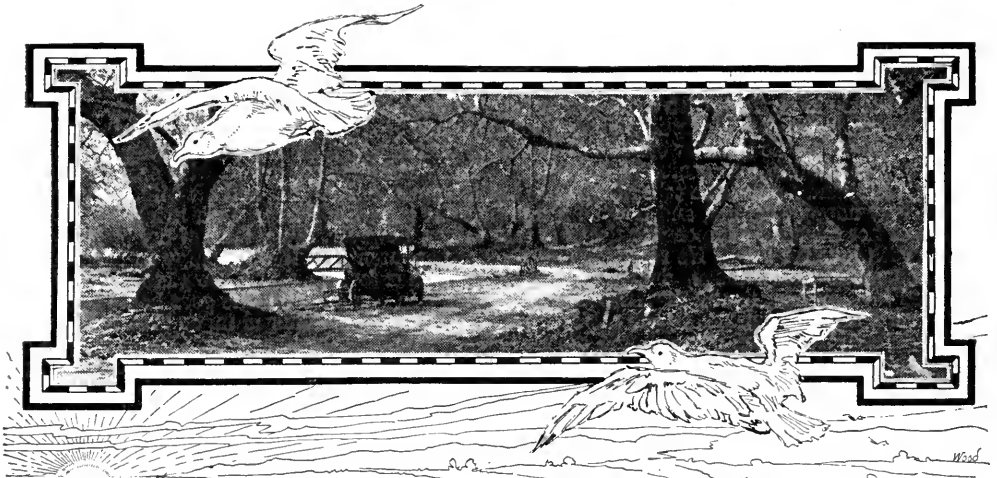
Three dainty little books have come to the editor's desk from J. E. Caldwell, formerly of Ottawa, Canada, but now lured to live in our sweet, beautiful and restful California. *Ottawa* is a poem read at the Second Annual Board of Trade Banquet, December 29, 1910; *The Yellow Bag* is a drama, dealing with individual responsibility towards the subject of Universal Peace; and *Songs of the Pines*, as its name implies, is a booklet of songs of the free and open, redolent of the odors of pine and fir, the camp-fire, tobogganning, logging and general life in the land of the North. *Songs of the Pines*, by J. E. Caldwell, 142 pages, William Briggs, Toronto, Canada.

Concert Pitch, by Frank Danby, tells the story of a snobbish English family who tried to force their daughter into a "good" marriage. She ran away with a musician and composer with a temperament and a fondness for a great singer who could present his music to the world. A friend of the girl, realizing the mistake she had made, and knowing her family would ostracise her, kept watch over her. The musician was finally shot accidentally by the singer's husband, and a happy marriage ensued. The plot is good and there is some excellent character drawing, but some of the scenes are too grossly sensuous and suggestive to leave any other than a bad taste in the mouth. *Concert Pitch*, by Frank Danby, 380 pages, \$1.35 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

How true it is that truth is stranger than fiction, and that no person can tell how another person lives. In Robert Herrick's *One Woman's Life* he gives us a picture of an ambitious American girl, striving always to get up higher—the higher in every case meaning a better social appearance. Her struggles would be laughable were they not so pathetic. As a true picture of thousands of women's mental and social processes, the book has a distinct and decided value, more as a warning, however, than as an example. *One Woman's Life*, by Robert Herrick, 405 pages, \$1.35 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

The romantic era of the history of the United States is rapidly passing away. It is well to preserve any and all reminiscences of the men who made that history. In his *Winning the Southwest* Glenn D. Bradley has told of seven heroes of the frontier—Carson, Stockton, Wootton, Houston, Kearny, Custer and Fremont. Noble Kit Carson, high-minded Stockton, fearless Custer, and path-finder Fremont are well known, and so, to Texans, is Houston, but "Old Dick Wootton" is scarcely known to this generation. Hence it is well to place him where he belongs—in the front rank of that adventurous class of pioneers who always pushed forward to the frontier no matter how advanced or dangerous it was. The author's method of handling broad historical facts by biography is most successful. *Winning the Southwest*, by Glenn D. Bradley, \$1.00 net, 225 pages, illustrations, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

Francis P. Savinien has published some interesting verses under the title *Bonbons*. They show considerable poetic feeling and literary workmanship. 64 pages, 75 cents, George Routledge & Sons, London and New York.



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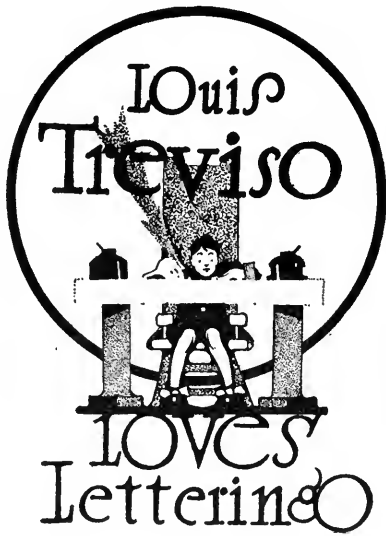
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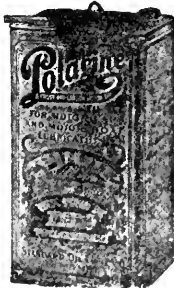
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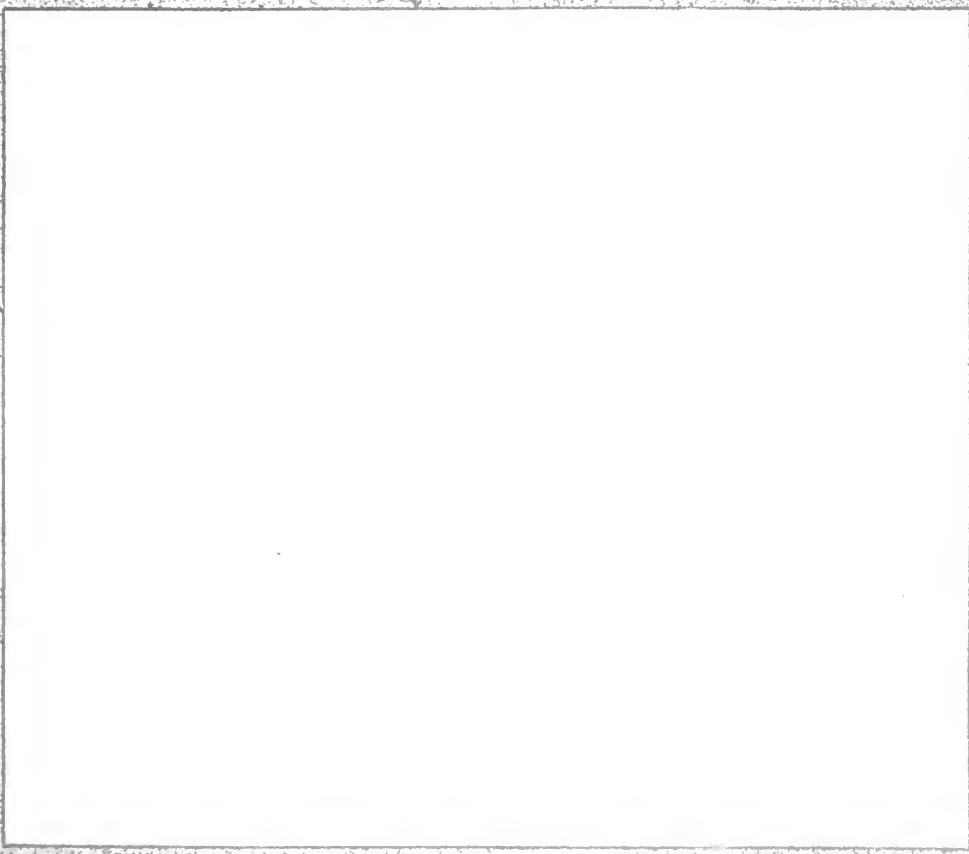
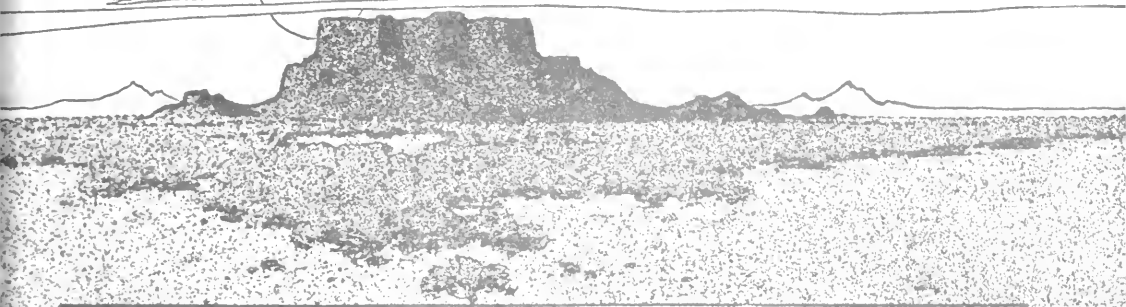
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George Wharton James, Editor



SEP 20 1910

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THE NATUROPATHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
LOS ANGELES - CALIFORNIA

AUTHORIZED STATEMENT OF Los Angeles Banks

July 1st, 1913

Compiled by Security Trust and Savings Bank

NAME	Deposits	Total Resources	Organ- ized
1 Bank of Italy.....	\$12,538,055.55	\$14,162,357.50	1908
2 Bank of San Pedro.....	316,924.12	389,426.89	1888
3 California Savings Bank.....	2,854,789.98	3,226,075.22	1904
4 Central National Bank.....	3,038,969.84	3,695,346.99	1907
5 Citizens National Bank.....	10,509,527.41	14,184,120.73	1890
6 Citizens Savings Bank, Hollywood	253,062.90	288,644.22	1906
7 Citizens Savings Bank, San Pedro	306,920.79	347,675.35	1908
8 Citizens Trust and Savings Bank..	3,047,049.14	3,650,764.90	1891
9 City and County Bank.....	758,814.27	1,007,577.10	1908
10 Commercial National Bank.....	2,707,552.70	3,763,823.45	1903
11 Farmers & Merchants N't'l Bank	14,924,592.55	20,190,455.00	1903
12 Federal Bank.....	557,384.51	629,330.89	1903
13 First National Bank of Los Angeles	18,554,450.26	23,672,090.70	1880
14 First National Bank, Hollywood..	350,729.92	428,172.36	1905
15 First National Bank, San Pedro...	261,792.23	379,458.46	1893
16 First National Bank, Wilmington	133,084.78	193,215.13
17 German Amer. Trust & Sav. Bank	19,879,566.17	22,082,212.24	1890
18 Globe Savings Bank.....	1,932,110.54	2,577,040.65	1906
19 Harbor City Savings Bank.....	192,548.27	228,629.05	1906
20 Hellman Com. Trust & Sav. Bank	5,466,073.09	6,591,770.97	1908
21 Highland Park Bank.....	260,516.47	296,982.38	1910
22 Hollywood National Bank.....	607,389.07	684,007.43	1905
23 Hollywood Savings Bank.....	207,016.09	243,801.42	1905
24 Home Savings Bank.....	6,217,680.67	7,354,096.94	1904
25 Internat'l Sav. & Exchange Bank	2,570,822.76	2,918,560.91	1903
26 Los Angeles Hibernian Sav. Bank	1,840,126.81	2,107,940.28	1910
27 Los Angeles Trust & Sav. Bank...	18,632,070.89	21,387,695.62	1903
28 Merchants National Bank.....	7,860,866.17	9,151,090.55	1886
29 National Bank of California.....	5,072,876.87	6,426,848.79	1889
30 Security Trust and Savings Bank	43,638,811.87	46,638,811.87	1889
31 State Bank of San Pedro.....	446,442.76	507,359.15	1901
32 Traders Bank.....	1,241,486.73	1,505,641.77	1908
33 United States National Bank.....	1,276,085.40	1,844,198.56	1905
<hr/>			
Totals July 1st, 1913.....	187,963,632.56	222,755,223.47	
Totals January 1st, 1913.....	181,886,445.32	215,004,695.83	
<hr/>			
Increase in six months.....	6,077,187.24	7,750,527.64	



New Series, Vol. 6

September, 1913

Number 3

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

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CALIFORNIA

By James Newton Matthews

*Into the West the world is going—
The rose-red West where the mountains are,
And the stars dip low, and the winds are blowing
The perfumed sails to the ports afar;
Where the swishing skirts of the warm Pacific
Are stitched with silver and braided with gold;
Where a sunset coast and a clime mellific
Still dimple our dreams as in days of old.*

*Into the West the world is gliding—
The marvelous West, where the Titans went
And builded homes for the first abiding
Of Freedom's feet, in the Occident;
Where the Argonauts, with the later Jason,
Set sail in search of the Golden Fleece,
And won at last as proud a place on
History's page as the men of Greece.*

*Into the West the world is rushing—
The wonderful West, where the orange shines,
And the citron burns, and the grapes are blushing
In passionate suns on a million vines;
Where orchards reek with a ruddy splendor
In valleys fair as the fabled East,
And Nature swoons in a soft surrender
Of all things sweet for the world's last feast.*

*Into the West the world is turning—
The opulent West, where the heart and eye
Are fed with the dreams of a long sojourning,
There, in the bush of the amber sky;
Where never the thunder is heard, and never
The shock of a storm the whole year long;
And life in the sunset-land forever
Is only the pulse of an endless song.*

From *The Lute of Life*, by James Newton Matthews,
Horton & Co., Cincinnati Ohio.

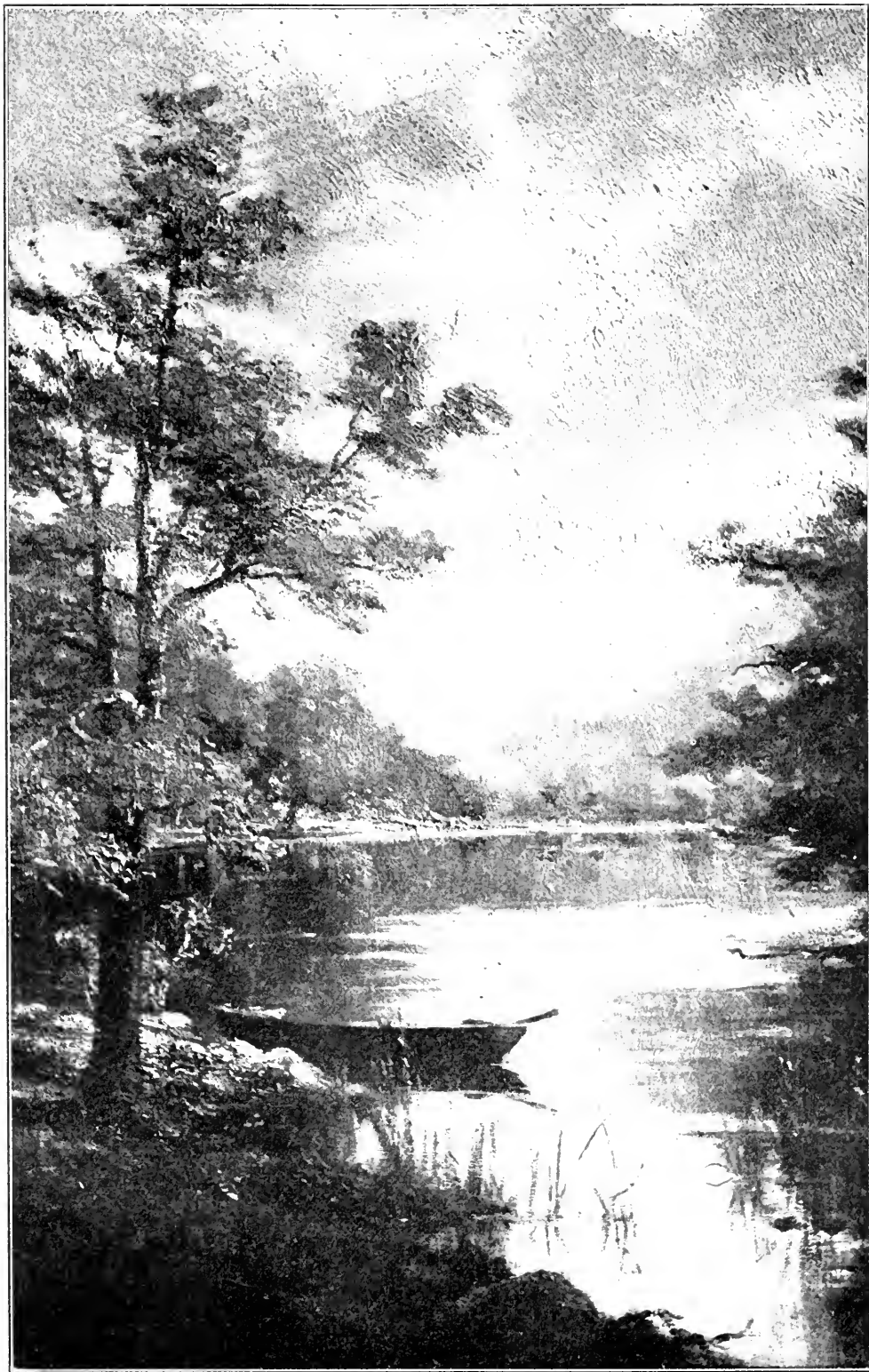


Fig. 1 SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN LAKE
From a Painting by J. Bond Francise o

OUT WEST

SEPTEMBER


1913

J. BOND FRANCISCO

Musician *and* Painter



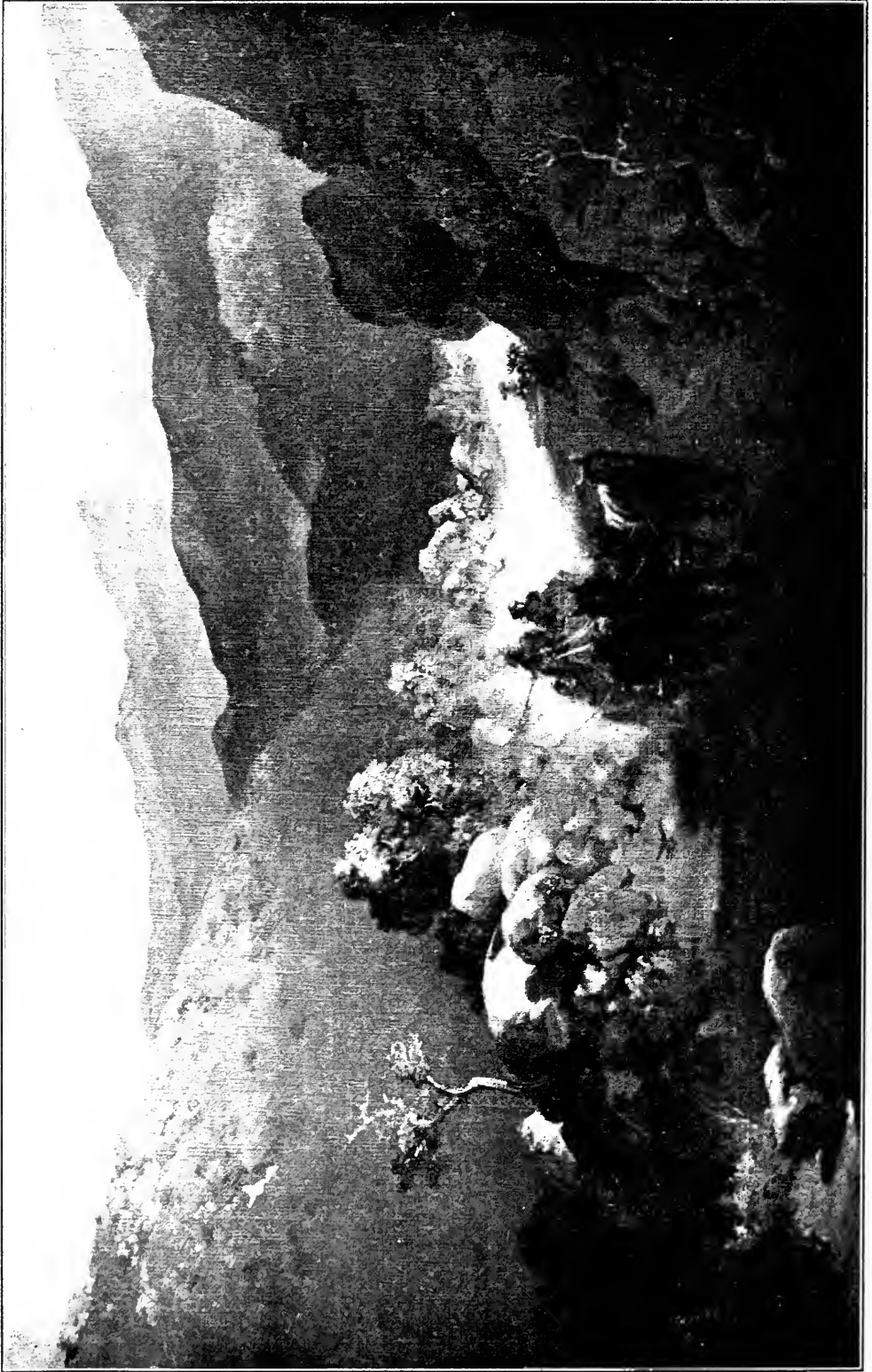
By the Editor

O have lived half a century, and in that time to have gained a fair degree of fame and success in two professions, each of which is an art demanding concentrated devotion, is far more than is allowed to most men who travel through this vale of tears. But

life to Bond Francisco has not been a vale of tears. It has been a sunlit plain, with rolling foothills and alluring mountains, wherein were hid great ravines and deep canyons, through the depths of which tempting and profitable trout streams dashed and splashed, or coolly and quietly



Fig. 2 THE OLD DESERT STAGE From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco



From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

Fig. 3 A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN THE DESERT



Fig. 4 J. BOND FRANCISCO, Los Angeles, Cal.

flowed on to the sea. There have been vast forests in which he has reveled in delicious shade, walking on the spicy spiculae of the pines, or stretched out in lazy abandon, watching the sunshine make shafts of gold and glory of the giant California trees. There have been snow-clad summits, calm, quiet, serene, from whose dazzling heights he has had grand and sweeping views of everything

beneath, from rugged, rocky slope, over fertile valley and flower-bedecked garden, to pearly-faced ocean where great sea-ships swung lazily at anchor, and suggested trips to the picturesque Orient, where spice-islands, clad in waving cocoa-palms, allured him to new scenes and enlarged experiences. In other words, Mr. Francisco has been one of those highly favored mortals who, without

being burdened with filthy lucre, has yet had his full share of the good things of life, and, while he is yet in his prime, has begun to see his art blossom out into a rich and desirable fruition.

Struggle for it? Hardships? Difficulties? Certainly! What man worth his

To his friends it is a source of great gratification that while he is yet young enough to enjoy everything that life brings, surrounded by his beautiful family, welcomed to the circles of many exclusive clubs and discriminating groups, honored by his fellow-citizens, and greeted

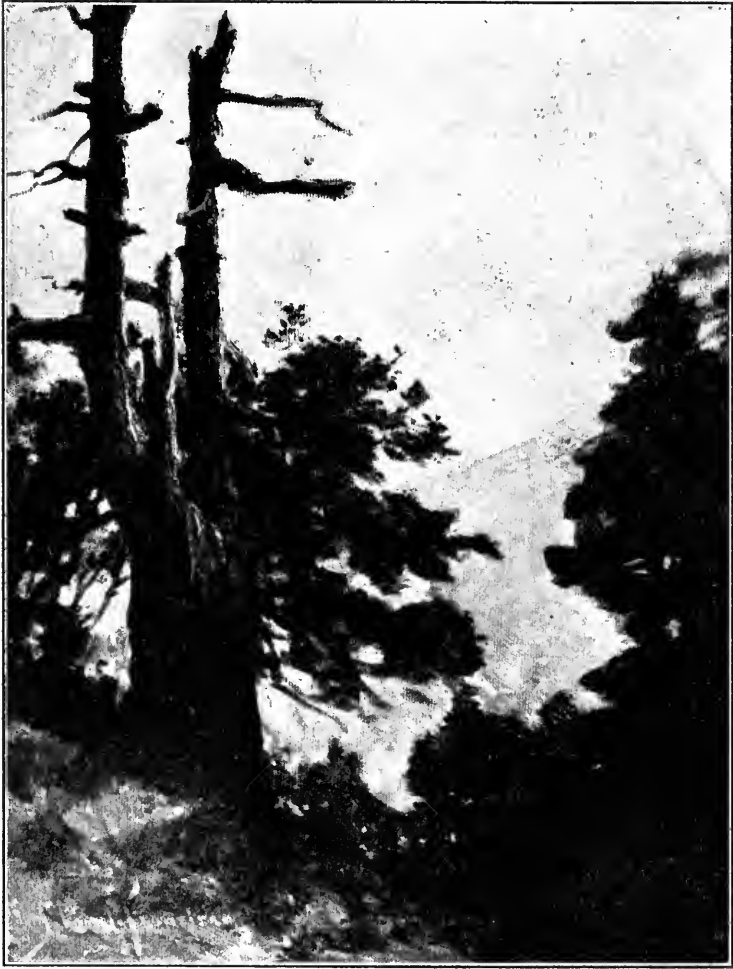


Fig. 5 THE SENTINEL

From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

salt has not set his aim so high that he has had to struggle hard in his upward climb? And who can call himself "man," who has not endured hardships and overcome difficulties, many and various, and said to them all: "I am glad I met you, for you have taught me my power, given me courage and daring and sent me on my way rejoicing in what my battles have gained."

as one of the family in many delightful homes, Mr. Francisco's powers as an artist bid fair to bring him more than local renown, and to place him surely and firmly in the regard of the critics throughout the civilized world.

He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, December 14, 1863, the son of Andrew W. Francisco, whose journalistic attainments were such that he always held



Fig. 6 "GREEN PASTURES" IN THE OJAI VALLEY

From a Painting by J. Bord Francisco



From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

Fig. 7 OLD FRIENDS

responsible and honored positions wherever he found himself. It was therefore natural that the growing lad, living in an atmosphere of literature, art and science should readily turn to one or the other of these for his life's profession. While he was always attracted by the painter's

Walter, of Munich, and the classical master, Leonard, of Paris.

When John Bond was about two years of age his father moved to Southern California, and in the growing city of Los Angeles the accomplished youth found his place awaiting him. He sprang



Fig. 8 THE LUMBER TEAM From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

art, music seemed to him to afford the readier means of a livelihood, so, with the ardor and enthusiasm of a devotee, he engaged in the study of the violin. Herman Eckhardt, the great virtuoso who came to America with Jenny Lind, was his first teacher, and, as he rapidly developed he bled him to Europe and studied under Wirth, of Berlin, Benno

to the front at once, and pupils came to his studio in large numbers. He was soon the leading spirit of the various Chamber Music Clubs, giving concerts and playing for all the leading artists who visited the city. For two years he was Concert Master of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, and had he confined himself to his music alone his ability

as a musician would have brought him fame.

But there are powers, latent and undreamed of, oftentimes, within ourselves, that change the current of what seem to be settled and fixed careers. Francisco was possessed by the urge to create, to outwardly express the deepest, broadest and highest feelings within him. Music did not completely satisfy his demand. While he experienced great joy in his rendition of the works of the Masters, it was not the purely creative work his inner self demanded, and, therefore, even while a student of the violin in Berlin, he placed himself under the tuition of Fechner, the great genre and portrait painter. The secret urge now asserted itself, and though he was in Germany ostensibly to perfect himself in violin methods, he gave four hours daily to music and found himself gladly, willingly, joyously spending eight hours over drawings, charcoal studies and the like. Fechner had met the promising American violinist, had learned of his desire to study painting, and, being the happy possessor of two studios, had freely asked him to make himself at home in one of them. Here Nature asserted herself—the inner nature of Bond Francisco. While he has the power to make his friends feel that everything he does comes easy, no one has worked harder to attain. During these formative years there were few social engagements, or students' rallies or routs that could allure him from his violin or his easel. The violin he must work at, for that was what he had come to Europe for. This other work demanded haste, for if he was going to paint he had lost much time and must "catch up," and besides, who but a fool and a wastrel would lose such a glorious opportunity as the generous kindness and stimulating friendship of Fechner had placed in his hands.

Models, copies of the masters, nudes, genre, still life, sketches in charcoal, pastel—everything that the student should do, he busied himself with. He took a course in anatomy and physiology, and made sketches every time he went for a walk. He "fiddled" until he was tired and then rested himself by painting and sketching. One art was made to help the other, and gradually he came to know himself as a painter.

But this development took several years. He continued his art studies in Paris at Julian's Academy under Bouguereau, Fleury, Rixens and Coutoir, and in Munich with Paul Nauen. He returned to his musical career in Los Angeles, and painted as opportunity arose. At each trip to Europe he gained fresh knowledge and power, but his violin earned his livelihood and the means for more art study.

Then the painter asserted himself. While it had long been known in Los Angeles that Mr. Francisco was painter as well as musician he had made no determined onset on the attention of the world in the former capacity. Now—and this was some years ago—he gave his first exhibition. Immediately his talent and power were recognized. Students flocked to his studio, and for years he had classes and pupils in painting as well as in music. He lived a beautiful and rare "double life." Each art helped the other, and each contributed its own charm to the passing days.

To the student of his pictures his genius and his growth are equally apparent. A friend once defined genius as that gift of the gods that enabled a man ever to look at all things with the eye of youth. Never to grow old, never to feel blase, never to lose life's first grand enthusiasms, inspirations, ambitions and exaltations. Always to look upon Nature with the first fresh delights and surprises, to be a discoverer of new glories and wonders with each new day, and to thrill each night with every fresh sunset. This gift is Francisco's. He is ever young. He sees Nature with as keen appreciation and as fresh delight as he ever did, hence as he grows in knowledge, love and power, his canvases reveal his progress as clearly as one knows his ascent from the 1000-foot level of the plains to the 10,000-foot level of the mountain summit.

Of his earlier work it is not necessary here to speak. He passed through the usual stages of development, doing much portrait and figure work until the lure of the California mountains and trees took hold of him. Then he began to show his real power. Several of his figures and portraits, however, were pleasing and shadowed forth what he was ultimately



Fig. 9 SOLITAIRE

From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

to be when he found himself. One is shown in Fig. 9. This is of a female figure, lying at full length on the rug, a cushion under her arms, playing solitaire. The posture is one of refined abandon. The face is that of a maiden, calm, serene, beautiful, intellectual, but unawake. It is the girl, playing solitaire, yet seeking through the cards to penetrate the mystery we call Life, which, as yet, has preserved all its glamour, charm and allurements. The innocence, unconsciousness and nobleness of the face demand one's interest to the full and the careless poise

can do. Hunting and fishing have been the added attractions that have given further glamour to the heights and canyons, the ravines and rocky slopes, and good fellowship has not spoiled it.

There is a club of twenty or thirty men, residents of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Redlands and San Bernardino, fairly well-to-do in this world's goods, called the "Squirrel Inn Club." This club owns about one hundred and twenty acres of virgin timber land in the San Bernardino range, overlooking the upper portion of the San Gabriel Valley, and here, every

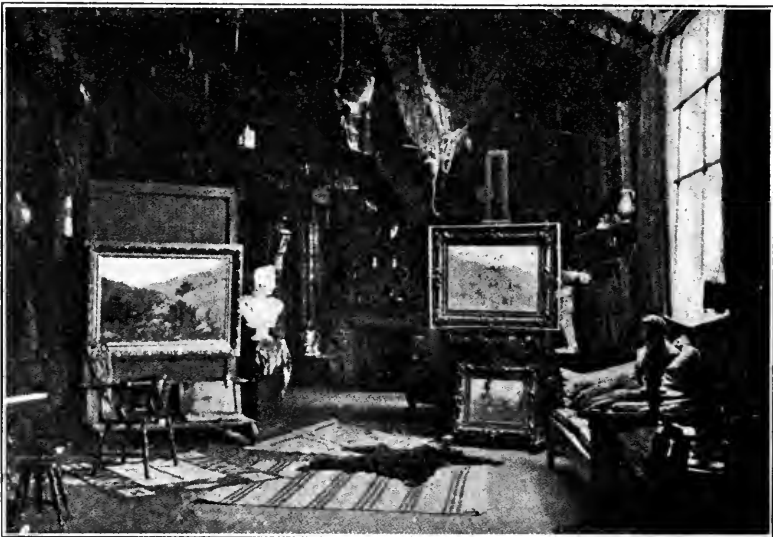


Fig. 10 STUDIO OF J. BOND FRANCISCO, Los Angeles, Cal.

of the hand as it holds the card, wondering, determining where it shall be placed, is so suggestive of the maiden's own steps at this period in her life that it grips the father- or mother-heart with its human pathos. What will the next step be? Who can tell? What has the future in store for my darling child?

Masterly though this canvas is in its symbolic grasp, and its adequate technic, it is when one stands before Francisco's mountains and trees that he feels the real strength and power of the Divine influence asserting itself. Here God speaks through His servant. The artist is the inspired messenger. He has felt the call of the mountains and has wandered over them as only one who loves them

summer, the members and their families assemble in the delightful freedom of camping-out intercourse, for two or three months' vacation and recreation. The old Squirrel Inn gives them a common hall for dancing and other pleasures, while there is a large kitchen and dining room. Each family has its own cottage or log-cabin, and these are built around in picturesque and soul-satisfying confusion. While the accompanying Fig. 12 is not a good photograph, it gives a fair idea of Mr. Francisco's log-cabin, where he and his wife and their daughter of twelve and son of four enjoy their mountain vacation. Old clothes, an old slouch hat, a fishing rod, a pipe and tobacco pouch, with easel, canvas and



From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

Fig. 11 SNOW PEAK

color box—what more does a man want when he is surrounded by such glories as the San Bernardino mountains, with their canyons, through which flow limpid and gurgling streams, leap the feathery waterfalls, roar the dashing cascades. Pines sing and chant their sonorous music of praise, and the winds now and again contribute Wagnerian choruses, which render the *Lobegesangs* of Mendelssohn the more delicious and restful by their rich and marked contrasts.

Then, after a day's tramping, fishing, sketching—ah, and now and again of passionately joyous creative work, where fingers and brush could not move fast enough over the canvas to catch and keep the glimpses of the Divine glory and beauty afforded to the artist—what more delightful to return to the bosom of one's family, to take little John, Junior, upon the paternal lap, sit before the big open fire with a few congenial friends, swap stories, tell of experiences, and then, when the youngster had gone off to the Land of Wynkem, Blinkem and Nod, to take the violin from the case, the music book from the rack, and pour forth the passion of joy and thankfulness, of delight and appreciation in the sobbing and singing string. My, my, is not this Life!

Francisco was made for big things—big mountains, big trees, big outlook. It was all very well for him to play with figures and portraits, genre subjects and still life, but he needed the vast sweep of the ocean, the great stretch of the plains, the majestic outlook of the mountain summits and their far-away allurements to really lay hold upon his power. Then he rose to manly height, as a manly, a kingly painter, proud, unconsciously so, perhaps, but proud nevertheless that he was a man, created in God's own image, and with the God-given power to see and know Him as revealed in the greatest of his created works. Yes, and in addition, to see Visions, sometimes, of the Unseen, the Unknown, the Unknowable—to the human, the imperfect—which visions have kept his soul ever hungering and thirsting after the righteousness of perfection. Pictures painted under aspirations like these are bound to stir the *souls* of men and women, as well as appeal to the merely sensuous in them—their love

of color, harmony of composition and choice of subject.

Fig. 7 is one of the strong representations of this love of the trees and the far-away mountains to which I have referred. It is a group of pines near Squirrel Inn, all of which have undoubtedly been stricken by lightning. The one in the center of the picture is dead and, except for a few feet at the bottom, is completely stripped of bark, fragments of which dot the hillside. The nearby group was severely scorched and is having a struggle to continue to exist. Branches have fallen, much bark is stripped off and only here and there are living patches in evidence. The sombre character of the foreground is an appropriate setting for the stricken trees but yet in the far-away distance, so dim that it scarcely shows in the reproduction, are the snow-clad summits and the cloud-flecked sky, brilliant with the reflection of the mid-day sun. This is a wonderful picture of death and immortality. The trees have aspired and the lightnings of God have seemed to thwart their skyward aspirations and they will all undoubtedly soon die. Yet before they die, the sunlit and starlit mountain summits speak to them in the unmistakable language of bright and joyous immortality. In speaking to Mr. Francisco about this canvas, he remarked with deep feeling, "Ah, those dear old trees! They were not destined to die a lingering death. A great fire recently swept all over that region and they were entirely consumed."

Another of his characteristic and striking canvases of the San Bernardino mountains is of a lumber wagon drawn by six horses coming down from the Little Bear Valley. (Fig. 8.) The load is heavy, the road fearfully dusty and just at the spot chosen for representation is curving and sliding. The driver is alert, hanging onto his lines, whip in hand, shoulder pulling on brake, while the horses have the actual living motion that one sees in horses coming down hill. The dust rises in clouds and sets off in marked contrast the chaparral-covered background of the hill to the right, while the sunlight brightens, almost to crimson, the pine trees of the roadside, and brilliantly illuminates the little glimpse of sky to the left. Such

canvases as this are not only interesting pictures as living human documents, but they are also of historic value, as the days of hauling lumber from the mountains in this old-fashioned way are rapidly passing.

Now and again Mr. Francisco has found pleasure in adding water to his canvases, and Fig. 1, entitled "Sunset on the Mountain Lake," is one of the

tion, though this reproduction scarcely suggests that there is a sky. When the artist painted this heavenly canopy he must have been in an extra joyous mood, feeling that

*God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.*

It "feels like a benediction" as one looks at it, and this is what pictures and music

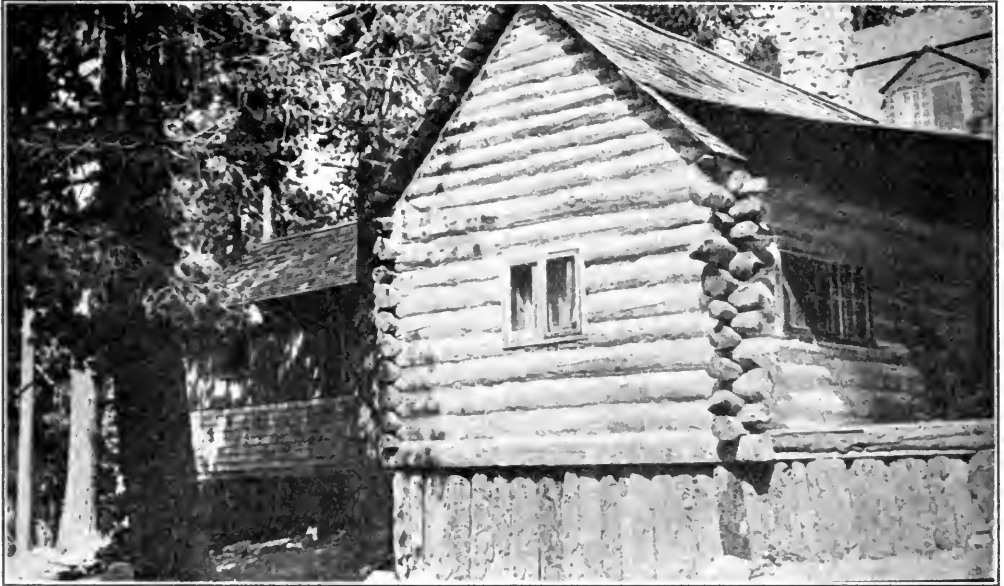


Fig. 12 FRANCISCO'S MOUNTAIN CABIN AT SQUIRREL INN

best examples of this manifestation of his art. He had been out fishing all day, and had had a good and successful catch, hence was feeling that exultation of spirit that success always brings to the devout angler. Therefore he was peculiarly ready to respond to the impressions that struck him, as he tied his rude punt by the tree, of the glorious combination of sky, mountain, verdure and lake under the glorious influences of sunset when Nature spreads out all her allurements of color for the joy and delight of her lovers.

After reveling in the colors of the richly luminous canvas, it is disappointing—to say the least—to be unable to present to my readers more than a photographic reproduction of Fig. 13. Here the sky at once arrests the atten-

tion and sculpture and all art should accomplish—powerfully arouse and stir the emotions. The scene is one of the foothills in the Sierra Madre, an arroyo lined with cactus, rounded and lichen-covered boulders, chaparral and sunlit flowers, while in the center stands a group of well-clad live-oaks in all their dark-green beauty. The foreground and nearer slopes are in soft greenish-yellow tones, while the mountains are in rich rose-mists, peach-blows and purples, glorified by the superb and gorgeous sky.

What quiet satisfaction there is in a quiet pastoral scene (Fig. 6), where all Nature is smiling and there is nothing in sight but that which suggests the restful, the ordinary, the peaceful. Such must have been Mr. Francisco's feeling when he painted his "Green Pastures," which

reminds one of the 23rd Psalm. It is in the Ojai Valley, that "Nest" of the mountains away back from San Buena Ventura. What a happy concomitance of names—"Nest" and "Saint Good Fortune"—how suggestive, how full of meaning. The sheep seem "nested" and protected by some saint of good fortune, for the hill-side is a rich, deep green, and the gigantic live-oaks afford shade when feeding-time is done and the animals wish to lie down and rest. The arroyo beneath is in shadow, where, perhaps, are the "still waters" from which they have drunk. Mount Topatopa, luminous and gorgeous in a bath of resplendent color, illumined by the clear sunlight, towers over all as a benignant power smiling down with joyous satisfaction upon the peaceful scene beneath. Everything breathes content, peace, joy, happiness; even the contrasts are satisfying, the soft reflections of the clouds upon the mountains toning down the radiating brilliancy of the colorful slopes of the mountain and the pure blue of the sky.

It is this "joy of living" radiating from Francisco's pictures, especially his later ones, that fills the student of his paintings with content. Here is no vague dreamer, seeking in opium dreams or wild orgies of stimulation, the solution of hidden mysteries, and putting on canvas all the wierd, horrible, impossible, vague, mysterious, repulsive thoughts that crowd his sodden brain, but instead, they are the frank, happy, simple but perfect outpouring of a soul at one with his fellows, his life, his work and his God, content to know God in His great-out-of-doors, and feeling that in presenting the glory and beauty of what his eyes see and his soul feels he is doing his fellows the best kind of service.

Like the mocking-bird who sings because he cannot help but sing, Francisco paints because he cannot help but paint, and each new picture is a proof of the goodness of God to him in that he sees with such love-lit eyes and paints with such love-guided fingers.

Love, love, love—this is the keynote of all of Francisco's later work. You would think he was a youth of twenty, putting his Sonnets from the Portuguese, or his Sappho-like strains on canvas for the reading of his mistress, instead of a

staid father of a family, counting his past half-century. Ah! but what do years mean to such a man. He has found the secret of perennial youth. He will never grow old, so long as God blesses him with such love.

Look at Fig. 5. Love of the old trees, love of the mountains, love of the clouds, the sky, and the glowing colors scattered broadcast in our sunny California. If one cannot read these in this picture, even in the poor colorless photographic reproduction, he can see little, for that is its dominant note. Every tree, no matter how old, gnarled, ugly or lightning-stricken, within a radius of twenty miles of Squirrel Inn, Francisco calls by name and salutes as he salutes his friends. Rugged old cedar, after braving the storms of over half a thousand years, your friend has immortalized you. You shall never die. Let storm come and fell you, fire burn you, or the axe of the vagrant shepherd smite you, you shall live in his luminous picture—his love shall immortalize you. How his eyes have caressed again and again your sturdy trunk, out of whose loins have sprung three towering and sturdy sons, leaping in their pride to the very sky. And they have given forth their branch-children and weathered the fury of the conflicting wind-kings of the Pacific and the Desert, fighting here on mountain tops for the supremacy; they have defied the Lightning-King in his sharp-smiting brilliancy, and the Snow-King in his snow, steady, irresistible, smothering power, and the Drought-King in his fiery heat and his stealthy stealing away of the life-giving springs, and the Blight King, with his hideous and deforming diseases. Proud!—how could he help being proud of such a brave and stalwart hero, successfully combating all these foes, and bringing forth sons and daughters of like heroic mould to brave and endure through the centuries. Love and Pride compelled the picture, and its lesson to men in the valleys beneath, and the crowded cities, is clear. Get into the open, climb the heights, brave the storms, if you would become strong, if you would beget powerful sons and beautiful daughters, if you would live, triumph, and endure.

The mountains form a great back-



Fig. 13 FOOTHILLS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

From a Painting by J. Bond Francisco

ground for these noble trees. The deep canyons are bathed in richest, royal purples, and the sun in regal pride beams over snowy-summit and kisses into the most radiant and glowing colors the pines, oaks, cedars, sycamores, aspens of the canyon and slopes, and the glistening chaparral.

Another mountain and tree canvas is represented in Fig. 11. Here the same strength and power are found in the treatment of the trees and the same daring in transcribing the luminous mountain atmosphere of California at its best. A painter used only to Eastern skies, even though he gives to the world those rare days of June that poets rave about, never sees such visions of resplendent glory as California delights her lovers with all through the year *somewhere*. It may be hazy or foggy *here*, but up *yonder* it is pellucidly clear.

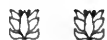
But it is in the two canvases of his recent days, Figs. 2 and 3, that the perfect flower of Francisco's art is revealed. Here he has transcended himself and proven himself a master. Cutting loose from all tradition, the artist has dared—gloriously and magnificently dared—to present to the world those qualities of sky and mountain, especially of *desert* sky and mountain that forever afterwards make all other sky and mountain tame. Here in Fig. 3 are almost barren slopes—a struggling, gnarled, scorched, withered tree here and there being all that lives. Hence to no variety of verdure can the artist appeal for his color, nor to the subtle clothing of his mountain slopes. All is barrenness, wildness, desolate, God-forsakenness, as most people term it. Yet Francisco makes the whole scene luminous, even as the burning bush made the place holy where Moses stood, and one feels that he must take off his shoes, and also veil his face. And this in spite of the fact that there is the practical, homely, rude desert-freighter driving his team across the dusty foreground. One leg is swung over the other, and it is easy to see he is regaling his comrade with a strong story to while away the tedium of the slowly-passing hours. There is a little touch of soft color in the few scraggly cottonwoods down in the dry stream-bed, and on the scant verdure of the hills to

the right, and there are whites, creams, greys and reds in the road, where ground-up colored rocks make dust that gives out wonderful tints and shades in the strong sunlight, but it is the peach-glow of the snowy peaks, the soft purples of the shadows and the madders of the sun's direct touch, and the whole picture bathed, suffused, saturated in luminous atmosphere that dazzles, attracts, allures and satisfies. For, strange to say, to one who has once really bathed in this atmosphere for many days and nights there is a sense of satisfaction that comes from this resplendent glory that nothing else gives, just as Bach, Beethoven and Wagner satisfy where others only tantalize and suggest.

Of similar character, but even more daring, is Fig. 2. While softer in tone, it is much higher in key and more vividly and transcendently luminous. This is Mr. Francisco's last picture. The desert stage-coach is reaching the afternoon station. It is in the heat of summer and clouds of dust roll up behind the lumbering old vehicle. Here is practically nothing in the picture, save the fact that three of the horses are roans and one white, and there is a cap of snow on the most distant peak to suggest color, yet the whole canvas radiates it. It is glowingly luminous. I know no other words that will express the fact. The wild, native, desert road, the barren hills, the horses, stage-coach, rolling dust, far-away and further-away mountains, but all illuminated with the brilliant glory of the desert purples, reds, crimsons, carmines, blues, greens, chocolates, oranges, in a thousand and one subtle tones and shades, and yet, all glowingly luminous.

This picture makes you know, by feeling, that the man who painted it was in love—in love with his wife, his children, his home, his friends, his art, his music, his environment—in love with Nature, Mankind, God, All—how Love transforms everything. Love inspired the glory and the beauty of the scene; Love impelled the artist to desire its expression on canvass; Love gave the power to fulfil, to achieve, and also, Love gives the joyful ability to interpret, to read aright what the artist has felt and portrayed.

The STOLEN HANDKERCHIEF



By Adolph Lehman

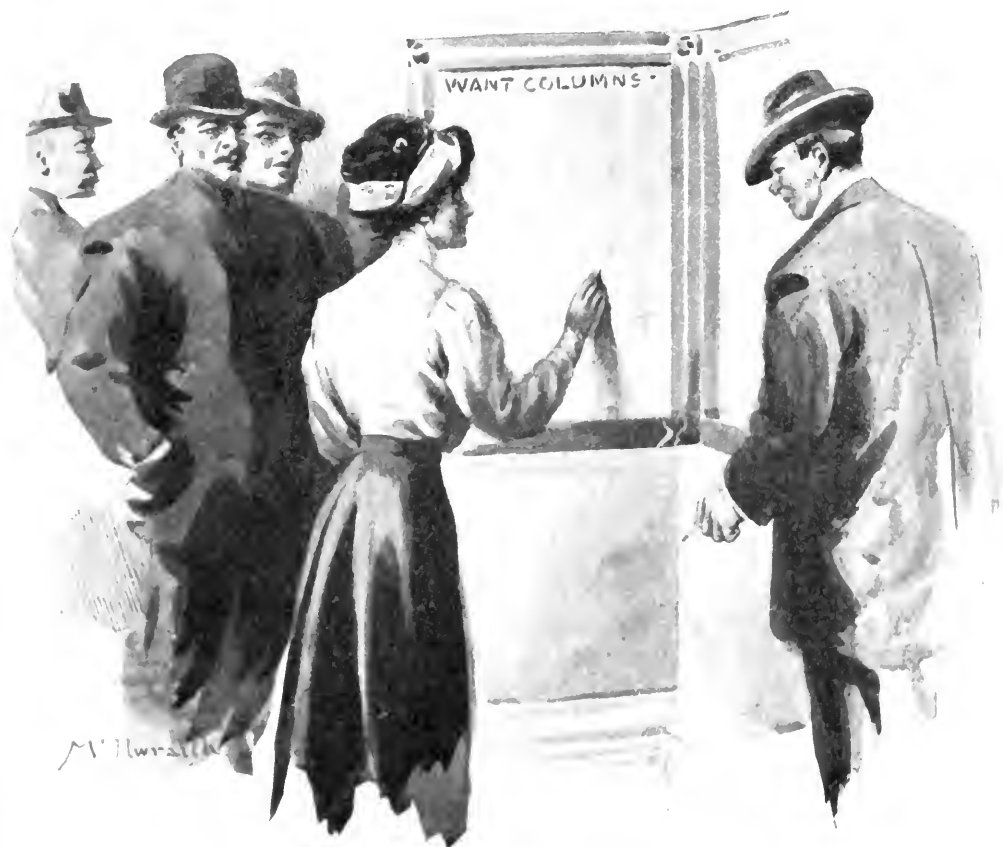
HERE! I guess you'll do," commanded Mrs. Hansen, the head of a Female Employment Agency which bore her name, as she hung up the receiver, having just been favored with a message from one of her wealthy patrons to furnish a competent domestic at once.

Mrs. Hansen was florid, fat and fifty. In looks, speech and general deportment she was a composite of the species known to female employment matrons, and to look upon her was to see the entire tribe.

Her patron had embellished her request for help with the admonition: "Now, don't send out any of those office fixtures who answer calls only to impudently refuse, or who work a few days just to satisfy their uncontrollable curiosity." She wanted a reliable girl; one deserving of a good home.

Without hesitation, Mrs. Hansen had selected the girl known as Anabelle.

Just Anabelle. That was the only name she gave when leaving her address a few days previously, with the simple but



The little group of idle men * * * grudgingly gave way.

wistful statement that she was seeking employment and would appreciate an opportunity to be speedily placed. Anabelle she was called by the others, most of whom were middle-aged or more. A few of them made efforts to learn more of her name and origin, but she discouraged confidences, and either ignored or was unaware of the criticisms directed at her. While she lacked in any marked degree the polish gained of gentle breeding, she was sufficiently self-poised to assure an observer that she was deserving of a better future than her present environments and prospects held for her.

And she was really quite young, even Mrs. Hansen admitted that; everything about her betokened health and youth, excepting perhaps her eyes, whose lack-luster appearance apparently indexed a mild, non-aggressive character. But even her eyes kindled appreciatively when she received the command to apply for the position. After being handed the name and address of her prospective employer, she hastened to the fashionable street where nestled the home of a Mrs. Martin, and after a scathing ordeal of several moments, was accepted and soon instructed in her new duties.

* * * *

The following day found Anabelle comfortably esconced amidst her new surroundings. In the tidy room allotted to her she stored her few belongings, and within a week seemed to have securely fitted into the groove that had been vacant in Mrs. Martin's household, all of which seemed to entirely satisfy that exacting and scrupulous mistress. Besides Anabelle, there was a cook, Mrs. Martin's colored maid, and the chauffeur, who took the head of the house to his office in the morning and again called for him at five. For the balance of the day he was subject to the commands of the wife.

Yes, the new-comer seemed to give satisfaction and she was glad—even happy, and would perhaps have remained so had it not been for the lamentable event which transpired during the second week of her employment.

While Anabelle was dusting the living room quite early one morning, Mrs. Martin, who had just finished breakfast, had herself opened the front door in

response to a ring and admitted Mrs. Elverton Gates, her sister. Both ladies then entered the living room, and Mrs. Gates was saying: "I've brought a surprise for you, my dear. Oh, just a little thing, but when I saw this handkerchief at the Woman's Exchange yesterday I couldn't resist the temptation to buy it for you, as I know how you do love all kinds of hand-drawn work. I haven't the blessed gift of doing anything like that myself, but as you can see, I did monogram your initial in the corner."

"It's just fine!" responded Mrs. Martin gratefully, and then taking her sister's arm led her from the room into her own boudoir, remarking as she went: "This room is too cold right now with all the windows open. Besides, Anabelle—this is my new girl—wants to finish." She then negligently placed the handkerchief upon a convenient settee. This Anabelle, a moment later, rolled away from the middle of the room that she might the better finish her task, which was soon performed, and then while she was in the act of rearranging the furniture and pieces of art, the two women returned. The first thing they did was to look for the handkerchief, and their second was to find it missing. It was not on the settee where it had been placed, nor was it upon either of the other articles of furniture, or upon the floor, although a rapid search was made.

Quick glances then passed between the two women.

"Anabelle!" said Mrs. Martin sharply, "I certainly hope there is no occasion for me to apprehend that—"

"Don't, Mrs. Martin," appealed Anabelle, "please don't say that."

"But—"

"Search me if you wish."

Mrs. Martin looked at Mrs. Gates, and her sister answered the unspoken question.

"It would be useless. These girls that are so clever in pilfering are just as ingenuous in the secretion of an article."

"But I never stole the handkerchief," declared Anabelle as the seriousness of the shameful accusation was impressed upon her. "Indeed, ma'm, really, I wouldn't." She turned vainly from one to the other, gazing earnestly into the eyes of each, but soon brought her head



"But I never stole the handkerchief!" declared Anabelle.

down in humiliation as she realized she had already not only been accused, but tried and found guilty as well. She was without defense other than to repeat her declaration of innocence, which she did.

"That will do," declared Mrs. Martin. "You may go upstairs and pack—at once!"

Slowly Anabelle obeyed. The little show of spirit she had mastered when first accused left her entirely. When she re-entered the room it had been so arranged that both Zora, the colored maid, and Ernestina, the cook, were present, and with a single glance at them she was aware of the fact that they both knew.

"Here," motioned Mrs. Martin, holding out in her hand the pittance due her for services. As Anabelle took the coin from her, the other's hand seemed to

point towards the door, and although no word was spoken the air seemed charged with the command, "GO!"

She turned, and in passing Zora and Ernestina her tear-filled eyes plainly pleaded, "I never stole the handkerchief, really, I didn't." Whatever their feelings they made no display. They simply stared at her, and stepped aside to let her pass. When she left the house she noticed the Martin car at the curbing. Donald, the driver, was at the wheel, for it was his usual time for reporting to the mistress. She longed for a word of faith in her from some one. What did it matter as to the intrinsic value of the article—she had been branded a thief. She was about to rush up to him impetuously and ask him not to believe her guilty, when she realized that he could not as yet

have been informed, and then she turned quickly and hurried away.

* * * *

Early the following morning, wearied by a sleepless night and saddened by the weight of the unjust accusation now so menacingly hanging over her, Anabelle again appeared at Mrs. Hansen's place in the hope of securing other employment.

But the baptism of woe through which she went the day previous was merely an introduction to what now awaited her. Mrs. Hansen had only a little previously received the intelligence from her patron that "unless you can furnish me with help more trustworthy than the last" some other agency would be favored with the privilege of supplying her needs. As Anabelle entered the morbid place, Mrs. Hansen had just finished an harrangue to the motley group of femininity about "the reputation and respectability of my place" when she spied the new comer.

"So!" she chokingly thundered, and then stopped suddenly as she secured a closer view of the girl. If Anabelle, on her way down, had entertained any apprehension as to whether Mrs. Hansen and the others had been made aware of her plight, her doubts dissipated when she beheld, and of course understood, Mrs. Hansen's threatening attitude. Wearied as she was from loss of sleep and the anguish she had endured, whatever color had remained in her face now left, while her oozing strength was barely enough to keep her upright. But she was determined to make some defense, and laid a hand heavily upon Mrs. Hansen's. "I'm no thief. I wouldn't steal it." Her breath came hotly, but she soon knew better than to expect sympathy. She simply reiterated the declaration because it was all she could say.

Mrs. Hansen substituted her intended angry tirade against Anabelle with a simple but eloquent "Oh, well" and turned her attention to some correspondence, dismissing her with an impatient gesture.

The poor child then made the mistake of turning to the others for possible comfort. They were waiting for her. Using as they did the employment office as a subterfuge, they gathered there daily for the joy of existing on such tid-bits of scandal as each brought in to share with

the others, many of which being the fiction of their gossip-burdened intellects. Here, indeed, was a choice morsel. Anabelle did not understand their kind. She was womanly and wanted to feel a sister's arm about her neck; just a cheering word or a look of belief in her. It would be a tonic to her nerves, almost a cure just then to save her from abject despondency. They could read in her eyes the unspoken plea, but they responded with smirking faces, and looked at her in cruel silence. Then they turned their backs and pretended to speak of other subjects. If any had harbored animosity against her because she had been selected to fill what appeared to be a desirable position, or for any other reason, they were revenged in full.

* * * *

The little group of idle men who stood in front of the window of a daily newspaper grudgingly gave way as a slip of womanhood timidly approached close enough to read the column of "Female Help Wanted" on a page of the paper conspicuously displayed. She wanted work. She must have it at once as her little store of money had dwindled so that today she had not even the price of another day's lodging, and that meant she would be compelled to live through the day without food, unless perchance she begged. Writing down a few addresses she mustered her strength for a long walk towards the residence district in order to reach the nearest of those she had noted. When she eventually reached this destination and applied for the position, the first question put to her was, "What reference can you give?" although she should have known it would be asked. Without replying, her eyes welled with tears, and turning away from the questioner, she tore the remaining addresses into tiny bits.

Homeless, penniless and hungry, her thoughts now crystallized into an insane desire to clear her name. She would call upon Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Gates, too. Perhaps the handkerchief had been found; maybe they had relented. She would call upon the latter, because it was apparent Mrs. Gates had dominated her sister. Anabelle knew the latter's address and there she bent her weary steps, braving the fatigue of the distance, al-

ternately bouyed by hope and downcast by dejection. At last she stood by the threshold of the one who had been the first to condemn her, and, reasoned Anabelle, she should be the first to assist in clearing her name.

Boldly she rang the bell, and fretted lest she find the lady out. At the same moment she was attracted towards the street by the whirl of an auto's engine, and as the purring died away Mrs. Gates, herself, alighted, came questioningly up the steps and cautiously eyed the desolate figure, which she had some difficulty in recalling.

"Well?" she interrogated, pausing only long enough to put her hand on the door which had already been opened for her.

"Please, Mrs. Gates, won't you help me. I never—"

The door abruptly closed behind the cold and unheeding woman, and Anabelle hurled herself against it and gave vent to a sharp cry that might have resembled that of an imprisoned beast, while with her nails she weakly clawed against its massive panels. Then she turned away, beaten, but still resolute.

She must find someone to believe in her. She would turn to Mr. Martin. He was a man, she reasoned, and could understand and would intercede for her. She had heard of the big lumber business of which he was the head. She would find him. But she could not go now. It was late and he would already have turned home ere this. In the morning she would go. But in the meantime! Where would she lodge! Her limbs seemed immune to pain now, so she decided to wander about till dark, and then—well she would seek, like many another unfortunate has done, the doubtful comfort of a park bench.

With the dawn, a disheveled and hunger-spent creature presented herself at the outer offices and requested to see Mr. Martin. Suspicious clerks grudgingly took word to him of the strange caller, but being of a democratic, kindly nature, he consented to see her. He had seen her at the house but a few times during her short employment, but he remembered her; in fact had remonstrated with his wife when informed of the unfortunate affair, and that in his opinion the girl had not been given an

impartial hearing. When Anabelle appeared before him he extended his hand, and she took it gratefully. Anxiety gave her speech and she blurted out, "You don't believe I stole the handkerchief, do you, Mr. Martin?"

"I hope not, my poor child," he responded sympathetically.

"Then you'll tell Mrs. Martin so?" Anabelle asked hopefully.

"I have already told her as much."

"But you'll tell her again—tonight? She will believe it and restore my position."

"I'm sorry, Anabelle, but Mrs. Martin is the mistress of that house. I never interfere." He was looking at her searchingly, and then he added kindly, as his hand sought his pocket, "If there is anything else I can do for you—"

"No!" declared Anabelle, drawing away, "not that!"

"You'll see Mrs. Martin yourself, then?"

"Yes," she stammered, wearily rubbing her hand across her brow, "I'll go now."

That night when he returned home and related the incident to his wife he thought it strange when informed that the girl had not appeared. "It's just as well," indifferently suggested Mrs. Martin, "she knew better than to come here. Besides, you men are so sentimental."

* * * *

Let us now turn our attention to the handkerchief itself. What really did become of it? It was certainly in the room while all three women were there, but during the short interval while the two had left Anabelle alone it had disappeared.

If Mrs. Martin and her sister had not been so hasty in suspecting the girl; if Anabelle's nature had been more assertive, or even if she had stopped to reason, instead of allowing the false accusation to unsettle her; if the driver of a French laundry wagon had displayed the least amount of inquisitiveness—any of these things would have solved the disappearance of the lost article.

It will be recalled that at the time of the early visit of Mrs. Gates, Anabelle was in the midst of her cleaning, wiping and dusting, and as was customary, the windows were open. When Anabelle thoughtlessly moved the settee upon

which rested the handkerchief towards one of the windows, the first strong draught blew it out. For a second or two the bit of silk fluttered in the air and then curled up on the stone walk which separated the lawns between the homes of Mrs. Martin and their neighbors. But not long did it rest there. The French laundry wagon driver, already referred to, drove up shortly, and al-

"I find him on the lawn," explained the driver. "He no belong?" he inquired solicitously.

"No," was the curt response, "but I presume it belongs to Mrs. Martin, next door. It has the initial 'M' upon it."

When the driver left she threw a shawl over her shoulders and stepped over to her neighbor's door. Upon being admitted into the latter's presence, she



She drew back into the protecting embrace of her husband.

though in passing to the rear of the house for the family laundry he overlooked it, on the return to the wagon it did not escape him, and picking it up, without as much as a second glance, threw it in the bag with the rest of the wash. Off it went on a journey amidst soap and suds, to be mangled, ironed, wrapped and returned on the fifth day.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin's neighbor, upon discovering the strange piece in the bundle as she was about to compare the articles with the list she kept of all laundry sent out. It was one of the little tasks she enjoyed performing herself.

briefly narrated as to how she came into possession of the handkerchief, and handed it over with the simple remark, "Of course it belongs to you," and then without waiting for a reply excused herself and withdrew.

It is doubtful in any event if Mrs. Martin could have found words at the moment with which to reply—speech refused to come. She held the bit of soft fabric in her hand for a long moment, whilst the look of horror which came into her eyes amply portrayed her emotions. Then as a picture of the discharged girl seeking restitution of her good name was etched in her vision, all that was best in

her whipped the woman into action. She frantically reached her husband on the phone and excitedly related the particulars.

"It's a terrible mistake," he agreed. "I'm sorry."

"But we must find her," implored his wife.

"Yes, you're right. I'll come home."

"At once?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Martin was ready when he arrived and together they got in their machine and were driven to Mrs. Hansen's.

"Why no," lied that worthy in answer to their question, "I haven't seen the girl since you let her go."

"But you must know where she lives," they anxiously inquired.

"Why, 'ere, let me see. The girl did leave an address when she first asked me to find her a place. Yes, here it is ma'm."

Eagerly they took the scrap of paper; in a moment were in the car again, and shortly stopped at the dingy abode formerly habited by Anabelle. But they learned that the room had been vacated several days previously, and to the many questions they asked no satisfactory information was forthcoming. In dismal silence they retraced their steps to the machine, and gave instructions to be driven home. On reaching their residence they were about to alight when they were accosted by the police officer who patrolled it. He saluted respectfully. "Sorry to trouble you, but I think I ought to tell you of the incident which occurred here yesterday. 'Twas the girl as used to serve in your house, ma'm," he explained, addressing his remarks to Mrs. Martin. "I couldn't let her disturb you in the condition she was in—"

"Anabelle?" they asked together.

"Sure, that was the name she gave at the hospital. I took her there, instead of to the station, although she fought some, but well, ma'm she hadn't the strength to offer much resistance. And besides I

had to humor her considerable when she told me about the handkerchief. 'Twas all she would talk of, and while the doctor said something about examining her sanity this morning, to me it looked more like a case of just plain starvation."

They ascertained which of the city hospitals it was and again were driven away, soon reaching its charitable portals. There was a little delay and then they were ushered into the ward. A white gowned figure moved away from the cot as they approached. The two silently and for a long time gazed upon the wasted remnant which hardly taxed the weight of the frail cot.

After awhile the eyes of the prostrate figure opened and rested upon the two watchers. They both took a step forward as they felt themselves recognized. The lips twitched and formed the only question they had asked of late.

"No!" sobbed Mrs. Martin, falling beside the cot, "I know you never stole it, my poor child, I know it only too well."

When she looked again at the wasted figure on the cot she drew back into the protecting embrace of her husband, and covering her face, as though to blot out the question of those staring eyes.

He attempted to calm her and then made anxious inquiries of a doctor who had just approached and was bending over Annabelle. The latter informed Mr. Martin that if they could relieve the patient's mind of the matter responsible for her collapse, as well as furnishing the additional attention required for the restoration of her strength, she would possibly survive.

To this they both readily and gladly agreed.

"I will do anything that will be of help to her," anxiously added Mrs. Martin.

"You hear," whispered the doctor, bending closer to her. And Anabelle answered with a contented little sigh that was barely audible.



The DITCH RIDER



By Humphrey Daniel Howell

HALTING AT THE WATER GATE that fed a great alfalfa farm beyond the rocky canyon through which he rode, Tuck Fox, irrigation ditch tender, lowered the check-board several notches and diminished the flow of water from the main he guarded.

Then he drew a business card from his pocket and carefully placed it on the ground where it would be plainly visible to one coming up the farm road.

"I guess Welby will see that all right," he muttered half aloud, as he rode on.

On either side of the slender rider towered giant walls of rock, touched here and there by growths of stumpy black spruce, the sombre foliage of which seemed incapable of penetration by the piercing sun rays.

The intense quiet of the canyon, its absolute lack of animal life, should have soothed the mind of the ditcher, but at that particular moment he sat as though on pins and needles. His sharp eyes searched every cranny and crevice, one hand rested always on his revolver butt.

His caution was not unwarranted. Under Governmental orders he was checking the water allotment to the grangers and they had threatened to retaliate,

It had to be done. A light fall of snow made shallow streams in the spring, so the giant cement walls of the Shoshone dam held scarcely enough water for two crops of alfalfa, instead of the usual three.

When Tuck first explained conditions, the land owners believed Tuck lied, that he acted on his own initiative, and was maneuvering to raise their water rates for his personal advantage. The loss of one crop deprived them of reasoning power. They threatened to shoot the ditcher if he continued to cut off their supply.

At first Tuck argued, then he laughed, but finally his mouth tightened and no further pleading passed his set lips.

He had hardly passed from sight down the pathway when a hatchet faced rider, gaudily attired in blue flannel shirt and flowing red tie, galloped up the rocky incline and stopped at the water gate. One glance showed him the board had been dropped a notch lower.

"Damn that fellow!"

He saw the white pasteboard near his horse's hoof and with an exasperated scoop brought it from the ground without leaving the saddle.

"Great Jasper!" His exclamation was vehement, yet broken by a touch of fear. His eyes narrowed and a wicked light leaped into their lustreless depths.

"Now I've got to get him. There's nothing else to it."

He whirled his horse and dashed back the way he came.

Tuck Fox was returning the next day when, upon rounding an abrupt turn in the narrow trail, he came upon a girl sitting impatiently on her horse. Her sturdy figure comfortably filled a clinging blue shirtwaist and blue corduroy divided riding skirt.

"Mary!" Tuck cried delightedly. "Mary McDonnell, what under the sun brought you here?"

"To see you," replied the sober faced girl. "Welby Newman was at the ranch last night trying to persuade father and his men to help him shoot you up for not giving us water. I went upstairs when he came, but I heard everything."

Mary was plainly disturbed, and Tuck rode closer to comfort her, placing his hand over her gauntlet as it rested on the saddle horn.

"And what did your father say?"

"That you weren't to blame, but Welby said he'd get you if he had to do it alone. Said it was for the good of the com-

munity. He talked with the boys, but they wouldn't promise to interfere."

"And Welby. What did he do then?"

"That's why I am here. He went to the water gate this morning, and I am afraid he means trouble."

Tuck looked gratefully into Mary's hazel eyes.

"Little girl," said a strange voice, unlike the gruff tones of the ditcher, "you're the best ever. Now there is one more—"

She drew back before his grasp. "But I have only known you—"

"Three months," he cut in, drawing her bridle rein to him, and, before she could escape, he kissed her on each sun-tanned cheek.

"Goodbye, Mary," he called after her flying steed. And she raised her flushed face long enough to smile back at him.

Then his jaw squared, he looked to his weapons, and started up the trail for the sterner duty of his life.

Tuck was bending over the water gate at Newman's entrance when a stealthy step sounded just behind him. Forewarned, he turned quickly, a pointed revolver in his hand.

For one instant they faced each other, revolver barrels swaying slightly, seeking a vulnerable point of attack. Then Welby laughed harshly and thrust his gun back in its holster. Tuck followed suit.

"You've got to give me more water," the landowner almost shouted, wrought up by the nervous tension.

"Forget it," said Fox coolly, his hand still on his belt.

"If you don't, I'll—"

"You'll do nothing. Look here, Newman, I know why you are so anxious to shoot me up. You want me to tell you?"

The other winced perceptibly. Finally he managed to nod affirmatively.

"Because you think you can marry Miss Mary if I'm out of the way."

Strangely, Welby seemed greatly relieved.

"That's it," he asserted emphatically. "That's my reason"—he suddenly remembered what he was saying and finished his sentence in a sarcastic tone of voice—"if you say so, Fox."

The ditch rider smiled enigmatically.

He seemed to be studying the man before him. Not a detail was missed, from the carriage of his head to a slight impediment in his speech.

The strain was telling on Welby's nerves, and now he suddenly wheeled his horse and went off toward his ranch, without another word, leaving Tuck to continue on up the canyon.

Presently Fox met a gang of Italian laborers bearing the body of a dead fellow workman, who had lost his life in their daily grind of road work up the valley. They were seeking soft ground for the burial.

Tuck watched them dig the grave, put away the body, then shuffle their weary way toward Cody, where they often spent riotous evenings, but where they now went for consolation.

When the ditcher was out of sight around a curve up the canyon, Welby Newman, who had been following him, drew rein beside the fresh grave, looked down a moment in thought, then began uncovering the body. Removing the corpse, he placed it across his saddle, refilled the grave, and rode away.

A few minutes later he reached his water gate, where he carelessly dropped the Italian's body. Then he drew a slip of paper from his pocket, scrawled a few lines across the face, and used a sharp stick to pin the sheet to the man's ragged coat.

Each movement was scrupulously studied. Finally, with a hasty movement, he tore the note from the stick, leaving a portion of the paper still clinging to the body.

Once again he stooped down, and this time a long knife flashed in his hand. One swift, heavy stroke and the bloodless flesh was laid bare across the dead man's heart.

The note still held tightly in his hand, Newman leaped upon his horse and rode rapidly down the valley toward his ranch.

The deathly silence immediately after was abruptly broken by a soft tread of feet, and a moment later Mary appeared, her face drawn and pale from the strain of spying.

Keeping a lookout all around, she examined the tiny scrap of paper still

on the body. Her hands shook as she read.

“man
more water
he got. You
same thing
you on sight.

FOX”

The jagged slip of paper, purposely left by Newman, meant reams to Mary. She promptly understood that Welby had written a threatening letter, forged Tuck’s signature thereto, and used the dead Italian, bearing a nasty wound, to emphasize the point.

She expected Newman to make an attempt on Tuck’s life and had followed him at a safe distance all that day. Now she knew that he would arouse the farmers of the neighborhood by showing them the fake death warning, torn from the unfortunate Italian’s breast, tell them of the gaping wound, to be shown after they captured or killed the ditch rider, and no one could say that Welby Newman was not an honest man, except, of course, his sweetheart, whose mind was probably distraught by the tragedy and who would later recover and find the land-owner quite to her liking.

The girl shuddered. Every moment brought her lover nearer his end. To follow Welby would avail nothing. The ditch wound around past Newman’s ranch and the angry men would overtake Fox before she could stop them to explain. Even then they might laugh at her.

There was a slight chance that she might catch up with Tuck and warn him.

To think was to act. Her startled horse sprang to life beneath the biting spurs, and she whirled rapidly away up the rock encompassed trail.

Faster she urged her mount, for the evening shadows were forming and she knew the speed of the expert horsemen against her.

An hour later she sighted the Shoshone dam, towering like a gigantic iceberg in the darkness of the valley.

As she approached a splash of fire leaped from the rocks on the north side of the dam. It was promptly answered from the south. Then twenty faint forms, bodies bent low, started across from the north.

A fusillade of shots drove them back, running.

Mary now was nearly to the dam. She recognized Newman’s voice urging the men to attack the ditcher, entrenched behind a ledge on the opposite side. She heard her father’s voice calling to Tuck to surrender or be shot like a rat.

A sense of pride and fear filled her when Fox answered in ringing tones that he was innocent and did not propose to come out until promised protection from the bloodthirsty fools, as he called them.

Across the span of clear night air their voices leaped sharply distinct, like icicles snapping in an echoing canyon.

Suddenly Newman climbed upon a platform of rock and pulled himself high above the roadway. Others followed. A moment more and they could overlook the man at bay and shoot him down mercilessly. Fox fired on them, but his lead bounced off the rocks.

One thought dominant in her mind, Mary suddenly leaped from her horse and started across the dam. She knew that mere argument would not deter them at that time. More than words were required to disillusion those angered ranchmen and grangers.

A startled shout arose when she was discovered. Men rushed to stop her. Dodging quickly to one side to avoid them, Mary lost her footing at the edge and fell, face downward, over the dark precipice, toward the rocks, 300 feet below.

One who would have stopped her, rushed to the brink and looked down.

“God, men, she’s gone! She—No! No! She’s hanging! Bring a rope. Hurry! For the love of heaven, hurry!”

Anxious faces pressed against the cold concrete arch and staring eyes penetrated the darkness below. Mary miraculously had fallen on her stomach across a heavy cable left by the dam builders.

In the pale light the watchers could see her swaying back and forth, as though cradled by the air circulating in the canyon. The sight unnerved the strongest.

A rope was produced and efforts made to lasso the unconscious figure, but all attempts failed, and she hung there, tremulously balanced.

Moans of pity and helplessness arose

from the men, followed by heavy, meaningless curses that admitted their inability to cope with the situation.

Suddenly the cable swayed a little more than before. Then it sagged. All eyes focussed to the south. The sight startled them speechless a moment. Then a faint, half-choked cheer unconsciously broke the silence.

Like a shadow spectre, every step carefully selected and tested, balanced only by his outstretched arms, Tuck Fox slowly felt his way toward the girl on the cable.

Not once did his eyes waver from the thread of rough wire beneath his stockinged feet. Nor did he show by look or word that he was aware of the presence of those who had cried for his life-blood a moment before.

Beside Mary he stopped, poised himself a second, then dropped down and fastened one of the several lariats about her waist. Another he took under his armpits.

A studied nod of his head indicated his readiness.

Willing hands drew strongly on the ropes and a moment later the girl was safe above. More slowly, they pulled in the rescuer. Several left the task to steal away into the shadows. Heartily ashamed of their previous actions, they could not face the ditch rider's reproachful black eyes.

Suddenly Welby Newman, who had been roaming restlessly about the wake of the throng, roughly burst through the crowd, without reason, jostling the rope from the hands of the would be rescuers.

The ditcher's hands clutched wildly at the smooth surface a moment, then he slipped back over the edge, out of sight.

A sharp intake of breath whistled through the canyon, followed by a joyous shout.

Fox, in falling, struck the cable, and with marvelous agility caught himself 300 feet above the avidious waters that lay silently below, waiting the coming of the man who had just robbed them of the girl.

A rope again was dropped, and this time Tuck was hauled up without interference.

He found Newman prostrate on the ground, where he had been hurled by

twenty fists, the instant he jostled the rope.

Tuck walked through the line of admiring men to where Newman lay.

"Men," he whispered hoarsely, still under a strain, "this chap's right name is George Foster, and he is my prisoner. Let me explain.

"My real name is Carl Eaton. I am a slaek wire artist on Keith's vaudeville circuit in the winter and handle special commissions for Pinkerton's detective agency in the summer. Foster embezzled the funds of a savings bank in New York several months ago and I was sent to get him, at the instance of the bonding company.

"We knew he was in this country and my employers got me the position of ditch rider to enable the development of a wide acquaintance. I compared all men I met with a photograph I have, taken before Foster discarded his mustache and siders.

"When I first met him I was suspicious. In order to draw him out I left one of my business cards where he could find it. He took the bait and tried to get rid of me this morning, but thanks to Miss Mary, I was forewarned and saved myself.

"I would have taken Newman then, but this crisis between you and the Government over the water right came up and forced me to pretend I did not recognize Welby to be Foster, until I could be relieved as ditch rider, when I would have been at liberty to make him prisoner."

While Tuck was explaining, Mary's eyes gradually grew larger and larger. Unconsciously she backed away from her lover, feeling that he was now of another sphere of life. His display of ingenuity and nerve, and the easy manner in which he had misled all possible suspicions of those with whom he came in contact each day, bewildered her.

Would he, or could he, love a simple, unworldly girl of the unpolished west? The doubtfulness of the probable solution caused a sickening feeling of anxiety within her, for she loved the ditch rider as she never before realized.

Mr. McDonnell and the other grangers took charge of the prisoner during the ride down the mountain toward the multitude of tiny yellow bulbs that glowed

on the main street of Cody. They could easily have overpowered the ditcher and opened wide their water gates, but Tuck's heroic rescue had suddenly implanted within them a love and respect for him that made them want to serve him in some way, and the best way, as he told them, was to accept the apportionment of heaven and be content with two crops of alfalfa for the season, in order that those farther down the mountain might not suffer total loss.

Bringing up the rear, their stirrups rubbing, were Mary and Fox, or

Carl Eaton, as she now knew him.

The ditch rider was whispering earnestly to Mary's bent head.

Finally he finished and waited. Their horses stopped mechanically.

"To New York?" she whispered in a voice vibrant with overwhelming happiness and anticipation.

"In the winter, but back here in the summer. Will you go?"

"Yes, Tuck, I dearly want to go. I just couldn't bear the sight of the silent mountains and the ditch and the Shoshone dam, with you so far away."



The Desert Sand Verbena

By Mary H. Coates

*Hail! sweet vervain,—the desert's happy pledge!
With rosy scent you waft the hours away,
And hold the tenure of your arid home
As valiantly as when in aeons gray
An ocean laved this sun-tormented land,
And for your fare waved fans of cooling spray.*

*Thrice hail! for in your lowly sphere you keep
The priceless annals of a mighty scroll,—
From that far time when your gay gonfalon
Pranked breaker-marge and scarped the sanded knoll,
And chording to the wind-harp's buoyant song,
Mohave swayed to surge or billow's roll.*

*And when drear cycles claimed fruition's wage,—
When wreathing tides ran low, and lower still,
And, ebbing, seeped and sank to flow no more,
When hollow winds waked never voicing thrill,
But parching, searing heat and rampant death
Reigned over shrinking plain and cringing hill,*

*And when, remorselessly moved phase on phase,
Till spent the struggle and the awful swoon;
When won the larger watches of the sun,
To compass winter night and summer's noon,—
Your dainty grace in fearless faith still blooms,
To vesture stark expanse and naked dune.*

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY of Josephine Clifford McCrackin

By George Wharton James

(Continued from July-August Number)

“Alas for Monte Paraiso and its groves and gardens! The melted glass from the tall windows lay in lumps where the frames had dropped from their settings; there were a few melted door-knobs and nails by the thousand, but no vestige of the building they had come out of. Only the one big chimney, all-sufficient for the sunny clime we lived in, marked the place where the house had stood. The ramshackle building called the fruit house, the oldest on the ranch, had been left by the fire in mocking irony. As for the rest, barn, stable, Chinaman’s house, wagons, ploughs, harness, hay—‘all go.’”

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and this great forest fire and the consequent destruction of scores of acres of giant redwoods called attention to the fact that these monarchs of the forest were fast disappearing. Having had her heart wrenched at seeing her own glorious trees laid low, Mrs. McCrackin wrote a rousing article in the Santa Cruz Sentinel of March 7, 1900, calling upon the people of the state to awake and save the redwoods. Her letter was copied everywhere. It was made the text of addresses and harangues here, there, and everywhere, nearly all of which highly favored her suggestion. Andrew P. Hill, a tree enthusiast, a fine photographer and an artist in oils, had found near the coast in Santa Cruz country a “Big Basin” filled with these giant redwoods, and he and Mrs. McCrackin began to work together to see if this “basin” of majestic trees could not be saved for the people forever. Hugo de Vries, the eminent Holland scientist, in his “To California,” published in 1905, in Haarlem, Holland, thus speaks of Mrs. McCrackin’s endeavors and their results:

“Up to March, 1900, the world was threatened with the loss of the Sempervirens forest. It was almost too late. The Big Basin, up to that time, was the only forest which had not yet been touched by lumbermen, but the cost of lumber then was so high that lumber companies already were considering the value of these wonderful giants.

“For several years past the forest had been owned by a lumber company, and when all the surrounding country had been stripped of its growth, this company did not hesitate to move their saw mill to the oldest, the most beautiful, the richest part of this basin. All was in readiness, and the only thing they waited for was the order to commence.

“It was at that time that the danger bell began to ring. The Californians commenced to realize that they were bordering the loss of one of Nature’s greatest wonders,



The Sempervirens Club in the State Redwood Park, California

The standing figure in the center, looking to the right, is the eminent Dutch botanist, Hugo de Vries, and at his feet on the right is Mrs. McCrackin.

which has become the fame of the state of California, and which has added so greatly in the state’s wonderful development.

“It was Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin who called our attention to this danger mark, by writing an article in the Santa Cruz Sentinel, pointing to that calamity. Everyone at once realized what would be the outcome unless effective steps were immediately taken. Mrs. McCrackin received assistance and co-operation from all sides, and by circulating photographs, etc., the wide-

awake citizens soon had a thorough understanding of the true state of affairs, and the trees were saved."

Largely under Mrs. McCrackin's influence the *Sempervirens* Club was formed, *Sempervirens* being the specific scientific name of the giant redwood—*sequoia sempervirens*—the everlasting redwood. The object of the club was to save the redwoods of the Big Basin, containing a greater number of giant redwoods on a given space than any other spot in California or in the known world. The object of the club appealed to the local pride of every organization in the state—the Native Sons, the Native Daughters, the Pioneers, etc., and in due time 3,800 out of 14,000 acres were purchased by the state, named the California Redwood Park, put under the administration of a non-political commission and a warden appointed to give it adequate care, attention and protection. Every year since its acquisition the Club has officially visited the park. On its first visit it was honored with the presence of Dr. Hugo de Vries, who in European scientific circles has long occupied the same position that Luther Burbank here holds in the estimation of the scientists and the general public.

As one result of her work for the redwoods, Herman Scheffauer wrote the following exquisite tribute which he dedicated to her:

SAVIOR OF THE SEQUOIAS.

The Titans of the forest, to the east winds sprung forth
 from the sea.
 Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their thanks and
 their greetings for thee!
 When, under their ancient, o'erarching arms, your feet
 shall bestir the grass,
 Bright dews from their boughs shall be shaken on your
 reverent head as you pass.
 From their roots, clutching deep in the earth, to each
 patriarch's head in the skies,
 The race of these giants had vanished, as the race of
 mortals dies;
 Coeval with Earth and defying Time, they had perished
 by the blade,
 If never your pitying heart and hand the hand of the
 vandal had stayed.
 Therefore, in the forest silences, in the tongue of the
 noblest trees,
 A name is whispered with love to the winds in their
 twilight symphonies.

They that are older than Egypt or Ind and shall outlive
 the Ultimate Man—
 The deathless sequoias immortal shall hold that name
 like the spirit of Pan.
 'Tis for this that the bearded Titans to the east wind
 have sprung forth from the sea,
 Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their thanks and
 their greetings for thee!

Nor was her work for the redwoods the limit of her beneficial endeavor. Filled with that love that only great natures feel for the smaller brothers and sisters of the forest and the air, and appalled by the reckless slaughter of songbirds on all sides, she sent forth, in 1901, a number of clarion notes of warning and then organized the first bird-protection society of California, entitled "The Ladies' Forest and Song Birds Protection Association," of which she is the honored president. With pen and voice, everywhere in the state, when the way is opened for her, this whole-souled lover of the birds is found working in their interest, and thousands of people in California owe their first introduction to humanitarian principles, as far as birds and animals are concerned, to what Mrs. McCrackin has said or written.

In 1904 Mr. McCrackin died, and this woman of noble, generous impulses, of dignified family, of varied fortunes, was suddenly thrown upon her own resources. For there was a heavy mortgage on Monte Paraiso, and she was incapable of running the ranch and making it pay. But with that unquenchable spirit of freedom and independence that had always led her to triumph over the worst of obstacles, she moved to Santa Cruz and took up the burden of gaining her own livelihood.

George Wharton Jones

The HAND CART BRIGADE



By Felix J. Koch

THE TRAVELER OF TO-DAY who makes a tour from New York to San Francisco on one of the great transcontinental railway trains, where he is provided with all the comforts that a modern hotel affords, and rolls into a station on the Pacific Coast in a fraction over four days travel, has little conception of what it meant to cross the continent three-quarters of a century ago. Overland journeys in those early days were made in covered wagons drawn by mules or oxen, and it required many months of laborious travel over the great plains and rugged mountain passes to make the trip.

During the years of 1846-48 when Brigham Young, the acknowledged "prophet of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints," led his host of thousands of followers on their migration from Nauvoo, Illinois, across the prairie deserts toward Salt Lake Valley, a scene was presented that has no parallel in all history. As the caravan wended its way westward, its ranks were swelled by fresh bands until there were three thousand wagons in line and thirty thousand head of cattle, besides many mules and horses and immense flocks of sheep. After various mishaps and delays, the painful journey continuing the greater part of two years over the rough plains and high mountains and through a wilderness that was practically unknown, the worn out refugees at last landed at a spot which they named "New Zion."

Here the settlers pitched their tents and set busily to work laying out grounds, building log huts and planting their crops. Early the next year a convention was held, a constitution framed, and a state organized under the title of "Deseret," which to the Mormons signified the "Land of the Honey-Bee." But Congress refused to admit the new

State, and in 1850 formed the country into the Territory of Utah, and Brigham Young was appointed Governor for a term of four years.

Immense tracts of land were at once put under cultivation and irrigation and a great city sprang up as by magic, until by and by with the untiring industry and energy of the new settlers a barren desert had been turned into what seemed one big fertile and blossoming garden. Three years later there were some thirty thousand adherents to the Mormon faith gathered in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, about one-third of whom were proselytes from various parts of Europe, the remainder consisting of "converts" made in the United States.

Mormon missionaries had been sent out to almost every country in the world for new recruits, and by a well organized system large numbers were being constantly gathered in from Europe, chiefly from among the working classes of Great Britain and Wales. In regions where the climate was harsh, the wages low, and conditions of life severe, large classes of illiterate men and women prone to superstition and fanaticism were easily induced to take up the new faith and emigrate to the Great Salt Lake Valley in America. Their transportation from Liverpool to a point in the middle West, including provisions, could be secured for about sixty dollars each, and they were furnished ox-teams for the overland portion of the journey.

Many of the poorer classes of their ignorant adherents throughout Europe who were eager to join the new settlement at Zion were unable to command even the small sum required to make the trip. After a time, and through the influence of Brigham Young, the expenses of the tour was finally reduced to forty-five dollars for each person from Liverpool to a point near the Mississippi

River, and those who could not raise this amount were provided for by the "Perpetual Emigration Fund Company," which had been organized at Salt Lake City for the purpose of aiding European paupers to make the journey.

In 1856 a unique plan was devised by the enterprising Mormon authorities by which the foreign emigrants should cross the plains with hand-carts. In these vehicles they were to carry all their earthly possessions, and the few wagons provided were to convey tents, provisions, and children who were unable to walk. Pretty soon the plans were all perfected; Iowa City was selected as the point of outfit for the new arrivals, and the town in which the hand-carts were to be built, and it was not long before the village was humming with commercial activity. The primitive two-wheeled carts were being turned out with all possible haste to supply the immediate demand of overland travelers. Each cart consisted of a pair of hickory or oak shafts five feet long, with cross-pieces forming a bed, the outer bar serving as a handle by which the vehicle was to be pulled. Under the center of the box was a stout hickory axle, its two wood wheels bound by light iron bands, and the entire weight of the wagon did not exceed sixty pounds. The finished vehicle was much after the fashion of a modern fruit vender's push-cart, though more crude in its design.

In the early spring thirteen hundred emigrants arrived from Europe and many were obliged to tarry for weeks at Iowa City until their carts could be built. Two companies set forth early in the season and made the journey without any serious inconvenience, arriving at their westward destination in September, while the remainder were not fully equipped for the voyage until late in July. The emigrants—a hard-looking lot—were sent out in bands of one hundred in a squad, each hundred settlers being furnished with twenty hand-carts, four milch cows, and a single wagon with three yoke of oxen to haul the provisions and half a dozen tents. The quantity of clothing and bedding was limited to seventeen pounds for each person, and at first the freight of every cart, including

cooking utensils, was only about one hundred pounds.

At last the ill-fated hand-cart train set out on its long journey, and for days dragged patiently over the faint trails of the plains, one or more pulling, while others walked behind and pushed the wabby vehicles. It was not many weeks however before they realized that by such a slow mode of travel they could not possibly hope to reach Salt Lake Valley before late in November, which would necessitate marching through deep snows over the mountain passes and cause much suffering to the less hardy members of the crew. Many were disposed to pitch their tents for the winter just where they were then camped and resume travel in the spring. But after a long council among the "elders" in charge it was decided to push ahead and risk the consequences.

Pretty soon a ninety-eight pound flour sack was added to each hand-cart, the ox-wagons being unable to carry the entire load any further. For awhile the motley crew made only fifteen miles a day, being so often delayed to repair rickety cart-wheels and broken axles. Many a cartman placed leather washers inside the hubs of the wheels, others inserted tin plates and kettles bent into shape, while the necessary axle-grease was supplied from their meagre allowance of bacon and soap. At one point while in camp their cattle stampeded with a herd of buffaloes and thirty head were entirely lost, leaving only a number sufficient to allow one yoke to each heavy wagon. The milch cows were then pressed into service, but soon it was found necessary to add another flour sack to each man's cart.

Soon after this the meat supply ran short; the milk supply had diminished, and the daily ration was cut down to one pound of flour for each individual, a small quantity of rice, a cup of coffee, and a tiny slice of bacon which furnished only breakfast, the entire party being compelled to fast the remainder of the day.

When the dusty, worn out travelers reached Laramie their stock of provisions had become so small that the daily rations were again reduced, the working men receiving twelve ounces of flour,

the women and old men nine ounces, and each child one-half a pound. Very soon the nights became severe, for they were then in a climate where the mountains from base to crest were snow-clad most of the year. Their bedding was inadequate for the rigors of such wintry weather and deaths became frequent in their ranks. One or more burials took place at each camping-ground, and owing to the small food supply and the laborious task of pulling or pushing their carts over the rugged mountain trails, able bodied men began to succumb. At last during a heavy snow storm the only remaining ration of flour was doled out and the journey of sixteen miles distance to the next camping spot seemed hopeless to the haggard and half-starved band. A messenger brought news that a train of supplies would be met within a few days, but this was small comfort to the already half-famished and half-frozen men and women. They pushed on through the blinding snow and reached the camping-place, but not without a loss of more cattle and half a dozen deaths among their number during the day from cold and exhaustion.

With nearly two feet of snow on the ground the next morning, and only a meagre lot of hard biscuit, a few pounds of dried apples and a little rice on hand, one of the oxen was slain to save the party from actual starvation. An advance agent was sent out to try to locate the supply wagons and during the next three days many more of the hand-cart brigade perished, while numbers of their working cattle were obliged to be slaughtered for food. When the pioneers had become utterly discouraged and were ready to give up and lie down to die, a shout of joy announced the approaching covered wagons with food and clothing.

The commissary train from Salt Lake reached the travelers none too soon, for the weather was growing colder each hour, and by the time the next tenting place was reached fifteen of the party had literally frozen to death and were buried by the wayside, while numbers of others suffered with frozen hands and feet. By and by the food supply gave out again but another wagon train which

had been sent to their relief came up with supplies from Salt Lake City.

It was late in November when the straggling party arrived at their destination, and nearly one hundred out of a party of five hundred had perished on the long journey, and many survivors were cripples for life from frozen limbs.

Less than a month later the last detachment numbering about six hundred souls marched into the city. They had been more fortunate and had lost a smaller percentage by death, since the storm which their forerunners had encountered in the mountains reached them when they were far east of the Rockies. They had pitched their tents and waited until the weather moderated; though at one time the belated party declared they too had been reduced to rations of only four ounces of flour per head until relief finally came.

All the emigrants composing the hand-cart train who survived the terrible journey were said to have been received kindly in the city at "New Zion." Twenty men however who were left in charge of stock, baggage and merchandise at Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater, with orders to follow in the spring, fared worst of all. During the deep snows of that awful winter many of their cattle were devoured by wolves while others were frozen to death. The snow was so deep and the weather so bitter the men were unable to get out to hunt game for food. All the remaining oxen were slaughtered and upon their frozen carcasses and a small stock of flour the poor fellows managed to subsist. When the meat and flour was entirely exhausted the cow-hides, with the hair removed, were cut into small squares, soaked in hot water and eaten to sustain life. At last when all the skins had been consumed, the men's boot-tops, the leather scraps around their cart axles, and even the neck-pieces of buffalo hides they had been using as door-mats were trimmed up and cooked for food. Thus the little party managed to keep alive till spring, when they subsisted on thistle roots until relief came from the city.

Many a poor man and woman who endured that tedious overland trip carried an empty sleeve or walked on a

wooden leg the remainder of their lives, the missing limb having been so frozen as to necessitate its amputation. And it has been declared by those who profess to know that not more than one hundred individuals out of the entire hand-cart brigade arrived in Utah physically sound. After the hand-cart disaster there was a falling off of emigration for awhile, though the average for the next

couple of decades is estimated at two thousand a year.

Utah was admitted into the Union as a State in 1896, and Mormonism received such a set back that it has never recovered. But in all the annals of religious emigration there has never been anything in the world just like that overland Hand-Cart Brigade that crossed the plains in the fifties.

Fields of Golden Bloom

By A. J. Waterhouse

*There's nothing like it in the East; there's nothing like
it there,*

*These wondrous fields of poppiéd bloom outreaching
everywhere;*

*The leagues on leagues of floral gold that ever sway and nod
To the wooing of the breezes and the smiling of their God.
Oh, far and far they reach away, a shimmering sea of gold,
To whisper Beauty's secret that the heart must leave untold,
And the soul bows down to worship, knowing well 'tis
God's own room*

*And the poppies are His message in our fields of golden
bloom.*

*Old Winter loves us wholly as he sends his blessing, rain,
And the hills don robes of emerald just to make his bounty
plain;*

*Then full gaily comes the Springtime, with a smile upon
her face,*

*And she whispers, " 'Tis my Westland; it shall know
the poppies' grace."*

*Then, behold! the Earth turns golden, countless leagues
of rarest gold,*

*Till it seems the vales might weary of the wealth of grace
they hold.*

*Such a carpet as ne'er mortal yet hath woven in his loom
Doth kind Nature spread before us in our fields of golden
bloom.*

*We have wandered yon and hither; we have journeyed
everywhere,*

*And right well we know the places where the world is
bright and fair,*

*But we know—and well we know it—that great Nature's
bounty yields*

*Naught of grace, and naught of glory, like our wondrous
poppiéd fields.*

*Oh, the burnished gold outpouring from the crucible of God!
Oh, the orange as it glimmers 'gainst the greenness of
the sod!*

*Aye the soul must bow in worship, knowing well 'tis
God's own room*

*And the poppies are His message in our fields of golden
bloom.*

The Future Progress of Los Angeles

By Thos. E. Gibbon



Thos. E. Gibbon

THE future progress of Los Angeles can to some extent be gauged by the progress that it has made in the past. Its past progress, however, does not necessarily furnish a complete standard by which to judge what the future may hold in store for it, for the reason that there are now maturing factors which will undoubtedly make very greatly for the progress of the city, that have not heretofore existed, or been accountable for any of the marvelous progress that it has made in past years.

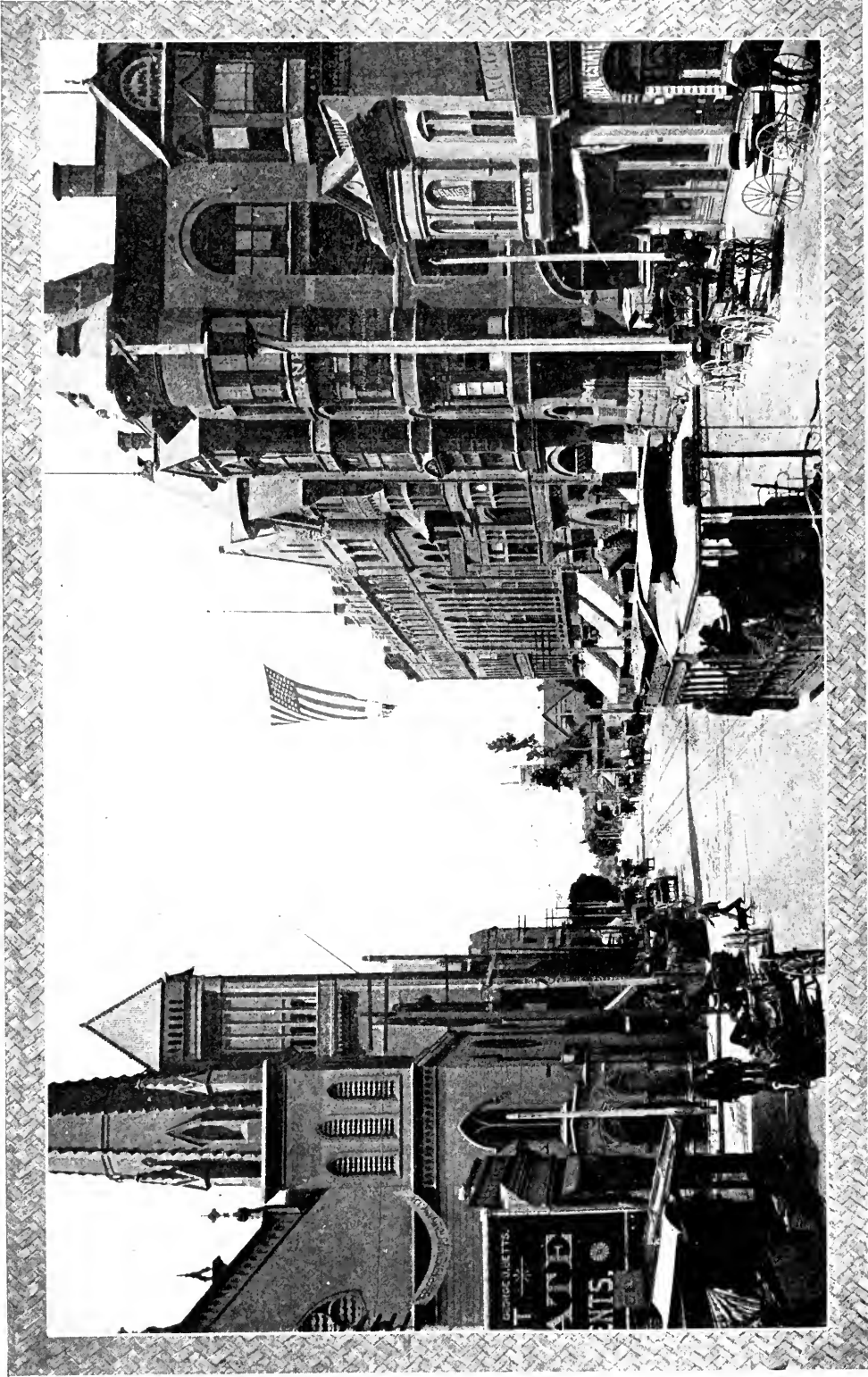
The census figures of the past thirty years speak most eloquently of what the city has done during that time. The census of 1880 gave its population as 11,093; that of 1890, as 50,395. The census of 1900 showed the population as 102,479—an increase of more than 100 per cent between 1890 and 1900. The census of 1910 gave the population as 319,198—a growth of 211 per cent.

It will assist us to understand how wonderful this growth for the decade between 1900 and 1910 was, when we recall that when the supervisor announced the census of Los Angeles, he stated that not since censuses had been taken

had such a percentage of growth ever been shown for ten years by a city beginning the decade with 100,000 population. All data that we now have, including school census, registration, names in the city directory, etc., would appear to indicate that Los Angeles at present has a population of at least half a million.

In order to fairly appraise the future growth and development of Los Angeles, we must bear in mind the fact that its growth up to the present time has been largely a matter of climate and local resources. The fact that it is the center of a small territory, rejoicing in the most perfect climate in the United States, and probably in the world, was one great factor in producing increase in population. The further fact that it is the center of a territory whose agriculture and horticulture has wonderfully productive values, has also been a great factor in its growth. It has, however, up to the present time never fully had the commercial factor, such as is possessed by San Francisco, Seattle, Portland and other cities having natural harbor advantages, which attract maritime commerce. This factor, however, is rapidly coming to the front in the development and growth of Los Angeles.

In 1871 the Congress of the United States appropriated \$200,000 to begin the development of a harbor at San Pedro for the use of the City of Los Angeles. This development took the form, at that time, of the dredging of the inner channel, for a short distance, to a depth of 9 feet at low tide. Since that time appropriations have been made by the National Government to a total of \$5,731,000; and a harbor has been developed, in which there is now, on what is called the "Inner Harbor," about 22,000 feet of wharfage in water from 20 feet to 30 feet in depth; and in the "Outer Harbor," some 10,000 feet of wharfage in water from 30 feet to 35 feet in depth, and which will be increased within the next twelve months to probably 20,000 feet of deep water wharfage in the Outer Harbor. The United States engineers, who made the plans for the development of the Inner and Outer Harbors, report that it is entirely feasible to secure, at a very reasonable cost, twenty miles of wharf frontage in the Inner Harbor, and possibly ten miles of such wharfage in the deep waters of the Outer Harbor. It is to the harbor of Los Angeles, and the commercial factor which it will become upon completion of the Panama Canal, that we must look for the greatest factor in its future growth. In estimating the potency of this factor we must remember that, for collecting and distributing articles of commerce going from or coming to the Pacific Slope, or that part of the country lying between the Rocky Mountain system and the Pacific Ocean, Los Angeles Harbor is, by existing lines of rail-



Broadway, looking south, before the "sky line" was established.



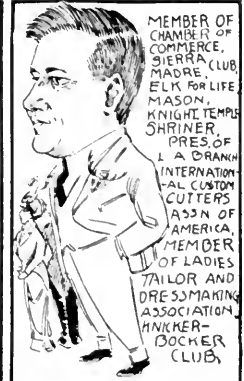
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ONE OF THE GREATEST SPORTS THE WORLD EVER PRODUCED. A BOOSTER WITH HIS DARNER JACK KEPPER.



JACK C. KEPPER
ONE OF THE BEST BOOSTERS IN A TOWN TODAY. KEPPER WAS FORMERLY CONNECTED WITH JIM JEFFERIES HE IS NOW ASSOCIATE WITH OLDFIELD.



C.M. JEFFERIES
NUR OF JAMES J. JEFFERIES C.M. JEFFERIES KNOWN AS 'JUST BLYN' JACK. JAMES SPARING PARTNER ETC. A GOOD FELLOW & A LIVE WIRE.



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MEMBER OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, SIERRA CLUB, MADRE, ELK FOR LIFE, MASON, KNIGHT TEMPLE, SHRINER, PRES. OF A BRANCH INTERNATIONAL CUSTOM CUTTERS ASSN. OF AMERICA, MEMBER OF LADIES TAILOR AND DRESSMAKING ASSOCIATION, HICKER-BOCKER CLUB.



LES PRAGER
THE SON OF UNCLE SAM PRAGER IS A NATIVE OF LOS ANGELES. LIT ON THE BEST SPOT ON EARTH AND HAVE STRUCK TOIT. 217 WEST ALHAMBRA BLVD.



HARRY C. COLLINS
REPRESENTING STEPHEN'S RAMSON MFG. CO. 430 CENTRAL BLDG. EVERYTHING IN LABOR SAVING MACHINERY.



INGALL W. BULL
ATTY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW 611 CENTRAL BLDG. COOPERATION LAW HIS SPECIALTY. MY BULL SAYS THAT LOS ANGELES THE YOUNG MAN HAVE GOOD OPPORTUNITIES.



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WITH HIS 9 LUM GRAY MINES CO. RIVERSIDE COUNTY. ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S BEST MINES. NO PRIEST IS A LIVE WIRE AND HIS INVESTORS A...



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BENJAMIN W. HAHN
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WALTER J. MEEKS
MEMBER OF THE CALIF AD-VALU REALTY BOARD AND ETC. THE MAN WHO MADE SOME OF THE LARGEST REAL ESTATE DEALS IN UTAH. DIVISION LOS ANGELES VENICE DISTRICT ACRES. WEST OF OLIVER CITY NEAR NEW 23000000 SCHOOL

Some of the Men who are Making Los Angeles The Million Mark.



Sixth and Main Streets, looking west on Sixth. Copyright by Sidney B. Brown

DR. RALPH WILLIAMS
 PROFESSOR OF DEMATOLOGY
 ASSOCIATED PROF. OF UROLOGY
 GRADUATED 1893 L.A. DEPT.
 COLLEGE OF MEDICINE UNIVERSITY
 OF CALIFORNIA.

HARRY ANDERSON
 GENERAL REAL ESTATE
 AND EXCHANGES, CITY
 PROPERTY HIS SPECIALTY
 ASSOCIATED WITH HASTINGS

THERE IS
 NOTHING
 ABOUT A
 HOME TO
 ATTRACT YOU
 UNLESS
 IT IS ART-
 ISTIC AND
 HAS A VIEW
 MY SPECIALTY
 IS HILL PROPERTY

ALFRED B. HASTINGS
 LAND SPECIALIST AND
 GENERAL REAL ESTATE
 HIGH CLASS RESIDENTIAL
 HAVING PANAMA VIEW
 FROM EACH HILL PROPERTY

C.H. BOSLEY SUPT OF
 CENTRAL BLDG.

CHAS. COLLIQUER
 PRES & GEN. MGR OF THE
 AMERICAN HOSPITAL
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 A BOOSTER ALL THE TIME

N.J. SORENSEN
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 AND A LARGE OIL OPERATOR
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 ICAN DREDGING CO AND NORTH
 AMERICAN DREDGING CO. INC
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 MUCH OF
 THIS DID
 YOU GET?

S.A. KITCHNER
 VICE PRES. OF SALMON LAKE
 WATER & POWER CO. VICE PRES
 ALASKA INVESTMENT AND
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FLOUR
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 BRAN
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 AGENT FOR THE
 C.F.O. OF
 COLORADO
 BOOST IS
 HIS SLOGAN

M.M. DAVISON
 REAL ESTATE
 LOANS AND
 RENTALS
 DIRECTOR IN
 THE CONGRE-
 GATIONAL CHURCH

Some of the Men that are making Los Angeles a Progressive City.

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SALES MGR. OF THE
QUARTETTE AUTOMOBILE
SIGNAL CO. 1130 L. A.
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FACTORY 125 W. 35TH ST.

J.S. MCKNIGHT
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INC. \$100,000 BUILDING ONE
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COR WASH & BONNIE BRAY \$10,000

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HANDLIN OWN
IN CHOICE SUB DIVISION

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POWER'S CASES & B&B

I. E. LAVENTHAL
PROP OF THE HAT
BOX TWO STORES
STATE ON SHRINE ST.,
5TH & BWAY \$1,000
BEST WAYS
IN TOWN LESS, MORE

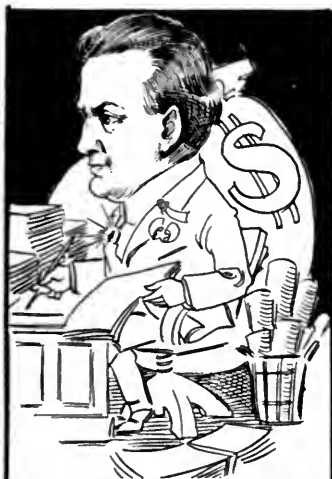
W.M. JONES
GEN'L MGR. SECY & TREAS
OF THE HAWTHORNE
INVESTMENT CO.
B.L. HARDING PRES.

ERNEST MCCONNELL
ARCHITECT MGR FOR THE
L.A. INVESTMENT CO. HAS
BUILT OVER 1000 BUNGALOWS
IN LOS ANGELES 8096 1/2 30TH
BLVD

E. LOIS BOUCHER
11 W. HELLMAN BLDG.
A LOS ANGELES GIRL
WHO HAS BUILT UP AN IMMEN-
SE BUSINESS

WILBUR D. COOK JR.
ASSOCIATED WITH R.S. RANKIN
AND FLEWYK MOFF. LANDSCAPE
ARCHITECTS AND CIVIL ENG-
NEERS 520 21 L.A. INV-BUD
ONE OF OUR BEST BOOSTERS

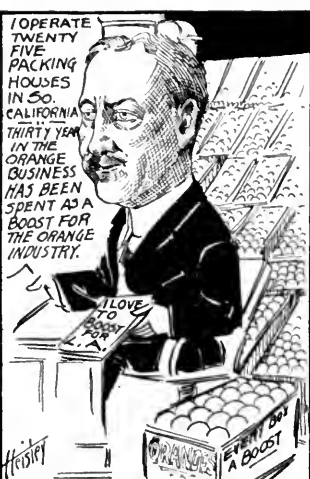
R.S. RANKIN
ASSOCIATED WITH WILBUR D.
COOK JR. CIVIL LAND-
SCAPE ENGINEER 1077'S
A LOS ANGELES BOOSTER
IN THE BUSINESS SINCE 1878



N.T. HAWKINS VICE PRES. OF THE LOS ANGELES TITLE INS CO 629 So. SPRING ST. (A NATIVE OF LITTLE ROCK, ORIGINATOR OF TITLE INSURANCE IN OKLAHOMA, AND BUILT THE MOST MODERN PLANT IN AMERICA. MR HAWKINS IS A SUBSTANTIAL BUSINESS MAN AND ONE OF OUR BEST BOOSTERS.



EDWARD T. YOUMANS PRES. OF EL COBRANTE LAND CO. INC. 43,000 ACRES WHOLESALE LANDS HIS SPECIALTY, ALIVEWIRE AND A BOOSTER. ARRIVED IN L.A. 12 PM NEW YEAR'S EVE 1910 FROM BELMIRA N.Y. HE HAS MADE HIMSELF ONE OF THE LARGEST LAND OWNERS IN CALIF.



WILLIAM OLIVER RANDOLPH AT THE HEAD OF THE RANDOLPH FRUIT CO WHICH ENJOYS A BUSINESS OF OVER \$3000 CARLOAD A WEEK. MR. RANDOLPH GERMANY HAS DONE MORE FOR THE FRUIT GROWERS THAN ANY OTHER ONE MAN IN THE STATE.

Three Big Boosters of Los Angeles

road, placed nearer all parts of Arizona, New Mexico, western Colorado, Utah, the south half of California, Nevada, western Wyoming, Idaho and Montana, than any other harbor on the Pacific Coast, excepting a small territory immediately adjacent to the harbor of San Diego.

To illustrate: Los Angeles is but thirty miles further by rail from Salt Lake City than is San Francisco, but commerce for Salt Lake City, passing Los Angeles harbor to be unloaded at San Francisco, will have to traverse over 400 additional miles of water before reaching that port. San Francisco is 60 miles nearer Butte, Montana, than Los Angeles Harbor, but the added distance by water gives Los Angeles harbor the advantage of about 350 miles. The same, or greater, advantage in rail and water haul, for distributing commerce throughout all of the territory named, exists in favor of the harbor of Los Angeles. This should insure a very large part of the coast to coast commerce, carried through the Panama Canal, being handled at the harbor of Los Angeles. Furthermore, the harbor of Los Angeles is situated only 70 miles from the great circle route which will be traveled by vessels engaged in the European-Oriental commerce through the Panama Canal. This will enable vessels, by deflecting less than 100 miles of their route between Europe and the great Oriental ports of Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, to make Los Angeles harbor a port of call for landing commerce coming from Europe to the Pacific Slope and taking on commerce from the Pacific Slope to the Orient, and, also, on their return voyages, landing commerce from the Orient for the Pacific Slope and taking on commerce from the Pacific Slope to Europe. This should insure our harbor the low rates offered by European vessels for both Oriental and European commerce, and should be the means of

developing a large commerce in both directions. To sum up the situation, there is no harbor on the Pacific Coast which offers such great advantages for both gathering and distributing the larger part of the commerce from and to the Pacific Slope as does the harbor of Los Angeles.

The foregoing will give some idea of the advantages that the city of Los Angeles will possess for carrying on that part of commerce which consists of the transportation and exchange of commodities. It will also possess very great advantages in that particular province of commerce depending upon manufacturing. The lines of communication with the Orient, which will be established by the great ship lines plying between European and Oriental ports, should open the Oriental markets to Los Angeles for any products that it may have that are demanded by those markets. One class of such products is found in cotton goods, for which the hundreds of millions of the Orient afford an almost limitless market. The Imperial Valley country, within a night's ride by rail of Los Angeles, is capable of producing a quarter of a million bales of cotton per annum. Furthermore, our city is very near to the Texas cotton fields, which produces more than 3,000,000 bales per annum. The climate of Los Angeles (and especially of its sea coast) is ideal for manufacturing of all kinds, especially for textile factories, which can be operated in our climate every day throughout the year without the least climatic disadvantage to the workers.

We should become a great center for the manufacture of our cotton into cotton goods for the Oriental markets. It is not generally known that in the County of Riverside, and within a hundred miles of Los Angeles, is one of the greatest deposits of high grade iron ore in the world. Our nearness to the great coal fields of Utah, through the line of the Salt Lake Railroad, our

abundance of oil fuel, and the fact that we are becoming one of the greatest centers of electric power, which in the future will undoubtedly be greatly used in smelting, should make us a center of iron and steel production for the markets of the West and the greater markets of the Orient.

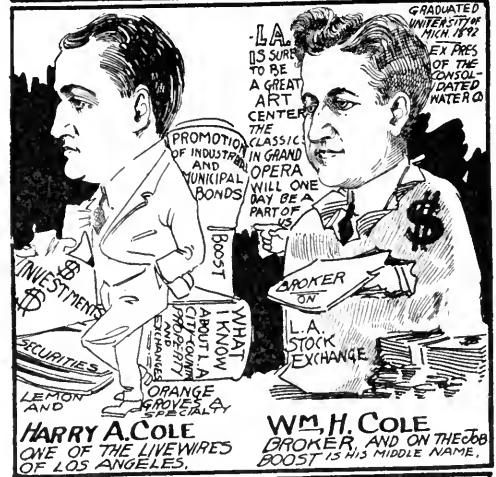
In summing up, it would appear to be a reasonable prophesy, should we say that with the peculiar commercial and manufacturing advantages which the situation of Los Angeles and its harbor will give to our city, it should be within a few years very much the largest city upon the Pacific Coast, and within the limits of less than a life-time probably the second largest city in America.

E. B. HOLT, EX-COWPUNCHER, SILVER KING OF MEXICO

In prose and poetry, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and other writers have immortalized the pioneer miners of the "Golden West." The lives of the men who blazed the path to California's present greatness are associated in the public mind—and rightly, too—with romance



vision of an army of reckless, lawless, illiterate men into one in which the flower of the young manhood of the nation of those days would be seen.



and tragedy. In fiction and poetry those hardy pioneers who braved the dangers of the plains to reach the wonderful storehouses of Nature's mineral wealth have been depicted as uncouth, unlettered men in whose natures the spirit of adventure ran riot. To those who passed through the stirring period of early California history, and know the type of men that made the West, recollection brings memory

pictures which, if they could be materialized for the younger generation, who get their ideas of the early days from fiction, would dissolve this

But we will let the memories of "the days of gold, the days of '49" remain undisturbed and bring ourselves down to present-day events, which are as fraught with romance and stirring incidents as those we read of in early western fiction, and whose participants are as capable of doughty deeds as any pioneers of the olden days. This true narrative deals with the career of two young men who were reared in an isolated section of New Mexico, who have proved sons of a worthy sire; who, at great sacrifice to their father's material interests were given a college education and who later, through their own efforts, took a course in mining engineering. It is of Elgin B. Holt that we speak. He \$\$\$ president of the Cerro de Plata Mining Company in the Noria district, and has progressed steadily regardless of the revolution that exists in that state. This company, which has been in the development stage for some time past, is reported as having developed a good body of silver ore which averages 46.5 ounces per ton. Thomas A. Wetzel, mining engineer of Los Angeles, recently made a report on the property and estimates the ore in sight at 57,600 tons. E. B. Holt, president of the company, is at present in San Francisco making preparations to conduct milling operations on a greatly increased scale in the future. The plans include the erection of a new 100-ton mill and cyanide plant, and it is expected that this work will be commenced within the next four months. Bullion shipments since the mill started in November, 1912, have averaged 25,000 ounces per month.



Manager of the leasing department of the Wm. M. Garland Company. Mr. Heiny came to the coast several years ago from Washington, D. C., where he had been engaged in the drug business. Upon his arrival he lost no time in connecting himself with the realty game, and with one of the largest firms in the city. Mr. Heiny is a live wire and one of the chief boosters of the city.



The Fog.

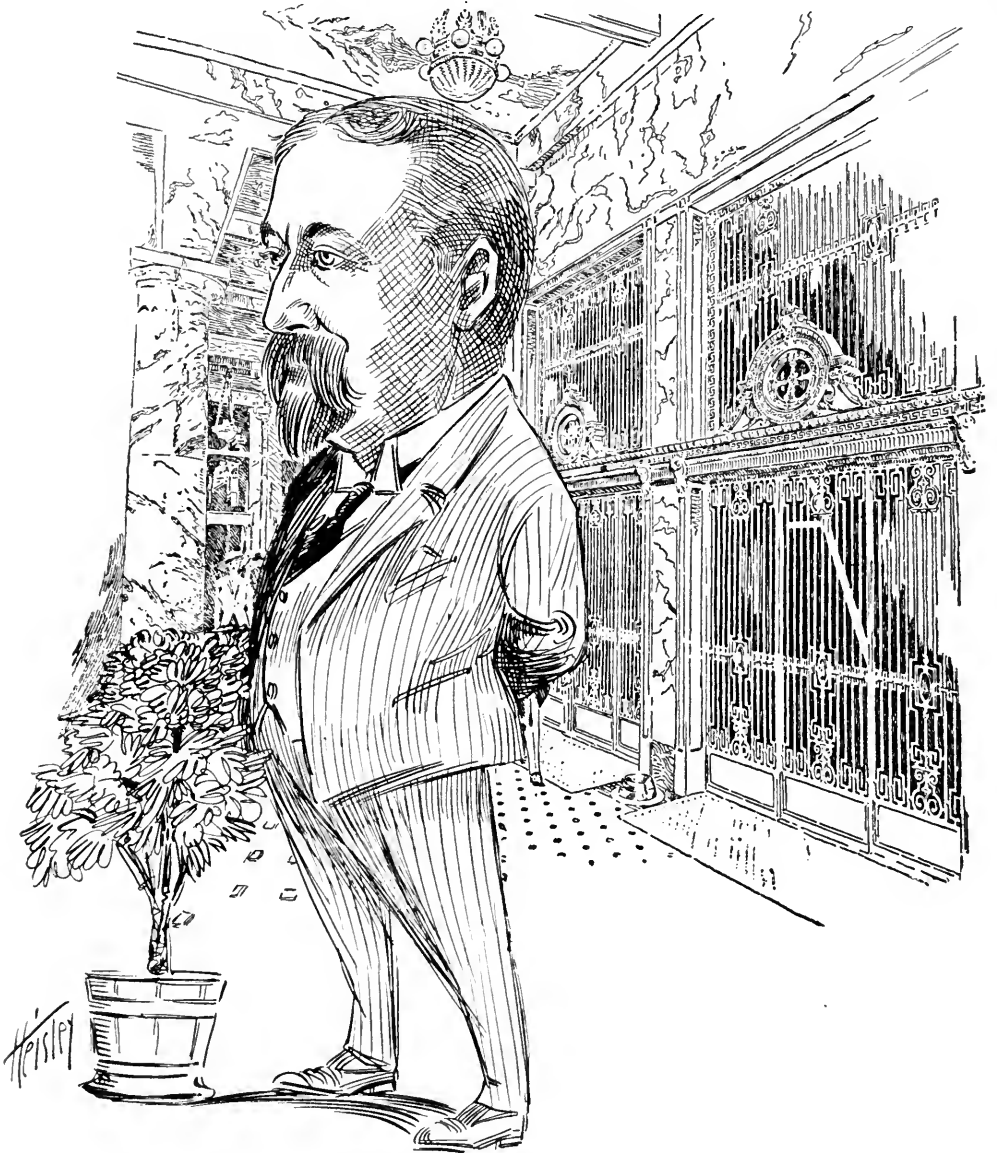
By Mary Stewart Quelle

*Fast the fog floats in at nightfall;
Field and forest drink their fill.
Tall the trees tower, dim, distorted,—
Gray ghosts, all sheated in sbrouding chill.*

*Hushed are all the friendly farm-sounds,
Veiled are vineyard, bome and hill;
Faint from far a mournful siren
Muffled moans—and all is still.*

The King of Home Builders

By Charles McIntire



Charles A. Elder of the Los Angeles Investment Company.

THE history of California has been one of romance—even its business annals have many pages which read like the fiction of a master story-teller. Here, in the land hallowed by eternal sunshine, thousands of men have won to riches and fame swiftly. Remarkable achievements have been effected against obstacles almost insurmountable; suc-

cesses have been wrested from circumstances that seemed to spell sure defeat. Because of these things, a success must be a signal one and beyond the bounds of the usual before it will be recognized and acknowledged—a man must write his message in letters of fire before the people of our country will even pause to read.

When Mr. Elder came to Los Angeles he brought with him a great idea, a working knowledge of architecture and the assurance of a doctor that he could live only a few months—these three, and the greatest of these the idea. The doctor is wrong at this writing by nearly thirty years and the idea has been growing every hour during that long period. The fruit of the idea exists today in the form of the Los Angeles Investment Company, builder of thousands of bungalows, owners of the finest office building in Los Angeles, of wood-working factories and saw-mill covering forty-six acres,



Los Angeles Investment Co. Building, Eighth and Broadway

cesses have been wrested from circumstances that seemed to spell sure defeat. Because of these things, a success must be a signal one and beyond the bounds of the usual before it will be recognized and acknowledged—a man must write his message in letters of fire before the people of our country will even pause to read.

All the more remarkable then seems the imprint made upon our history by the subject of this sketch, Charles A. Elder, of Los Angeles. In 1895, coming to the city because of ill-health; in 1913, the head and the solar center of the greatest co-operative building company in the

world—these two phrases sum up the progress of the man of whom we write and between the two dates lie eighteen years of event and incident of a most remarkable nature. It is a story full of achievement, of red blood and resolution, of ability and endless persistency, of courage, of confidence crowned at last by monumental success.

having paid-in capital and surplus of \$16,974,-055.41, paying in quarterly dividends each three months the comfortable sum of something near \$400,000.00, having frequently a million in real, actual, tangible money in the strong boxes, father company of the "Home-makers," having more than 19,000 stock-holders (all well satisfied and enthusiastic at the present moment, and planning to expend millions in the building of a residence city of 20,000 homes.

Four hundred years ago one of the early members of the Elder family established a ship-building industry on the Clyde in Scotland. That business was built up until the Elder-Dempster steamers were known to seafaring men the world over. It is to his Scotch ancestry plus his American development and associations that Charles A. Elder attributes many of the qualities which have helped him to bring his plans to a successful consummation. The first of the Elder family to emigrate to America settled in Virginia before the Revolutionary War. During the early childhood of Charles A. Elder, his father left Virginia and located in Kansas, where the former spent his boyhood, did his first work and gathered the first theories from which sprung the idea which has borne so important a part in his success.

Elder, the father, who was a builder by vocation, organized a building company at Topeka in 1873, and Elder, the son, occupied an important niche in connection as office boy at a salary of \$1.50 per week. He was then ten years of age. At twenty, he was assistant manager, and had mastered much of the practical as well as the financial side of the business. In 1889 he decided to widen his knowledge by the study of architecture, and he accordingly spent four years in the study of this profession at the University of Illinois, after which he took a two-years' course in architecture and art at a university in France. Returning home he again entered the service of the building company of which his father was head, and also assisted in the preparation of the plans of the State House at Topeka. It was at this point that the doctor strongly advised a trip to California in the hope that Mr. Elder's life might be prolonged.

For a short period after reaching Los Angeles, Mr. Elder practised the profession of architecture, then the idea came to life again. Associated with W. D. Debble and G. M. Derby and with a capital of twenty-five dollars, Mr. Elder launched a building company, which was intended at first to be a branch of the Topeka firm, but which later became The Los Angeles Investment Company, a concern separate and independent, far overshadowing its predecessor.

For ten long years the history of the company might be described by one word—"battle." The men who composed it made every sacrifice of comforts and even of necessities. Mr. Elder tells today how the first building operation attempted was a shack, costing \$84, which was sold for \$92.00. The second was a cottage costing \$285 dollars, which was eventually sold at a profit of \$18. Mr. Elder's income at this stage was \$1.50 per week, in round numbers. The sum bears a striking similarity to the salary which he received in weekly wages as his father's office boy at ten years of age.

It is true that the shareholders in large companies very often suffer all the privations while the heads reap all the benefits. The reverse is true of the Los Angeles Investment Company—from the beginning the founders of the company made every sacrifice in order that it might prosper and grow. The small sums drawn by Mr. Elder during the first years permitted no better lodging than the domicile which served as an office, where he slept upon a mattress under the counter. During the ensuing nine years he occupied a room in the rear of the office, which was by no means an elaborate place as offices go, as indicated by the fact that the highest office rent paid during that period was \$12 per month. Self-denial and slavishly hard work brought results after years of at times almost imperceptible progress and the great business organization of today is an eloquent testimony to the years of struggling.

There has never been a more full and complete applications of the theory of co-operation than in the case of the Los Angeles Investment Company. So often a mere name, in this case co-operation is a living, breathing principle—the most important executive head and the smallest shareholder benefit to exactly the same extent in proportion to their holdings.

The reward of such a policy has been an unbounded confidence—the confidence of the people and the press, of the city and the country. Unbiased, unhampered honesty has been Mr. Elder's first principle of business. Every man of the directorate, of the stockholders in the company, of the office staff and the sales staff, and every man of the great army which lives in the bungalows which have sprung into existence at his bidding will tell you that the policy of Charles A. Elder has made it plain to all concerned that the company's profits have been and must be made honestly by giving a full dollar in value for every dollar in cash received. The news of this policy and of its great success has spread to other countries until the company of which Mr. Elder is the head is made a model and a standard of all that is desirable and substantial.

In spite of his achievements, Mr. Elder is a man of surprising modesty and will insist always that his immediate associates have been quite as instrumental as he in the success of the great company of which he is the head.

Mr. Elder shows no sign today of the ill-health of 1895. As he nears the half century milestone he is a strong, aggressive man and shows his virility in every word and action. To become more familiar, he wears a heavy brown beard trimmed to a point, has clear blue, incisive eyes and scarcely looks his years. He is outspoken with the confidence of the man of strong convictions, a characteristic which will be especially noted in a discussion of questionable methods in business—particularly in real estate transactions. There is no more jealous guardian than Mr. Elder of the ethics and ideal of the clean deal in real estate and he loses no opportunity in raising his voice against the dishonest or questionable practice.

The personality of the man, casually met with, gives the impression of cordial good feeling, of one who has not been made austere by mighty

struggles and multitudinous responsibilities. He has never learned to ignore the existence of the small man. Men are men to him and much alike, even though some be millionaires and some be full of impecuniousness.

Mr. Elder's one hobby is his earlier days was music and he it was who organized the trip to the World's Fair at Chicago of the band of the University of Illinois. Mr. Elder played the first clarinet in that organization. His fraternal spirit and his interest in his school are alike indicated by the fact that he is the founder of the Society of the University of Illinois in Southern California. He is an artist of considerable ability and sketches made in his student days won prizes of importance in Paris, his principal work in that line being in pen and ink sketches. Mr. Elder is a member of the School of Fine Arts, the Artists' Association of Paris, the Academy of Science of Southern California, and the Sigma Chi Fraternity. About three years ago Mr. Elder was married to Miss Vesta Inez Daman, of this city. He lives rather quietly in a cosy home, built a year or two ago, on one of the residential sections built upon and improved by this company.

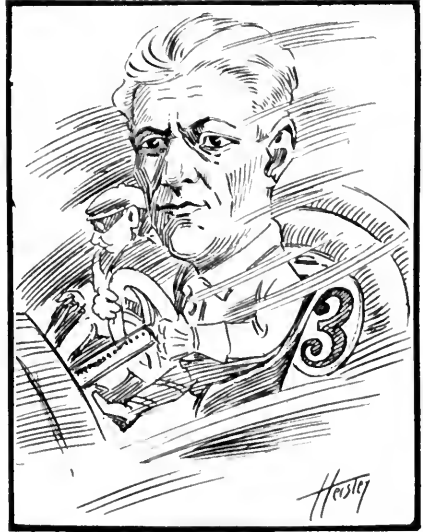
Mr. Elder is the president of the Globe Savings Bank and of the City and County Bank, is a director in many other large enterprises.

A brief contemplation will show just what Mr. Elder's activities have done for the City of Los Angeles. He has striven for the ideal in homes for the people and has brought that ideal within reach of thousands who otherwise would be merely tenants of rented properties. He has augmented the attractiveness of the city by the addition of thousands of picturesque homes—he has made the bungalow and Southern California almost synonymous terms to people in the outside world. He might well be termed the Bonaparte of the bungalow building business of the Southwest—his achievements might be compared to those of a great general, save that his mission has been to build and beautify, not to destroy.

S. A. McKEE

Proprietor and general manager of McKee's Restaurant, 6th and Spring streets; proprietor and general manager of McKee's Taxi-Cab Company, Inc. Mr. McKee has just completed the remodeling and enlarging of his restaurant to a comfortably seating capacity of six hundred. This meant much to the City of Los Angeles, as it is now the largest and the most modern place of its kind in the city. A careful study has been

made for the comfort of its patrons, in the way of a ventilating system. The kitchen and the refrigerators have been greatly enlarged and are open to the inspection of the public at all times. The cold storage plant is one of the most modern type. A great feature of McKee's is, that from 12 to 12 there is vaudeville and a concert orchestra to entertain you while you eat. Mr. McKee has made a study of the people's wants, and there has not one thing been overlooked where good food, good service, good entertainment, and last but not least, where cleanliness predominates.

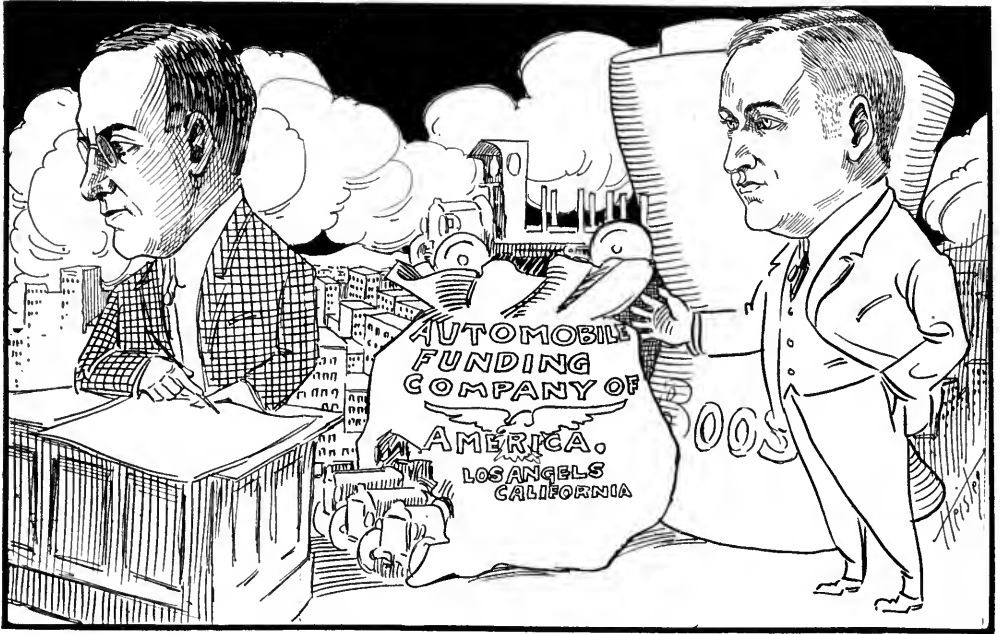


The McKee Taxi-cab Service has developed from the one car that had a stand in front of his place of business to the largest taxi business in the city, having in its service near thirty taxis and touring cars. The service has added a new hearse, one of the most elaborate in the State. McKee has one of the finest garages in the city. This business has grown to its present capacity in three years.

Mr. McKee has been interested in the Auto sports for many years, and has taken part in many of the big races—the Phoenix race, the Imperial Valley, and the San Francisco Road race.

Mr. McKee is one of the greatest boosters for the City of Los Angeles that the city can claim today.





**Chas. A. Bradley, Pres. and Gen'l Mgr. of
The Automobile Funding Co. of America**

**Garland Ames Bockingham, Vice-Pres of
The Automobile Funding Co. of America**

Now that the automobile, as a means of transportation has come to remain, and the further fact that motor trucks are speedily crowding out, for commercial purposes, that four-legged animal which has so nobly served the purposes of man from time immemorial—the Horse—it seems that a certain gap in commercialism was entirely overlooked when it came to the question of placing these automobiles and trucks in the hands of owners on a basis where they could purchase them on a similar line to the way a majority of people buy a home.

It is an established fact that the motor industry now ranks as the second largest industry in the world, and yet this industry, by virtue of the oversight of man, has possibly suffered more for the want of financing than any other industry on the market today.

It was not until the inception of the Automobile Funding Company of America, with its home office in Los Angeles, brought about by Mr. Charles A. Bradley, its originator, and now the president of the company, that purchasers of automobiles or trucks, by individuals or corporations, could, to any measurable degree, own and operate these conveyances on a basis where (especially with the truck) they could practically earn their own price.

However, the plan was so well laid and the demand so great for use of money in this corporation, that the company had been so flooded with applications from business concerns to finance their various purchases, that even while the proposition was so attractive from the standpoint of buying stock in the company, the demands for money have far exceeded, up to the present time, the ability of the company to

fully meet them. This can only be accounted for by the stringency in the money market ever since the commencement of the operation of this company, some five months ago, for absolute figures are shown by the books of the company, that even with a certain small capitalization and under the present expense, the company is showing an earning power of over fifty-seven per cent.

The plans of the corporation are meeting with general favor wherever the methods of the company are known, and it is certain that one of the very few real good investments that is on the market today, will not be open to the public very long at the present price. The stock of this company is now selling at the ground-floor price of its par value—\$10.00 per share—and there is no promotion stock or other dead horses for which an investor usually has to pay when buying stock in many corporations.

The company has thus far been financed through stock sales made to reputable citizens, financiers, business and professional men, who have been able to see the possibilities of the corporation, and it has been conceded by a number of the best financiers in California that this institution, with proper management, can be made a financial monument of success, of which California will have reason to be proud, and that the stockholders of the company will be in possession of a security having a dividend power considerably beyond a majority of investments that are offered in the public market today.

The written demands on the company today for monies required during the next nine months run over \$1,000,000.00.

The dealers in all instances act as the sales-

agents of the company without compensation, and all sales are financed through the dealer, getting the company a very excellent percentage from the dealer. The cars or trucks are fully insured, for which the buyer pays the premium, the company acts as brokers for the insured, getting a very excellent commission, and the buyers of the cars or trucks make the company monthly payments on all purchases, the company securing another profit from the buyer on his deferred payments.

The plan of the company is almost a banking one, with three distinct sources of profit to a bank's one source of profit, and in each instance the three factors or sources of profit to the company are beneficial both to the dealers and buyers of the cars and trucks.

The company, by virtue of the Criminal Section of the Federal Code, has fully protected itself, and has as a field the entire United States. One case of infringement under the copyright laws was tried out in the courts of Los

Angeles some two months ago with a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Bradley, the president of the company, has been a handler of large enterprises all his life. He is essentially a Westerner, having spent the greater portion of the last fifteen years in the Western States. He is a keen, well accomplished business man, up to the minute, aggressive in securing business and successful and resourceful in handling it. He stands very high in financial circles on the Coast. The other Directors of the company are men of a great deal of prominence in Southern California, among whom are: Mr. L. C. Waite, a man prominent in financial affairs in the South, and a director of the Santa Fe Railway; Mr. Philo J. Beverage, a prominent banker and son of the Ex-Governor of Illinois; Mr. J. S. Conwell, Ex-President Automobile Dealers Association of Southern California, and a member of the Los Angeles City Council; together with other business men and bankers.



California Sunset

By Florence E. Casebeer

*Night's curtain of darkness
Falls low on the bay.*

*No lingering!
No gloaming!
As passes the day.*

*One hour all the heaven
Is radiant with light.*

*No fading!
No gloaming!
As cometh the night.*

*Life's sun in the zenith
And then in the west.*

*No weakening!
No gloaming!
As cometh my rest.*

*O when in Time's fullness
My circuit is run.*

*No sorrowing!
No gloaming!
My life's work is done.*

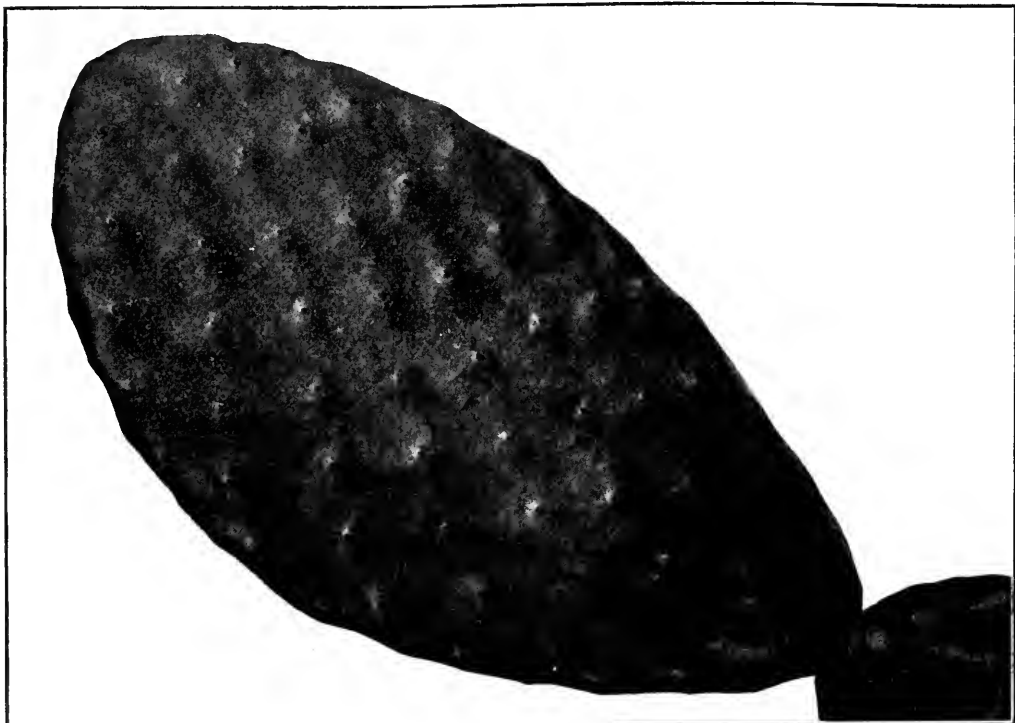
THE PLANTING OF THE LARGEST SPINELESS CACTUS NURSERY IN THE WORLD



WILLIAM L. Wilson ("Bill Wilson"), is well known throughout Southern California as the "King of the Spineless Cactus Growers," and is one of our important citizens of Los Angeles, as well as being widely known throughout the entire West and Old Mexico.

He is secretary and treasurer of the Spineless Cactus Nursery & Land Company, which company has at the present time 37,000 cactus plants now growing, and which are increasing at the ratio of five to one, or better, per annum.

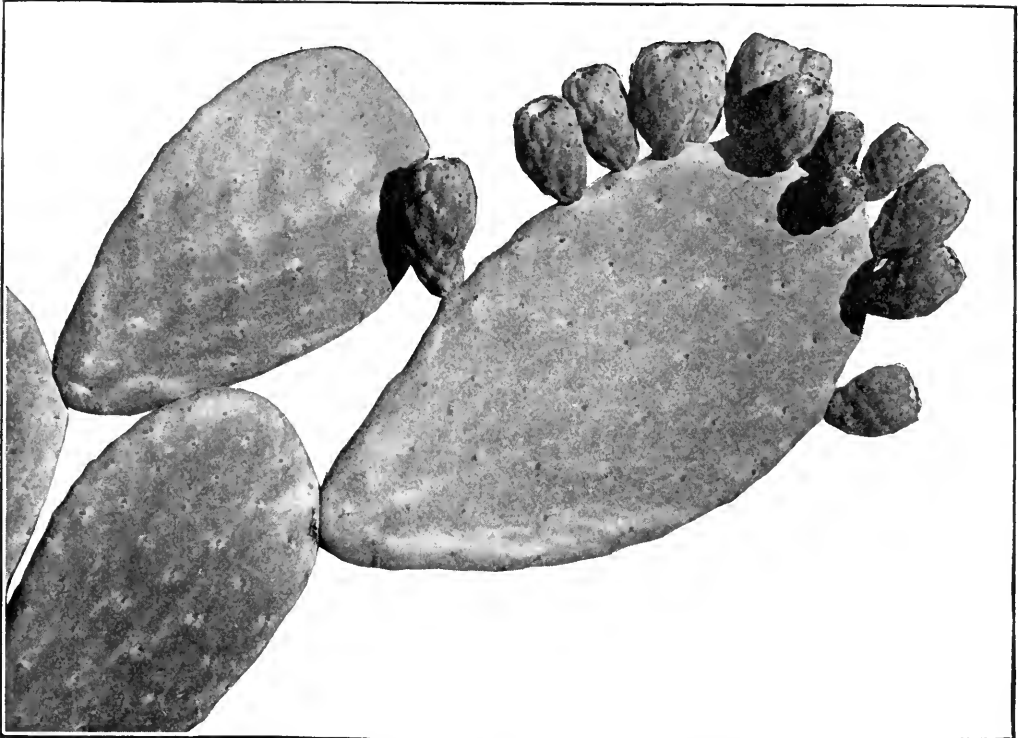
The company has 500 acres of land growing in cactus at Oceanside, California, which were



The perfect "leaf" or joint of the spineless, flat-jointed *Opuntia*. Joint about 16 in. long. Graham Photo



A typical plant of the Flat-jointed Opuntia (Spineless Cactus). This plant will produce several hundred tons of forage to the acre, annually. (Graham Photo)



Perfect "Blades," or joints, and fruit of the Spineless Cactus.

Graham Photo

selected by the best experts in the country, particularly looking to the cultivation of spineless cactus.

When seen at his apartments at Hotel Alexandria, Mr. Wilson gave an enthusiastic and succinct account of the cactus industry. "Although it is not generally known throughout the country," Mr. Wilson went on to say, "spineless cactus has been in use as a cattle food for centuries—and a wonderful food it is. I know it has been claimed that the discovery is of very recent origin, by a man prominent in agricultural and fruit circles in California, but such is not the case. For many hundreds of years it has been used as a cattle food throughout Asia and Africa, and has been known in the southern part of the Western Hemisphere.

"The high cost of beef in the United States has led to much research in order to discover a cheap, substantial food that will lower the cost of production, and enable cattle men to feed their cattle at a much lower rate. This has given rise to the erroneous impression that spineless cactus was discovered but recently.

"I have known of it for many years, have read considerable regarding its merits, but really have given very little attention to it until the last year, and after satisfying myself that I believed it was a substantial food that had come to stay, I organized my company of which I am now secretary and treasurer and general manager.

"I have interviewed a great many of my friends from the State of Sonora, Mexico, and have the assurance of a ready market for all the cactus we can raise. We propose to secure large land holdings, immediately after the unpleasantness

is settled in the State of Sonora, and ship our entire production to Mexico to be replanted, and in two years from the present time we hope to be able to not only supply spineless cactus by the ton, but to support feeding stations where cattle may be fed until ready for market.

"We have demonstrated our faith in spineless cactus by investing our capital to a large extent. There is no more fruitful field for the investor. The demand for cheap cattle food never can be adequately filled. Spineless cactus fulfills all the demands of cattle growers, and while there will accrue to the grower and investor an enormous profit, because of the immense demand, at the same time, cattle growers throughout the country will be able to buy their food at a much lower price than now obtains, but will have a product much superior to anything that is now on the market. When the value of spineless cactus is fully realized and appreciated, Southern California will have an industry that will loom larger than anything yet attempted in the land of sunshine and flowers."

Aside from being in the business of growing and exploiting spineless cactus, Mr. Wilson is secretary and treasurer of the Los Angeles Building Company, which has large tracts of land in and around Los Angeles that they are sub-dividing and selling to the small investor. This company builds the home for the prospective purchaser, and sells a ranch and home complete on small monthly payments.

"Bill" is one of Los Angeles' best boosters, and knows the future of the City of Los Angeles to be bounded only by prosperity, happiness, sunshine and flowers.

THE TEA-BOB

A Simple, Scientific Service You Never Before Believed Possible



NEW household economy that is making its appearance recently on many Tea tables is the subject of much interested Tea-table talk.

It is nothing more or less than a floating Tea basket, that, together with the Tea leaves is immersed when the fresh boiling water is first poured onto it and that rises out of the Tea beverage at the proper instant—just as the theine is dissolved from the Tea leaves and before the Tannic Acid has begun to accumulate.

This device is being called the London Tea Bob, because in London, where hundreds of millions of pounds of Tea is valued every year, it is the custom to time each steeping with a sand-glass, just as this TEA BOB automatically times the steeping. In the TEA BOB this is done by letting a portion of the boiling water drain through a mathematically proportioned hole in the Tea basket, so that at just the proper time the float automatically lifts the perfectly drawn leaves out of the beverage.

Ever since the early Chinese doctors, hunting for a preventative of typhoid fever, discovered the virtue of Tea, doctors, food chemists and Tea-packers have all been trying hard to educate Tea-drinkers to a *proper* use of the leaf. It seems that Tea has its proper and its improper uses and that only an expert or very careful cook has customarily secured the exact *virtues* of the Tea leaf without what in these days of strict labeling of products is often termed “an added foreign substance.”

Of course Tannin, or Tannic Acid, is

not foreign to the Tea leaf, but it is entirely foreign to the properly-brewed Tea beverage; and if the *beverage* instead of the *leaf* were an article of inter-state commerce, regulations would probably be established by the Department of Agriculture as to the maximum amount of Tannin, or Tannic Acid, which it might contain in order to entitle it to be sold under the name of Tea. One-tenth of one per cent of Benzoate of Soda is looked at with much disfavor on account of its action in retarding digestion. What might be the attitude where the percentage of Tannin, or Tannic Acid, which also retards digestion, is raised from the harmless amount of one per cent in the proper brewing of Tea, to five and ten per cent as in an ordinary family brewing of the leaf.

In recent years there has been quite a little discussion of this subject since the New York Herald devoted several pages to the securing of medical opinion as to the healthfulness of Tea.

The most eminent American physicians were quoted; England, France, Germany, Austria, Russia and even India were raked over in an effort to determine whether Ceylon and Indian Teas are as healthful as Japan and China Teas, with the result that the opinion was almost universal that the grade or kind of Tea was of slight consequence compared to the exactness with which the steeping is performed; that, when steeped with precision, so as to secure the theine, the virtue and invigorating quality of the Tea leaf, without the Tannin, or Tannic Acid, which has a bitter, astringent taste and retards digestion, Tea is a beverage suited to the most delicate system.

The TEA BOB has been called by the *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal* “the new genii of the tea pot.” Verily “BOB” is a good fairy and the service he renders is certainly to make the “bully beverage” at its best.

A CITY *of* UNDEVELOPED OPPORTUNITIES

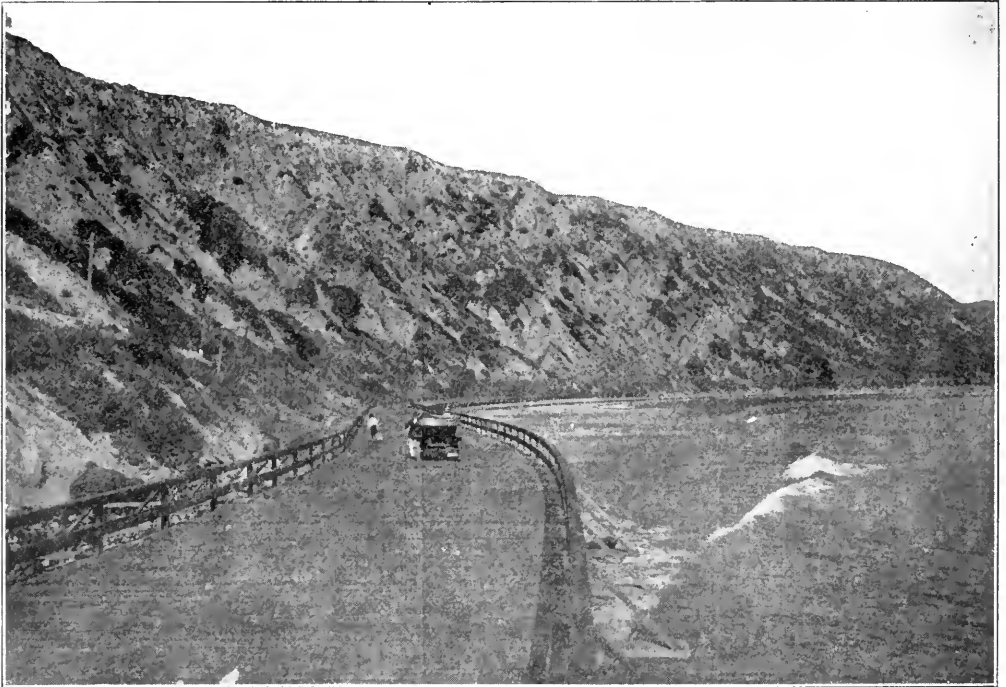


By Frank E. Kellogg
Secretary Chamber of Commerce

Santa Barbara

THE city of Santa Barbara, which is the county seat and business center of Santa Barbara County, California, is situated in the valley of the same name on that portion of the shore of the Pacific Ocean known as Santa Barbara Channel, in latitude $34\frac{1}{2}$ degrees North, and longitude $119\frac{1}{2}$ degrees West, 370 miles Southeast of San Francisco, and 104 miles West of Los Angeles, and is on the main coast line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

zations, a G. A. R. post, and both women's and men's clubs, has two wide-awake daily newspapers, maintains a high-class brass band throughout the year, has ample opera house and theatre accommodations, enjoys excellent express, telephone, telegraph, postal, railroad and steamer service, boasts of an unusually well equipped and efficient fire department with a high pressure of water in the city mains, is lighted by electricity and gas, has an abundan



View showing Viaduct along Rincon sea level road, built by Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce

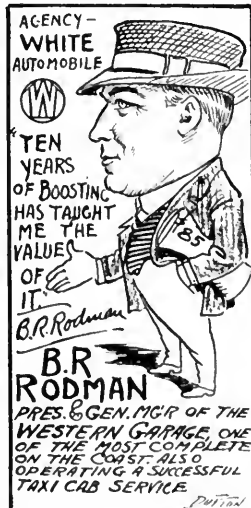
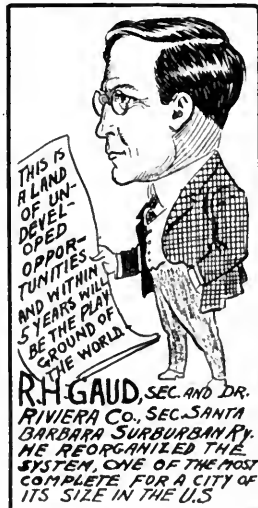
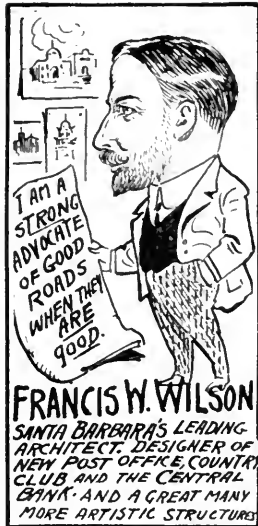
Photo by Jackson & Semmelmeier

General Features of the City

The population of the city, at the taking of the census of 1910, was 11,659. The present population is estimated to be about 13,500.

It has five banks with aggregated deposits exceeding \$6,000,000.00, a Public Library with 22,000 volumes; exceptionally good social advantages, including churches of all denominations, lodges of all the leading fraternal organi-

supply of good pure water drawn by tunnels from the heart of the mountain, possesses a satisfactory sewer system discharging into the sea, is accommodated by nine miles of first-class electric railway with modern cars, has twelve miles of paved streets, including two miles of ocean boulevard, has forty miles of paved suburban highways and drives, is provided with one commercial and one pleasure wharf, four public



Pen Sketches of Some of Santa Barbara's Leading Boosters

parks, a modern bath-house in process of construction, a museum of natural history and an athletic park.

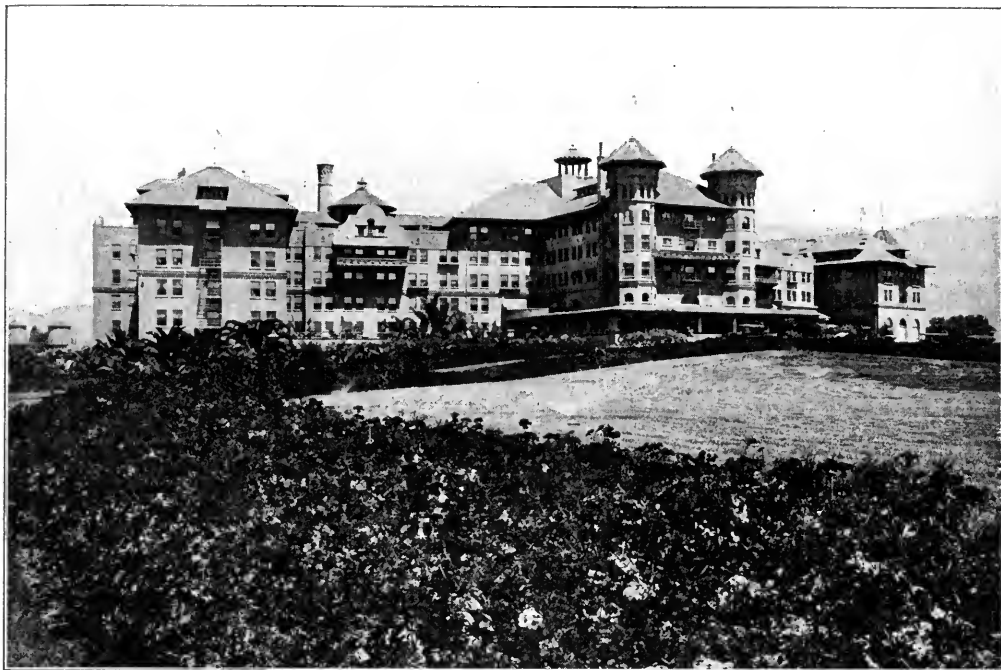
Santa Barbara's educational facilities consist not only of up-to-date public schools all the way from the kindergarten up to the High School, but also include parochial schools, two business colleges, several private schools for boys and girls separately, a neighborhood house, a sloyd school, and a State Normal School of Manual Arts and Home Economics.

The city is equipped with large and prosperous business houses, some of them being as elegantly furnished, and carrying as large stocks as any retail establishment on the Coast.

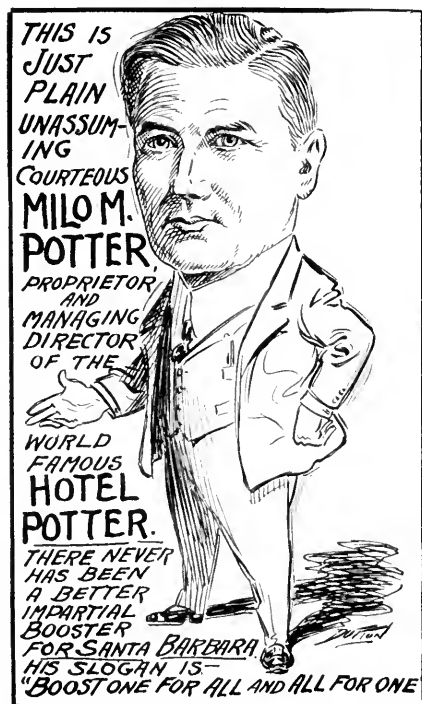
Also the city is eminently prepared to accommodate its guests. In addition to its numerous rooming and apartment houses, res-

taurants, boarding houses and small hotels, the city is especially noted as possessing two of the finest large hotels on the Pacific Coast, The Potter and The Arlington, both of which are marvels of comfort, elegance and safety.

But Santa Barbara's especial boast and peculiar pride is the Old Mission, founded in 1786, around which cluster the romances and memories of early days, and which proudly stands today, on its eminence overlooking the city, the best preserved of all the Missions founded in that distant period, its rock-built walls and massive towers still defying the ravages of time, and the sweet music of its chiming bells still ringing out over the city after the lapse of more than a hundred years. A grand old landmark of a by-gone age, which in its sturdy strength still links the present with the past.



A new photograph of the Hotel Potter



The POTTER HOTEL. This hotel is near the railway station and one of the finest and lar-

gest hostelries in Southern California. It accommodates one thousand guests. Situated on a beautiful mound, overlooking the ocean, its immense surrounding grounds of thirty-six acres are ornamented with myriads of choice flowers and a great variety of native and tropical plants, shrubs and trees. There is a menagerie, tennis courts and other attractions. The hotel is open during the entire year.

The table is supplied almost exclusively with products from the Potter Farm, which has been developed with the one object of insuring a pure, healthful supply of milk, cream, butter, eggs, poultry, vegetables and a great portion of the meats used on the table.

A valuable adjunct to the Potter Hotel is the Potter Country Club. This Club occupies about one hundred and fifty acres of the celebrated Hope Ranch. It is five miles from the hotel, and is reached by motor-bus, which leaves the hotel on schedule time each day; or by horseback, private motor, or carriage over excellent roads.

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY

In the language of C. M. Gidney in the *Santa Barbara Magazine*, of February, 1906:

"Geographically and climatically Santa Barbara County holds a peculiar and important position. Set as a rectangular parallelogram in that angle of the California coast where the shore line bends like an elbow at Point Conception and trends toward the Sunrise, ribbed and stayed with parallel and transverse mountain ranges, broken and diversified by smiling and sunlit valleys, washed by the sea on both its southern

**PARK & NIELSON
REAL ESTATE**

OLD FIELD AT
MONTICELLO
FINEST IN
THE WORLD

**E.D. PARK OF PARK &
NIELSON, GEN'L REALTY
BROKERS. MR. PARK HAS
BOOSTED THE CITY ALL
HIS LIFE - AND PLAYS
SAFE - POLO.**

AGENT FOR
**ARROW
HUDSON
OVERLAND
REPUBLIC**

EL CAMINO
REAL GARAGE

PHOTO INN

CAPE E.P. MITCHELL MANAGER OF THE MOST COMPLETE GARAGE ON THE COAST - THE EL CAMINO REAL. THE CAPT. IS ONE OF THE MOST DARING BOOSTERS IN THE COUNTY

MISSION GARAGE

ALWAYS AIR

Good roads are most essential to our future - here's E.G.H.

E.G. HAYWARD PROP. MISSION GARAGE, AND LOCOMOBILE. HE IS A LIVE BOOSTER, AND DEALER AND SELLER OF SOME CARS - BELIEVE US

CONSIDER GOOD ROADS, STREET PAVING, AND CLIMATE. BIG FACTORS IN ATTRACTING PERMANENT INVESTORS.

Magnum Johnson

MAGNUS JOHNSON ONE OF THE LEADING BUILDING CONTRACTORS WHO ERRECTED MANY OF THE CITY'S BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURES TOO MANY TO BE ENUMERATED HERE

PICTORIAL WAIDEVILLE THE WORLD IN MOTION

BOOST SANTA BARBARA

THE ARGUS

WHERE EVERY BODY GOES

H. KENO MARBLE PROP. AND MGR. THE ARGUS THEATER SANTA BARBARA'S NEMEST AND MOST MODERN AMUSEMENT HOUSE

THE MORNING PRESS

H. LERWIN MANAGER OF THE MORNING PRESS, REAL LIVE COUNCILMAN, MEMBER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, GOOD ELT AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT MAKES A GOOD BOOSTER

BRANCHES AT LOS ANGELES, KENTURA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN LOUIS, SAN JOSE

WE ARE ENTITLED TO ALL THE BOOSTING WE CAN GET - KEEP THE GOOD WORK UP.

C.O.W.

C.O. WEISEL MGR. LOCAL BRANCH OF THE CHANNEL COMMERCIAL CO. SANTA BARBARA'S LARGEST WHOLESALE HOUSE. 25 YEARS A BK BOOSTER AND STILL AT IT

THE PACIFIC COAST PUBLISHING CO.

THE MASTER PRINTERS

THE BEST PLACE ON EARTH TO LIVE

E.B.

E.B. ASHCRAFT PROP. & MGR. THE PACIFIC COAST PUBLISHING CO. - THE BIG SHOP. HE IS A BOOSTER OF 20 YEARS STANDING - PROUD OF IT

JOHN A HOOPER, PRES. S.F.

H.M. FURMAN, SEC. S.F.

ALL KINDS LUMBER

CEMENT

H.W. GORDON MGR. SANTA BARBARA LUMBER CO. CHAIRMAN TRANSPORTATION COM. OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WE ARE JUST BEGINNING TO DEVELOPE BIG THINGS. KEEP IT UP

W.M.H. FOWLER PROP. FOWLERS GARAGE. MEMBER OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND S.B. AUTO CLUB AND 'DILL' IS A SURE ENOUGH LIVE YOUNG BOOSTER ALONG LINES OF MUNICIPAL PROGRESS

SANTA BARBARA - SKY SCRAPER

PLAN FOR BUILDING ACTIVITY

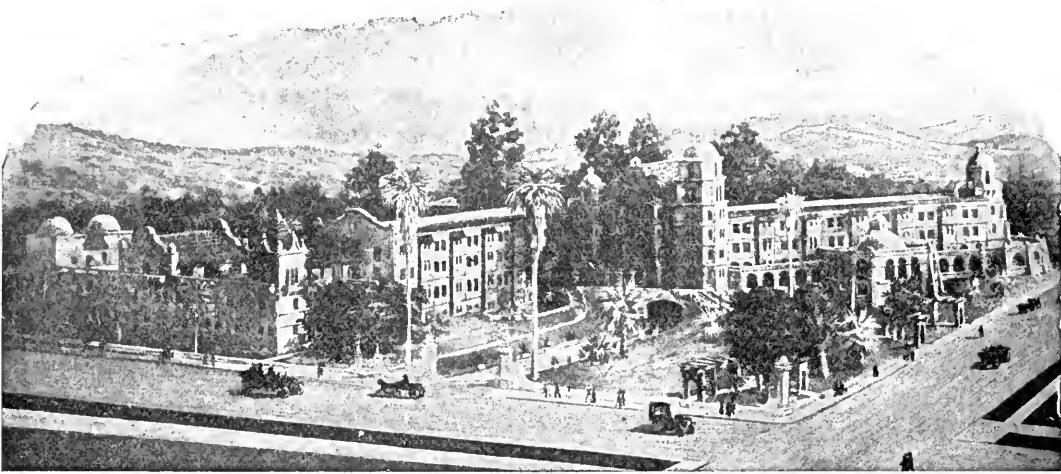
J. CORBLY POOL PROMINENT ARCHITECT RECOGNIZED AS AN AUSTIC ENGINEER. NOTED FOR HIS ORIGINALITY IN ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY. HE IS ALSO DARK COMMISSIONER

WE ARE ENTERING UPON A NEW ERA OF PROSPERITY AND GROWTH

PAN-PAC FAIR '04

DOCTOR C.S. STODDARD ONE OF THE OLDEST PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS A RESIDENT OF THE CITY SINCE 1886 - 3 YEARS PRES. OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AND A LEADER OF PROGRESS

A Page of Pen Cartoons of Boosting Santa Barbarans

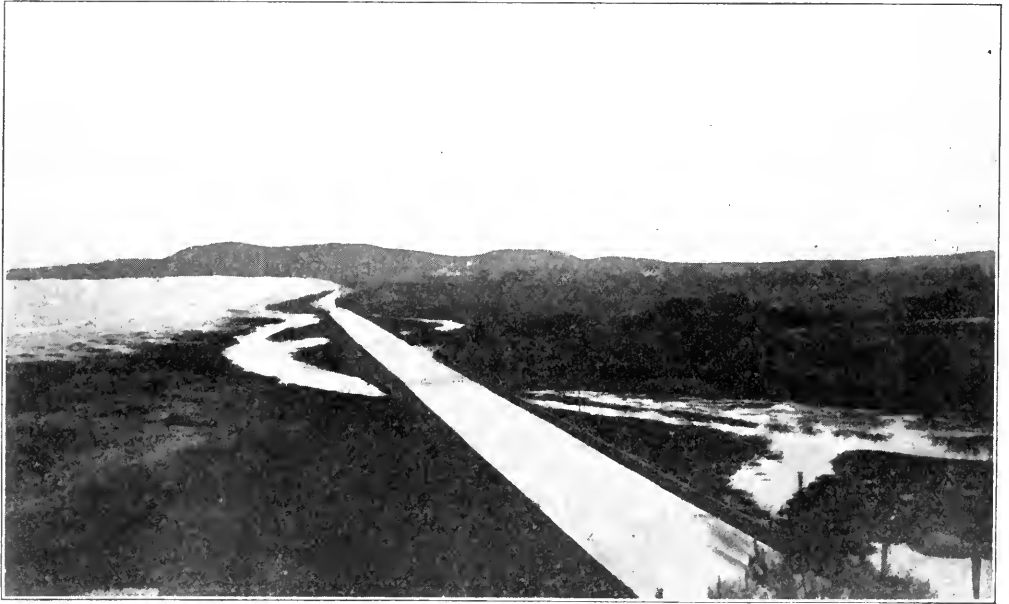


The new Arlington Hotel, reconstructed in 1909

The present building of the ARLINGTON HOTEL, located on the corner of Victoria and State streets, is a new feature in the city, replacing the old hotel which was burned four years ago. The "old" Arlington was completed in 1876 and destroyed by fire in 1909. The new Hotel is a superb and imposing structure of cement, steel, fire-proof brick and tile. It is in the modified Mission style of architecture, and fits into the scenery "like a jewel." At twilight see the mountains "that look on Santa Barbara

while Santa Barbara looks on the sea!" There are the Channel Islands in the blue distance. "The dust of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer, who cruised the coast three and a half centuries ago, is enshrined upon this, the Island of San Miguel;" hence, the very interesting house-mark of the Arlington Hotel—a Spanish galleon in artistic repetition.

The hotel accommodates five hundred guests, and is most popular in every way.



A section of the East Boulevard, looking west from Graham's Point

Photo by Jackson & Semmelmeier

U.S.M. SANTA BARBARA
 GEM DEL
 U.S.M.
 "APPROXIMATELY \$20,000" FOR OUR FEEDING BUILDING 1908 U.S.S. FEAT.
D. F. HUNT SANTA BARBARA'S
 PAST MASTER FOR 8 YEARS,
 A RESIDENT FOR 21 YEARS,
 AND ONE OF THE CITY'S
 MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED
 CITIZENS IN CIVIC AFFAIRS
 PAST E.R. 613 B.P.O. ELKS

THE RED CROSS DRUG CO
 SANTA BARBARA BOBET
 FORMULA
 11.00 OZ
 11.00 OZ
R. L. JANNEY OF THE
 RED CROSS DRUG CO.
 PRES. OF THE COMMERCIAL
 CLUB AND ONE OF THE
 BIGGEST GOOD ROADS
 BOOSTERS IN SANTA
 BARBARA COUNTY

REAL ESTATE
 INSURANCE
 SURETY
 BONDS
 OUR BUILDING
 ACTIVITY IS AN
 EVIDENCE
 OF
 INCREASED
 CONFIDENCE
 IN OUR
 FUTURE
 C.M.G.
C. M. GIDNEY, SEC. OF
 COMMERCIAL CLUB, &
 LEVIES SEC. OF THE
 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
 AND ONE OF THE OLD
 GUARD BOOSTERS WHO
 TAKE A LIVELY INTEREST
 IN CIVIC AFFAIRS

NYALS
 REMEDIES
 PURE
 DRUGS
 PRESCRIPTION
 \$4.0000
 599 3/4
CHAS. E. PHOENIX
 OF THE GUTIERREZ DRUG
 STORE, PHOENIX AND
 CUNNINGHAM PROPS. MR.
 PHOENIX IS PROMINENT
 IN FRATERNAL CIRCLES
 AND ONE OF THE CITY'S
 "LIVE ONES"

OUR CLIMATE
 ALONE
 WILL
 MAKE US
 A GREAT
 CITY IN
 TIME
 Nat Stewart
NAT STEWART
 15 YEARS THE BOOSTING
 SHERIFF OF SANTA
 BARBARA - WHO ALWAYS
 WANTS TO GET BACK HOME
 WHEN AWAY FROM THE CITY.

WHAT'S THE WILL OF THE LODGE?
 SOAK HIM!
CHARLES McDERMOTT
 EXALTED RULER 613
 B.P.O. ELKS, FUNERAL
 DIRECTOR, CHAS. IS
 ALWAYS THERE AMONG
 THE LIVE BOOSTERS

THE STORE THAT SELLS FOR LESS
 GOOD ROADS WILL DO MORE FOR US THAN ANY OTHER ONE FEATURE - BOOST FOR Z.A.L.
Z. A. LEAR, FROM
 LEARN'S LADIES FURNISH
 TRIMS AND MILLINERY - THE
 LARGEST IN THE CITY.
 MR. LEAR IS BROADMINDED
 IN HIS VIEWS, SANTA
 BARBARA KNOWS THIS

COUNTY ASSESSMENT ROLL - 1913
CLIO L. LLOYD, CO.
 ASSESSOR, EX-MAYOR, PRES.
 BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF
 STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
 AND PROMINENT IN
 POLITICAL AND CIVIC AFFAIRS

OUR CITY IS DESERVING OF WIDE PUBLICITY
 WE MUST WORK TOWARDS THAT
 END
 E.F.R.
EUGENE F. ROGERS, PROP. OF
 ROGERS FURNITURE STORE
 "EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME"
 HE HAS BOOSTED THE GOOD
 OLD TOWN 40 YEARS
 THAT'S GOING SOME

FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL
 A SANTA BARBARA
 ENTHUSIAST WHOSE LOVE
 OF THE BEAUTIFUL HAS
 ESTABLISHED HIM WITHIN
 HER DOORS, AND WHOSE
 FAITH IN HER FUTURE
 IS UNBOUNDED

CITY AFFAIRS
 DR. MANAGER
 DR. POLLO
THE MAYOR OF SANTA BARBARA - DR. E. J. BOESEKE ONE OF THE LEADING PHYSICIANS, AND AN OLD ENTHUSIAST, AND AN ALL-ROUND LIVE BOOSTER

WOODS GARAGE
 THE IRELAND AND HENDERSON
 A record of 18 years boosting has brought good results Harry Wood
HARRY WOOD OF WOODS GARAGE, A FINE TYPE OF CITIZEN, A PROMINENT FRATERNAL MAN AND A DISCIPLE OF THE GET-TOGETHER SPIRIT

They are Progressive Citizens—Why? They Boost.



Santa Barbara Suburban Good Roads among live oak groves

Photo by Jackson & Semmelmeier

and western shores, no county in the Golden State is more interesting or attractive. Its southern shore constitutes the only considerable east-and-west coast trend on our Western littoral, hence it is the only shore line in all this Western land that faces the sun.

"Lying as it does on both sides the isothermal wall between Northern and Southern California, its climate partakes of the best of each, that part lying north of the Santa Ynez range furnishing the best specimen of Northern California climate, and that portion lying south of that range and along the shore of the Santa Barbara Channel, having long been famous as the Climatic Capital, not only of Southern California, but of the world."

Directly south of the County lies a chain of four mountainous islands, about thirty miles distant from the mainland, the two largest, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz, being embraced within the County limits.

The County, aside from the islands, is seventy miles in length by thirty-five miles in breadth, representing an area of two thousand four hundred and fifty square miles, to which the islands add one hundred and eighty more, a total of two thousand six hundred and thirty square miles, and being about twice the area of the State of Rhode Island.

Almost the entire eastern portion of the County of the main land comprising about one-half the area, is very mountainous, and has been formed into the Santa Barbara Forest Reserve containing 754,000 acres. The following is an

estimate made in a Chamber of Commerce Report in 1901 of the land of the County available for practical uses for both agricultural and grazing purposes, together with the names and location of the valleys to which they belong:

Santa Maria Valley—lying in extreme northern part of County.....	250,000 A
Los Alamos Valley—south of Santa Maria Valley.....	150,000 A
Lompoc Valley—forming western part Santa Ynez River basin.....	230,000 A
Santa Ynez Valley—forming eastern part Santa Ynez River basin.....	200,000 A
Santa Barbara Valley—lying between crest of Santa Ynez Mountains and Sea.....	180,000 A
Two Islands.....	100,000 A
Total.....	1,110,000 A

Products

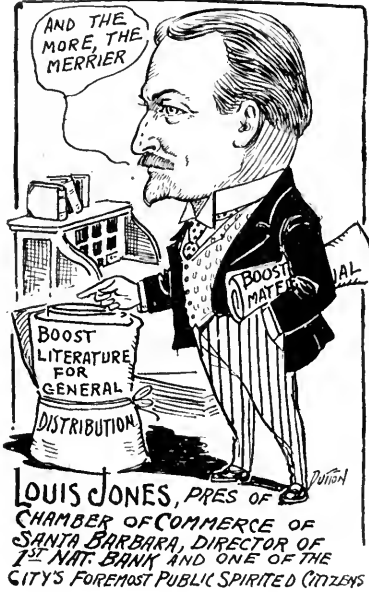
In the Santa Barbara Valley the chief products are hay, barley, vegetables of all kinds, berries, Lima beans, olive oil and pickled olives, loquats, Japanese persimmons, lemons and English walnuts. The northern section of the County is devoted to the production of hay, wheat, oats, barley, beans, mustard, beet sugar, apricots, apples, honey, poultry, dairy products, live stock and crude petroleum. The annual value of the agricultural products of the County is approximately \$6,000,000.00, and the value of the crude petroleum exceeds this amount by half a million dollars.



Mission, Santa Barbara

Water Supply

In the valleys north of the mountains there are abundant opportunities for storing the winter flood waters for summer irrigation, while as regards the Santa Barbara valley lying south of the mountains, a great municipal project has been undertaken for the bringing of an abundant water supply through a four-mile tunnel



the Santa Ynez River to the city, from whence, after supplying the needs of the city with both water and electric power, it can be used for irrigation on the lands adjacent to the city.

The tunnel has already been completed, and it remains now to build a storage reservoir on the Santa Ynez River for impounding the flood waters of the winter season. The great abundance of the water supply will be apparent when it is understood that back of the reservoir site there is a drainage basin comprising 207 square miles, on which there is an average annual rainfall of approximately 25 inches.

A most remarkable feature of the tunnel project is the fact that as the work has proceeded the sale of the water developed in the tunnel has produced a revenue exceeding the annual payments required on the bonds, including both interest and sinking fund.

The Climate at the City of Santa Barbara

The waters of the Santa Barbara Channel, acting as a great regulator, tempering the heat of summer and subduing the cold of winter, the east and west trend of the coast line with the shelter of the lofty paralleling mountains to the north which break the force of the trade winds from that direction, and the protection of the islands on the south, which modify the rawness of the sea breeze, all contribute to a climatic excellence found nowhere else on the Pacific Coast, and not surpassed anywhere in the world. The mean temperature of summer and winter

differ by only 12 degrees. The hottest days of summer rarely exceed 90 degrees, and the coldest nights of winter seldom fall below 32 degrees.

The average wind movement is only 3½ miles per hour. The average humidity of the air is 69 per cent. The average rain-fall is practically 18 inches. There are 240 clear days in the year. The nights are never sultry. The climate is just warm enough for comfort in winter, and cool enough in summer, while the mosquito, the bane of most Southern climates, is conspicuous here only for his absence.

Cyclones are absolutely unheard of; sun strokes never occur; thunder storms, even of the mildest type, are exceedingly rare; and, although not a climatic feature, we will add that an earthquake worthy of the name has not occurred here within the last one hundred years. The delightfulness of our climate is only equaled by its healthfulness. Malaria is unknown here, and epidemic diseases die out about as they enter.

Enchanting Scenery

Here are found some of the most charming automobile and carriage drives in the State of California. Some lead along the ocean shore, some along the foothills overlooking the valley, city and channel, some along shaded avenues skirted by walnut and lemon orchards, some along canyon streams densely shaded by grand old live oaks and sycamores, and still others lead through mountain passes to the wooded valleys beyond.



To the lover of nature the foot paths and horse-back trails, of which there are a hundred miles or more constructed near the city, offer especial inducements. These trails lead to charming water-falls, into shady nooks bedecked with ferns, around precipitous mountain crags and up to the summit of many a lofty peak, furnishing panoramic views of great extent and rugged grandeur.

The Sportsman's Paradise

The sportsman finds good quail, pigeon and deer hunting in their respective seasons in the mountains north of the city, and excellent trout fishing in the Santa Ynez and Santa Maria Rivers and their tributaries, while the trolling in the Channel for Yellow-tail, Bonita, Albicore, Barracuda and other gamy fish is unsurpassed.

Out-Door Recreation

Santa Barbara is a celebrated play-ground. Here the tennis court, the golf links and polo field invite you. Do you enjoy a plunge in the breakers? The Santa Barbara beach is celebrated for the gentleness of its surf, the absence of undertow, and the pleasant temperature of its water, which in summer time runs from 68 to 74 degrees, and drops to only 60 degrees in mid winter.

Are you fond of camp life? The 754,000-acre forest reserve is right at hand with its shady retreats and murmuring streams, and offers rare sport with rod and gun.

JUST BARBACUDA
THAT BIG BOULDER
J. BRUCE CLIFFORD, M.D.
DOCTOR CLIFFORD
9 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE, A ROYAL GOOD FELLOW AS WELL AS A GOOD CHIRURGY. THE DOCTOR IS AS PERFECTLY GOOD A BOOSTER AS THERE IS IN S.B.

C.E. SPEAR
COMMERCIAL AGT. S.O. PAC. R.R., ALWAYS ON THE JOB FOR THE S.P. BOOSTING HARD FOR HIS COMPANY AND GOOD OLD SANTA BARBARA

MOUNTAINS
MOUNTAIN TRAILS
TO SANTA BARBARA
G.W. MCCOMBER
THE BUILDER OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS. HE COMPLETED THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN DRIVE AND IS NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE COM. TO ENLARGE THE CITY WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOULEVARD - THAT'S SOME BOOSTER

THE QUALITY BOOT SHOP OF SANTA BARBARA
LAWYER OF HIGH GRADE
THOS. A. ALLEN
GOOD SHOES & HOSIERY
THE OLDEST EXCLUSIVE SHOE MAN IN THE CITY HE PREDICTS A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR S.B.

PALACE THEATER
THE CAPT. IS OUR HERO
CAPT. GEO. M. MCGUIRE, PRES. AND MGR. PALACE AMUSEMENT AND LA PETITE AMUSEMENT CO'S. AND THE ONLY DEALER IN THE WORLD DELIVERING LIVE

THE BOOTERY
SPECIAL DIAMOND HEEL
R.J. CULVER
RESIDENT MGR. (HOTEL POTTER) OF THE C.H. WOLFELT CO. "SMART SHOES FOR WOMEN." MR. CULVER IS A CONSTANT BOOSTER FOR SANTA BARBARA


NAT. FOREST
2253,000 ACRES
WILLIS M. SLOSSON
FOREST SUPERVISOR OF SANTA BARBARA NATIONAL FOREST. 15 YEARS IN UNCLE SAM'S SERVICE AND LIKES TO BOOST THE WEST - BUT ESPECIALLY SANTA BARBARA COUNTY

He should wait for a woman
L.A. GOUX
L.A. GOUX, MGR. THE R. GOUX CO. MR. GOUX HAS BOOSTED THE GOOD OLD TOWN SINCE 1906. HARDER THAN EVER JUST NOW

MENS HIGH ART SUITS
HATS
SHIRTS
L.B. MILLIKAN
PROP. MILLIKAN'S SUIT SHOP - OUTFITTER FOR MEN - HIGH ART CLOTHES HABERDASHER. - HE SAYS SANTA BARBARA IS A WORLD BEATER FOR A HOME CITY

AIN'T IT A PEACH, BOYS?
L.D. MOSHER
MGR. MOSHER & FREEZE THE BIGGEST FIRM HANDLING TIRES AND AUTO SUPPLIES IN THE CITY "DEAN" IS A LIVE ONE IN AND OUT OF BUSINESS.

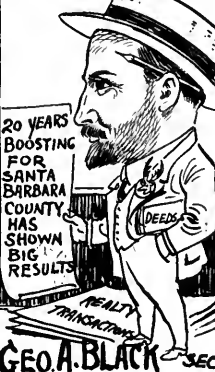
Cartoons of more Santa Barbara Live Wires



"IF YOU CAN'T BOOST DON'T KNOCK"
S.A.B.

HOW DO YOU DO?
LET ALL START SOMETHING IN SANTA BARBARA
Fred H. Stewart

FRED STEWART - PROP. LEADING HYGIENIC ANTISEPTIC TONSORIAL PARLOR. EVERYBODY KNOWS FRED AS A GOOD PUBLIC SPIRITED MAN.



20 YEARS BOOSTING FOR SANTA BARBARA COUNTY HAS SHOWN BIG RESULTS

REALTY PRAGMATICS

GEO. A. BLACK - SEC. REALTY BOARD AND S.B. LODGE B. R. O. E. L. K. S. 613. AND ONE OF THE COUNTY'S LEADING REALTY BROKERS



THE BEST TRAINING FOR THE INSIDE OF A MAN IS THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE

THE BEST ALWAYS ON HAND

J.E. MASON PROP. OF THE POTTER STABLES SCIENTIFIC HORSEMAN RIDING SCHOOL AND LIVERY - MR. MASON SAYS - "NO PLACE ON EARTH COMPARES WITH SANTA BARBARA"



BOOST SANTA BARBARA

F.J. EWING PROP. EWING SPORTING AND GOODS OF ALL KINDS. MR. EWING HAS BOOSTED SANTA BARBARA 7 YEARS AND STILL A-BOOSTIN'



WE ARE GOING AHEAD WITH A REMARKABLE STEADY GROWTH.

REALTY BOARD

H.S. CHASE JUNIOR MEMBER H.G. CHASE REAL ESTATE - ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST PROGRESSIVE FIRMS

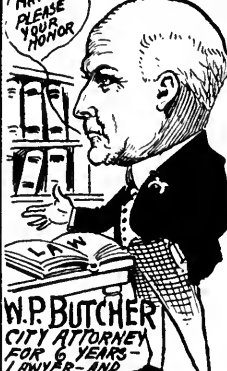


BOOST SANTA BARBARA

CADILLAC 1913

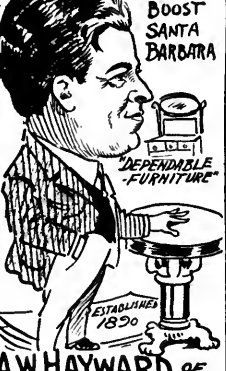
SELFSERVANTS

HURON ROCK - THE "CADILLAC KID" OF SANTA BARBARA - ALWAYS ON THE JOB - AND DOES SELL SOME CADILLAC CARS



MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR

W.P. BUTCHER CITY ATTORNEY FOR 6 YEARS - LAWYER AND AN ARDENT ADVOCATE OF ALL CIVIL IMPROVEMENTS, PARTICULARLY THE DESERT WATER SYSTEM




WE BOOST SANTA BARBARA

DEPENDABLE FURNITURE

ESTABLISHED 1890


A.W. HAYWARD OF HAYWARDS FURNITURE STORE - HOME OUTFITTERS. HE HAS MANY MIRRORS, BUT BOOSTING IS HIS FAVORITE.



30 DAYS IN THE COOLER

30 DAYS IN THE COOLER

JUDGE EARIZER POLICE JUDGE, ATTY-AT-LAW, A RESIDENT FOR 20 YEARS, AND HOPES TO LIVE TO BOOST 20 MORE YEARS



NICELY EQUIPPED REPAIR SHOP

WE ARE BOOSTERS ALWAYS

FRED LOW

FRED LOW - OF THE FIRM FRANK LOW & SON DEALERS IN THE EXCELSIOR AND HENDERSON MOTOR CYCLES. FRED IS POPULAR WITH ALL THE SCORCHERS AND BOOSTS GOOD ROADS.



IT GETS BETTER EVERY YEAR

PLANS FOR NEW FOR "SANTA BARBARA CO."

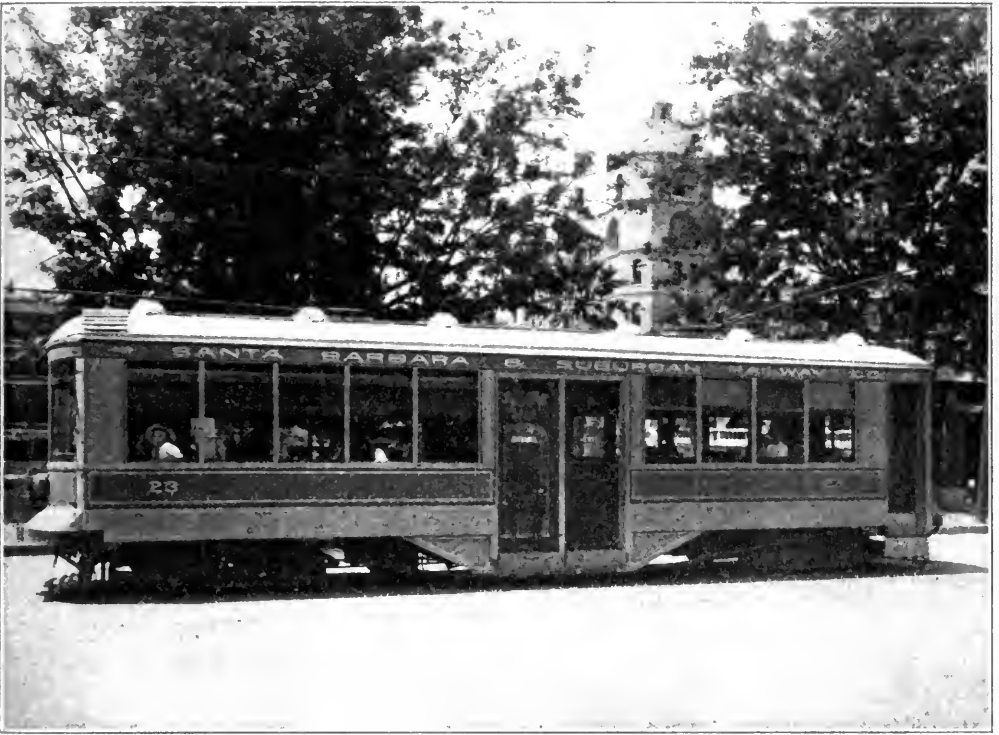
F.F. FLOURNOY 19 YEARS CO. SURVEYOR. HIS BRIDGES STAND ON SOLID FOUNDATIONS AND HE BUILDS 'EM LIKE HE BOOSTS.



25 Years of Boosting has shown some results

POLICE CHIEF JAS. ROSS - THE CHIEF HAS KEPT THE CITY LAW-ABIDING AND ORDERLY FOR 15 YEARS

Business Men of Santa Barbara Who Boost



One of the Side Entrance Cars of Santa Barbara's new street car system

Photo by W. L. Newton

Do you enjoy a ride on the water? The placid Channel presents unsurpassed inducements. A trip across the channel to the rugged cave-pierced islands, a veritable wonderland, whose surrounding waters are teeming with a marvelous abundance and variety of marine life, including the wonderful seal rookeries, is an experience never to be forgotten.

Present Rapid Development

The history of Santa Barbara began with the founding of the Spanish *presidio*, or fort, in 1782. For a hundred years the growth was slow, and up to comparatively recent years the city retained many of the features of a Spanish pueblo, the adobe houses with tile roofing being much in evidence. A few of these still remain, some of which have historic value and are highly regarded and carefully preserved. But now the traces of Spanish architecture are rapidly disappearing, and the predominance of Spanish population and influence is a thing of the past, and easy-going old Santa Barbara has thoroughly awakened to a new life and is very swiftly putting on the airs of a 20th century American city. At the present moment, the Street Railway Company is putting the finishing touches on a splendid street railway system costing over \$375,000.00. The new Federal Building, now well under way will cost \$110,000.00. The State Normal School, now nearing completion, will cost \$150,000.00. The new Cottage Hos-



South Portal of Santa Barbara's Four-Mile Tunnel, showing water developed in the mountains
Jackson & Semmelmeyer, Photo

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT SANTA BARBARA (INC) ABSTRACTS AND GUARANTY CO

I.E. KRAMER
PRES. SANTA BARBARA ABSTRACT & GUARANTY CO. (INC) CHAMBER COMMERCE MEMBER AND 15 YEARS BOOSTING THE COUNTY

MANAGER'S OFFICE

THIS IS MY BUSY DAY

MAP OF SANTA BARBARA

W.S. PORTER JR. GEN. MGR. SANTA BARBARA ABSTRACT AND GUARANTY CO. HIS HOBBY IS BOOSTING FOR ORNAMENTAL STREET LIGHTS

BOOST

SANTA BARBARA

ED P. STEVENS
WHO HAS HEADED MANY LOCAL ENTERPRISES FOR THE PAST 26 YRS. CHIEF AMONG WHICH WAS THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GALETA GOOD ROADS. ONE OF THE CONSTRUCTORS OF THE OCEAN BOULEVARD. EVERYBODY KNOWS ED AS A "REGULAR" LINE WIFE

F.A. CONANT
THE OLDEST JEWELER IN THE CITY - 25 YEARS A RESIDENT. FOR CHAMBER COMMERCE, COMMERCIAL AND AUTO. ONE OF THE OLD GUARD BOOSTERS

I AM HERE TO STAY AND WILL BOOST THE CITY TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY

W.J. SIRCY, OWNER & PROP. CITY CAB & TRANSFER. "BILL" IS KNOWN OVER THE STATE AS A BOOSTER

SMITH SHOES

SMITH SHOES

SMITH SHOES

SMITH SHOES

SMITH SHOES

W.D.V. SMITH SANTA BARBARA'S BOOSTING SHOE MERCHANT AND AN ALL ROUND LIVE BOOSTER FOR THE CITY

G.A.R. VETERAN AND KOPF

MAJOR E.C. DURFEE
EMINENT JUDGE OF HORSES, WHOSE SERVICES ARE IN DEMAND FOR HIGH CLASS SADDLE HORSES - AND THE MAJOR IS ALSO SOME BOOSTER FOR THE CITY

MEMBER OF NATIONAL ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS ASS'N. U.S.A.

J.S. REYNOLDS
PRES. OF THE REYNOLDS ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO. LARGEST IN THE CITY. GENERAL WIRING AND FIXTURE BUSINESS 15 YEARS A SANTA BARBARA BOOSTER AND PROUD OF IT - "LIGHT UP BOYS"

WE TALK ENGLISH, SPANISH, DRESDEN AND EASTMAN

DWIGHT FAULDING
MGR. SANTA BARBARA STORE - JACKSON AND SEMMELMEYER. OPPORTUNITIES AND FILMS DWIGHT IS SOME REGULAR FOTOGRAFER

A.B. FLEISCHER

THESE GENTLEMEN ARE THE PROPS OF THE STAR DRUG CO., THE REXALL STORE

THEY BOOST S.B.

H.A. STARR

BOOST FOR GREATER SANTA BARBARA

ADVocate HIGH GRADE MOTOR CARS

JOHN S. CATLIN, AGENT FOR MOZIER, STUTZ, MARION AND MITCHELL - ALL HIGH GRADE CARS - BUSINESS IS GOOD BECAUSE HE HE BOOSTS FOR ALL THE BOYS IN THE GAME

OFFICE COUNTY AUDITOR

V.S. SCHAUER
HE IS THE COUNTY AUDITOR FOR 15 YEARS 25 YEARS A RESIDENT HELPED ORGANIZE THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Boosters who are helping to make history in Santa Barbara

pital, just completed, cost \$100,000.00. New bank buildings, now far advanced, will cost \$135,000.00. Business buildings, now far advanced, will cost \$335,000.00. A splendid new apartment house, just completed, \$80,000.00. Private residences under way, \$200,000.00. Y. M. C. A. Building under way, \$65,000.00. New Episcopal Church, just completed, \$50,000.00. American Film Manufacturing Company's Studio, under way, \$75,000.00. All aggregating \$1,675,000.00. Also the Rivera Company—prominent members of which are the following well known men: William R. Staats, W. L. Kelley and George A. Bachelder—are starting to improve, at enormous expense, their large and elegant holdings on what is known as "Mission Ridge," lying north of the city, preparatory to placing the same on the market in subdivisions for home purposes. The splendid development work recently done by the same men in Berkeley, Piedmont and Pasadena, give ample assurance

of the great results expected from their operations here.

In addition to all this, rights-of-way are being secured and plans are maturing for an "Around the City Boulevard." and the city is just entering upon a gigantic system of street improvement that will take years to complete, and whose cost will run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. And, best of all, the increase in population is keeping steady and even pace with the material development.

Last but not least, Santa Barbara is situated on the coast route of the State Highway, and hopes soon to be connected by a paved thoroughfare with both Northern and the Southern metropolis of the State, with all that that means.

Surely "sun-kissed, ocean-washed, mountain-girded, island-guarded Santa Barbara" is at last taking the place to which her natural environments entitle her.

Her present is big with enterprise and opportunity and her future bright with promise.



Edgerley Court Apartments

Photo by Jackson & Semmelmeier

EDGERLEY COURT is the most modern apartment house both in appointment and construction, between Los Angeles and San Francisco. This imposing structure was designed by Arthur B. Benton, of Los Angeles, for the West Coast Apartments Company, and is under the management of Nelson Millett, vice-presi-

dent of the Company, of which Dr. F. M. Pattinger is president.

It has forty elegantly furnished apartments and a number of single rooms, covering 275x108 feet, across the street from and overlooking the beautiful grounds of the Arlington Hotel.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

The name Gesell (husband and wife) is well known in the educational world to stand for progress and advance. In their recent book they give joy to the real men and women of the age,—the thinkers, the liver, the doers. They are no dry-as-dust academic preachers. Listen: "We ought to see more children in half-naked garb, as the Greeks did,—bare arms, legs, chests,—to give us a feeling for the beauty and nobility of the human form." Again: "By bringing new health, gladness, and creativeness into the primary school, a large and precious measure of perishable elements in human material can be saved to the race." Here is the attitude of the authors to the primary child: "He has many untouched reservoirs of interest and capacity. He is ripe for unguessed avenues of activity and attainment." To bring these reservoirs to pour out their streams and to utilize these hidden powers of activity and attainment should be the aim of every primary teacher and to this end this useful book is written. It is a great advance. It strikes a new keynote. Its advice if intelligently followed will mean decided advantage to the race. It is divided into four parts, each of which, in separate chapters, exhaustively presents its theme. Part I deals with Humanitarianism and the Child; The Scientific Interpretation of Life; The Scientific Study of the Child." Part 2, in five chapters deals with the Genetic Background, Part 3 with the Pedagogy of the Primary School, and Part 4 with the Conservation of Child Life. It is a book that I wish every teacher and parent could read with studious care. *The Normal Child and Primary Education*, By Arnold L. and Beatrice Chandler Gesell, \$1.25, 342 pages, Ginn & Company, Boston.

Do you know how to converse? or, are you merely a talker? When you "converse" do you do all the talking, or let the "other fellow" have a chance? To converse means to listen as well as to talk, for "con" means "with" not "to." Many a person talks "to" another, but not "with" him, hence there is no *conversation*. It is a monologue instead of a dialogue. Don't you desire to be a good conversationalist? Then buy and read carefully Mary Green Conklin's *Conversation—What to Say and How to Say It*. In this most chatty and readable book we are shown "What Conversation is and What it is Not," "Discussion *versus* Controversy," "Gossip," "What Guests Should Talk About at Dinner," "Talk of Host and Hostess at Dinner," "Interruption in Conversation," "Power of Fitness, Tact and Nicety in Business Words." The book is entirely different from the old-fashioned manuals in that it deals with principles, not formal details. It is an excellent mental guide with a most laudable purpose. *Conversation; What to Say and How to Say It*, by Mary Green Conklin, 186 pages, 75 cents net, by mail postpaid 82 cents, Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Jack London writes with such convincing verisimilitude that he leads you to believe that a white girl actually did reign over a band of Indians in Alaska, where a gold-hunting engineer found her. He also tells you of an aeroplane that followed and caught a carrier-pigeon and its blackmailing, dynamiting owner. In his *The Mexican* he gives a motive to a young prize-fighter that ennobles his calling and reveals how diversified are the causes that operate in the hearts of men when they seem to be united for a common purpose. The story *The Madness of John Harned* is not only fine art but it is by far the keenest and most forceful satirical condemnation of the Mexican bull-fight I have ever read. The book, throughout, is full of that tremendous power of the primitive, virile, out-of-door man that London so wonderfully typifies in himself, and at the same time measures well up to the high standard of artistic excellence that compels the admiration of the most critical. *The Night-Born* (a volume of short stories), By Jack London, 290 pages, with colored frontispiece, The Century Co., New York.

Harry Edward Freund, of Chicago, Ill., has issued his "Toast" *To California* in card form, beautifully illuminated with the Bear, the Great Seal, and the Poppies. It is as follows: "California, The Land of Mental Activity, the Land of Homes with Sunshine and Roses, of Men who look you in the eye and grasp you by the hand, the Land upon whose shores the grand Pacific rolls in its great glory and all embuing you with that noblest thought of Life, your love for your fellow men." It makes a beautiful office adornment.

The Wood Carter of Lymhus made the name of Mary E. Waller known to hundreds of thousands of book-lovers. Her later books have added to her fame. In her latest novel she has tackled a vast theme. A man and woman find themselves in the wilderness of life in strange and extraordinarily peculiar circumstances. Most people have a set of maxims, of pretty conventions by which they shape their lives. But here were conditions that didn't fit any of the maxims or conventions, hence the couple had to think and act for themselves. The novel is vivid, intense, realistic and from the start arouses the keenest sympathy for the heroine. This does not relax one moment for the plot is remarkable and unusual, while the characters and situations are presented with graphic power. *A Cry in the Wilderness*, By Mary E. Waller, with a frontispiece in color by Arthur I. Keller, 428 pages, \$1.30 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

No reader of American novels needs to be told that Marah Ellis Ryan's *Flute of the Gods* is a powerful and graphically told story. Mrs. Ryan has not only written an interesting novel but she has placed ethnologists and students of Indian life, lore and character under great obligation for this and two others of her books—*For the Soul of Rafael* and *Indian Love Letters*. This later work is a decided and marked advance upon both of these. In knowledge of the history of the Indian, in sympathetic insight into his character, in the firm grasp of dramatic incidents and in forceful presentation Mrs. Ryan has here surpassed herself. My own thirty years of intimate association has not been for nothing. I have been favored with many glimpses into their Hall of Mysteries and I know that Mrs. Ryan has been more fully initiated than many a professional ethnologist. Indeed I would far rather accept her estimate of the Pueblo Indian as revealed in this novel than that of most of those who have written about them in a professional way. The story grows more powerful as it progresses and its pictures of Tahante and his devoted love are pathetic in the extreme, and as true to Indian nature as art can make them. *The Flute of the Gods*, By Marah Ellis Ryan, with twenty-four wonderful photographs by Edward S. Curtis, reproduced in photogravure, 338 pages, \$1.50 net, post paid \$1.67, Fredk. A. Stokes Company, New York:

One of the classics of modern times on *The Family* is Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing's scholarly and yet popular study on this great vital question. Just so long as men are men and women are women the relationship of the two in family life will be of the most vital importance. How the family institution has grown to its present position through all the ages—the prehistoric family, the family among the Greeks, Romans and Jews, during the first Christian centuries, in the Middle Ages, the family and the Catholic and Protestant churches, as an institution divine and human, as a basis of social order, its individual members, its relationship to property, as a social institution are all fully discussed. There are also chapters on "The Family Destroyed," and "The Family under a Socialized Society." Dr. Thwing has gathered facts from every source, he has presented them clearly and with force, he argues for the preservation of the family in its highest and best sense, and his views and conclusions are a distinct contribution to the highest form of Christian sociology. *The Family; an Historical and Social Study*, by Charles Franklin Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, and Carrie F. Butler Thwing, revised and enlarged edition, 258 pages, \$1.60 net, postpaid \$1.75, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

"The writer believes that the reader also has the Spirit of Interpretation and often needs but a hint to light his torch and give him the joy of receiving directly from the Spirit." It is in this thought that Annie Rix Militz interprets the *Sermon on the Mount*. She says the many years of Jesus's life that are unknown typify the silent, invisible workings of the Divine Man within. This beautiful booklet will be helpful to all who will read it. Its price is 50 cents.

Two other of Mrs. Militz's books are *Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing*, and *Spiritual Housekeeping*. A study in concentration in the Busy Life. The former is \$1.00, the latter 50 cents, and all may be had from the author, Los Angeles, Calif. In this latter book each day is given its spiritual name as follows: Sunday, Rest Day; Monday, Freedom Day; Tuesday, Love Day; Wednesday, Wisdom Day; Thursday, Power Day; Friday, Purity Day; Saturday, Perfection Day. Every chapter is helpful and spiritually stimulating.

Travel books are useful to stay-at-homes as well as those who travel. The former thus gain through picture and description what the others gain through the eye. But even to the traveler a hand-book giving historical information and pointing out things that might escape the eye of the untrained observer is a great help. Such a useful little book is Kate F. Kimball's *English Cathedral Journey*. With this in hand the visitor, in reality or in imagination, can visit the cathedrals, learn of their history, architecture, past associations and present condition. The illustrations are many and good and the text is clear and informing. *An English Cathedral Journey*, by Kate F. Kimball, 304 pages, 74 illustrations, \$1.50 net, Thos. Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

Lou Wescott Beek and his dog, Rufus, have been doing noble work on the California "Sahara" in placing sign-boards to direct travelers over this weary waste to water-holes and settlements. They are worthy subjects, therefore, for the interesting verses written by Martin J. Boutelle, of Pasadena. He writes of "The American Sahara," "The Desert Lure," "The Travel Quest," "The Sign on the Desert," "A Tribute to Rufus," etc., with knowledge and sympathy.

The neat twelve-paged brochure concludes with a stirring song "That's California." *On the American Sahara and That's California*, By Martin J. Boutelle, 109 West Green St., Pasadena, Calif.



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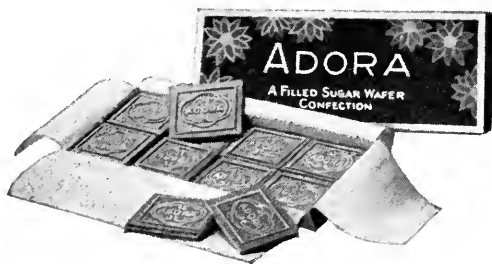
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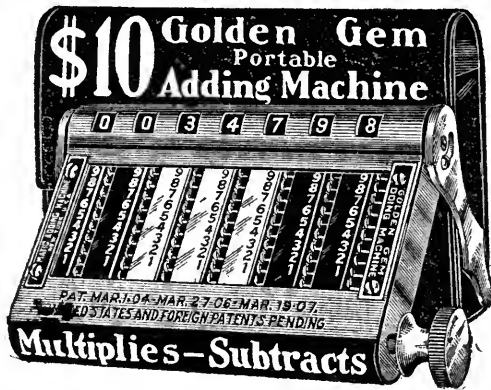
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Name of editor, George Wharton James, P. O. address, Los Angeles, Cal. Business manager,

Will A. Kistler, Los Angeles, Cal.; Publisher
Will A. Kistler, Los Angeles, Cal.; Owner, Will A. Kistler.

There are no bondholders, mortgagees or holders of any securities.

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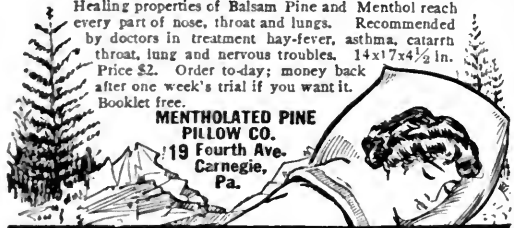
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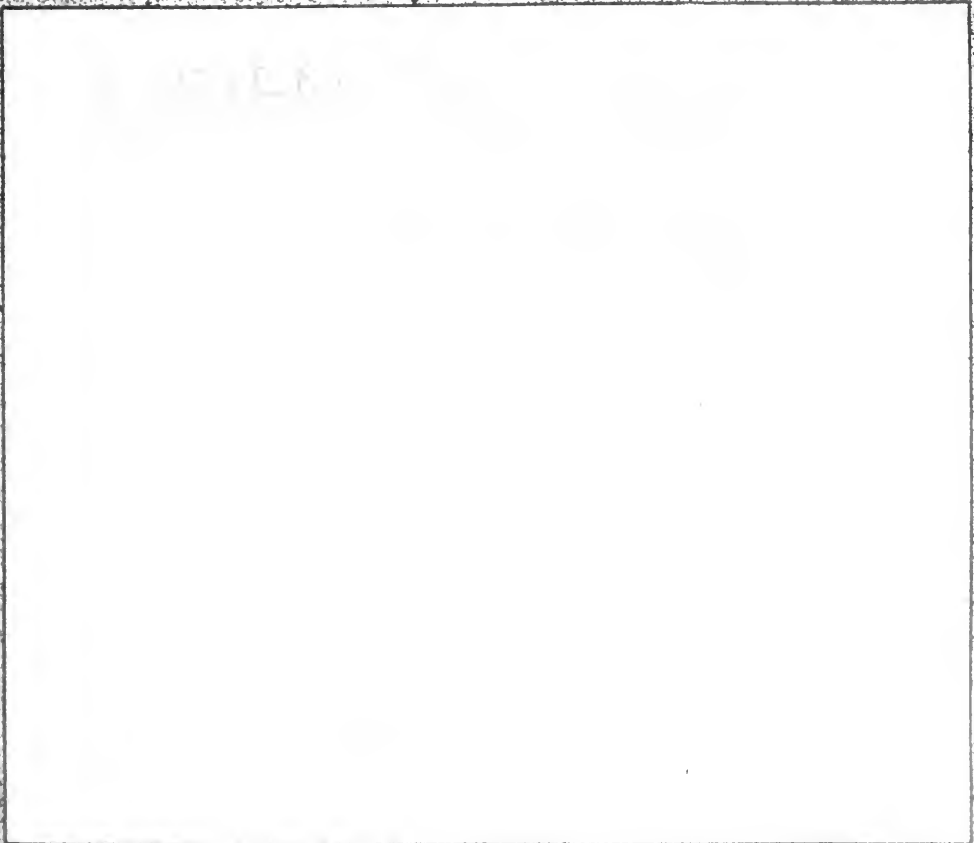
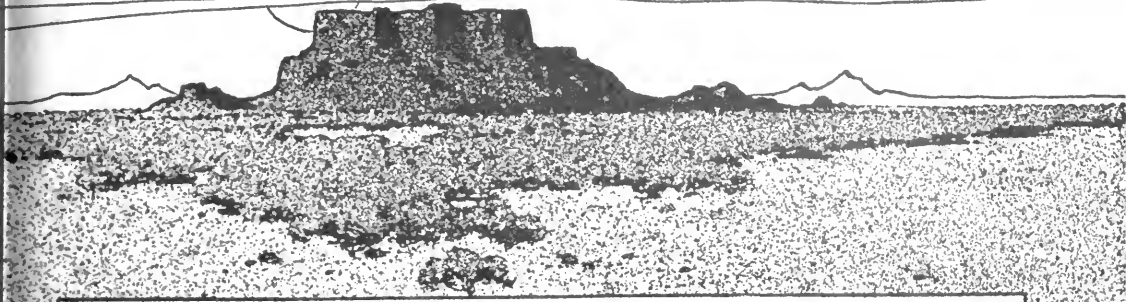
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OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor



OCTOBER 1917

Dutton

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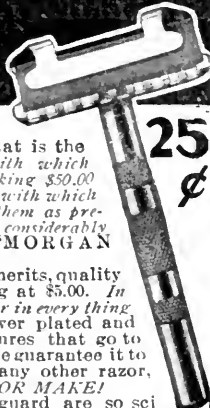
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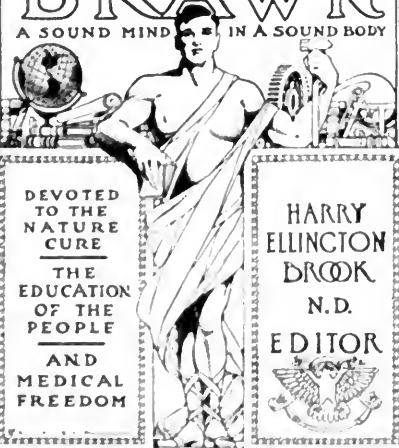
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EDITOR



THE NATUROPATHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
LOS ANGELES - CALIFORNIA

AUTHORIZED STATEMENT OF
Los Angeles Banks

July 1st, 1913

Compiled by Security Trust and Savings Bank

NAME	Deposits	Total Resources	Organ- ized
1 Bank of Italy.....	\$12,538,055.55	\$14,162,357.50	1908
2 Bank of San Pedro.....	316,924.12	389,426.89	1888
3 California Savings Bank.....	2,854,789.98	3,226,075.22	1904
4 Central National Bank.....	3,038,969.84	3,695,346.99	1907
5 Citizens National Bank.....	10,509,527.41	14,184,120.73	1890
6 Citizens Savings Bank, Hollywood	253,062.90	288,644.22	1906
7 Citizens Savings Bank, San Pedro	306,920.79	347,675.35	1908
8 Citizens Trust and Savings Bank..	3,047,049.14	3,650,764.90	1891
9 City and County Bank.....	758,814.27	1,007,577.10	1908
10 Commercial National Bank.....	2,707,552.70	3,763,823.45	1903
11 Farmers & Merchants N't'l Bank	14,924,592.55	20,190,455.00	1903
12 Federal Bank.....	557,384.51	629,330.89	1903
13 First National Bank of Los Angeles	18,554,450.26	23,672,090.70	1880
14 First National Bank, Hollywood..	350,729.92	428,172.36	1905
15 First National Bank, San Pedro....	261,792.23	379,458.46	1893
16 First National Bank, Wilmington	133,084.78	193,215.13
17 German Amer. Trust & Sav. Bank	19,879,566.17	22,082,212.24	1890
18 Globe Savings Bank.....	1,932,110.54	2,577,040.65	1906
19 Harbor City Savings Bank.....	192,548.27	228,629.05	1906
20 Hellman Com. Trust & Sav. Bank	5,466,073.09	6,591,770.97	1908
21 Highland Park Bank.....	260,516.47	296,982.38	1910
22 Hollywood National Bank.....	607,389.07	684,007.43	1905
23 Hollywood Savings Bank.....	207,016.09	243,801.42	1905
24 Home Savings Bank.....	6,217,680.67	7,354,096.94	1904
25 Internat'l Sav. & Exchange Bank	2,570,822.76	2,918,560.91	1903
26 Los Angeles Hibernian Sav. Bank	1,840,126.81	2,107,940.28	1910
27 Los Angeles Trust & Sav. Bank....	18,632,070.89	21,387,695.62	1903
28 Merchants National Bank.....	7,860,866.17	9,151,090.55	1886
29 National Bank of California.....	5,072,876.87	6,426,848.79	1889
30 Security Trust and Savings Bank	43,638,811.87	46,638,811.87	1889
31 State Bank of San Pedro.....	446,442.76	507,359.15	1901
32 Traders Bank.....	1,241,486.73	1,505,641.77	1908
33 United States National Bank.....	1,276,085.40	1,844,198.56	1905
<hr/>			
Totals July 1st, 1913.....	187,963,632.56	222,755,223.47	
Totals January 1st, 1913.....	181,886,445.32	215,004,695.83	
<hr/>			
Increase in six months.....	6,077 187.24	7,750,527.64	



New Series, Vol. 6

October, 1913

Number 4

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

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Return of The Vaquero

Bailey Millard

ONCE MORE I AM UNDER YOUR SPELL,
GRAY LAND STRETCHING FAR TO THE PEAKS;
DREAR LAND AND DEAR LAND, IT IS WELL,
FOR YOUR SPIRIT TO MINE AGAIN SPEAKS,
OF BLESSEDNESS PRIMAL IT SPEAKS.

I WAS TEMPTED AFAR, I WAS SOLD,
BUT THEY NEVER SHALL SELL ME AGAIN
TO THE EASE OF TOWN SHELTERS THAT HOLD
SUBTLE CHARM FOR THE PALE, INDOOR MEN,
SORDID CITIES THAT LURE SORDID MEN.

FREE! HOW I HAVE CHAFED TO BE FREE!
YEAR FOLLOWED DISPIRITED YEAR
THE WHILE YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME—
WAITING CALMLY TO WELCOME ME HERE;
NOW, CHASTENED, I COME TO YOU HERE.

I AM COME AS ONE WHO HAS FELT
THE PUNITIVE HAND IN ITS HASTE,
WHILE BEFORE THE FALSE ALTARS HE KNELT;
I AM COME TO FORGET IN THIS WASTE
A LIFE THAT WAS WASTER THAN WASTE.

WASTE? YOU ARE NO WASTE, GRAY OLD PLAIN,
BUT RICH IN RICH GIFTS TO THE MIND
NOT BORN OF INANITY VAIN;
ARID FANCY MAY ARIDNESS FIND,
BUT YOUR BEAUTY IS NOT FOR THE BLIND.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE; IT IS GOOD
TO SEE JUNIPERS STORM-PROOF WHOSE ROOTS
BURROW DEEP; GOOD YON LONE COTTONWOOD;
GOOD, AFAR THERE, THE BLUE BLUR OF BUTTES—
MY RELIGIOUS, MY SKY-LOVING BUTTES!

BEYOND WHERE THE GRAY GREASEWOODS NOD,
WHERE MY GAZE THE BOLD SENTRY PEAKS BAR,
A BUZZARD IS SPYING ABROAD,
MYSTIC SPIRALS ARE LEADING HIM FAR,
AND HE PLEASETH MINE EYE LIKE A STAR.

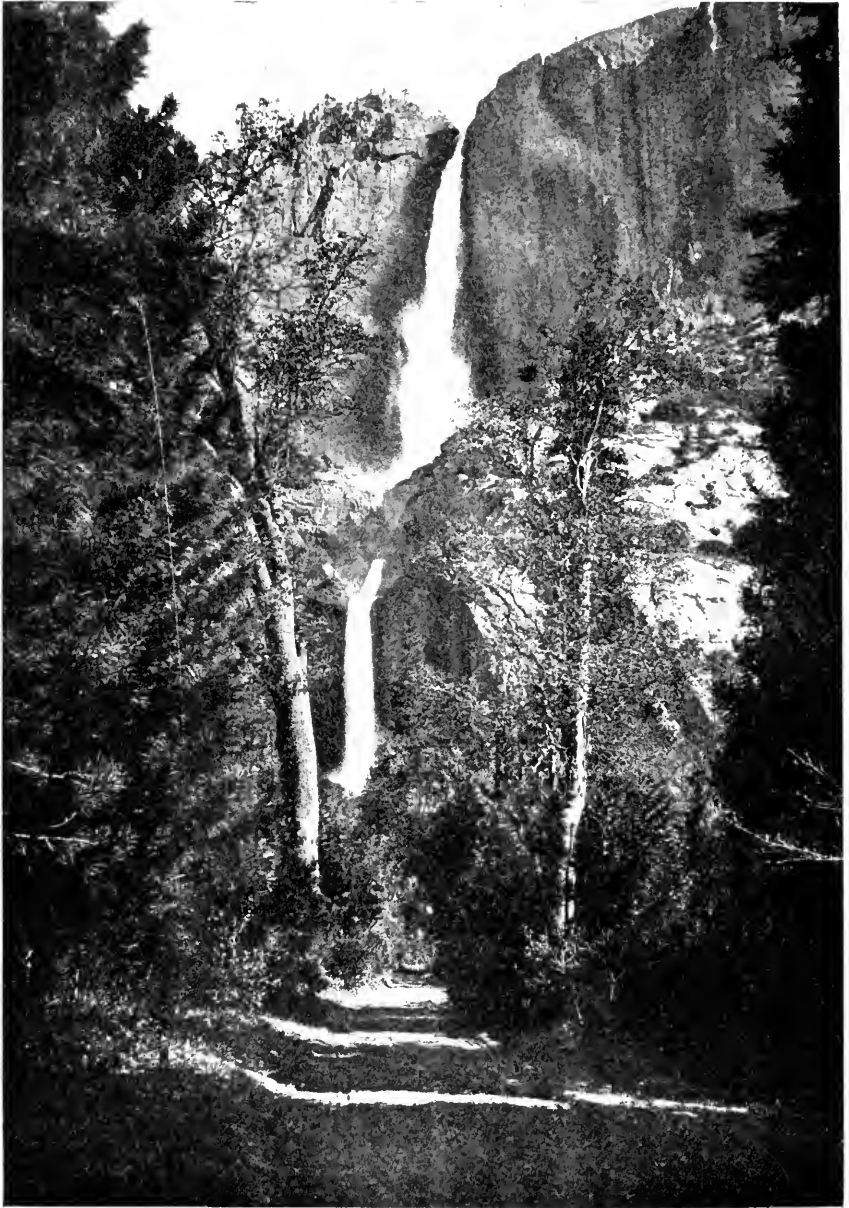
ENOUGH OF REPRESSIONS, ENOUGH
OF CONSTRAINTS AND CONFORMITIES SERE
AND COMPLEXITIES; LET THE GOOD, ROUGH
WEST WIND OF THIS PLAIN SWEEP THEM CLEAR;
ITS BREATH MAKES ME FRANKER AND FREER.

AND OUT OF MY EARS LET IT BLOW
ALL ECHOES OF THAT DREARY SCHOOL,
WHICH OF NATURE IS ALWAYS THE FOE,
AND WHICH FOR HIS WEALTH HAILS THE FOOL,
DRIVE OUT ALL THE DRAWING ROOM DROOL!

AH, ELOQUENT LAND! I HAVE HEARD,
BLOWN ABROAD ON YOUR WILD, VAGRANT AIRS,
A BALM-BRINGING, SENSE-SOOTHING WORD,
A WORD TO CALM ALL MY DESPAIRS,
A WHISPER OF STARRY AFFAIRS.

WISE LAND, IN YOUR SILENCES WISE,
YOUR IMMENSITIES ONE SPREADING SCROLL
OF DEEP REVELATION TO EYES
THAT CAN READ, LET ME READ, SWELL MY SOUL;
HERE IS ROOM FOR THE GROWTH OF A SOUL!

From "*Songs of the Press*," by Bailey Millard. Elder & Shepard.



YOSEMITE FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

OUT WEST

OCTOBER

1913

ORIENTAL RUGS



By G. Griffin Lewis

(The great interest in Navaho blankets and Oriental Rugs is not lessened by bringing them in close comparison one with the other. As our pages have often described the former, we are now glad to present the latter. Mr. Lewis has recently issued a handsomely illustrated volume—ten of the

HERE is no more fascinating study than Oriental rugs, and there are few hobbies that claim so absorbing a devotion. To the connoisseur it proves a veritable enchantment; to the busy man a mental salvation. He reads from his rugs the life history of



Fig. 1. A TURKISH LOOM
(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

illustrations being in color—entitled, "The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs," and from this book, with the consent of his publishers, The J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, we quote the following.)

both a bygone and a living people. A fine rug ranks second to no other creation as a work of art and although many of them are made by semi-barbaric people, they possess rare artistic beauty of

design and execution to which the master hand of Time puts the finishing touches. Each master-piece has its individuality, no two being alike, although each may be true in general to the family patterns, and therein consists their enchantment. The longer you study them the more they fascinate. Is it strange then that this wonderful reproduction of colors appeals to connoisseurs and art lovers of every country?

Americans have been far behind Europeans in recognizing the artistic worth and the many other advantages of the Oriental rug over any other kind. Twen-

inch, the fineness of the material, the richness and stability of its colors, the amount of detail in design and, last but not least, its age. None of these qualifications being at sight apparent to the novice, he is unable to make a fair comparison of prices, as frequently rugs which appear to him to be quite alike and equally valuable may be far apart in actual worth.

The method of weaving in the Orient today is practically the same as it was one thousand years ago with the exception, perhaps, that there are now fewer crooked fabrics woven than in the days

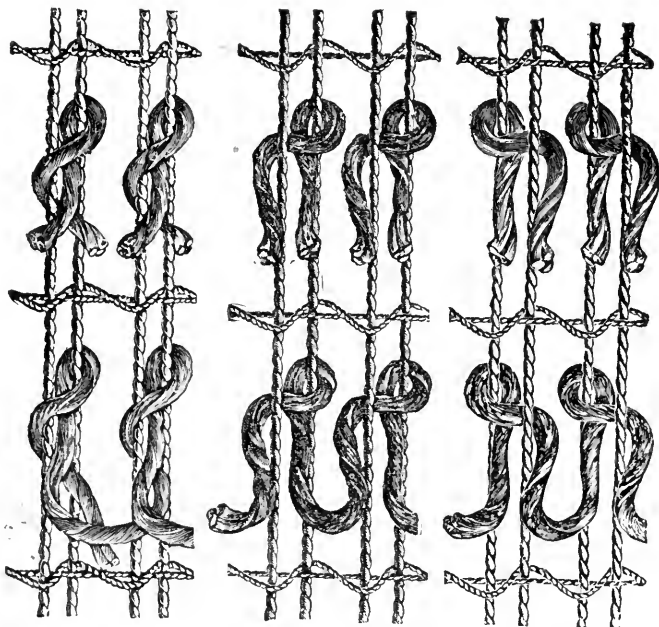


Fig. 2. SHOWING THE LEFT AND RIGHT SENNA KNOTS AND THE GHIORDES KNOT BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER THE TRIMMING OF THE PILE

(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

ty-five years ago few American homes possessed even one. Since then a marked change in public taste has taken place. All classes have become interested and, according to their resources, have purchased them in a manner characteristic of the American people, so that now some of the choicest gems in existence have found a home in the United States.

The value of an Oriental rug cannot be gauged by measurement any more than can that of a fine painting; it depends upon the number of knots to the square

gone by. Next to the quality of the material from which it is made, and the dye with which it is colored, the splendid durability of the Oriental rug is due to the manner in which the pile is tied to the warp thread. It is so secure that it is impossible to remove it by pulling either end of the knot. This differs from the domestic method in which the pile is merely drawn between the warp threads without tying or fastening. In the finer fabrics of the East the knots are so close that it requires careful exam-

ination to discover them except in very old rugs where the pile is worn down, then the knot is distinctly seen.

The weavers are mostly women and children. The latter begin working at the loom as early as four or five years of age and serve an apprenticeship of two years, after which they receive a few pennies a day. A skilful woman weaver will earn from three to six shillings a week and they usually work from sunrise to sunset, week after week, month after month, year after year. As a rule they have no education, can neither read nor write, and have absolutely nothing else to do but weave and gossip. Rug weaving proves a sort of an amusement and a source of income; besides, they take great interest in the work and

as the "talim," a chart which indicates the colors to be used and the number of knots to be tied in each color.

In many cases the head weaver designs these symbols for the benefit of the other weavers. Among the Nomads the design is frequently kept in the brain, or roughly drawn on paper or in the sand. If they have another rug as a model they get the right design by simply counting on the back the number of knots of every color in each row. Beginning at the bottom and working towards the right, the wool yarn, which goes to form the pile, is looped around the warp threads by the aid of blunt pointed needles and then tied in such a way that by each knotting two of the warp threads are bound. When the Turkish knot is



Fig. 4. FERAGHAN RUG
(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

the height of their ambition is to realize hope of royal recognition for their superior workmanship.

The Eastern loom, which is the same today as it was a thousand years ago, consists merely of four poles joined together by ropes according to the size of the rug woven. On these the warp threads are strung and kept at the proper tension by weights, which are attached to one of the cross poles.

From one to six, or even more, weavers work on a rug at the same time, according to its size. They sit cross-legged, either on the floor or on a raised frame, so that their work will be on a level with their knees. Before them is fastened the model which they are to follow or what is known

used, these two threads are bound side by side. When the Persian knot is used, if tied tightly, one is bound in front of the other. This process is repeated along the line with the proper colors required by the patterns and after each row of knots one or more weft threads are passed through between the warp threads and then beaten down with a sort of comb, the teeth of which pass between the warp threads. The pile is then trimmed off with the scissors to the desired length. The Caucasians and Kurds, as a rule, leave a long pile, while the Turkomans and Persians clip theirs quite short. The number of knots to the square inch is determined by the closeness of the warp threads and the

number of weft threads thrown across after each row, also by the thickness of these threads. The tighter and closer the knots are tied the more perpendicular the pile and the more durable the fabric. In coarse fabrics, like the Kazak, there are usually four or five weft threads between each row of knots. Uneven trimming of the pile or unskilled use of the comb will produce unevenness in the completed rug.

The fewer and lighter the weft threads are, the more flexible is the rug. The great depth of pile is also a good feature in certain rugs, as the heavier the fabric is the better it will lie. Stronger warp threads are usually put on each side to strengthen and give better support to the weft and sometimes both warp and weft are dyed either in toto or at the ends

There is occasionally a dealer who has many of his own names which he uses to the extinction of all others and some of the names used in Western countries would not be recognized in the countries from which the rugs come. Under such circumstances classification becomes rather difficult and it is not to be wondered at that authorities sometimes disagree. Importers and dealers in Oriental rugs would find it greatly to their advantage if they had a strict rug nomenclature based on facts and if they discounted everything in the trade which tended toward charlatanism or inspired distrust in the minds of buyers.

The broad classifications are as follows, with many divisions and subdivisions that are interesting only to collectors and experts: Persian or Iranian, Turkish,

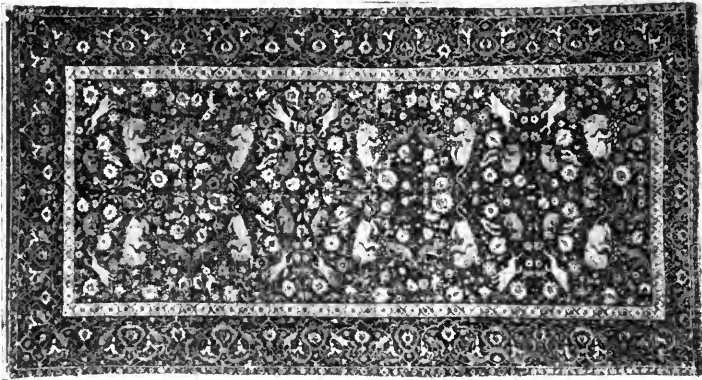


Fig. 7. METROPOLITAN ANIMAL RUG

(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

only, in order to give a colored webbing to the finished product.

In the general market are over fifty different kinds of rugs, most of which are named after the towns or districts in which they are made, from which they are marketed, or after the people who make them. There is generally also some slight difference in the weave, the material, the color, the design or the finish, which gives each class its distinguishing, technical character. Of late years, however, there has been such an intermingling of races and transmission of ideas from one country to another, that even the expert is often unable to identify a rug with the place in which it was made.

Caucasian, Turkestan or Turkoman and Beluchistan.

Were some of the antique, or even the modern pieces, endowed with the gift of speech what wonderfully interesting stories they could tell, and yet to the connoisseur the history, so to speak, of many of these gems of the Eastern loom is plainly legible in their weave, designs and colors. The family or tribal legends worked out in the patterns, the religious or ethical meaning of the blended colors, the death of a weaver before the completion of his work, which is afterwards taken up by another, the toil and privation of which every rug is witness, are all matters of interest only to the student.

The soul of the Oriental is in his de-

sign, which is invariably well composed of skilfully conventionalized figures and superbly rich, harmonious colorings of which one never tires, while that of the European has a stiff set pattern which soon fails to attract.

The transmission of ancient patterns has been going on from century to century, the old designs and colors being copied by the weavers from one genera-

ilies. So it is possible for the expert to tell the locality from which an antique rug came, but the source of the modern one is not quite as accurately determined on account of the changes in designs brought about by the influence of immigration, travel and conquest. A design may be borrowed by a neighboring province and gradually undergo changes according to the taste of the adopting



Fig. 5. AK HISSAR PRAYER RUG
(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

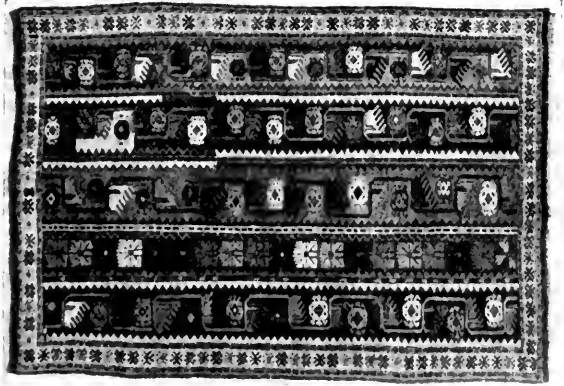


Fig. 6. ANTIQUE MELES RUG
(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

tion to another and many of those used at the present time are doubtless the same that were used in the time of Abraham.

Each district, tribe or family had its characteristic patterns and color combinations which were regarded as its individual inheritance and were never copied by other districts, tribes or fam-

people until its original form is completely lost. The patterns have also become limited in number, so that today the entire output of Persian fabrics comprises only about thirty original designs, but of these the varieties of form, arrangement and combination are very large. Turkey and India have even, in

some instances, adopted European designs. The Nomad products are perhaps the freest of all from outside influences.

In the way of characterization we might state that Persian designs are usually floral, while the Turkish designs are for the most part a mixture of the floral and the geometrical, the former being much less natural than those of the Persians. Caucasian and Turkoman designs are nearly always geometrical. Occasionally they are floral, but of a rec-

der stripe carries eight-petaled flowers of various colors, connected by the fish-bone motif upon a ground of white. On either side of this is a flower and vine design in various colors, the inner one on a ground of old rose and the outer one on a ground of dark brown. The inner and outer border stripes carry the reciprocal saw-teeth; the former in blue and red and the latter in green and red. The nap is about three-quarters of an inch in length and is exceedingly glossy.



Fig. 3. INSPECTING RUGS AT ISPAHAN
(Permission The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

tilineal nature, and never connected with wavy lines as in the Persian. The Kurdish designs are more like the Persian, while the Chinese consist largely of dragons, monsters, and animals of all sorts. It is curious to note how the Persians make many patterns out of one design by employing various methods of coloring. Even when the same colors are used there is always a great dissimilarity between the different makes of the same design.

The Feraghan rug, illustrated herewith (Fig. 4), is of the Ghiordes knot, with nine vertical, seven horizontal knots of which there are sixty-three to the square inch. The field, like that of the majority of Feraghans, is covered with the Herati design. The background is of black and the figures are red, blue, green, pink, yellow and white. The main bor-

The Ak Hissar rug (Fig. 5) is so named after Akhissar. The rug illustrated is a typical specimen, showing double and single latch hooks in the niche. The eight borders might cause the beginner to name the rug Kulah, except for the reason that Kulahs are paler in tone and usually much larger, and decidedly thinner. A good Ak Hissar is intrinsically worth as much as a Kulah of the same quality, but, being less rare, may be had for about ten per centum of the cost of a Kulah. This Ak Hissar is a study in rose and green; the niche is rose, the oblong field is green; inside border is canary, next is black; other borders alternate rose and ivory. The pattern above the niche is a Ghiordes conceit, as is the main border.

The Meles Antique rug (Fig. 6) is so called owing to the corruption of the name Milassa, a town a few miles south-

west of Smyrna, where the rugs are marketed. The design and coloring are archaic in simplicity and suggest the interests of a people dwelling by the sea. Observe the turtle figures interspersed between the curves of vine in the panels; also the pin-like appearance of the leaf-forms attached to the vine, the line of fish-hook heads bordering the panels and wave designs on either side of the same. The striped character of the field is a feature to be noted in this rug, also the introduction of an exceptional design in the fourth stripe. The border is seen to be very inconspicuous and of remarkably few stripes for a product of the Anatolian country. The simple nature of the small detached floral forms indicates an early origin, before the enriching influence of the Persian invasion. Brilliant colors were chosen for use in the rug, though of such mellow tone as to be in excellent, subdued harmony. The predominating colors are golden canary-yellow, madder red, and green, with blue, violet and white as secondary tones. The shades in which these colors appear are quite indescribable, doubtless on account of careless methods of dyeing or chances of home-made mixtures. Thus the green is of a bluish cast, the blue is mottled with lighter shades (a well-

known characteristic of this variety of rug), and the violet, which, as the most typical and exclusive of Meles colors, should be pure in tone, is of dingy look, apparently having succeeded brown in the dye-pot. All the colors have remained absolutely fast, despite the long exposure of time. The kaleidoscopic effect which has been noted as a quality in many Meles rug patterns, may be easily detected in this specimen.

One of the most famous rugs in this country is the Metropolitan Animal Rug (Fig. 7). It was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art from the Yerkes collection. On a claret colored ground are the repeated figures of a lion, jackal, and a spotted deer in deadly combat. There are also running boars amid a profusion of flowers. There are three border stripes, a wide one with a narrow one on either side. The former is filled with arabesques and cloud-bands in blue and pink on a ground of dark blue. The inner stripe carries a green design on a yellow ground and the outer stripes carry a floral design on a red ground. In size it is ten feet eleven inches long by five feet ten inches wide and has in the neighborhood of four hundred knots to the square inch.

A NEW MEXICO SUNSET

By Ellen M. Ramsey

Behold! where the Sun-God, his work done, now sinks

'Neath a sea of golden gray light.

The far-spreading mesa his last glory drinks

Save there where a shadow of dull purple inks

First trace of the deepening night.

Bright rose are the clouds and most glorious gold,

For a space, glow these gifts of the Sun.

Small wonder the mesa-born people of old

Made sacred his symbol, his blessings extolled,

And named him the Holiest One.

Out there in the light-sheen, where sky meets earth

'Tis surely the end of the world.

And there men may glimpse in the twilight's birth

The shadowy lake 'neath whose waters make mirth

The dead, to its dark city hurled.

I watch for the ghost forms and fancy almost

That the chant of their dance greets my quest.

But lo! the lake melts, like its dwellers, a ghost;

And I am alone at my now darkened post,

And around me, the spell of the West.

The MONGREL DOG



By Sherry

RAEDE! you're it, for two solid weeks! So hike it, and report at the office on the morning of the 29th."

I don't think I ever felt quite so jubilant in my life as when I heard our manager utter those words. Not that a couple of weeks vacation was an unusual thing, but because it came at a peculiarly opportune and unexpected time; for I just received a long letter from my old friend Wheeler, in the Ord Mountains, informing me that he had just installed a "Stamp Mill," and "Concentrator" at his mine, and insisting that I get leave of absence, if possible, at once, for a few days and join him. "I am enclosing," he wrote, "a map, as you requested, showing the roads, and which is absolutely correct. Take the train to Hesperia, and follow the road, as indicated on the map, due east, until you come to a sign reading, 'To Rock Springs.' Turn here, and three miles will land you at the Springs, where you will find some one to direct you to the mine."

I scribbled a few lines advising him that I was leaving the following day, feeling quite satisfied that I would reach there before my letter, and as it happened, such was the case. I say "happened" because, had I not more by accident than observation espied a little California house, all but hidden among the Yuccas, I should have probably gone on till I struck the Colorado without seeing the sign mentioned. I had taken No. 10, reaching Hesperia after midnight, and struck the trail over the bench lands just after sun-rise in the morning, enchanted by the magnificent landscape scene that lay around and before me. I must have loitered more than I was conscious of, for looking at my watch was surprised to find that it was past eleven o'clock. Frightened somewhat by the reflection that I must be miles beyond the

point at which I was to turn, I was undecided whether to retrace my steps, or to go on, when I discerned the little house referred to; and threading the labyrinth of Yuccas and Spanish Dagger Cactus, I followed the trail which led to it, where I was greeted by the owner and his dog.

"You will pardon me, sir," I said, "for this intrusion, but the fact is, I have lost my bearings, as the sailor says, and thought you might be able to direct me." Whereupon I introduced myself and explained my dilemma.

"You left Hesperia shortly after five o'clock, and it is now nearly twelve," said the old man as he shook with laughter. "Look there!" said he, pointing to the west. "That red building, apparently so near, is the store at Hesperia. Yonder," pointing to the north-west, "where you see that train, seemingly motionless, but which is making thirty miles an hour, is the mouth of the gorge at Victorville, and fifteen miles away. The fact is," he continued, "this pure, clear, ozone-laden desert atmosphere seems to annihilate distance, and the reason of it having taken you six hours to cover ten miles is because you were lost, no doubt, in admiration of a landscape view unsurpassed in this land of sunshine. Held spellbound, as it were, and not conscious of time. However," he concluded, "perhaps it is as well you did not go to Rock Springs, for I can direct you to a trail which will land you at Wheeler's in two hours, providing, of course, you do not let this scenery entrance you again. And now as you are no doubt tired, he said with a smile, we'll have some luncheon, rest awhile, and then I'll put you on the trail, commissioning you at the same time to convey my very best wishes to your friend Wheeler, with whom I also am slightly acquainted."

I had, during the old man's conversation, been remarkably impressed by the

actions of a big puppy, whom all my solicitations and finger-snappings failed to entice away from his master, and who, as we entered the house and seated ourselves, stretched himself out on the door mat and with his head resting upon his front legs, seemed to be intelligently taking in every word of our conversation. I commented upon it, and asked what breed he was, and if of desert production.

"As to his breed," the old man rejoined. "He's a pure-blooded, thorough-bred mongrel. Just where he was born I don't know; he came here from Victorville, and he is picking up knowledge fast. Ever been in Victorville? No? Well sir, that's the greatest place on this continent for dogs, unless its the Needles. Every man and, I was going to say, every woman, there has three dogs, except Pat Monaghan. Pat is the kindly host of the 'Miners Exchange,' and one of Nature's noblemen. This big-hearted Irish miner was never known to see a dog go hungry, whether he had two or four legs, so he usually has more than three; in fact he has a herd, which he reduces from time to time by forwarding detachments to his brother Jim, at Rock Springs, who magnanimously feeds them until he can find some one to bestow them on. That fellow," pointing to the puppy, "is one of them, and I am putting him through a course of training. I'll give an example of his docility. See that string lying on the window sill? Well, that reaches out into the scrub and has two or three tin cans attached to the other end. Now, as you are close to the window, just give the string a jerk or two and watch him."

I did as he directed, expecting the dog would instantly begin to bark, instead of which, he sprang to his feet, his wolf-like ears shot forward as he turned his face toward the direction from which the sound proceeded. Then springing to the side of his master, began pawing him on the leg, until the old man, patting him gently, said, "It's all right," when the dog calmly resumed his former position on the mat. "Had the door been closed," said the old man, "and he on the outside, he would have warned me by barking. I am teaching him never to bark while I am with him, but to notify me of danger in the way you have witnessed."

"It must have required great patience and, I presume, considerable punishment to wean him from his natural method," I said.

"Patience, yes! But no bodily punishment. Why," he continued, "the commonest cur that ever filched food from a garbage can, if taken in time, and properly handled, is capable of astonishing intellectual development. That puppy is now developing sensitiveness which, I think, is the all-important factor to be used in bringing out that consciousness which, if you will agree with me, fitfully manifests itself in the higher dumb animals."

"It is not difficult," said I, "to see that you are very fond of dogs."

"I instinctively love the whole animal creation," he replied, "particularly the dog, which is, I have no doubt, next to man in intellectual capabilities. He is the only animal we know of who will voluntarily desert his own kind to follow man, and, there are not a few Evolutionists who believe that he will comprise the 'Pioneer' of the next great race of men, who will be ushered into existence after the present race has overcome and passed from this into a greater world. All of us have witnessed remarkable intellectual feats performed by dogs, but the greater, the nobler acts which he has done and is doing are not often recorded, and like Caesar's virtues, 'are off' interred with his bones.' 'Treated like a dog,' is a familiar phrase the world over, and had its birth in the universally cruel treatment to which he has been subjected, through all time, from his human master—I was nearly saying monster. Why, I should as lief think of cutting off an arm, as wantonly killing a dog, nor would I, as Shakespeare says, 'have among my list of friends one who would wantonly trample upon a worm.' Yet, I have known men and even women, who would kill a dog upon the slightest provocation, ignorant, perhaps, of their incurring any responsibility by so doing. 'They that doeth it unto the least of these,' etc., did not refer alone to the human, and I have an idea that Pythagoras, that great 'Priest of Nature,' promulgated the theory of transmigration of souls, for the express purpose of enlisting the monster Fear as an ally in the

defense of domesticated dumb animals."

As I listened to the old man's conversation, my attention was attracted to a photograph of a dog, mounted in an exquisite and costly frame which hung over his bed, and noticing the direction of my gaze, he arose, took it down and handing it to me said: "There, sir, is a hero, whose life was lost in the noblest action of which the human mind can conceive—self sacrifice. Do you notice anything peculiar about him?"

"Yes," I replied. "I notice his right foot is slightly raised as though he were about to give what our little friend on the mat there gave us—the silent warning." At which the old man laughed heartily. I thought, however, I could discern something very like a tear in his eye as he did so. A silver plate at the bottom of the frame bore the inscription, "Ishmael."

There was something in the expression of the photograph which seemed to rivet my attention; whether due to the knowledge that the dog had performed some exceptional deed, or because, being a lover of dogs myself, my sympathies had become aroused by our conversation, I cannot say. The great brown eyes, looking straight into my own, were luminous with intelligence, and I had a feeling that he was going to walk right out of the picture. For fully five minutes, during which the old man had placed our lunch upon the table, not a word was spoken. The old man had apparently noticed my intense interest in the photo, for he said, "I guess you never saw a much better photograph of a dog than that?"

"I confess," said I, "I never have. I am in much the same condition that Trilby was when she gazed at the portrait of Swangali, 'mesmerized by the luminosity of the eyes.'"

"It was taken," said he, "at Yuma by a tourist who had a photographing outfit large enough to stock the best studio in Los Angeles, and was presented to me by the owner of the dog."

"It certainly is a wonderful photograph," said I, "and I am almost consumed by curiosity to hear something of his exploits. Might I ask you to gratify me by relating some of them?"

"I shall do so with pleasure," said he,

"for to be candid, I take as much pleasure in a reminiscence of Ishmael as it would be possible for any man when he recalls sweet memories of loved ones who have passed on into some place, some condition, more in harmony with the noble instincts that controlled their being here. Of course," he continued, "if we have real faith in the tenets of the orthodox Christian church, we must believe that the poor dumb brute is quite unconscious of his acts, and when he dies this great 'unconscious' love—this magnificent loyalty and fidelity—goes with him to the 'bow-wows.' There is no room for him in the gilded mansions in the skies."

"I have often marveled," he went on, "that these God-like attributes should be incarnated mostly in the dumb animal. These living forces, hungering to express themselves upon this plane of ours; and guided by the immutable law of attraction, are, perchance, compelled—more often than we know—to pass us by, and manifest themselves in such as that faithful creature lying on the door mat."

Following his glance tenderly directed toward the puppy, whose great brown eyes were regarding him intently, I saw a living reproduction of the face in the picture.

"That little chap," said I, reaching for the photograph and comparing them, "is a true descendant of this dog, even to the minutest marking, and were he a few months older and full grown, it would be difficult to believe that this was not his photograph. I venture the opinion, however, that if you could trace his pedigree you would find him a true descendant of this dog."

"I have not tried to trace his pedigree," he replied, "but I also, believe him to be the true descendant of that dog, and I have given him his right name, 'Ishmael.'" As he uttered the name the puppy instantly arose and went to him. Stroking him tenderly, the old man said, "You and the other Ishmael may be more closely related than most of us dream of."

"But to the story!" resumed the old man after a pause, lighting his pipe. "About twenty years ago there alighted from the west-bound express at the Needles a man whose bronzed visage

and long hair betokened him one who had been long away from the haunts of civilization. Carrying a big roll of blankets slung over his right shoulder, a repeating rifle in his left hand, while a Colts 45 hung in a holster from a cartridge belt strapped round his waist, he presented no unusual sight in this country in those days, nor as a matter of fact in these; yet there was something about him that interested and puzzled the ubiquitous 'Bill, Jack and Jerry,' whose only visible occupation, in these frontier towns, appears to consist of meeting trains and discussing every passenger who alights therefrom; after which laudable occupation, they generally return to some saloon and work—some one for a drink. So in this instance, when Bill queried, 'I wonder who that long-haired guy is?' he was instantly informed by Jack that *he* was a prospector, whereat the ponderous intellect of Jerry manifests itself as he interjects, 'Prospector nothing! Can't you lamp a fellow that's been doing a hunting stunt by his lonesome?' And thus arguing they followed the stranger to the hotel, where the great question at issue was apparently satisfactorily disposed of by the register, in which the name, 'C. Fredericks, Kingman, Ariz.,' had just been inscribed.

"Fredericks had a 'history' all right; he was neither a prospector, a hunter nor a tenderfoot. He had gone through more in the way of dangerous situations and desperate undertakings than Bill, Jack or Jerry ever dreamed of. Suffice it to say that he had met with business reverses, followed by a great bereavement, which seemed to paralyze his hopes and ambitions. His was one of those natures which we occasionally meet with, who seem to take a weird satisfaction in nursing a grief; and who, in order to do so, rush off into the trackless desert, the mountains, away, anywhere, where their perturbed and reckless spirit can be alone with its sorrow, until it has worn itself out. This is exactly what Fredericks had done and was doing when he landed at the Needles that day; where he had come with the intention of buying a boat and following the Colorado to its mouth, and, if he could, to keep on going. His plans, however, were either fortunately or unfortunately frustrated

by that dog," pointing to the picture. "I would like to say," he continued, "that if there is any race of human creatures on this globe who excel Bret Harte's heathen chi-nee in the guileful blandness of his smile, and utter inability to comprehend a single inquiry—save what pertains to his individual benefit—it is the noble ward of the government who is located across the Colorado at Needles, where at that time, they came each day in their feathers and government clothes, to do nothing but strut aimlessly around, and if fortunate enough to have a little money, squat down and gamble at Mexican monte. The river front was generally lined with boats, all owned by Indians; but Fredericks, during two or three days' quest among these noble red men, could find but one or two who appeared to be able to '*sabe Americana*,' and that seemed to be limited to twenty-five dollars, so he decided to build one, and made arrangements at the lumber yard for doing so. He had engaged a room only, at the hotel, and got his meals at which ever restaurant took his fancy. So it happened one day the keeper of a restaurant was most unmercifully kicking a dog away from his door as Fredericks came from his work to get dinner. 'Partner! What are you kicking that poor brute for?' said he. 'I'm kickin' him,' replied the man, 'because he's only a mongrel! Don't belong to nobody; ain't no good on earth; and's only snoopin' 'round here to try to steal somethin'.'

"Looks as if he needed something to eat pretty badly," said Fredericks, as he watched the poor emaciated cur limp down the street.

"Comin' in to dinner?" asked the now quite urbane proprietor.

"Yes," replied Fredericks. "But I've a friend who's coming with me for dinner today, so rustle up two big rib steaks, and plenty of fried potatoes, for we're both d--d hungry! And say!" he said, as the proprietor was hastening to the kitchen, 'black tea for me, and a big glass of milk for my friend. Better make his a bowl. He comes from a part of the country where they mostly drink out of bowls,' he added, as the proprietor hastened away; and turning to an Indian who stood grinning at the fracas, said:

'You go rope that dog! *Sabe?* Bring him to me! I give you silver dollar!' taking one from his pocket, '*Sabe?*'

"You bet I do," said the Indian, whose comprehension had suddenly become clarified by the sight of the money, and who soon disappeared around the corner in pursuit of the dog.

"Sauntering down the street, Fredericks soon came upon the Indian, busy fastening a rope around the frightened cur, who stood trembling as if stricken with palsy; and taking the rope from the Indian and handing him a silver dollar, said, 'Now chase yourself! Do you *sabe?*' but in spite of the gleam of intelligence that played over the copper-colored countenance of the Indian, as he buried the 'plunk' into the pocket of his Uncle Sam trousers, he evidently did not, for he walked stolidly away without a sound.

"By dint of coaxing and dragging, Fredericks got the dog as far as the door of the restaurant, where further progress by these means seemed absolutely futile; so in despair he picked the dog up in his arms and strode in. Selecting a table in a corner of the room and putting the dog under it between his feet, he fastened the rope securely to the chair, and gently stroking the poor, shivering brute, said, 'Now, old fellow, your name a few minutes ago was "Mud," but from now on it's "Ishmael!" You and I are outcasts, and we'll hit the trail together, old sport. No matter where it leads or how we fare, we'll be partners.' At this moment the proprietor entered with the steaming order, and not noticing the dog looked somewhat astonished to find Fredericks sitting alone.

"'Didn't you meet your friend?' queried he, and without awaiting reply, 'To throw a friend after putting him to the expense of a dinner is a rotten game!'

"'My friend,' replied Fredericks, 'is one of the kind who would never throw any body. Your hospitality will be amply appreciated, wholly disposed of, and fully paid for, so just set it down there and I'll take care of it.'

"Cutting up the meat and reserving the bones for future use, Fredericks placed the dog's portion under the table, and as he did so was struck by the depth and intensity of the pitifully inquiring expression in Ishmael's eyes. Just such a

look," the old man interjected, "as you observed in the photograph, and Fredericks knew from that moment that he had a 'world-beater' in that dog, if properly trained. They finished their meal, and after placing the dishes upon the table, Fredericks rang the bell, paid his bill, and with the erstwhile hungry mongrel close at his heels, departed; while the proprietor, with a look of the utmost amazement, ejaculated, 'Well I'll be d—d! That man must have more money than brains!'

"Securing a collar and chain for the dog, which he kept constantly with him, Fredericks continued his work at the boat, which in a few days was completed.

"In the meantime Ishmael had metamorphosed from a frightened, cowardly cur to a valiant and noble assistant. He seemed to know instinctively whom to allow to approach the boat, and whom to keep away; possibly his memory was good for he certainly drew the line at Indians, small boys and not a few quasi-respectable Toms, Dicks and Harrys.

"Fredericks' adoption of the dog had become generally known and Dame Gossip had added that 'he fed it on Porterhouse steak, French fried potatoes and cream;' so there was considerable curiosity regarding him which seems to have culminated on the day the boat, together with some six months' provisions, were carted down to the river to be launched and loaded.

"Fredericks had no idea Needles was so large a place. Every one seemed to be there, to watch proceedings, and, incidentally, to volunteer advice as to where this and that box ought to go. Ishmael, however, would not allow anyone to approach, except in Fredericks' company. The restaurant proprietor attempted to assist, but had no sooner taken up one of the cases than Ishmael sprang from the boat with a growl so ominously dangerous that he hastily put it down and retreated to a safe distance, when he called out, 'If I were you, mister, I'd shoot that cur!'

"'If you were me,' said Fredericks, 'you'd shoot the cur that did so, for that's exactly what I would do,' and it needed no second look at his determined features to convince one that he would do as he said.

"So the boat was loaded and shoved off,

Fredericks taking his seat in the stern, while Ishmael occupied the little quarter-deck in the bow, from which he never ceased barking out his joyful farewell until the bend of the river below hid the scenes of his doghood's misery from sight.

"Fredericks had already made some little headway in training him to cease barking, but understanding and appreciating the excessive joy that Ishmael was experiencing in his exodus, he did not attempt to check him. He renewed his training at once, however, employing the method which you have witnessed with this puppy, his object being to enable him to avoid, if possible, a battle with the Indians, who at that time, in places remote from white men, would steal anything they could lay their hands upon; nor would they hesitate to kill, in order to do so, if fairly sure they could do it with safety to themselves. Fredericks had, on several occasions in the past, nearly been a victim to their treachery, and knowing the wild and unsettled condition of the part of the country through which he was to pass, determined to train his dog to apprise him instantly, and silently, of approaching danger. To accomplish this he camped for many days close to civilization, training continuously, quickening and developing those inherent instincts which were slumbering within the animal brain, and needed by firm and gentle treatment to awaken into activity. He accomplished this at last to his complete satisfaction, and breaking camp, put out upon his journey.

"By easy stages they floated slowly down the Colorado—down through those sun-kissed mountain peaks, radiant in ever-changing color, whose cathedral-like spires, dazzling in opaline splendor, inspired Fredericks with feelings of awe and reverence. For hours at a stretch he would lean back in his seat, enraptured by the surpassing beauty and magnificence of the scene. On through narrowing gorges, whose precipitous walls tower in mighty grandeur far above the river, now lashing itself angrily into a fury of foam as it speeds through the narrow gateway, and, anon, through widening glens, mantled in deepest green and joyous with chirpings of birds. 'Ah, Ishmael!' he would sigh, 'If Nature had

but seen fit to have cast us in a more artistic mould—endowed us with a genius great enough to reproduce on canvas this gorgeous image of Herself, we would stay here, here in this great, magnificent wilderness, and send forth to the world messages almost articulate in their sublimity.'

"Ishmael, however, seemed to evince greater interest in animate nature, and would watch with shivering excitement the flocks of wild geese or duck as they sailed noisily overhead; at which times Fredericks would occasionally have the good fortune to bring one down with his rifle, when Ishmael would spring from the boat and secure it, after which they would land and prepare a sumptuous repast, Ishmael retrieving drift-wood for a fire, in which he took the greatest delight.

"Thus the days sped on, until they had passed the Indian Reservation and reached Martin's Landing, from which place Fredericks had planned to water-log his boat, and make a flying trip into the desert in search of some old Spanish placer mines, a tracing and description of which had been given him by an old miner at Williams, who had discovered them a few years previous and taken from them enough gold to keep him in comfort during his remaining years. He had warned Fredericks of the danger of the undertaking, and cautioned him not to make the attempt unless well supplied with water. With this in view, Fredericks, before leaving Needles, had employed a saddler to construct a harness for Ishmael whereby two canteens, specially made for the purpose, could be securely packed without fear of shifting. He had trained him on the trip down to follow closely at his heels with the pack, until he gave the command, 'To the boat!' which Ishmael was made to fully understand.

"Two or three days were spent in preparing for the journey, storing provisions, guns, clothing, etc., and water-logging and covering the boat with bushes; during which time Fredericks had become quite well acquainted with Mr. Martini, his wife and daughter, a kindly Mexican family who lived in reasonable comfort from the proceeds of a desert claim, worked by two stalwart sons.

"As a full moon swung up over the desert hills, under a clear sky, they set out on their perilous journey; and striking a course by the compass, covered many miles before halting. Thus far their way had been over long, rolling ridges of sand, utterly devoid of vegetation, save an occasional giant cactus—silent sentinel of this awful desolation—but now as they began to approach the mountains, yucca, mesquite and other prickly desert scrub began to make their appearance.

"The sun was far above the horizon when Fredericks, sore and weary, decided to camp; and selecting a large, cats-claw bush, undid the packs, and throwing a blanket over its prickly branches for shade, threw himself down to rest. 'Seven o'clock,' soliloquized he, looking at his watch, 'and the thermometer at least one hundred and thirty in the shade! If old Bill Bryson has told me the truth, Ishmael,' he continued, as the dog crawled in under the shade beside him, 'we'll make the diggings in three hours. So we'll sleep, eat and go on.'

"Sunset found them encamped against a sheltering wall of rock forming one of the sides of a short canyon opening into a valley literally perforated with old shafts, and it was with a keen feeling of disappointment that Fredericks surveyed a field which his judgment told him had been 'worked out.' He spent several hours that night, and all the next day, in looking over the ground. Most of the shafts were filled nearly to the top with surface washings, and it was not until evening that he came upon one from the surface of which he could discern the opening of the tunnel, or 'drift,' at the bottom. This was some thirty feet deep, and he concluded that bed rock lay but a few feet below. It was about a half mile from camp, and he decided to begin the prospect here at sunrise in the morning.

"They returned to camp and dispatched a hearty meal, after which Fredericks lit his pipe and gave himself up to thoughts of the past and speculations of the future.

"Rising refreshed the next morning, they breakfasted at sunrise, and after placing some water in a dish, away from the rays of the sun, and leaving food, he bade Ishmael remain in camp; and taking a canteen of water, some lunch, his rope

ladder and a small pick and shovel, he struck out for his prospect.

"Finding a boulder some six feet from the shaft, he fastened the end of his ladder around it, tested it, and feeling satisfied that it was secure, made fast his pick and shovel at the other end and lowered them into the shaft, after which he seized hold of the ladder and began his descent. He had scarcely descended a half dozen rungs, however, when he suddenly felt the ladder giving way, and in a desperate but futile effort to cling to the surface went crashing down to the bottom of the shaft, where he lay for a moment stuned and dazed. Recovering quickly, he made an effort to get upon his feet, which was almost impossible, as he found he had sprained or broken his left ankle in the fall, the increasing pain from which was almost insufferable.

"Fredericks," continued the old man, after a pause, "is a man of a very practical and philosophical turn of mind, and when he became aware of the hopelessness of escape by any conceivable means, it required all the fortitude he possessed to prevent his brain from stampeding. With a herculean effort he endeavored to compose himself; he even filled his pipe and tried to smoke as he weighed the chances for and against escape from that death-trap. One look at the dry, smooth walls of the shaft, that would crumble at a touch, was enough to convince him that no foothold could be obtained. Assistance from the surface was out of the question, as it was not likely there was a living human being within twenty-five miles of him. Ishmael was beyond hearing, even if he had the means to attach a note and order him 'to the boat.' He reached for a drink. The nozzle of the canteen had been broken in the fall, and but a little water remained. He could see no way of escape, and as he sat there listlessly gazing at the ground beneath him, the most trivial and long forgotten incidents of his life seemed to force themselves upon his memory, which, jumping over the bridge of years that lay between, presented to his mind faintly remembered scenes of childhood. He thought he could hear distinctly again the dear, sweet voice of an angel sister singing, 'Come, Grandpa, with the little black pony; take little chubbin for a

drive.' He smiled as he recalled how his great big brother would take him on the sled when he went for fire wood, away off so far to the woods behind the house, and placing him on top of the tremendous load, would march in childish triumph home. That was away back east; now he was in the far west, buried alive in the desert. He wondered what became of the hundreds of Spanish miners who had dug these holes; had any of them ever perished in this way? Did he not sometime hear that the Spanish miner would never work in a drift from the bottom of a shaft, unless there was another shaft, already dug, to work toward? If true, he might there find a means of escape! Instantly aroused into activity by this thought, and regardless of the excruciating pain from his injured ankle, he seized the shovel and began to clear the entrance to the drift. As soon as this was effected, he lay flat down, and peering into it, saw a faint ray of light which emanated from the other end. The tunnel was choked up almost to the roof, to touch which, would bring down from a handful to a shovelful—possibly a ton—of earth; and he knew if he ever managed to cut his way through to that light, it would have to be done without disturbing the roof by as much as a touch. To work with a shovel was out of the question; he must cut and scrape his way through with a knife. Knowing that he could not return, he drank the remaining water and, taking a large clasp knife from his pocket, set vigorously to work at the hazardous undertaking.

"I shall not attempt to describe," continued the old man, "the awful sensations—the struggles for breath, the utter despair—which overwhelmed him at moments, when he almost decided to plunge the knife into his heart and end the ordeal. Let me but say that when, with an almost super-human effort, he dragged his benumbed and bleeding body from one of the shafts which was filled close to the surface, the moon and stars were out, in all their radiant splendor, as though greeting him for having triumphed over death. He bowed his head in mute thankfulness for his escape, but he could not speak—his tongue was swollen and clung to the roof of his mouth.

"In the near distance he could hear

Ishmael howling in despair. Taking up a stone, he began hammering it against another. The signal was effective, for Ishmael, with barks of joy, came bounding towards him, and with gentle whines, licked his master's face and hands.

"Fredericks took hold of the dog's collar with his left hand, and dragging as much of his weight as he could with his right, they started and at last reached camp. For hours Fredericks applied dampened cloths to his lips and tongue, and by morning had reduced the swelling enough to enable him to speak. Realizing that their supply of water would be exhausted before he could attempt the journey back to Martini's, he decided to send Ishmael at sunset. So he wrote a letter to Martini, telling him of his accident and requesting him to fill the canteens, to make sure that Ishmael's pack was carefully and securely strapped, but not to let him start out on the journey till sundown.

"When the time arrived for departure he called Ishmael to him, adjusted and strapped on the harness, attached the letter in a prominent place, and, with a tugging at his heart he had never felt before, put his arms around him, patted him tenderly and ordered him 'to the boat!' Starting instantly at the command, Ishmael turned to look back a couple of times, then disappeared over the brow of the desert hills.

"All that night and the next day Fredericks busied himself in caring for his ankle, and felt no particular uneasiness concerning the dog. 'He will be here,' he assured himself, 'early in the morning;' but morning came and passed on till night, and he did not come. All day long Fredericks had watched the western desert hills anxiously for his coming. He had had but little sleep for over thirty-six hours, and it was past midnight when, worn out by his long vigil, the weakened nerves could stand the strain no longer, and lying down upon the sand he fell into a deep slumber. How long he remained thus he did not know. He had been dreaming of the past, and hearing the voice of a loved one cry out in anguish, he suddenly awoke, in the broad glare of the midday sun, to find Ishmael lying beside him, panting from extreme exhaustion, his

tongue hanging on the ground, and making occasional little puppy-like cries. Strapped to the saddle were the two canteens full of water, while, laying on the ground, and fastened to his collar by a short rope was still another, larger one. 'Poor Ishmael!' he said. 'What a load to send you with.' And springing to his feet regardless of the swollen ankle, he quickly undid the pack, threw to one side a note which was pinned to the canteen, and by assiduously sponging the dog's face, mouth and swollen and bleeding feet, soon had him up again. It was with almost a woman's tenderness that Fredericks nursed that faithful brute, who, licking his master's hands in return, gave evidence that he understood. 'We will abandon this kind of life, Ishmael,' said he, 'and leave it for those whose mental texture is not so easily damaged by these experiences. So we start, old fellow, as soon as you are able, and while we have the means of preventing death from thirst.' He then took up the note and read it, and," said the old man, digressing, "if you will turn that picture of Ishmael over you will read it also."

Turning the picture I found the back mounted with glass, underneath which was the following letter:

Martini Landing,
Thursday, Sept., '93.

Senor Fredericks:—

Your dog come with letter early in morning, I try to keep him till night like you say, but I no can. He sure gone mad. He grab at canteen then bark and run to river then he come back and bark, bark all time and growl to my little dog. Chite he get so scare he run away and hide. I am scare to. I think your dog sure gone crazy. I have to let him go—can't keep him till night. I have fix more canteen on his back. 2 small canteen no good on desert. We so sorry to hear your foot sick and hope you get better quick.

Marie Martini.

"Poor Ishmael," said the old man as he adjusted his glasses and perused the letter. "It would require no special power of perception," he continued, "to very clearly understand the thoughts that surged through his brain that morning. He was trying to express them in the only

way he knew how. Thoughts? Yes. They all have them; no doubt noble thoughts as well as others, but very little, if any, discretion. That's a horse of another color, and is the result of education. Had poor, kind little Mrs. Martini been more discreet she would never have added to Ishmael's load—already fully commensurate to his strength—a weight as heavy again—impossible of adjustment, and which, doubtless, became disconnected from the saddle before he had covered a mile. The Martini's told Fredericks afterwards that they watched Ishmael as he started, and concluding from the effort he made to carry the load that it was too heavy, went after him to take off the extra canteen, but when he saw them coming he tore over the desert as though the devil himself was after him, so they gave up the attempt.

"I have often tried in imagination," continued the old man, "to picture Ishmael on that desperate errand of mercy. I can see him, in fancy, with that awful load; his head hanging down; his mouth open and tongue protruding, veritably plowing his way with scorched and bleeding feet, through the burning sands. But is it possible to paint the overwhelming anguish that possessed him when that heavy canteen, fallen from his back, resisted every effort to detach from his collar, and which henceforth must be dragged—possibly backwards? No! Man cannot paint sensations, unless he has experienced them, in some degree.

"But to resume my story," said he, "Fredericks found it impossible to attempt the return trip until three more days had passed, and then only as a choice between two terrible possibilities, viz.: dying of thirst there, or on the march. I cannot tell you anything of that journey, for the good reason that Fredericks had no distinct recollection of it. Suffice it to say that on Thursday morning, just one week after Ishmael's visit, Ferdinand Martini—who, with his brother, had come in from their claim the previous day—went out to the garden in front of the house just before sunrise, when he was startled at the sight of what he thought was an apparition; and calling the other inmates, pointed out

the object of his alarm. Upon the brow of the white, bare sand hill, five hundred yards away, stood a man nearly naked, with a rope fastened round his waist, at the other end of which a dog was pulling and tugging vigorously. Standing there against a sky made deepest red by the reflected rays of the yet unrisen sun, they seemed of gigantic stature, and the Martini family were, for the moment—as they devoutly crossed themselves—panic stricken, until Mrs. Martini, observing the pack saddle on the dog, cried out, 'It is Senor Fredericks! Run quick! Miguel! Ferdinand! He has fallen! Take cánteen!'

"Such was the case," continued the old man. "When he reached the brow of the hill, and recognized Martini's house, his nerves, which had been subjected to a continuous strain for over thirty-six hours, suddenly relaxed, and he sank to the ground. When they reached him he was very weak and somewhat bewildered. His feet, as well as those of the dog, were completely encased in bandages, which had been added to by strips torn from his clothing. They assisted him to his feet, and, placing him between themselves, soon reached the house; Ishmael following, wagging his tail and making sorry attempts to bark. A few weeks under the kind and anxious care of that hospitable Mexican family saw them both well on the way to recovery."

Here the old man paused, and eager to hear what became of Fredericks and Ishmael, I earnestly begged him to proceed.

"Well," said he, as he lit his pipe and began to smoke. "As you seem to be much interested, and as I am—as the poet would say—'in the humor reminiscent,' I will do so; but as there is nothing of importance to tell of the two or three months directly following the incidents which I have related, I shall begin by saying that it was early in February, I think, when he and the dog landed at Yuma, where a garbled account of his journey to the old Spanish diggings had preceded him by a few weeks; and the story had become so exaggerated, elaborated and embellished at the time of his arrival that he and Ishmael became at once the cynosure of all eyes. The small

boy was particularly in evidence wherever they went, and it was some days before Fredericks could account for the amazing interest which he and the dog seemed to excite. The Gila dam had broken away at the time and the Colorado, already greatly swollen by rains, was rising rapidly. As it swept round the Fort bluff into the narrow gateway, the swerving torrent formed a whirlpool so fearfully grand in its aspect as to attract hundreds of towns people to the vantage points along the water front; where they watched huge trees and other floating debris as, with increasing rapidity, they were swept round and round till, reaching the center of the vortex, became like things of life, as they whirled and lashed themselves around the roaring, seething cauldron. Fredericks also was idly watching the scene, when he was accosted by a colored porter, who said: 'S'cuse me, sir, de lady and her daughter, in de Pullman on de side track up dere,' pointing to the car, 'sent me down to ask if you would come up and let dem see dis yere dog, sir?'

"'With pleasure,' replied Fredericks, and accompanied the porter to the car, on the platform of which stood a very beautiful middle-aged lady, and a sweet little girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, who, clapping her little hands as they approached, cried out in childish glee, 'Oh, mamma, I know that is the Ishmael dog we heard about.'

"'Pardon me, sir,' said the lady, as Fredericks lifted his hat, and, at their solicitation, stepped upon the platform. 'My little girl here is so insistent that your dog is the one of which we have heard a very remarkable and romantic story, that I have dared to take the liberty of sending for you in order to appease her. May I ask if your dog's name is Ishmael?'

"'It is, madam,' Fredericks replied. 'But I had no idea until now that the news of his exploits had travelled so far afield, and which explains the unusual curiosity which our presence seems to have awakened here.'

"'Begging him to follow, she entered the car, and addressing an aged invalid gentleman, who was reclining in an arm chair, she said: 'Papa, Jozy was right. This is Mr. Fredericks, and that,' point-

ing to the dog, who was already romping with the little girl, 'is the wonderful dog the agent told us about yesterday.'

"That child is a veritable psychic," responded the old gentleman, as he motioned Fredericks to a seat and ordered the chef to bring some refreshments. 'She was,' he continued, 'so intensely interested in an account which the station agent yesterday gave us of a man who was delivered from death in the desert by the marvelous intelligence and faithfulness of a dog, that she averred she would be able to recognize them should she ever see them together. If her assertions have proven true, we shall be exceedingly grateful if you will relate the episode.'

"This Fredericks did, and also told them many other narratives pertaining to Ishmael's prowess and sagacity, which so interested his hearers that when, looking at his watch, he discovered it was luncheon time, and rose to go, they would not permit him to, but compelled him to remain and lunch with them; and, I may say parenthetically, that Ishmael had the swellest meal that day that he ever had in his doghood days—and it was the last he ever partook of on this earth.

"That was a busy day for Ishmael," resumed the old man. "It was the only time in his life that he knew what sport it was to romp and play with a child. After the meal was over, and while Fredericks and his host remained chatting and smoking, the little girl and her mother had set up a camera and taken the photograph you see there; after which the little girl exclaimed: 'Grandpa, we have a splendid one of Ishmael, and you must not forget what you promised!'

"Oh, yes," said the old gentleman, 'I promised her last night that if we ever ran across the dog that the agent told us the story about, I should buy him for her, if I could. Would you feel inclined to accept a money consideration for him?'

"There is not money enough in Yuma to buy Ishmael," Fredericks replied. 'But I believe he would be far happier with that sweet child than he could ever be with me, and that is the only consideration which could ever induce me to part with him. I am leaving tomorrow for Los Angeles, and my duties will be

such as to prohibit his being much in my company, so I shall present Ishmael to her, and in doing so shall always feel grateful in the consciousness that the most faithful friend I have in this world is under the protection of those whose only motive in seeking guardianship is love.'

"Calling the child to him, Fredericks asked, 'If I give Ishmael to you, will you promise me that you will never, after today, part with him, except by death?'

"Yes," replied the child. 'I promise faithfully.' And in a childish ecstasy of delight, she threw her little arms around his neck, and sealed the promise with a kiss.

"Then," said Fredericks, 'Ishmael now belongs to you. I must request, however, that you let him remain with me until tomorrow, and that you send the photograph you have just taken to me at this address,' handing her a card, which she took and rushed away in gladness to her mother.

"At this moment they heard sounds of tumult proceeding from the street below, and looking from the window, saw numbers of excited people running toward the water-front. 'Something unusual has happened,' remarked Fredericks.

"No doubt the bridge has washed away," responded the child's mother. 'Let us go and see,' and hastily seizing their hats they started. Reaching the corner below, they saw at a glance the cause of the alarm. A boat had been caught inside of the outer circle of the whirlpool, and the two occupants were paddling all their strength to get out again. They had already been carried around the vortex several times, but the boat was gradually nearing the center as their efforts in the struggle for life became weaker. The excited multitude on the river front rushed frantically this way and that in a seemingly hopeless endeavor to find some means of assistance. Not a boat was to be found, and there was no one who dared to risk his life by swimming out with a line. Fredericks took in the situation at a glance, and said excitedly: 'There is but one way of saving those lives. A rope must be passed out to them before they get much farther into the vortex. We will send Ishmael! And putting the thought

into instant action, rushed away to the river front followed by Ishmael.

"'No! No!' shrieked the child after him. 'He will be killed. Oh, please do not send him. I know he will be killed!' she cried piteously.

"Rushing up to a man who, with a coil of small rope, was searching for a volunteer to swim out, Fredericks exclaimed: 'Quick! Give me the rope, and stand by to haul in.' Making the end fast to Ishmael's collar, he raised him up in his arms for a moment to make sure his attention was attracted, then putting him down cried out: 'To the boat! To the boat!' Without a moment's hesitation the dog sprang into the river and swam quickly toward the whirlpool, Fredericks paying out the rope, and cautioning four men whom he had chosen to haul in to be careful to pull steadily, and together, when he gave the word. Minutes went by as the crowd stood breathlessly watching Ishmael as he swam on to the rescue, and when he reached the outer circle of the whirlpool, and began to move round with the current, a murmur of dismay arose from the excited throng as they perceived that the boat was on the opposite side of the pool.

"Fredericks allowed the dog to get well into the circle, then checked him. Fredericks had been nervously watching a large tree, following some thirty yards behind the boat, the branches of which were raised several feet out of water, and he knew that if Ishmael did not reach there in time to pull the boat away before the tree reached the angle in which they were hauling, there would be very little hope of rescue, as the rope would become entangled in the branches of the rolling tree. His pulse seemed to gallop, and great beads of perspiration stood out upon his face as the boat swept on toward the dog.

"'Let go the rope,' shouted voices behind him. Without replying, he waited until the boat was a few yards past the dog, when he rapidly began to slacken the line. A yell of joy burst from the throng as they saw the dog reach the boat.

"Dragging the dog into the boat, and making several turns of the line round his arm, the man in the bow motioned to

haul. 'Hurrah!' yelled the crowds, as they saw the boat remain for a moment motionless, then begin to move toward the shore.

"'Quick now, boys,' said Fredericks, 'before that tree gets in our way.' And as he spoke the tree, whose root had probably reached the center of the vortex, suddenly, and like a thing of life, rose up out of the water, spun quickly around; then, with a circling motion, swept down with terrific force, striking at the side of the boat, which it crushed into splinters as it rolled mercilessly over it.

"Without ceasing an instant, Fredericks and the others continued to haul in as fast as they could, and soon saw that one of the men was clinging to the rope, while the body of the dog, turning from side to side, was still attached to the end. Fredericks knew that Ishmael was very seriously injured, if not killed outright, and as this foreboding crept upon him he seemed possessed by giant strength as hand over hand he rapidly hauled in the object of his solicitation.

"'Stand back!' cried he at the crowds surging about him as the rescued was drawn close to shore. 'There is another life to save here;' and as he pulled the man into shallow water, where he soon scrambled to his feet, Fredericks quickly drew the all but lifeless body of Ishmael to him; and, seemingly unconscious of the presence of others, took him in his arms and talked to him in the most endearing tones. One glance at the gaping wound in Ishmael's side told Fredericks that his poor, lowly, dumb companion was beyond human aid. His trusty and faithful friend was dying. Quite a crowd had gathered there, and they stood silently, almost reverently, regarding the sorrowful scene.

"Suddenly, a little girl with long braids of golden hair, frantically pushed her way through their midst, and as she perceived the torn and bleeding body of the dog, lying motionless in its master's lap, gave a piercing shriek of anguish. 'Oh! Ishmael!' and threw herself down by his side in an agony of tears. The shrill, sharp utterance of his name momentarily revived him. He slowly opened his eyes, looked for a few seconds into his master's face; made a futile effort to raise his right foot; gave a plaintive, little puppy-

like cry; licked the small white hand that lay upon his master's arm; and, with a shudder, stiffened in death.

"Rising to his feet and calling to an expressman, whose face he knew, Fredericks gave him some instructions, and as he took the little girl by the hand, she looked up through tearful eyes and said, 'Oh! why should God take poor Ishmael?'"

"'Because, little angel,' replied Fredericks, 'your sisters, the angels on the other side, knew that Ishmael had been a good and faithful servant, and they wanted him.'"

As the old man concluded his story I ventured to say that I could not conceive of one giving away a memento so

dear, as that photo must have been to Fredericks—doubtless he was dead.

"No, sir," replied the old man. "He's alive and well. But," he continued, "he never did give the photograph away."

"Then," said I, "you must be—"

"Fredericks," said he.

As I shook hands with the old man an hour afterwards at the mountain trail, I said to him: "Mr. Fredericks, why don't you write that story and have it published in one of the magazines?"

The old man shook his head as he laughingly replied: "The magazines want better stuff than that, my boy. I guess they would consider it was too much of the nature of Doggerel."

CALIFORNIA

By Mary Stewart Quelle

*Long and lonely stretch her shore-lines,
Flecked with foam and shifting sand;
Brown and bare the broken ledges,
Where the water wears the land.*

*Sleep the ships secure at anchor,
Safe in San Francisco's bay;
Sweeps the surf in swirling circles,
Round the rocks of Monterey.*

*Shines the snow on her Sierras,—
Rude their rock-walls roughly piled,
Gaunt and grim their granite grandeur,
Wide and wierd their chasms wild.*

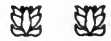
*Olive orchards' gray boughs billow.
Fertile fields the foothills trim;
Pointed pine and waving willow
Bind the blue lake's shaggy rim.*

*Ragged redwoods clothe her Coast Range;
Lordly live oaks cast their shade
Where the wheatfields ripening ripple,
Where there wander man and maid.*

*Works a wizard in the valleys,
Through the sunny days:
Paints the peach and grape and orange,—
Hides him in a golden haze.*

*Mountain, meadow, wave and willow,
Olive, oak and ledges lone;
Sand and surf and sunshine mellow,
California calls her own.*

FISHERMAN TWAIN



By Gertrude B. Millard

ASK ANYBODY YOU WANT TO, my dear—so long as you do not rope me into acting as bear-leader around the whole shore of the bay,” acquiesced the Big Man affably, with his mouth full of tacks. “By George, I want your Uncle to have a good time:—but it beats me how every man Jack that drops in here wants nothing to do but to fish!”

“Do hear!” squeaked the outraged Enthusiast, struck with pique that his coming morning’s departure denied him acquaintance with a traditionally kindred spirit. “Just to think what that man stands to miss, when the bluefish are running at Point Lobos, and the natives are hauling in steelhead from the Lagoon hand over fist. Yet here he blithers, day on end, with no thought above grape vines on a trellis.”

“Pink passion flowers, Numbskull?” growled the Big Man indistinctly. “It’s the way I use up the dead fish-poles bequeathed by my guests.”

“White and purple, are common enough,” refreshing his speech for a dash on his hobby, “But I’ll bet my hat there isn’t another pink vine between here and Del Monte. And I’ve got more varieties of pelargoniums down there by the south wall—”

“Oh—Landgrubber!” groaned the Enthusiast, puffing protest into the blue. “If ever a human being shirked his advantages, you are it. Here you preached Carmel to me all winter until I was mad to try my luck on its variegated opportunities: and when I arrive you’ll do naught for your living but dig. If more dirt was what you wanted you could have raised pelargomeums on a back city lot. It’s a sin and a shame for you to be wasting my last afternoon on a ladder!—Go scratch up a stick, and come join me in luring the silver spoil.”

“Silver Spoil” sounds poetic, doesn’t it?” jeered the Big Man, deliberately pounding his thumb. “I’d look well, wouldn’t I, to go toting my fifteen stone across Carmel River bar for a wriggling mess of shiners that I could buy all scaled from Long Sing’s yoke basket for two bits? Why nobody but niggers ever go fishing down in the part of the country where I came from,—they just sit in a row all day long with their toes dangling over the tide!”

It was a common bone of contention between them; and the discussion ended as always in the Enthusiast’s going off huffy with his rod and reel, while the Big Man betook himself, master of the situation, to his expectant chrysanthemum bed. But his partner would have had sweet revenge if his time limit had extended to the arrival of three simultaneous letters in the mail that crawled over the ridge two days hence.

The Lady of the Lodge tossed them one by one into her husband’s plate. “For the honor of the family you will e’en have to go fish.” she said sententiously. “The old gentleman gets here tomorrow, and I am not going to have him cheated of the one occupation I have understood from childhood was his delight. It is beyond the question to set a man you have never met poking around by himself as you did with Frank Stuart; and you will see if you read that every immediate avenue is closed,—unless you can shift him occasionally onto Sam Short and the boys:—I suppose that would be decent enough for an extra day.”

The Big Man raged, with a nightmare prevision of his garden unirrigated and bare. But the wine of hospitality bubbled strong in his veins; and the noon of the MacAllisters’ advent found him waiting for the stage, his pockets bulging omi-

nously with great fish hooks, and lead and sea lines.

"You've come to the right spot for sport this time, Uncle" he cried heartily, swinging the traveler's grip from his descending path.

"We've surely laid out to give him the time of his life, Aunt Maria!" as he turned again to assist the frail little lady stepping down from the Pine Inn bus to the shade of his cherished passion vine.

And from chowder and fried mussels to Carmel River melon, throughout the elaborate luncheon that the Lodge Mistress served to greet her long unseen kin, he talked fish with a histrionic ability unsuspected in one so near the soil,—and utterly convulsing to us cognizant of the comedy,—vice the patent bewilderment of the grey little lady in grey, who had evidently heard of him in other guise.

"I want you to get out and enjoy yourself in true Carmel style, Uncle Simeon," he wound up grandiloquently, as we rose from the festive board. And the old gentleman responding in like spirit, he burst rashly out with an offer to take him forthwith to the rocks for the afternoon flood.

"Well, it's just as you say, Nephew Tom!" declared the newcomer briskly. "They used to tell when I was a boy that a cloudy early morning was the best time to fish: but I understand everything's various in Californiay. Do you use grubs, or worms, or grasshoppers, for bait?"

The Big Man jumped as if he had been shot, and his face fell fifty degrees toward zero. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "There's a job over town I forgot!—I may not be able to go with you this afternoon Uncle, after all. I'll be back as soon as the law allows," he shouted bluffly over his shoulder, plowing ankle deep across the sandy street. "But if I don't make a finish until too late tonight, we'll get out for a bite before breakfast tomorrow,—unless the comet strikes!"

"I tell you what, it's refreshing to find a man of his age still so much of a kid," chuckled Uncle Simeon benignly. "I wouldn't trade that fellow's heart action, and joyous outlook on life, for John Rockefeller's millions:—and

it's living next to Nature that does it. The duffer that goes fishing off duty, and forgets his troubles, knows that the world is good! The pity is that most people wait until they are seventy, and wobbly on their pins, before they find it out."

"Shades of my Confederate ancestors, but I reckon this town thinks I'm mad!" ejaculated the Big Man sotto voice, emptying his plunder into the decrepit fish basket that had done duty for horticultural exchanges ever since the Lodge's year one, in the hour before dinner when the visitors had elected to unpack. "Just wasn't I lucky to have this old creel:—a new one would have ruined the cinch! I ransacked the whole piscatorial stock at Jake's hardware joint and the postoffice this morning, though I didn't know an artificial fly from a horse-fly when I began; and pumped clerk and customer intermittently for pointers until in common courtesy I had to explain that I was expecting a superannuated millstone from the east coming out here to fish. But, by George, the one thing I forgot to ask was what the regulars used for bait; and I've put in two solid hours standing around on street corners waiting for young Schwinninger to come up from the Lagoon, because the man at the bowling alley swears he always has a yard long string. Mussels the lad says for seafish, and flies, now, for trout: so I'm fixed for the sacrifice at last! Halloo, Uncle, it was a shame to abandon you to these chattering girls for your first day on deck. They victimize every man they can lay hands on:—did they offer to teach you to play bridge?"

The assembled ranks of femininity checked his flow of language with a howl: for, having inveigled the old gentleman into a quiet game, he had slammed the champions thrice on a brief working outline from his mate but when evening came our mock-metamorphosed host refused us revenge, keeping the heralded disciple of Izaac Walton sequestered on the porch, whence the aroma of their cigars blew in, freighted with the prodigies of the coast, and the high voice of his *vis a vis* could be heard capping the Big Man's second-hand experiences with equally fishy tales of the great lake country from which he

came. The old war-horse seemed as excited over a fresh prospect as a ten year old boy, and asked questions anent species, size and tackle, well calculated to stump the unwary amateur: but his cicerone, having buoyed a tortuous course with the hints obtained over town, steered triumphantly along the shore, and safe charted the river's shallows. The little old lady, however, took a hand in their sunrise start.

"It's all very well for a burly fellow like you, Nephew Thomas," she said, poking her veil-night-capped-head out of the door upon which he tapped lightly by prearrangement, "but my Simeon is too old a man to go gallivanting around before the dew is off the grass. No, you needn't say a word, Father!" to an articulate growl coming from behind the throne. "Doctor Ely would be shocked at the idea of such a thing after the congestion you had last winter. You and Thomas can catch all the fish that this family will eat between nine and twelve." Upon which reprieve said Thomas swung lightheartedly into the fog for a set to with his seedlings; and when Cudji Hiroshimi, Japanese house-boy, brought business letters from the late night before's mail that Uncle Simeon must answer at once after breakfast, he cut an elephantine pigeon wing behind the house, and threw dirt with an energy that would have done credit to a steam shovel through all the morning hours when sanely summering men are in the surf, or tramping miles from nowhere.

His correspondence completed the unsuspecting incubus found his way to the seat of action with a double leaded line of regrets to plumb his disappointment. "If only mother'd have let me loose at daybreak we'd have been out and back with a mess," he grumbled whimsically. "But ever since I was sick she's a dragon in the path! Gracious Peter, boy, but you've got a fine garden here," staring about him at the neat rows of vegetables masked by alternate rows of flowers. Do you raise 'em for pleasure or for profit? If there's one thing goes to an old farmer's heart it's a tidy garden! What in time do you tell me are those thistle clumps over by the fence?"

The Big Man led the way to his thrifty

Italian artichokes with a pardonable pride; and the ensuing hour of turnip and nasturtium intercourse went far toward reconciling him to his fate. A human being has to have some foibles, and the man who could take intelligent interest in an unaccustomed flora, and the possibilities of bamboo over and above fishpoles, was worthy to have his taste catered to in turn. But it must be confessed that he hailed with a guilty joy the telephoned communication of forthcoming callers that put off his excursion into the unknown for yet another day.

"It isn't your fault, dear, I know. You have played up to his hand like a gentleman and a scholar," the Lady of the Lodge whispered into her liege lord's ear as the session disintegrated after another sea-blown twilight on the porch. "But you must not let another twenty-four hours pass without taking Uncle Simeon at least to the Lagoon. They are staying the week, and I shall feel utterly disgraced if such an ardent angler as he still makes out to be does not catch the limit there, and up the Carmel. Not to speak of all the blue-fish, and rock cod, and red perch, to which he must be formally introduced. Poor old fellow, you will walk your garden legs off covering all that. I wish Stuart could have stayed to spell you:—it would have been pure joy to him! How would it do to run in a day's deep sea fishing from the launch?"

"Not for me,—in the wake of a late June gale!" shuddered the earth-loving Big Man, with a sympathetic paw on his paunch. "If Mr. Simeon MacAlister wants salmon he can show up here with a harpoon next spring when they break over the bar." But he waylaid his Nemesis obediently at the foot of the stair, and the old gentleman came down to breakfast weirdly attired in a bandana, and a shocking hat and boots.

"Mother insisted that I should leave these plowboys behind: but I sneaked 'em in,—I knew they'd come useful somewheres!" he chuckled gleefully. "Here, give me my share of the load, and let us *vamos!*"

"Remember, Simeon, if you get your feet wet you'll be sick!" admonished his grey little lady, with the reproachful

resignation of the tried fisherman's wife. "No don't get your feet wet!—Make your cunning little nephew chop the bait, Uncle Simeon!" plagued the chorus, in a treble succession of stops. "Oh you laugh!—Tell Cudji What's-his-name to have his fryingpan ready when we get home," grunted the victim of a righteous cause, handing over one of the heaviest two poles he could find among the left-behinds in his basement,—not it is to be feared without a secret hope that its weight might help to control the energies of one presumably accustomed to the lighter trouting rod.

"I do hope that sporting husband of yours won't trot my old man about until he drops," suggested Mrs. McAlister anxiously as they vanished among the pines. "Simeon is such a goose that I believe he would try to swim the bay if Thomas told him that he could." And she looked surprised, although not a little relieved, when the Mistress of the Lodge assured her that her seasoned craft was much the more likely to make port with colors flying.

"Humph!—I had always understood that Nephew Thomas was a great hand to make a garden; but I thought that his taste must have changed. If I was twenty years younger I'd like to follow them out to the rocks and compare the catch," was her dry comment. And that was what put it into the heads of mischievous youth to go berserking over Point Lobos with a pair of field glasses half an hour later. Used to the Enthusiast's mad expedition, they had reckoned on finding the quarry with their lines already out. But the Big Man was still awkwardly prodding mussels from their rock-anchored beds, with the visiting gentleman poised in perilous proximity above him, when, with baited laughter, and footfalls shielded by the boisterous wind of the Pacific, they slid from their horses, and stole across the intervening shingle to establish themselves behind a jutting crag. And from that time on until their final rush, they followed the progress of the "twa fishers" with handkerchiefs stuffed in mouth. "Great Caesar's ghost, but I was played out before I left the boardwalk, going down," acknowledged the Master of the Lodge ruefully, pushing

a way through his hilarious escort of centaurs to fall exhausted into a porch chair as the sun pointed noon. And Uncle Simeon, limping also in his seven league boots, chuckled wickedly as he leaned, fanning himself with his disreputable wide hat, against the vine clad rail.

"I told you a man of my heft had no business to go stramming over the country before the roads are built:—I poked half way through to China from the planks to the wharf, my shoes were full of sand, and my fish basket weighed a ton, not to mention the beam that was boring into my shoulder against the breeze; and my only consolation was that the old gentleman seemed to be making almost as bad work of it as I was in spite of his wonted physique," he addressed himself grudgingly to the lady of his heart. "You, Kate, you and your schoolmates keep quiet!—This is my story, and I am going to tell it my way, if the laugh is on me."

With a dexterous shove he kicked the dropped creel under his chair, as slim fingers reached to unbosom it; and settling himself back, luxuriously took up the thread of his discourse where he had left off. "It was fierce—but you may all rest completely assured that in spite of my untrusty feet I was determined to do my duty in that state of life unto which I had been called, and not to give myself away either to any lightweight, six-days-in-the-week fisherman from the effete east. Our municipal trails had him going before we passed *Maison MacGowan*, and figuring as I watched him out of one corner of an eye for the approved angle of holding my pole, that every ounce of speed I could press into service was lessening the mileage of my martyrdom, I went catapulting along the coast, rejoicing in his puffs, until the chief angler himself spoke up and called a halt.

"Unless you have some particular spot in your eye, this ought to be a good enough place to fish, Nephew Thomas," he suggested mildly, grounding his club: and heartily willing to bank on his judgment, I put toward the water's edge. It hadn't struck me before, but the tide was already past the turn, if we had to have mussels for bait, it was hustle go dig.

"The old carving knife I had annexed for the purpose petered promptly, the blue, barnacled shells lacerated my fingers beyond belief, and *pronto* I was splashed from head to foot.

"Pretty good sport, just the preliminaries.—Beats digging for worms all to smash!" Uncle Simeon gurgled joyfully as I leaped from before a huge wave and went knee deep into a seaweed masked pool.

"His own nonchalant security in the family's advice was exasperating to the man who was getting wet; but I wasn't going to let on but what that was a part of the game; and having assembled a wagon load of bivalves, I proceeded to thread up my stick according to Hoyle, —or the duffer who sold me the lines.

"Of course I was expecting my professed past master to be ready first;" with a quizzical gleam toward his guest. "And the dread of exposing my hand to an expert made my fingers all thumbs, and reduced my soul to water. But the good man seemed pretty well engrossed himself; and presently, wriggling out upon a neat looking ledge, we perched ourselves up side by each, to begin the show."

"I don't know about sojourning safely for a week in this house of Ananias, Mother," Uncle Simeon expanded into an unregenerate grin under his grey old lady's eye. "But we've sure had the time of my life, as Tom False-Alarm promised!" And if the partner of his joys held wifely comment upon her tongue, she locked it behind straight lips that showed predilection to twitch as her gaze sought the horizon.

"Umph! 'Honest confession is good for the soul!'" bragged the Big Man grimly. "You don't catch me masquerading as a Grover again for the fondest fisherman from here to Boston. Fastening slippery bait to a needle pointed barb on those soulless rocks is a nicer job than matching fish stories in the moonlighted dusk, and my digits are not fashioned for any tool finer than a trowel.

"My pole top wavered oddly. 'Got a bite?' the veteran warned in an excited whisper. An electric chill galvanized my arm, and jerking our lines on a common impulse the two wet strands

swung together in an inextricable twist.

"'He's off! You'll lose him! Oh, Lord. If Mother wasn't a good Methodist I'd swear,' cried my pacemaker, dancing.

"I'm too heavy a man to dance on a two foot stone shelf, and I always was temperate in my speech. But facing his exotic disappointment, I felt sorry, and a bit apologetic, for it was probably my fault. "'Never mind!—From the way he let go it was nothing but a crab!' I strove in character to console him; and Kate thinks very likely I was right. So, having bumped our heads together for ten minutes untangling the knots we set at it again.

"There was a reef lifting bare points between us and the open ocean; and flat causeways covered with shore kelp, hardly awash, barred all but the boldest breakers from the pool above which we had taken root. 'This here looks a good deep hole,—but we don't seem to be having any luck, Nephew Thomas,' the old gentleman insinuated a thought reproachfully, after we had been bobbing and baiting alternately for nearly an hour without result.

"We were fishing, as everybody had coached me, upon a rising tide. I was well aware that only by a fluke could I catch anything myself, but I had expected him to have a basket full by then; and how was I to know that the fool creatures swim out to sea twice a day to avoid just such traps?

"'There's a catch in here sure.—They keep stealing the bait. It takes practice to feel them in the swell,'" I asserted grandiloquently, secure in the recollection of Frank's daily malodorous spoil. And having disassociated my hook and my coat for the seventeenth time handrunning, I wound on another red blob with Waltonian calm.

"My companion gripped his instrument with renewed zest; and directly his flow of fishy reminiscences trickled afresh.

"I've always held myself up, as a gardener, for the pattern of earthly patience; but for the finished, dyed-in-the-wool type, commend me to your true fisherman. The ridged seams of my seat were cutting into my hide, and my shoulders were getting cramped from

the angle at which I sat. I was forever snagging my barb in the cracks, and every few casts our lines would tangle again. My factitious enthusiasm was giving under the strain; and I found it increasingly difficult to keep up my end of the game. But the man's confounded seriousness gave me no choice.

"We continued to fish, earnestly, and at great length. 'Don't you reckon now maybe it's minnows that stows all that meat?' the party of the first part delivered himself finally, as the bait pile diminished toward a blot. And it struck me with a sudden prickling up my spine what my lady would say to my bringing him home empty-handed.

"Conscience whispered that it was up to me to trot him further down the coast. But the cringing flesh rebelled.

"He had made big talk for a villain who couldn't even get a strike, I considered, pluming myself on the fish I didn't catch.

"He had four days more to make good:—perhaps tomorrow I should be toughened to it; and anyway we hand't mus-sels enough left to warrant moving our hulks.

"There are fish in here sure. I had *something* on my hook:—and Stuart brought up tubs full, I insisted absentmindedly, temporizing with my fate by dangling a bare wire into the tide.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" chuckled Uncle Simeon, methodically reducing the bait.

"I caught him peeping around at me once or twice. But confronted with the new problem of appeasing an expectant and resentful frau, I stared heavily at the cloud cap over Point Lobos, forgetting my enthusiastic role, until the

unhappy fact forced itself upon me that his pole crossed my line of vision with a like listless swoop to my own. 'Great Scott, Uncle,' I exclaimed, startled, and lurching shamefacedly to my feet. 'There doesn't seem to be anything doing here! Let's leg it across to the river, and pull enough trout for our lunch.'

"Well, it's just as you say, Nephew Tom!' my old man of the sea met my bluster with a twinkle in his eye. 'My ol' feet are mos' dead; and I ain't held a fishpole this long for nigh forty year. But I've been having more fun 'n a barrel of monkeys watching your smoke! And I thought maybe when you had done play-acting we could go an' pick wild flowers on the bluff.'

"But I don't understand!" pleaded the Lady of the Lodge as the young fry burst into a commingled shout, and the Big Man passed an enormous nose-gay from the rehabilitated creel to the visitor's gurgling grey spouse.

"It was one of the traditions of my childhood that Uncle Simeon was a famous fisherman on the banks of his native Mohonk."

"And to listen to his tales one would think just what I did of your lying Tom here,—that he wasn't going to be outdone by the most e-tar-nal angler from here to Noo York." roared the offender from the effete east, having held his tongue with an amazing reticence until the murder was out.

"I won't say that I didn't used to go fishing half a century ago when the world was young.—But mother, she had it pretty well trained out of me before we'd ben married six months: and I'll tell you what she's ben on tenterhooks ever sence we came, because she thought sure I was breaking out afresh."

Andeo

By Mary Carolyn Davies

*What do I care for danger—I
 What do I care for cares
 More deep than death, than life more high
 The soul's reach; and even God draws nigh
 To him who dares.*

The POINTING PENCIL



By Martha Martin Newkirk

(NOTE.—When a great wave of interest centers in an old book, we are moved to consider the reason for such interest.)

LITERATURE consists of all the books—and they are not many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attraction of form.”
—*Morley's definition.*

“If every particle of authority and supernatural character be taken from the Bible, it will remain one of the world's greatest literatures, SECOND to NONE.”—*Prof. Richard Moulton, of Chicago University.*

* * * *

The Bible as Literature

Men outside of orthodox churches have said some of the best things of the Bible as literature. For example, Daniel Webster, who read the Bible through once a year, said, “It is a book of all others for lawyers.” Lawyers? Yes. Sir Isaac Newton called it the book of “most sublime philosophy.” Prof. Phelps, of Yale University, who advocates making knowledge of the Bible a requisite for entrance to the University, says: “The Bible has narrative, descriptive, poetical, dramatic, argumentative and oratorical passages. It combines the noblest prose and poetry with utmost simplicity of diction.” And Charles F. Lummis, writing of comparative literature—on which he is an authority—says: “The Bible is the greatest book of all time, it is more than any other, devised for the good of all people, and less for the personal gain of its many authors. In terms of use and universality, it may be called the first and typical book. And we do call it THE BOOK. Probably all books put together

have not done so much to cheer people, to give them hope—even to teach them by unconscious example, the fit use of language. It is the foremost rhetoric of the world.”

Broadly speaking, *literature* is that which is written. The greater part of that which is written *passes* with the day of its writing, and we call it *ephemeral*, but that which touches humanity, human passion, imperishable truth, and deals with life in a large sane way—that which is always new and incapable of growing old—we call *classic literature*. And, “Expression in literature is the incarnation of life,” (Freeman).

When we consider the Bible as the most read, most revered and most quoted book of the world, whether in poetry or prose, rhetoric or philosophy, we must place it as the foremost *literature* of all time.

The Bible is a *Book*, but is it also a whole library, for it is composed of *sixty-six* books. These books were written by perhaps forty authors, and are the *living literature* of over a thousand years.

The Bible is not a collection of fragments. It has one connected story to tell from Genesis to Revelation. We see something growing before our mental vision. There is throughout plan, purpose, progress.

* * * *

Purpose in Reading

What do we read for? Primarily we read for two reasons—information and enjoyment. Often the two are combined. History, which we read for facts, or information, no longer comes to us as dry statistics. Many historians write with a literary style that gives pleasure, and we say the book is readable. Words are carefully chosen and adjectives are fitted to their nouns with fine discrimination.

History is mainly narrative, but combined with the simple, direct statements are descriptive, poetical clauses, touches which make *story* of history. For the keenest enjoyment we turn to poetry, to the prose poem, to the essay, fiction, or to the drama.

All these are contained in the sixty-six books that we call the Bible.

* * * *

Wonder Book of the Ages

We might say also, "The Bible as a Pleasure Book," or "The Wonder Book of the Ages," for it is all of these. We have read "the Book" so long as a *duty* that we have lost in part the sense of enjoyment. We forget that we are reading the book from which Shakespeare took many of his illustrations; that Tennyson's poems have scores of references to this ancient literature, and that many—yes, most—of our poets have drawn upon Hebrew literature.

If we could put aside some of our life-long notions about the Bible, we could find in it a mine of mental as well as moral and spiritual wealth. Forget, for the time, that it is the textbook of sermons and Sunday-schools. Pass by its genealogies and "begats," ignore the lists of tribes, and the measurements for the ark.

* * * *

A New Start

Then begin with a bit of history and read it as a whole. Read Job, as a drama, presenting four theories of the mystery of human suffering. Read Ruth as a poetic idyl, dealing with no wars or national questions, but with sweet home life, and love. For history, follow the simple nomadic life of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Read at one sitting the whole of Joseph's life. See the favorite son sold into Egypt, and go with him to prison and power. Read the drama of the coming of his brethren. From being tolerated as Joseph's relatives, note the Hebrews' lapse into slavery, and study Egypt at that time.

* * * *

The Great Lawyer

Moses and the Israelites, from bondage to nationality, are subjects worthy of

best thought, and untiring interest. From babyhood he was a marked character. Cast upon the Nile, saved by the king's daughter, cared for by his own mother as a paid nurse, trained in all the learning of Egypt, we follow him to manhood, then to the loneliness of the desert, until he returns to save his people from bondage. Where in all history, or even fiction, can one find so remarkable a career? For a study of leadership, of the making of a nation from a great caravan of ex-slaves, follow the Israelites through forty years of schooling in the wilderness. Read the rise and growth of this nation, for it was destined to be a leader in morals and spirituality for all the world.

Note the grand characters that step forth, who mould public opinion, face present problems, and disappear in the moving panorama. Kings and queens, diplomatists, aspirants to power come and go upon the stage of printed history. Elijah, Isaiah and other speakers rouse the people and make reforms. They are noble characters, these reformers, but half appreciated because we have always known of them.

The subject is beyond the length of a column, or the space of a lecture. But add to the above, and to all you think of in this connection, the sublimity of thought, the high spiritual teaching, and you can but decide that it is indeed THE BOOK.

* * * *

Printing and Reading

Prof. Moulton says the Bible is the worst printed book in the world. The more one reads it as literature, the more one believes that Moulton is right in this statement. And the Bible has suffered more from poor oral reading than any other book. Why not give it as good a chance for public approval as that given to *Parsifal*, or *The Blue Bird*, or *Within the Law*, or any of the popular modern dramas?

The time is ripe for using the better printing of the Bible.

Still living and working is Richard G. Moulton—M. A. and Ph. D.—professor in Chicago University. He has blazed a new trail for Bible students, for he has arranged the sixty-six books for modern

printing. The distinction between prose and verse, quotation marks, and paragraphs enable the reader to grasp literary construction. His *Modern Reader's Bible* does not change the text. It simply prints the exact words in modern style, giving the book a chance to catch the eye, and reach the mind.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says of it: "It is not too much to pronounce it one of the *most important spiritual and literary events of the times*. It is a part of the renaissance of Bible study. It may mean, and in our opinion does mean, the renewal of a *fresh and deep* impression of the *beauty and power of the supreme spiritual* writing of the world."

"The interpretation of the Bible is a *permanent interest of World Literature*."

"One who reads the Bible from cover to cover has *traversed the ages*, and is enabled to live through the *spiritual evolution* which has produced our modern religion."

The Bible is certainly the story of growth and ethics—the making of present-day civilization. When we consider that "within the covers of this volume, if it is adequately used, is the material of a *liberal education*," we rejoice that at last it has come to us in readable form. The *Modern Reader's Bible* enables one to read "not with the *spirit* only, but with the *understanding also*."



My California Garden

By Maud Ogilvey

Bright April roses, pink and red,
Like prodigals their petals shed
Around the garden gay,
While purple bells and hollyhock
With the light zephyrs gently rock
And swing the livelong day.

The honeysuckle, gold and rare,
Hath lent its fragrance to the air
And nurtures thirsty bee,
And mignonette and columbine,
With spicy pink and sweet jasmine
Join in the revelry.

The humming bird, with dancing flight,
Sips honey from the flow'r cups bright,
A jewel'd glitt'ring toy.
The meadow lark not far away
Peals out on ambient air his lay—
His note incarnate joy.

A sudden hush—the air is still,
The sated bee hath drunk his fill,
And all the flow'rs await
The vesper hymn of feather'd choir
In long-drawn sweetness mounting
higher
To reach th' Eternal gate.

The Call of California

By Olive Dorsey Gray

Comes the call of California—
 Siren, by the western sea:
 Golden-clad and golden throated—
 How she lures, insistently:
 Venus-fair, as goddess olden—
 Foam-born by her sunlit sea:
 On her throne of poppy golden—
 Health and beauty breatheth she.

Hark! the call of California—
 Land of sunlight and of snow:
 Thrills like springtime thru the pulses—
 Swift we rise—and westward go.
 Not for gold, thine own wild beauty—
 California, love we so:
 Warm brown mesa, snow-clad mountain—
 And the sunlight on the snow.

'Tis the same brave spirit calling—
 Freedom's call of 'Seventy-six:
 Spirit-wanderlust, it thrilled us—
 Thru our woe of 'Nineteen-six:
 Came that call to San Francisco,
 In her anguished agony:
 Sitting 'mid her blackened ruins,
 By the fair Pacific sea:
 Phoenix-'Frisco rose courageous,
 While a world wept, pitiful:
 From her flame and earthquake ashes
 Reared the City Beautiful.

Hark! the call of California!
 Thrills like springtime thru the land:
 See, from every clime and Nation,
 Swarm they to her golden strand.
 'Tis the "Heaven-born Urania"—
 Angel of the Golden West:
 From afar each hears and answers;
 Leaves the land each loves the best.

They are coming, California!
 Coming many million strong!
 Over continents and oceans—
 See them swarm and see them throng.
 Hark! they hear thy siren calling—
 Sweet as honeysuckle-dew:
 Golden-throated California—
 Goddess great, they come to you.

ORME CONQUERS

The THORN



By Edward Jerome Bates

CLEARING one thousand pounds in one season on twenty acres of lemons struck Besterwitch as a pretty good investment. "If I can believe that beggar," mused my lord.

"What does the deah boy say," came from Lady Besterwitch's disdainful lips.

"Oh! ah—he's 'getting the coin,' as he expressed it, and with very little labor into the bargain. I fancy I could manage a farm in California. It's a better investment than Australian land."

"My deah Orme, are you quite sure we can live in that country?"

"Harold says his neighbors are far from savages. I don't fancy that word 'neighbor;' it implies familiarity."

Lady Besterwitch sighed. "We shall be bored to death in that barren land."

"It's not quite a desert," said my lord. "There's the orange trees you know, and the vines. I was told at the club that there are a few British subjects in Los Angeles and San Francisco. We could motor there in a few hours I presume."

Lady Besterwitch glanced about the room with an appealing look. "We must take enough of our furnishings with us to at least give a savor of our English home. You'll take your hunting togs?"

"I've ordered a heavy-bore gun for the wild game. My present outfit will do for the grouse—I should say quail."

"Don't forget the Indians, Orme. There may be an outbreak you know. I shall resume my shooting practice at once."

In two weeks the furnishings were packed and ready for shipment, including one complete suit of armor; "to impress the natives with a proper sense of the dignity of our family," said Lady Besterwitch.

An uneventful voyage to America followed and a tiresome journey across the continent. Southern California was

quite different from what they expected, and the last hour of their ride through the orange groves modified my lord and lady's tempers quite materially.

Harold met them at the Del Rosa station with a smart trap. No Indians were visible as they alighted from the train; only a few men lounging about the corner grocery. A school-house was in plain sight as they bowled down the road, the scholars playing in the yard, while at one of the open windows a young lady waved her hand.

"Such familiarity!" ejaculated Lady Besterwitch.

Harold did not reply, but raised his left hand slightly in a return greeting and tried to suppress a blush.

They met many of the natives upon the road, men dressed in a peculiar blue ticking, who invariably nodded their heads, but just as invariably kept their hats on.

"Don't they know who we are?" asked my lady.

"They know us," said Harold meaningly. "Del Rose has been talking of nothing else for the past two weeks."

"Then there is no excuse whatever for such behavior," snapped his mother.

"My deah," interposed Orme. "I don't quite catch your drift."

"The ill-mannered brutes, why don't they doff their caps?"

"Mother," explained Harold, "all men are upon an equality in this country. In Del Rosa the ladies are also."

"Oh!" groaned Lady Besterwitch.

"The democratic spirit," commented Orme.

"The citizens who have just passed," continued Harold remorselessly, "are either owners of ranches or their managers—your future neighbors, in fact."

Lady Besterwitch leaned back in her seat and applied her smelling salts. "To what land of barbarism have we come,

Orme," she wailed. "Yokels and Indians—it's worse than South Africa."

"The Indians we have tamed!" cried Harold dramatically, pointing to a fat squaw doing a family washing in the open. "For servants we have pretty Mexican girls. Wait until you taste Spanish cooking."

The trap pulled up in front of a long low rakish building which Harold declared was typical California architecture. My lord and lady forgot the tedium of their travels basking in the balmy air, absorbing the genial sun, and drinking in the scent of the orange blossoms from adjacent orchards.

The goods arrived two weeks later. Great was Harold's merriment when the suit of armor was unpacked.

"What do you propose to do with Old Ironsides, mother?" he asked.

"Harold! Such irreverence!"

"But mother, in America—"

"It will show these yokels we have a family history," declaimed Lady Besterwitch. "I suppose they will call—they won't know any better."

"Oh yes, they'll call," said Harold, laying out the armor piece by piece. "Who's going to put this together, mother?"

My lady merely sniffed.

"Shall we have it articulated like a skeleton, or riveted to wear?"

A parental explosion was narrowly averted by the repeated scream of a distant whistle.

"What's that?" asked Lady Besterwitch suspiciously.

Harold continued calmly sorting the hardware as he answered: "Oh—that; a lunatic has escaped from Patton."

"Patton—is that a provincialism?"

"No; it's an asylum."

"A lunatic asylum in our very midst!" shrieked Lady Besterwitch. "Quick, Orme! Run for the guns."

"We don't shoot lunatics—we apprehend them," observed Harold. "Owners out here always count on the lunatic crop to help them out in off years."

There was a heavy knock at the door. Lady Besterwitch flew into the arms of her son, who gently deposited her in a chair and answered the call. "Why, hello! John, you are in the very nick of

time. My mother was calling for assistance."

"Howdee!" said a grinning individual, stalking into the room. He was clad in blue ticking and his hands were grimed with honest toil. Even though his height permitted him to look down upon the ordinary mortal, his chin was thrust forward and upward, as if seeking inspiration from above, and he blinked Nile green eyes at Lady Besterwitch.

"In the hour of peril every man counts," continued Harold gravely. "I suppose, like Putnam, you left your team standing in the furrow and came to our aid. Would you prefer to wear armor, or shall I?"

Lord Besterwitch appeared upon the scene, holding a gun in either hand.

"Father, you take the rear windows," said Harold, "they generally approach that way. John and I will guard the front of the house. Oh! I forgot the conventionalities—one is apt to do so in a crisis. Lord and Lady Besterwitch, this is John Pugh. Pugh works for Mr. Calvin, our neighbor."

"Howdee!" repeated John, for the first time doffing his cap.

Lady Besterwitch covered her eyes with her hands.

"I just thought I'd tell you about the whistle," said John. "There's a crazy man got away from Patton. He! He!"

"He's satire proof, at any rate," thought Harold. "I'll give the old folks another installment."

"Did you take down the stove?" asked John, going up to the armor.

"Stop!" cried Harold. "Do not approach with irreverence the habiliments of our ancestors. Each piece must be donned with due ceremony. But before you touch these sacred relics the degree of knighthood will be conferred upon you. Kneel, yeoman!"

Lady Besterwitch was sitting up very straight in her chair now, and my lord had quietly laid away the fowling pieces. John stood grinning and twirling his cap, not daring to advance toward the armor, and not knowing how to retreat.

"Well, I guess I'll go," he finally ventured. "I left my team out in the orchard. Those mules will stand all right, only Topsy, the off 'un—"

Harold pushed him through the door.

"My smelling salts!" cried Lady Besterwitch. "That horrible odor—what is it?"

"It must be the fertilizer," commented Harold, gravely.

"How can you associate with these creatures?" wailed my lady.

"Mother, he has a good heart. That is what I am finding out by my residence in this country—that men and women have hearts even if they sometimes lack manners."

"Is the acquiring of this information what takes you away from your parents every evening?" tartly observed Lady Besterwitch.

Harold was non-plussed for a moment. "I might as well tell you now," he finally said. "I am engaged to be married."

The blow was too much for my lady. She retired to her room and held a consultation with her husband. It was decided to issue an ultimatum.

Lord Besterwitch found his wayward son in the orchard. "There will be no marriage with a native celebrated while we are in this country," he declared. "You have a right to marry, of course, but if you do we sail at once for England."

An angry retort was upon Harold's lips, but the words were never spoken. A musical voice spoke his name. He started and blushed guiltily, while the storm-cloud gathered upon his sire's brow.

A maiden appeared between the rows of trees, started to rush forward, but faltered at the Jove-like attitude of Lord Besterwitch. "I beg you pardon," she said, with a delicious English accent.

"My father—Miss Everhardt," introduced Harold.

Lord Besterwitch nodded frigidly and turned away, for he felt his anger melting within him at the sound of that lovely voice, the first modulated tones he had heard since he left England. "I wonder who she is?" he mused.

He was enlightened at the dinner table. "Miss Everhardt told me the the lunatic had been recaptured," announced Harold. "It's just my luck," he sighed, "that bounty money would have paid for the putting together of Old Ironsides. However, I'll call in a plumber tomorrow."

"Who—is Miss Everhardt?" finally asked my lady.

"She's the school teacher," answered

Harold blithely. "Born in Scotland—just two years over."

At the curtain lecture hour Lady Besterwitch advised a compromise. "No!" thundered Orme, coddling his pride. "She's after his money. He must marry in his class."

"Class distinctions are abolished here," shuddered my lady, a vivid recollection of John Pugh's visit overwhelming her complacency. "Wives in California also work."

Her lord and master grunted and did not continue the argument.

"The servants here are abominable," ventured Lady Besterwitch, after an interval. A snore was her only answer.

The lemon market in the east was booming. All growers were picking sizable fruit, but help was scarce. Harold managed to secure three Japs and went bravely to work himself. The little brown men loafed and were indifferent to sizes. Harold discharged them and then suddenly realized that he would never have his car ready by Saturday night as the fruit-packers demanded. He explained the situation to his parents. Orme held a consultation with his wife and announced with an air of a man about to mount the scaffold that he would don ticking and gloves and beard the festive lemon in his liar. Harold had to turn his head quickly to smother a smile. He patted his sire upon the back and assigned him a row of trees all to himself. "In case you want to swear," he explained, "you won't be embarrassed by my presence. There's another picker working in the south end of the orchard, but your paths won't cross. I think we can clean our car by night with good luck."

Lord Besterwitch found the lemon thorns exceedingly sharp. After an hour's work one cheek was torn and bleeding, a red line bisected the furrows of agony on his forehead, and welts arose from his scalp. His thighs were badly punctured and his wrists lacerated. The blood of his ancestors, so freely shed, also mounted to his brain. He resolved to do or die. Every few minutes his cap was gracefully lifted by a needle-like point. If he angrily jerked it back, his hands suffered for his humor. He perspired freely, and sweat and blood

formed a gummy layer over the exposed portions of his anatomy. This torture was endured for an incredible length of time; then he went back and counted the number of boxes of lemons he had picked. They numbered three.

He sat down and pondered the situation. "I've got to work faster if that car is finished," he mused. "But how can I accomplish anything fighting these thorns. It isn't the work that's exhausting; it's the thorns." He bowed his head upon his breast, then suddenly raised it with an exclamation of triumph. In an illuminating moment the way stood before him clear and bright. "The armor!" he cried. "Wearing that, I can work absolutely safe from pricks."

Half-an-hour later, Harold, standing upon a ladder picking the top lemons of a tree, nearly fell from his perch at the sight he beheld. A knight in armor ploughed his heavy way down an irrigating ditch—the ghost of his forefathers walked in California. The mailed figure turned aside, drew a picking sack over one shoulder and plunged recklessly into a tree. In an exceedingly short space of time it re-appeared and emptied a sack-full of lemons, raised the vizor of the helmet and wiped a heated brow. It was his father.

Harold gave vent to his mirth by wallowing in the sandy loam, his face buried in an empty box. When he again gained control of his faculties, he arose and ran toward the south end of the orchard. "Betty!" he called. "Betty!"

"Oh, Harold!" was the response. "You promised not to watch me."

"Yes, yes, Betty. I'm not trying to spy on you. It's the richest joke. Father has solved the problem of picking thorn lemons. He's wearing Old Ironsides. You must see him."

"I should love to, but—"

"Can't you come and take a peek? Its the sight of a lifetime."

"I'll put on my skirt," replied Betty. A minute later the school-teacher made her appearance, clad in a suit of overalls, her nether limbs veiled tantalizingly with a prosaic skirt.

The couple approached cautiously the arena of activity of the elder Bester-

witch. My lord was climbing a ladder slowly, testing each rung. He picked with unconcern, oblivious to thorns, one mailed fist grasping the lemon and the other snipping the stem. A good-sized citron was just beyond his reach. He tried to raise himself upon the ladder, not willing to risk a further step upward, but his support swirled around, balancing upon one upright. The knight grasped at the air wildly, but nothing could stay the ladder's waltz. Orme was neatly deposited in the top of the lemon tree, his weight supported by the thick forked branch of the pruned wood. He lay sprawling upon his back like a helpless turtle, sputtering for assistance through his vizored mouthpiece.

"We must help him," gasped Betty between merrimental gales.

"I've an idea," cried Harold. "We'll make him consent to our marriage before we release him."

"No, that would be unfair," rebuked Betty.

"All's fair in love and war," quoth Harold.

So they made themselves known and stated their conditions of rescue. Lord Besterwitch could not parley. A rivot pressed against his back-bone, his nose protruded between the bars of his vizor, and one ear was crushed. "Save me," he wailed, "and you can marry a squaw if you like."

By dint of much exertion the iron man was launched and slid to the ground in a jangling heap. The armor was removed from his bruised body and Betty Everhardt tenderly bathed his honorable wounds with water from the irrigating ditch. Bent upon her humane task she did not notice that her skirt was torn and revealed most symmetrical limbs clad in blue jumpers.

"Look at her," whispered the happy lover to his father. "Isn't she a dear?"

Lord Besterwitch only groaned. "I'm afraid the lemons won't be ready for the packer tonight."

"Never mind the lemons," said Harold. "Peaches are ripe!" and he bestowed an English smack upon his Betty while she was vainly struggling to pin together her dilapidated skirt.

IN THE ROCKIES



By *Laura Owen*

THE dewy mist lay stretched along the valley. Out of this rose the massy mountains, their lower cliffs grey with shadow and hardly distinguishable from the vapor, but gradually rising till they seemed to catch the sunbeams which lighted the angular crags and peeped through the tall fringed pines. Far above stood out great masses of red rock, jagged and torn into imaginative forms. Here and there a streak of sunlit snow ran down the chasms like a piece of twisted ribbon, and far beyond rose the peaks of eternal snow.

The silver river which sprang from one of the lower cliffs fell in veiled sprays, except for the jets caught and borne away in wreaths upon the zephyrs of morning, to the bottom of the chasm and flowed away in miniature rapids, bubbling and singing on its way.

The narrow mountain path wound in and out through the rugged rocks, growing steeper and more difficult to climb as it wended its way to the summit of the snow-covered crest.

Half hidden in one of the crevasses, and bordered by the aged pines, rested a small clear lake. Here were the homes of many frogs and various water animals who at night serenaded the birds and beasts of the forest. In the center of these rippling waters projected a point of land covered with trees and undergrowth.

On the bank of the island stood a young girl. Drawn upon the pebbly beach at her feet was a canoe, the paddle still dripping from the recent contact with the cool morning waters. In her bare, brown arms she carried a bunch of golden water-lilies into whose mass she bent her head.

Suddenly a piercing whistle of a train rent the stillness of the air.

Flinging the lilies upon the sands, the girl nimbly stepped into her waiting

canoe and paddled swiftly and silently to the mainland.

With a great hissing and puffing the long train stopped to replenish her water tanks. From each coach came passengers, glad of a few moments in which they could stretch their travel-worn bodies.

A little sigh of relief escaped the lips of the young mountineer as she scanned the last face. "Goodie, she breathed, and turned to go, but something indefinable caused her to retard her steps when the train began slowly moving on its easterly way.

"Jiminy," panted a voice behind her as the last coach of the train was lost from sight around a curve. "What shall I do?"

Turning quickly she saw a neatly dressed young man mopping his brow and looking hopelessly bewildered.

"You didn't run fast enough," chirruped the maiden saucily.

"Oh, are you left too?" Then perceiving the khaki suit and leggins, he looked somewhat relieved and asked, "Do you happen to know if there is another train today?"

"No, there isn't another train until tomorrow at this time."

Seeing the young man's non-plussed expression, she ventured, "Perhaps if you will come over to camp we will try to accommodate you until then."

"Thank you," he answered.

"We are camping on the island," the girl remarked as they drew near the water's edge. "We'll paddle over and see what we can do for you."

The mist had risen and the sunbeams had found their way down to the moss-carpeted caverns, lighted up the shaded dells and reflected in the rippling lake. The young man gazed about him in wonder.

"Grand," he said softly. "I'm mighty

glad I was left in such an enchanting place so long as I missed my train."

After securing the canoe on the island sands, the two followed a narrow path through dense undergrowth and stately trees to an open space not far inland. In the center of a clearing was a log cabin, with a wide veranda across the front. Gayly colored hammocks hung temptingly under the trees.

A middle aged woman stepped from the door of the cabin and peered expectantly around, and on seeing the couple coming toward her she awaited their arrival.

As they reached the steps, a man, well along in his forties, swung around the corner of the cabin whistling briskly, but halted on seeing his daughter.

"Well, Babe?" His glance wandered inquiringly to the stranger.

"He didn't run fast enough and missed his train," she explained.

The young man lifted his hat and extended his hand to the father, said in most pleasant tones, "My name, sir, is Smith. Common though it may be, it is a good name. Robert Smith, and my business is journalism."

"Allow me to present my wife, Mrs. Hastings, and my daughter Laura."

Greetings over, Mr. Smith turned to his host. "I learned from your daughter that there was no other train until tomorrow," he said, "and she was kind enough to offer me shelter for the night. By my accepting I hope I have not intruded upon you."

"Not in the least, sir, we will do our best to make you comfortable," was the reply. "Mamma, show Mr. Smith where to hang his hat and wash his face." He laughed and strode off whistling as cheerily as before.

"May I not help, too?" asked the guest on coming into the large living room, and seeing Laura hustling around arranging dishes and silver on the table in preparation for dinner.

"You are too late again," she returned as she laid the last piece in its proper place. "You will have to move faster than you do if you don't want to get left again."

"That I will, especially if I want to keep up with you," he laughed.

Strolling out on the porch he met Mr Hastings.

"Have a chair, sir, have a chair. Dinner will be ready directly, I reckon. Did you get some of the train dust off?" he asked.

"It is astonishing what a little soap and water will do for one's feelings," said the journalist.

The sound of a little bell came through the open window.

"Ah-ha, dinner," ejaculated Mr. Hastings, hastily rising and donning his coat.

The meal was a most tempting one, and strictly of southern type.

"I'm going to camp now, pa. Anything you want?" asked Laura as she came in wiping her hands after clearing the dishes away.

"No, honey, I think not. You might ask if there is any mail though," he added.

"What kind of camp is this of which you speak?" asked the guest.

"About a mile from here is a mine, a rich one, too, they say. We get our provisions and mail from the general store and postoffice there," explained Mr. Hastings.

"Have they a telegraph station there?"

"I reckon you could find one," was the reply.

"I want to telegraph on about my grips. Ready so quick?" as Laura emerged from the house. "May I accompany you, Miss Hastings?" then turning to his host, "You would have no objections, sir, I hope?"

Mr. Hastings shot a quick glance at the stranger and eyed him keenly.

"N-no," he acquiesced.

It would be hard to tell what passed through the mind of the elder man concerning the young stranger, considering the few hours of their acquaintance, but, however, we shall come to that later.

After leaving the lake, Laura led Mr. Smith through a narrow path which wound its way into a deep gorge. High banks hemmed them in on one side, while on the other they looked into the mouth of a rocky chasm.

A few shacks were scattered here and there which told them they were nearing the camp.

Three thousand feet above them the walls were pierced with shafts and tunnels of mines, and looking up the rugged

heights they could catch a glimpse of the shaft houses and miners' cabins, perched like the nests of eagles in the fastnesses of the cliffs and adding a new significance to the name of Eagle River Canyon.

The following morning it was arranged that the young man should spend a week at the Hastings' camp, in search of rare specimens of flowers and shrubs in which he was so much interested. He explained that though he was a journalist, his ambition was to become a professional botanist.

Each evening after supper, when the family and their entertaining guest were gathered around the reading table, Mr. Smith would exhibit his specimens and tell many interesting things of these beautiful mountain flowers.

Laura took quite an interest in them and begged to be allowed to accompany the young botanist on his next search.

So, early in the morning the two set out with a basket and knives. Knives were the next best to trowels, and, as there were no garden implements to be had there, they must dig up their plants with knives.

On his tramps before, Mr. Smith had centered his mind on his work, but today a new interest was aroused in him.

Her very love of the things he studied, which the attractive young lady at his side showed him, caused a queer little thrill to pass through his being.

"You'll beat me at this game yet," he laughed as she carefully examined a new little flower.

"I never knew before how interesting it was," she answered. "In school it was most all out of books that we got our knowledge, and to study things as you have taught me to study all things, adds a new life to them."

"I have studied nearly all kinds of flowers, and have learned to call them all by name and love them, but there is one kind of flower, the most beautiful of all, that, though I have always loved, I have never yet learned their mysteries."

"And that?" Laura asked as she looked up from her lapful of posies.

"Woman," was the reply.

A gentle flush spread over Laura's face and she bent her head to avoid meeting the earnest gaze of her companion.

The walk back to camp was in silence, broken only by the soft tread of their feet on the mountain path.

On their return they found that a rather stout, auburn-haired young man had arrived on the morning train, had comfortably seated himself on the porch and was impatiently awaiting their return.

"That's a nice way to treat a fellow, to run off when he comes so far to see you," he remarked, as Laura and her companion ascended the steps.

A surprised and disappointed look came over Laura's countenance as she extended her hand to the new arrival.

"Mr. Smith, meet Mr. Rothschild."

The two young men eyed each other keenly as their hands met, each feeling that the other was poaching on his preserves.

"I don't think I'll like it here," said Henry Rothschild when Laura had gone into the cabin. "It's too lonesome, and there is nothing to do, and absolutely nothing to spend the coin on."

"I find it intensely interesting."

There was something in Mr. Smith's voice that caused the other to look up quickly. Laura had returned to the porch and was smiling. She had overheard this bit of conversation and understood.

"We have been looking for rare flowers and studying them, and I find it so interesting. Mr. Smith has taught me so much about them, too."

Laura seated herself comfortably on the top step and leaned her brown head against the porch railing.

"I never could see the use of studying flowers," Henry remarked scornfully. "I like to see them around, and when I take a girl to a dance or party, I like to see her wearing those I give her."

"But if some people did not study them and learn how to care for them, we would not have so many that you could buy." Her tone was full of irony.

"Perhaps that is so, too, little girl," Henry answered.

Laura flushed scarlet, and the corner of her pretty mouth came convulsively.

The faint jingle of the luncheon bell relieved the situation.

* * * *

It was moonlight.

Across the clearing, under the big pines, came the soft notes of an old song.

"Mother," Mr. Hastings said suddenly, then stopped as if meditating.

"Yes."

"Do you know, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately."

"About what, dear? You are always thinking of something. Is this a new scheme to make a million a minute?" she laughed.

"No, it's about Laura and that young Smith. She has seemed so much gayer in the last few days and has taken a new interest in things."

"I have noticed that, too," said Mrs. Hastings. "There is something about the young man that I can't help but like, and I know Laura feels the same way. He is so unusual, somehow."

"Yes, and I can't help but feel that he has an influence over her which will upset our plans as to her future. Anyway, we don't know anything about him, mother, excepting what he has told us. He may have come from as good a Southern family as we, and I don't doubt it, but we don't know."

"Well, why worry over that? He is a mere passing acquaintance, dear. He will be going home before long and Laura will be married to Henry," adroitly responded Mrs. Hastings.

"I am not so sure of that. Why, it was only yesterday that I heard Smith say that he did not think he would go home, but would go back to Los Angeles, and asked Laura if he could come to see her. Since Henry has been here she has taken on her old solemn mood. Mother," he added, "I don't believe our girl cares for Henry or his money. If she doesn't, it's a shame to poke her off on him, when we know it's against her wishes."

For a long time neither spoke.

Finally Mr. Hastings rose.

"Well, little woman," he said, patting his wife affectionately on the shoulder. "Let us let matters alone for a while to follow their own course, and I don't think Laura will choose to become Mrs. Rothschild."

* * * *

Henry objected seriously when Laura, with her basket, called a "Goodbye, will see you at noon," and started off at a brisk walk.

"I knew you were not fond of flowers," Laura explained, "and your big clumsy feet would have stepped on them if I had let you go. Besides, Henry, you came for a rest and the best way you can rest is to sit on the porch with your feet on the railing. The trees and the wind are not so easily bored by mushy words and hearing ways of emptying your pockets of the almighty dollar, as I am."

"But," protested Henry.

"No 'but' about it," she retorted. "Mr. Smith is an intelligent and exceedingly interesting man, and while he can spend money as easily as you can, he is not always talking about it." She sighed a weary little sigh and her shoulders drooped with an air of resignation.

"I am going canoeing this afternoon. Would you like to come?"

"Alone?" he asked.

"Except for Mr. Smith," she replied.

"Now see here, Laura," ejaculated Henry. "Do you think you are treating me fair? I came clear from Los Angeles to spend a few days with you here, where I thought we could be alone, but find you flying around with another fellow, and even when I get here you continue to fly around without showing me the least consideration."

"And I shall continue to fly around," she flashed back. "But not with you," and she left the porch.

If Henry had glanced across the lake that afternoon, he would have seen a light bark canoe gliding gracefully over the water, with two familiar figures in it.

But he did not care to look.

His heart was sore distressed. He wanted to be alone now, to think over what the girl he loved had said to him. It was enough, he decided, to let him know she did not care for him. This stranger had taken his place in her heart.

He choked back the sobs that rose in his throat and determined to leave camp the day following. If the girl he loved cared for another—well, he wouldn't bar her from happiness. He guessed he could, in time, forget, and he would devote his energies to making other girls glad of his money if not of himself.

Tiring of the water and its glare, the two occupants of the canoe followed a path that was new to them both.

A tinkling sound of water attracted

their attention, and rounding a huge boulder they came in sight of a waterfall, leaping as lightly as a fawn, from rock to rock, forming into cascades of infinite delicacy and foaming into snowy whiteness as the sparkling water dashed over the ragged rocks and formed in little crystalline pools in sheltered nooks.

A mountain torrent never fails to fascinate every beholder who is a lover of nature in her dainty beauty and grace, as well as in her majesty and grandeur.

"I must be leaving camp in another day, Miss Hastings," said Mr. Smith, as they turned their footsteps toward the lake. "Perhaps this will be our last walk in these beautiful old mountains together."

Laura looked up quickly. A new light shone in her eyes and her step seemed lighter.

"Would it seem—er—a little premature, should I offer my congratulations to you now?" asked he, a little sadly.

"Congratulations for what? I am not engaged."

"But," he stammered.

"I was," she confessed, "but I broke the horrid thing this morning. I couldn't stand it any longer. "You see," she went on hastily, "mamma and papa have always had their hearts set on my marrying Henry Rothschild because the families are such good friends, but I have always disliked him, too, because—oh,

well, there is nothing to him. All he thinks of is money, money, money, and how to spend it. We quarreled this morning and I took my chance to break away. I'm glad I did for I couldn't stand to marry the fellow. He doesn't mean to be what he is but he can't help it, and I don't reckon the folks will care so very much."

They had come to the end of the path.

"Then," he paused and looked down at the girl at his side. "May I—I—?"

Laura lifted her eyes to his. One long lingering look told him.

He held out his arms.

Timidly she laid one brown hand in his big one. Gently he drew her to him. He kissed her hair, her forehead, her eyes and her lips.

"My pure, white flower," he breathed. "Now may I be able to study the one flower I have always loved, yet never knew."

Looking up across the lake they beheld the snow white banner of Christian faith, set high against the brown brow of the mountain. The symbol was perfect, and while gazing with wonder and awe upon the sign, they, who had looked upon so many wonderful things in nature, realized that they had reached the height as they beheld that snow-white cross shining high above all the turbulence and din of earthly strife.



The Beginning of Day on a Desert Mountain

By Marian L. Drake

The jagged peaks of the Tucson Mountains, behind which the full moon has just gone, are rose-tinted. A vivid dash of mauve along the Catalina's crest, announces the arrival of the "Faithful Health-Giver of the Desert."

The first Dwellers to awaken are the Flickers, that tap the "Giant Caeti," on the mountain slope, and the little brown Wrens, singing their matins, deep down in the canyons.

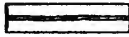
When the sun is fairly up, the sheet of smoke is lifted, as if by an unseen hand, from the far off town, the bell on St. Mary's at the base of the mountain, rings for early mass. The train winds down through the valley, and day has begun.

SIR HENRY HUDSON

Henry Meade Bland

(NOTE: After discovering in New York the river named for him, Henry Hudson sailed in search of the "North-west Passage" to the Orient, where, to him, were to be found shores of peace and

the real "Happy Isles." His men, in Hudson's Bay, deserted him, returning south in his ship, the *Half Moon*. He never came back from his wonderful quest.)



*The great Sir Hendrick spread his sail—
He sailed in the cold north breeze:
With veer and tack he sought the track
To the mellow summer seas.*

*To the mellow summer seas he ranged,
With singing cord and sail—
Those seas, he said, in the sunset red
Know neither a reef nor a gale.*

*For he dreamed a magic strait somewhere
Loomed in the storm-swept coast:
But through and through his craven crew
Were a-fear at the breakers' host.*

*And the Half Moon reeled in the stormy
wind,
And crashed in the icy tide;
But Sir Henry stood as a sailor should,
With a joy in that splendid ride.*

*And he looked and he saw an Eden calm,
And a shining, palmy shore
Where mild-eyed men lived, loved and then
Were happy for evermore.*

*But his men a-near, in craven fear,
Gazed longingly behind;
And the wild sea-mew fierce screaming flew,
And the salt gale whined and whined.*

*Then knives flashed bare in that thin cold
air;
There was dread in the breakers' boom.
"Yon sea," cried the crew, "is a demon's
brew,
And you sail to your icy doom."*

*They launched his trim and stout life-boat;
They gave him sail and oar;
Then turned again to the sunny main
Of the safe Atlantic shore.*

*Since then O many a year has sped;
But who has forgot that he
Was the very "first that ever burst"
Into that unknown sea?*

*And what of those mutinous awe-struck men
Who fled from the great emprise?
No friendly bard shall shape a word
To cover their traitorous lies.*

*But him alone who still sailed on,
And yet at the last went down!—
No wreath I bring, no song I sing
Is worthy his great renown.*



Under the Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

Isaac Jenkinson-Fraze, of Moosa, Calif. has written and published a dainty little brochure entitled *The Real Santa Claus*. It is a grandfather's story to a little child telling of the Father Heart of God behind Nature and all that she bestows.

How wonderful is Nature that she prompts so many to sing her praises. Amelia Woodward Truesdell in her *Francisco Reina and Other Poems*, gathers together a number of her sweet songs in a fitting dress and sends them forth to their large audience. These songs have varied tones, some are grave and some are gay but all are winsome. The volume is published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, and the price is \$1.00 net.

With seven divisions, viz., Equipment, Efficiency, Culture, Activity, Resources, Achievement, The Message, Dr. Thomas Tapper, Lecturer in New York University, etc., gives to young men some wonderfully sound and practical advice in his *Youth and Opportunity*, 301 pages, \$1.00 net, Platt & Peck Co., New York.

A rollicking, extravagant, humorous satire upon our American government and general way of doing things, located in an unknown and hitherto undiscovered country, which the hero reached through shipwreck and disaster is George Randolph Chester's *The Jingo*. It goes without saying that the man who could write the *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* series necessarily introduces financial schemes in a novel. The King and the shipwrecked American are the high financiers in this case. They have rare fun, and from an old fashioned, quiet, sleepy, happy, orderly monarchy Jemmy Smith, the hero, converts them into a money-mad, hurrying, bustling, hustling, active, quarrelsome republic, a territorial dependence of the glorious United States. Of course there is a love story running throughout and one can't help falling in love with the King's sister—the Princess Bezzanna—who ultimately becomes Mrs. Jemmy Smith in spite of Prince Onalyon's declaration that she should be his or there would be war, death and hosts of other things. *The Jingo*, By George Randolph Chester, 394 pages, with illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson, \$1.35 net, Bobbs, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

So long as human beings descend to the art of war and degrade their spiritual estate to become tigers fighting for the blood, the death, of their foe, so long will books on war be written—either to explain how it can be made more effective—more deadly—more terrible, more swift, more awful, or more humane (hideous satire) than before, or as in the case of the two books now before me, to give accounts of wars and campaigns that have already passed into history. One of these is *General Jubal A. Early's Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War between the States*, and the other is *Petrie's Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany*. Necessarily General Early presents his subject from the Southern standpoint, but with a candor and directness that cannot always be pleasing to the mere partisan. While glorifying his own troops he does not hesitate to criticise them, occasionally with severity, and thus shows himself the bluff, rugged, sincere, manly man his friends assert he was. Beginning with the record of his Virginian birth he gives an honest account of his unhonored career at West Point, a brief sketch of the part he took in the Mexican War, and his work as a lawyer until the breaking out of the Civil War. Here the real narrative begins. As one reads he feels, as never before, the awfulness and senselessness of war, and its utter inadequacy to settle any question. While one cannot help thrilling at the recital of individual acts of heroism and deeds of bravery the hopelessness and needlessness of the whole struggle fills one's heart with profound sadness.

With similar feelings, and the added emotions of repulsion, I take up Mr. Petre's account of Napoleon's German Campaign. It is interesting mainly to those who love the "science" of war. The details and criticisms upon the actions of the Emperor are carefully presented and the effect of the

whole volume is to show as someone has already well said that "in this campaign the military judgment of Napoleon, the General, was constantly fettered by the pride and obstinacy of Napoleon, the Emperor." As the criticism of a war expert upon a notable campaign the volume is valuable. *Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813*, By F. Loraine Petre, with seventeen maps and plans, 402 pages, \$3.50 net, John Lane Company, New York.

General Jubal A. Early, Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War between the States, 496 pages, with portraits, and notes by R. H. Early, \$3.50 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Something entirely different on War is Mary Johnston's novel *Cease Firing*. It is exquisitely written, studiously presented and fascinating throughout. But as an indictment of War and its fearful horrors it is almost as keen and incisive as the Philipics of Tolstoi. How any one can read this book and not feel that those who deliberately create war are heinous criminals is beyond me. The hideousness, the terror, the sheer awfulness of war and its consequences are set forth with a nakedness that is only enhanced by the literary skill through which it is accomplished. The only justification for the publication of such dreadful things is the hope that men and women, especially the unthinking, will be led to see the real horror and unnecessary of war, the hell it arouses, the fiendishness it propagates and stimulates, and thereby be led to seek more earnestly for its abolishment. This particular novel, too, dealing with the Civil War from the Southern standpoint will help show to those of the North who bigotedly refuse to see that the South had any justification for its attitude that it, at least, felt quite as sincerely the justice of its side as did its opponents.

Of Miss Johnston's literary artistry it is needless to speak. Her character drawing is firm, strong and convincing, her men and women real and human. Her heroine is a beautiful woman, beautiful in soul and mind, in devotion and loyalty, as in form and features and one instinctively pays sincere homage and love to her. *Cease Firing*, By Mary Johnston, 459 pages, with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth, \$1.40 net, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

David Belasco is a genius in more ways than one and in his play *The Return of Peter Grimm*, he has given another illustration. To use a compact to *come back* made between two friends before the death of one of them, is novel enough for any dramatist. Peter Grimm promises his doctor that if he can he will come back after death. He has planned that his loved niece shall marry his nephew. The latter, however, is a scawlag, who has effectively hidden his moral delinquencies, and marriage between the two would mean misery unspeakable. The tyranny of love was never more forcefully illustrated than in old Peter's determination to have his own way in making his darling niece happy. God help such people to a glimpse of the light and truth. They are so set, so sure, so obstinate, so loving, and so good that you can't argue with them. Yet the result of their actions is something fearful in the agony it produces. Grimm dies unexpectedly just after everything is planned to his wishes. Then he comes back and *sees and knows*. But he struggles in vain to make the other understand that he sees and knows and has changed. Finally, through the sensitive soul of an illegitimate child he communicates with the others and much of the misery his obstinate self-will would have caused is averted. As a play this plot has made a great success. The book has been written from the play and it is interesting and gripping from beginning to end. *The Return of Peter Grimm*, By David Belasco, 344 pages, with illustrations by John Rali, \$1.25 net, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A new novel by Gertrude Atherton is always a literary event, and *Julia France and Her Times* will do nothing to weaken her reputation. As pictures of the great movements of the time Mrs. Atherton's novels have a decided historic value, vide her *Ancestors*, *Splendid Idle Forties*, *The Conqueror*, *The Californians*, etc. The present volume gives, perhaps, the most vivid and coherent account in literature of the Suffragette movement in England, written with an insight and sympathy that render the story luminous and powerful. The sidelights, however, poured upon the character of certain Englishmen reveal them as simply frightful. They thrill one with horror at the rottenness and vileness displayed, and have but one value, and that is to reveal the social ulcers in all their corruptive awfulness. I believe that no writer of this age is doing more to hasten on the day when the rotten and selfish aristocracies of England—Europe generally—and America will be swept out of existence than Gertrude Atherton. There is no other justification for the vile grossness of the pictures she presents. If they affect other men as they affect me the debased society they describe would speedily be extinguished if it took another French revolution to accomplish it. Mr. France is one of the most loathsome products of the vile society of his time, and if for no other reason than that such horrible creatures are created by society its doom is already assured. If the rich and empty-headed fools will persist in their arrogant pretensions a new day of wrath will surely and swiftly come, to which the day of the guillotine will be a mere effort of children. Mrs. Atherton doesn't say so, but she is as sure a prophet as was Daniel when he interpreted the handwriting upon the wall of the palace of Babylon. From all this it follows that her books are neither for children, nor the empty-headed and frivolous. They are—at least this is—terrible in their graphic pictures of the decadence of so-called society, the utter and irremediable rottenness of some of its members, and the astounding and inhuman callousness of the rich. No Socialist has ever wielded so powerful a pen or dared to say what she so openly affirms. And I can only attribute the fact that the book does not create a

profound sensation to the insensate blindness of so-called society—especially the rich—to their arrogant, insolent, contemptuous disregard of the rights of our common humanity, to their blind and tigerish greed, to their wilful refusal to read the signs of the times even as those upon whom the terrors of the French revolution most swiftly fell. *Julia France*, is a great book, but it is neither nice, pretty, dainty, nor conventional. It is a book for real men, real women, who wish to meet the problems of life in a real fashion. *Julia France and Her Times*, By Gertrude Atherton, 533 pages, \$1.35 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

Is there a Santa Claus? John Kendrick Bangs sweetly answers this vital and important question to young and old alike in his four charming Christmas stories which are full of pathos, humanity and humor. *A Little Book of Christmas*, By John Kendrick Bangs, 173 pages, 4 illustrations by Arthur E. Beecher, \$1.00 net, Little Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

A good title for a book is always a great help, and Beatrice Harraden seems to have fine discernment, if not genius, in this line. Her *Ships that Pass in the Night* was much helped by the striking title, and it brought her fame. Nearly as individualistic and attractive a title is the one given to her new book, *Out of the Wreck I Rise*, taken from certain lines of Robert Browning. The characters of the book and the plot are very unusual. They are remarkable, astounding and by many will be regarded as revolutionary and immoral because they take for granted that a man may devotedly love two other women than his wife who has borne him a daughter who is the apple of his eye. Naturally this will condemn the book without a reading by many, yet it is a remarkable "sign of the times" that so pure and sweet-minded a woman as Beatrice Harraden can take such a condition for granted and offer it as the basis of her artistic work without apology or explanation. That the story is novel and unlike goes without saying. *Out of the Wreck I Rise*, By Beatrice Harraden, 376 pages, \$1.30 net, Fredk. A. Stokes Company, New York.

Nowadays people want plot and dramatic action, quick, sudden, incisive, both in their novels and their plays. The good old-fashioned stories that go into details weary them. Yet now and again they are lured into such reading. De Morgan revived the old style of novel, and Vaughan Kester, in his earliest novel *The Fortunes of the Landrays*, now republished, does the same thing. When first issued the book was moderately successful, but since *The Prodigal Judge* and *The Just and the Unjust* have bounded into such great popularity this book has been called for, and is now having a large sale, and earning a well-deserved popularity. It deals with the days of the California gold excitement and the building up days of the middle west. It is a strong, vivid and intensely human story and will add much to the reputation of its author. *The Fortunes of the Landrays*, By Vaughan Kester, 481 pages, \$1.35 net, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

A timely, useful, but entirely inadequate volume is *Woman in the Making of America*. As far as it goes it is good, excellent, but it is a mere touching of the subject. All the great Middle West, the North and South West, and the Pacific States are practically ignored, and thus the title of the book is a misnomer. The pioneer women who helped make Colorado, Utah, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico and the Pacific States afford examples equal to any of those related in this volume, and their work must be recognized in any book that makes any pretence to completeness. With a less pretentious title this book would be beyond criticism, but as it is it leads one to expect more than it gives. As a beginning, however, it is highly to be praised and every intelligent woman and growing girl in the land should read it, especially after every man and growing lad has done so. *Woman in the Making of America*, By H. Addington Bruce, 257 pages, with portraits, \$1.50 net, Little Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Slowly but surely the United States is emerging from its sophomoric egotism in regard to its superiority over other peoples and is *willing to learn*. The Japanese have been an artistic people in the arrangement of their gardens for centuries. Living in a small country where land was scarce they were compelled to make the most of it, with the result that their garden architecture is unique and at the same time most artistic. Mrs. Basil Taylor, with comprehensive knowledge, tells in fine literary style, wherein the secret lies of the charm of Japanese Gardens. Her book is a masterpiece of knowledge and information, written with enthusiasm and a clear insight into the inner thought of the Japanese. After telling of the history of Japanese Gardens and showing the principles controlling the gardeners she takes up in order Stones, Lanterns, Pagodas, Fences and Hedges, Gates, Summer-Houses, Bridges, Wells, Water-Basins, etc., and then takes the reader to various examples of Landscape, Green, Water, Miniature and Flower Gardens, then gives us two interesting chapters on Folk-Love and Legends, one on Flower Festivals and a concluding chapter on The Four Seasons of Flowers. The book's value is enhanced with twenty-eight pictures in color by Walter Tyndall, R. I., most of which are worthy of being taken out and framed. They are pictures of deep sympathy and feeling. *Japanese Gardens*, by Mrs. Basil Taylor, 298 pages, quarto, \$6.00 net, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Unusual and brilliant in plot, vivid and eloquent in description, and written throughout with that gift of expression that is well nigh genius are characterizations that apply to all of the novels of Hallie Erminie Rives. Her latest, *The Valiants of Virginia*, breathes the spirit of the old Virginia of anti-bellum days, though it begins with a financial crash in New York in which the hero is involved. His throwing up of his private fortune to meet the firm's collapse, and his love experiences while establishing himself in the ancestral home in Virginia form the story which is of a very high order. The more the South can give us of such novels the quicker will be the close cementing of the bonds that unite us. *The Valiants of Virginia*, By Hallie Erminie Rives, with illustrations in color by Andre Castaigne, 432 pages, \$1.35 net, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

To many Hervey White is but a name, but to the lover of real poetry he is known as the author of a brave poem in Spenserian stanza, of 132 pages, devoted to the adventures of a horse. The way the horse is described in the earlier part of the poem demonstrate clearly two things—the author's love of a good horse, and his right to be designated poet. The horse is a *maverick*, that is, unbranded, and therefore, "free from the ownership of any master." Its various adventures are told in a bright, witty and lively manner, with many running and satirical comments upon the habits of the times. It is a book for a lazy hour. *The Adventures of a Young Maverick*, by Henry White, \$1.00 net, The Maverick Press, Woodstock, N. Y.

A rattling good story for boys, well written, full of interest and real thrills, with nothing absurd or impossible in its plot is *The Silver Island of the Chippewa*. It tells the story of an Indian who discovers much silver on a small island near Lake Superior. He informs his white friends of it, but is lost in a storm on the lake before he can take them to it. The elder son of the family, with his younger brother and a pup terrier goes in search of the treasure island, and their adventures are recorded with literary skill and naturalness. A bad halfbreed Indian endeavors to steal a march on the boys, but he is foiled and killed in an attempt he makes to slay an Indian friend of the lads. *The Silver Island of the Chippewa*, by D. Lange, illustrated by Stanley L. Wood, 246 pages, \$1.00 net, postpaid \$1.10, Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, Mass.

A book with a good intention—much needed—that will be abused and its author reviled—that ought to have been written, but that somehow fails of its high aim is *Running Sands*. Its purpose is to show the evil that almost inevitably comes when a man, old in body and thought, even though he has conserved his physical and moral strength and has lived a sexually clean life, marries a young, innocent and ignorant girl. Such marriages are all too common. They should be condemned. Girls and their complacent parents should be warned against them, but Mr. Kauffman's book, to my mind, does not seem to do it effectively enough. Let us hope, however, that it will provoke preventive thought in the needed direction. One thing the book does do, though, with great effect, viz: It portrays the dire paths of the lives of those men and women (especially the latter) who have been brought up in luxury, without occupation, and who have nothing else to do but rush to and fro seeking pleasure. And it must be confessed there are places where it does set forth in vigorous form a young girl's demand that her mate shall have her own youthfulness and dreams. *Running Sands*, by Reginald Wright Kauffman, 353 pages, \$1.35 net, postage 13 cents extra, Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

While many light and ephemeral novels are being poured forth from the publishing houses of today, no one can class as such Richard Dehan's *Between Two Thieves*. In plot it is worthy of Dumas, in imaginative vigor it ranks not far behind Victor Hugo, and in interesting grasp and vivid presentation of coherent and related detail it strongly suggests our own Frank Norris. The story deals with the epoch prior to and just after the Coup de 'Etat of Napoleon the Third. With fiery scorn and vitriolic sarcasm the author shows us his conception of the stealer of an imperial throne. Whatever he makes other readers feel, he adds to my own horror of war, until I feel like repeating so that the world may hear: He who unnecessarily creates war is a fiend incarnate. The chief character is shown with intense feeling and power. His clean boyhood, his fall into the hands of a modern Cleopatra, his final salvation through fire and anguish, with the aid of the noble Ada Merling—all this is related in a graphic and masterly fashion. The Jowells and others of his class are shown up in a style worthy of Dickens, and Merdle is not more real to the reader than the grasping contractor who would sell the very lives, as well as the health and comfort of his countrymen for gold, though he had one redeeming feature in his love for his son, Morty. The book is worthy a high place in the ranks of modern fiction, and it should bring its author great fame and considerable profit. *Between Two Thieves*, by Richard Dehan, 687 pages, \$1.40 net, postpaid \$1.54, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Every novel that Maurice Hewlett has written has given me charm and delight, consequently I picked up his *Love of Proserpine* with avidity. And now that I have read it I don't know whether I have read a brilliant piece of imagination, or a statement of real occurrences. Is he fooling us with his fairy stories, and making us believe they are real, or is he calmly telling us of things that he see

and knows and we don't? I always enjoyed fairy tales, but this book beats any fairy-tale book I ever read. Hewlett here tells us of fairy creatures that he has seen and actually played with, and the stories are told with all the force, earnestness and sincerity of truth. I never saw a fairy, so I don't know whether Hewlett, the man, is telling me the truth, or Hewlett, the novelist, is fooling me with a rare, vivid, intense piece of imagination. And I don't care much, either. Which ever it is it is good, and I should like some more. *The Love of Proserpine*, by Maurice Hewlett, 245 pages, \$1.35 net, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Macmillan Company is doing good service to the thoughtful reading class of the country by bringing out in their "Modern Fiction Library," and their "Standard Library" number of excellent works. In the former are such books as Jack London's *Burning Daylight*, Elizabeth Robins' *A Dark Lantern*, Robert Herrick's *The Common Lot*, James Lane Allen's *Reign of Law and A Kentucky Cardinal*, and many others. In the "Standard" are Jane Addams' *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*, R. J. Campbell's *New Theology*, Shailer Matthews' *The Gospel of the Modern Man*, L. H. Bailey's *Country Life Movement in the United States*, and a score of others. Ask your bookseller for lists of both of these libraries. Though the price per volume is only 50 cents, the paper, print and binding are good and satisfactory.

Everyone who really knew Mrs. Jane Leland Stanford, wife of former Governor Stanford, and one of the co-founders of Stanford, Jr., University, loved her. David Starr Jordan, who as president of the University, soon came to know her intimately, gives us in his *The Story of a Good Woman* a fine picture of Mrs. Stanford, and through her of the life of the great University over which he presides. How little people know of the heartaches and struggles, the devotion and self-sacrifice of those they call "great," or "rich," and whose splendor they envy and sometimes hate. To attempt to tell the story in brief that fills up the pages of this book is impossible. Some day I hope to give it in full in the pages of *Out West* with Dr. Jordan's and the publisher's permission, as it is so vital a story for the young of the growing State. *The Story of a Good Woman*, by David Starr Jordan, 57 pages, 75 cents net, 80 cents postfree, American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Washington and Lincoln truly live in the hearts of their grateful countrymen. Statesmen of the highest order, unselfish and devoted to the highest ideals, gifted with the largest degree of that wisdom and practical sanity that we call common sense, yet endowed with an idealism and spirituality that preserved them from mere materialism, they laid firm and strong the foundations and lower walls of our government's structure. It is fitting, therefore, that a competent hand should show them to the world in their relations one to the other by comparison and relation to reveal their marvellous oneness in aim, sympathy and patriotism. This work has been well done by Robert W. McLaughlin, after carefully surveying the Parliamentary, Revolutionary, Constitutional, National and Civil War eras of the country, he shows the relation held between the two great statesmen, in their mental differences and spiritual unity. *Washington and Lincoln*, by R. W. McLaughlin, 278 pages, three portraits, \$1.35 net, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Daintily illustrated with sketches and colored plates, beautifully printed and handsomely gotten up generally, with a flavor of quaintness and simplicity throughout that will delight children and grown-ups alike is *The Four Gardens* by Handasyde. These four are the Haunted Garden, the Old-Fashioned Garden, the Poor Man's Garden and the Rich Man's Garden. The diary of the girl telling of the keeping of a children's garden in the Haunted Garden is tender, sweet, quaint and pathetic, and all through the pages there is a sweet-scented, open-aired philosophy that makes one long to get away from offices and elevated railways and money-making and automobiles back, just back into the kind of gardens here described and pictured. *The Four Gardens*, by Handasyde, 161 pages, fully illustrated, also in colors, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

John Conway has done excellent service for Americans in America, and in Paris, by writing his *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris*. If all the *nouveau riche* who go to Europe to make a splash and splurge would first read this book it would add much to their dignity and prevent them from making themselves the laughing-stock they generally do make of themselves for the gaiety of nations. Franklin, Jefferson, Morris, Monroe, Tom Paine, La Fayette, Paul Jones, Count Rumford, Morse, Hunt, Margaret Fuller and others in the early days are made to show how their life in the city of beauty helped establish the bonds of unity between the new republic and France. Later such personalities as Whistler, Saint-Gaudens, John Howard Payne, Dr. Evans, are fully pictured, as well as the modern notables whose influence has been felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Conway writes with rich literary flavor, and there is the charm of a sincere purpose felt throughout the work. Mrs. John Lane's *Introduction* is a spirited and interesting picture of what—Paris?—scarcely! It is more a revelation of the *spirit* that makes Paris what it is—so charming, alluring,

fascinating, attractive to people of every nationality under the sun—and also reveals, with a woman's subtlety and clearness, what America owes to France through its kind and genial treatment of our early heroes and founders. The book should have a large sale and find its way into every library. The illustrations are excellent. *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris*, by Joseph Conway, M. A., with an Introduction by Mrs. John Lane, 315 pages, 32 illustrations, \$3.50 net, postage 20 cents extra, John Lane Company, New York.

Edwin L. Sabin has written some first-class books for boys. His *Old Four Toes* is the story of a grizzly bear who is hunted by the boys of the Bar B. ranch and a youngster from the East who visits them. Another important character is Grizzly Dan, and under his guidance the boys have great fun. Indians—good and bad—come into the story, and bears, and ground-hogs, and black wolves, and adventures galore. Dan has a fierce fight to the death with a bad Ute who runs away with the charming daughter of a foolish professor, and everything ends happily. The scene is laid in the Rockies and is full of the wild out-of-doors that boys like so well. *Old Four Toes, or Hunters of the Peaks*, by Edwin L. Sabin, 350 pages, eight illustrations, \$1.50, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Tapestries are again coming into their own. These wonderful works of the looms of the earlier centuries, which were so neglected in the nineteenth, are now appreciated at their true value. George Leland Hunter, who has the true collector's and art-lover's instincts; who would rather see a new tapestry than go to a king's banquet, has given us a rich feast in careful, complete and loving descriptions, accompanied with exquisite illustrations, of the most distinctive and representative tapestries known. After giving a full history, in separate chapters, of Gothic, Renaissance Tapestries and Flemish and Burgundian, English, the Gobelins, and the Looms, he proceeds to a careful discussion of the textures of tapestries. We are let into all the secrets and mysteries of "High Warp and Low Warp," and of the process of weaving. Then a chapter is devoted to Designs and Cartoons, Portraits, Counterfeit Arras, Animals and Verdures, etc., with another on Tapestry Signatures and Makers' After these come chapters on "The Bible" and "History and Romance" in Tapestries, Tapestry Points of View, How to Care For, Hang, Clean and Repair Them, and then, after a chapter on Tapestry Museums and Collections, a full description is given of those in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It is a most excellent and thorough work, comprehensive, reliable and authoritative. The four color plates are extra fine, and the illustrations throughout are of a superior order. *Tapestries, Their Origin, History and Renaissance*, by George Leland Hunter, 438 pages, with four illustrations in color and 147 half-tones, \$5.00 net, postage 30 cents, The John Lane Company, New York. To be had of *Out West*.

E. Phillips Oppenheim has the faculty of juggling with a certain set of ideas and getting them into as many queer and impossible combinations as a kaleidoscope, and the funny thing is that the wilder, stranger and more ridiculous they are the more real he makes them appear to be. His latest feat is to show us a great German statesman, who, in some respects, is more like a disreputable art student in the Latin Quarter than a respectable government official, and a solid English Cabinet officer, the latter disgraced because he has told a state secret to a loose woman, and this pair of worthies have it in their power to upset the peace of Europe. Seriously considered the plot is so utterly absurd and untrue, or, if true, it reveals so hideous a state of facts as to make the hell of Dante necessary for the ultimate keeping of war-loving politicians. But it is fiction of a kind some people like and so long as this is what they like it will be made for them. *The Mischief Maker*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, \$1.25 net, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

This is Woman's Era and the thoughtful welcome carefully-written books that tell of those women who are the leaders in modern progress. Such is the book now before me which gives brief, but interesting and illuminative biographies of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, May Lyon, Elizabeth Fry, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightengale, Clara Barton, Julia Ward Howe, Frances E. Willard, J. Ellen Foster and Jane Addams. There is an excellent foreword by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, honorary president of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs. The book should be used as a text-book in High Schools, Colleges, Women's Clubs and Parents and Teachers Associations. *Heroines of Modern Progress*, by Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunham Foster, 324 pages, ten portraits, \$1.50 net, Sturgis & Walton Company, New York, or Dawson's Old Book Store, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lariat Letters, as its name implies, is a series of bright and witty letters ostensibly written by a cow-boy to his friend. The book is tastily gotten up in limp ooze leather, with a burned title, and tied with a leather string. The letters are written by Mrs. Myra E. McDermott-Stevenson, who was a Kansan in the early days and personally familiar with many cow-boys and their peculiar mode of life. The letters are realistic and give a fairly good picture of cow-boy thought.

SANTA MARIA

ONE OF THE BUSIEST AND BRIGHTEST TOWNS ON
THE PACIFIC COAST.



By T. R. Finley

HERE is not another valley in the great State of California that is quite so fertile, scenery so beautiful, climate conditions so ideal and with such possibilities for the agriculturist, manufacturer, stockman, busi-

ness man, as well as the professional man. the east thirty miles, more or less, and about ten miles in width between two ranges of rolling hills, that are fertile and well watered, making ideal ranges for cattle and diversified farming.

The soil of the valley is a sandy loam.

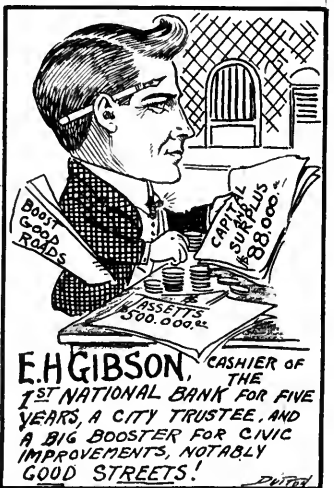
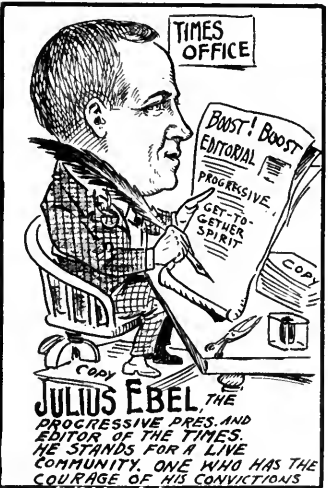


The Bank of Santa Maria, Showing New Annex.

ness man, as well as the professional man.

This valley is known as the Santa Maria Valley, in northern Santa Barbara County. Its western border is the Pacific Ocean, a beach that is as level as a floor and noted for the clams that abound there. The valley extends to

The entire valley can be irrigated from wells at a nominal expense. Alfalfa, beans, corn, beets, vegetables of all kinds are grown easily; all deciduous fruits are grown and in good paying quantities. Alfalfa can be pastured during the winter months to an advantage. Red oats is a prolific and paying product. Barley



Representative Boosters of Famed Santa Maria Valley.

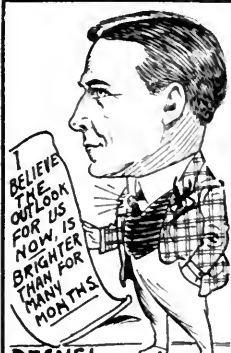
grows to perfection in the rolling hills. Anything in the plant life that is grown in the Temperate or Semi-Tropical Zone will thrive in the Santa Maria Valley. There is not any question as to a great body of water underlying the entire valley, sufficient for irrigation under the most trying times.

The oil fields lie to the south and east of the valley. Light oil as well as fuel oil is produced in large quantities, and the discovery of the third sand in the "Old Field," very light gravity, practically brings in a new territory, and proffends a long and profitable life for the well known Santa Maria Field.

Gasoline is being manufactured in


large quantities from the gas that has been escaping from the wells, and of good grade, if properly handled—another industry that has a great future, and open to many who care to go into that line of oil business.

The possibilities for immigration are not equaled in the State. Soil, prolific, rolling hills to the east and west, well wooded; grass grows in abundance and early. The hills to the east are well watered—an ideal place for the small stockman; oil and gas for fuel, and most ideal for the manufacturer—cheap fuel; two railroads for transportation, in addition to the seaport; near the sea, where climatic conditions are perfect for the



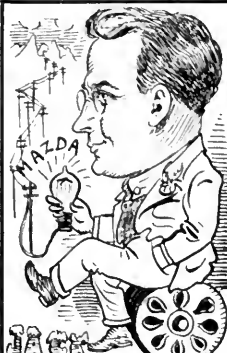
I BELIEVE THE OUTLOOK FOR US NOW, IS BRIGHTER FOR THAN MANY MONTHS

DEANE LAUGHLIN
FIRE CHIEF, SEC. & TREAS. W.A. HASLAM & CO.
THE ARTIST THINKS IF WE HAD MORE LIVE ONES LIKE DEANE THE CITY WOULD BE MORE PROGRESSIVE



What we need now is for us to wake up and boost Santa Maria
W.A. HASLAM

W.A. HASLAM
PRES. AND MGR. OF THE W.A. HASLAM & CO. THE BIGGEST GEN'L. MOSE. STORE. 1027. SANTA BARBARA & SAN LUIS COAVES. MR. HASLAM IS ONE OF THE OLD GUARD BOOSTERS AND BOOSTERS ALL THE TIME.




JACK FROST

JACK FROST
DIST. MGR. OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION JACK IS A HARD BOOSTER FOR ELECTRIC POWER FOR IRRIGATION.



BEN GRANAS

BEN GRANAS
MGR. LOMPOC PRODUCE CO. SANTA MARIA BRANCH WHOLESALE DEALERS AND SHIPPERS. THEY ALL COUNT ON BEN IN EVERY PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT FOR THE GOOD OF THE VALLEY.



THE LIVE REALTY AND INSURANCE COMPANY OF SANTA MARIA

I have boosted our city all my life. We should all stand together and keep it up.
Geo. Black

GEO. BLACK VICE PRES. SURETY AND DEVELOPMENT CO. A PUBLIC SPIRITED CITY TRUSTEE AND ALL ROUND BOOSTER FOR THE UPLIFT OF THE ENTIRE SANTA MARIA VALLEY



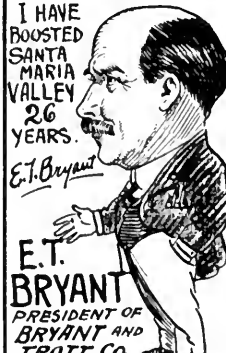
BASE BALL SCORES FROM ALL OVER AMERICA

FRANK JESSÉE MGR. BOHEMIAN BILLIARD PARLOR AUTHORITY ON THE NATIONAL GAME AND AN ALL ROUND LIVE SPORT AND BOOSTER FOR THE ENTIRE VALLEY ALSO MANAGER OF THE ALL TEAM



BOOST

C.W. SMITH
CITY TRUSTEE DEALER IN OIL LANDS AND REAL ESTATE. ONE OF THE SANTA MARIA PIONEERS WHO BOOSTS FOR GREATER CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS. HE IS ALSO AN AUTHORITY ON OIL LAND INVESTMENTS

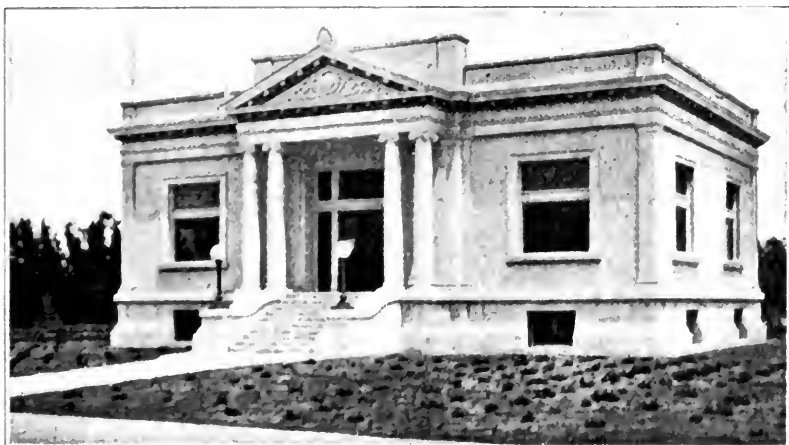


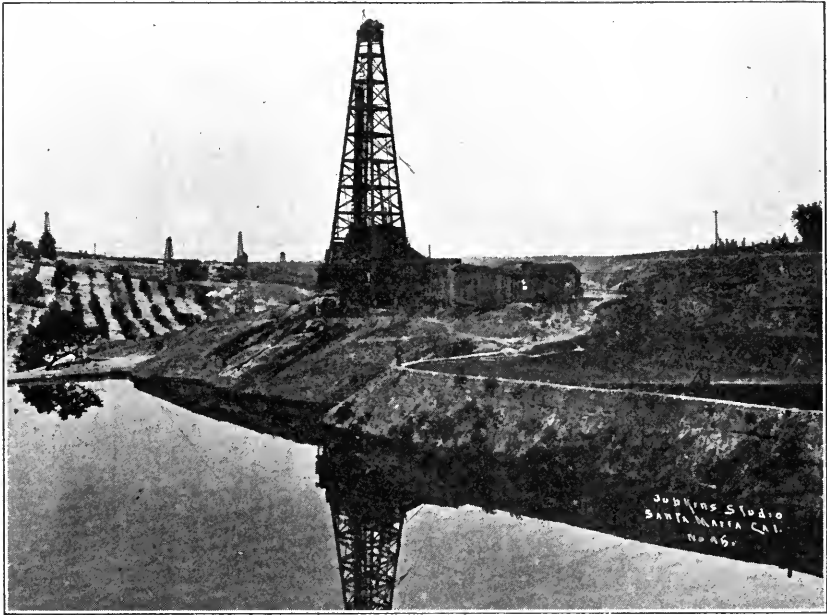
I HAVE BOOSTED SANTA MARIA VALLEY 26 YEARS.

E.T. Bryant

E.T. BRYANT
PRESIDENT OF BRYANT AND TROTT CO. LARGEST HARDWARE CO. IN THE CITY MR BRYANT IS A BIG BOOSTER FOR BETTER CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS.

They are Live Santa Maria Merchants. WHY? They BOOST!





One of the Palmer Union Oil Company's Gushers—Eastern Field near Santa Maria.

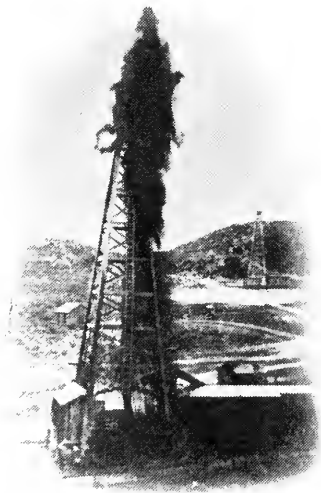
laborer and away from the influence of the large cities, where conditions are not always favorable.

Climate is one of the great factors in the development of a country. While the City of Santa Barbara is world-famous for its climate—winter, spring, summer or fall—it must be remembered that northern Santa Barbara County enjoys the privilege of being in the same class, only this difference, that it is a little cooler in the summer, therefore making it more preferable for man as well as beast, that are compelled to work in the fields. Our winters are ideally mild; seldom is there frost in the air, and at no time is one prevented from driving, riding or walking by harsh weather conditions.

The City of Santa Maria is the main town in northern Santa Barbara County, situated fourteen miles due east from the Pacific Ocean. Her streets are wide, buildings substantial, schools good. One of the best High Schools in the State is located in this city—a well-kept main High School building with a new Manual Training and Domestic Science building adjoining. There is a garden of lawns, flowers and shrubbery surrounding the buildings. Double tennis courts, ath-

letic grounds and a gymnasium are included in the High School equipment—first-class in every particular, and a student can always work or play in comfort.

Churches of all denominations and well housed. As to attendance we will leave that to you when you come to



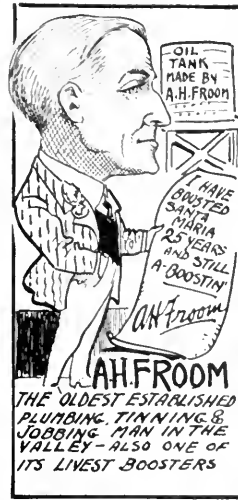
Pinal Dome Oil Co's Gusher, Santa Maria Field



A.B. BIGLER, ONE OF THE CITY'S LEADING LEGAL PRACTITIONERS NOT ONLY IS HE PROMINENT IN LEGAL CIRCLES, BUT A BOOSTER IN ALL LINES OF LOCAL INDUSTRY.



E.T. KETCHAM, POSTMASTER FOR NINE YEARS A RESIDENT FOR 32 YEARS, AND ONE OF THE STRONG CITIZENS WHO BELIEVES IN BOOSTING ALL THE TIME.



A.H. FROOM, THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED PLUMBING, TINNING & JOBBING MAN IN THE VALLEY - ALSO ONE OF ITS LIVEST BOOSTERS



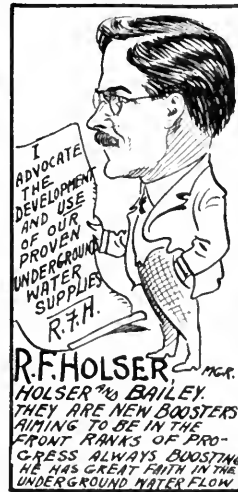
HON. C.L. PREISKER, CITY ATTY. WHO IS AT PRESENT WORKING HARD FOR GREATER CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS. WE HOPE HE SUCCEEDS



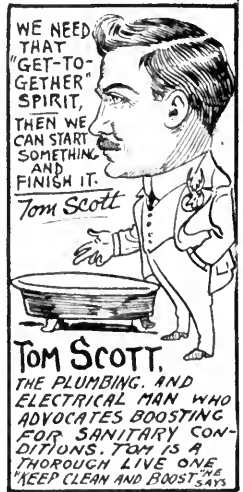
C.J. ARMSTRONG, ATTY. AT LAW 18 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE IN SANTA MARIA. HE SAYS THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE OLD SANTA MARIA



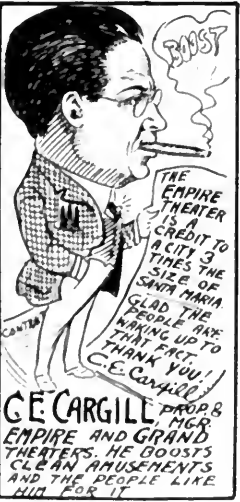
C.V. GARDNER, MGR. GARDNER-WHEATON CO. (INC.) MR. GARDNER HAS BOOSTED 20 YEARS AND WILL NEVER STOP



R.F. HOLSER, MGR. HOLSER & BAILEY. THEY ARE NEW BOOSTERS AIMING TO BE IN THE FRONT RANKS OF PROGRESS ALWAYS BOOSTING HE HAS GREAT FAITH IN THE UNDERGROUND WATER FLOW



TOM SCOTT, THE PLUMBING AND ELECTRICAL MAN WHO ADVOCATES BOOSTING FOR SANITARY CONDITIONS. TOM IS A THOROUGH LIVE ONE. "KEEP CLEAN AND BOOST" SAYS



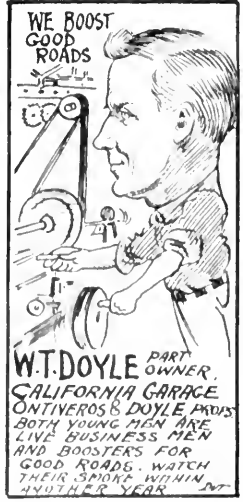
G.E. CARGILL, PROP. & MGR. EMPIRE AND GRAND THEATERS. HE BOOSTS CLEAN AMUSEMENTS AND THE PEOPLE LIKE HIM FOR IT



CHYUNGLING, MGR. CRESCENT GARAGE. AGENT FOR THAT HIGH CLASS CADILLAC CAR HE IS A NEW BOOSTER FOR SANTA MARIA, BUT ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT FOR ANY COMMUNITY



W.L. DONNELLY, PROP. SANTA MARIA GARAGE & MACHINE SHOP DONNELLY IS A LIVE WIDE BOOSTER FOR ALL BUSINESS ENTERPRISES ESPECIALLY MORE GOOD ROADS



W.T. DOYLE, PART OWNER CALIFORNIA GARAGE. CALIFORNIA'S DOYLE AND DOYLE YOUNG MEN ARE LIVE BUSINESS MEN AND BOOSTERS FOR GOOD ROADS. WATCH THEIR SPOKE WHEELS MONTHLY YEAR IN



Looking East on Main Street, Santa Maria, Showing Odd Fellows Fine Building.

visit us. Our hotels are large and well equipped for all classes. Stores modern in every way. Banks strong financially, and conservative.

Two steam railroads, and one electric line connecting with the Southern Pacific Railway at Guadalupe.

Public Library centrally located; City Park and an up-to-date Band, composed of members who are really musicians and who are willing to entertain the public at any time.

As a week-end trip, you can drive to the finest trout fishing grounds in the country—either the Santa Ynez of the Sisquoc rivers, stopping over night with our genial host, Mattei, at Los Olivos. If you wish to go to the ideal beach, Pizmo, twenty miles to the west is the place for you. There are many ideal places for the picnic party only a few miles from the city.

The training grounds for the base ball teams are ideal—no delay or set-backs on account of the grounds being too wet.

The City of Santa Maria is situated half-way between the two large cities of the State—San Francisco and Los Angeles—on the State Highway and the El Camino Real.

The scenery in and about the Santa Maria Valley is most beautiful and refreshing to all travelers. The hills, the valley, wooded canyons, ferns in luxurious growth, are pleasing sights and our people never tire of the automobile drives. It matters not whether it be winter or summer, out-door sports can be thoroughly enjoyed under perfect climatic conditions.

An ideal mountain road is soon to be built connecting northern Santa Barbara County with the great San Joaquin Valley. This new highway will pass thru the Cuyama Valley, which is wonderfully fertile, many thousands of acres lying in its virgin state. The Cuyama Valley contains a prospective oil field, all of which will be developed as the road is completed. This new road will not only be of great advantage from a commercial standpoint, but will be one for the pleasure-seeker, and for the one who is looking for the cool, bracing sea breezes during the summer months.

Then let the home-seeker, as well as the pleasure-seeker, place the Santa Maria Valley on his itinerary. He will, at least, be highly pleased with his visit.



NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



FESTINO

An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

ARE YOU RECEIVING SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS ON YOUR SAVINGS?

Where can you find a safer investment or a greater producer of large dividends than in building "HOMES" such as shown in the illustration?

We are building just such "HOMES" in the Hillandale Tract, comprising 204 of the most slightly foothill lots.

Would you not like to be a shareholder in a company that builds such "HOMES?"



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Dep't of Publicity

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TRADE MARK

 LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
 BOTTLED BEER
FEW AS GOOD NONE BETTER
 TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico

traversing the Mexican Pacific states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to the

RICHEST MINERAL SECTION OF MEXICO

and some of the

Best Irrigable Land on the Continent

Let us list you for our andvestising matthr.

**H. LAWTON, G. P. A.
GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO**

Beautiful YOSEMITE VALLEY

Open All Year. A Delightful Trip During The Autumn Months—
September, October, November.

There is no more delightful season in Yosemite than the Fall months, when the weather is cool and exhilarating, when the early rains have settled the dust of summer, when tree and mountain are aglow with the tints of Autumn.

FEATURES OF THE TRIP:

A scenic rail and stage ride through the Merced River Canyon to the Portals of Yosemite.

Hotel Del Portal, at the Park Line. A pleasant mountain inn, picturesquely located on the mountain side, with the service and conveniences of the city hotel.

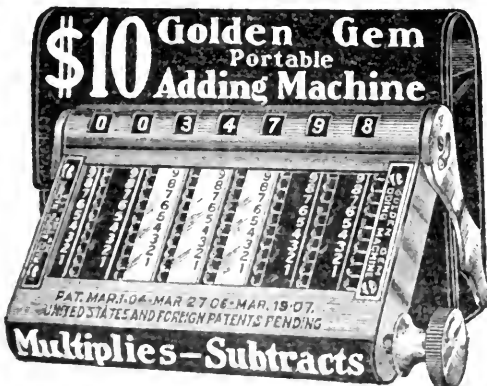
Merced Grove of Big Trees. Only a few miles distant from El Portal, reached by daily automobile service.

And YOSEMITE VALLEY itself, with all its beauty and grandeur. Sentinel Hotel in the Valley open for entertainment of the visitor.

For further information, see any ticket agent, or address,

Yosemite Valley Railroad Co.

MERCED, CAL.



The "Golden Gem" Adding Machine

For Your General Office or Personal Desk Use **\$10**

We have been making adding machines for ten years—and have sold over 30,000. "THE PROOF" on request. During the past few years we have expended thousands of dollars in special tools and machinery to produce a machine that would be within the reach of all.

We Have Succeeded—The "Golden Gem" is the Result
You can keep it right on your desk—or take it with you on the road. It saves brain work—avoids mistakes—it suits the average man's needs as well as high priced machines. It is supplied in a pebbled morocco leather base for only \$10.

Send Your Remittance Today—your money back within ten days—if machine does not make good.

O. W. Gamber, A. A. M. Co., 148 Dunne St., N.Y.

SALES AGENT: The "Golden Gem" Sells Itself.

Pierce & Co. KODAKS

PHOTO. AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

REMOVED TO 623 STUTH SPRING STREET

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles

LADIES

Here is a chance to secure a Cash Prize.

We shall give away in all

\$50.00

NOTHING TO BUY. NO MONEY TO PAY
NO COUPONS TO SAVE.

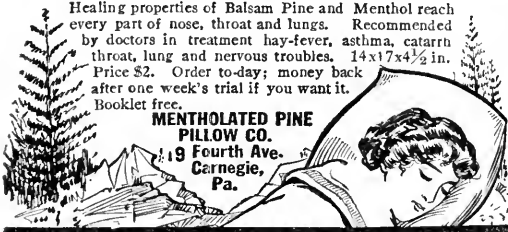
Just mail us the name of your Grocer and ask particulars about this splendid offer. Remember all it need cost you is One Cent for the postal card to us for particulars. Write AT ONCE to avoid being too late.

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White Plains, N. Y.

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Healing properties of Balsam Pine and Menthol reach every part of nose, throat and lungs. Recommended by doctors in treatment hay-fever, asthma, catarrh throat, lung and nervous troubles. 14x17x4 1/2 in. Price \$2. Order to-day; money back after one week's trial if you want it. Booklet free.

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THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE



Send 10c For a Sample r.g.
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Stylish
Inexpensive
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- In Mail Order Business for Beginners and Others.
1. The names of 3 firms who will print you circulars your own copy free.
 2. Address of firm who will furnish you letterheads free.
 3. How you can get envelopes (your return card printed) free.
 4. Address of 50 firms who want circulars mailed.
 5. 10 firms who furnish you with circulars your name printed on free.
 6. A big combination of several hundred papers and magazines in which you can insert your ad at a very low cost.
 7. Copy of the "Monthly Mail," "For You" the great exchange, story, mail order magazine and mailing directory.
 8. 500 names of reliable circular mailers with whom you can exchange and who will help you secure business.
 9. Sample copies of the Mechanical Digest, the Booster Magazine, Advertising World, Mail Order Journal, Schemes, Circular Mailers, Digest, Mail Order Advocate, Mail Order Herald and several other good mail trade papers. These alone worth \$3.00
 10. Address of 7 syndicates in which you can start a magazine and publishing business for \$1.00.
 11. Names of 50 small papers which will insert your ad for a few cents and you mail 100 papers.
 12. 1000 of our assorted commission circulars should bring you not less than \$10 to \$50.
 13. 300 names of people who sent us 25 cents each.
 14. Copies of hundreds of small papers and circulars
 15. Copy of my book "How You Can Make \$50 or Better per week." Price \$1.00.
 16. The names of 20 firms who paid me cash to mail circulars.
 17. Plan to have your ad inserted in papers at less than publisher's price. All of the 17 articles and much more valuable information for 25c. Money order, coin or stamps. Yes 25c That's all. But send now to.
- Melvin E. Churchill, Houston, Texas.

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I have them—Thousands, any kind, any nature, for any use. Send 25 cents and the name or names of the receipts you require and I am there with the goods. Write for information.

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Look for this Trade-Mark Picture on the Label when buying

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

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CALIFORNIA

1000 Miles of "Trolley Trail" in Operation

REACHING ALL POINTS OF INTEREST IN SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

FROM
HERE
TO
THERE,
MOST
EVERYWHERE
IN
"THE
LAND
OF
HEART'S
DESIRE."



MOUNT
LOWE,
THE
WORLD'S
WONDERLAND
TROLLEY
TRIP.
NO
TOUR
COMPLETE
WITHOUT
IT.

ASK LOCAL AGENT OR WRITE TRAFFIC MANAGER PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING
LOS ANGELES CAL. FOR INFORMATION ON WORLD'S BEST TROLLEY TRIPS

every
American
should see



The Grand Canyon of Arizona

Over a mile deep—13 miles wide—217 miles Long and colored like a sunset.
Also

The Yosemite Valley

A wonderland of towering cliffs—Tremendous waterfalls—and trees thousands and thousands years old. If interested send for picture folders

JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M., Santa Fe Ry., Los Angeles.

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Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

T A R I F F.

12 rooms.....	\$1.00 each
50 rooms.....	\$1.50 each
50 rooms.....	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50

to \$4.00

50 large light sample rooms \$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

“MEET ME AT THE MANX”

Music and Dramatic
STUDENTS

¶Our New Catalogue for 1913-14, Beautifully Illustrated and Containing Detailed Information Regarding All Branches of Study, Also Full Particulars About the Magnificent New Egan Building, on Figueroa St., Near Pico, Into Which the School Will Move About November First, Will Be Mailed Free to Students.

¶Two Phones: Home 60371; Sunset 3357.

EGAN SCHOOL of MUSIC
AND DRAMA

Eighth Floor, Majestic Building
LOS ANGELES, - CALIFORNIA

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- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most Comfortable city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamosa, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has 500 hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for \$3,500,000 and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of \$25,000,000, and with a capacity of 20,000 miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HEALTH RESTORED BY NATURE METHODS

The most Ideal Location for Climate, Quietude, Scenery and Ease of Access in America—located on the world-famed Coronado peninsula—within half an hour of San Diego. We produce results nothing short of marvelous. The nervous, dyspeptic, "run-down," "overworked," recuperate and build up astonishingly under our regime which is the most simple and natural known. Sun baths, Air baths, Hot and Cold Water, Electric Light, Mud, and all other Natural Baths and Packs, Swedish Movements and Mechano-Therapy, Open Air Sleeping, Scientifically Balanced Food, the Milk Diet, etc., comprise our "Medicines." No drugs whatever are used. **WE SECURE THE RESULTS.** Write for illustrated booklet telling of our Health Home written by George Wharton James, Editor **OUT WEST.**

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of choicest and most valuable varieties now ready. The TAFT, California's premier avocado, boxed or balled, \$4 per tree.

FEIJOAS, CHERIMOYAS, and other sub-tropical fruiting plants and trees. We grow only sub-tropical fruits of proven adaptability and of sterling merit. Send for pamphlets.

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Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequaled friction-reducing value wherever a solid lubricant is required.

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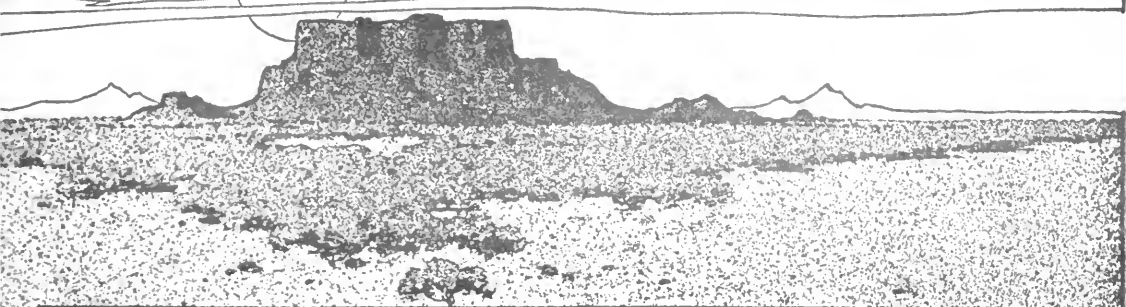
have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home.

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OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor



[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

NOV-DEC. 1919

Wharton

Beautiful YOSEMITE VALLEY

Open All Year. A Delightful Trip During The Autumn Months—
September, October, November.

There is no more delightful season in Yosemite than the Fall months, when the weather is cool and exhilarating, when the early rains have settled the dust of summer, when tree and mountain are aglow with the tints of Autumn.

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A scenic rail and stage ride through the Merced River Canyon to the Portals of Yosemite.

Hotel Del Portal, at the Park Line. A pleasant mountain inn, picturesquely located on the mountain side, with the service and conveniences of the city hotel.

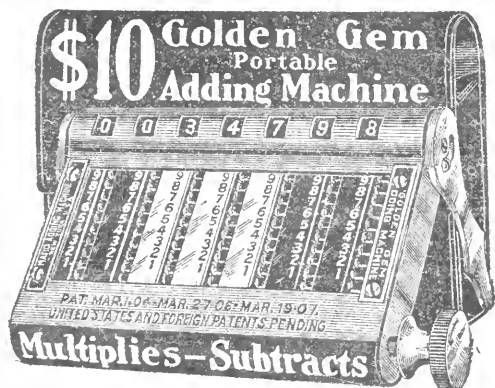
Merced Grove of Big Trees. Only a few miles distant from El Portal, reached by daily automobile service.

And YOSEMITE VALLEY itself, with all its beauty and grandeur. Sentinel Hotel in the Valley open for entertainment of the visitor.

For further information, see any ticket agent, or address,

Yosemite Valley Railroad Co.

MERCED, CAL.



The "Golden Gem" Adding Machine

For Your General Office or Personal Desk Use **\$10**

We have been making adding machines for ten years—and have sold over 30,000. "THE PROOF" on request. During the past few years we have expended thousands of dollars in special tools and machinery to produce a machine that would be within the reach of all.

We Have Succeeded—The "Golden Gem" is the Result

You can keep it right on your desk or take it with you on the road. It saves brain work—avoids mistakes—it suits the average man's needs as well as high priced machines. It is supplied in a pebbled morocco leather base for only \$10.

Send Your Remittance Today—your money back within ten days—if machine does not make good.

O. W. Gancher, A. A. M. Co., 148 Duane St., N.Y.

SALES AGENT: The "Golden Gem" Sells Itself.

Pierce & Co. **KODAKS**
PHOTO. AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

REMOVED TO 623 STUTH SPRING STREET

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St., Los Angeles

Agents-Dealers- Premium Users!



IF YOU want something that is the thing right now—an article with which many Agents and Dealers are making \$50.00 to \$75.00 a week, net profit, and with which many concerns, who are giving them as premiums, have increased their sales considerably—get acquainted with the “MORGAN DANDY” safety razor!

A razor guaranteed equal in merits, quality and appearance to any selling at \$5.00. In fact, it's a FIVE DOLLAR razor in every thing but an expensive box; triple silver plated and contains all the essential features that go to make the shaving qualities. We guarantee it to shave as good, or better, than any other razor, IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE OR MAKE!

The angle of the frame and guard are so scientifically adjusted as to enable anyone to get the best results and insure absolute safety, even if a man has never shaved himself before. The steel of the blade is the best—specially ground and tempered. Every blade is hair tested and inspected.

YOU WANT THIS— regardless of whether you are an Agent, Mail Dealer, Premium User or a Local Dealer, or what your occupation or profession may be, if you are a man with the “Get There” spirit, you want this because you can make big money with this razor and we want you to write for wholesale prices, copies of show cards, circulars and other matter furnished with imprint.

Enclose 25 cents for sample razor, which amount may be deducted from first order or, if you don't think our “MORGAN DANDY” shaves as good, or better, than any other razor, we will send your quarter back.

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THE HOMEPHONE

—is quick, reliable and “gossip-proof.” Costs less than you'd think. Contract Department F 98, Home Telephone & Telegraph Co., 716 South Olive Street.



Rates the SAME all the year round.

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A FIREPROOF, Class A, Concrete Building. Telephones, Steam Heat, Hot and Cold Water in every room. ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS

Single Room, 75c and \$1.00
Two People, \$1.00 and \$1.50

ROOMS WITH BATH:
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MESSMORE'S DINING ROOM in Hotel. 22 years catering to the business men of Los Angeles.

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FREE Electric BUSS from ALL Trains

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A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY



DEVOTED TO THE NATURE CURE THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE AND MEDICAL FREEDOM

HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK N.D. EDITOR



THE NATUROPATHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
LOS ANGELES — CALIFORNIA

**AUTHORIZED STATEMENT OF
Los Angeles Banks**

July 1st, 1913

Compiled by Security Trust and Savings Bank

NAME	Deposits	Total Resources	Organ- ized
1 Bank of Italy.....	\$12,538,055.55	\$14,162,357.50	1908
2 Bank of San Pedro.....	316,924.12	389,426.89	1888
3 California Savings Bank.....	2,854,789.98	3,226,075.22	1904
4 Central National Bank.....	3,038,969.84	3,695,346.99	1907
5 Citizens National Bank.....	10,509,527.41	14,184,120.73	1890
6 Citizens Savings Bank, Hollywood	253,062.90	288,644.22	1906
7 Citizens Savings Bank, San Pedro	306,920.79	347,675.35	1908
8 Citizens Trust and Savings Bank..	3,047,049.14	3,650,764.90	1891
9 City and County Bank.....	758,814.27	1,007,577.10	1908
10 Commercial National Bank.....	2,707,552.70	3,763,823.45	1903
11 Farmers & Merchants N't'l Bank	14,924,592.55	20,190,455.00	1903
12 Federal Bank.....	557,384.51	629,330.89	1903
13 First National Bank of Los Angeles	18,554,450.26	23,672,090.70	1880
14 First National Bank, Hollywood..	350,729.92	428,172.36	1905
15 First National Bank, San Pedro...	261,792.23	379,458.46	1893
16 First National Bank, Wilmington	133,084.78	193,215.13
17 German Amer. Trust & Sav. Bank	19,879,566.17	22,082,212.24	1890
18 Globe Savings Bank.....	1,932,110.54	2,577,040.65	1906
19 Harbor City Savings Bank.....	192,548.27	228,629.05	1906
20 Hellman Com. Trust & Sav. Bank	5,466,073.09	6,591,770.97	1908
21 Highland Park Bank.....	260,516.47	296,982.38	1910
22 Hollywood National Bank.....	607,389.07	684,007.43	1905
23 Hollywood Savings Bank.....	207,016.09	243,801.42	1905
24 Home Savings Bank.....	6,217,680.67	7,354,096.94	1904
25 Internat'l Sav. & Exchange Bank	2,570,822.76	2,918,560.91	1903
26 Los Angeles Hibernian Sav. Bank	1,840,126.81	2,107,940.28	1910
27 Los Angeles Trust & Sav. Bank...	18,632,070.89	21,387,695.62	1903
28 Merchants National Bank.....	7,860,866.17	9,151,090.55	1886
29 National Bank of California.....	5,072,876.87	6,426,848.79	1889
30 Security Trust and Savings Bank	43,638,811.87	46,638,811.87	1889
31 State Bank of San Pedro.....	446,442.76	507,359.15	1901
32 Traders Bank.....	1,241,486.73	1,505,641.77	1908
33 United States National Bank.....	1,276,085.40	1,844,198.56	1905
<hr/>			
Totals July 1st, 1913.....	187,963,632.56	222,755,223.47	
Totals January 1st, 1913.....	181,886,445.32	215,004,695.83	
<hr/>			
Increase in six months.....	6,077 187.24	7,750,527.64	



OUT WEST

New Series, Vol. 6

Nov.-Dec., 1913

Number 5

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

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THE WOODS *of* THE WEST

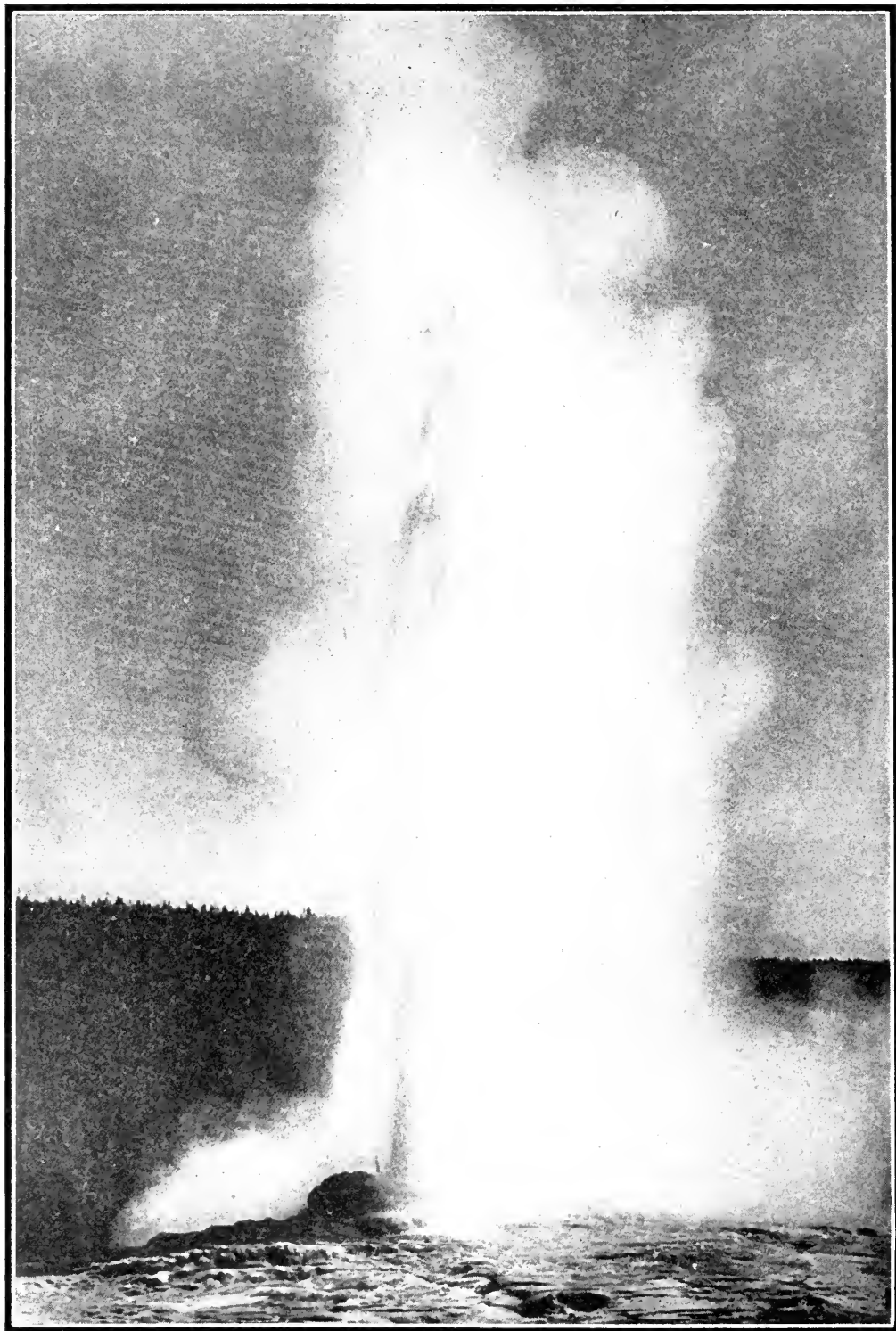
By Herbert Bashford

OH, WOODS OF THE WEST, LEAFY WOODS THAT I LOVE,
WHERE THROUGH THE LONG DAYS I HAVE HEARD
THE PRAYER OF THE WIND IN THE BRANCHES ABOVE
AND THE TREMULOUS SONG OF THE BIRD,
WHERE THE CLUSTERING BLOOMS OF THE DOG-WOOD HANG O'ER—
WHITE STARS IN THE DUSK OF THE PINE,
AND DOWN THE DIM AISLES OF THE OLD FOREST POUR
THE SUNBEAMS THAT MELT INTO WINE!

OH, WOODS OF THE WEST, HOW OFT TO YOUR SHADE
HAVE I COME IN THE HOT SUMMER HOURS,
AND TROD THE GREEN MANTLE LONE SOLITUDE LAID
THROUGH THE DEEPS OF YOUR NIGHT-HAUNTED BOWERS,
AND LINGERED BESIDE THE PURE, CRYSTALLINE STREAMS—
THOSE POETS THAT RHYME AS THEY RUN,
AND WATCHED IN THE SHALLOWS THE SILVERY GLEAMS
OF THE MINNOWS IN MESHES OF SUN!

OH, WOODS OF THE WEST, I AM SIGHING TODAY
FOR THE SEA-SONGS YOUR VOICES REPEAT,
FOR THE EVERGREEN GLADES, FOR THE GLADES FAR AWAY
FROM THE STIFLING AIR OF THE STREET,
AND I LONG, AH, I LONG TO BE WITH YOU' AGAIN,
AND TO DREAM IN THAT REGION OF REST,
FOREVER APART FROM THIS WARRING OF MEN—
OH, WONDERFUL WOODS OF THE WEST!

From At The Shrine of Song.



OLD FAITHFUL

What greater surprise could one have than to see for the first time the great geyser suddenly belch its water and steam to the height of our sky-scrapers?

OUT WEST


November - December

1913

Poetry *and* Symbolism of Indian Basketry

Courtesy *The Theosophical Path*, Point Loma, Cal.

By *George Wharton James*

HE art of basket-weaving is one of the most primitive of all arts. The weaving of baskets undoubtedly ante-dated that of textiles. Holmes, Cushing, Fewkes, and other experts of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, have clearly shown that the basket is the mother of the pot. In other words, that the first pieces of pottery were undoubtedly the accidental discovery of aboriginal women who had lined their baskets with clay to prevent burning while parching corn and other seeds.

There is little doubt but that basket-weaving was simultaneously discovered and developed in many different lands, but in no country has it reached so high a state of development as on the Western Coast of North America. The finest baskets of the world have been made by the Pomas, the Gualalalas, the Tulares, the Monos, the Shoshones, the Indians of the Kern River, and the Aleuts of Alaska.

Much of aboriginal life is revealed in a study of the uses of Indian Baskets, for to these primitive people, unacquainted with vessels made of wood, glass, iron, brass, or of any of the metals, the basket was called upon to serve practically every purpose. It was used at weddings, dances, "medicine," and other ceremonies. The baby's cradle, the mother's treasure-basket, the family mush-bowl, the jars for storing and carrying water, the basket seed-winnowers, the basket drums, the fans for striking seed into the carrying-baskets, the gambling-plaques, are but a few of the thousand and one uses to which the basket is placed.

Equally interesting would it be to watch the Indian woman as she travels on foot or horseback far afield for the gathering of her material. She knows the name, the habitat, and the life-history of every piece of material within a radius of one to two hundred miles that can be used for basketry purposes. She can give you a vast amount of Indian lore in regard to the properties of all the plants as well as those used for basketry. She will show you where the sumach, willow, redbud, martynia, tule-root, maiden-hair fern, broom-corn, yucca, palm, and a score of other materials grow, and she knows the proper time to gather and prepare them.

Watch her as she takes this varied material and with her simple and primitive instruments, prepares it for use in her art. She scrapes, peels, and trims so that it will be of correct width, fineness and length. And she soaks it in cold water, boils it, or buries it in mud, according to her knowledge of the treatment it requires.

By the basket student or expert almost every type of North American basket is immediately recognized either by its material, weave, or peculiarity of design, although it must be confessed that since basket-making has become commercialized the Indians are beginning, at the white man's suggestion, to imitate both the forms and designs of tribes other than their own. But even with this element of confusion introduced, the careful student need seldom make any mistake in determining to what tribe any basket presented to him belongs.



Fig. 3. A portion of George Wharton James' historic collection of Indian Baskets



Fig. 1. George Wharton James in his library surrounded by scores of Indian Baskets, the study of the symbolism of which has been one of his most interesting specialties

The Indian Basket is almost entirely the work of the Indian woman. This is an art in which the Indian man has practically never interfered. Hence to understand it aright is to enter largely into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Indian's woman life, for it is her one chief art expression, the one in which is enshrined her love of beauty, her joy in the observation of Nature, her symbolism, mythology, history, tradition, prayers, emotions, and aspirations. To know the basket aright is to know more of the Indian woman's life than can be revealed in almost any other way. Yet, in this, as in all other unfamiliar fields, one can walk more surely and firmly with a guide. Neither should it be forgotten that it is even essential to the right and full understanding of unfamiliar things that we look at them through the eye of another. Hence in taking such a basket as the one to the right shown in Figure 6 let me ask the reader to consider this basket for a short time as seen through my eyes rather than his own.

1. *Form.* I would ask: Whence gained the weaver her idea of the form of this basket? It is well known that when

a white woman wishes to make a basket she picks up some book containing a number of pictures and chooses from these the one that she desires to imitate. But the Indian woman has no books; she knows nothing of art-training in form; and yet she produces baskets that from this standpoint are as perfect as it is possible for them to be made. I venture the assertion that you may take any basket made by any Indian uncontaminated by the influence of the white race and there will not be one single basket that is not practically perfect in form.

Why is this? The answer is clear. The Indian is a close student and observer of Nature and when she forms a basket she models it after that which "Those Above" have revealed to her in their works upon the earth—hence its perfection of form. You cannot criticise the square; the circle cannot be improved by man; the spiral needs no adjustment to make it complete. These are perfect expressions of God's perfect thought, hence cannot be amended or criticised. So it is with the Indian woman's basket—she utilizes an infinitude of forms that are all complete, all perfect, all beyond

criticism. Therefore, from the standpoint of form, the weaver of this basket can be regarded as a consummate artist.

2. *Material.* Whence does the Indian weaver gain her material? Were she a white woman she would go or send to a store and purchase a certain amount of willow splints or of raffia, of this, that, or the other color, and then, without in the least knowing or caring anything of the life-history of that which she is about to weave into her basket, she proceeds with the mechanical process. But, as I have already shown, the Indian weaver must possess a personal and intimate knowledge not only of the habitat but the life history of every plant that she uses in her art. She must know when is the correct time to gather the willow so that it will neither crack nor split; she must know when the redbud is at its best in color and when the black of the *martyria* is permanent. If she gathers the stem of the maiden-hair fern (*asian-tum*) too soon, it has not yet developed its full richness of glossy black; if she gathers it too late, it becomes rusty in color and brittle in working. She is not only the pioneer in discovering what plant-material is best adapted in her locality for basketry purposes, but so

thoroughly has she studied the field that her dictum is confessed by our highest botanical experts to be the last word upon the subject of materials suitable for the making of basketry in that locality.

After she has gathered her material, observation and experience have taught her how to prepare it, and it is very seldom indeed that one finds the material an Indian weaver has incorporated into her basket to show signs of poor selection or ill judgment. Hence, though our science of botany and plant nomenclature is totally unknown to her, the Indian basket-weaver is *in fact* an expert botanist, and as such, deserving of our esteem and appreciation.

3. *Weave.* Whence gained the Indian woman her knowledge of the variety of weaves she incorporates into her basketry? She had no book, no teacher, to tell her what kind of stitch to use, yet the Pomas alone have developed and perfected some thirteen different styles of weave, each of them perfect and complete and eminently adapted for the purposes for which they are used.

Then think, too, of the marvelous digital dexterity manifested in the manipulation of these various weaves. The fingers must be trained to a high degree



Fig. 2. Pima baskets of characteristic designs.

to accomplish such perfect work. Here is no machine-made or instrument-measured stitch. Everything is determined by the eye, the hand, and the finger. The Pomas, and now the Pimas, are making baskets with so small and fine a stitch that it seems incredible that they could be made by human hands. Some of the finer work of the Aleuts is as perfectly and closely woven as machine-made grosgrain silk. Hence from the standpoint of hand-weaving the Indian basket-maker must be regarded as an artist and an adept.

4. *Mathematical Accuracy.* In many of these baskets the mathematical skill displayed is remarkable. It must be understood that before the weaver makes the first stitch in the bottom of her basket, she has carefully figured out how many coils of weaving, and, practically, how many stitches it will require to make the bottom of the basket before she begins to flare it for the bowl. She had to know absolutely and accurately where to place the first stitch of each figure of the design so that each occupies its own proper place. Then, another wonderful piece of mathematical calculation is revealed in the fact that as the bowl continues to flare, the size of each figure of the design must be correspondingly increased. This must be done so evenly and perfectly that by the time the top of the basket is reached each figure of the design must hold exactly the same relative position that it did at the beginning.

It will be noticed that while in the diamonds of the basket on the left of Figure 6, the first and second rows from the bottom are reasonably accurate, those at the top of the third row were not so carefully calculated that at the joining-place they were of the same size and equal distance apart. Here, then, is displayed the difference between an expert and careful worker and one who is less careful. Not all weavers are artists, though many are, but in the work of those who are adepts the mathematical skill displayed cannot be surpassed by any mathematician with his calipers and other instruments of measurement. Even where the most complicated designs are introduced the weaver seems to have figured it all out in her busy little brain, and the workmanship beautifully agrees with the

perfection of her design. Hence as a mathematician the well-made basket reveals the weaver as an artist.

5. *Color.* Whence gained the aboriginal savage her perfect knowledge of color? Her gamut is limited to the whites, blacks, browns, and reds. Yet with these she produces baskets that are harmonious masterpieces in color. On one occasion I showed two baskets to one of the greatest modern colorists of the world of artists and tears sprang into his eyes as he gazed upon them and remarked: "Such coloring as this is at once my admiration and my despair. What could I do with three colors alone as this weaver has done? Such work as this is beyond me." Here, then, is the dictum of a great artist, that the Indian weaver is a master and adept in the production of color harmonies, and as such, therefore, she demands our appreciative homage.

6. *Design.* Where did this aboriginal savage secure her strikingly artistic and appropriate designs? You may pick up a thousand or ten thousand baskets—those that are made by conscientious workers—and the variety of designs is simply amazing and astounding; yet there is not one that can be called inartistic or inappropriate. They all seem to fit the needs of the basket both as to shape and use. Whence came this diversity of design, and, indeed, the ability to produce any design? When I look at the monstrosities offered to the modern public in the way of designs on wallpaper, carpets, calicos, and other printed goods, I can only conceive of many of them as being made under the influence of delirium tremens. The one idea seems to be to produce something "different." Designs that originally meant something have been conventionalized, de-conventionalized, re-conventionalized, added to, diminished from, turned inside out, twisted first this way and then that, until the original parents would be horror-stricken at the charge of paternity. But in Indian weaving there is nothing of this kind. It is all simple and individualistic, but effective.

Please note that word "individualistic." Every weaver, as a rule, makes her own design. It may have elements similar to those of other weavers but



Fig. 4. Top: Fine Apache bowl-baskets: made in Arizona
Bottom: A well-assorted collection of Indian Baskets

they are combined according to the present weaver's own state of mind or the idea she wishes to embody in her symbols.

This commercial age has either corrupted or totally destroyed the taste of its people so that they are incapable of judging upon that which is artistic. Should they wish to decorate a sofa pillow, they hie themselves to a department store and buy "pattern 91" or "design 23B;" purchase the material they require, and then go home, pin the design to the material and iron it on, afterwards working out the mechanical design with whatever material the pattern calls for. And this is called Art Work! Let it not be forgotten that William Morris' definition can never be dodged: "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work." How can there be any art in the product of a machine? The true art-work is personal, individualistic, and the Indian weaver centuries ago learned this lesson. She gains her designs from the suggestions of the Milky Way, the stars, and other objects that remind her of happy passages in her own life. She watched the flying of the ducks and birds and the floating of the water-fowl upon the lakes. She copied the graceful movements of the gliding snake and the dancing glint of the sunbeams upon the waters. The lightning, the rain-clouds, the falling rain, the rainbow, and a thousand and one things in nature suggested designs for her baskets. She wove her symbolism and her religion into these baskets and therefore, as a rule, they are unique, striking, perfect, and fill the soul of the appreciative with the keenest joy.

If, therefore, these points I have mentioned are well taken, it must be confessed that the Indian weaver is an artist. If in form her basket is beyond criticism; if in material it has utilized the best; if in weave it is symmetrical; if in measurement it is perfect; if in color it is harmonious, and if in design it is individualistic and artistic, who shall deny that as a complete whole it must be a masterpiece?

Artistic masterpieces, no matter of what character, demand the instinctive reverence and homage of the well-informed of mankind. If I gaze upon a picture by Valasquez, Rembrandt, Ti-

tian, Tintoretto, or Reynolds, I do not ask if the artist dressed in the height of fashion, spoke in grammatical sentences, or was familiar with the usages of good society at the table. My heart is filled with gratitude to him for his artistic gift to the world, and I take off my hat to him in reverent homage. So with the sculptor, the musician, the architect, the dramatist, the poet! I ask no other questions about them but that they have produced these masterpieces that will live so long as men love and reverence beauty.

Shall I be any the less honest and worshipful, therefore, if the creator of my artistic masterpiece of basketry be an ignorant, dirty, brutal savage? What matters it what the conception man may have of this Indian weaver? All I ask is: "Did she produce this glorious piece of work?" And if the answer be in the affirmative, just as I raise my hat in reverent homage to the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician, and the poet, so I raise it to the Indian weaver in thankfulness for her gift of beauty to the world.

Yet, hitherto, it will be noted that I have discussed the basket merely from the standpoint of its physical appearance. As yet the main subject has remained entirely untouched. Is there any poetry, is there any symbolism in the designs? If so, a study of this phase of the basket-weaver's art necessarily must materially enhance the joys of the student.

It is nearly thirty years ago since my attention was first directed to this phase of the subject. I was then a missionary in Nevada, and though my work had practically nothing to do with the Indians I was much attracted to the Paiutes who at that time were fairly numerous in the State. Several of them I invited to my home. Some of them were educated in the "white man's way," and all were more or less interesting. One of those I used to invite to my home and table was the remarkable daughter of the last great chief of the Paiutes, Winnemucca. She rejoiced in a high-sounding and mellifluous name of many syllables, but most people called her "Sally" for short. On one occasion she was dining at my table and we were talking about her people when, suddenly, she burst out with the



Fig. 5. Indian Baskets in Mr. James' historic collection

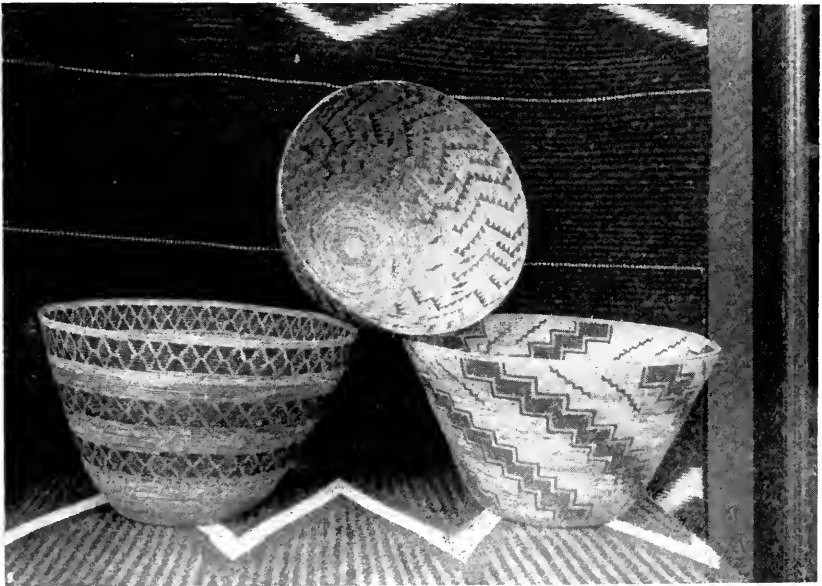


Fig. 6. Fine Yokut baskets in the Gavin collection, the big one on the left is the diamond-backed rattlesnake design

remark: "You white people think we Indians are very ignorant; that we have no poetry, no mythology, no religion, no tradition, no legendary lore, no history, but you were never more mistaken. We have all these things, but unfortunately my people have not learned to write and print books as yours have. Yet we keep all these things in our hearts and if you only knew it even that basket that you bought from me yesterday contains much of what the Paiutes believe."

In a moment I sprang from the table and fetched the basket from the kitchen. Handing it to Sally I begged her without delay to tell me all she could about it. Taking the basket and pointing to the design (see basket on the right in Figure 5), she said in effect:

"We Paiutes believe in an underworld as well as an upper world. In the upper world there are mountains and valleys (represented in the design) and there are corresponding mountains and valleys in the underworld (pointing to the design). The red earth separates the upper from the underworld and the place of communication between the two is the opening represented in the design. (The Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico term this opening from the under to the upper world, "Shipapu" or "Shipapulima.") We believe that the souls of all children that are to be born live in this underworld and that when the mother gives birth to the body of her child, its soul is sent from the underworld through this opening to become henceforth the living power of the body. We also believe that when the person dies, his or her soul returns to this region of spirits in the underworld."

Sally commented quite a good deal upon this spirit-world of her people and was much interested in explaining to me its philosophy and inherent truthfulness. Naturally many white people will immediately stamp this idea as superstition and consequently a foolish belief. But, let me ask in all sincerity, How much does the white race know about the spirit-world, and from whence come the souls of the children that are born into the world? When does a baby become a living soul? When does the soul of the child unite with its body, if it does so unite? Thousands of pages have been

written by great legal minds in all ages in an endeavor to settle this question, and it is not settled yet. Is it when the unborn child is two months old, three months, or six? When does the crime of abortion become infanticide and murder? The fact of the matter is that with all our advancement, our science, and our culture, we know no more than does the aboriginal Paiute basket-weaver. Our highest knowledge upon the subject is found in the simple little nursery rhyme sung by George MacDonald:

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to bear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you and so I am here.

In the course of years I was to learn several interesting things in regard to the opening in the basket showing the relationship between the upper and under-worlds. By a peculiar process of reasoning the Indian has come to believe that the symbol affects the thing symbolized, and that as the basket is the work of her creation, if she interferes with the Shipapu opening and she should have a child born to her, this interference will prevent the soul of her child from uniting with its body. This would be an awful catastrophe, a clear circum-

venting of the will of the gods which would produce nothing but evil and distress to both her child and herself. As soon as I got this idea into my head I determined at the first possible opportunity to test it with one of my basket-weaving friends. Accordingly I took with me to the Reservation three hundred bright, new silver dollars which I secured expressly for that purpose. In those days the baskets were current in the Reservation and equivalent to \$4.00. Going to the weaver, I asked her if she would make one of those baskets for me, but without the opening. At the same time I offered her \$8.00 if she would do this. She looked at the silver dollars regretfully, but instantly exclaimed: "I am sorry, but I cannot make the basket." I then put down \$16.00 and repeated the request. The same answer was given with the query why could she not make the basket in the regulation style. I replied that I did not want the opening and must have the basket without it and if she would oblige me I would double the amount in payment. Suiting the action to the word I spread out another \$16.00, making \$32.00 in all. The answer was still a regretful refusal. I continued to make the request until the whole of my three hundred silver dollars was spread out in tempting array upon the table, but even with that dazzling temptation before her the good woman, aboriginal savage though she was and though this mass of silver was more than her wildest dreams had ever suggested might belong to her, she still shook her head regretfully and positively refused my request. I am afraid there are many white women to whom such a temptation to set aside their religion would have been accepted as quickly as offered, but here was a so-called degraded savage proving her inherent nobility of character and adherence to her religious belief because she was convinced that to yield to the temptation would be a circumvention of the will of the gods and would bring irreparable injury to herself and her possible offspring.

At another time in talking with a Navaho weaver about this very basket, she called my attention to the fact that it possessed a border stitch which I have called the "Herring Bone" border, totally

unlike the finishing stitch of any other tribe. In explanation of this border stitch she said it was a proof that the gods heard the prayers of faithful and true-hearted Navahos. In the long ages ago when the world was young and "the sun cast little shadows," one of the ancestral mothers of the tribe was seated under a juniper-tree praying. The burden of her prayer was to the effect that in the Navaho country it was difficult to secure good basketry material. The baskets were hard to make. Consequently when the top row of stitches was worn through and the basket began to fall to pieces it was a great hardship on the poor weaver whose time was already more than occupied in providing for the needs of her family. Therefore, would not the gods above in compassion teach her how to make a border stitch which should prevent the rapid wearing away of the top of the basket and thus materially prolong its usefulness. As she prayed there fell into her basket a twig of juniper. This she immediately took as the answer to her petition. Noticing that the twigs followed along the stem in the oblique herring-bone style, she picked up a splint and immediately began to work it upon the upper row of her basket in like fashion. The result was the discovery of this border stitch which henceforth became the valued possession of the Navahos. Later, when they taught the Paiutes how to make this basket this tribe became familiar with the "Herring Bone" border stitch, and still later as the Navahos came into close contact with the Havasupais in friendly relationship, the latter people also learned how to make this border stitch. But with these exceptions this stitch is elsewhere unknown.

One day while looking at this border stitch an old Navaho Shaman, or medicine man, called my attention to the fact that the finishing-off point on this border stitch, which he called the *athallo*, came directly opposite the Shipapu. He explained to me that this was a matter of tremendous importance to the Navaho. These baskets are prescribed for use in certain religious ceremonies that require from nine to fifteen days in their performance. Such ritualists are these people and so strictly conservative that they

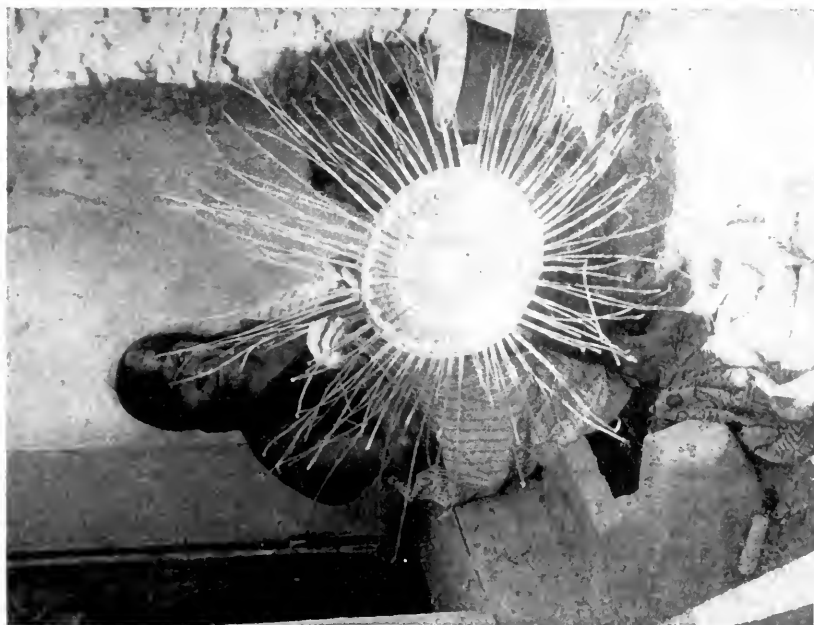


Fig. 8. A Hopi weaver at Oraibi



Fig. 7. A Chimehueva basket-weaver

believe that the slightest deviation from the required ritual, at any point, is liable to be fraught with great disaster. In certain parts of the ceremony which occur in the darkest hours of midnight the basket must be raised by the Shaman and the Shipapu opening turned towards the East. How shall this be done in the dark? The making of an artificial light is forbidden, yet the Shaman must be absolutely sure, and he himself believes that he must know that the Shipapu opening is properly oriented. Gently running his fingers around the border stitch until they come to the *athallo*, he lifts the basket with confidence and turns the opening towards the East, for the *athallo* assures him of the correct location of the opening.

Again, the Navaho maiden would scarcely regard herself as properly married if this basket were not used in the ceremonial. Three or four times have I seen a marriage in which this basket played an important part. After many preliminaries some feminine relative of the bride fills the basket up to the top of the brown earth line with cornmeal mush. It is then handed to the Shaman who sprinkles a line of the pollen of the blue larkspur from one side of the basket to the other and another line at right angles, thus describing a simple cross on the surface of the mush. The Navahos believe that there are five world points each controlled by two sets of powers, the good and the evil, all of whom must be propitiated—the good that they may remain good, and the evil that they may become good.

Raising the basket with the *athallo* turned towards the East, the medicine-man takes a small pinch of the mush from the division of the basket nearest the East. He breathes upon it. This is "placing his spirit upon it" and attesting his sincerity, and he sprinkles the mush to the powers of the East. In turn he does this to the powers of the North, the West, the South, and the Here. The basket is then given into the hands of the bride and groom who likewise propitiate the powers of the five world points.

The next part of the ceremony needs the explanation that the Navahos sexualize everything. The lightning is both

male and female. So are the earth, the sea, the winds, the rocks, and the rivers. The cold, harsh winds come from the North, hence the North is the masculine part of the earth; the South winds are warmer and softer, hence the South is the feminine part of the earth. Therefore when the bridegroom begins his symbolical journey around the mush bowl, he works to the North, while his bride works to the South. This symbolic journey is taken as follows: The bridegroom takes a pinch of the mush and eats it, the next pinch he gives to his bride. She takes a pinch and eats it and then gives one to her groom. Thus, alternating, the one circling to the North and the other to the South they proceed until their fingers meet on the further side of the bowl when, having thus journeyed their own way and met they are regarded as duly married and the ceremony is complete. Yet, scarcely complete, for one more piece of pleasant ritual must be observed. Just as the white bride cuts her wedding-cake and gives a piece to each of the guests, the romantic of whom carry it home and place it under their pillows that they may dream of their own future prince or princess, so does the Navaho bride hand around the basket of mush, each one of the guests taking a pinch with exactly the same pleasant superstition in mind.

This same basket is used in a number of ceremonies by the Navahos. By the Apaches, too, it is regarded with reverence, and as the Navahos and Apaches are racial cousins, the fact that the basket is held in high esteem by the one has led the medicine-men of the other tribe to attach significance to this basket in certain ceremonies that are supposed to be very efficacious in the healing of the sick. To describe these ceremonies would take many pages. Indeed I might fill a number of pages in recounting the laws pertaining to "Butts and Tips," all of which have the purpose of requiring the careful and "religious" handling of the splints of which these baskets are made, so that, even in their very construction, nothing evil, improper, or unworthy may enter into them, but that everything may be done decently and in order.

Hence, it will be seen that when I look upon a basket of this weave and design



Fig. 10. My little Havasu friend going for water with a basket water-bottle or esuwa



*Fig. 9. Havasupai mother proud of her child
(Copyright 1899 by George Harrion James.)*

it is no longer to me a mere piece of aboriginal weaving to be regarded solely from its physical appearance, but it becomes an object full of association, crowded with suggestions that bring before me a host of ideas, thoughts, and emotions connected with the intimate and inner life of a little known and much misunderstood people.

Having thus gained a clue to what seemed to be a great ethnological possibility, I never lost sight of it and determined at the first possible opportunity I would follow it up and see if other Indian peoples wove into the designs of their baskets any of these ideas that had been suggested to me as the result of my study of this Paiute-Navaho-Apache basket.

It was not until about twelve or fifteen years ago that a good opportunity arose to further my investigations. I then found it possible to visit the Saboba Indian Reservation, near to San Jacinto, California. I expected to have with me a former teacher of the Indian school at this place who had made a comprehensive study of the people, was familiar with their language and naturally seemed to be in a position to be the best informed person in the country as to their social, religious, and ceremonial life. I informed her of the object of my visit and asked if the Saboba Indians attached any special significance to the designs of their baskets. She replied that they did not; she was familiar with their habits, their work, and their most intimate thoughts, and the only ideas they had in weaving designs into their baskets was to increase their beauty, enhance their desirability, and thus, if they were to be sold, increase their commercial value.

Fortunately for me on the morning when we were to go together to test this matter, some friends of hers, calling in their own conveyance took her on ahead with the understanding that we were to meet later on. At the same time the physician of the Agency, Dr. C. C. Wainwright, expressed a desire to go with me, and, as he spoke Spanish, which most of the Indians understood, I gladly accepted his offices as interpreter.

The first woman that we found was Juana Apapos. I had bought a number of baskets from her in the past few years

and had no hesitancy in asking her to bring out anything she had for sale. She was busily engaged in weaving the basket shown in the center of Figure 15. I bought two or three other baskets she brought to me, but this was the one in which I became the most interested. I had long ago learned, however, that in dealing with most Indians it was not a good plan to ask questions which, in themselves, seemed to suggest the answers desired. Too often the Indian's idea of politeness is that if you suggest an answer to your question, that is the answer you desire. Hence the vast amount of *misinformation* that people distribute among their friends as knowledge actually gained from the Indians. Consequently I asked no direct questions, but sat down upon the ground and using the sand to demonstrate upon, I explained to Juana that I had recently visited the Navahos, the great blanket-weaving Indians of New Mexico, and that they wove into their blankets a number of designs some of which seemed very similar to those that the Southern California Indians weave into their baskets. I then drew upon the sand several designs used by the Navahos, one of which was much like the conventionalized step design in Juana's basket, and I explained to her its Navaho significance. Almost immediately she replied, "But that was not what I meant when I put that design into my basket. You see where we live here there is no opportunity to see the majestic summit of Mount San Jacinto. I am very fond of that mountain. Up at Cahuilla, where some of my relatives live, one can see the whole glorious range of San Jacinto, with its steps leading higher and higher until you come to its broad flat top, over which the sun floods the country every morning in a scene of bewildering beauty. So, when my friends invited me to pay a visit to Cahuilla, I was glad to go, for I was really hungry to see the great mountain that I so much love. Every morning I used to get up early and watch the first gleams of the sunlight until the mountain slopes and the valleys as well were flooded with its light. Just before I came home I began to make this basket and I thought I would put into it the steps that so reminded me of Mount San

Jacinto and all it meant to me. Here are the steps you see (pointing to the design), leading from the mountain top into the valley where the earth is, which you see I have made, and under it running springs of water, which are also represented. Thus the basket gives me much pleasure in reminding me of the joys I had on that visit."

Here Juana ceased her narrative, without any explanation of the tree-like figures which overshadow her representation of the valleys. Accordingly I asked her to tell me what they meant. This, for a time, she refused to do under the plea that I would laugh at her. When, finally, I convinced her that I would not laugh, she explained as follows: "In some parts of the valleys are wonderful pine-trees which spread out their great branches in every direction. These, in the winter were covered with heavy snow. This you could certainly tell by the way in which the branches bent over. I wanted to put these trees into my valleys, but when I started to weave them I did not think enough beforehand and so started to make them too big, so that when they were finished, the trees were bigger than the valleys. I do not like to see them." Then, with a quaint expression upon her face, she handed me the basket saying: "I think I will sell you this basket now." I did not waste any time but immediately asked the price and paid it, for it mattered much to me that Juana realized that her design was carelessly conceived and indifferently executed and therefore she was glad to get the basket out of her sight. I know many white workers who have not yet learned enough to be able to discern good from evil work, especially if it is the product of their own fingers.

The next weaver we visited was an almost blind woman who was just finishing the large basket in the center of Figure 16. In speaking of this design the old lady reminded us that they lived in a region where the white man had stolen practically all the available water supply, the springs, etc., and that unless there was abundant rain their crops did not grow, the grass did not spring up, so that their flocks went hungry and that meant poverty and hunger to themselves. But the year before there had

been much rain; the sky was filled with clouds and rainbows; and the constant falling of the rain filled the springs, watered the earth, gave them an abundance of crops, and made everything happy and prosperous. "So," continued she, "as I am only a poor old woman, nearly blind, and unable to do anything else, I am making this basket in order that I may take the sacred meal and sprinkle it at the shrine where I shall pray to 'Those Above' that they send us much rain this year, and to remind them of my prayers I put the rainbows into my basket that they may know exactly what my prayers are for." Then, with a pathos that was touching in its naive simplicity, the old lady, raising the basket to her nearly blind eyes and peering at the rainbow designs that she had made, exclaimed, "I am an old woman and cannot weave very well, and my sight is nearly gone, and I never attempted to make any rainbows before. They are not very good, but I think Those Above will understand what I mean, and I hope they will answer my prayers and send us rain."

The work thus begun interestingly continued all day and I got a vast amount of lore from the Saboba people suggested by the designs in their baskets, that filled a large notebook.

Figure 17 is of Pedro Lucero, one of the patriarchs of the tribe, whose wife was one of the most skilful weavers of her people. She had just completed the basket the old man holds in his hands. I purchased it and with the aid of Bonifacio Cabase obtained from the old man and his wife the following legend of the advent of the Sabobas in Southern California:

"Before my people came here they lived far, far away in the land that is in the heart of the setting sun. But Siwash, our great god, told Uuyot, the warrior captain of my people, that we must come away from this land and sail away and away in a direction that he would give us. Under Uuyot's orders my people built big boats, and then, with Siwash himself leading them, and with Uuyot as captain, they launched them into the ocean and rowed away from the shore. There was no light on the ocean. Everything was covered with

a dark fog and it was only by singing as they rowed that the boats were enabled to keep together.

"It was still dark and foggy when the boats landed on the shores of this land, and my ancestors groped about in the darkness, wondering why they had been brought hither. Then, suddenly, the heavens opened, and lightnings flashed and thunders roared and the rains fell, and a great earthquake shook all the earth. Indeed, all the elements of earth, ocean, and heaven seemed to be mixed up together, and with terror in their hearts, and silence on their tongues, my people stood still, awaiting what should happen further. Though no voice had spoken, they knew something was going to happen, and they were breathless in their anxiety to know what it was. Then they turned to Uuyot and asked him what the raging of the elements meant. Gently he calmed their fears and bade them be silent and wait. As they waited, a terrible clap of thunder rent the very heavens and the vivid lightning revealed the frightened people huddling together as a pack of sheep. But Uuyot stood alone, brave and fearless, and daring the anger of Those Above. With a loud voice he cried out: 'Wit-i-a-ko!' which signified, 'Who's there; what do you want?' There was no response. The heavens were silent! The ocean was silent! All Nature was silent! Then with a voice full of tremulous sadness and loving yearning for his people, Uuyot said: 'My children, my own sons and daughters, something is wanted of us by Those Above. What it is I do not know. Let us gather together and bring *pivat*, and with it make the big smoke and the dance, and dance until we are told what is required of us.'

"So the people brought *pivat*—a native tobacco that grows in Southern California—and Uuyot brought the big ceremonial pipe which he had made out of rock, and he soon made the big smoke and blew the smoke up into the heavens while he urged his people to dance. They danced hour after hour, until they grew tired, and Uuyot smoked all the time, but still he urged them to dance.

"Then he called out again to Those Above, 'Witiako!' but could obtain no response. This made him sad and dis-

consolate, and when the people saw Uuyot sad and disconsolate they became panic-stricken, ceased to dance, and clung around him for comfort and protection. But poor Uuyot had none to give. He himself was the saddest and most forsaken of all, and he got up and bade the people leave him alone, as he wished to walk to and fro by himself. Then he made the people smoke and dance, and when they rested they knelt in a circle and prayed. But he walked away by himself, feeling keenly the refusal of Those Above to speak to him. His heart was deeply wounded.

"But, as the people prayed and danced and sang, a gentle light came stealing into the sky from the far, far east. Little by little the darkness was driven away. First the light was gray, then yellow, then white, and at last the glittering brilliancy of the sun filled all the land and covered the sky with glory. The sun had arisen for the first time, and in its light and warmth my people knew they had the favor of Those Above, and they were contented and happy.

"But when Siwash, the god of earth, looked around and saw everything revealed by the sun, he was discontented, for the earth was bare and level and monotonous and there was nothing to cheer the sight. So he took some of the people and of them he made high mountains, and of some smaller mountains. Of some he made rivers and creeks and lakes and waterfalls; and of others, coyotes, foxes, antelope, bear, squirrels, porcupines, and all the other animals. Then he made out of other people all the different kinds of snakes and reptiles and insects and birds and fishes. Then he wanted trees and plants and flowers, and he turned some of the people into these things. Of every man or woman that he seized he made something according to their value. When he had done he had used up so many people that he was scared. So he set to work and made a new lot of people, some to live here and some to live everywhere. And he gave to each family its own language and tongue and its own place to live, and he told them where to live and the sad distress that would come upon them if they mixed up their tongues by intermarriage. Each family was to live in

its own place and while all the different families were to be friends and live as brothers, tied together by kinship, amity, and concord, there was to be no mixing of bloods.

"Thus were settled the original inhabitants of the coast of Southern California by Siwash, the god of the earth, and under the captaincy of Uuyot."

In the design of this basket the upper row shows the sun, moon, and stars shining through the openings in the mountains as related in the story. The bottom row represents the different villages of the people, each separate and distinct, yet each connected with the other by the bonds of kinship and affection.

Unfortunately this basket is no longer in my collection. While traveling and lecturing in the East the basket disappeared. Whether it was stolen or accidentally lost I have never been able to determine, but should it ever be seen, I give this public announcement that it was never sold by me; that it should be in the collection and that I should be happy to see it returned there.

A few years after I gained this story from Pedro and his wife, an earthquake visited Saboba and though the *temblor* was not a severe one, it shook down the old adobe wall under which Pedro and his wife, with several others, were sleeping. I then wrote the following true story which it is well should find a place here.

"Everybody knew Pedro and his wife. They were a loving couple, though aged, wrinkled, and worn. 'Poor' was no name to describe the abject wretchedness of their lot, yet in each other's love they were content, nay, even happy. But Pedro was blind. I never asked him whether he was born blind, or if it were the result of some later accident, but ever since I have known him he has been without the power of sight. His wife was a quiet, even-tempered, sweet-spirited, industrious old woman, one of the few remaining basket-makers of the Sabobas, and she would sit hard at work, day in and day out, shaping the pliant willow and tule root into the useful and pretty baskets that in these days we have learned so much to value.

"They did not have much of what we

should call intellectual intercourse. There were no chats on the latest operas, or novels, or poems, or pictures. They did not discuss the newest scientific theories and argue about the descent of man, or life being a product of ferment. One would have thought there was little to bind them closely together. Poverty is said to be 'grinding;' and where one is 'ground' he does not generally feel loving and gentle. Still this couple were ever loving and gentle one with another. The old woman would talk to the old blind man, and he would reply, and a look of content and peace would come over his face in spite of his sightless orbs. For they loved each other deeply, truly, faithfully, lastingly. Theirs no fair-weather love, while youth and good looks lasted; no formal tie to be severed at will for a younger man or woman, but a true union of hearts—Indian hearts though they were—and their ever-present reward was a conjugal happiness to be envied. Happiness is a relative term, and, as the Christ put it, it comes not from without. 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' Poverty and squalor cannot affect it, for it is a state within. The 'diners on herbs' might enjoy it and the 'feasters on stalled ox' know nothing of its calm delights and perpetual inner banquets. These two loved, and in the gentle serenity of that never-failing devotion to each other the days passed in happiness and content, and one, seeing them as I did, could wish them nothing better than to pass out into the beyond together, thus loving and being loved.

"But the cyclone considers not the gamboling of the innocent lamb. The tornado sweeps with equally direful force over the happy as well as the wretched, just as the rain falls upon the just and the unjust. The stormy blasts of winter have no discernment of the poorly clad, and the disasters of the earthquake smite the deserving and the good as well as the undeserving and the bad. So it need not seem strange that when the earthquake of a few years ago shook up Southern California it slew the wife of Pedro as well as several other women, none of whom, perhaps, were as happy in conjugal bliss as she.

(Continued in January Number.)

A GOOD SQUARE MEAL



By Perlyna Sizer

AS Jim Blakesley drove up to the cabin door, he recognized the team and familiar figure of Doc Slowly coming around the point of the hill, with his dog, General, beside him on the seat of the wagon. Behind him crawled Ruff Wright with his famous roars, "Four of the best hosses in the territory," as Ruff would proudly proclaim to any chance traveler who in an unguarded moment glanced toward the little nondescript Indian ponies that served him as a freight team. As they approached the corral Jim called out in a hearty voice as he continued to unharness his horses: "Howdy, Doc."

"Evenin' Jim," replied Doc, as he drove up. "What you got?"

"O, some stuff for Williams. He's puttin' in a new supply of barbed wire, Crawford's goin' to do some more fencin'," Jim answered.

"How's the road?" Doc asked, for in this country to freighters the condition of the roads is of prime importance.

"Bad," laconically answered Jim. Men of these parts wasted no unnecessary words.

"That so?"

"Yep. The Seven Mile Hill is a terror; had to chain lock acomin' down, the break wouldn't hold."

"Well that beats the world for this time o' year, don't it?"

"You betchu," Jim replied, and then continued: "You never could a got up if you had been haulin' your load to Durango, but comin' down you're alright if you're loaded light, only then you have to be keerful to keep your wagin top side up. What you goin' after?"

"O, I'm goin' up for Shattuck after some dry goods. The wimmin folks has got to have some new clothes, I reckon. An' I have to take my beans up."

The teams were quickly in the stable out of the wind, and the men then turned

their attention to their own suppers. Soon a rousing fire was crackling in the big fireplace, and it was not long until they were seated eating by the blaze of the logs, and a lantern set upon a box. Jim Blakesley was seated, tailor fashion, on the floor; Ruff Wright had brought in his feed box, while Doc sat upon his bed roll, with his faithful bull-dog, "General," sitting beside him blinking his eyes in the bright firelight. Each had a tin cup, plate, knife, fork and spoon—"the compliments o' war," the men called them.

"By Hokey, Doc, that coffee tastes good. Where did you learn to make it?" Jim asked.

"O, I learned from a Frenchy cook jest out from gay Patee that was with Fremont. He sure was a dandy, too, alright, an' he could cook, too, I tell you, from soup to fixin's," replied Doc.

"Wall, I do like good coffee," as he helped himself to a third cup. "Got any more cream?"

"Yep, there's the cow," Doc replied as he pointed toward the condensed milk can.

After supper pipes were lighted; Doc fed General a generous supper of rabbit he had shot on the way, and the talk soon drifted to past days when they had traveled across the country with freight from Leavenworth to Santa Fe, and it had been no easy thing to safely pilot a freight train through a country overrun with hostile Indians.

"Wall, say now," said Doc, after several stories of perilous experiences had been related. "Speaking of eatin', an' coffee, an' cream," although no one had mentioned these, "did I ever tell you about the good, square meal me and my brother had way back in the early seventies?"

"Guess you never," Ruff Wright answered. "Let's have it, though you should have got a good square meal as

late as that," he continued as he blew out the lantern light to save oil—the firelight was bright enough.

Doc shifted his position, gave General a nudge to make him stop snoring, settled himself comfortably against his bed roll, leaving his strong face in high relief against the deep shadows behind, and began his story.

"Wall, my brother Warren had come out from Illinoy to make me a visit. I hadn't seen him since I left York state in fifty-four. I wandered jest about all over creation, nearly, with Fremont an' Sherman, an' then I got tired runnin' around an' settled down on a little ranch on the Picketwire in Colorado, near to Kit Carson's ranch; you see that was just before he went down to Taos."

"What did you raise?" asked Jim. "Cactus, or rattlesnakes?"

"Neither," Doc replied complacently. "Didn't need to raise 'em, just needed to corral 'em. Well, about the time Warren come out, I was subpoenaed for jury dooty in the United States Court at Pueblo, an' I thought it would be a fine chanct to show Warren what a great an' glorious country we had out of doors here, so I took him along. An' he was as glad to go as I was to have him, too." Doc paused and puffed away at his wheezy pipe, lost in memory and forgetful of his listeners. Suddenly he straightened up, recalled to those about him who were patiently waiting, gave his pipe an affectionate stroke and General a vigorous push with his foot, and continued:

"I always prided myself on my grub box any way, an' then I knew Warren wasn't used to camp grub, so I went to the quartermaster at old Fort Lyon, where I always outfitted, an' I told him I just had to have the best grub he had in the commissary, even if the officers did have to go without, or on short rations for awhile. I got sugar-cured ham and bacon, none of the kind of cheap stuff you get these days of packinghouse things; an' I got sardines and salmon, sausage and canned fruits, an' cheese, an' all such delicacies. An' I didn't forget the rattlesnake ile, either," he continued.

"I'll bet you didn't," choroused his listeners, but he did not hear their com-

ments, so engrossed was he in his recollections.

"I had four of the best hosses that ever danced in harness, an' they wan't like Ruff's here, either, they *was* hosses. The weather was fine, an' we never saw a solitary Injun all the way."

"They wasn't botherin' much them late days," remarked Ruff, by way of retaliation for the slur cast upon his cherished horses, as he filled his pipe from Doc's cut plug.

"No, they wan't," answered Doc, ignoring Ruff further. "Well, we had a fine time at court, hobnobbin' with all the big guns from Leadville and Denver, an' when we got down to Apishipa Creek the second day out on our way home we met a beef round-up. I knowed the foreman real well, an' I wanted Warren to see all there was to see of the frontier sights. So the foreman told Warren all about how they rounded up the beeves, an' how they branded the cattle, an' Warren then ast him if they had seen any Injuns lately. The foreman said, "No, they hadn't," an' Warren says:

"We've had a mighty fine trip, but I was really wantin' to see some Injuns. Guess from the looks of things, though, I'll be disappointed, an' have to go back to Illinoy an' tell my folks you've killed 'em all off out here."

"It was near sundown, an' I said to Warren, 'Now, Warren, we can camp here with the boys, or we can go on down the river 'bout a mile further an' stop with ole man Lavendar, whichever you want. Lavendar is livin' down there on a sage-brush ranch with his family.'

"Warren looked kinda' sheepish, an' said kinda careless like, 'O, let's go on down to Lavendar's an' git a good, square meal.'

"I knew from the way he had been eatin' that he was tired of camp grub, so I said, 'Alright,' but I didn't tell him what *kind* of a square meal they would have. I knew, an' the foreman knew, but I thought I'd let Warren find out for hisself. Lavendars was mighty fine people, but terrible poor.

"So we said adios to the cow camp, an' went on. As we drove away I see the foreman talkin' to his men afore they all rode off.

"We drove into Lavendar's yard with

a flourish, an' was greeted with the yelpin' an' barkin' of a dozen dorgs. Lavendar come out at that an' was awful glad to see us; they wa'n't many white folks goin' visitin' them days, an' he said supper'd be ready time we got our hosses out. We had just finished feedin', an' was washin' up at the well when Mrs. Lavendar come to the door and yelled, 'Supper!' an' the dorgs all howled.

"Their house was like all our houses them days in this country—dirt floors, an' home-made furniture made of the same kind of logs as the houses was made from. The table was two cottonwood slabs set up on pegs drove in the dirt floor; an' the chairs was made of the ends of logs sawed off an' pegs put in fer legs, but you all know how them things was," he suddenly exclaimed impatiently.

"You bet we do," Jim and Ruff choroused.

"Then they's no use of me tellin' you about it. Well, when we set down to supper," Doc resumed after refilling his pipe for the third time, "Lavendar passed the fried pork an' said, 'Have sum Missouri fish, Doc,' Warren looked up with a expectant look in his eyes, cause he thought sure enough now he was goin' to have some good fish. He was mighty fond of fish, Warren was. Lavendar's didn't have no candles, an' so Mrs. Lavendar had filled a old tomater can with salt pork drippin's, put in a caliker rag for a wick, an' hung it up on a log in the corner of the room. Gosh, but it did make funny shadows of us all, an' it kept a sputterin' an' a sputterin', an' sometimes it'd most go out, then flare up again an' you could see a little of what you was eatin'.

"An' then Mrs. Lavendar said, 'Have some lobbered milk, an' put some in your tea. I caint keep it sweet these days, an' Lavendar's so tarnation lazy he won't milk till arter supper, says he aint got no strength till he gets somethin' inter his stummick,' an' she passes Warren a big six-quart pan of sour milk. They had sour milk biscuits, too, an' didn't get enough saleratus in 'em, so's they was still sour, and poor Warren had desepsy to beat all. Well, I was just about ready to bust, but held myself in by not lookin' at Warren who set

acrost the table from me, but when the old man took up the fryin' pan an' passed it to Warren sayin', 'Have some Buffalo chips,' it was too much for me. We'd been a burnin' them along our trip to cook with."

"Holy Smoke! What was it?" asked Ruff, while Jim suddenly sat up dropping his pipe from his mouth.

"Why, it was just dried Buffalo meat cut off in little pieces, an' fried in hot pork grease, but it sure didn't sound like it. It a'most killed me. I just couldn't help givin' Warren a poke in his ribs, only I couldn't reach him, so I just kicked his shins underneath the table a little to remind him of his square meal. He was settin' on a stool that had lost one leg so he couldn't keep his balance very well, an' went a sprawlin' over backwards onto the floor. As he went over he accidentally hit Mrs. Lavendar under the table, an' she jumped up an' hollers, 'Git out o' here, you varmints! Caint we eat our supper in peace? Lavendar, if you wan't so tarnation lazy—'

"An' just then a feller rushed through the door like he was shot out of a cannon, an' yellin', 'Injuns! Injuns!' We could see torch lights dancin' up an' down outside, an' hear them raskels yell their "Ky Yy's," an' dance around that house by hundreds, gettin' closter an' closter every minute. The dogs stopped barkin' sudden, they was so scared, an' we all jumped for the gun rack. Mrs. Lavendar scuttled for the kitchen where she had about a hundred rounds of ammunition stored. You see, there hadn't been no Injuns around for so long that they had got careless, an' left their guns unloaded, somethin' we never used to do in the old days."

"That's what!" said Ruff. "It usually always meant your life to leave your gun that a way."

Doc, hardly noticing the interruption continued:

"Lavendar takes a gun off the rack, shakin' like an' handed it to one of his men standin' near, sayin', 'Here Hank, load this gun for me,' and Hank says, 'Load it yourself. I'm just as scared as you air.'

"Then we see the red faces peerin' in at the winders, an' makin' signs that if we didn't come out they's burn down the

house, but we didn't budge, only yell for ammunition, an' Mrs. Lavendar didn't seem to be able to find it, an' the Injuns then run round to the door an' bust right in, almost fallin' over themselves gettin' in. We was just goin' to let loose on 'em when we recognized the old chief as the foreman of the beef round-up, an' the rest of the Injuns was his cowpunchers. Then I knowed what they was parlyin' over after we left 'em, and why the puncher that had rode down to Lavendar's after we got there wouldn't stay to supper with us. Them cow-punchers wan't goin' to let Warren be disappointed an' go back to the States without seein' some Injuns. When

we come to look for him we found him on his knees in the middle of the table, buffalo chips, lobbered milk an' all, a prayin' for dear life. He never could tell just how he got there. An' a couple of them cowpuncher-Injuns yanked him down offen the table before he recognized 'em, him a yellin', 'Save me! Save me, Doc!'

Of course that broke up the supper, an' when it got good an' dark I found Warren fumblin' around the mess box huntin' some bread an' cheese. We started out just at daylight next mornin', an' from that day to this all I have to do to get Warren goin' is to ast him if he don't want a 'good square meal.' "



Beyond the Divide

By Jean Brooke Burt

*Have you seen the quaking aspen, when the western sun is shining,
Standing pale among the fir trees, back beyond the Great Divide?
And watched their gold leaves shiver, when the fall winds come to mock them
With stories of the frost-bite and a merciless snow-slide?*

*Have you seen the timbered Rockies, when their winter coat is on them,
Turned to a fiery opal, with the setting of the sun?
And broken through the snow crust, while the storm-clouds gathered o'er you,
And a twig snaps in the silence like the cracking of a gun?*

*When the elk range in the lowlands, feeding in the creek-bed marshes,
The river's blocked by ice floats, that are carried with the tide,
And the land's a dazzling whiteness, where the demons of the wind-gods,
Dance by freezing spaces, in a desperate, blinding ride.*

*Have you seen the shimmering valley when the winter moon is shining,
Touching all the land with magic while the stars of God gleam bright?
And heard a cry half human, as with haunted, wild-eyed hunger,
A ragged, gaunt coyote hunts the barren range by night?*

*Where a tall butte rises skyward, there's a little pine-log cabin,
That is sheltered from the northwind on its ruthless, winter round.
You may find it in the darkness for a light shines through the window
And throws a trail of welcome along the snow-clad ground.*

*Have you watched the vivid twilights, when the short, bright days are o'er,
As the night creeps up the canyons where the purple shadows glide?
And headed for the home ranch, where the beacon lamp is gleaming
In the window of your cabin that is west of the Divide?*

A FEW CHICKEN-FEATHERS



By *Bertha Corbett Melcher*

CHICKENS! Alluring thought! How intimately those domestic fowls are associated with our daily life, morning, noon and night—omelettes, “hard or soft boiled,” for breakfast; custard and cookies for luncheon; and cake for dessert at tea time. We could not dispense with our humble friend, and would not if we could.

The contented “singing” of the biddies out under the weeds in the dry dust, as they “fluffle” themselves there on sunny days, has no rival in nature for pure drowsiness. And the fuss-budgett hens with anxious fears and much clucking are so interesting. But a friend of mine decided to dispense with the fuss-budgett style of mother and invested in a kerosene one, and the result of the hatching was one weak chick who had to be helped out of his shell and ushered into a motherless world, while his forty-nine brothers and sisters staid on the borders of the unknown and refused to “chip” at all.

The one wee orphan ball of feathers was gently fostered, and grew up safely, but never would associate with other chickens; would run for his life if placed with them. So “Peter” was allowed the run of the kitchen, and it was not long before he found a chair-rung made a cosy, unmolested roosting place, and while “Mr. Jimmy” sat in the sunset, reading his paper, Peter would cluck “Good-night,” and go to roost. Sometimes he decided not to go to his chair-rung roost—then he’d stand in front of Mr. Jimmy and make odd little sounds in his throat till his master would cross his knees, then Peter would quickly hop up on the outstretched foot, and, tucking his head under his wing would do some more chicken-talk meaning “much obliged,” and go to sleep. He was usually carefully transferred to the chair-rung later and would sleep soundly till day-break, when his alarm-clock crow from the kitchen aroused the household.

Poor Peter! He was gobbled up one

day by a Bull-terrier, who thought him just an ordinary chicken, and the dispairing squawk he gave was heard too late to save him from the jaws of Fate.

“Mrs. Jimmy” had a dear little niece who loved Peter dearly, and deeply mourned his absence. Laura’s mother tried the old-fashioned style of incubation, and little Laura came dancing into the house one day, her eyes sparkling to announce, “We got, Oh, so many little chickens!”

“How many baby biddies have you, sweet-heart?” asked Mrs. Jimmy.

“O—I—why—there’s a white hen of ’em, and a grey hen of ’em, and a brown one, and a black hen of ’em—how many does that make?”

How she did watch over those broods, and how they all grew to know her call and would come running as fast as feet and wings could carry them, in answer to their dinner-bell, which was the tapping of the big iron spoon on the tin pan of mush she fed to them. They were so wonderful to the little girl who loved them so well.

A day came when her beloved Auntie May was recovering from a hard illness, and Laura heard her mother say, “I’ll make some chicken broth for sister May.”

About an hour later a serious-faced little girl came to her mamma and said, with a catch in her brave little voice. “Take this to Auntie May,” and held up in her chubby hand a struggling, fluffy, yellow chick.

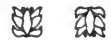
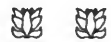
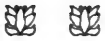
“Why, honey, what would Auntie do with your chicken?”

“Well, she could—eat it—couldn’t she?” and dewy eyes fondly looked at the treasure she was giving for love, to Auntie May.

“Precious pet,” said mamma, cuddling both little chicks. “You keep your chickie, he is too beautiful to eat. Go feed all of them now and have them grow fast so Auntie May can see them when she gets well again.”

THE DENSENESS OF

FORDELL



By Milford J. Merrill

HE had come three thousand miles to wed Gloria, only to see her safely married to another.

Rustin Fordell was a man impulsive by nature. Quick to take offense, yet ready to forgive an enemy when the sign was right. His seemed a fortunate love, that of a California rancher's daughter, whose grace and beauty was the talk of the hill country for miles around.

"I've a notion to go up and shoot him!" voiced Fordell in the presence of men who had scant claim upon his friendship. He had gone back to town, raging like a wounded lion over his troubles. He lacked not of ready sympathy while his money went to treat the hangers-on at Boone's dance hall. He foolishly leaked while the whisky maddened his brain—he a minister's son at that.

"Why don't ye?" chimed in a fool for advice. "I'll lend ye a gun," producing a six-shooter.

"Durn you, Rust, don't be a plumb fool," bluntly blurted Anson McCabe, who was a driver on one of the inland express lines. "If you pinked him 'twouldn't bring back the girl. She ain't worth it anyhow."

"I reckon you are right, Anse," assented the Pennsylvanian, refusing the proffered weapon. Deep down in his soul Fordell was stricken a harsh and cutting blow. He had first met Gloria Dredfield at a country resort among the Pennsylvania hills. The girl was visiting a friend while Fordell was foreman on one of the timber jobs near at hand. The two had become mutually attracted from the first, and when Gloria returned in the fall it was with the understanding that Fordell should go for her the next summer and bring her home with him as his wife.

Letters had frequently passed between them, and the course of true love seemed

to run as smoothly as clockwork. Even as Fordell, eager and burning with passionate yearning, rushed up the ranch-house steps of an early summer evening, he carried next his heart a loving message from Gloria bidding him haste to meet her at her parent's home in the hills. He had come in time to witness her marriage to another. He went back into the shadows of the outer air, never once thinking to create a scene. What good now for upbraiding? His chiefest anger was for the man, a dark, gray-haired person of military bearing and haughty tread, who had led the girl to the altar while strains of sweet music filled every niche of the old building.

"Who is he?"

"A rich old don from Mexico. American born, however, who made his money in the Mexican mines and has sought out the flower of this family to wife."

Thus fell the whispered confabs to which the man from the East listened, mad with disappointment and chagrin.

"I'll kill him, that's what I'll do!" vowed the distracted lover as he made his way along the front of the house and stood watching the flitting visitors at the ranch-house, his lip bitten to bleeding, his hand clinching the bone handle of his jackknife.

"What a fool you are, Rustin Fordell. The girl isn't worth it!" From the shadows came the words, not from human lips but from the imaginings of his own over-heated brain. He passed on, pausing now and then to glance back at the illuminated building, and to shake his clinched hands and bitterly anathematize the girl who had proved so wantonly false.

Away from the hills, into the turmoil of a California city the young man made his way. The crash and rush of street traffic seemed to drown in a measure his first wild grief. His mind worked rapid-

ly, the tall figure of Senyor Ambroyd haunting him continually. To get this haunting nightmare out of mind the young man decided to cut the Golden State out of his further itinerary. He meant to go south, to Mexico, even to the very mining holdings of his successful rival. He would learn what he could of the man who had been preferred to himself—and then the two met, face to face, on a street in the city.

"You are Senyor Ambroyd?" flamed the young man.

"I am General Cicero Ambroyd," haughtily.

"You are married to Gloria—"

"My wife can be nothing to you, sir."

"Nothing now," admitted Fordell.

"Never, insolent stranger! My Gloria—"

"Was engaged to me, old man, before you bought her with your gold!" roared Fordell, forgetting himself.

The other resented this familiarity with a sudden out-thrust of his clinched hand. Fordell retaliated with a slap of his bare palm across the senyor's tanned cheek. "That for your insolence, cur."

"H-a-r-h!" rasped the general, growing white in the face. "If you were a gentleman I'd spit you on my sword!"

"Spit me! Spit me!" roared Fordell. "Take that, and that, you old Mexican devil! If you aren't a coward you will give me a chance to pink your wrinkled hide with a good bowie."

The angry speaker fell back, glaring defiance at the other, who, after a moment of wrath grew preternaturally calm. He inserted his fingers into his waistcoat, produced a card and thrust it at his enemy. Fordell took it, reading name and address—a hotel of the better class.

"Choose your second and be on hand tomorrow."

"You bet I will," flamed the young man inelegantly enough. "I'll kill you and marry the widow."

With that Fordell squared about on his heel and departed. The die was cast and he was anxious to be in at the death. Once at his lodgings Fordell had time to think. His threat to make Gloria a widow pestered and worried him. He scolded himself for still hold-

ing a tender feeling for the girl who had so despitely used him.

And tomorrow he would make Gloria a widow! Would she thank him for that? If she had married solely for gold, doubtless yes. More than likely, however, she would hate and despise him forever. He recked not if she did. There was nothing left worth while for him in the world now. He went to a desk, opened it and took out a flask from which he drew a hearty draught. This to give him courage, to brace his quivering nerves.

It was late into the night before the young man dropped into slumber. In the early morning, after swallowing a cup of strong coffee, adding a few bites of crust-bread, he went upon the street. This was the day he meant to get even for the robbery he had sustained. He would kill the mercenary Mexican don, fling his avenging blade into the bay and quit the Golden State forever. Of course Gloria had married for money and not for love. How could he doubt this after seeing the gray old swain to whom she had bound herself. Her love of gold was greater than her love of man. She was mercenary, therefore heartless.

After his morning walk, the young man went back to his room. He had seen Anse McCabe, who happened in town on business, and the man had agreed to stop over for the day and assist at the little picnic Fordell had promised himself. It would prove a short, sharp frolic all right, and the man he hated would drop out of worldly affairs forever. At first the thought gave the Pennsylvanian much joy.

He examined a small leather satchel which contained all his worldly effects in the Pacific country.

"I'll ship for China or the Philippines," he muttered, thinking of what might follow his slaying of the Mexican don should he linger after today under the starry flag.

Yes, after the duel he would desert his country for good. The duel! How natural the sound. The code had once been much in vogue and had been considered an honorable way out of many personal antagonisms between gentlemen. This Mexican was not a gentleman; however. Fordell sat down, having ex-

tracted a letter from his "grip." The bold familiar chirography touched him in a tender spot. It was the receipt of this letter that had fetched him across land and water to greet and wed the maid of his choice.

Slipping the perfumed message from its envelope, slouching low in his chair, the disgruntled young fellow read again those tender lines from her who had promised to be his wife—and she within less than a fortnight thereafter, had married a gray old miner with a million! Reading the letter, full of loving sentences and tender heart confidences, set the young man to raging again. He tore the missive to shreds and cast them from him, smiting his breast with his fist. His face grew white and set, his teeth clenching till they cracked.

"Yes," he almost shouted, springing to his feet, "she deserves to be made a widow! I'll not relent! No, I'll not relent!" and he swung himself out of the room to meet his helper at the nearest saloon. Over their beer the two discussed the situation.

"I reckon the girl ain't wuth it, Rust," ventured McCabe, blowing the rim of froth from his schooner.

"She's worth her weight in gold, is Gloria," affirmed the other, nettled. "I'll make her a widow, then go to sea and forget women utterly."

McCabe laughed.

"Can't do it, old man. Women are queer critters. They stick to a feller like glue when he least expects it. As for this one—the old don's wife—I've seen her—"

"What! Seen her in this town?"

"Straight goods, man. She's at the Toptip House with the old hubby—"

"By Jupiter! I'd hate to meet her," gasped Fordell. "One glance from those lovely eyes of hers would knock me silly, and then I'd weaken and let the old don live. Let's not talk of Gloria, Anse."

Lighting cigars the two men walked aside, sitting down.

"I don't know," began the Pennsylvanian, only to be interrupted.

"But I know, old hoss," rumbled the stageman. "I'd say you was daffy to call that green-eyed wench of Ambroyd's lovable. Why, she's a reg'lar old she cat, a—"

The fist of Rustin sent the speaker rolling. When bold McCabe had regained his pins, an enraged man stood over him, white of face, with both hands clinched, one holding a revolver.

"I'd kill you for a cent!" breathed Fordell.

"And all for the wife of old Ambroyd—fur the girl who jilted yeh!" sneered Anse McCabe, fumbling at his hip. "Two might mingle in that game, you sissy!"

"Forget it, Anse," and the pistol dropped back into the Pennsylvanian's pocket. "It is time we were on the move."

"I reckon it is, Rust," and the stageman followed his friend from the room.

An hour later a little party of five gathered in a grove on the out-skirts of the city—the two principals, two seconds and a surgeon. There was a grimness in it all that sobered the Pennsylvanian. The Mexican, grim as a granite statue, stood with folded arms while his man undid a pair of straight, slender swords.

"Pistols?" suggested Anse.

"My friend being the insulted party," grimly spoke the other, "has the right of choice, and swords, strictly a gentleman's weapon, have been designated. Let this business proceed." When McCabe began to protest, his principal stopped him with a gesture.

"It's all right," consented Fordell. "I'd have preferred bowies, but the sword will do; I shall easily spit my man with that."

"Braggart!" sneered the husband of Gloria. "Five York minutes will tell who has the right to victory."

"Take your places," commanded the surgeon. This they did, and much to the surprise of his friend, Fordell acquitted himself handsomely in that he parried the furious thrusts of the elderly Mexican with cool skill. The sun shone on bay and river as the combatants began the battle to the death.

A hush hung over the face of nature, broken only by the clang of steel against steel. It was a moment fraught with great import. Fordell shut his teeth hard, remembering the insults of the other, steeling his heart to do murder

"Ha!"

The elder man uttered a husky, gasping cry and sank slowly, his shoulder pierced by the blade of the Pennsylvanian. Fordell had pinked his man. He stepped back, white and shuddering at the work he had wrought. Then came the whirr of swift-rolling wheels; a brougham dashed up, a female figure throwing herself from the seat.

"Oh, Cicero, my Cicero! have they murdered you?"

The woman fell on her knees and held the gray head of the apparently dying man. The surgeon interfered, assuring the woman that he would dress the wound. "I think we can save him," he concluded, pressing her gently aside.

The woman sprang to her feet facing the young man who still clutched his bloody blade in his right hand.

"Infamous coward" sped from over white lips "You have murdered my husband! You shall hang for this!"

"Your husband! My God! There is some mistake," groaned the astounded Pennsylvanian, gazing in awed dismay into the face of a middle-aged woman of rather plain appearance.

"There's no mistake," angrily. "Cicero is my husband; we were married at the ranch home of my niece ten days ago. Gloria—"

"Gloria!"

"My niece, Gloria, planned all the particulars. She is a capable girl. It would have been a double wedding had her Eastern fellow come as he had promised. Cicero refused to wait for the laggard in love and so we were married and came away at once. Now you have murdered my Cicero."

"But—but—" stammered Fordell, "I saw Gloria go to the altar with this old man—"

"Very likely," biting. "There were strangers at the feast; you may have been one of them. I am Gloria, the elder, the ranch girl's aunt—"

"It was not you," broke forth the trembling Fordell, "not you, but *my* Gloria who went to the altar with this old man. I saw it all. He bought her with his gold, which is why this duel came about. It maddened me to lose the girl."

"Lose the girl?" puzzled the woman. "Ah," with brightening visage, "I remem-

ber now. It was niece Gloria who suggested practicing before her own expected wedding, and so she went through the form with Cicero. I was there and offered no objection—it was me he married half an hour later. You must have witnessed the first informal act, and you are Mr. Fordell whom my niece expected—"

"Yes, yes, I am Rustin Fordell. I went to the ranch and saw Gloria and this old man married—"

"Silly! That which you saw was but the farce for instruction and amusement; for this you have committed a murder!" There was scorn and contempt mingled in the speaker's voice and mien. "Pardon me, Mr. Fordell if I express my belief that you are a fool! My niece is very fortunate to escape marrying such a lunkhead."

And then she went back to the wounded don, who though weak from loss of blood was not, the surgeon assured her, seriously wounded. Rustin heard with sullen joy, then walked away, flinging down his sword in contrition and disgust. He realized that the woman spoke truly, he was several kinds of a fool. He had been too precipitate. His Gloria was not married after all. He repulsed Anse McCabe when that worthy offered sympathy.

"Don't touch or speak to me, Anse," he roared. "I'm too blamed big an ass to have any friends."

Quite cast down, the Pennsylvanian quitted the spot, seeking the roar and traffic of the main thoroughfare, where he paced about till the noon hour. He expected to be arrested. He was not disturbed, however, and finally retired to his lodgings.

The next day he read that General Cicero Ambroyd had met with an accident which would detain him in town for several days. Nobody save the principals were to be the wiser for that mad duel, a fact that was comforting to the pride and second thoughts of Fordell. He was anxious to keep the knowledge from Gloria. He could never face the girl again if she knew what a consummate idiot he had been. Mrs. Ambroyd, being the girl's aunt, would doubtless acquaint her with the truth, which was

very mortifying to the instigator of that senseless duel.

Two days later Fordell, anxious to learn how fared his victim, called at the Hotel Toptip. He was ushered into a richly ordered parlor. A woman stood at the window, back toward the caller.

"Mrs. Ambroyd, how is he—your husband?" asked he in an unsteady voice. The woman turned; a bright young face met his gaze, with smiling eyes. Then out went both hands in greeting.

"Why, it's Gloria!" he exclaimed.

"Who else should it be?" articulated the girl as she lay against his breast, clinging to him as a child might who was fearful of losing a toy. "For shame that you did not keep your appointment, Rustin. We waited a full week, then came down to the city, auntie, uncle and I."

"But you know?" he began. "Your aunt has explained—"

"Nothing only that you were in town and would be likely to call soon. Unexpected business detained you was all she vouchsafed."

"Blessed Aunt Gloria!"

"Poor Uncle Cicero met with an accident—"

"An accident?"

"Yes. A black-hander stabbed him down by the bay. He is better and will soon be himself. And now, Rustin—"

"And now, Gloria," he chuckled, kissing her, gloriously happy that the aunt had been so circumspect, "we will go to the preacher and be married at once. You'll agree to that, won't you, dear?"

"I am not saying No," she replied with a quiet laugh.



YOU WHO HAVE SIGHT

By L. T. Crittenden

*Oh I would that I could see them, the hills of Berkeley town,
With their various changing colors, emerald green to golden
brown.*

*Once I saw them, daily, hourly, but I looked with dull blank
eyes.*

*Never noted their bright colors or the soft caressing skies;
Once I gazed upon their beauties in a careless empty way,
Never watched the lengthing shadows, as upon the grass they
lay;*

*Never felt their springtime calling, never heard their voice in
June;*

*Never thot or wondered sadly of their mystic other croon.
The fields upsprang about me, I forgot that they were there,
Now I vainly try to see them, with my dead eyes hopeless
stare;*

*Oh I would that God would give me just one moment's perfect
sight,
I could live my life in blindness, the most awful human
plight,*

*Not complaining, not objecting to a life of utter dark;
Just a moment by the roadside, just a sight of soaring lark,
I could make up in that second all the thousand sights I've
lost;*

*All the dreary black, black moments that my soul's dull
blindness cost.*

*Oh you men who walk in daylight pray your God on bended
knee*

That you'll notice every beauty that it's possible to see.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY



By Carroll Van Court

THE bunch were sitting on the beach telling their experiences, and the subject came up about terrible accidents. Parker told of his narrow escape from an alligator; Kelly told of a fight he had seen between a man and a wild boar; and one or two others told of narrow escapes they had seen or read about. Ellison was relating a story he had read in a newspaper about a girl in Mussel Beach, who, while in swimming, had been seized by a devil-fish. Ellison went on to say that it took three fishermen with boathooks and an ax to get the octopus away from the girl, and the girl did not recover from her fright and wounds for a month. We all listened attentively to Ellison's vivid description of the girl's terrible adventure.

Jones, who had not been out on the Coast very long, looked incredulous, and when Ellison finished his tale, spoke up, saying, "That's a very interesting yarn, Tom, but I don't believe anybody was ever bothered by an octopus so close to the shore, where so many people are in swimming."

Nothing Ellison said could convince Jones that such a thing could happen, and we argued with him in vain, trying to make him believe that a devil-fish was liable to go wherever it saw a possible victim. After an hour or more of hot debate, we gave it up, and changed the subject. Finally, we became tired of talking, as we had put in a strenuous day fishing and swimming, and were sleepy.

All the way back to the cottage where we were lodged for the summer Ellison mumbled.

"Jones wouldn't believe water was wet unless someone threw him in," he complained. We were also rather disgusted with Jones, for he had an annoying habit of disputing everything he could not see with his own eyes.

Jones was, as a rule, a good fellow, except that you could not tell him anything. He had come from an inland town and had not seen the ocean till he was thirty years old. He had been taught to disbelieve anything he had not seen, and he surely lived up to his reputation.

The Bunch had schemed and planned to startle or surprise him in some way in the hope of curing him of this habit, but so far the chance had not materialized.

* * * *

We were all expert swimmers, and every morning we would take a dip in the surf. We went in at ten o'clock in the morning, and would lay around on the sand for three or four hours, running down to take a dive in the breakers every few minutes. Jones would sit on the sand with his clothes on, but he would not go in swimming until after sundown, giving the excuse that it was not so rough then, as the wind had died down. This was true enough, but we suspected that he was afraid to go in with us, for fear we would play some trick on him. He was the most suspicious fellow I ever met. He would go in all alone and swim out to the end of the wharf and back.

We had a great time swimming, rowing and fishing, and summer passed all too quickly. Toward the latter part of the season, when the days grew shorter, it was nearly dark when Jones went in for his swim. Some of us would stroll down on the walk on the wharf to watch him, while others would go to the dance pavilion.

One evening Jones started for his swim rather late, so we warned him to stay but a short time as it was nearly dark, and he might ram his head onto a log if he tried to swim back in the dark. Jones pooh-poohed our advice, as he always did, so we shut up.

We watched him dive through the

breakers and strike out toward the end of the wharf, then we lost sight of him, as it was growing darker and darker.

Meanwhile, Jones plowed along, serenely oblivious of darkness or anything else but the goal ahead. He figured that he could see well enough by the lights on the wharf to find his way to shore safely. All went well until he began to feel tired. He forgot he had taken a long walk in the afternoon, besides rowing five miles.

Just as he came within a few hundred feet of the end of the wharf, he began to feel the effects of his day's exercise. His arms became more and more tired, and his legs felt as heavy as lead. With an extra burst of energy, he sprinted toward the wharf to find a place to rest, and grabbed hold of a pile under the walk overhead. He clung to it, panting, and decided to rest a few minutes, when he noticed that every time a wave hit him it moved him against the pile in such a way as to shift his hold. This made him cut his hands on the sharp barnacles which grew on the piles of the wharf. Jones saw that this would not do, so he looked around for some better place to hang to. Fifty feet away he could barely make out a ladder, projecting out of the water. Although he was fagged out, he let go the pile and slid back in the water, swimming slowly, painfully toward the ladder. He made very slow progress, for he was too weak to swim fast. Before he had gone twenty feet he felt something long and slimy wrap itself around his leg. He looked down, but it was so dark now, under the wharf, that he could see nothing below him. The outline of the ladder grew fainter, and he had to go by the lights of the Beach Promenade. He tried to kick his leg free, but only succeeded in entangling his leg the more. He felt another slippery arm wind around his other leg, and then the terrible thought came to him. He was in the clutches of a devil-fish! The thought almost froze him. He struggled to get away, but the awful thing tightened on his legs. He could feel the slimy tentacles slide up on his legs, and then tighten as they pulled down. O, if he could only reach the ladder. He could

not propel himself with his legs, so he tried to paddle with his arms, but the Thing grew heavier as he moved. He was getting weaker, and the tentacles were slipping up toward his waist.

"Help! Help!" he shouted, as loud as he was able, and he heard someone overhead on the wharf answer him. He shouted again, at intervals, keeping his hands going all the time, for fear he would be pulled under water. The Awful Thing had wrapped two or three more of its feelers around his legs now, and Jones felt himself going under slowly. He shouted again, and a lantern appeared on the ladder, followed by two men, who jumped into a skiff and started quickly toward Jones. They grasped him just as he fainted from fright and exhaustion.

When he came to the first thing he said was, "Did you see it?"

Ellison and Kelly, who were the men who had picked him up, said, "See what?"

"That awful devil-fish that pulled me down?"

Ellison looked puzzled a second, and then a broad grin spread over his face. He winked at Kelly and replied, "O, yes, we captured it and tied it in the bottom of the boat after we got you away from its tentacles. It is the biggest I ever saw. We are going to present it to the Naples Aquarium tomorrow." Kelly nodded gravely, and said, "That was a close call you had, old man. We had to cut off six of its arms before we could get you free."

Jones was very quiet and chastened and made no effort to be wise in his answers—he was ready to believe anything now.

The next morning Ellison and Kelly took us down under the wharf to the boat, in which the Awful Thing lay a captive. Kelly warned us not to approach too near the terrible Thing that had almost cost Jones his life, as we thought.

We crept up gingerly to view the monster. Jones and the rest of us peeked over the edge of the boat, with timid eagerness, and took one look at the Awful Thing.

It was a big bunch of Sea-Weed!

THE FLOWER STALL

By Neeta Marquis

The air's a-tingle with October zest.

*The city's dusty, traffic-swirling street
Is vital with it. Everywhere,
Turn as you will, a subtle hint is there
Of morning crispness clear of summer heat,
Of deep nights cold and sweet.*

*And in the foot-worn square, wan leaves are dropping to their Autumn rest:
Tamed things unknown to sky and field unhemmed of wall,
And yet responsive to earth's mother-call,
Which says the ancient sleeping-time is best.
And soon the patient boughs will be quite stark beneath whose shade
The summer toiler lingered. Fall is here.
For all the winey sparkle of October blue,
Dark raining days are near,
And winter rue.*

Yet look—this way!

*Set close against the asphalt grimed and gray,
A swart Sicilian shows his floral ware.*

*O gardens of Olympian deities,
Had you more rare
And lovely favors in your mythic close
For goddess-hands to fondle? Was their scent,
Of hyacinth, narcissus and proud rose,
With finer magic blent,*

To lure the labor of your golden bees?

Here is the pink

*Which lips the conch-shell lying at green ocean's marge,
And shading from it those strong, ardent hues from flaming scarlet to rich cardinal—
Carnations all: such flowers as brink
The azure waters of warm Orient seas:
A lilting color-scale whereon the tune
Of glowing sensuous delights is played, the radiant love-songs of a deathless June.*

And there below—the purple of old kings—

*Are violets, the season's forward few,
Sweet, with a yearning sweet that strikes the heart,
And brings the ache of dear rememberings.*

Blue violets: an echo from the green and growing times

*Of Aprils, of the spirit hushed and glad;
Of misty-sweet and fern-soft happiness; of days*

*When nothing recked the old world ever had
But dreams, young dreams of wondering amaze,*

*And waking love: new violets—dim, wet
New violets. And yet*

It is October.

O heart of mine, when all of time grows gray

For us as is this pavement where I stand;

When falling years have stripped our trees of leafage green and gay,

And gusty winds of loneliness sweep life's old dust

Into our eyes, God grant some happy hand,

However strange, to set such little flower stalls by our way—

Dear youthful things of every loving kind—

That when we turn dull sordid corners, just

As I turn now, our eyes may find

A spring of flowers and fragrance smiling there,

And filling Autumn's air

With dewy-sweet reminders of our May.

The POINTING PENCIL



By *Martha Martin Newkirk*

The Man on the Street

BY the "man on the street" I mean every unspoiled person, man or woman, who doesn't know too much to enjoy ordinary every-day existence. I think Kipling first mentioned him, but we all know him. He's the audience for the young college man who must tell his great wisdom, and must needs have a listener. And "the man on the street" is genuinely interested.

He is a good listener, be it sermon, essay, reading a drama, or music. He is not a connoisseur—that terror of all that is below the very pinnacle of perfection. Who wants a "con-nu-zher" about when he is out for a good time?

The "man on the street" is the one who has and wants others to have a good time. He isn't listening for a false note in the music. He isn't trying to find something in the great picture that he can hold up to ridicule. He doesn't care for the spots on the sun, and he has no intention of flirting with Mars. He sees the good of common every-day affairs, and he gets the good out of life. He isn't aggressively polite, if I may coin that expression. He isn't trying to show off his manners, but he helps a child in trouble, or assists the lame, or lifts a heavy satchel for a woman; in fact he has the brotherly heart, and we are glad to meet him. He may not lift his hat properly, he may make an awkward bow, but you know he is honorable in his heart. And women and children trust him.

As an Example of the "Con-nu-zher"

I remember being a guest at a charming home wedding in Chicago. The bride was a really pretty girl, with a complexion all rose and snow, soft wavy hair, graceful figure, and Greek type of face. As this beautiful bride entered,

while the Lohengrin pealed forth, a lady near me whispered: "Oh, isn't it too bad?" "What is too bad?" I said, looking up and down the ribboned aisle, and seeing nothing wrong. "Didn't you hear that false note in the music?" "No. I didn't notice the music at all. I had eyes and thoughts only for the bride, and our friends." But I inwardly grumbled at my near neighbors' criticism of the wedding march.

Who cared for the music then? I am glad I am not a musical critic. I'd rather not know music at all than to have so fine an ear that an occasion was spoiled by a false note.

* * * *

A Street Incident

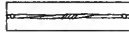
I believe the "man on the street" has a fine sense of honor. As an illustration I relate this incident, that occurred at the junction of Colorado and Fair Oaks, in Pasadena. A woman had stepped off a car that was turning the corner. An undergarment, knickerbockers presumably, had become loosed from its moorings, a pin had turned traitor, or a buttonhole proved untrue to its most sacred trust. The garment dropped around the woman's feet, so she could not take a step. She lifted a foot and tried to free herself from the impediment, but some faithful button or valiant safty pin held fast, so she stood working her feet, and trying to tear herself free. There was nothing one could do to help her. Presently she swooped down, and with both hands tore off the garment, wrapped it into a close wad, and stuffed it under her loose cloak. Then, for the first time she looked around. I had watched the proceedings without her having seen me. So had a group who were waiting for the car. Presently the young woman lifted her pretty, flushed face, and frightened eyes and scanned the faces, eagerly questioning by her glances, "Did you see

this humiliating accident? Not a man was looking that way. Everyone was watching the on-coming car. The woman drew a deep breath, and hurriedly climbed to a rear seat. I said to myself "The American man is at heart a gentleman."

A boor would have been "looking." The "low-down" would have smiled, with an ill expression on his face. Some might even have sneered, but I was

proud to observe that every man had his "blind side" to what he ought not to see. This showed a genuine refinement, and that spells gentleman.

Th "man on the street" and the woman with him, make up what we call the "common people." These were they not trammelled by tradition, but open hearted, who listened to the Master. "THE COMMON PEOPLE heard him GLADLY."



A Fairy Ship

By Cloa A. Parker-Fuller

Once, upon a mountain high,
 Very near the azure sky,
 Stood I, gazing into space,
 Joying in the bouyant place;
 Breathing in the tang of pine,
 Thankful that this lot was mine;
 Standing idly by my tent,
 With a spirit quite content;
 Sniffing at the fragrant things,
 Almost feeling I had wings,
 When I spied, with soar and dip,
 Down the gulch, a fairy ship.

Up the gulch it lightly sailed,
 As the pines and breezes wailed;
 Fast and faster still it came,
 While my heart leapt into flame
 With the beauty of the scene;
 Then I spied the fairy queen
 Dancing gaily to and fro,
 Smiling, bowing, bending low;
 Thrusting arms, like thistle-down,
 Through her white and fleecy gown;
 Blew a kiss off finger tip
 From the prow of fairy ship.

White and downy as a cloud,
 Sailed the fairy ship so proud;
 Guided by an elfin band,
 High and higher, o'er the land;
 Dainty sprites their strength reveal,
 Furling sail, or guiding wheel;
 Near and nearer, through the mist,
 'Till my cheeks were fairy-kissed;
 As I gazed on filmy things,
 Suddenly they all took wings;
 Forked lightnings flash and skip—
 Raindrops now, my fairy ship.

THEIR HONEYMOON

By Cuthrie Tonzier

SHE was sixty years young, and then some—he a little more so. She was dainty and petite with big black velvet eyes and hair of silvery whiteness, fine like hoar frost.

He was a great stickler for style, as was plain to be seen from the toe of his highly-polished shoe to the jaunty set of the new Stetson, which he wore.

They were my neighbors across the aisle for three days as we clipped along over the ties between Kansas City and Los Angeles. At first sight of them I said: "Now, here's a precious pair of belated lovers happily married at last and off on their honeymoon, having the time of their lives."

Certain it is that no courtier of "ye olden dayes" was ever more devoted to his lady fair than he to her of the velvet eyes.

With what true gallantry he fixed the pillows in her seat and placed at hand the magazines provided for her use.

To lessen the tedium of travel, they played a game called "Flinch." And the joy of it was that when he lost she always won, and *vice versa*. In either case they both laughed happily.

Once I saw her brush a speck of dust from his coat-collar, and if I had not been looking I think he would have kissed her then and there—I really think so.

They had with them a wonderful lunch box from which, when it was time for the mid-day repast, he produced two pale pink china cups (did you ever?), and two silver knives and spoons. These he polished with a napkin until they shone. Then he deftly cut an orange into halves. And so, daintily, they sipped and ate as we sped on our way.

He was strong on telling stories of which he had apparently an inexhaustible supply. Here is one that he sprung on us about half way between La Junta and Las Vegas.

* * * *

By some unknown means little Jamie had acquired a startling proficiency in the use of swear words.

His parents, who were strict church members, having failed in all their efforts at correction, it was decided that the minister should take the erring one in hand and, if possible, restore him to the straight and narrow path.

With due solemnity the minister approached his task.

"Jamie," he began, impressively, "I'm sorry to say that I have heard a bad report of you."

Jamie sat tight and waited. "I'm sorry to hear that you have been swearing."

"Who told you?" demanded the youngster.

"Oh," said the minister side-stepping, "A little bird told me."

"Hub," said Jamie quite complacently, "I beç it was a dam blue-Jay. I never did have any use for them dam Jays."

* * * *

One evening out in Arizona following a dash of rain, there was a great sunset. In the wondrous afterglow, against a sky of deepest rose, the hills were darkly violet, while a few great clouds, pearl-edged and lilac-tinted, hung low on the horizon. I watched the glory fade from earth and sky, then glanced at my two fellow-travellers across the aisle. They were sitting quietly side by side, he with his arm across the back of her seat, and she with one hand resting lightly on his knee.

They, too, had caught the passing splendor, and on their faces was the peace that comes at evening-time—the reflection of a glory that shall never pass away. And more and more I was confirmed in the belief that here was one of those beautiful romances extending through the years and culminating lately in a happy marriage. So when the opportunity occurred I ventured a remark to that effect. He smiled brightly, saying, "You're way off. Why, bless you, we have grown children, and grandchildren, too. We were married back in the seventies, Mary and I."

And he stroked in place a straying lock of her silvery white hair.

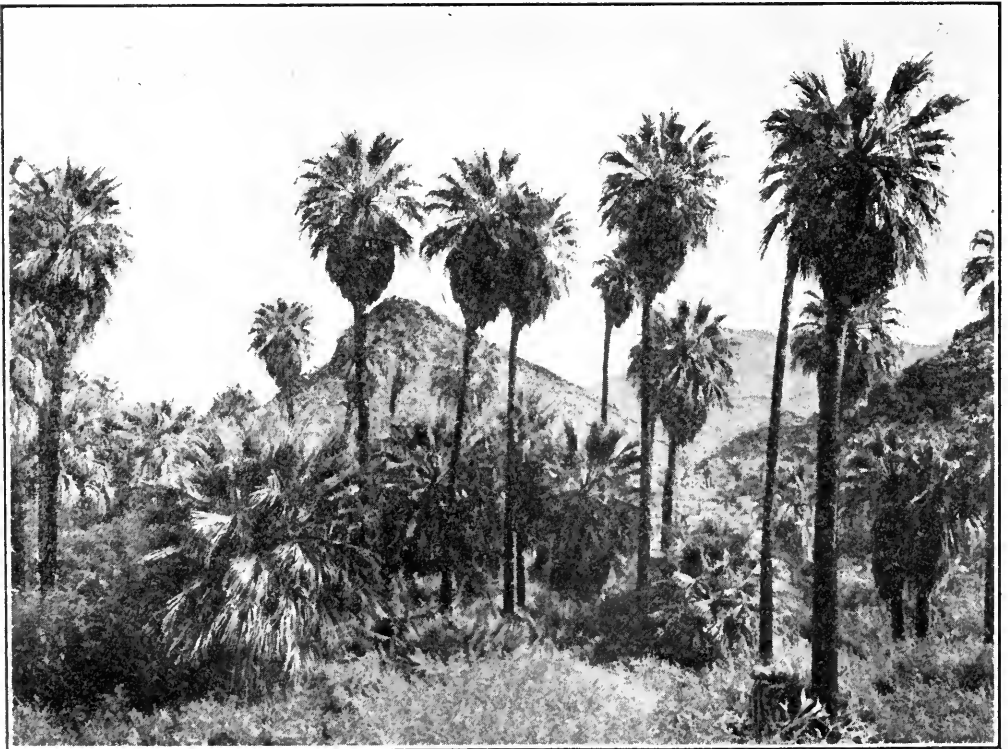
The Surprises of God's Great Out-of-Doors

By George Wharton James

I FIRMLY believe that one of the secrets of a happy life is to preserve a childlike simplicity of mind that never becomes blasé at the sweet, pure, true, and beautiful. To such a mind nature affords innumerable delights, one of the chief of which is her astonishing and marvelous surprises. Her charms are so many and various, her manifestations so apparently infinite to man's limited capacity, that the more he seeks to know of her the more marvelous and wonderful she becomes. With her, at least, the old adage is ridiculous, "Familiarity breeds contempt;" for the more one knows of nature, the more interesting, fascinating, dear, and attractive she becomes.

I never experienced these surprises more forcefully than when I first began my systematic studies of the Colorado Desert, in Southern California. There, in that Sahara of the United States, I was constantly meeting with facts and things that I did not expect to meet. To find within four and a half hours' journey from my own home, in beautiful Pasadena, a desert region that "out-Saharas" Sahara in the three things that go to make a desert, was indeed surprising; for the Colorado Desert is hotter, drier, and has a larger area below sea-level than the Sahara itself.

The colors of the desert had always appealed to me, but as I enjoyed the sunrises and sunsets day after day, week



PALM CANYON, NEAR PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

The surprise to find great groves of Palms in hidden recesses on the edge of the Desert.



THE SURPRISE OF THE DESERT FLOWERS

Words absolutely fail to suggest the gorgeousness and glory, the variety and beauty, the splendor and profusion found in the Desert valleys.

after week, an entirely new world of color seemed to be opened to me.

In the winter the exhilarating atmosphere of the desert was a perpetual surprise. It was like breathing odorous nectar which possessed a stimulating quality that inspired one to run, shout, and laugh with very exuberance of joy. And those odors! How delicious and distinct they were! You could readily distinguish a half dozen different odors, the senses seemed so keen and alert, and yet they blended into one exquisite fragrance that titillated the senses with a new and strange delight.

Then the verdure of the desert! One can not begin on this topic without writing things that to the uninitiated must seem like foolish rapture. The gigantic palms, native to this region, how sublime, majestic, and stately they are, whether in isolation or in clusters! The mesquite-tree provides, for the dependent Indians, shelter, food, sugar, candy, fuel, drink, and medicine, as well as shelter for beasts of burden. The weird smoke-tree, the strange palo verde, the tree of green sticks, which in winter bursts out into a gorgeous bloom of richest and deepest purple, the Chilopsis, or desert willow, that surprises you in the most out-of-the-way places, all these are a never-ending source of unexpected delight. But I have not yet mentioned the infinitude of varieties of cactus and yucca that reveal their charms to only those who study and love them. When I speak of cacti of hundreds of varieties, each one having its own peculiar fascina-

tion, and the flowers of which, in delicacy of petal, exquisite tints and shades of coloring, and subtile fragrance, surpass anything I know in the floral world, I speak only the fact. Then, too, to find in the thorns of these cacti the most artistic designs,—this was a great surprise. And as for the flowers! Words absolutely fail to suggest the gorgeousness and glory, the variety and beauty, the splendor and profusion, found in the untraveled and virgin desert valleys into which I have wandered after the winter's rains, to be surprised and delighted beyond the power of words to describe.

John C. Van Dyke, who wrote that classic description of these unknown regions, entitled "The Desert," says that if such masses of flowers exist on the desert, he never saw them. I can only regret that he was not with my assistant and myself some few winters ago when we entered a valley in the heart of the Colorado Desert. It must have been some forty miles long and fifteen or twenty miles wide, and from one end to the other was one rich, gorgeous, glowing, blazing mass of variegated color, many of the flowers being a rare and delicate kind seldom seen away from the desert, and even there, as a rule, found only in small quantities. Here, where nature had been storing these precious seeds for centuries, the winter rains had made them germinate all at once, and, although I have seen many floral displays at different times throughout the world, I can say truthfully that all the flowers I have seen in my whole fifty



SUNSET, SALTON SEA, CALIFORNIA

The surprise to find a Sea, 65 miles long and 25 miles broad, in the heart of the Desert.

years of life put together did not equal what we saw in this marvelous nature exhibition.

Then the silence of the desert! Who that has lived in the whirl, roar, bustle, and confusion of a large city can even comprehend it, much less understand and enjoy? City dwellers seem to learn in time to love noise and racket and turmoil; but there are times on the desert when everything seems so hushed that nature herself is in so deep a sleep that her breathing is imperceptible. You lie on her bosom and hear absolutely no sound, see absolutely no movement, and the only sounds or signs of life are within yourself and the few growing things, the movement of the sun, or, if it be night-time, the more solemn and less ostentatious march of the stars.

Yet out of the heart of such silence, quiet and calm, I have experienced a storm within a few hours where the wind has blown at a cyclonic rate, and the temperature has so rapidly increased as to almost suffocate man and beast, while the whirling clouds of fine sand have filled the air in every direction and obscured sun, mountains, trees, and every other object that was more than twenty feet away. I have gasped through a night of such a storm, with the thermometer at 128 degrees at midnight, and had to wrap up the heads of my horses in blankets to keep them from suffocating, and pour a few scanty drops of water down their throats out of a bottle, to keep them from perishing of thirst.

And yet on this same desert I have experienced bitter cold blasts that seemed as if they were fresh from the heart of an arctic winter, and that, owing to the extremely rarefied condition of the atmosphere, penetrated to the very marrow, and seemed as if they would paralyze the heart and lungs and freeze the very blood in one's veins.

Who can imagine my surprise one night when sleeping in the heart of this almost untracked desert, to be awakened by the buoyant and hearty singing of a mocking-bird? It was one of those rich, clear moonlight nights that we speak of as being "as bright as day," when the moon came up some time after sunset. We had had a long, hard tramp that day; our burros were exceedingly weary; and night had come upon us before we had been able to reach the next spring. We were compelled, therefore, to make a "dry camp." There was plenty of a peculiar kind of desert grass, known as "gallinas grass," which the burros ate with avidity. In the dim distance to the right was a winding line of verdure, clearly indicating a winter water course when the rains came. It was from these trees that the flood of liquid melody burst upon us about two o'clock in the morning, and wakened me by its thrilling sweetness. It seemed so exactly like the mocking-bird's song with which I am so often agreeably awakened in my own home, as to make me for the moment look around for my familiar surroundings. To add to the charm, the moon had arisen and flooded desert and far-

away mountain ranges and peaks with brilliant, vivid moonlight. That was a surprise I shall never forget. Then, too, I have seen robins, linnets, larks, thrushes, canyon wrens, cactus wrens, flickers, jays, blackbirds, and many other birds on the desert, and have wondered what pleasure they found in these regions that to man, as a rule, seemed to be so appalling and terrible.

The clarity of the desert air is always a surprise, especially to those who know



IRRIGATION CANAL, CALEXICO

The surprises of growth that comes with water on the Desert.

only the atmosphere of moist countries. To see mountains a hundred, a hundred fifty, and even two hundred miles away with intense clearness is a startling experience, and even those who are habituated to it never get over their sense of delight and surprise whenever they think about it. And the sharp-cut outlines of the mountains! I can see them now in mental picture, their sharp ridges silhouetted against the absolutely cloudless sky, without a single tree or shrub to soften their rigidity. In my library are several paintings of these desert mountains, showing their clean-cut outlines. When my friends, unacquainted

with the desert, see them, they can not believe that they are true to nature. How I wish they could see the reality!

A railway crosses a portion of this desert, and when travelers approach the desert, most of them pull down the blinds and try to forget in the pages of a book the few hours that it takes to cross. This is one of the greatest mistakes that can be made, especially if the trip be in the early morning hours or in the evening. On a moonlight night especially should one be wide-awake to see what the desert has to present.

Yet one day this very railroad gave me a desert experience that was one of the surprises of my life. My companion and I were riding along, not far from the railroad track. The wind was blowing in the same direction that we were going, so that we could hear no sound. It was a frightfully hot day, and the heat waves were ascending in every direction. Suddenly there appeared, seemingly a mile or so away, a monster sea-serpent, with a waving, undulating body that extended into the far-away horizon, rapidly approaching us with threatening mien. Its head was large and expansive, and seemed to have the power of expanding and contracting. Noiselessly this weird, tremendous, awful object approached us. Needless to say, my heart stood still with fear and alarm, and only resumed beating in an irregular and spasmodic manner, clearly indicating the shock of surprise it had received. In a sudden return of mental control, I wondered whether I was being subjected to a hallucination, or whether my comrade was seeing the same terrifying object. A glimpse at his horror-stricken face revealed that he was as scared as I. We waited with alarm the approach of the horrifying creature. In a few moments it whirled by us, and left us untouched, unscathed, and unalarmed. It was a monster freight-train drawn by two engines, the puffing clouds of smoke from which gave the expansive and contractive appearance to the head of the monster, and the undulations of the body were caused by the heat waves and vibrations upon and over the long train of cars, that were strong enough completely to hide the identity of the objects that so terrified us.

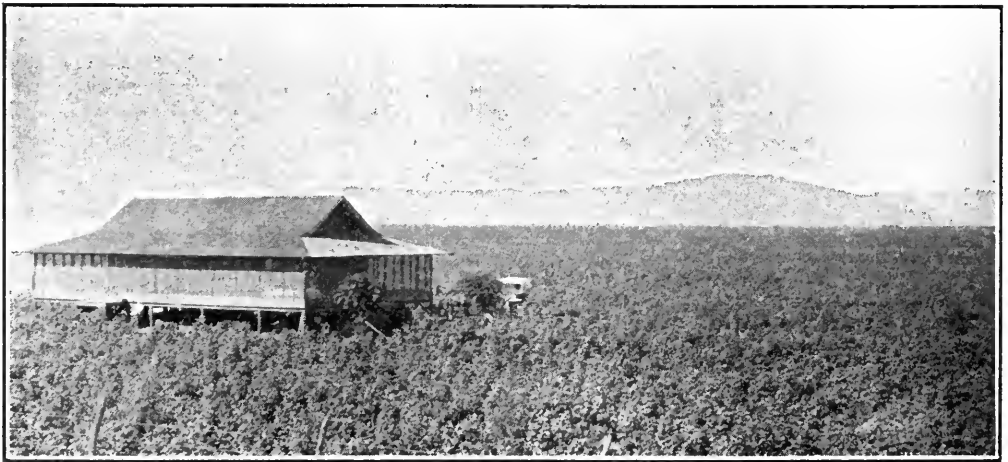
One of the greatest surprises connected with the desert is that a few years ago it was found that underneath a large portion of it was a vast reservoir of artesian water. This reservoir was tapped, and now a thousand artesian wells are bubbling forth their life-giving waters to make the desert blossom as the rose. From Indio to Mecca the Coachella Valley is one rich mass of cultivated green stuff. Trees, shrubs, plants, vegetables, grow with a profusion and vigor totally unknown in colder climes. Land that a few years ago you would not have accepted as a gift, is now bearing crops that justify the paying of a thousand dollars and acre, or more, for it. Industry and energy directing the flow of the water, and the utilizing of God's abundant sunshine, have produced these surprising results.

One of the surprises connected with this fact is that I had not the foresight to realize the possibility of these changes and locate on one hundred sixty acres of this desert land while yet it was a part of Uncle Sam's domain. Yet I am glad that others were able to avail themselves of this great privilege, and that their foresight and industry will secure to them a competency for life.

And yet this desert country is a land of mirages, of deceptive visions, that oftentimes have led men to their death. When one gets on the subject of mirages, it is pretty difficult to know how

to begin and where to end. I have seen thousand of mirages, but I have never seen one of the fantastic nature pictured by some writers. The powers of imagination undoubtedly have much to do with seeing gorgeous cities overtopped with spires, and domes of temples and castles, but all of the mirages I have seen have been of a different character. The experts in books tell us that real water and mirage water are very different things to the trained eye, but I have seen the Salton Sea, a lake sixty-five miles long and twenty-five miles broad, the confines of which I knew perfectly, merged into a boundless mirage sea, and I defy any living person, expert or otherwise, to tell where the real water ended and the mirage water began. Desert mirages are certainly sources of great surprise, and in nothing more so than in the great differences that exist between them and the mirages of books.

When I started to write this article, I had no conception that I should confine myself to the subject of the surprises of the desert, and yet I have said nothing of the climatic surprises, the remarkable air currents, the active hot springs and mud volcanoes, and the interesting families of reptiles that make this their home. I could write by the hour about each of these subjects and still not exhaust all that the desert contains of surprise and interest.



COTTON FIELD, IMPERIAL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

One of the greatest surprises is to find cotton growing on the Colorado Desert superior to that of the South.

LOS ANGELES

IN ITS MARCH OF
PROGRESS



By Stanley Wood

THE progression of Los Angeles to its present undisputable position as the metropolis of Southern California has been marked, and although its early growth has possibly been due to the fact that it possesses one of the most equable climates in the whole world, its standing today is built upon a foundation far more stable. To some of its builders we have from time to time tried to do honor; a few more of them are the inspiration of this article. To them, largely, is due the up-building of this city on the solid and scientific lines which must be the basis of all successful and permanent undertakings.

In the year 1800 it is historically recorded Los Angeles had 315 inhabitants. Since that time the government census shows us the following figures: 1850, 1,610; 1870, 5,614; 1880, 11,183; 1890, 50,395; 1900, 102,479; 1910, 319,198. Today we need no literary license to state that there are in excess of 400,000 people resident here—to stay. The “boom” days are long past. After the years 1886-87, when Los Angeles swarmed with speculators, the like of which never yet infested a mining camp, who sold “town-site lots,” which were situated anywhere west of Cajon Pass, for any price they cared to ask, Los Angeles suffered from the results of such a land boom as has not since been equalled in history. The magnificent growth of the city has, however, been in the period since those years. Between 1890 and 1900 the increase in population amounted to over one hundred per cent. Between 1900 and 1910 the ratio of increase more than doubled this and since that time the settled population has been added to at the rate of over twenty-five thousand per annum. The influence which has brought these new citizens has not been that of the speculative days of 1886. While it may be possible in some lines of endeavor to “fool all of the people some of the time,” it has yet to be demonstrated that where the funds of those people are concerned it is possible to “fool all of the people all of the time.”

Nowhere at the present time are there larger building operations, or more of them, than in Los Angeles, when the population of this city is compared with that of any other, and nowhere are the building operations more successful. Here again the sound plans of the builders of Los Angeles are in evidence. The large returns looked for on many investments are not expected or exacted. Today the erection of a fourteen-story office building is completed and tomorrow it is tenanted and beginning to render its six per cent accounting to its owners. It is not asked of it to do more—and it does no less for

there are no new structures untenanted; all are fulfilling their modest obligations to their owners.

The investments of people already assured of the standing of Los Angeles are increasing annually. On every principal street where the erection of a sky-scraper or a manufactory is possible the sound of the automatic riveter is familiar. This year the building permits will exceed forty million dollars, and the value of the property erected will be in excess of that figure. Convincing and authentic statistics of the rapid and yet normal growth of Los Angeles may be obtained from the civic records; we cannot refrain, however, from pointing to the following merely as a means of comparison with the present year's work: In 1890 the building permits were 737 in number, and amounted to \$1,194,939; by 1900 these had more than doubled—to 1902 permits of a value of \$2,517,966. In 1910 permits were issued covering 10,738 operations, and their valuation was stated at \$21,684,100. The last complete year's figures, those for the calendar year 1912, showed 16,453 permits issued for structural work valued at \$31,366,357.

This is not speculation. There are not men in Los Angeles today who, no matter how strong their civic pride, are sinking forty million dollars a year in structural advertising. The men who are doing this are of proven ability in the country, men whose reputation for conservatism in their investments is not to be assailed. Their civic pride is not to be depreciated; but in this case it works, as should be the case in all good enterprises, in conclusion with the requirements of good business principles.

There is no reason why this ratio of increase should not continue. The money to do it with is here and the men with the courage of their convictions are here with it. The increasing industrial activity of this locality is every evidence of the fact that we can look for an even greater increase in growth in the future, phenomenal as has been the past in comparison with the growth of other modern cities.

Prior to 1868 there were no banks in Los Angeles. In that year there was started the banking firm of Governor Downey and J. A. Hayward and the firm of Hellman and Company, which in 1871 became the Farmers and Merchants Bank, with Governor Downey as President and I. W. Hellman as Cashier. On June 30th, 1913, the deposits in the thirty-three principal banks of Los Angeles were officially reported as \$187,963,632.56, and the total resources as \$222,755,223.17. In the six months intervening between that date and January 1st, 1913, the deposits had increased six million



J. B. Sherwood
 High Grade
 REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS
 1002 BIRCHMAN BUILDING
 Fourth and Spring Streets
 LOS ANGELES CAL.

J. B. SHERWOOD
 THE MAN WHO HAS MADE
 A GREAT SUCCESS IN REAL
 ESTATE. HIS HONESTY HAS
 PLACED HIM IN THE FRONT
 RANKS OF THE LARGEST REAL
 ESTATE TRANSACTIONS IN
 SO CALIFORNIA. HE IS A REAL
 LIVE WIRE FROM INDIANA.



SOLID TIRES
 ON THIS
 WHEEL
 WILL TAKE
 YOU WITH
 MORE COM-
 FORT THAN
 AIR FILLED
 TIRES.
 THEY HAVE
 BEEN TRIED
 AND HAVE
 PROVEN THE
 TEST.

T. J. BURKENDORF
 PRES. OF THE NATIONAL
 SPRING WHEEL COMPANY
 1016 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG.
 ONE OF THE GREATEST
 INVENTIONS OF THE DAY.
 THIS INDUSTRY MEANS
 MUCH FOR LOS ANGELES.



THERE IS
 NOTHING
 TOO
 LARGE
 OR TOO
 SMALL
 FOR US
 TO HANDLE

WE
 WILL
 PLEASE
 YOU.

J. C. THOMAS
 MGR. OF THE OWL REALTY
 CO. 909-5 HOLLINGSWORTH
 BLDG. SPECIALISTS IN GEN'L
 REAL ESTATE AND EXCHANGE
 BUSINESS. CITY AND COUNTRY
 PROPERTY. MR. THOMAS IS A
 NEW YORK BOY AND A LIVE
 WIRE.

dollars, and resources had increased to the extent of \$7,750,527.64.

The earliest record of Los Angeles bank clearings before us at this writing is that of the year 1890, when they reached \$36,019,721. By 1900 this had increased to \$113,766,378, and in 1910, \$811,377,487. At the close of the year 1912 the record read \$1,168,941,700.

In the same year the postal receipts of Los Angeles amounted to almost two million dollars—an increase of one hundred per cent over the receipts of five years ago, and of fifteen per cent over the receipts of the year 1911.

On staple grounds did we say we had builded? Indeed yes! and builded by men who know where and how to expend their time, money and energy to the best advantage. It is with no small degree of elation we refer the whole world to the recent completion of the most magnificent municipal accomplishment of the present day—the Owens River Aqueduct. On November 5, 1913, this example of the entire population of a city of four hundred thousand souls working in unison was dedicated to the city's use. The birth of this gigantic engineering feat is to be credited to the mind of ex-Mayor Fred Eaton, himself a native citizen, for he was born in the old Mexican *cuartel* after that place had been bought and converted into a residence by his father, the Hon. B. S. Eaton. In 1904, after Fred Eaton's term of office as engineer and superintendent of the Los Angeles City Water Company, he presented to the city

his proposition of a joint municipal-corporation water system. The difficulties encountered with the federal authorities to make this a municipal project are now matters of history. Suffice it to say here they were overcome by the will of a people who knew what they wanted and would not be gainsaid, and by the wholesome vote of fourteen to one these one-minded citizens authorized the issuance of the twenty-three million dollars in bonds, which it had been estimated would be the cost of prosecuting the work. Within eight years time, through the superhuman efforts of Chief Engineer Mulholland and his associates, this stupendous task has been accomplished with an expenditure of time and money less than was estimated, and today we have at the disposal of the city the twenty-one billion gallons of water impounded at Hawice Dam—an asset of more than four times its cost. To Fred Eaton, to William Mulholland, to General Adna R. Chaffee, to J. P. Lippincott, and to that army of men who supported them, there has been constructed a monument which will last for all time.

The water is brought from Owens River, two hundred and sixty miles distant from Los Angeles. Its first progression toward the city is to the lake now known as Lake Mulholland, which was formerly an arid desert. This is sixty miles from the source and lays between two dams which are seven miles apart. The area of its water surface is 2100 acres and the lake holds twenty-one billion gallons of water.



HARRISON ALBRIGHT
ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S GREAT-EST ARCHITECTS HIS WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST IS A GREAT MARKER OF THIS CENTURY.



HARRY H. CROUCH
ATTY AT LAW. "A LIVEWIRE ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ATTORNEYS IN THE CITY. A NATIVE OF IOWA BUT A CALIFORNIAN BY CHOICE."



R. L. FORSYTH
204 HIBERNIAN BLDG
SALES DIRECTOR - WEST SACRAMENTO LAND CO. 53000 ACRES IN 10 ACRE TRACTS.



GEO. E. MCCREENY
GEN'L MGR. OF THE NATIONAL PUNCTURE SEAL COMPANY, 1022 BLACK BLDG.



S. P. COFFEY
INVESTMENTS
929 BLACK BLK BLDG. SPECIALTY OF COUNTRY PROPERTY. HIGH CLASS CITY PROPERTY. 20 YEARS IN REALTY.



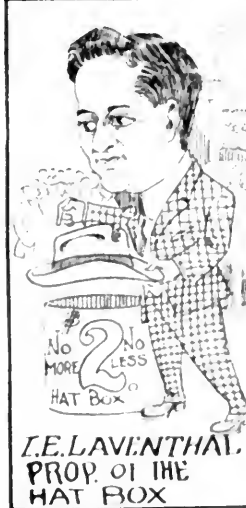
JOHN L. MARKWELL
DIAMOND BROKER MGR OF MARKWELL AND CO. INC. 502 GRANT BLDG. DIAMONDS, LOANS AND AUTOMOBILES. K.C. BOY WHO HAS MADE GOOD IN L.A.



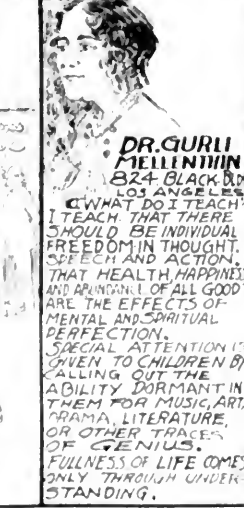
J. O. O'SHANESSY
404-405 NATIONAL CUSHION INNER TIRE CO., INC. FULL OF LIFE. NO MORE TIRE TROUBLE.



R. E. MUNCY - REALTY CO.
RE-EXCHANGES ANYWHERE ANY PRICE. 713 GRANT BLDG. ONE OF THE POWER MEN IN THE EXCHANGE BUSINESS. HAS MADE EX-CHANGES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



I. E. LAVINTAL
PROP. OF THE HAT BOX



DR. GURLI MELLINTIN
824 BLACK BLK LOS ANGELES
"WHAT DO I TEACH? I TEACH THAT THERE SHOULD BE INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM IN THOUGHT, SPEECH AND ACTION. THAT HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND ABUNDANCE OF ALL GOOD ARE THE EFFECTS OF MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL PERFECTION. SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO CHILDREN BY CALLING OUT THE ABILITY DORMANT IN THEM FOR MUSIC, ART, DRAMA, LITERATURE, OR OTHER TRACES OF GENIUS. FULLNESS OF LIFE COMES ONLY THROUGH UNDERSTANDING."



HYMAN SCHWARI
ATTY AT LAW. 003 LAUGHLIN BLDG. A BOOSTER FOR L.A. SEVEN YEARS, FOLLOWING A GENERAL CIVIL SERVICE



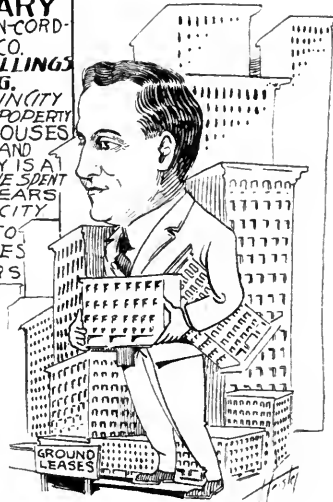
LEO W. BARNETT
ARCHITECT OF THE FIRM OF EDELMAN AND BARNETT WHO HAVE BUILT OVER 75% OF THE THEATRES IN L.A. THE RIGHT MIND OF ARCHITECT



LOS ANGELES IS BOUND TO BE THE NEW YORK OF THE PACIFIC COAST SAYS **W. J. PEARSON** OF PEARSON AND CORDARY REAL ESTATE, LEASES, EXCHANGE LOANS, 604-5-6 HOLLINGSWORTH BUILDING. MR. PEARSON IS FROM N.Y., TEXAS, AND MEXICO. HE IS ONE OF THE MEN WHO ARE DOING BIG THINGS IN CITY BUSINESS PROPERTY.



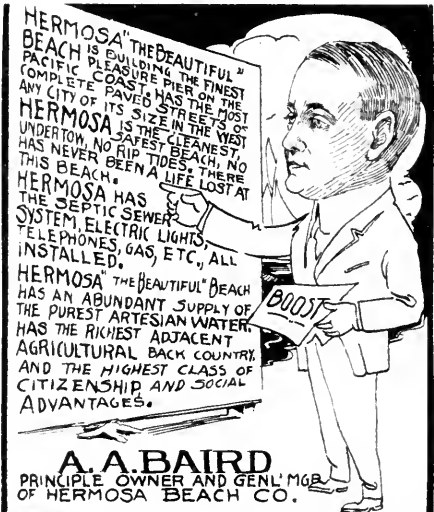
W. J. CORDARY OF THE PEARSON-CORDARY REALTY CO. 604-5-6 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG. SPECIALISTS IN CITY BUSINESS PROPERTY, APARTMENT HOUSES, EXCHANGES AND LOANS. CORDARY IS A DETROIT BOY. HE SPENT AN AMBER OF YEARS IN NEW YORK CITY. HE CAME TO LOS ANGELES EIGHT YEARS AGO AND SINCE THEN HE HAS BEEN ACTIVE IN THE POLITICAL INTERESTS AND IDENTIFIED WITH SOME OF THE REAL LARGE REALTY TRANSACTIONS OF LOS ANGELES.




FOR RENT, EXCHANGE, OR SALE

O. A. VICKREY

One of Los Angeles' leading realty men, of the firm of O. A. Vickrey & Company. A resident of this city twenty-nine years; engaged in the real estate business for the past twenty-five years. Principal business is in heavy exchanges in down-town property. Specialty of Figueroa Street Square (225 lots), and Adrienne Aeres, on National Boulevard between city and Venice. He is one of the chief boosters of Los Angeles.



HERMOSA "THE BEAUTIFUL" BEACH IS BUILDING THE FINEST PACIFIC PLEASURE PIER ON THE COMPLETE COAST. HAS THE MOST ANY CITY OF ITS SIZE IN THE WEST UNDER TOWN. NO SAFEST BEACH, NO HAS NEVER BEEN A LIFE LOST AT THIS BEACH. **HERMOSA HAS THE SEPTIC SEWER SYSTEM, ELECTRIC LIGHTS, TELEPHONES, GAS, ETC., ALL INSTALLED.** **HERMOSA "THE BEAUTIFUL" BEACH** HAS AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF THE PUREST ARTESIAN WATER, HAS THE RICHEST ADJACENT AGRICULTURAL BACK COUNTRY, AND THE HIGHEST CLASS OF CITIZENSHIP AND SOCIAL ADVANTAGES.

A. A. BAIRD
PRINCIPLE OWNER AND GEN'L MGR. OF HERMOSA BEACH CO.

BEACH PROPERTY in the vicinity of Los Angeles is exceedingly scarce and getting more so every day. Hermosa Beach offers you the only opportunity for a ground floor beach investment now. What Hermosa lots will bring in the future can safely be judged by what has happened in the past.

A few years ago lots could be bought at Venice or Ocean Park for a thousand dollars. Today those same lots demand thirty-five hundred to ten thousand dollars, and many of them are not for sale at any price.

Hermosa Beach is destined to be one of the greatest and most permanent resorts around Los Angeles.

HERMOSA BEACH COMPANY,
OWNERS AND AGENTS
Hollingsworth Bldg., Sixth and Hill Sts., Los Angeles,
PHONES HOME 4848 MAIN 874

"ANGELES PARK"
THE LARGEST
SUB DIVISION
WITHIN THE
CITY LIMITS
ADJACENT
TO GRIFFITH
PARK, THE
LARGEST CITY
PARK IN THE
WORLD'S



ALBERT J. RIGALI
SECY OF THE PACIFIC HOME
BUILDERS OF LOS ANGELES
BUILD MORE THAN A HUNDRED
BUNGALOWS A YEAR, FROM 3%
\$2,700⁰⁰



SAM G. LEVY
OF THE CHAS. LEVY AND SON
4-46-4-48 30 SPRING ST.
CONDUCTING A STRICTLY HIGH-
CLASS GENTS TAILORING &
GENTS ACCESSORIES.

BERLIN ACRES
CENTRAL
EL SEGUN
ELENDA
SUNSET
BEACH



GEO W. JONES
REAL ESTATE & INVEST-
MENTS, 416-417
HIBERNIAN BLDG. SUB-DIV
SPECIALIST A NEW YORKER
WHO HAS MADE GOOD IN
LOS ANGELES.



A FEW
OF THE
BUILDINGS
DESIGNED
BY
MARSH
THERE COULD
BE MADE ANOTHER
35 NAMES
TO THIS LIST

NORMAN F. MARSH
ARCHITECT, SPECIALIST
IN HIGHEST TYPE OF SCHOOL
ARCHITECTURE, CHURCHES,
HOSPITALS AND ETC.
HE IS A BOOSTER OF LOS ANGELES



RICHARD PAUL
ARCHITECT-OF THE FIRM
HOER, PAUL, AND BRYAN
SPECIALISTS IN LARGE RES-
IDENCE, APARTHOUSES, HOTELS, &
BUSINESS BLOCKS, HOSPITALS



W.B. HUNNEWELL
REPRESENTING N.W. HALSEY
AND CO OF NEW YORK, PHILA.
CHICAGO, FRISCO AND LOS
ANGELES. DEALERS IN
BONDS, 302 HIBERNIAN
BLDG.



OSCAR EUGENE FARISH
PRES OF THE CALIFORNIA REALTY
CORPORATION 353 30 HILL ST
18 YEARS A BOOSTER OF GOOD
DIAMOND BROKERAGE AND
THINGS FOR LOS ANGELES
THIS CITY IS THE GARDEN SPOT
OF THE WORLD



A.L. MARKKWEIL
DIAMOND BROKER 300-2
GRAND BLDG. HIGH CLASS
DIAMOND BROKERAGE AND
LOAN BUSINESS ALIVEVIRE
AND A REGULAR BOOSTER.



B.L. DOWELL
SECY AND TREAS OF THE
L.A. FIRE PROOF BUILDING CO. WILL
START NEW FOURTEEN LOWER CALIFORNIA
STORY OFFICE BUILDING
JAN 1-1914 N.E. CORNER OF INTER CALIF RAIL ROAD, WITH
5TH & HILL MUST UPD DATE ON MAIN OFFICE IN THE CITY
THE COST COSTING \$1,000,000.



A. FANDRADE
RECEIVER FOR THE IRRIGAT
ATTORNEY AT LAW
512-516 LAUGHLIN BLDG
PRACTICING LAW FOR THE
PAST TWELVE YEARS FROM
DANVILLE ILL. HE IS ALIVE NOW
AND A BOOSTER FOR L.A.



WALTER V. DYSER
ATTORNEY AT LAW
512-516 LAUGHLIN BLDG
PRACTICING LAW FOR THE
PAST TWELVE YEARS FROM
DANVILLE ILL. HE IS ALIVE NOW
AND A BOOSTER FOR L.A.



RAY VERCLER
SMELTING AND REFINING
WORKS, 424-30 BYWAY
MAN'S RECENTLY CHANGED ITS
NAME TO "GOLD" HAS FINED BENTER
THE FIELD OF MAN'S SUPPLIES
NYC CHI AND FINANC

ENTERED BY THE PATENT OFFICE, U.S. DEPT. OF COMMERCE, DIVISION OF PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D.C. AUGUST 11, 1914. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. PATENT NO. 1,342,812. MACHINE MADE IN U.S.A.

910-912 WRIGHT AND CALLENDER BUILDING LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ROBT M. ARMSTRONG
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MANAGER

MR. ARMSTRONG IS DOING A GREAT WORK FOR THE BIG BUSINESS MEN IN OO. CAL. WHERE THEY ARE MAKING UP LARGE PAY ROLLS AND WHERE TIME HAS GREAT VALUE. NO OTHER MACHINE IN THE WORLD CAN MAKE UP A PAY ROLL WITH THE ABSOLUTE ASSURANCE OF SAFETY THAT THIS MACHINE WILL DO. MR. ARMSTRONG COMES FROM CHICAGO AND IS ONE OF OUR BEST BOOSTERS. HE IS DEMONSTRATING THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE AT THE WRIGHT AND CALLENDER BLDG. ALL ARE INVITED TO INSPECT IT.

CHAS W. BUNT & SON.
302 TITLE GUARANTEE BLDG.
HIGH CLASS MEN'S TAILORING.
THIRTY FIVE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN DRESSING AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED MEN."

LOS ANGELES WILL BE THE LARGEST CITY ON THE PACIFIC COAST

EUGENE O. LAFON
REAL ESTATE
806 VAN NUYS BLDG.
DEALS EXCHANGES
HIS SPECIALTY BOOZING
HIS SPECIALTY

DR CHASE BACON
574 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG
PRACTICING FOR FIFTEEN YEARS IN LOS ANGELES
ONE OF THE CHIEF BOOSTERS OF THE CITY

MAP OF MERCED COUNTY

KNOWING HOW TO GOVERN THE LANDS OF THE FUTURE

MERCED ACPAGE

HARRY WOODS
A PIONEER IN THE REALTY GAME IN MERCED COUNTY HE HANDLES LAND IN LARGE TRACTS AND CAN GROW ANY THING THAT GROUND CAN PRODUCE

F.W. WOODS
REAL ESTATE
1114 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG
SPECIALTY OF MERCED COUNTY LANDS FROM 640-ACRES TO 3000 ACRE TRACTS

DR MELVILLE L. LOOMIS
5008 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG
GRADUATE OF MEDICAL DEPT OF UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SURGERY IS HIS SPECIALTY
A CLUB MAN AND AMBSTER

WE NEED TOWNERS

BETTER ROADS
STREETS AND CANALS

JOHN N. METCALF
ONE OF OUR MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED BOOSTERS
ATTY AT LAW - PRACTICING FOR FIFTEEN YEARS ACTIVE IN ALL MOVEMENTS WHICH HELP THE PEOPLE AND THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES

PACIFIC CO
LUSIAN

O. WALWORTH SUTPHEN
PRESIDENT OF THE PACIFIC PACKING CO CAPACITY OF 2500 CAR LOAD OF ORANGES AND LEMONS PER YEAR.

MY POLICY

THE WOODROW OF LOS ANGELES

W. L. MCCONNELL
MGR OF THE L.A. BRANCH OF THE QUEEN INSURANCE CO
602 HOLLINGSWORTH - BLDG
ABILITY, ACCIDENT, HEALTH, FIRE, LIFE, SICKNESS, AND OLD AGE BENEFITS

HAROLD J. READ
225 LAUGHLIN

H. COLE
MGR OF THE BUILDING REAL - AMERICAN DATE ESTATE, SPECIAL CO. 206 WRIGHT BLDG
BY OF LAUGHLIN AND CALLENDER
PARK VILLA SITES BUILDING A REAL LIVE WIFE

F.L. PERRY BUILDER
OF ATTRACTIVE HOMES
322 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG.
BUILDER OF STRICTLY HIGH
CLASS HOMES FROM \$3,000
AND UP, IN A CLASS ALL THEIR OWN

90 ACRES
OF THE
MOST
DESIRE-
-ABLE
HOME
AND FACTOR
SITES.

ONE OF
THE MEN
THAT DO
BIG THING

J.B. TROY SALES MGR.
OF WILMINGTON HARBOR
FACTORY-CENTER-TRACT
WILMINGTON REALTY AND IN-
VESTMENT CO. 4-15 HOLLINGS-
WORTH BLDG.

THE LARGEST ORDER
EVER ORDERED
HAD 61,200
OIL HEATERS
WHICH SAVED
97% OF
THEIR FUEL
LAST YEAR

FRED H. HAMMER
OF THE HAMMER ORCHARD HEATER
CO. 728 CONSOLIDATED REALTY
BLDG. THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED
THE FIRST OIL BURNING OVEN
AND HEATER IN S. CAL. HE HAS
SAVED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR
HIS CUSTOMERS

CONNECTED
WITH THE DENTAL
BUSINESS SINCE 1893
FOR MANY YEARS
WITH THE EXCLUSIVE
RIGHTS OF CALIFORNIA

C.M. ANDREWS
SUCCESSOR TO THE L.A. BRANCH OFFICE
OF THE S.S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO.
317-319 HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG. (CORNER)
HANDLING A GENERAL LINE OF
S.S. WHITE DENTAL SUPPLIES AND
OTHER HIGH CLASS GOODS.
ASK ANDREW'S THIS OVER THE NEXT NUMBER
OF THE PAPER

WINNER

NOTICE OF
INVITATION TO
ALL
PROPERTY OWNERS
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
TO PARTICIPATE IN THE
GROWING CANAL

CORVILL

DEVER

A. D. KILDAHL

Resident Manager of the United States Farm Land Company, 822 Trust and Savings Building. Mr. Kildahl has been a resident of California for the past two years; he is a native of Wisconsin. Mr. Kildahl has been connected with the present company for the past twelve years. This Company has sold of its own land three million acres, from Florida to Alberta. This Company is making a specialty of California lands, in large and small tracts, nearly all alfalfa land. Mr. Kildahl is a real booster for Los Angeles, and says that this city, being the first port of call when the canal is completed, will overtop the whole coast as a commercial center.

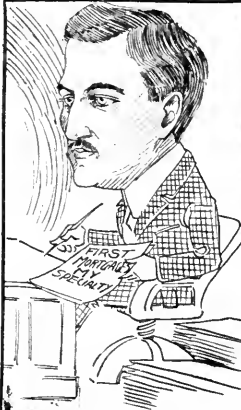
B. F. CULLEY

General Manager of the Manning Realty Company, suite No. 709 to 714 Black Building, one of the largest realty firms in the city, dealing in exchanges of large city properties from \$10,000 and up. Making a specialty of San Luis Obispo acreage in any size tracts, ranging from \$25 to \$100 per acre.

The next one hundred and seventy-one miles of its journey to the San Fernando reservoir is an engineering marvel, second only to the work at Panama. Through fifteen miles of covered conduit the water is taken to Little Lake. Then through a series of tunnels, hills and canyons, two of which are crossed with steel siphons, to Sand Canyon. Beyond this is the famous Jawbone Siphon. This immense steel pipe, of from seven and one-half to ten feet in diameter, is 8,136 in length and build of one and one-eighth inch steel plate. In all there are over nine miles of steel piping used in the construction of the Aqueduct—a quantity which has made experts accustomed to its use in the East, gasp at the audacity of its user. From here the water is sent on to Pine Canyon siphon and down through Antelope Valley to the Fairmont reservoir at Elizabeth Lake. Its next journeying takes it under Elizabeth Lake, through the San Fransesquito Canyon and Dry Canyon reservoir to the south portal of the Aqueduct at San Fernando, where forty thousand people greeted it at the celebration held at the Cascades on November 5th.

In the construction of this immense project there has been handled over twenty million tons of freight. Five million pounds of dynamite have been used in blasting and upwards of two million tons of cement have gone into the conduit and tunnel work. The city has built its own cement plant and has constructed two hundred and fifteen miles of road and two hundred and thirty miles of pipe line for the work. There is in the Aqueduct twenty-two siphons—thirteen of steel and eight of concrete. There is, in all, 148 miles of tunnel work. One hundred and seventy-five thousand men have been employed in its construction in the past six years, and as high as thirty-nine hundred men at one time. Of its total cost, over twelve and a half million dollars have been expended in labor.

It is an achievement of which we are justly proud, and one which is calling the attention of the world to this city. It is, however, but one of the many reasons why Los Angeles is steadily gaining position as the first city of the West.



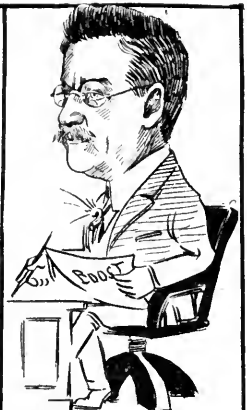
ERNEST R. FAIR
421 GRANT BLDG.
MAKERS OF MORTGAGE
AND TRUST DEED LOANS.
(REAL ESTATE OPTIONS.)
EX PACIFIC COAST MGR. FOR
REALTY BOND CO. OF NEW YORK



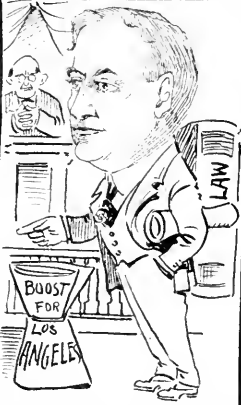
PAUL A. NEEDHAM
618 WRIGHT AND CALLENDER
BLDG. OF NEEDHAM AND
GENL ARCHITECTS
DESIGNERS OF LINCOLN HIGH
SCHOOL AND OTHERS



JAMES HINCHELOE
618 GRANT BLDG
REAL ESTATE
SPECIALTY OF ACREAGE
IN SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY
LANDS DEVELOPING LANDS
IN FORTY ACRE TRACTS.



DR. W. BABCOCK
SPECIALIST EYE, EAR, NOSE,
AND THROAT. PRACTICING
FOR THIRTY YEARS. I.A.
WILL BE THE GREATEST
INDUSTRIAL CITY ON THE
PACIFIC COAST.



EDWARDE E. GRAY
ATTY AT LAW
405-1044'S TRUST &
SAVINGS BLDG.
GENL PRACTICE A
REGULAR BOOSTER FOR
LOS ANGELES.



WM BOSBYSHELL
DESIGNER AND BUILDER
OF HIGH CLASS RESIDENCES
SPECIALTY OF GOOD OLD
SOUTHERN AND COLONIAL
STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE. BUILDING ONE OF THE
PEAL BOOSTERS.



ALBERT FINK
INVENTOR AND GENL MGR.
OF THE NO ICE REFRIGER-
ATOR. 10TH FLOOR OF
THE BROADWAY CENTRAL
BUILDING. ONE OF THE
PEAL BOOSTERS.



E. S. ROBINSON
PRESIDENT OF THE
PRACTICAL INVESTMENT CO.
SUITE 303 WRIGHT & CALLENDER BLDG.
THE GOOD JOB
Profiting by the experience of others is one
point - we will build homes and apartments
that will stand the acid test - the sure way to
wealth - work.



DR. POLLARD ST. W.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
209-210 GRANT BLDG
PRACTICING FOR TWENTY
FIVE YEARS. PEOPLE MIGRATE
FOR CLIMATE LIKE THE BIRDS.



W. C. PENNELL
ASSOCIATED WITH JOHN C.
AUSTIN. 1014 WRIGHT AND CAL-
LENDER BLDG. A RESIDENT SINCE
1898. SPECIALTY OF HIGH CLASS
ARCHITECTURE.



WILLIAM HAZLETT
ATTORNEY AT LAW 603
605 TRUST AND SAVINGS
BLDG. SAYS THERE ISN'T A
MAN WOMAN OR CHILD
WHO ISN'T THINKING OF COMING



MARION McMILLAN CLARK
MGR OF THE PHYSICIANS
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
908-9 MARSH STRONG BLDG
A CLUB MAN AND A BOOSTER

MEN WHO ARE ENGAGED IN UPBUILDING A GREAT CITY

Los Angeles is fast attaining a position as a port which will rival its importance as a railroad center. Millions have been expended in giving Los Angeles a water frontage which will be unrivaled on the Coast. In 1896 \$2,900,000 was appropriated by Congress for the construction of the eleven thousand-foot breakwater, which now gives safe dockage for a territory eight miles in length. Its actual cost was \$3,100,000. The gateway to the harbor is four thousand feet in width and has a depth of forty feet, without rocks or sandbar. It will be possible, when the occasion requires it, to make dockage twenty-two miles long and place Los Angeles high in the list of the harbors of the world.

To date there has been expended to exceed one million dollars in the dredging of the inner canals, on which wharfs have been constructed. Land has been purchased by the federal government for an extensive system of fortifications on the bluffs above the water front. The harbor is now the largest and most important lumber discharging port in the world, and what can be done with it would read like a fairy tale. However, our article is dealing with the accomplishments of the city, and not with what may be made of it. Still, it does not need an optimist so show how ready of accomplishment are the projects already planned and under way. There is the commercial boulevard for motor truck use between the center of the city and the harbor, on which is to be expended \$700,000. The inner harbor channel dredging work and wharfs, already under construction, and the outer harbor work on the present breakwater—two miles of wharfage and warehouses to cost two million dollars. On Miner Fill, outer harbor, are to be constructed two and one-half miles of wharfage in thirty feet of water at a cost of two million dollars.

As a distributing point for imports and exports, Los Angeles is so geographically situated with respect to its now existant lines of railway as to be the only logical port and manufacturing center for the great area covered by the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, the western portion of Wyoming and the southern half of this State, with the exception of a small part of the territory immediately adjacent to the port of San Diego. Nor is it reasonable to assume that, with the coming of the Pacific Coast of the immense quantities of shipping after the opening of the Panama Canal, that any other result will obtain than that Los Angeles Harbor will be the logical discharging and loading port for that traffic. The costs in labor and delays incident to the docking of a large vessel will prohibit their utilizing both the ports of San Diego and Los Angeles as a part of their regular routes.

This will also apply with equal force to the traffic to and from the Orient. In respect to this traffic Los Angeles will be a close competitor with San Francisco also. The territory to be served in the States named heretofore in this article will be more ready of access to Los Angeles than to San Francisco. By only a slight deviation from their regular route of commerce the European-Oriental liners, using the Panama Canal, will be able to make Los Angeles Harbor a regular port of call. There

is not the slightest doubt as to this being done. Offices have already been established here by some of the largest shipping houses in the world.

Since November 9, 1885, when the Atlantic and Pacific Railway (now a part of the Santa Fe System) drove its last spike at Cajon Pass, giving Los Angeles its first trans-continental railway, there has been added the "Sunset Route," via El Paso and New Orleans, the "Ogden Route," another Southern Pacific line connecting with the Union Pacific and reaching the East by a northern route, the Salt Lake line through Nevada and Southern Utah, and the Rock Island through service. There are two lines of the Southern Pacific System between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and through service over the Santa Fe lines between San Diego and San Francisco, via Los Angeles. The El Paso and Southwestern System has now built its lines to Tucson and will undoubtedly extend to the Coast. Articles have already been filed with the Secretary of State covering a proposed electrical line between Los Angeles and Bakersfield, a project which is supported by some of our most responsible leading citizens, and one which it is rumored is backed by one of the trans-continental systems.

The street railway system of Los Angeles is one of the equal of which is not to be found. Suburban lines now extend to the following busy little towns, and there is shown, opposite each, the intervening distance between them and the center of traffic in Los Angeles:

	Miles		Miles
Alhambra.....	8	Newport.....	44
Azusa.....	25	Ontario.....	42
Anaheim.....	25	Orange.....	30
Arcadia.....	17	Ostrich Farm.....	6
Burbank.....	11	Pomona.....	33
Cucamonga.....	44	Pasadena.....	9
Compton.....	10	Palms.....	12
Covina.....	27	Redondo.....	22
Duarte.....	20	Redlands.....	70
Eagle Rock.....	13	Santa Ana.....	34
Garvanza.....	6	Shorb.....	6
Glendale.....	6	Spadra.....	30
Glendora.....	28	San Gabriel.....	10
Gardena.....	10	San Pedro.....	25
Inglewood.....	10	San Fernando.....	21
Los Alamitos.....	36	Santa Monica.....	18
Long Beach.....	22	Soldiers' Home.....	15
Los Nietos.....	12	Sierra Madre.....	16
Lankershim.....	12	Torrance.....	18
Lamanda Park.....	13	Van Nuys.....	20
Los Angeles Harbor.....	25	Wilmington.....	20
Monrovia.....	20	Whittier.....	14
Mount Lowe.....	16		

The conditions are ideal for making of this an Industrial City which will be a second Manchester. And that is the talk which is now before you men of the Realty Board, the Chamber of Commerce, the Industrial Bureau, and the like—you who have already done so much toward this end; it is now "up to you" to get after that increase in the "dinner bucket brigade," and for every minute and endeavor you expend in that direction, count another one for us—to the limit of our ability and usefulness.

FULLERTON



*A Well-Governed and
Progressive City*

Compiled by Norman Le Marquand, Sec'y Chamber of Commerce

THE northern part of Orange County is known as the Fullerton District. Here, twenty-three miles southeast of Los Angeles and fifteen miles by air line from the Pacific Ocean, lies the City of Fullerton. Near enough to the Pacific to share in the benefit of its cooling breezes, yet far enough to escape its humidity, and shielded from the hot winds, little wonder indeed that Fullerton has acquired the distinction of having the most salubrious and equable climate even in a country where the climate is one of the chief assets.

In the mountains are beautiful canons with groves of liveoak and sycamore, and sparkling streams and mineral springs, and sweet-smelling mountain plants and flowers; all easy of access from every part of the county, affording many delightful spots for a day's picnic or a month's outing. Along thirty-five miles of seashore are many beautiful seaside resorts on bay and ocean front, with clean sandy beaches or picturesque rocky cliffs and shores, with boating, bathing and fishing advantages that cannot be surpassed. These places, also, are easy to reach from any part of the county, the trip to

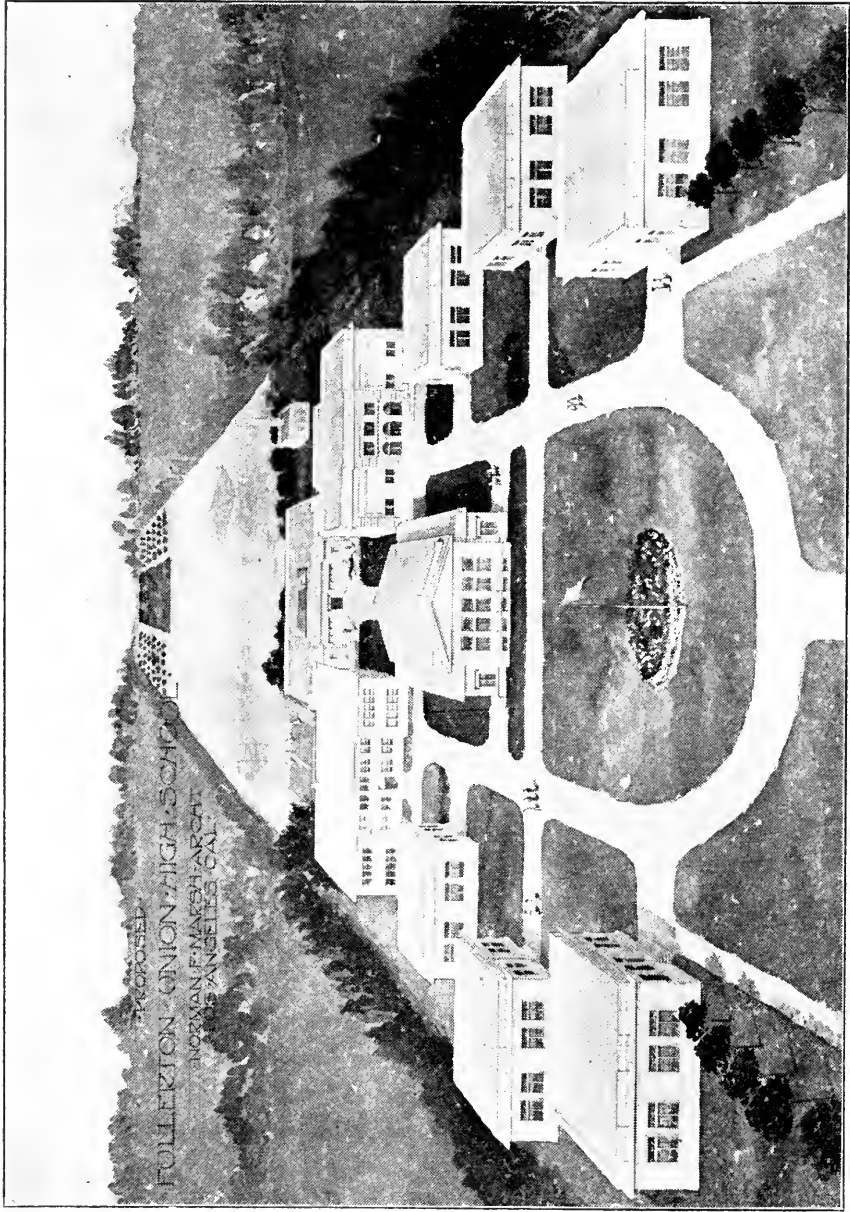


SPADRA STREET, FULLERTON, LOOKING NORTH

Again, the peculiar situation of this district makes of it the most desirable winter resort in this country, if not in the world. Far enough from the majestic snow-capped mountains of the San Gabriel and San Jacinto ranges to escape the cold north winds which occasionally sweep down in the valleys below their slopes, the Fullerton district is almost entirely free from the occasional frosts that are the dread of fruit growers in some parts of Southern California. In these mountains also are brewed the heavy cold rains which at times sweep this region. As they near the coast these rains come down more gently and are of far greater benefit to the rancher and fruit grower, the heavier winds sweeping down to the ocean in the beds of the San Gabriel and Santa Ana rivers.

any of the beaches from the farthest part of the county requiring only two hour's time by automobile. This is a good roads county, and when the improvements now proposed and under way are completed it will have one of the finest systems of boulevards in the world.

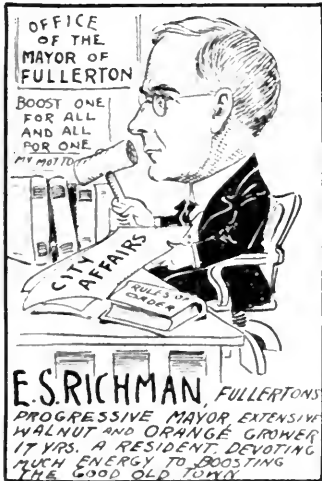
The town of Fullerton is approaching its tenth birthday. It was incorporated in January, 1904. Its transportation facilities are furnished by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company, on whose main line it is situated. Twenty trans-continental and local trains stop there daily, and the importance of its busy little depot may be judged from the fact that during the nine months ending September 30, 1913, the gross receipts from freight traffic amounted to \$308,111.84, and from passenger traffic, \$43,099.56.



THE \$300,000.00 FULLERTON UNION HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

The principal exports from Fullerton consist of oranges, lemons, walnuts, tomatoes, cabbages, sweet potatoes, asparagus and tobacco. The soil, a rich mixture of silt and loam, is so productive that a recitation of what has been accomplished with it reads like a fairy tale. The pioneers of Fullerton raised little but pasture for their sheep and cattle. In seasons of abundant rainfall they would produce large crops of barley and other grains. At other times they would wait for the rain until their necessities compelled them to seek a means whereby the

plentiful waters of the Santa Ana River could be transported over the twelve miles of intervening rough land, gullies, ravines, canyons and hills. The Cajon Irrigation Company, incorporated in 1897, has since become the Anaheim Union Water Company, which furnishes water to its stockholders who are the occupants of the fifteen thousand acres in this vicinity. The riparian rights of this company rest upon such old titles and are so entrenched behind legal decisions that there is no possibility of their being disputed. Now, with the growth of



AMONG FULLERTON'S CHIEF BOOSTERS, THESE GENTLEMEN ARE LEADERS



ORANGE PICKING, FULLERTON

WE WILL EVENTUALLY BE THE LARGEST CITY IN ORANGE CO

We now have an opportunity to secure the support of the adjacent territory through our business improvements

W.M. WICKERSHEIM
PRES. & MGR. WICKERSHEIM IMPLEMENT CO. LARGEST IN THE COUNTY. HE IS AN AVOWED OPTIMIST HAVING GREAT FAITH IN FULLERTON'S FUTURE

RUDDOCK AND FULLER.
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

I HAVE BOOSTED GOOD ROADS AND WATER 25 YEARS AND AM STILL STAYING WITH IT.
G.A. Ruddock

GEO. A. RUDDOCK OF RUDDOCK & FULLER, LIVE REAL ESTATE MEN, BOTH GENTLEMEN ARE LEADERS IN MOVEMENTS FOR FULLERTON'S PROGRESS

GEO. CWELTON
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

BOOST ALL ORANGE CO. BUT FULLERTON FIRST

BIDS FOR SEWER
COURT WORKS STREET PAVING

GEO. CWELTON
7 YEARS CITY TRUSTEE - ONE OF THE INSTIGATORS OF IMPROVED STREETS, WATER WORKS SEWER SYSTEM, ETC. GEO HAS SERVED WITH CREDIT 7 YEARS ON THE STREET COMM. HE IS ONE OF THE CITY'S BIG BOOSTERS

THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESSFUL FUTURE MUST BE AN UNITED PERMANENT GET-TOGETHER MOVEMENT.
E.J. Fuller

E.J. FULLER PRINCIPAL OWNER OF THE FULLERTON DEPARTMENT STORE. MANY YEARS ON THE ROAD HAS SHOWN HIM THE VALUE OF CONCENTRED ENERGY, AND HE IS ACTING UPON THAT PRINCIPLE

PUT ME DOWN AS STRONG FOR GOOD ROADS

JACKSON 1914

A.H. SITTON PROP. OF SITTON'S GARAGE. A GOOD LIVE BOOSTER, AND SELLS SOME JACKSONS. BELIEVE ME

WE HAVE PROGRESSED MORE IN THE LAST YEAR THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

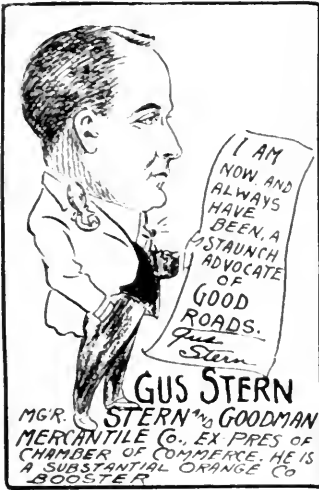
RR MAILS A DAY, IS GOING SOME

L.C. EDWARDS SIX YEARS POST MASTER, LEADER OF THE BMD. A LIVE WIRE BOOSTER FOR GREATER FULLERTON

PEN CARTOONS OF SOME OF FULLERTON'S LIVE WIRES

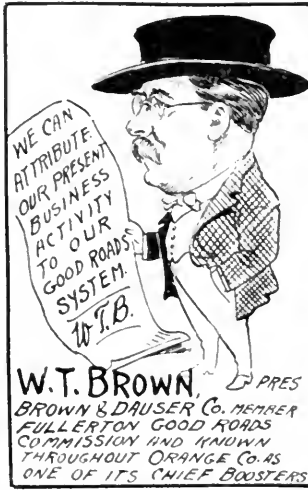
HARVESTING WALNUTS, FULLERTON





I AM NOW AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, A STAUNCH ADVOCATE OF GOOD ROADS.
Gus Stern

GUS STERN
MGR. STERN & GOODMAN MERCANTILE Co., EX PRES OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. HE IS A SUBSTANTIAL ORANGE CO BOOSTER



WE CAN ATTRIBUTE OUR PRESENT BUSINESS ACTIVITY TO OUR GOOD ROADS SYSTEM.
W.T.B.

W.T. BROWN PRES
BROWN & DAUSER Co. MEMBER FULLERTON GOOD ROADS COMMISSION AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT ORANGE Co. AS ONE OF ITS CHIEF BOOSTERS



YOU CAN'T CATCH ME, DOC

DOCTOR GEO. C. BRYAN
PROMINENT SURGEON SEC FULLERTON HOSPITAL BOTH IN AND OUT OF PROFESSIONAL CIRCLES HE IS A LIVE WIRE BOOSTER



M.L. SEALE
HIS NEW MORTUARY

A FULLERTON BOOSTER A 1ST LAY, AND ALL THE TIME

M.L. SEALE PROP OF SEALS UNDERTAKING PARLORS. PUBLIC SPIRITED AND PROGRESSIVE, AND HAS UNBOUNDED FAITH THE CITY'S GREAT FUTURE



THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS

CABBAGES
TOMATOES
CELERY
POTATOES


ARTHUR H.T. (DUKE) OSBORNE
DISTRICT AGENT OF THE CAL VEGETABLE UNION THE DUKE HAS BOOSTED THE GOOD OLD TOWN 12 YEARS AND SAYS HE NEVER INTENDS TO QUIT



J.R. GARDINER
FULLERTON'S BOOSTING TREASURER THE CUSTODIAN OF THE PEOPLES MONEY

FOR IMPROVEMENT
THE CITY'S DOUGH

MR. GARDINER IS POPULAR IN CITY AFFAIRS AND IS ALWAYS THERE WHEN IT COMES TO BOOSTING

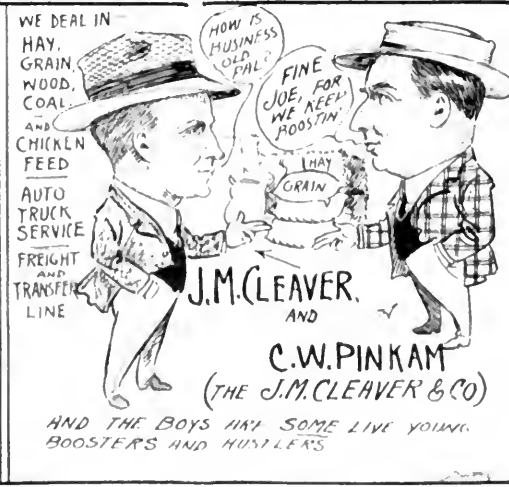


C.O. WHEAT
THE ELECTRIC MAN OF FULLERTON

WHEN IT COMES TO WIRING AND BOOSTING CARL IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB

PALDA LANDS

SKETCHED ON THE FLY GOING OUT TO FINISH A NEW CONTRACT CARL IS AS BUSY AS A BIRD DOG THESE DAYS



WE DEAL IN HAY, GRAIN, WOOD, COAL AND CHICKEN FEED AUTO TRUCK SERVICE FREIGHT AND TRANSFER LINE

HOW IS BUSINESS OLD PAL?

FINE JOE, FOR WE KEEP BOOSTING

J.M. CLEAVER AND **C.W. PINKAM**
(THE J.M. CLEAVER & CO)

AND THE BOYS HAY SOME LIVE YOUNG BOOSTERS AND MUSTERS

R.S. GREGORY
REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE

BOTH AS A TRUSTEE AND AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN, I HAVE BOOSTED HARD FOR IMPROVEMENTS. THE RESULTS ARE PLAIN TO US ALL.

R.S. Gregory

R.S. GREGORY, PUBLIC SPIRITED CITY DAD AND LIVE INSURANCE MAN OF FULLERTON, "DICK" HAS ALWAYS URGED CITY IMPROVEMENTS, THROUGH THE GET-TO-GETHER, SPIRIT

EVERY BOX IS A BOOST FOR FULLERTON

CARMENCITA ORANGES

ABE PRITCHARD, MGR. AND SEC. PLACENTIA ORANGE GROWERS' ASSN. ABE HAS BEEN A BOOSTER 13 YEARS BECAUSE HE LIKES IT, AND KNOWS ITS VALUE

THE REXALL STORE

PURE DRUGS
SAY
3 TAKE
A DAY

PILLS

G.W. FINCH, PROP. OF FINCH'S DRUG STORE, THE REXALL STORE OF FULLERTON AND I AM BOOSTING FOR MORE

MR. FINCH IS A FULLERTON BOOSTER OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING, AND PROUD OF IT

OUR SLOGAN IS BOOST ALL ORANGE COUNTY, BUT FULLERTON FIRST

CALIFORNIA DIAMOND BRAND WALNUTS

WALNUTS

ARTHUR STALEY

SEC. OF THE FULLERTON-PLACENTIA WALNUT ASSN. A RESIDENT FOR 30 YEARS, ARTHUR CAN ALWAYS BE COUNTED UPON FOR ANYTHING THAT HELPS FULLERTON

HIGH CLASS MENS SUITS

OH! YOU BOOSTER BILL!

OUR PRESENT IMPROVEMENTS ARE AN INDICATION IN OUR FAITH IN A GREATER AND BETTER FULLERTON.

W.H.S.

W.H. SKILLMAN MGR. SKILLMAN & VANDERMAST FULLERTON'S UP-TO-DATE HABDASHERS. "SKILLY" IS A LIVE ONE, KNOWS HOW TO BOOST, AND LIVES THE GAME

ALL GOOD ROADS LEAD TO FULLERTON AND I AM BOOSTING FOR MORE

R.E. Davis

R.E. DAVIS, ASST. MGR. OF THE FULLERTON ICE CO. IS A LIVE ONE, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO GOOD ROADS

MORE FULLERTON BUSINESS BOOSTERS

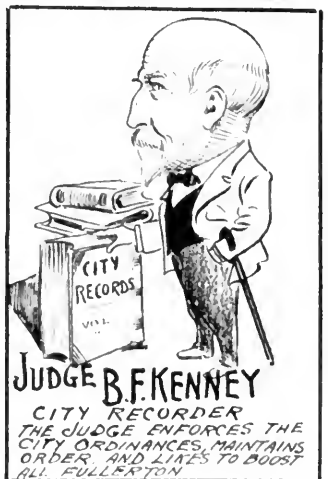
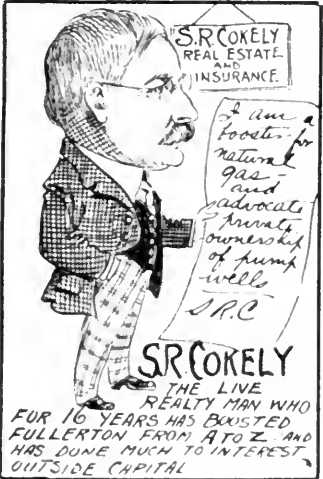
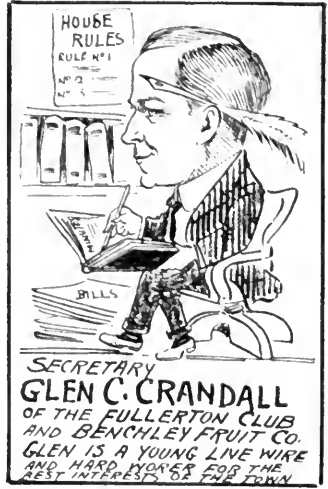
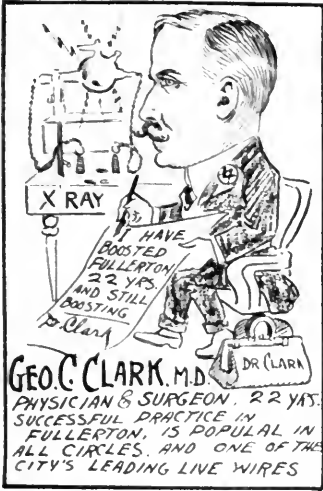
modern ideas, the capacity of the Cajon canal, which in early times was small, has been increased many fold. Wooden flumes have been replaced by substantial fills; where the ditch formerly wound tortuously around the faces of hills and was liable at any time to break away, tunnels have been cut so that what was once the weakest part has become the strongest. These tunnels have been lined with concrete so that now the water rushes through these rock-lined hills. It is this straightening of alignment and the cementing of the walls of the tunnels and ditches that have so greatly increased the capacity of the main canal. Perhaps the greatest development has been in the improvement of the lateral or distributing ditches. During the past fourteen years fifty miles of the main and important lateral ditches have been lined with a two or three-inch coat of concrete, or the open ditches have been replaced by cement pipe-lines. These improvements add greatly to the efficiency of the water distribution and prevent

undue waste from seepage and evaporation during the few summer months when all the water is needed.

Of oranges, the kings of fruits, a specialty in the Fullerton district is the Valencia, an orange which ripens late in the year, and always obtains a high price in the markets of the country. In the immediate vicinity of Fullerton is the district above all others peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of this orange. Here it reaches its most perfect development. Here it remains on the trees for a long time, and can, therefore, be placed on the market at a time when oranges are scarce, and therefore command the highest price.

Valencia orange groves with full-bearing trees command a price of two thousand dollars an acre and, with careful and scientific cultivation yield large returns even on such an investment.

Within the city the value of building lots of fifty feet in width ranges from \$500 to \$1200,



THEY ARE HELPING MAKE HISTORY IN LUCKY FULLERTON

while the business blocks are disposed of at from \$50 to \$150 per front foot.

The population is now estimated at three thousand, and there is an optimistic "booster" organization predicting an early increase to five thousand. The growth of the city recently has been most marked. In the first six months of the present calendar year the building permits granted amounted to the astounding total of \$203,925, as compared with \$55,395 in the corresponding period of the preceding year.

The receipts of the local post office for the year ending June 30, 1913, amounted to \$12,-401.38, and an application is now before the postal authorities at Washington for free mail delivery with every indication that favorable action may be expected.

One of the most modern and complete institutions of its class is the Fullerton Union High School located on fifteen acres of ground within three blocks of the business section. Its Auditorium seats twelve thousand people.

The students from the rural districts are taken to and from school in three omnibusses and their courses include, in addition to the usual high school courses, training in manual arts and agriculture. The post-graduate course of the school is one which serves for matriculation to the universities of the State. The buildings, eleven in number, are fireproof and the whole cost \$300,000.

There is now being erected a two-story grammar school building within two blocks of the High School at a cost of \$70,000.

The Public Library, one block from the center of the city, was erected at a cost of \$10,000, and its Mission-style architecture makes it one of the city's beauty spots.

There are churches of six denominations conveniently located, and there is in course of construction a fire-proof hospital which, in its conveniences and equipment, will be second to none.

The site has been purchased for a City Hall,



LIVE WIRES OF FULLERTON. WHY? THEY BOOST!

which will be located in the center of the town. The city has also purchased a forty-acre tract for septic tanks for the sewer outfall and the sewer system, costing to date about \$60,000, is about completed.

Another large municipal project of this progressive town is the water system, which has just been completed. Two twelve-inch wells 400 feet in depth pump the water to a reservoir with a capacity for one million gallons, which is situated high above the city. The water is as pure and soft as rain-water, and the citizens of Fullerton feel well recompensed for the \$80,000 expended in securing it.

Arrangements are now being made to supply the city with natural gas, which it is estimated can be done at the rate of seventy-five cents per thousand cubic feet delivered to the consumer. This will be secured from the large oil fields located six miles north of Fullerton.

The production of oil in the fields north of the city has for years been one of the staple industries. Drilling commenced there practically twenty years ago and the operations now cover an area of approximately sixty square miles. The wells for the most part are deep, some to exceed four thousand feet and the drilling operations are expensive; yet despite this, large returns are made on investments. One of the

recent wells near Fullerton flowed for a period to exceed a year at the rate of 2500 barrels a day of 30 gravity oil, for which there was a ready market at one dollar per barrel. The Standard Oil Company, The Union Oil Company, The Brea Canyon Oil Company, and The Petroleum Development Company, among others, have large holdings, but there is still remaining a large area of proven territory on which wells have not yet been drilled.

Among the local industries are eleven large packing houses, which handle over two million dollars' worth of oranges and lemons annually. The city also has a thoroughly modern ice plant, a steam laundry and four large garages.

Fullerton offers exceptional inducements to the enterprising and energetic business man, there being numerous openings there in almost every line of business. It is also a splendid field for manufacturing establishments; its close vicinity to the splendid oil fields, which means permanent and cheap fuel, its excellent railroad facilities and equable climate all contributing towards this end. The city, through its excellent Chamber of Commerce, welcomes all such enterprises and extends to them every possible aid and encouragement. For the stranger seeking a new home, Fullerton offers unusual advantages.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise Initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

FOUR REMARKABLE CALIFORNIA BOOKS

A quartet of remarkable California books have arrived almost simultaneously at my desk. Each one is highly worthy the careful consideration of those Californians who love their Golden State and all that it contains of romance, history, legend, poetry and native allurements. The first is Mrs. Helen Throop Purdy's *San Francisco: As it Was, as it Is, and How to See it*. With sure touch Mrs. Purdy sketches the wonderful early individualism of the "Warder of Two Continents." Its romance began prior even to Mission days, and from the day that Captain de Anza located its presidio and mission sites through to the present its history has been one long glamour of romance. Interesting chapters tell of Its Physical Characteristics, Ferry Building and Water Front, Street Car System, Golden Gate and Other Parks, Government Reservation, the Old Mission, Chinatown, and all the other features with which the visitor will naturally desire to be acquainted. Mrs. Purdy writes with spirit and literary grace and without any attempt at fine writing gives charm to her least attractive subjects. The book as a whole is entirely different from the ordinary guide or travel book. It is exquisitely made up both in type, shape, illustrations, printing and binding. The square-like page, the brown ink, the creamy-brown paper all combine to make it a book most pleasing to the eye and Mr. Elder is to be congratulated upon this feature of the work as much as is Mrs. Purdy for its excellent literary quality. *San Francisco; As it Was, As it Is, and How to See It*, by Helen Throop Purdy, 220 pages, with over 250 illustrations and maps, \$2.50 net, Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco, California.

The second is *Field Days in California*, by Bradford Torrey, that veteran naturalist and bird-lover whose stories of birds and mountains, forests and foot-trails, green hills and inconsequential ramblings have brought responsive thrills into the hearts of thousands. As its title implies, this book takes us upon the beach at Santa Barbara, to the estuary, the mountains, among the redwoods, into the Yosemite, to the Grand Canyon, up Mount Lowe, to Paso Robles, and lots of other places, full of charm, allurements and delight, that Californians and tourists alike know next to nothing about. And we are told in heart-warming fashion of titlarks, of gulls and other sea-birds, of water-ouzzels, condors, sandpipers, swans, ruddy turnstones (the red-legged plover), band-tailed pigeons, magpies, hermit warblers, red crossbills, etc., by one who knows them, loves them and is delighted to have an audience to whom he can talk about them. From beginning to end the book is humanly interesting. It is chatty, breezy, refined, sunshiny, instructive and heart-warming. It is with sorrow that we recall that Mr. Torrey died in Santa Barbara a few weeks after he had sent the manuscript of this book to his publishers, and that this is the last we shall have from his pen. But we have this, and for it we are thankful and grateful. *Field Days in California*, by Bradford Torrey, 235 pages, 8 photographs and a portrait, \$1.50 net, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

The third is *California Coast Trails*, by our old friend, J. Smeaton Chase. An Englishman by birth, a cosmopolitan in spirit, he came to California a dozen or more years ago only to fall a willing victim to its many and varied charms. With Muir's love of the open and all wild things, with Torrey's power of keen observation and chatty vividness in telling what he saw, Chase combines a sturdy philosophy that comes doubtless from a brave and stalwart yeoman ancestry. Taking the eight hundred to a thousand miles of the California coast as his line of march, riding horseback, and part of the way accompanied by our mutual friend, the desert artist, Carl Eytel, he gives us a series of vivid pictures as charmingly and graphically written as are Mr. Torrey's pages. Beginning the trip near Los Angeles, calling at the ruins of the first and abandoned site of Mission San Gabriel, the first pascear was down to San Diego, Laguna Beach, where Gardner Symons has established an artists' colony, Aliso Canyon, San Juan Capistrano, with its Franciscan Mission and memories of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," the Hot Springs, Santa Margarita, the Indians at Pala, the San Luis Rey Valley and its restored Mission, Guajome, the supposed home of the fictitious "Ramona," Del Mar and its Torrey pines, Linda Vista and San Diego are in turn visited. Then alone Mr. Chase started northward, avoiding the flamboyantly advertised sea-

side resorts of the Los Angeles region, calling at the old Mission of San Fernando and leisurely jogging along, past Ventura, Santa Barbara, the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, the Big Sur River, Point Lobos, Monterey, into the Santa Cruz Mountains, Half Moon Bay, Montara, the Muir Woods, Mt. Tamalpais, Drakes and Tomales Bay, Greenwood, Fort Bragg, Cape Mendocino, Eel River, Arcata, the Klamath River into Oregon. It was a great ride, and it is graphically described. Every page interests us, every bit of humor tickles us, and every adventure thrills. In this book, as in his former one, "Yosemite Trails," Mr. Chase firmly establishes himself as a potent factor in California literature. The book should have a large sale and lead scores, hundreds of others to do as he has done. *California Coast Trails, A Horseback Ride From Mexico to Oregon*, by J. Smeaton Chase, with sixteen illustrations, 326 pages, \$2.00 net, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

The fourth is John Muir's *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*. Everything that John Muir writes is entitled to most careful reading and will repay the reader both by its substance, exquisite literary charm and the power with which he compels one to see and feel that which he describes. But when the book deals with his own remarkable life it becomes additionally alluring and attractive. The opening sentence is the key to Muir's unusual and unique life: "When I was a boy in Scotland I was fond of everything that was wild, and all my life I've been growing fonder and fonder of wild places and wild creatures." Another sentence explains more: "No punishment, however sure and severe, was of any avail against the attraction of the fields and woods. . . . Wildness was ever sounding in our ears, and Nature saw to it that besides school lessons and church lessons some of her own lessons should be learned. . . . Oh the blessed enchantment of those Saturday runaways in the prime of spring! . . . Kings may be blessed; we were glorious, we were free—school cares and scoldings, heart thrashings and flesh thrashings alike, were forgotten in the fullness of Nature's glad wildness." From Scotland he came to the primeval wilds of Wisconsin where he enjoyed "a sudden flash into pure wildness," and began his American life. With consummate artistry he paints pictures of his farm-days, his work as a plowboy, his joy in the paradise of birds he found, the excitement of his youthful huntings and the discovery of his own inventive faculties. Through page after page we read enchanted as a literary wizard unfolds the secret of his own genius with that sublime unconsciousness that is above all art. To young Americans this is one of the most important autobiographical documents ever written, and its unconscious message of the joy and power of Nature is needed today as never before. We have always been proud to overflow because of John Muir, but this book is an added draft of sweet nectar which we call upon all to enjoy. *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, by John Muir, with photographs by J. Edward Greene, 294 pages, large crown Svo., \$2.00 net, postage 15 cents extra, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

A charming, rare, unusual book, full of love of God's great out-of-doors, devotion to flowers, quaint and trustful philosophy, an openly-confessed pagan religion that is both refreshing and delightful, and tinged all through with a humor as spontaneous and natural as are the sunshine and the rain in *A Midsummer's Wooing*. The love-story is really secondary, altho it gives its title to the book. The real story is of a woman who loves her garden more than clothes, society, fashion, wealth and all the luxuries of life, though she confesses to sincere worship at the shrine of a good cook. She makes friends with high and low, including her man Pat, a forgetful and impractical inventor and his sweet and beautiful daughter, a mother who belongs to the worrying sisterhood, a parson who has retired to get more of the out-of-doors into his system, and the young fellow whose love affairs she finally brings to a successful issue. I wish every reader of *Out West* would get this book and let its simple and sweet lessons seep into his system (and her system, too). It would do more good than any million dollars worth of medicine ever bottled or put into pill-boxes. *A Midsummer's Wooing*, by Mary E. Stone Bassett, \$1.25 net, \$1.37 postpaid, 496 pages, with dainty marginal decorations, and illustrations in color by John Goss, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

Whatever those who close their eyes to the facts of life may think or say, there can be no doubt but that Socialism is demanding a great deal of the attention of many and various thinking men and women. Albert Edwards in his *Comrade Yetta* shows us how the ferment is working. He introduces us to several different types of social workers, all eager for reform, all honest and sincere, yet differing materially in their remedies and methods of attaining them. Yetta is a Jewish girl brought up by a book-loving, impractical father who cares for and loves her devotedly, and gets her to read to him the works of reformers and others whose words she can scarcely understand. When he dies Yetta is thrown upon her own resources, and goes to live with a degraded uncle, whose family is in constant terror of his violence, and she there comes in contact with the rude, struggling world of the sweat-shop. In time her mind is awakened to the dire conditions that surround her and she becomes the prime mover in a strike to better them. Her aids in this strike are Miss Train, a college girl, scientifically studying economics and yet with heart afire to help the girls and women whose lives are being crushed out of them in the sweat-shop; Longman, an instructor in Assyriology at Columbia, who has also become fired with the desire for social service, and a young Jewish lawyer, Isadore Braun. Each of these three has his own conceptions of methods of reform, and among them Yetta is to work and develop her own great ideas. She falls in love with the college man, who also deems himself in love with her, but it finally turns out that she happily marries Braun. The book is full of the helpful spirit that animates the real "soldiers of the evolution for social reform," and the author is to be congratulated upon making a powerful novel and at the same time stimulating thought upon these much needed lines. *Comrade Yetta*, by Albert Edwards, 448 pages \$1.35 net, The Macmillan Company, New York

Do you attend operas? Do you "go it blind," or knowing what you are going to hear? If the latter, and you wish help in knowing, get George P. Upton's *Standard Operas, Their Plots and Their Music*. Mr. Upton has been instructing Americans on musical matters for two decades or more. In this new edition of an old book he brings it up to date and tells the opera-goer all he needs to know to intelligently enjoy the story of the opera, the general character of the music, its prominent scenes and numbers, and historical information regarding the composition and first casts, etc., that people so often like to know. Mr. Upton writes clearly and interestingly. He knows, and he knows how to tell, and every opera-goer will benefit himself—herself—by taking this book along. The illustrations are as excellent as the text. *The Standard Operas*, by George P. Upton, new edition, enlarged and revised, 412 pages, profusely illustrated and with many portraits, \$1.75 net, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

A great surgeon, while a mere youth, unjustifiably cuts off the two legs of a rich man's son. The lad learns of the error and is filled with fierce anger and a desire for revenge against the surgeon. He develops into a monster of iniquity, a murderous, brutal white slayer, the leader of a plot to dynamite and loot New York City. Filled with sorrow and regret for the error of his young life, the surgeon devotes himself to the advanced branches of his profession and discovers methods of "grafting" new limbs, etc. His daughter is a sculptor. She finds in the legless cripple a model, who purposely plays into her hands for the ultimate wreaking of his dire vengeance. How the plot was foiled, the legless criminal converted into a good man by a surgical operation on his skull, and the girl marries her lover is the interesting task of the author, and he does it with his usual grace, fluency and plausibility. To those who enjoy sheer romance and wild imagination, this story will appeal. *The Penalty*, by Gouverneur Morris, 347 pages, many fine illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, \$1.35 net, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

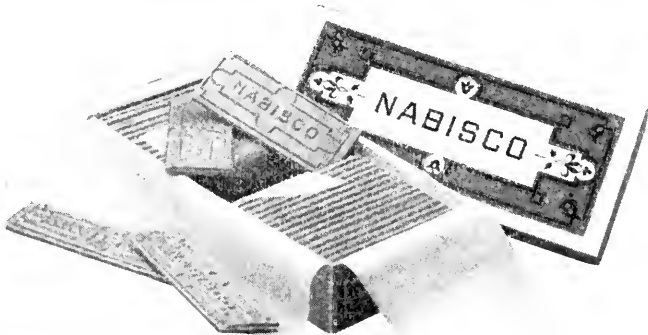
For wild, rollicking, absurd invention that yet tickles the mental palate and pleases by its very improbability, *Seven Keys to Baldpate* can be highly recommended. Seven different people for widely different reasons seek solitude. They are all steered by Fate (in the person of the owner of a great barn of a summer hotel) to the closed hotel on the shoulders of Baldpate Mountain. It is winter and the questions of warmth and cooking are vastly important. Yet the author solves them satisfactorily, introduces two or three mysteries with a girl and woman or two, keeps the reader on tenterhooks with a shooting, a mysterious disappearance, a monster graft deal, etc., and finally marries the novel-writer (who has fled from society melodrama to fall into a greater melodrama than he ever could have conceived) to the sweetest girl of the crowd, who never expected to marry at all. *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, by Earl Derr Biggers, with illustrations by Frank Snapp, 408 pages, \$1.30 net, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

A mysterious cross for which a detective, a strange Italian, a girl with violet eyes, a bounder by name of Willcutts, and a strange woman whom the Italian had hypnotized and deceived is the prize for which Hawkins, a dead-broke Harvard ('07) man, is set on to keep watch of and find. The adventures he goes through are enough to raise the dead. He is tangled up with the violet-eyed girl, nearly killed by the Italian doctor, discovers a prisoner behind a green door who is incited to murder, stops the hypnotized woman from committing suicide, punches the head of the bounder, wins the pretty girl, ultimately, and marries her to find that the mysterious cross and an old book that goes with it give the key to the location of a vast and fabulous treasure of jewels, diamonds and other precious stones, which, of course, belong to his wife. The story is dedicated to those "who love a story for the story's sake," and it is just that kind of a story. *The Crimson Cross*, by Charles Edmonds Walk and Millard Lynch, with illustrations in color by Will Grefe, 275 pages, \$1.00 net, A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Ill.

Four ideas forcefully impress themselves upon my mind as I finish the reading of *The Flirt*. First, the artistry of the author and his profound knowledge of the flirt as a type; second, the awfulness of the life of such a heartless, soulless creature; third, the pain her selfishness creates in others; and fourthly, what fools men are to be carried away by such heartless, selfish "hellions," as the mother of one of the men of the story called the flirt who had stolen her son's heart.

The book actually gives one the horrors to read it, and yet it fascinates, and when one knows it is true—sadly too true—he sees that the benefit from such stories comes from the awful warnings they convey. Booth Tarkington's genius is undoubted, but one cannot help wishing he would use it for better, sweeter, nobler, more healthful purposes. *The Flirt*, by Booth Tarkington, 378 pages, with illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood, \$1.25 net, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

Did you ever think what Christmas would be without any Christmas? They tried it at Old Trail Town. There had been a failure, money was scarce, everybody discouraged, so a town-meeting was held, speeches made and finally resolutions passed that there was to be no Christmas, no giving of presents, no Santa Claus, no rejoicing, no "nothing." But somehow it wouldn't work, and the reason why is beautifully set forth by Zona Gale in her charming little story. Get it and read it, and let all the grumpy, soreheaded, sour-countenanced, never-laugh kind of people of your neighborhood read it. It will do you all good. *Christmas*, by Zona Gale, with six illustrations in color by Leon V. Solon, 213 pages, \$1.30 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.



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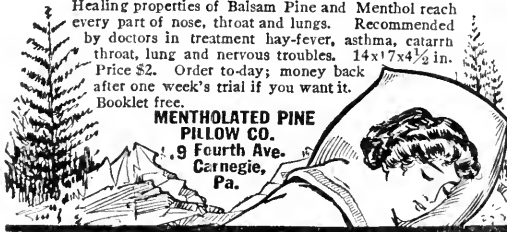
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