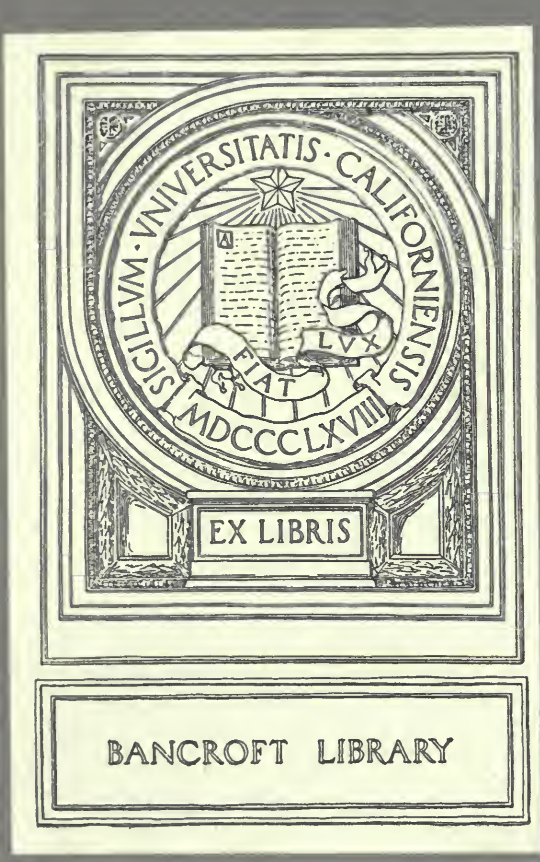

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GUN DECK OF THE OREGON

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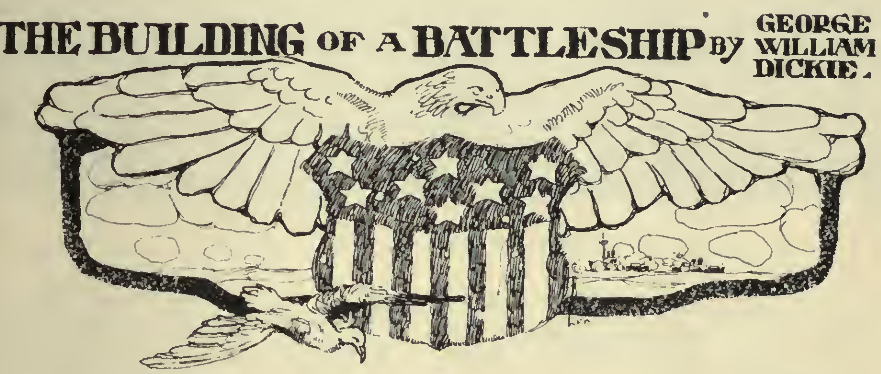
Overland Monthly

Vol. XL. July, 1902. No. 1.

THE BUILDING OF A BATTLESHIP

BY GEORGE WILLIAM DICKIE.



OCCASIONALLY prominent shipbuilders from Great Britain and Europe, also from the Atlantic seaboard of our own country, visit San Francisco, and while here they make it a point to present themselves at the Union Iron Works. Not that they care so much about seeing a modern shipyard, but the problems involved in the successful operation of a great shipbuilding establishment under the conditions existing in San Francisco are so different from what they would consider favorable to such an enterprise that they feel in duty bound to investigate as far as they can what possible advantages there can be to offset the well-known difficulties of carrying on such work here.

Far removed from the centers where the raw materials are produced, most of which must be transported nearly three thousand miles by rail, or fourteen thousand by water, with the cost of labor higher than in any other producing country in the world, presents a field for industrial enterprise that can hardly be said to promise ultimate success. And yet, the Union Iron Works of San Francisco was established and has reached a moderate measure of success under the conditions noted above.

The first question usually asked by the visiting shipbuilder is why such an establishment was undertaken in the face of so many adverse conditions.

The general answer to this question is that there are to be found scattered all over the industrial world such cases as this, where important industries are established, built up, and reach a certain measure of permanent success under the most unfavorable conditions, through local causes that are secondary as viewed in relation to the industry at large, but which are of great importance in their effect on the particular establishment that seems to succeed in spite of conditions that are generally necessary to success, being entirely absent.

The local condition that makes a large shipbuilding establishment in San Francisco both a possibility and a necessity,

A view of the building slips and fittings.

is a great harbor, frequented by a large portion of the commercial fleets of the Pacific. These vessels often need large forces of skilled workmen in every branch of industry that goes to the building of a modern steamship, to execute important repairs or alterations. These workmen, and skill to dire t them, would not be available unless there was some establishment in active operation, and of sufficient magnitude to give steady employment to a large and varied force from which sudden demands for large numbers of skilled men could be supplied.

To show how important it is for the shipping of this port to have such a skilled force ready for anything that might be required, it may be stated that some time ago the Union Iron Works had a force of over fifteen hundred men on repairs, including alterations and refitting of Government transports. This force

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A general panoramic view of the Union Iron Works.

Dock at the Union Iron Works.

consisted of ship fitters, carpenters, joiners, smiths, caulkers, riveters, painters, plumbers, pipe fitters, coppersmiths, tinsmiths, engineers, machinists, electricians, riggers, sailmakers, boat builders, etc., all of which had been taken from their work on new ships and engines in the shops and yard, and would return to their places again when repairs on the ships were completed.

Material for such work is also taken from large stocks kept on hand. Auxiliary machinery, of which there is so much on the modern ship, and of which there is always a large amount on hand, is often required on short notice, to take the place of something that has broken down or otherwise become useless. Such machinery made up for new ships building, can be taken to supply sudden demands, and replaced by repeating the order.

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Showing the building slips and fitting- out dock.

The U. S. Cruiser Charleston, (the first U. S. vessel built on the Pacific Coast.

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Such work could not be done unless a permanent source of supply was maintained, and the advantage of thus being in position and always ready for important repair work goes a long way towards making up for the disadvantage of location in regard to economical production of new work.

How this large shipbuilding establishment has become a part of the shipping facilities of San Francisco harbor, and the large contribution that has come from it to the strength and efficiency of the United States navy, should therefore be a subject of considerable interest, not only to the Californians, but to the whole people of the United States.

The original Union Iron Works was established in San Francisco in 1849, and had a steady development with the growth of the State. In 1883 the works, under the firm name of Prescott, Scott & Company, was the leading engineering firm on the Pacific Coast, and their business had outgrown the possibility of further extension in the contracted quarters occupied by the old works in the business part of the city.

There was also at that time a growing want beginning to be felt for extended facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly extending commerce of the port. It was therefore determined to form the Union Iron Works into a corporation under the laws of California, and remove the works to a suitable location having a water frontage on the bay, so that ship building and dock facilities could be added to the engineering business of the company.

The present location of the works was decided upon as affording ample room for a large business, with a permanent water front occupying the whole of the south side of what is known as Central Basin, the frontage of the Basin being twelve hundred and fifty-six feet. From the water front the works extend back fourteen hundred feet, the back portion not being as wide as the front. Altogether over thirty acres are covered by the works.

Besides repairing and fitting out wharves there is a hydraulic lift drydock, the platform of which is four hundred and fifty feet long and sixty-two feet wide, and which lifts a vessel of four thousand tons weight. This dock has been in operation since June of 1887, and about two thousand four hundred ships of all sizes within the capacity of the dock have been lifted since it opened. The total register tons lifted is about two millions.

The shipyard was started in 1884. Since that time about ninety vessels of all classes have been built, and counting those now building, twenty of them have been warships for the United States' navy, with a total displacement of one hundred and four thousand tons, and one war ship for the Japanese Government. The total horse power of engines built and building for the war ships is two hundred and six thousand.

The construction of war ships for the United States navy began at the Union Iron Works in 1887, when the contract was taken for building Protected Cruiser No. 2, the Charleston, provided for under the Act of August 3, 1886. Much astonishment was caused among the shipbuilding firms on the Atlantic Coast at the boldness of the San Francisco concern in undertaking, with so much against them, to build a warship, and that from elaborate English plans that had frightened the Eastern builders. This handsome vessel, unfortunately lost at the Philippines November 2, 1899, was built from plans bought by Secretary Whitney from Sir William Armstrong & Co., England, an act which at the time, and since, has been very much criticised, yet we do not know of any single act that did so much for the beginning of the new navy as this, as it gave the Navy Department the result of many years experience gathered by one of the most successful builders of fast cruisers in Great Britain.

The keel of the Charleston was laid at the Union Iron Works on August 29, 1887, and she was launched on July 19, 1888, less than eleven months. This would have been considered a splendid record for an old-established yard. She was completed and delivered to the Government on September 24, 1889, two years and one month from the time the keel was laid. The Charleston was 320 feet

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long over all, 46 feet 2 inches beam, moulded depth 32 feet 4 inches, a mean draught of water 18 feet 7 inches. Displacement 3730 tons, and the speed attained on trial was 18½ knots. She had twin screws, with horizontal compound engines of 7,000 indicated horse power. Her batteries consisted of two 8-inch B. L. R. buns in barbettes, and six 6-inch B. L. R. in sponsons, for the main battery. The secondary battery consisted of four 6-pdr. R. F. guns, two 3-pdr. and two 1-pdr. R. F. guns; four 37 mm R. C.; and one 3-inch field gun.

The Union Iron Works has always been proud of the Charleston, as their experience in this class of work came to them through this vessel, and her loss was felt as a personal one by the officers of the company.

The U. S. Cruiser San Francisco.

The keel of the Charleston was just laid when the Union Iron Works again entered the competition for Government work, and succeeded in obtaining the contract, on October 26, 1887, for the Protected Cruiser San Francisco, which was for years the show ship of the new navy. Her keel was laid on August 14, 1888, and she was launched on October 26, 1889, and was delivered to the Government on September 27, 1890. The San Francisco is 325 feet long over all, 49 feet 2 inches beam, moulded depth 32 feet 9 inches, mean draught of water 18 feet 9 inches. Displacement 4098 tons, and the speed attained on trial was 19 knots, being one knot in excess of the contract speed, for which the builders received a premium. She has twin screws with horizontal triple expansion engines of 10,700 indicated horse power. Her batteries consist of twelve 6-inch B. L. R. guns for the main battery, and twelve 6-pdr. R. F. guns, two 1-pdr. R. F. guns, and two Colt's machine guns for the secondary battery; also four Whitehead torpedoes.

The San Francisco has through all her years of service reflected credit on her builders, and her officers and crew have always taken a pride in keeping her in first class condition. She has been admired for her fine appearance by experts at home and abroad.

The next vessel for which a contract was awarded to the Union Works, on July 14, 1889, was the double turret monitor Monterey, now stationed at Manila. Her keel was laid on December 20, 1889, and she was launched in the presence

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of President Harrison on the 28th day of April, 1891, and was delivered to the Government January 31, 1892. The Monterey is 262 feet in length over all, 59 feet beam, moulded depth 17 feet, mean draught of water 14 feet 10 inches. Displacement 4084 tons, and the speed at full power is 15 knots. She has twin screws, with vertical triple expansion engines of 5400 indicated horse power. Her batteries consist of two 12-inch B. L. R. guns in forward turret, and two 10-inch B. L. R. guns in after turret, for the main battery; and six 6-pdr. rapid-fire guns, four 1-pdr. rapid fire guns, two Gatlings, and one field gun for the secondary battery. She has 13-inch armor on her sides, and forward barbette, and 11½ inch armor on after barbette. She was also fitted with the first large installation of water tube boilers for the U. S. Navy.

The double turreted monitor Monterey.

The Monterey has done good service for the Government, and has proved that low freeboard ships of this class can safely take long voyages. While there is some difference of opinion amongst naval officers as to the part these vessels should take in the naval establishment, officers who have served on the Monterey have pronounced her to be a good ship to go anywhere, and do good work when she gets there.

The success that has attended the work so far done for the navy at San Francisco, encouraged the Union Iron Works to try for ships of more importance, and a bid was made for cruiser No. 6, the Olympia, although the estimates indicated that the appropriation for this vessel was not quite enough to leave any chance for profit. The Eastern shipbuilders had evidently reached the same conclusion, for the bid made by the Union Iron Works was the only one that came within the appropriation. The speed required by the contract was 20 knots, with a large premium for each quarter knot in excess.

When the working plans for this vessel were prepared by the Union Iron Works it became evident that in order to make sure of earning a premium the vessel would have to be lengthened at least ten feet, and a proposition to that effect was made to the Navy De-

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The bow of the Monterey on her trial.

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partment. This was accepted, provided the Union Iron Works would make the change at their own expense. So the Olympia was increased in length by the builders without cost to the Government.

The keel of the Olympia was laid on June 17, 1891, and she was launched on November 5, 1892. The date of completion and delivery to the Government was January 26, 1895.

The Olympia is 344 feet in length over all, 53 feet beam, moulded depth 35 feet 10 inches, mean draught of water 21 feet 6 inches. Displacement 5870 tons, and her speed on trial was 21.66 knots, 1.66 knots over the contract speed. She has twin screws, with vertical triple expansion engines that indicated 17,000 horse power on trial. Her batteries consist of four 8-inch B. L. R. guns, mounted in barbette turrets, and ten 5-inch rapid fire guns, for main battery, and fourteen 6-pdr. rapid fire guns, seven 1-pdr. rapid fire guns, and one Gatling gun, for the secondary battery.

The Olympia, through the part she played in the Battle of Manila, is one of the best known ships of the Navy, and is still a very fine example of the modern protected cruiser.

The next contract entrusted to the Union Iron Works was that for the famous battleship Oregon. Much has been written about this vessel, and her picture is a familiar one, both in this country and in Europe. Her keel was laid on November 19th, 1891, and she was launched on October 26th, 1893. The date of completion and delivery to the Government was made July 7th, 1896.

The Oregon is 350 feet 9 inches long over all, 69 feet 3 inches beam, 35 feet moulded depth. Mean draught of water 24 feet. Displacement 10,288 tons, and her speed on trial was 16.78 knots, 1.78 knots over the contract speed. She has twin screws, with vertical triple expansion engines that indicated 9,000 horse power on trial. Her batteries consist of four 13-inch B. L. R. guns in turrets, eight 8-inch B. L. R. guns in turrets, four 6-inch R. F. guns, for main battery, and twenty 6-pdr. R. F. guns, six 1-pdr. R. F. guns, two Colt guns, and two 3-inch R. F.

The Olympia as she went into commission.

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The Oregon on her first builders' trial.

field guns, for secondary battery. Her waterline armor belt is 18 inches thick; her barbettes are 17 inches, and turrets 15 inches thick.

Installing a 13-inch gun on board the Oregon at the Union Iron Works.

The splendid record of this ship has established the reputation of her builders, not only in this country, but in every country where naval vessels attract attention.

The Oregon was about completed before any other contracts came to San Francisco for naval vessels. The contract for the sheathed gunboats Marietta and Wheeling was signed on November 26th, 1895. Both keels were laid on April 10th, 1896, and both vessels were launched at the same time on March 18th, 1897, and they were both completed and delivered to the Government on June 12th, 1897. These vessels are alike, 189 feet in length over all, 34 feet beam, and 21 feet 9 inches moulded depth. Mean draught of water 12 feet. Displacement 1,000 tons. They have twin screws and vertical triple expansion engines that indicated 1,200 horse power on trial, the maximum speed being twelve knots. The batteries of these gunboats consist of 6 4-inch rapid fire guns for the main battery, and four 6-pdr. R. F. guns, two 1-pdr. R. F. guns, and one Colt gun, for the secondary battery.

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The Oregon as she went into commission.

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The gunboats Marietta and Wheeling.

These gunboats have given excellent service. The Mariettta accompanied the Oregon on her famous trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and that performance was overshadowed by the work of the big ship; but had the Oregon not been there, the work of the gunboat would have been notable. The Wheeling has also done notable service on the Asiatic Station.

In 1896 the Union Iron Works prepared plans for a large torpedo boat, on the invitation of the Navy Department. This vessel, afterwards named the Farragut, was contracted for on October 5th, 1896. Her keel was laid on July 26th, 1897. She was launched on July 16th, 1898, and completed December 31st, 1898.

The U. S. torpedo boat destroyer Farragut.

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The Farragut, which should be classed as a torpedo boat destroyer instead of a torpedo boat, is 214 feet 6 inches in length over all, 20 feet beam, 13 feet 4 inches moulded depth. Mean draught of water on trial 5 feet 7 inches. Trial displacement 240 tons. Speed on one hour's trial, 30.13 knots, the first 30-knot vessel possessed by the Government. She has twin screws, vertical four-cylinder triple expansion engines that indicated 5,878 horse power on trial. Her battery consists of four 6-pdr. R. F. guns and two 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes. Unlike most of the Torpedo Boat class, this vessel has been kept in continuous service since she came into possession of the Government, and is in splendid order to-day.

The contract for the battleship Wisconsin was entered into an September 19th, 1896. Her keel was laid on February 11th, 1897, and she was launched on November 25th, 1898. She is 374 feet in length over all, 72 feet 5 inches beam, 34 feet 6 inches moulded depth to main deck, and 42 feet to upper deck. Mean draught of water 23 feet 6 inches. Displacement at that draught 11,525 tons. Official speed on trial 17.3 knots, 2.3 knots above the contract requirement. She has twin screws and vertical triple expansion engines that indicated 12,000 horse power on trial. Her batteries consist of four 13-inch B. L. R. guns in turrets, fourteen 6-inch R. F. guns in casements for the main battery, and sixteen 6-pdr. R. F. guns, six 1-pdr. R. F. guns, four Colts and two 3-inch R. F. field guns, for the secondary battery. Her water-line armor belt is 16½ inches thick at top edge, and 9½ inches thick at bottom edge. Barbettes are 15 inches and 10 inches thick, and the turrets 14 inches thick.

The Wisconsin as she went into commission.

This fine battleship went into commission at the Union Iron Works on February 4th, 1901, and has been in active service since, cruising 20,000 miles.

The next warship built by the Union Iron Works was the first-class protected cruiser Chitose, for the Imperial Japanese Government. Her keel was laid on May 6th, 1897. She was launched on January 22nd, 1898, just eight months and sixteen days later. She was com-

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The Chitose, Japanese Cruiser.

pleted and left San Francisco for Japan on March 1st, 1899. Her length over all is 405 feet 2 inches; beam 49 feet; moulded depth 29 feet 2 inches. Mean draught of water 17 feet 7½ inches. Displacement 4,790 tons. Speed on six hours' trial 22.5 knots. She is fitted with twin screws, has four cylinder triple expansion engines that indicated 16,000 horse power on trial. The armament of this vessel was furnished by Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Company, Eng-

The launch of the Ohio.

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The launch of the Wyoming.

land, and the battery was installed in Japan. This vessel has given great satisfaction to the Japanese Government.

The battleship Ohio comes next in the list of warships built by the Union Iron Works, contracted for December 6th, 1898; keel laid April 22nd, 1899; launched in presence of President McKinley, May 18th, 1901, and is now having her armor fitted at the works. This vessel is similar to the Wisconsin, except that she is 20 feet longer, her dimensions being 394 feet in length over all; 72 feet beam; 34 feet 6 inches moulded depth to main deck, and 42 feet to upper deck. Mean draught of water 23 feet 7½ inches. Displacement 12,500 tons. She is required by contract to make 18 knots speed. Has twin screws, vertical four-cylinder triple expansion engines, expected to indicate 18,000 horse power. Her armor and battery are practically

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The U. S. torpedo boat destroyer Perry on trial.

the same as that of the Wisconsin. The Ohio is expected to maintain the reputation of her builders, and will be ready for service in about one year.

The single-turret monitor Wyoming was contracted for by the Union Iron Works on October 5th, 1898. Keel laid April 11th, 1899; launched September 8th, 1900. This vessel is not completed, work having been suspended on her owing to the strike that lasted ten months. She is now expected to be completed and ready for delivery in September of this year. The Wyoming is 255 feet in length, 49 feet 10 inches beam, 14 feet 10 inches moulded depth. Mean draught of water 12 feet 6 inches. Displacement 3,220 tons. Expected speed 11½ knots. She is fitted with twin screws. Has vertical triple expansion engines expected to indicate 2,400 horse power. She has 11-inch belt armor, 11-inch barbette, and 10-inch armor on turret. Her main battery consists of two 12-inch B. L. R. guns in turret, and four 4-inch R. F. guns. Secondary battery, three 6-pdr. R. F. guns, five 1-pdr. R. F. guns, and two Colts.

The Wyoming will be a good specimen of the harbor defense type of Monitor, and will no doubt be stationed in San Francisco harbor.

The contract for the Wyoming was followed by that for three torpedo boat destroyers, the Paul Jones, Perry and Preble. The date of these contracts was October 5, 1898. Keels for all three were laid on April 20, 1899. The Perry was launched on October 27, 1900. The Preble was launched on March 2, 1901, and the Paul Jones on June 14, 1902. The Perry was delivered to the Government on May 31, 1902. The Preble was delivered on June 21, 1902, and the Paul Jones will be delivered about July 10, 1902.

These destroyers are 250 feet 7 inches in length over all, 23 feet 6 inches beam, 14 feet 3 inches moulded depth. Mean draught of water on trial 6 feet 7 inches. Displacement on trial 475 tons. They have twin screws, and four cylinder triple expansion engines that have indicated on trial 9,000 horse power. The speed attained on the boats already delivered has been 28½ knots, and the Paul Jones,

Mr. George William Dickie.

with a new propeller that is to be fitted, is expected to do still better.

Notwithstanding the strike, the Union Iron Works will be the first firm to deliver complete the destroyers contracted for, and will probably show the best record of speed.

Besides the vessels already mentioned, the Union Iron Works has now building for the United States Navy the protected cruiser Tacoma, to be launched in about four months. This vessel is a sheathed cruiser, 309 feet in length over all, 43 feet 9 inches beam, 23 feet moulded depth. Mean draught of water 15 feet 9 inches. 3,200 tons displacement. Twin screws and four cylinder triple expansion engines to indicate 4,500 horse power when the vessel is making 16½ knots.

The California and South Dakota are in the early stages of construction, and are the largest vessels ever undertaken for the United States Navy. They are sister ships, alike in every respect. The keel of the California has just been laid, while that of the South Dakota awaits the launching of the large freight steamer Arizonan. They are to be armored cruisers of the first class, 506 feet in length over all, 69 feet 6 inches beam, 41

Submarine boat, rising.

feet moulded depth. Mean draught of water 24 feet, 13,400 tons displacement, and they are to have a trial speed of 22 knots. They are to have twin screws, with four cylinder triple expansion engines to indicate 23,000 horse power on trial.

The Milwaukee, for which construction work is just beginning, the keel of which will be laid in about one month, is a large protected cruiser, carrying armor enough to entitle her to rank as an armored cruiser. She is 426 feet in length over all, 66 feet beam, 40 feet 2 inches moulded depth. Mean draught of water 22 feet 6 inches, and of 9,700 tons displacement, having a speed of 22 knots. She is to be fitted with twin screws, with four cylinder triple expansion engines of 21,000 indicated horse power.

This list of warships built at the San Francisco yard, covering a period of fifteen years, is a record that the builders can be justly proud of. Including the vessels now under construction there has been expended by this yard in war ships construction the sum of thirty-one million dollars, sixteen million of which have been in wages.

Of late the San Francisco daily press has been trying to convince its readers that this expenditure of public money in San Francisco is a great mistake on the part of the Government, and that it

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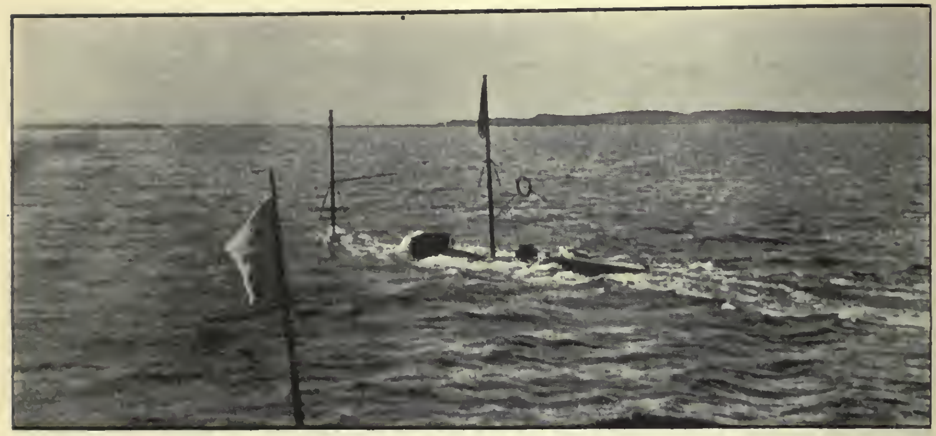
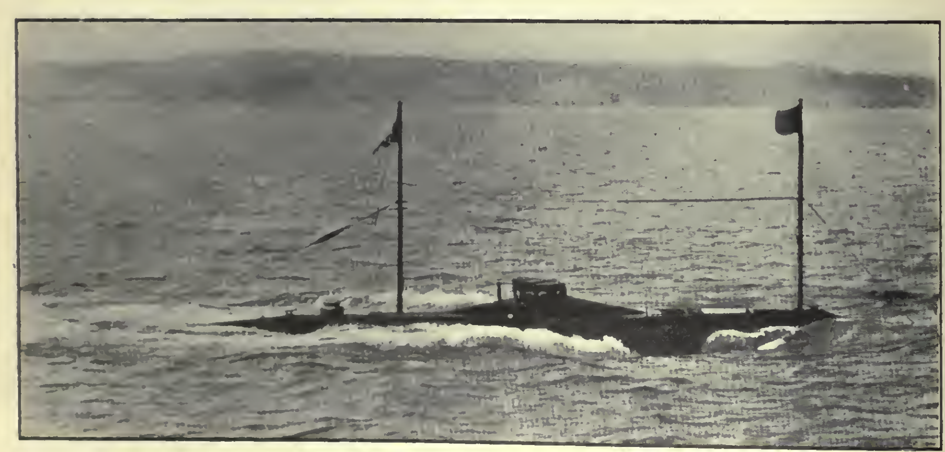
Submarine torpedo boat taking observation.



Submarine boat, diving.

would be better for the Government and the country to have this money spent somewhere else, and that the citizens who have spent their lives in building up this business have all along been criminally swindling the Government. This strange position taken by the newspapers of San Francisco is no doubt due to the agitation that has sprung up to try and divert the building of naval vessels from the private shipyards to the Government Navy Yards. It seems strange that the advocates of this measure should have thought it necessary to the furtherance of their object to attack the integrity of the shipbuilding firms who have thus far served the Government so well. There are certain arguments that could justly be used in favor of building warships at the Navy Yards, such as the possibility of building them cheaper, or the training of skilled men for repair work. But without any accurate knowledge of facts for a foundation, the shipbuilders of this country have been branded as dishonest in their dealings with the Government, and as making large fortunes in the doing of work that could be better done at the Navy Yards, and save the fortunes thus given away.

Now the real facts are not difficult to find. If the cost of naval vessels built for the United States Government during



Submarine torpedo boat, in regular sea-going trim.

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Submarine torpedo boat, submerged past the beacon.

the past fifteen years be compared with the cost of similar ships in other navies, it will be found that the cost of warships built in this country has come nearer the cost of similar work built in other countries than that of any other work of a similar character built here and elsewhere, that can be compared with each other

Besides the regular contracts with the Government the Union Iron Works is now building and have near completion two submarine torpedo boats, to the order of the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat Company, who have a contract with the Government for a number of these interesting vessels. We cannot give any description of these vessels, except that they are circular in cross sections, and cigar-shaped in outline, propelled by gasoline engines when steaming at the surface, and by electric motors when under water. It is expected that the trials of the Grampus will begin in July, and that those of the Pike will follow shortly thereafter. We give some views showing the trials of the Fulton, a sister boat to the Grampus and the Pike. Pictures of these boats are like the picture ordered by an art collector of the Red Sea, which the painter did in the appropriate color. The patron came to see the picture. "That is good, but where are the Hebrews?" "Oh, they are gone over," said the painter. "Then where are the Egyptians?" "Ah, they have not come up yet," was the quick-witted artist's ready reply.

Submarine torpedo boat running free, submerged.

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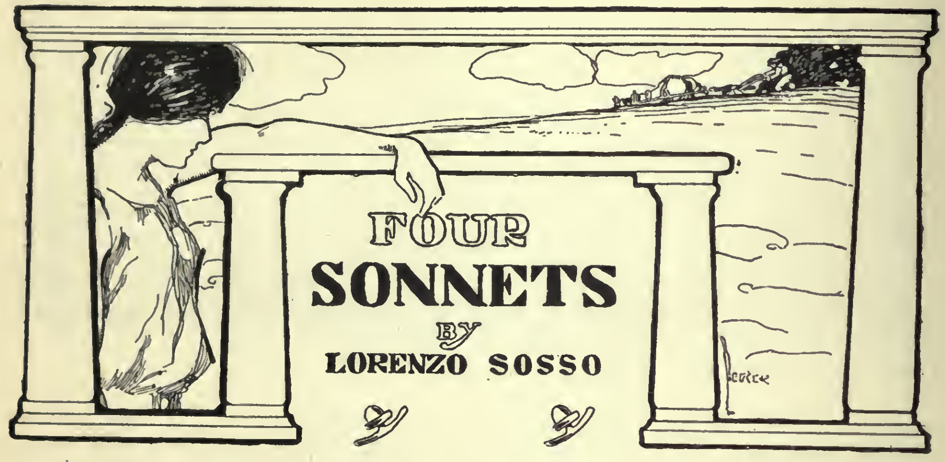

AFTER THE RAIN.

The storm, all night continuous, had ceased;
Along my ivied window-sill was strung
A rosary of rain-drops; but among
The leaves they shone like jewels at a feast.
A little robin, who was nature's priest,
Deliriously his jubilee sung;
The bough he lit on like a censer swung,
As gradually the grey of dawn increased.
Another day of traffic, toil and strife
Amidst the madding crowd, whose multiform
Faces are but pale masks to fierce desire:
O world of intense, teeming, passionate life!
The only calmness that succeeds thy storm
Is when our hearts cease smouldering on their pyre.

PROMETHEUS.

Beneath the measureless malison of sky,
Whatever desolation may betide
The stars that rise and set, unterrified
Upon these crags of Caucasus I lie;
And that malevolent power still defy
Who, with the legion elements allied,
Feeds, like this living vulture, on his pride,
Yet me, Prometheus, dares not doom to die.
Nor will I plead to you, ye cruel gods,
Who from the summit of Olympus scan
My chained and bleeding form, as if with rods
Of lightning scourged. My tortures be your ban:
For I through earth's eternal periods
Do now invoke for you the curse of man!

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EXCALIBUR.

On life's great anvil ring it, O my heart!
Fashion it goodly out of steel and gold,
And of Excalibur the counterpart.
For in the crowded world's commercial mart,
Whose merchandise is manhood, bought and sold,
And every day a tale of ruin is told,
One must defend tne honor of his Art.
For since from Mammon's soilure she is free,
And nobly pure the habit of her ways,
They would profane her spirit with such praise
As they would couple still with calumny:
For honor, truth and life are where she stays,
And where she goes is immortality!

FORTITUDE.

Let me not cavil that my lot is cast
Where fortune mocks the burden of my lays;
Since mine the heritage of golden days
And treasures of the immemorial past.
Mine too the view of ocean spacious, vast;
The sunset on the hills that guard its bays;
The stars that travel on in secret ways;
And those pale dawns that follow all too fast.
Rather my spirit laughs to leap at fate,
With heart made wise through love, through hope made strong.
For like a trumpet through the Golden Gate
I hear the wild winds of the western sea
Blowing weird fanfares from the realms of Song,
Where mighty bards sit throned in majesty!

LOST EDENS.

Thus has it ever been (will ever be)
Since life first had beginning,
The fallen man's or woman's cry and plea,
"More sinned against than sinning."

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The Man Who Would Not Be Saved

BY HENRY OYEN

N almost dismantled, forsaken, adobe house stood alone near the edge of the sand-plain in the midst of a world of sand, sun and mountains.

To the east a range of squalid black rocks rose into a precipitous mountain range, striving with their dark and foreboding presence to subdue the exuberant gladness of the brilliant sunshine. To the west the monotonous yellow level stretched out like a tawny carpet, to where a slight rise in the land caused it to meet the sky as sharp and distinct as a placid lake meets the sandy beach.

On the side of the shack nearest to the mountain side stood a new freshly-painted army ambulance; a note of modernity interluded in a world-old symphony of sand, rocks, and atmosphere.

Crosswise on the tongue of the vehicle, limp as a half-filled grain bag, lay the form of a man clad in the stripeless trousers of a private soldier, and near him, in a tangle of gear and harness, lay a pair of the mule team that he had but recently driven.

At first glance it was easily discernible that man and mules were but recently dead from gunshot wounds, and here and there a bullet had torn its way through the sides of the ambulance, ripping off splinters and exposing the white wood beneath the dark paint. On every hand were unmistakable signs of strife.

Within the adobe house Second Lieutenant Horton, recently Cadet Horton of West Point, now stationed at Fort Pratt, was hurriedly making preparations to resist the band of Apaches who swarmed amongst the black rocks and took occasional pot shots at the house, until the officers at Fort Pratt would become alarmed at the non-appearance of the ambulance, and send a force over the trail and rescue him and the girl who was with him.

The devoted Mescaleros who squatted behind the rocks were in no haste to rush in and finish the game which they had so securely trapped.

They had two mute witnesses up there among the rocks, two who were just as dead as the private who lay across the ambulance tongue, to testify to the markmanship of the man in the house, and the rest were in no frame of mind to risk their lives by exposing themselves to his fire. There was much time. There was but one man in the house—and a woman. Long before the troop had arrived from Fort Pratt they could have easily disposed of the man, looted the ambulance, and scattered out over their almost untraceable trails among the mountains. And the woman? Well, Suilateau, their chief, would probably accept her as his share of the loot and add her to his already generous list of wives.

So they crouched closely down behind their shelters, and leisurely satisfied their instincts for long-range shooting.

Horton, quite well aware that the trait of self-preservation—the terrible dislike to be the "first through the breach"—was exceptionally well-developed in the race to which those among the rocks belonged, hoping that by giving them an exhibition of his shooting he might cause them to delay their attack at close quarters until the dark afforded them a cloak, and by that time—well, if the men from Fort Pratt had not put in appearance before then, there would be a vacancy in the line of Second Lieutenants.

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So Horton carefully directed the girl to a corner where the walls appeared strongest and hastily began to cut loopholes, and organized himself into a garrison of one to fight a score.

The bright sunlight which caused every speck on the mountain side to stand out wonderfully vivid, materially aided him, and after he had found the correct range he managed by carefully shooting at every exposed redskin to force a very wholesome fear into the soul of the enemy.

The girl, entirely inefficient to render any aid, sat silently watching with a wonderful kind of interest the boy who was doing all that man could do to save his life and her own. Occasionally a bullet bored through the mud walls and sent the dry mud flying in their faces, but the range was great and the walls stopped the majority of the bullets.

The hours seemed to come and go, to them; a dozen times Horton had momentarily ceased his fire to listen for the welcome thud of hoofs, and as often was disappointed. It was in reality but an hour before he suddenly discovered that his supply of rifle ammunition had been expended, and that the six charges in his pistol were his only remaining articles of defense. The girl saw this as he discarded the rifle and drew the pistol, and felt her heart sink as she realized the situation. She saw him as he gazed searchingly out over the plain in an effort to discern a bit of friendly blue, and saw the despair which no man can hope to conceal, come into his face and snuff out the bit of hope and dignity brought there by the joy of well fought combat.

Horton carefully examined each precious charge in the pistol, striving to force himself to think calmly; and all the time an unknown voice repeatedly asserted that further resistance was entirely useless. Still, possessed by that wonderful Anglo-Saxon courage which grows more and more rebelliously firm as the fight goes more and more to the enemy, he quietly informed the girl that he had only begun to fight, and by his demeanor attempted to live the lie.

Instinct, however, told the girl that his cheerfulness was entirely assumed, but by neither word nor look did she betray this knowledge.

Silent, not voicing vain regrets, nor weak vindictives, they stood, living for the moments that reeled off with fearful regularity, each fraught with the question of life or death. Occasionally Horton, from force of habit, glanced at his timepiece, and each time he slightly shook his head.

The wary Apaches, noting that the white man's terrible rifle was stilled, had stolen down to the last fringe of rocks that offered them protection, and were making visible preparations for a rush. Still, they knew that the blue-shirted cavalryman had an uncomfortable habit of shooting terribly fast and accurate at short range, with the pistol, and so they still hesitated.

Horton closely watching their every move and carefully weighing every circumstance, reluctantly decided that the time had come to make the girl aware of the hopelessness of their situation.

"It's all up with us now, I'm afraid, Miss Jordan," he said quietly. "They're getting ready for a rush out there, I see, and when they try that, I'm afraid I won't be able to hold them off. I'll only have time to fire probably a couple of shots, then they'll——"

"I know," she said quickly, as if the privilege of speech was a relief after the long pulseless wait. "We'll be killed. Well, you'll find that I'm not afraid to die."

The boy became visibly embarrassed.

"'Tisn't that," he said, drooping his eyes to the floor. "They won't kill you, you know, Miss Jordan; 'tisn't their style with white women. They'll—they'll let you live; you understand, don't you, Miss Jordan?"

For a moment she did not comprehend, then when the revelation dawned upon her all her composure and self-possession gave way.

"My God, they don't really do that, do they?" she cried.

The boy nodded.

"Oh, it can't be," she said, clasping her hands as the fearfulness of the boy's disclosures grew upon her. "I'd sooner

die a hundred times." She stopped suddenly, for her eyes, roaming furtively, had fallen upon the pistol in the boy's hand, the only lethal weapon remaining to them. Her gaze rose steadily to his frank eyes, and for a moment they gazed at each other, each fully cognizant of the other's thoughts. The boy grew sick at heart, for there was a world of pleading in the girl's eyes.

"You will, won't you?" she said abruptly. "You'll surely spare me the fate of falling into their hands alive." It was a weak little plea, a plea which told of all hope for life departed, and only a wish remaining for decent death.

Horton walked to a loop-hole and scanned the plain in an effort to find one clue upon which to hang a single thread of hope. But nothing new appeared to disturb the never-ending monotony of the landscape. Then the hope died in his breast.

"It shall be as you wish, Miss Jordan," he said simply.

"Thank you," she said.

He stooped and reverently placed her hand to his lips. He would have also spoken, for they had come to be very close to each other in this short moment of awful trial, but an unknown odor of sanctity held him in reserve. He held her hand for a moment, then dropped it and turned to the door.

It was a pathetically heroic tableau they presented as they stood there, subdued by the calmness of despair, awaiting the end.

The afternoon sun came slantingly in through the rude windows and cast strange, golden lights and dark shadows upon them.

Outside the sun shone on the yellow sand and the black rocks as it had shone from the beginning, and a breath of sun laden breeze coming into the room mocked them with the song that the world was still good to live in.

The girl stood with clasped hands, gazing straight towards from where the fatal bullet would come, perfectly resigned and fearless to meet her God; the boy with bowed head, subdued by the duty imposed upon him, stood facing the door, idly rolling the cylinder of the revolver between his thumb and finger, waiting, waiting.

When the first naked braves bounded up to the door with rifles held at ready, he fired twice, quickly, at the foremost, then as more came forward to take the fallen's places, he turned and skillfully shot her through the heart. When he turned to meet his fate Horton feared for a moment that his senses had left him.

The foremost Apache fell a wriggling heap in the doorway as if struck down by a swift and powerful hand, and almost simultaneously one more fell likewise.

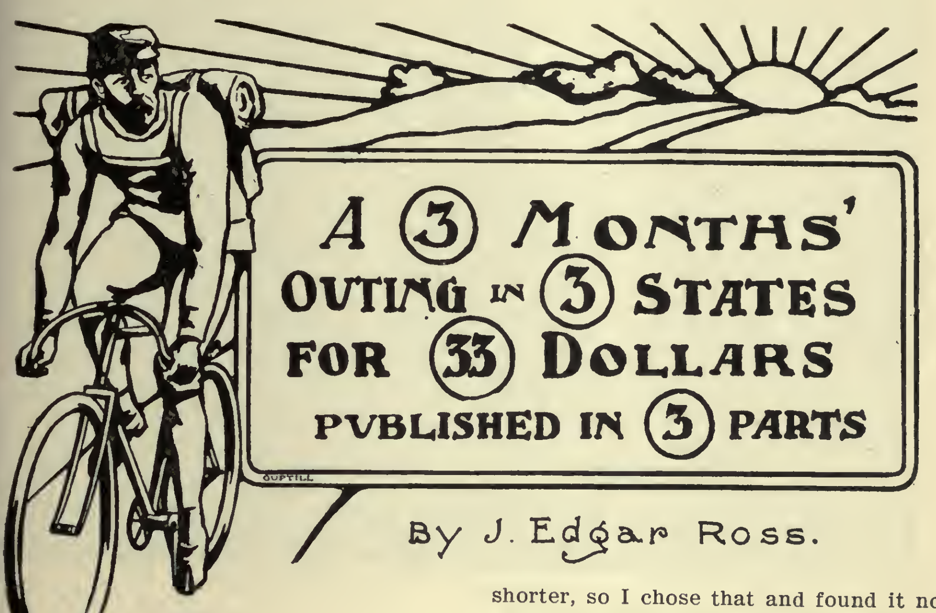
It was some seconds afterwards that the rifle reports coming up from the mountain pass where Lieutenant Thompson and his troop—traveling towards Fort Pratt—were firing, dismounted, told Horton that he was saved.

For a moment the new lease on life fairly exhilarated him. Then his eyes fell upon the form of the girl, as she, a white, still heap upon the mud floor, lay beside him.

After all, Thompson and his men were too late. He was not to be saved. The girl was dead, and he had no right——

The first trooper to enter was a lightly-mounted private, and he found them lying almost side by side.

Lieutenant Thompson, when he saw them, remarked that there would be two more scores for Horton's company to even up when it came their day to reckon face to face with Suilateau's mascaleros.



PART II.

T Grant's Pass I secured a pair of the best tires I could get, and walked out to a grove near town, where I camped while I cemented them to the rims and gave the wheel a thorough overhauling. Then, by the time I had unpacked my box and secured a stock of provisions for another six days in the mountains, it was not far from sunset. But I started, the Josephine County Caves my destination, and that night I rode about three miles.

In the Pass I inquired of quite a number who should have known, as to the condition of the two roads that led to the caves. All were agreed that one was good and the other bad; but as usual they were about equally divided as to which was which. But the Williams Creek route was several miles the shorter, so I chose that and found it not a bad road by any means. Never was I in a place where people seemed to know so little about the roads. Nearly every one I met told me that it would be foolhardy to attempt to reach the caves without a guide. The trail that led over the mountains from the end of the road, they assured me, was no different from a hundred other cattle trails that crossed and branched off from it at as many different points. I found it blazed every step of the way, and where there was any danger of a blind man missing the trail there was a sign-board to point it out. Of everyone I inquired, however, I received the assurance that if there was anybody who could direct me through that maze of cattle paths it was the people who lived in the last house on the road.

'Tis a beautiful little valley through which Williams Creek flows. Where the road enters it the two ranges of hills along its sides are far enough apart to leave room for several farms between; but as I rode leisurely along they crept closer and closer together, and about the middle of the afternoon I reached a point where they met just ahead of me. There the road ended near the house

A fair sample of "that splendid trail."

where I was to get my information about the trail.

The man of whom I inquired told me that I could not miss the trail if I tried—the exact truth. He also said that the trail was an excellent one; that it would be possible to ride my wheel over part of it, and much easier to push it the rest of the way than to leave it at the end of the trail and carry my belongings, *a la* pack horse—three lies, than which blacker were never told.

I had intended to leave my wheel there and give my pack-saddle an opportunity to prove itself worthy of the confidence I had in it; but when I was assured that the trail was such a good one I concluded to take the wheel on to the cave. It was only eleven miles; so I camped there, thinking that it would be just a nice half-day's jaunt in the morning.

When morning came I started up the mountain in search of that trail. I have so much confidence in humanity that I never believe that a man has lied to me till I am sure of it; so I patiently climbed that fifty per cent. grade, lifting my heavily-loaded wheel over fallen trees or carrying it around still more troublesome boulders, till noon—still looking for that good trail. Then I met a prospector who informed me that I had passed all the good trails, and would soon begin to climb the mountains! He described the remainder of the trail so that I would know where to find water and where the most feasible camping places were located—the first reliable information I had been able to get on the trip.

Soon after leaving this man I came to the mountain trail of which he spoke. I stripped off the load and carried it up, leaving the wheel for another trip. The trail was rough and steep, and the load was heavy, but my hands were free, and the pack required no attention; so I made pretty good progress. All day I had been in such dense timber that I could seldom tell where the sun was; but suddenly, before I dreamed that I was more than half way up the mountain, I came to the flower-bedecked meadow where the prospector had advised me to camp. There I left the pack and went back after my wheel. When I started

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up once more I found that I was getting pretty tired; and, though the wheel weighed less than half as much as the pack, it was so awkward to handle and required so much attention, that it was twice the work to take it up to the summit.

I was too late to see the sun set; but, as I sat down upon a fallen tree and watched its crimson light slowly fade from the western sky, I forgot that I had traveled but seven miles that day; forgot my disappointment; forgot my fatigue; forgot everything but the quiet restful beauty of the scene. Then I got my supper and went to bed to sleep like a log until morning.

When I awoke in the morning the clouds in the western sky reflected the crimson light of the rising sun, which soon cast a mantle of pale gold upon the surrounding peaks and the tree tops overhead. Then it slowly crept down into the valleys and the dark canyons, and presently the whole vast expanse upon which I could look reflected the glory of the new-born day.

The beauty of the landscape; the fragrance of the wild-flowers; the cool shade of the forest; all seemed to bid me turn aside and rest for a while; but already I was behind my "schedule time"; so I resisted the temptation and soon began to fight my way through a dense thicket of buck-brush that lined and over-grew the trail for half a mile from the meadows onward. Then I had a canyon to cross. It was hard enough work going down, but climbing the opposite side was ten times harder; for, though not the steepest ascent I have climbed, it was by far the steepest place up which I ever attempted to take a wheel. I was compelled to tie the pedals to the frame to prevent the wheel from getting away from me while I was struggling for a footing, and then actually to lift up that heavy load, step by step. Once out of the canyon, however, the trail led along a comparatively level divide for perhaps two miles; then down into another canyon, cold and dark and dismal, and right up to the mouth of the "Great Oregon Cave."

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Lower entrance of Great Oregon Cave.

Along the main passage of the Oregon Cave.

I camped two days at the caves, and had no great difficulty in finding all the most interesting chambers that they contain. First I entered the lower cave; for, though connected by several tortuous passages, there are really two caves; and spent several hours in picking my way along its rough passages to several of its cold, damp chambers. Along the main passage, and out at the mouth of the cave, flows quite a pretentious little stream, but that was the only really interesting thing I saw about the cave. The chambers are all small, and they contain no stalactites to speak of.

The upper cave, however, is quite different in character. It is comparatively dry, and many of the passages have been worked, while in some places ladders have been placed so that the most interesting points may be reached without great difficulty. None of the chambers are of sufficient size to justify the extravagant tales that are told about them, but many contain stalactites of rare beauty. The Ghost Chamber, near the end of the cave, is the largest it contains, and I do not believe the length of this chamber exceeds one hundred and fifty feet. It has many side passages and ante-chambers however, as I found to my sorrow during the half day I spent there. It was not of sufficient interest to justify such an extensive exploration, but I had carelessly neglected to mark the passage by which I entered, and it took me quite a length of time to find my way out.

I would have camped another day at the caves, but my provisions gave out. I had no breakfast the morning I left, and the nearest house was on Sucker Creek, six miles away. Had the trail been as bad as the one from Williams Creek, it would have taken me all day; but for a mountain trail I found it in pretty good condition, and though I missed my breakfast, I reached the house in plenty of time for dinner. From there I found a pretty good road to the village of Kerbyville, which I reached that evening about dusk.

It is about thirty-five miles from Kerbyville to Grant's Pass, and the roads were terrible. I had only gotten fairly started when I had a mountain range to climb, but while I was walking up I consoled myself with the thought of what a fine coast I would have on the other side. About noon I started to coast. I had no brake, and my shoes were hobnailed so that I did not dare to utilize my toe, so the only way left to keep my wheel within control was by back-pedaling. The top of the grade was pretty steep, and the wheel was beginning to run at a dangerous speed when the road took a sharp turn. I concluded to stick to the wheel and make the turn in hopes of finding the road less steep on the other

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side. I swung around at a rapid rate, and saw a long stretch of road so steep that it was necessary to dismount with more haste than ceremony, and I was unable on such short notice to pick out a soft spot on which to light. I bent a pedal, twisted a crank, and what was far worse, gave my ankle quite a severe sprain. Fortunately, the wheel was still ridable, and by tying a bandage tightly around my ankle, I was able to ride without pain and walk when necessary, in spite of the pain. I did no coasting, however, for the road was too steep from the top of the range to the canyon, along which it led from that point.

Between the hills and the rocks, the sand and the dust, it took me till sunset to reach Grant's Pass. I could make no comparison between the Kerbyville and the Williams Creek routes; for one was very good for a mountain road, while the other was indescribably bad. Earlier in the season the road to Kerbyville would not be as bad as I found it, but I am satisfied that the other is better at all seasons.

At Grant's Pass I again packed my camera and sent it by freight to Albany, from which point I intended to make another detour from the railroad to Mt. Jefferson.

My ankle gave me no little trouble, and the roads were so rough and steep between the Pass and Roseburg that I was compelled to walk fully half the distance. It took two days of hard travel to reach the latter city, though it was only about sixty miles; but beyond there I found the roads in much better condition, though they could hardly be called good until after I passed Eugene. Then I went spinning along the Willamette Valley, and one morning I rode into Albany in one of those drizzling rains that the people of the "Web-foot State" call an "Oregon Mist."

At Albany I found that the road followed the railroad twelve miles farther to the little town of Marion; so that to that place I reshipped my box after removing everything that I needed for

One of my shelters. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the trip. Just as I was ready to start the rain began once more. No "Oregon Mist" this time, but a regular "down East" thunder shower. I waited till three o'clock; then, as the storm seemed to be over, I started out with a load that weighed, including the wheel, about one hundred pounds, but before I was hardly out of the city the rain was coming down with greater force than ever.

There was no convenient place to camp in that neighborhood, so I got out my oil-cloth poncho to cover the wheel and plodded along about three miles, through the rain and mud, to a deserted house. I was soaking wet when I got there; but I found a fire-place and some dry wood in the house, and soon my clothes were drying by a rousing fire. Next morning it was still raining, but I was rather glad of it, for I was tired, and there was a small orchard in the yard where a lot of apples were going to waste, and as I am extremely fond of apples, I thought that a good place to rest in.

The second day the weather looked promising, though it was still cloudy, and at seven a. m. I left the old house to continue my journey. I was almost as glad to get away as I had been to find that shelter, for it was a musty, dirty place, and I was getting tired of apples.

The road to Marion was pretty muddy, and I found pushing that heavy load no easy job. Beyond Marion about three miles I left the main thoroughfare and started for Stayton. There are three roads leading from Marion to Stayton, but I was assured that the one I chose was by far the best. Under ordinary circumstances it is not a bad road, but the day following the first rain of the season is hardly what you would call an ordinary circumstance. I had seven miles of mud to ride through before I reached Stayton; but from there to Mehama, a distance of nine miles, I had a good bicycle path. Near that place I crossed the Santiam River, and camped for the night in the mountains once more, with thirty-two miles to my credit for the day's ride.

I started early in the morning feeling

On the Santiam.

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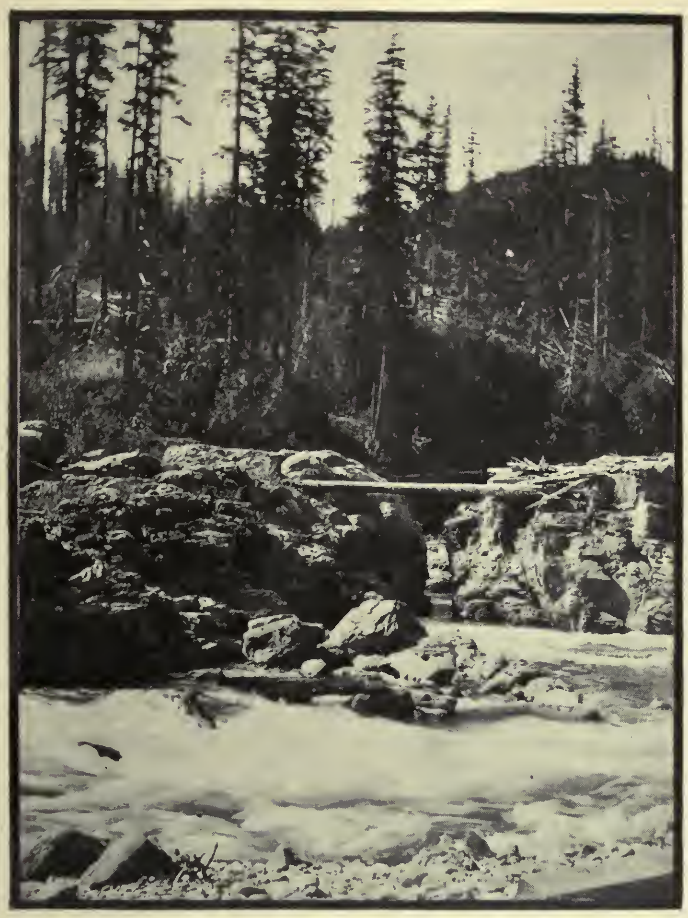

"The Santiam rushes madly through a three-foot gap in a ledge of rock."

fresh and strong; but, though the road was not bad, I soon began to get tired. It took me until three p. m. to ride seventeen miles to Niagara, where the road ends. I was nearly exhausted, and though I hardly knew what was the matter with me, I concluded that another rest would do me good, so there I camped and rested for two days.

Niagara is situated in a beautiful spot. For several miles above and below the river flows through as pretty a little canyon as I ever saw. The town takes its name from a ledge of rock that some great upheaval in the past has tilted up across the river bed, where it still blocks the way, though it is now seamed and broken in a wildly rugged manner. Through one seam, not more than three feet in width, all the water of the Santiam madly rushes to greater freedom below.

During the two days that I rested there the weather was beautiful. When I went to bed on the second night the sky was as clear as a bell, and I was feeling so well that I expected to start on in the morning. But in the morning it was raining—not very hard, to be sure; just a gentle "Oregon mist,"—but hard enough to make my camp in a clump of young fir trees a very uncomfortable place.

At two p. m. the rain ceased and the weather looked promising, so I left my wheel at Niagara, and with a sixty-five pound pack on my back started for Mt. Jefferson, just forty miles away. There is no wagon trail, and no trail except along the railroad, on that part of the journey. The track is rough, and so

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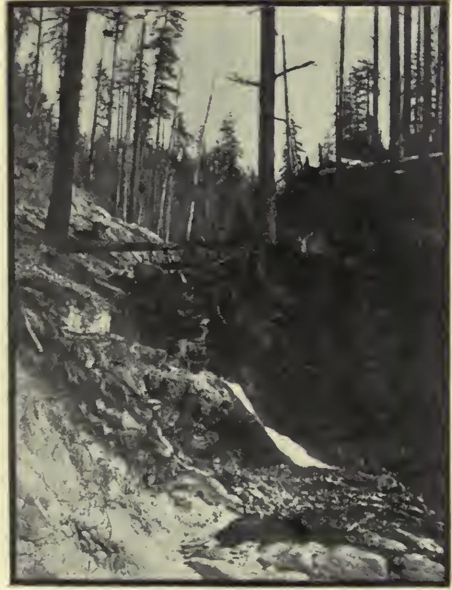
poorly ballasted that riding a wheel would be out of the question, while walking beside one would be no easy task.

The farther I went that day the more picturesque the canyon seemed to be. I was seldom out of sight of a cabin or a cottage, and a few miles above Niagara I passed a fair-sized hotel—all empty and deserted. Not far above the deserted hotel is a typical log-jamb that completely fills a deep gorge of solid rock through which the river there flows. At every step between Niagara and Detroit one sees some new charm in the varied scene.

The weather remained cloudy and threatening, with occasional showers during that day and the next. But the cabins were so plentiful that I had no fear of getting caught in a storm; so I kept pushing on, and about two p. m. on the second day I reached Detroit. There I met a guide, Mr. Heideck, who gave me much reliable information about the mountain and the trails leading to it. He also told me where I would find the key to his cabin, three miles below timber-line, and invited me to go in there and camp as long as I remained in the neighborhood.

"You will find plenty of blankets," he added, "but not much grub."



Scene near Niagara.

The trains run only to Detroit; but the road has been graded many miles farther up the river, and a good trail leads along the railroad grade.

That night I camped in a cabin about four miles beyond Detroit, and was soon drying my feet by a big fire that I built in the rusty old stove.

Next day it rained again, so I had another rest. But the rain lasted only one day, and early on the second I prepared to start once more. My sixty-five pound pack had proved to be almost too much for me. Sixty-five pounds may be a light load for a big man, but it lacked only two pounds of being half of my weight, and no reasonable man will ask a pack-horse to carry more than a quarter of his weight. I thought that if I was going to make a pack-horse of myself I ought to give myself pack-horse treatment. There seemed to be no need of my carrying blankets and provisions when I could find both at the foot of the mountain. I supposed that the provisions in Mr. Heideck's cabin would consist of a sack of flour, a few pounds of beans, and a chunk of bacon; but I can live on beans and bread indefinitely, so I did not worry on that score. I took only my camera, an extra box of plates, the outside cover of my sleeping-bag, (which I used as a changing-bag) and, as an afterthought, the two or three pounds of hardtack that I had left.

The trail was good and the pack was light, so I made good time. It would have paid me to have taken my wheel beyond Detroit, for I could easily have ridden twelve or fifteen miles. Twice in that distance the trail leaves the old railroad grade where the latter has been washed out. At those points the wheeling would have to be done by hand until the grade is reached again. The third time the trail leaves the grade is where the latter crosses the river. From there it is too steep to ride up with a load, but one could ride down without difficulty. I found plenty of cabins all along the trail, and in one of them I took refuge to escape a passing shower.

At noon I reached Peaslie's. I had heard so often of Peaslie's that I supposed it was a stopping place where one

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could get something to eat and a place to sleep if necessary. I found three cabins there with plenty of places to sleep in, but no blankets to cover with. In one was a stove to cook on, but nothing to cook; and dishes to eat from, but nothing to eat. Peaslie's, I am afraid, is a "has been." But if I had taken my wheel that would have been a splendid place to leave it; for the trail beyond there, though by no means as bad as the one to the Oregon Cave, is far from being a bicycle path. Peaslie's is sixteen miles from Detroit, and nine miles from Mt. Jefferson—that is, by the Parmelia Lake route.

By this route I left the main trail at the first cabin beyond Peaslie's, and began at once to climb the mountains through a forest where the sun never shines. Five miles of this brought me to Mr. Heideck's cabin, where I camped though the afternoon was still young.

Never in my life have I seen as substantial and neat a log cabin as that one. It was not large; yet there was plenty of room; it's two rooms were well-furnished, but not crowded; the furniture was all home-made, but it could not have been more convenient. There was one thing about it that was not very well furnished, however; that was the larder. All I could find was a can of baking powder and enough flour to make a small batch of biscuits; so I had to put myself on short rations in order to camp there for two days. Each day I climbed the steep trail to the beautiful little Parmelia Lake, where I patiently waited, and waited in vain, for the clouds to clear away so that I might at least see Mt. Jefferson. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the second day I concluded that it would not clear up in the time I could make my hardtack last, so to save time I concluded to start back at once.

From the lake to the cabin where I had left my pack it was nineteen miles. I calculated that I could spend fifteen minutes at Mr. Heideck's cabin, and then finish the journey by half-past seven—just four miles an hour. That is not slow walking on a good road with nothing to carry; but I was feeling fresh and I was confident that I could make the trip in that time.

It took me fifty-five minutes to reach Mr. Heideck's cabin;—just ten minutes more than I had calculated on. To readjust my pack, sweep the floor, and fix things as I had found them, required seventeen minutes—another two minutes lost. I used up an hour and three minutes in going from there to the main trail, and that put me fifteen minutes behind. But all the hard trail was behind

Damon and Pythias: sugar pine and live oak.

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me and I was confident that I could make up for the loss. At half past five, by my watch, I reached the railroad grade on the Santiam. Then for the first time during the day I got a clear view of the sky, and from the color of the clouds I knew that the sun had just set. My watch, as I discovered the next day, had gone on a strike for just fifty-five minutes; and all unknown to me had started to run again. I had calculated on having twilight until half past seven; but when I saw that the sun was down I knew that it would be dark as Egypt in an hour at most; for there was no moon and the sky was still cloudy. I shifted my pack and lengthened my steps; for there was still eight miles to walk, with the alternative of sleeping without blankets in clothes that were wet from my feet to my thighs.

I could barely see when I reached the spot where the trail first left the railroad grade; but I got through and back to the grade without difficulty. When I came to the next washout it was pitch dark, and I was compelled to grope my way through the timber guided by the sense of feeling and the light of an occasional match that I struck when I found myself at fault. Once back on the railroad grade, however, I could see the general direction it followed, and when my feet got tangled up in the ferns I knew it was time to change my course. But walking by feeling means slow progress, and I soon began to look for a cabin in which I could camp till morning. It was so dark that I could not have seen a house twenty yards away, and I undoubtedly passed several before I came to one that stood near the trail. I carefully felt my way over a broken down fence across a ditch, and through a fern o'er-grown brush heap, to the door of the cabin which I found broken down. But the cabin contained a stove, and I fixed up the door so that it kept out some of the cold and soon had my clothes drying by a fire.

It was half past seven when I reached there and had daylight held out till that time I feel sure that I could have reached the cabin where I left my pack, two miles farther on. I was fairly comfortable there that night. When the fire burned down the cold would wake me up; but I would rebuild the fire, get warm, and go to sleep once more. Next morning I was rather stiff and sore; but I finished my walk in half an hour. Then I cooked breakfast, picked up the rest of my pack and reached my destination, a place called Detroit, some time before the middle of the day.

The log jamb.

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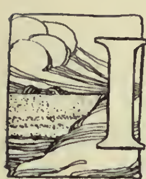
WHEN THE TELEGRAPH CLICKED

BY LAWRENCE ELTON CHENOWETH



HAD never met Juanita Merle. I did not know if she was long or short, blonde or brunette, sweet sixteen or crabbed forty, plump as a mountain quail or thin and angular female suffragist; yet we had become the best of friends, and daily chatted with each other on terms of marked sociability. I confess that, as the days sped by and I listened to her witty expressions and bright conversation, I found myself falling in love with her, yet I had not the least tangible idea of her personal appearance, and knew not whether her voice was soft and musical, or pitched in a high key that was harsh and disagreeable to the ear. I knew she was good natured and possessed of a keen sense of humor, for she would laugh heartily at my witty remarks, and respond with the most brilliant repartee when my darts were leveled at herself.

This may all seem enigmatical to the reader, but will assume an aspect of entire plausibility in the light of the fact that she and I were telegraph operators at widely separated stations on a Western railway. She knew as little of the young man with whom she daily chatted as I did of herself. We had each drawn an ideal picture of the personal appearance of the other, and in our frequent conversations over the wire each had in mind a face and figure to whom the remarks were addressed. I had pictured her as a bright-eyed, jolly little creature, with golden curls and silvery voice. I often wondered what sort of a mental picture she had drawn of myself.

Upton, where I was located, was a station on the Southern Pacific Railway in the shadow of Mount Shasta in California. The population of the town, if such it could have been called, consisted of a burly section foreman, of Milesian extraction; his wife, a red-faced, red-armed woman, who had no aspirations outside the limits of her not over-clean kitchen; four section laborers, and myself, the agent and telegraph operator. The country was, at the time of which I write, a wild one, inhabited only by Digger Indians, miners and prospectors, a few cattlemen who had leased vast tracts, the cow-boys who looked after the scattered herds, and a roving band of desperadoes under the leadership of the famous Bill Redway, who, be it remembered, was punctured by a well-directed bullet from the rifle of a Deputy United States Marshal but a short time ago, and who died with pistol in hand, cursing the shot which had laid him low.

Miss Merle was my predecessor in the position of agent and operator at Upton. She had learned the art of telegraphy in the train dispatcher's office at Sacramento, where her widowed mother resided, and when competent to assume charge of a small station had asked for and been given a position at Upton. She tired after a while of the lonely monotony of that obscure station, and asked to be sent to one less isolated from mankind, and when one day the operator at Dunsmuir, further down the line, reported that his fingers had been "pinched" while endeavoring to couple two cars, and that he must hasten to Sacramento for surgical attention, the Upton agent was telegraphically instructed to lock up her depot, leave the key in the care of the section foreman, and proceed on a train then almost due, to Dunsmuir, and assume charge until the injured agent should return. I was at the time an "ex-

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tra" operator, and on the afternoon of the day on which Miss Merle left Upton I found myself sitting in her recently vacated chair for an indefinite stay at the lonely station.

My first train report had scarcely announced my presence to the operators up and down the line, ere Dunsmuir called me up. She expressed regret that her hasty change had prevented her extending to me a personal welcome to my new home, said she hoped I would find the station a pleasant one, and asked me if I would not kindly collect a number of feminine trifles which she had overlooked in her haste in packing her trunk, and send them down to her. She would be ever so much obliged, and, should opportunity present itself, would certainly reciprocate my kindness.

That was my first "meeting" with a lady who was soon destined to play a heroic part in a thrilling adventure in which I was a prominent figure.

Little by little Miss Merle and I became acquainted over the wire. We were soon holding daily conversations, then semi-daily, and then our chats became so frequent that at times jealous operators at other stations would break in on our conversation with hints that someone was mashed on some one else, and that we had better give the suffering wire a rest, and do our spooning by mail. To these interruptions we paid but little attention, continuing our long-distance intercourse; I, as I before remarked, falling more hopelessly in love with my new friend as the days sped by, and often wondering if a reciprocal feeling was not growing at the other end of the wire. I was a young man of twenty, very susceptible to female charms, and as I was then denied even a look at a pretty face, aside from fleeting glimpses of female passengers on passing trains, I came to regard Miss Merle as my "best girl," and when her personal telegraphic signal "Ja" sounded, it was like sweetest music to my ears.

Modesty, coupled with the fear of being "guyed" had prevented me from questioning the train men regarding the personal appearance of my inamorata, but one day, when I had orders to hold a north-bound freight until a belated overland had arrived, and the freight conductor, Jim Moore, came into my office, and sat down for a chat, I determined to sound him, and learn a little something of the idol of my dreams.

"What sort of a looking girl is that who used to hold down Upton?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment in a half-quizzical, half-mischievous manner, and replied:

"Say, Fred, I've heard some of the boys on the line say that you was dead gone on that one, and I've an idea she is on your trail, too, for she made me tell her all about you while my train was lying there this morning waiting for No. 16. Did you ever see her?"

No, I had never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Merle.

"Miss Merle? You mean Mrs. Merle!"

"Mean wha-a-t?"

"Mrs. Rant Merle. I thought you knew she was a widow with two kids at her mother's, down in Sacramento. I guess she's a square enough sort of a woman, but when you see her, old man, I've an idea you won't crave a second look. She's no spring chicken; forty, if she's a day, and she doesn't need a better protector than that face of hers. And a temper! Gee whiz! My hind brakeman asked her one day if that face didn't pain her, and she grabbed up a coupling-pin and let it go at him. He'd have been a dead brakey if he hadn't been a good dodger. He never sticks his head out of the caboose window now while we are at Dunsmuir, for she's got it in for him."

With a rush and a roar and a grinding of wheels the tardy passenger hurried by, and Moore hastened to his train to pull out.

How cruelly was my idol shattered. After the freight was gone I sat as it dazed, in fact, I was so absorbed in digesting the information I had gleaned from Moore that I neglected to report its departure, and the jacking-up received from the irate train dispatcher for my inattention to duty served to still further increase the ill temper into which the conductor's story had thrown me. The

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snappy clicks of the instruments had scarcely ceased to convey to my ears the merited reproof, concluding with the stereotyped chestnut which dispatchers always crack in such cases: "Don't let it occur again," ere I heard a call from Dunsmuir. Heretofore I had fairly sprung to the table to respond to that call, but now I felt no desire to enter into a conversation with the ogre who presided at the key at that distant station. It was with no gentle touch that I answered her call.

"Say Fd" (my personal call) "it's too bad, but u shld tend to biz. Ha, ha, ha! Was u asleep or reading letr from ur girl?"

Thus came her consolatory message in the abbreviated conversational style of the telegrapher, and it served to fan the flames of my anger into fiercer heat. Had it been the nice little maiden of my dreams who had flung such chaff at me over the wires, I would have smiled and thought it cute, but that fright! Bah!

"I do not know as it interests u wt I was doing. I'm too busy to talk now."

I snapped the words off with spiteful sharpness, and closed my key with a spiteful sharpness that almost broke the circuit breaker.

"Well, u nee't bite my nose off coz Dr" (the train dispatcher) "turned you over. Call me up wn u get in gd humor. I've soetng to sa to u."

My gentlemanly instincts sharply reproved me for treating her in such an ungallant manner. Had she ever led me to believe she was young and handsome? Was she to blame because she was a widow, wore a caricature in lieu of a face, and was the mother of two children no doubt as ugly as herself? I felt a tinge of shame for having spoken so crossly to her, and with softer touch of the key replied:

"I beg ur pardon, madam. I've got bad hedake to-da, so cross as bear. Forgot was tlking to lady. Wt u want to sa to me?"

"Oh, I'm real sorry ur not well, for I've been 'ticipating a pleasant visit with u. The agent is here on No. 8, and Ive been ordered to Sac, and I thot if twould be greeable to u I'd go up on freight trn and stop over there till passenger trn in eve. I want to c the old statn again."

She was going away, that was a blessed consolation; going to a busy office where she would have no time for wire chats. I could endure her for a few hours; and, although I would have resented from any one the insinuation that I was a liar I assured her I would be delighted to have her come, and would endeavor to make her brief visit a pleasant one.

When the train from the South whistled that afternoon I had nerved myself for a few hours of torture. The caboose stopped away down in the yard, and as I stood on the platform, reflecting on what a martyr I was going to make of myself, I saw the conductor assist my visitor to the ground, and start with her along the side of the train toward the depot. A call from the instrument drew me inside, and when I came out again they were near the platform. I stood and stared in amazement. A neat, stylish figure clad in gray, a jaunty hat, from beneath which the prettiest imaginable dark-brown curls fell in clustering beauty about the prettiest face I thought I had ever seen. She was laughing merrily at something her escort had said, and the air seemed filled with rippling music. As she ascended the platform steps to where I stood, transfixed and dumb with amazement, she gave me but one glance of her merry eyes, and was about to pass on into the office, when the conductor said:

"A moment, Miss Merle. Let me introduce Mr. Hale, the agent here. Fred, this is Miss Juanita Merle, late of Upton and later of Dunsmuir."

She stared at me with a look of unutterable surprise, and had a mirror been thrust in front of me I would have no doubt seen an expression of equal amazement. For a moment she stood, glancing first at myself and then at the conductor, and then a merry peal of laughter rang out from her pouting lips, and, extending her hand, she said:

"Oh, that monstrous fibber, Jim Moore. If ever I get within reach of him again I'll pull every hair out of his head. Why, he told me you were an old man, Mr.

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Hale, and—and—that you were humpbacked and had lost one of your limbs in a railway accident some years ago. He pictured you such a fright that I hesitated long before deciding to come here. I was actually afraid of you."

"I'll kill him on sight," I cried, retaining the pretty hand which rested in mine. "He led me to believe you an aged widow with two children and a face that would set your teeth on edge, when you should present it before me, and that you had a temper which a buzz-saw could not scratch. However, in the glad awakening from that hideous dream I almost feel that I can forgive him, and as the frightful old widow no longer confronts me, permit me to bid you a hearty welcome to your old home. I trust you may enjoy the few hours you are to remain here. You have the freedom of the office and the great city."

"Thank you. It is very good of you, and since my humpbacked ogre has limped away on his one leg, I will enter his den with no fear. How drearily natural the old place looks," taking her hat off, and throwing it on the table. "How many lonely days and nights I spent here, fearing each rattle of the window at night might come from the dreaded Redway gang lying in wait to rob a train. May I look in my old room?"

"Certainly."

"Same cheerless place. Yes, more cheerless, for, really Mr. Hale, you do not keep it as neat as I did. When did you sweep it last?"

She glanced into my face with an arched look, and smilingly awaited my reply.

"I think it was one day last week, or was it the week before? It was the day the superintendent came over the road on a special. The sprucing up of depots by agents—male agents, that is—is always regulated by official visits, you know."

We passed on into the freight room, such only in name, for no goods save the section-men's supplies had ever been stored therein. From the freight room a ladder led up to the loft between the ceilings of the office and sleeping room and the roof, and pointing up at the dust-covered rafters, my fair visitor said:

"I had a dreadful time up there one day. The insulated copper wires from the instruments run up through the office ceiling, you know, and connect with the line out under the eaves of the depot. I cut out my instruments for a heavy thunderstorm, and when I cut in again after it had passed, I found the wire open on both sides of me. Fearing the trouble was in my office, I began a close search for it, and, finding the wires below all right, I climbed up the ladder to the loft. Up in that dark, black, dusty, sooty place, I found both wires burned off by lightning, and what a time I had repairing them. It was very hot and close up there, and as I had left my handkerchief on the telegraph table, I frequently wiped my perspiring face with my smutty hands. When I climbed down again you should have seen me. I had that morning put on a white summer dress mamma had just sent me, and it was ruined, while my face was as black as any Topsy you ever saw. What made it more horrible was that the passenger train going south whistled just as I descended from the loft, and not knowing that my face was in such a horrible condition, I gathered up my train orders and went out on the platform, and such a guying as the trainmen gave me. There was a grinning face at every car window as the train pulled out. Oh, dear, what a fright I found myself when I looked in my mirror!"

As we sat in the office during the evening, chatting, she grew more and more vivacious and jolly, and our merry laughter rang out, in marked contrast to the usual stillness which prevailed about the dreary station. We went to supper at the station house, and on returning she went to the key, and asked if the train, then nearly due, was on time.

"No. 4 delayed by washout above Sissons," came the reply. "Can't say how soon track will be repaired."

"Oh, dear, my usual luck," she said. "I seldom find a train on time whenever I want to go anywhere."

"Are you, then, in such a hurry to ter-

"Git away from that table."

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minate what has been to me a most delightful visit?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I assure you I have enjoyed it fully as much as yourself, but I fear I will become tiresome to you with my senseless chatter."

I felt like assuring her that a lifetime spent in her society would not weary me. The time sped swiftly until the gray shades of evening turned to sombre night, and I lighted the station lamp. No. 4 was reported safely over the break in the track and would reach Upton at about nine o'clock.

Excusing herself a moment to go to the cooler in the freight room for a drink of water, Miss Merle passed from the room, and had scarcely disappeared ere I heard heavy footsteps on the platform, and a moment later the front door was thrown open, and four masked men entered and covered me with murderous looking revolvers.

"Git away from thet table, young feller, an' don't yer make a move tords thet tellygraph till the train comes, or it'll find a piece of baggage hyar et ain't lookin' fur. How soon is she due?"

I am not naturally a coward, but this harsh transformation from a blissful dream of love to the very precincts of death, unnerved me, and I confess I was thoroughly frightened. Then came the thought that Miss Merle would return in a moment, and what indignities might not be offered to her by these members of the infamous Redway gang (for such I knew them to be); cruel, reckless men, who had less regard for women than for the dumb beasts which carried them to places of safety after their lawless raids. "The train is past due now, but has been delayed by a washout above Sissons, and may not be here for several hours yet," I replied. "I'll ask about her."

'I made a move towards the telegraph table, hoping by a word to warn the train dispatcher, but was brought to a stop by the sharp clicking of a pistol.

"No yer don't," the leader said. "If yer want thet pale hide o' yourn tatooed with cold lead, jest make another break like thet. Yer lyin' about thet train, an' we're goin' to camp right hyar with yer till et comes, fur we have some business with it, I opine. Set down on thet bench."

I could but obey. The mental torture I endured was terrible, not only through fear of Miss Merle's return to the office, but through the knowledge that an attempt was to be made to rob the train, and the lives of good men might be sacrificed defending the property entrusted to their care. How could the robbers be frustrated? If I could but reach the key and flash the words, "Train robbers," and sign my office call, the dispatcher would hear and understand; for in those troublous days, the keen-eared night guardians of the company's interests were ever on the alert for such intelligence. For half an hour I weighed the matter of a desperate attempt in my mind. I had lost fear of my charming visitor's safety, feeling sure by her absence that she had heard the robbers and was concealed in the freight room, or had escaped by the back door, and gone to the section house for aid. But what assistance could come from there? I knew there was not a firearm in the section house, and the section men would seek safety in flight at the first intimation that I was in the hands of the dreaded Redway gang.

I at last determined to make one desperate attempt to warn the train dispatcher, and thus save the train from robbery. I did not believe the villains would shoot, and felt that, although they might use me roughly for my attempt, my duty to the company demanded that I should make it and meet the consequences.

Waiting until I heard the dispatcher respond to a report of the belated train from Sissons, and knowing that he was at his table, I sprang toward my instrument.

"T-r-a-i——"

I got no further. There was a loud report, I felt a heavy blow accompanied by a stinging sensation on my right thigh, and sank to the floor.

"You cussed fool, thet's yer game, is it? Lucky fer you my gun went off afore I got et raised, or thet shot 'd took yer whar et'd done more good."

They picked me up and threw me roughly on the bench, cursing me in a

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fearful manner for my attempt to thwart them in their plans. I knew I had been shot through the thigh, but from the absence of severe pain felt sure the bone had not been broken.

The train must be nearing Eaton, the next station north, and after passing there no earthly power could prevent it from falling into the hands of the scowling villains who sat near me. The instrument had been quiet for a long time, and I lay trembling in anxiety, expecting every moment to hear Eaton report the passing of No. 4.

"Click-click, clickety-click. R-r-r-r-r click."

What caused the instrument to act so queerly? Then, in clear clickings I heard the dispatcher's call. Eaton was about to report the train—but no! My own office call was signed to the call. What did it mean? The dispatcher responded, and my heart gave a great throb of delight as I heard these words flashed over the wire.

"This is Ja at Upton. Fd held by train robbers in office. I have wire tapped in loft. Stop No. 4 at Eaton, quick!"

"I heard that and will hold 4 here all right," Eaton broke in.

Thank God, the train was safe! I understood it all now. The brave little girl had heard the robbers when they entered, and recalling her former experiences in the dirty loft, had climbed up there in the darkness, broken one of the wires, and, striking the ends together, had been able to communicate with the dispatcher. In the stillness of the night I knew she could hear every click of the instrument below, and work effectively as if sitting at the telegraph table. In a few minutes a call came from the dispatcher which she promptly replied to.

"God bless you, little girl, you have done great work this night. Special train with posse on will leave Eaton at once. Remain where you will be safe in case of a fight with the robbers."

"Oh, I'm so afraid Fd has been killed," I heard her say. "I heard them threaten to kill him, then a shot, followed by a shuffling of feet."

In a tone so loud I knew she could hear it, I said:

"Men, I have been shot in the thigh and am in pain. This bench is a hard bed for a wounded man. Won't you carry me in and lay me on my bed in the next room?"

"What do we keer how much yer suffer after thet bad break o' yourn? Lay still thar or you'll shore get more of et."

The little heroine in the loft repeated my words to the train dispatcher, and I felt that my purpose had been accomplished, and her anxiety relieved. In a moment came a message intended for my ears:

"Brace up, Fred, for help is coming. We've got the best of this game, but I'm distressed at your condition, old fellow. Grin and bear it. I will be with you the minute the train gets here. Ja."

God bless her! And she called me Fred! Her heroism fanned yet brighter the flames of love in my heart, and I felt that her language indicated she held me in more than ordinary regard.

Were I dealing in fiction I would write a lurid description of a desperate conflict with the posse and the outlaws, but as I am detailing an actual experience and the story will, no doubt, be read by those acquainted with the facts, I must adhere closely to the lines of truth. The special stopped about a quarter of a mile north of the station to allow the posse to dis-embark, and, by advancing noiselessly, surround the depot and capture the outlaws; but, alas for the well-laid plan, the noise of the train was heard and fearing a trap when it stopped and then came on, the scoundrels, leaving me with a parting curse, hastened from the office, mounted their horses, which had been secured nearby, and made their escape without a shot being fired.

* * * *

A few months later I stood in the parlor of Mrs. Merle's pretty cottage home in Sacramento. A telegram was handed me. I read it and handed it to the little woman dressed in bridal robes who stood at my side. Then the chief train dispatcher read it aloud to the assembled guests.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hale, Sacramento,

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Cal.: The officials of the Southern Pacific join in warmest congratulations, with the sincere prayer that the new lives you to-day begin may never be shadowed by a cloud of care."

"I am commissioned," added the dispatcher, "by the same company to place these two envelopes among the gifts from friends on this table. They bear slight tokens of appreciation of valuable services rendered."

There was an envelope addressed to Juanita and myself. Each contained a crisp, new, uncreased $1,000 greenback.

ROYAL WEAVERS

BY ISABEL DARLING

The Queen was a-weary, weak with age,
So Death drew near with a stately bow
And, hushing the court, from prince to page,
Baue all prepare for the mourning now.
Then shuttle and wheel flew hard and fast
Till acres of pall and miles of woe
Were ready for Death, who went not past
But paced, like a sentry, to and fro.

The soul of the Queen was gone one day
And England gravely, as England should,
Rode after the bier in sad array
And sighed "Ah me, she was wise and good!"
But Life, with its rushing clang and roar,
Swept over the trailing miles of woe
And shuttle and wheel went mad once more,
In purple and gold and crimson glow.

Why gaze on a king with bated breath
A king, uncrowned, is a man, it seems;
And Master Weavers are Life and Death
Who gather and knot the threads of dreams.
Men creep to their chrysalis, fast or slow,
And weave as they go the future's wings
Of glory or shame—On with the show!
Now cometh the King—God pity kings!

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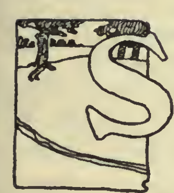
A MATTER OF CONVICTION

BY IDA L. BROOKS



SAME tune, same words, same hour, and—the fifteenth of the month! Very curious! Exceedingly curious! Same reawakened memories of the winter spent in Stockholm ten years before. (I pulled the bedclothes snugger and drew up my feet.) My room in the S——gatan, the horrible condition of all the gatans, the slot, the Riddarhus, the café where I had heard that song, and the cold—the never-ending, relentless cold.

If I had not been a bachelor and more fond of quiet than I used to be in the Stockholm days, I might have had a room in the front of the house instead of "the most rear room on the third floor," which had been consigned to me at my request. I might have stolen to my window, raised the sash, and peered out, thereby discovering the singer and noting his conveyance, if any, or other idiosyncrasies. The thing had happened three times before, a month intervening in each instance, and always on the fifteenth day. I had determined to get myself up and out on the door-step, on this fifteenth day of February, but, with the failing of my kind, the seductive warmth of eider-down had hindered me from keeping my resolution. The fifteenth of March would not be as cold. I turned over and went to sleep.

That morning at breakfast I mentioned the occurrence, as I had done on the previous occasions, and, as before, all protested that they had been undisturbed by nocturnal melodies. They made what seemed to me to be rather unkind reference to my advancing years and the preservation of my faculties. But all their jibes and insults were alike unconvincing.

As a general thing, I don't like alarm clocks. They are obtrusive. However, on the fourteenth day of March I borrowed the cook's and put it at my bed's head. I have ceased to wonder why breakfast is served with unerring punctuality the year round.

I appeared on the pavement at five minutes of five o'clock. The night watchman was passing, and betrayed some consternation—we are old friends and he is well aware of my aversion to early rising, due to late home-coming—but I offered no explanation. What business was it of his? I sat down on the steps. It lacked a minute of five. I started to light a cigarette. Just then I heard a window being raised, and, by the time I had turned around, four heads appeared above the level of the window-sill, with a puny candle flickering in their midst, which gave them a ghastly appearance. As one man, they shouted:

"Pringle, my boy, come back to bed."

I returned to the lighting of my cigarette, making no response. So then the four conversed among themselves. (I had no difficulty in hearing them.)

"Bob, Pringle is a fool."

"Nay, nay. Hearken thou! It is the IDES OF MARCH!"

"Ah, Pringle, my Pringle, BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH!"

"Hearest thou not sweet strains of melody upon——"

Williams did not finish that sentence. He heard a strange sound. So did the rest of us. A squeaking, rattling, uncanny sound. A vehicle was approaching. I peered through the darkness, endeavoring to distinguish its outlines. The driver slackened pace as he neared the house and began to sing the song I had heard before. Then, indeed, it was I for whom all this singing had been done—or at least some one in the house. But the rest of the boarders, including the owners of the four heads at the window, did not even claim to have been in Sweden, stoutly declaring, when I grew overly reminiscent of Scandinavia, that they had confined their attention to the south of Europe. I doubt that any of them ever so much as set foot on an ocean steamer. They are safe enough in making their boast, as far as that is con-

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cerned, for, Max falling ill in Copenhagen, we were forced to abandon our southern trip altogether.

I had harbored vague forebodings that after all my inconveniences—not omitting that detestable alarm clock—my serenader might not grant me the attention I considered my right. But this action of his was favorable. I rose and walked out to the street, determined to stop him on some pretext, if, after all, his favor to me consisted of serenading merely and not of conversation. At sight of me he drew up close to the pavement and stopped.

"At last," he exclaimed, and, stepping from his wagon—I call it this for want of a better term—which was very low, he raised his hat with Swedish ceremony, shook hands and said in good English, but with an unmistakable Swedish accent:

"It is the Herr Pringle."

"You are right, my good fellow," I replied, "but who the devil are you?"

"That is it, that is it," he said stepping in again, and, moving to the farther side, he invited me to take the seat thus left vacant.

I had not gotten out of my bachelor's bed at that harrowing hour for nothing, and, if this were to be a part of the program, it was all the same to me. I looked up at the window. The light had gone out, but the four heads were still visible.

"Too bad you're not dressed, boys," I replied. "There's plenty of room for four more." I received no reply, probably because their mouths were all standing wide open.

As I stepped aboard, I found to my amazement that the conveyance was an old Norrland sled like the one I had traveled in mile after mile through the snows of the North. The Swede had mounted the thing on clumsy, broad, wooden wheels.

He gave rein to his horse, which from its size I had no doubt was Swedish like its owner, and we trotted down the avenue at a round pace.

"Where shall we breakfast?" I inquired, priding myself on the indifference of my tone.

"If the Herr Pringle will do me the honor, and my wife, the Herr Pringle will breakfast at my home."

I made no further comment on that subject, leaving the mystery to solve itself, or be solved later on by the Herr Stranger, as he should choose.

"You were singing as you came along. Do not let my presence be an impediment to the completion of the song, I beg of you," I said.

"You have heard the song before? Ah! yes, I was right. It is beautiful. Ten years, ten years in June." He appeared to be reflecting. Then he added: "Ah! the song! Yes, I will finish it, as the Herr Pringle does not object, but is, on the contrary, desirous to have it so."

He took up the first verse precisely at the note where he had left it, and sang the other four. The interval gave me time for reflection and observation. His voice was strangely sweet and the words of the song took me a many days' journey back to Stockholm. I picture to myself the old café where Max and I found warmth and entertainment on many an evening. I was tasting again the Bajersktol to which we confined ourselves, chill as the weather was, considering from what we saw that it was the wisest policy, and could hear the half-intelligible Swedish deafening us on every side, and fragments of their songs. And, having gotten myself in this environment, the strangely appareled person at my side seemed strange no more, nor even my being in a sled on Ridge avenue.

My companion was robed in sea-otter. The similarity was strong enough to make me wonder if it were not my own with which I had parted at a loss, and consequently with great reluctance when I bade farewell to the North. His hat was a tall, black chimney-pot, his mittens of dog-skin. I could not see his boots, for we were wrapped snugly in a huge bear-skin robe. He was the counterpart of Max the day he bought his chimney-pot—just as chunky, just as outlandish, but perhaps not quite as disreputable-looking.

Max said we were losing caste by wearing sea-otter caps. So he made a raid on his bank-notes and purchased a hat.

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I believe it was about noon when we left Lagerheim's with the sea-otter stuffed scornfully in Max's pocket. Max should have worn that hat at least a week in the seclusion of his own apartments before appearing publicly. In fact, I had urgently suggested it. But he saw no difficulty in preserving his native respectability without any such preliminaries. Consequently, as I say, we sallied forth from Lagerheim's with a chimney-pot atop of my friend's globular form. I have never seen Max walk with such erectness nor wear such an expression of austerity, but the hat—I will forbear. It would be too unkind. I suddenly remembered an engagement I had made, and, leaving him with great precipitation, returned to our rooms, took possession of the sofa, lighted a cigar and tried to picture him on his return. I had been enjoying this much needed and highly appreciated repose for what seemed to me a very short time, when an irate individual came stamping up the stairs, threw open the door, considerately left it standing open—thus concealing my presence, the very embodiment of compassion—and without a glance in my direction, without noticing the fumes of my cigar, strode to the fire with the thing, deformed and crushed out of all recognition, grasped viciously in his hand, and cast it from him. Then followed vituperations and strenuous observations in many tongues. When his resources were entirely exhausted, he muttered something about what he'd tell Pringle—I don't remember what it was, but it was a dreadful lie—and came over to shut the door. I was humming: "I wish I were an angel." It would have been fortunate, on the whole.

The song presently came to an end, and the Swede told me that we were about a mile from his home. I assured him that it was all the same to me. I rather think my indifference irritated the little fellow. It would probably have suited him better if I had been all impatience to know my destination and other *ceteras*.

"To whom am I indebted for this superb rendition of Sweden's most popular air of a decade ago?" I asked.

"To me," he said.

"Ah!" said I.

I had consumed countless cigarettes before the beginning of that mile, and I consumed many more before its end. At last I began to realize that it was a Swedish mile. It seemed to me that we traveled always in a circle, but, whether so or not, nothing we had passed during the last hour seemed at all familiar, and I was becoming convinced that Pringle's desk would have to go unpringled that morning. Daylight had followed dawn and we were seeing all the peculiar and, sometimes, even shocking sights that are to be seen at that time of morning.

Finally with one Swedish and goodness knows how many American miles at our back, we turned in at a gateway whose gates were of elaborately wrought brass, and proceeded with decorous deliberation down the graveled drive. The house was of yellowish dust-colored brick, of which one sees so much in the Scandinavian countries. It was copper-roofed and the staircase was of iron. It stood on a precipitous incline sloping from the front. The drive zigzagged down to a stable which backed against a high wall covered thickly with ivy. Here we stopped.

It was quite evident that I was not to be entertained in the big house at the top of the hill, and I had no desire to be entertained in the stable. I pulled out my watch. It was eight. And within me there was an unmistakable yearning for things material. My thoughts turned toward home and the cook.

I was not left in consternation long, for my companion alighted and opened a small gate in the wall. We entered a neat garden with beds of pinks and roses, potatoes and carrots. Below was a pure white cottage, which at closer range I found to be of the yellow brick painted over. At the door stood a lady whom I took to be the Herr Stranger's wife. Her face, like his, was unfamiliar to me. I was ushered in with great ceremony.

Formalities and commonplaces preceded the breakfast. I learned that the name of my host was Hëlstrom, and that he was a gardener employed by the

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owner of the property and occupant of the house we had passed. As every other man one meets in Sweden bears that name, I was not greatly enlightened. No other information was given me, and we ate in silence. My thoughts reverted to Williams. He would not have eaten a morsel. Williams is sure that he will meet his death from poisoning by some malicious person. The idea of anybody wasting time poisoning Williams!

I had about decided that this would be the last thing on the programme, and that I would be asked to leave shortly, when the three of us having risen from the table with great ceremony, an easy chair was set before the fire and I was requested to occupy it. I complied, whereupon Herr Helstrom and his wife excused themselves from the room. I was left in contemplation of a curious stove which reached up and almost to the ceiling in a succession of fancy cast iron appurtenances. The pipe connected with the chimney about on a level with my head. I suppose these grotesque constructions are due to the same frailty of the Swedish mind that gave precedence to the chimney-pot hat. It did not occur to me until afterwards—until Williams suggested it, in fact—that I might have spent my time more profitably in contemplation of the possibility, almost probability, of murder at the hands of these strange people. I took them to be lunatics, though entirely harmless, and dismissed them from my thoughts for the time being. What possible interest I could possess for them, even though they had in some way discovered that I had traveled for two or three months in their native land, was beyond me.

In a few minutes they returned, and Herr Helstrom placed in my hand what appearea to be a soiled roll of linen, about twelve inches in length, saying: "It is for the Herr Pringle, hoping that he will accept our thanks."

On unrolling it, I found it to be a pocket containing greenbacks. I took them out and counted them. They amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars. I had reason to remember the amount. I scrutinized the two faces before me again, but without result. They were smiling benignly upon me, as one is apt to do when moved by unexpected generosity.

"Has the Herr Pringle ever seen the bag before?" asked Herr Helstrom, his wife smiling approval at his happy initiative.

I replied that I had and also banknotes to that amount.

"Has the Herr Pringle ever known the time when he was greatly in need of the two hundred and fifty dollars that he now has in his hands?"

I informed him that the Herr Pringle had always managed to subsist with decency.

"It is as I said, my wife."

They smiled at each other with satisfaction.

"It is a good God in all things," said the wife.

"The woman is right. Herr Pringle, I do not know what we would have done without your money. We had known days when food came but scantily. But, by the goodness of your charity at the very time that we had need of it, have we come to great comfort."

"My charity?" said I. "You term it curiously."

"Not yours alone, but yours and God's. The money came from you, the opportunity from God."

This fellow's coolness was amazing, his benignity increasing momentarily.

"I fear that you lack due reverence for things divine, that you part so willingly with a gift from your God," I said, extending the banknotes toward him, as if to allow him the opportunity of changing his mind—but of that I had no intention.

His wife confided to him that Herr Pringle was a pleasant man.

"This latter opportunity has likewise come from God," he continued, ignoring alike my remark and gesture. "When I had no more need of your green money, he pointed you out to me upon the street, and showed me where was your nome that I might communicate with you."

"Your God was less insistent upon ceremony in connection with the first

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opportunity he gave you than in the latter case?" I asked.

They laughed immoderately at this, and the wife declared that God had great judgment and discrimination, and was, moreover, a thorough student of human nature.

"Did he advise you to use the means you did to communicate with me?"

"I knew, Herr Pringle, that you were a man liking music. Every good man likes music, and my voice is excellent. I knew you were a man advanced in years. I mean no offense. I mean that you are no longer young, and that your sleep is no longer sound. And so I said that if you did not answer my call when I had come six times you were not worthy the so great kindness I was intending for you. I said to my wife that the money I had taken would be much better to remain in my hands than in yours. But I knew that I should see the Herr Pringle."

I accepted the compliment in silence.

"God grieves that money has not been distributed wisely in his universe," he continued, "and sometimes it is the man with money and sometimes the man without it whom he employs to make things equal."

"Have you been employed with frequency to act in this capacity?" I inquired.

Herr Helstrom and his wife seemed insulted by this, and the former replied that the need had come but once, and once the opportunity. I made mention of the Ten Commandments, asking them if they thought it worth while to heed the Eighth. They said that their bibles opened at the first page of Matthew, and they did not turn back.

"The Old Testament is for the Jews." This was said with some scorn.

I did not care to precipitate myself into a religious controversy, but felt strongly inclined to disprove the implication that the New Testament induces to theft.

"And now," said he, "whereas it originally was what you would call a highway robbery, it has become a loan, and the interest, which you as an American demand, you have had in an excellent breakfast (we had been served with bread, butter and coffee) and a morning's entertainment. The Herr Pringle is, without doubt, satisfied."

Herr Helstrom had apparently said all that he considered necessary, and was anxious for me to make my adieux.

"Herr Helstrom," said I, "you ought to succeed in the world. You have coolness and courage, and what is more valuable—originality."

I was urgently entreated to come again and bring my friend, Max. Then Herr Helstrom, having donned the customary working man's attire, instead of the apparel in which he had been arrayed previously, drove me about a mile and a half in a light wagon to the elevated railway. He grasped my hand warmly at parting, and I said to him:

"Mr. Helstrom, you are an unblushing scoundrel. But your rascality in inconveniencing me to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars while traveling through your country was nothing. Your crime consists in having inflicted this country with your presence. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said he, and mounted to his seat. Then he drove rapidly away, without looking backward.

When I arrived in town, a half hour later, I paid a visit to my banker. And that night, at the dinner table, I displayed my pass book. But the boys would not believe my tale—which I told them in part—insisting that I had made a haul at the races. In vain I declared that my racing days were over. Their incredulity angered me at last, and I put on my hat and went out to find Max. And Max sneered. But he was not loath to promise to go with me to visit the miscreants.

A month has passed since I took my morning's drive with Herr Helstrom. Every Sunday since, Max and I have set out to find him. Max is somewhat of a detective—there are only a few inches more than five feet of him—and we intend giving the little Swede a scare. But there are five roads diverging from the terminus of that line. One, only, remains unexplored. We can't miss it, next Sunday.

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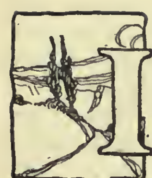
The Punishment of Pasquin

BY H. ARTHUR POWELL



IT was a blowy day in London. George Calloway, with his hat jammed over his eyes, his threadbare overcoat buttoned to the chin, and his hands in the comfortable depths of the pockets, strode along at a determined gait rather at variance with the insignificance of his figure. So absorbed was he, and so rapid his gait, that he was half-way through a little knot of bystanders before he knew they were there, and found himself gazing with the rest at a street brawl. Two rough-looking persons, a man and a woman, were severely drubbing what appeared at first sight to be an animated sack of potatoes; but as the other side of the sack came into view in one of the gyrations of the scuffle Calloway saw with astonishment that it was a white-bearded dwarf, of grotesque proportions, who was receiving such severe punishment. The long, silvery beard gave him a venerable appearance; his stature, which could not have exceeded four feet, left him entirely at the mercy of those to whom mercy was unknown. Already the woman's claws had made blood trickle from his temple, and the man did not scruple to use his heavy, nailed boots upon the misshapen form.

Calloway, given the stage setting and the lines, might have been a hero. He had a horror of injustice and a quick-springing sympathy that never stopped to measure what was opposed to it. At sight of such an unequal struggle the blood rushed seething to his brain, and he sprang upon the dwarf's male assailant and caught him about the neck. Indignation lent strength to his lean arms and the unexpectedness of the attack was in his favor. The man staggered and fell upon his back. But the woman, after one quick glance of surprise, left the dwarf to crawl into the crowd, and was upon Calloway like a fury. For a few brief seconds he kept her nails from his flesh. Then the man, unhurt, arose, and advanced upon him with clenched fist and the devil gleaming from his eyes.

The crowd was evidently with the she-cat and her mate.

"Slug 'im, Bill!" cried one.

"Rip 'is 'eart out!" urged another.

Things would have gone hard indeed with Calloway, but at this crisis came a warning cry of "Cops!" from a gamin on the skirts of the crowd, and the people surlily gave way as a burly policeman elbowed his way through them and grasped Bill's shoulder in time to save Calloway from a dangerous blow.

"'Ere, now, Bill Maguffin," said the blue-coat in a stern tone, "w'ot game are you up to now?"

"'Tain't my fault, s'elp me," growled Maguffin. "Kate 'ere was a-standin' by the door when this little beast comes by an' insults 'er. I was at the winder an' I seed an' heard it all. So out I comes an' starts in to give 'im a lickin'. An' where's the man as wouldn't do the same when a villain insults 'is wife?" continued the lout, the beery bloom upon his coarse features doing unwilling duty as a flush of righteous indignation. The appeal was not lost on the crowd. A murmur of approbation came back.

"Yes. An' just as I started in, along comes this bloomin' idiot an' pokes 'is nose into the thing. 'E flung me down an' jumped on me, an' then went fer Kate. And that's the truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, s'elp me," concluded the wily Maguffin.

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The autocrat in blue turned an inquiring glance on Calloway, and all he knew took but a minute in the telling.

"Now, you little feller," said the policeman to the dwarf, "w'ot's yer mother call yer when you're home, and w'ot 'ave you got to say about this affair?"

The dwarf stopped in the act of mopping his bleeding face with a soiled handkerchief and spoke with a slight, peculiar accent impossible to transfer to paper.

"My name is Niko Pé," he said. "I was going home, policeman, when I saw this man you call Maguffin beating his wife in a very shameful manner. I expostulated with him, and at once both the man and woman turn upon me—kick me—scratch me, as you see, until this gentleman come along and take my part. It is not true that I insult the woman. What I tell you, this is true, quite true."

The dwarf spoke with a dignity that conveyed the impression of truth. The policeman, puzzled, turned to question bystanders. But the crowd had melted magically, and the few gamins who remained averred they "didn't know nothin' about it," and certainly appeared to know if possible, a trifle less.

"Look 'ere, Bill," the policeman said, "you're a bad hegg, an' wife-beatin' is an old score against you. Do you want to go before 'is 'onor an' tell your story to 'im?"

Bill, with a shifty look in his eyes, begged to be excused.

"Do you, sir"—speaking to Calloway, "want ter make any charge against this man—though by your own account it was you that assaulted 'im?"

Calloway had a nervous dread of entanglements with police and courts, and said he would prefer to pursue his way in peace. The dwarf also declared himself satisfied with the outcome of events and the policeman, with the air of a judge charging a jury, gave Calloway and Niko Pé permission to depart, then proceeded to read Maguffin a long lecture on the punishment in store for him unless he forsook the error of his ways.

Calloway and the dwarf found they were going, for some distance at least, in the same direction. They walked on together, Niko Pé volubly grateful, Calloway interested in his strange companion's curious yet refined mode of speech.

A little later Calloway found himself taking supper with the dwarf in a bare little room on the second floor of a very humble tenement not far from the scene of the brawl. Niko Pé had urged the invitation upon him, and Calloway was not unwilling, for a meal at the expense of a friend was a meal the less to pay for. The rude repast had been prepared by the aid of an oil stove—for although the day was chilly there was no other heat in the apartment—and over the tea and bloaters the two became fast friends.

When Calloway was comfortably disposed, pipe in hand, in the easiest chair, and Niko Pé, seated cross-legged upon a square of carpet, was puffing contentedly at a picturesque hookah or water pipe—then it was that the little man became confidential, touching for the first time upon the subject of his deformity.

"I was not born thus—no!" said he, reflectively, and some hidden fire of the soul flashed in his hitherto mild eye. "Listen!" he continued; "I like you; I have looked well at you and Niko Pé has only to look at a man to know him, whether he is good or bad, yes. And you are true, and hate the wrong; therefore it is that I trust you with my secret. I was born in a far-away land—born as well-formed as a man might wish. I send my mind back, back just as far as I can remember, and I get a little glimpse of a sunny babyhood before *he* came into my life—this tormentor, this murderer of souls, this evil spirit. It was his business, yes, to take a child and make him over into a monstrous kettle; to take a man and mould him into a hideous shape for his fellows to laugh at and make merry with. He carried me away with him. I spend my days and nights in an embossed vase, which stands on end during the day and lies upon its side at night. Only my head may grow as God would have it; my crucified flesh grows into the embossments of the vase until, filling them, it can grow no more. At

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length—ah, what a length! think, think, of the misery and agony of those endless years, and go mad with the thinking—at length the work is declared complete, never to be undone; the mold is broken and I roll forth—thus as you now see me.

"I tumble for kings and am the sport of courts. Yes, I have made monarchs laugh, and all the while a great flame rages within me, and a great resolve shapes all my actions and my aims. I live but for one thing—to find my destroyer who has ruthlessly stripped me of all man's sacred rights—liberty, equality, the power of development, the right to love—ah, yes, to find him, and to mete out to him such punishment as will fit the crime. For this I suffer and dare all. I escape from the cage of the court; I travel; I study; I select a fitting penalty, and set myself to acquire the means of inflicting it. And all the time I watch and seek and question. At last, after years of time—I find him!"

The distorted face of the dwarf shone out from the gathering gloom of the evening with triumph and hatred and passion all stamped in ugly lines upon it. For a moment no sound was heard save their quickened breathing. Calloway was leaning forward, tense with a nameless dread.

"You—did—not—kill—him?" he panted.

"Kill him?" echoed the dwarf with the inflection of scorn in his tones; "was it for that I had studied and schemed? Kill him?—no! yet he has often begged for death. Listen!" With a simple, impressive motion Niko Pé pointed with the mouthpiece of the hookah to the closed door at his right. Then: "He is there!" he said, quietly. "Come, you shall see."

Abandoning his pipe and his carpet, he rose, and went toward the door. Calloway, in spite of a repugnance and a fear, was fain to follow him. There was a slight crawling sensation at the pit of his stomach, for he was very sensitive by nature, and know not what his sensibilities might be called upon to bear. The dwarf opened the door, and they passed from the gloom of one room to the darkness of the other; then Niko Pé made a light; the room filled with a steady but subdued glow. As Calloway's eye became accustomed to the light and began to distinguish objects about him, there came over him some such sickness as is felt in extreme personal peril. The frightened blood ran back to his heart, but he had no power to withdraw his gaze from the object that had enchained it.

On a dais at the further end of the room was a table draped in black. Behind the table sat a human figure, clothed in rich, dark stuffs. Motionless it sat, with its hands—such hands!—resting upon the table. They were but bones with a thin covering of yellow parchment. The awful face peering from a dark background of hangings was merely a parchment-covered skull, the skin, wrinkled as the skin of an old crone, hardly veiling the fleshless bones that forced themselves upon the unwilling sight. There was a stiffness and an artificiality about the figure that might lead an observer to doubt its humanity. But the eyes of the dead thing, wide open, rolled and gleamed with unnatural fire, and proved beyond doubt the existence of a living brain behind them. The thin lips were tightly closed; ages of sorrow must have shaped their curve. Over all the peaked features of the face brooded a weary agony, a still cry, as it were, inexpressibly heart-rending to contemplate. From a vessel upon the table ran a flexible tubé which entered the body, not at the thin, tight-closed lips, but at an orifice in the yellow neck below.

Calloway, unable to stand, staggered into a sitting posture upon a box near the door. Niko Pé, drawing nearer the dread figure on the dais, gloated over his victim like some vulture over a corpse.

"Aye, you!" he poured forth, gesticulating the while, "you robbed me for years of the power to move. Well, can you move now—try! try! You imprisoned me, an innocent babe who had never wronged any, in a mold of unyielding clay. Well, are you any less a prisoner because you are not in the embrace of the hardened clay? You cheated me

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out of all semblance to a man—are you now any more beautiful than I? Can you move one of those claws unless I bid you? Nay, you breathe only as I let you. Your body is mine to do with as I will; your soul—ah, you never had a soul.

"This tube contains in vapor the little sustenance you require. Some day, having wearied of my revenge, I cut the tube or neglect to feed the vessel. You wither—shrivel up like a piece of leather in a fire—and are no more. Aye, but that day is far off. Live, if you call it life, and, with every physical function suspended, let your brain, sleepless and ever active revolve the horror of your condition unceasingly, without help, without hope."

Such, shorn of its peculiarities of accent, was the tirade of Niko Pé. Calloway shivered at the vehemence of hate, yet drank all in from a morbid curiosity to know the whole truth. He understood that in some strange way, by the use of hypnotic or mesmeric arts of which he had become master, the dwarf had made his will supreme over that of his enemy; had taken from him the power to move, or speak, or live save by sufferance of another; had even suspended, to a great extent, the natural bodily functions; but had left the mind clear to turn over and over within itself the facts of its sins and its awful punishment. Then as the full horror of it all dawned upon him, Calloway forgot the dwarf's great injuries in the overwhelming presence of the injuries he had inflicted.

He rose excitedly. He could scarcely speak intelligently for emotion. His voice, hoarse and low, was strange to his own ears.

"Man, man!" he exclaimed, "this wrong cannot be. Unloose this poor creature from your power, or by Heaven—I am bound by no oath—I will make you by the power of the law. You will not? We shall see whether you will or not, wretch without heart!"

He ran from the room, passed through the apartments where they had taken supper, and on the way through knocked over the hookah and shattered the bauble into a hundred pieces. The dwarf's voice, calling, pleading, threatening, cursing, rang in his ears, but did not check his course. Once out of the house he never stopped running until the nearest police-station was reached. What he told them, shaking with excitement and the strain of his exertion, need not be detailed; that they did not understand it goes without saying. All they could glean was that someone in Magpie Bend had laughed at the dignity of the law—or perhaps this threadbare individual who told strange tales was mad. Two policemen were ordered to accompany him to the tenement where Niko Pé dwelt, and instructions were given them in a stage aside to keep their conductor in hand until the matter of his sanity was beyond doubt. Calloway's conversation on the way back was not such as to dispel this doubt from the minds of his silent attendants. The three climbed the stairs to find Niko Pé sitting dejectedly in the inner chamber. The thing was sitting in its chair behind the table, as if but a moment had elapsed since Calloway's departure. On catching sight of the uncanny figure, the stolid officers were surprised into an exclamation apiece, and one went so far as to remark:

"Gad, Joe, but that's a rummy cove on the platform there!"

The dwarf had started up at their entrance, and now began talking excitedly, rummaging in a trunk the while.

"It was a joke, gentlemen—only a joke. I am Niko Pé, who has traveled all over the world with McMaster's Great Combined Shows. People pay to see me, but they pay more willingly to see my friend here, Pasquin, the wonderful ossified man; see, here is proof of what I say; yes, I was but playing a sorry joke on this very good gentleman with my tales of hypnotism and revenge."

He had fished a bundle of handbills from the depths of the trunk, and now handed one to each policeman and to Calloway. They were gaudy yellow affairs, with wretchedly executed cuts of Niko Pé and Pasquin, the printed matter setting forth in exaggerated terms the tininess of the one and the stiff help-

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lessness of the other. Calloway was dazed, but unconvinced.

"It is a lie—all a lie," he shouted. "If it is true, let *him* say so"—pointing to the motionless form on the dais.

"What is a ossified man?" asked the policeman Joe.

"A ossified man," said his mate, "is a man whose in'ards has turned to bone. I see one once in a show. This bloke looks werry much the same, only some worse."

"But ask him if what this dwarf says is true," wailed Calloway. "Ossified men can talk, can't they?"

"He can speak," said Niko Pé, "but with great difficulty. Listen, Pasquin. These gentlemen want to know if it is not true that you are an ossified man, that we travel with McMaster's Shows, and that we are to join them in Birmingham next season? Speak, is it not true?"

For a brief second there was a war of wills, eyes striving against eyes. But Calloway had underestimated the dwarf's resources. Niko Pé conquered in the unequal struggle; the bloodless lips of Pasquin trembled, and there issued from between them in faint, ventriloquous tones the words "It is true," but the imploring eyes gave the lips the lie. Calloway groaned.

The officers were perfectly satisfied on all points save in regard to Calloway's sanity. They could understand ossification—had not the redoubtable Joe seen an ossified man in a show?—but hypnotism was beyond their comprehension.

"You've give us a precious chase for nothink," grumbled Joe. "I dunno as we're justified in lettin' you go. P'raps you'd better come before the captain."

It was then that Calloway's natural timidity asserted itself again, if timidity can properly be said to be self-asertive. His own distress became a matter of reality, and in proportion as the disagreeableness of detention and investigation forced tnemselves upon him, so much the more willing was he to believe in Niko Pé's story—his last story, that is,—and to look upon him as the perpetrator of an outrageous joke. He told the officers that he was perfectly sane; he was inclined to believe that he had been mistaken, and asked them appealingly if there were not some excuse for his credulity.

"I dunno but he's right, Joe. Look at them blamed eyes a-rolling like clockwork. Small wonder the bloke was frightened, I says. Let him go."

And Calloway and the policemen went out of the house together, leaving the dwarf alone with his victim.

For two days Calloway struggled with his uneasy conscience. Then, the third day toward evening, he found himself looking up at the tenement where Niko Pé and Pasquin dwelt. With faltering steps he ascended the stairs and paused before the closed door. A minute, and he knocked, but the knock was faint, and commanded no answer. Louder and louder he knocked then, until his pounding of the door awoke hollow echoes, and a score of men seemed knocking at a score of doors all leading to empty rooms. At last a distant door was opened, a shock head protruded into the corridor, and the owner of the head demanded to know, in the name of His Satanic Majesty, what he meant by making such an infernal noise.

"I want the dwarf, Niko Pé," said Calloway. "Do you know if he's in?"

"Gone away, bag and baggage, two days ago," said the head.

"Excuse me," said Calloway,—for the head had made a motion as if to withdraw,—"excuse me, but did he—ah, did he take anything with him when he went?"

"Only his trunk and his coffin," said the head.

"His coffin!" exclaimed the startled Calloway, "what do you mean by that?"

"Well, it was just like a coffin, anyhow. Took three big men to steer it downstairs, and the dwarf hopping around all the time as if his immortal soul was inside it."

The head, growing tired, withdrew itself abruptly as it had appeared. Calloway was alone in the corridor. He gave a little sigh, stood for a moment as if uncertain what to do, then slowly passed down the stairs.

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THE ACT OF GOD

JOHN FLEMING WILSON

EARS ago, before the jetty stretched its lonely length across the shoals of Clatsop Spit, and before Lightship No. 50 swung its glare over the homing waves, a small, ill-found steam-schooner was beating up into the Nor'wester preparatory to scudding into the Columbia River. The afternoon darkened fast, and the skipper was taking a look at the Bar in an attempt to satisfy himself that he could make harbor before the night. His observations were not reassuring: from his low elevation he caught the gleam of huge combers racing from North Head to the low sands of the Spit; the Bar was rough and consequently dangerous.

He closed the spyglass with a snap and walked forward to the door of the little engine-room. "Jim," he shouted, "shut your dampers. We'll lie off outside to-night."

Apparently unanswered, he went aft again and scowled at the man at the wheel. The latter returned his scowl by a surly look and jerked the wheel over a spoke.

"Mind your eye," said the skipper threateningly.

"I can't do better with a craft down by the head," retorted the sailor crossly.

"Clumsy!" roared his superior, and disappeared within the cabin.

Presently a grimy face followed by a lank body emerged from the engine-room. This new-comer viewed the situation from under the pent of his greasy cap and turned to the wheelman. "I'm sick o' this," he said; "ain't you?"

"You're right. I am sick of it. The old man is the worst I ever saw. He drives, drives, and he don't get anywhere with it all. But what in thunder can we do?"

"I'm going to tell him right now," continued the engineer, "that I've no mind to stew below decks all day fussing with his tin-pot machine, handling his dirty slab-wood, and then be turned out to pull-haul the whole night. It's going to be dirty weather, too."

"The wind's backin'," growled the sailor.

"So I reckoned. Its going to be a nasty night; and we could be inside the Bar in two hours."

"The old man was just now looking at the Bar. Reckon it's rough, or he'd go in."

"Not much. He owns this tub, and he isn't going to risk her except in daylight, even if it does mean you and me working double tides." The engineer frowned blackly and shook a dirty fist at the captain's closed door. The other member of the crew, a small, scantily-clad boy, came by with a pot of coffee. Its savor mounted in the nostrils of both men and did not mollify their temper. "The boy there he treats like a dog—worse than a dog," continued the engineer with fresh rancor, "and he's not fit for stand-up work like this."

"True enough," responded the sailor, "but I'm sorry for myself. I've been at this bally wheel since sun-up, and the old man's got her down by the head so's she steers like a keg of nails."

Their sense of injury did not grow less by discussion, and it was not long till the engineer asserted that he was going "to knock off." The sailor ruminated awhile, with his gaze fixed upon his superior. "I am going to quit," said the latter, peevishly.

The sailor passed a lashing around the wheel. When this was fast he slouched forward, saying simply: "I'm

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with you."

The engines, which had not been stopped, where working slowly and more slowly as the steam pressure went down. No sail was abroad except a head-sail, and now that the wheel was abandoned, the Katie fell off and lurched heavily against a sea.

"Here you!" shouted the captain, tumbling on deck, "mind your——"

He ceased abruptly when he saw the wheel lashed, and left to its own devices. Instantly he ran forward still clutching the coffee cup. When he came around the corner of the deck-house, he ran upon the two mutineers leaning over the lower half of the galley door, munching crackers and drinking coffee.

"What do you mean by this?" he bawled with a curse.

The sailor turned half around and said slowly: "We've knocked off."

"Knocked off? Climb aft there, you mutinous rascal! Run!"

Both engineer and seaman ground about on their heels. "We've knocked off, we tell you," they said together.

The captain glared murderously. Raising his arm he motioned aft. Neither stirred. The coffee cup caught the engineer full in the face. An instant later the captain was on his back upon the deck and the sailor was tying his limbs tightly together. When he was strapped to their satisfaction, the whole crew, engineer, seaman and boy, dragged him struggling and cursing to the after-grating by the wheel. There they dropped him. "Don't come any of your tricks on us," panted the engineer. "You're lucky to get off so easily. You would throw things at an engineer, would you?"

"I didn't go to hit you, Jim," growled the prisoner. "I intended to hit that son of a gun there."

"Lucky for you that you didn't," put in the sailor, sullenly.

"Anyway," said the engineer, "you're settled for a while."

The three gathered in the little galley and ate a substantial supper. Then the men lit their pipes and sauntered out on deck. The night was deepening fast; the Eastern sky was already black above the coast line, and in the west heavy clouds were scudding across the last reflections of the sun. The wind came in puffs from the south, fretting the nor'west swells into an angry tumble. Utterly careless of the weather, the mutineers strolled aft to where the captain lay bound. But with the exception of a passing glance they paid no attention to him and talked dully of other things.

From the grating on which he lay the captain looked from the flapping sail and the rusty funnel forward to the leaden seas that brimmed to the low rail. His thoughts were not clear. The indifference of the two men stirred him to rage; the sight of his helpless schooner staggering unguided through this perilous sea filled him with misery; the thought of the fate that was swiftly coming upon them all gleamed in his eyes.

The sailor was the first of the rebels to notice the position of the ship. Far in shone a light which marked Point Adams. The Bar, North Head, and every other landmarks was obliterated by the driving scud. "It's freshenin'," he remarked uneasily.

"Coming on a blow," responded the engineer. "Wish we weren't off the Columbia. Bad place."

"Some water is comin' aboard. That means that we've got to get sail on her while we can. There's only two of us and the boy, and I reckon it will wind us to set even that forestays'l."

"I don't see how we bettered ourselves by getting in a fuss with the skipper," grumbled the engineer. "We just set ourselves extra work."

"Heave her to," answered the sailor. "Heave her to, and then you and I can sit in the cabin and keep warm and sleep."

It was pitch dark when they had set a couple of staysails forward and lashed the wheel again. The ill-trimmed Katie made heavy weather of it, and they had thoughts of releasing the captain and returning to duty. With a half articulate understanding they made their way aft to the grating on which they had left the captain. A dollop of water came over the rail and flooded the afterdeck so that they were compelled to hang on to escape being washed over-

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board. The water drained away and in the dark the two, drenched to the skin, stumbled to the wheel.

"Where are you, sir?" called the sailor in a low tone.

There was no reply. The engineer stooped and peered around the deck. No human form was to be seen and the grating, crushed into shapeless bits, floated in the scuppers. Neither uttered a word. They went forward and threw themselves panting down the scuttle into the forepeak. When they turned and faced each other, a heavy sea thundered upon the deck above them. "The old man is lost," said the engineer.

"He'll tell no tales," responded his companion.

"We might as well 'a' thrown him over the side as left him on that grating. You and I killed him."

"I say," cried the sailor, "that he'll tell no tales."

"But the boy!"

They stared idiotically at each other and clutched the side of the bunks to secure their footing. The spasm of resentment was past, and they were face to face with an unpremeditated crime. The engineer broke the pause. "It's gone far enough," he said hoarsely. "We've blood on our hands. The boy's not in this."

"Why not? Do you want to hang?"

"I say the boy is not in this mess; he's naught to do with it."

"If the old man were here, he'd put the boy in it with us. He's got to take his chances."

"I say he's clear," cried the engineer. "We've done it. We're men and we can take the pay that comes to us. Is it a bargain?"

The sailor's face was ghastly, but a manlier chord was touched by the plea. He reached out a hand calloused and misshapen by many a year of servile toil, and the two men sealed their compact.

In the meantime the captain lay helpless on the grating and counted the minutes which intervened between the sea that roared over the rail to beat him into breathless agony. Time and again he was carried against the low bulwarks in instant expectation of death. His struggles for mere life became feebler; he waited for the sea that was to wash him clean overboard to destruction. Suddenly, through the murky smother he discerned a slender form crawling aft by the weather side of the cabin. "Tommy! Tommy!" he called fiercely.

The lad watched his chance and ran to the wheel. Stooping over he sawed the captain's bonds apart with his knife and dragged him into the lee of the deck-house in time to escape the seething flood that swept the deck and smashed the grating into the scraps that later met the eyes of the mutineers. It was not long till the captain's blood was once more circulating, and the warm tingle roused him into activity. "Where are they?" he asked.

"I'll go and see." When Tommy came back he announced that they were in the forepeak. "Go and close the scuttle and bolt it," commanded the captain, "and I'll fix the door below. Jump!"

The boy obeyed, and when he returned to the cabin the skipper nodded. "You're faithful, Tommy, and you shan't be sorry. Now, we must save the ship if we can."

A glance forward filled him with rage. "Lubbers!" he roared. "They've tried to heave her to under the stays'ls. Rotten canvas, rotten tackle, rotten mast. She'll breach and founder. Tommy, we've got to get up some steam and get out to sea."

"Where are we, sir?" asked the boy.

"Somewhere off the North Head, I reckon," said the skipper grimly. "That's death. No show for young bones under that cliff."

"I can fire up, sir."

'We'll both do it, Tommy. It's only an odd chance. She may go down any minute now, and we'll keep each other company."

They found the fires low and no steam. The two plied the furnace full of everything they could lay hands to, and when the gauge crawled up to thirty-five pounds, the captain started the engines. "Bust the boiler and stand by," was the laconic order as he swung himself up the ladder.

Tommy was beginning to enjoy the warmth and steady noise of the engine-

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room when a hail from the deck came to his ears. "Tumble up, lively! Stop her, and up with ye!"

"What is it, sir?" panted Tommy, when he reached the deck.

"We're ashore!" cried the skipper in his ear.

A glance through the murk to leeward showed a seething, hissing, thundering waste; above its turmoil they heard the crash of breakers.

"We're driving against a dead wall of rock. Get up aloft. Main-top, my lad!"

"The men in the peak!" said the boy with a gesture. The captain at first seemed hardly to catch the meaning of his cry; then he threw up one hand in answer and plunged forward. The boy was almost up the weather rigging when the captain, followed by two men, broke out of the forepeak and crossed the lurching deck to the fore rigging. They halted, obeyed a motion of the skipper, ran aft to the main and joined Tommy in the little top. Here the four clung speechless while with a swift lurch the foremast disappeared. The engineer and seaman strained against the quivering maintopmast in agony.

Suddenly out of the blinding spray rose up a sheer wall of blackness and silence seemed to smother everything. A huge sea picked the Katie up gently, and bore her smoothly out of the hideous tumble on toward the cliff. The skipper let go his grasp with one hand and reached up to the boy above him. "Good bye, Tommy!" he cried.

The lad looked down and caught the one fatherly glance that had ever warmed his heart. He felt himself falling and called out. A wet branch brushed across his face and he clutched at it in bewilderment. A second later he swung against moist earth and dug his fingers into strong sea grass and turned his face down away from the wind.

When he came to himself the captain, engineer and sailor were painfully dragging him up the steep cliff-side. It was very dark and the hot odor of fern choked him. "Are you hurt?" asked the captain, stooping over him.

"No, sir. How did we get here?"

"We were tossed against the cliff where some trees happened to be growing. We managed it just as you did."

"Are we all here?"

"All safe," was the reply.

The morning broke in glorious freshness before they made the top of the cliff. There they dropped breathlessly on the grass and rested. Below them tossed the breakers, a dainty fringe of white on the fast deepening blue of the sea. Presently the captain rose and started off. "I'm going to the Lighthouse to report," he said in answer to Tommy's query.

"Won't you let these men go first?" asked the boy timidly.

"What!" screamed the captain, turning short round. Tommy hung his head and wept bitterly. "They've been good to me, sir," he sobbed.

The skipper of the Katie thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled. The two mutineers stood before him shamefaced and in silence. The captain felt much injured that he should be expected to forego his righteous revenge, and he felt, beside, the pinch of the morning air. Without warning he burst into laughter. "Ye don't deserve anything at my hands. You've lost me my ship. That ye're alive now ye may set down to the act of God. Go off. I'm mum. Nobody will believe me or you anyway."

The men shambled away through the high ferns and Tommy sat beside the skipper and wept because his stomach was unfilled.

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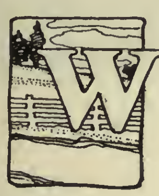
Fourth of July at Nome, Alaska

By JOSEPHINE VRELLE SCROGGS

"Uncle Sam's police."



E had been having the long daylight for weeks, and accompanied by so little change that it was easy to forget the days of the week. No wonder that people lost sight of Sunday—no lessening of work, no peal of bells, no atmosphere of rest.

The hours slipped by and everything drifted into irregularity. The days and hours were all mixed up like the people in the streets, hodge-podge, hurry-scurry, pellmell, no order and couldn't be.

Midnight was like high noon—men worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four, wagons rattled along the street at 3 o'clock in the morning, the dogs howled and screamed continually, and ladies made fashionable calls anywhere from 6 p. m. till midnight. It was not an unusual sight to see five hundred man standing listlessly on the sidewalks at 10 or 11 o'clock at night, the planked street filled with the motley crowd, loads of lumber and coal passing, men leading the line of packs en route for the creeks, only to be disappointed and return in a day or two, to the street scenes of the Nome Mining Camp. Nothing has ever been seen like it. No mining camp was ever established under the same conditions that exist at Nome, and throughout the extreme Northwest. At any time of day one could walk down Front street and see the nations of the world, foreigners from every portion of the globe, and it was a fascinating experience to see miners, speculators, gamblers, capitalists, business men of the town, sight-seers, and all manner of onlookers—many idlers and "dead broke," both men and women.

To one, a close observer of new places, novel scenes and the extraordinary every-

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where, it afforded a large field for study of an extremely interesting character.

Men had arrived in Nome to do something; the frost still clung to the creeks and tundra; they were idle and restless —whether to stay or go was the question.

Men had remained in Nome all winter to take advantage of the first early opening out of the claims—but to add to the long dreary months just passed, was the disappointment of the backward season, breaking up their plans and creating larger expense.

a month of fevered waiting destroyed his enthusiasm, other business investments needed his attention, and he was wasting time at Nome. He sold out the complete outfit, and in two days embarked on a South-bound steamer. Time was heavy, patience worn, and the chances too great and portentious to stand waiting on uncertainty.

With the theatre at night and the saloons open every hour, there was plenty of tawdry glamor, but the crowds wandered aimlessly along the beach—on

The pomp and circumstance of a local fire department.

Men had stayed at Nome having no money to secure passage out. They found shelter in the saloons, and practically that was all the home they had; now, when the summer season had come, still there was no work progressing, and no opportunity for their long pent-up hopes and little encouragement that the season would offer anything but disappointment again.

A capitalist whom I knew bought an extravagant outfit to equip whatever he might find of mining enterprise; but

Front street and anywhere, back to the tundra, as far as boards had been laid for a sidewalk.

There was about an hour between 12 and 1 o'clock at midnight when it seemed there was a faint suggestion of twilight; the noise was slightly hushed and the whisper of rest was in the air, but before one could fall into the first sleep Nome was astir again

In the weird morning mist Snake River would appear creeping nearer and nearer, the native life on the sand-spit was calm

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and still and the repose of day under conditions wholly unlike anything ever seen before, produced a lonesomeness almost unbearable; the white light of morning touched the peaks, the hills, the low tundra, and kissed the sea into brilliancy of every changing hue, and half the town in slumber every day till nine or ten o'clock.

During June there were but five pleasant days; constant drizzling rain or fitful showers and a peculiar penetrating dampness indoors would seem to be quite sufficient to produce the depression of which everyone is more or less conscious.

July was spasmodically cold and rainy, but patches of sunshine let in bits of hope that the real summer had come.

Fourth of July! Surely, Fourth of July at Nome!

Uncle Sam has forty-five States, he can look over into Cuba and all the rest —visit Hawaii, and plant the national banner on the plains of Luzon. But Alaska, so nearly the possession of the Frost King, and so truly the territory of the United States—to be sure, a little out of the regular trend from East to West, but faithful and good, and with all she has, patriotic. Nome is the capital of the Northwest, and Nome must have a Fourth of July.

The day opened with heavy mist on the hills and a dense fog in the harbor and a volley at the Fort, four miles away, and a dozen fire crackers on the waterfront.

There was a lively thoroughfare on Front street at 9 a. m. No one knew whether to carry umbrellas or wear furs. We first went to the Fourth and carried an umbrella just as we had been taught heretofore, but when we saw snowflakes in the air we didn't know what to do, but we all went home and put on boas, and fur coats, and left our umbrellas behind the door. To our amazement the snow disappeared, and the rain poured. The procession was about to start, and the band was in handsome trim on Golden Gate hill. We all made a rush and the crowd pro-

The fat man's race.

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vided itself with both umbrella and furs, just in time to see the band turn on Front street and hear the bugle of double quick as the military, the civic parade, the G. A. R., the A. B.'s, the Masonic Order, the Fire Company, and the whole street filled with music and tramping, and last of all the school children, presenting a grand procession in the streets of Nome, twenty-seven hundred miles from the west coast of the Republic.

Patriotism and the flag of our country! The throng massed around the grandstand, and between rain and sun, light and shade, our hearts beat high with honor and pride as we listened to the

The band was more harmonious than decorative.

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reading of the Declaration of Independence, the patriotic speeches and the songs, "Star Spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in which all joined, and the ring of praise and melody made sweet echo in the soul of many, both weary and discontented, the cheerful and not afraid.

In the late hours of the afternoon there was a varied programme of games and races on Second street, entered upon with more than usual pleasure and merriment. A decided interest was manifested in the fat men's race, but the hose boys, the tub, the walking match and the hurdle, all came in for their share.

Where the eagle spreads.

Toward six o'clock the sun shed a lovely golden color over the landscape, reflecting high lights on metal and glass, and brightening the streets and lining the clouds with silver fringe—the clouds which had bent low and hung heavy and gray through the busy scenes of the day.

The streets now became one gay throng and the man from the mines forgot the serious problem which had bowed his head and filled his heart with care; the man who had seen eight months of solid winter and nothing to do, left dull, brooding pain, and for a time the choking heaviness was gone; the idler forgot his shuffling slowness and moved with easy, light tread, the traveler forgot the grimy streets and hardened lines, and thought it not so bad a place after all: and the whole retinue of life for a brief hour was changed; incongruities disappeared; everybody loved his neighbor, his

The hose cart race. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

load was lighter, the burdens were lifted, and the music of patriotism welled in the soul. The native and the foreigner, the illiterate and the civilized, the Orient and the Arctic, breathed one heart-beat and lived in one common bond of universal brotherhood—that day.

It was one o'clock at night. The waves did not wash up so high on the beach, the little pebbles did not roll in the water. It was still, and the shadows of purple on the hills were lovelier than ever before—a bird swooped low, dipping the water with her spiny white wings, the breeze played across the Spit and Belmont Point, the long spires of sunlight shot out over the harbor, three sails were becalmed far out toward the sea. The traffic and din along the streets grew fainter and fainter, the people were tired, the wheels were quiet, and the patient malamute was asleep at his master's door.

Rest like a mantle of warmth and friendship spread over the city, and the Fourth of July at Nome was a memory amid other pleasant recollections of the past.

WANDER SONG

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

And when it rains and when it pours
   And home so narrow and warm,
It drives and draws me out of doors
   Right lusty into the storm.

My pack is light, my mantle gray
   Can hold my riches and me,
But not my heart; it soars away
   With Swallow joyous and free.

Hurrah! how fresh the wind and rain,
   Old Wotan laughs in the sky
With big bass voice; I laugh again;
   I feel as if I could fly.

The setting hen may keep her nest,
   The doves may couple and feed,
But Swallow, we love freedom best,
   We're not of stable-yard breed!

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The Perils of the Camphor Industry in Formosa

By FRED H. MAJOR

EW women when instructing their maids to be sure not to neglect placing a few balls of camphor amongst the folds of their furs and other expensive clothes, as security against the ravages of the innocent-looking but destructive little moth, give a thought, or, indeed, have any knowledge whatever of the source from which the supply of that fragrant drug is obtained, and the terrible dangers to which its collectors are subject.

Camphor is the product of a species of the laurel tree known to the learned as the camphora officinarum. It is indigenous to Formosa, an island lying off the southeast coast of China in longitude 121.15 to 122.5 east of Greenwich, and latitude 21.54 to 25.19 north, and about 100 miles from the mainland, from which it is separated by the Straits of Tokien. It was given its name, signifying beautiful, by the Portuguese in the early part of the 17th century.

Formosa was owned by the Chinese for a long time, but passed into the possession of Japan at the close of the late war. This large and comparatively unknown island is divided longitudinally by a high range of mountains, the extreme altitude of which is reached by Mount Morrison soaring upwards into cloudland to a height of 12,000 feet.

The western portion slopes gently down into modulating plains inhabited by a population of nearly two million Chinese engaged in the cultivation of

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Into the brush.

sugar and rice; but the mountains and more precipitous lands on the east, running down to the Pacific Ocean, are occupied entirely by various warlike tribes of savages, principally descended from the Malays, whose only occupations are hunting, fishing, and fighting. In the latter pursuit they are actuated by their natural and inherent love of bloodshed, and a desire to acquire the property of their enemies, the most coveted being, strange to say, their skulls, which are prized beyond value as trophies of war, and sought for under all circumstances, fair or unfair, by the young men, who, without such proof of valor, can never venture to aspire to the dignity of matrimony.

It is on the high lands over-run by these terrible hordes of head-hunters that the extensive forests of laurel which supply practically the whole world with camphor are found.

Dating from the year 1895 the annual production has amounted to, in round figures, 7,000,000 pounds. China produces about 200,000, Japan something like 300,000, and Borneo a trifle under 100,000 pounds per annum.

Japan has recently enacted laws converting the trade of Formosa into a Government monopoly which in addition to regulating the output will tend to introduce a measure of stability in the matter of price.

The Government grants permits to a limited number of individuals or companies to engage in collecting, insists

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upon the planting of a new tree to take the place of each one felled (the destruction of the tree being necessary in obtaining the gum), purchases the entire product of a fixed price and furnishes soldiers to act as guards to the camps. There are at present about 1,500 of the regular Japanese army on this duty, but as the area to be patrolled is very large and difficult to travel, the protection is by no means efficient, and camps are frequently raided and the adventurous members butchered.

The mode of obtaining camphor is very primitive and curious. Usually a hardwood tree is felled, and the trunk hollowed out into the form of a long trough, the bottom of which is covered with a thick layer of adhesive clay nearly approaching in its qualities the ordinary fire clay used in foundries.

This trough, supported at its extremities, is filled with water, and a wood fire built beneath it.

Above, and covering the trough, to which its edges are cemented with clay, is a plank perforated with a number of round holes, from two to three inches in diameter. Over these holes chips of camphor wood are piled, each pile being covered with an inverted pot made of clay and similar in shape to a common flower pot.

When the water boils, the steam rising through the holes disintegrates the camphor gum from the chips that contain it, and the sublimated camphor crystalizes upon the inside of the pots. The crude product is then dumped into vats furnished with holes for drainage, and beneath, in vessels placed for the purpose, is gathered a yellow oleaginous fluid known to trade as camphor oil, which is in great demand in China, being considered by the medical faculty to be a certain cure for rheumatism, and it is also used in America and Europe in connection with arts and medicine.

When drainage is completed the camphor and oil are packed in tubs and car-

Native huts.

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ried, slung on poles between two men, to the chief city and center of trade, Tai-wan-foo, there to be delivered to the Government official appointed to receive them, and afterwards distributed amongst the four quarters of the globe.

The process of production by the aid of such old-time methods is naturally slow and tedious, but no doubt in the near future various improvements will be introduced which will greatly facilitate the work, for the Japanese are evincing a decidedly progressive spirit of late, particularly in the management of Government business.

To illustrate the perils that beset those engaged in the trade of collecting, we cannot do better than describe the fate that befell a party in 1884.

This was, of course, before Japan had acquired control, but though conditions are somewhat better now, the same dangers exist in a modified form.

An Englishman named John Bennett, in partnership with an American, from somewhere in Illinois, by the name of Bud Walker, landed at Takao, a town on the southwest coast.

They arrived with all the outfit necessary to enable them to conduct business on a large scale; engaged the services of a German named Heinz as a sort of foreman, twenty-two Chinese coolies and a cook of the same nationality, and then shipped with all their belongings, on board a small schooner which they had chartered, and bore away to round the southern point of the island, with a view to making a landing at some convenient spot on the east side, which they could use as a base for their operations in the forests.

Their better plan would undoubtedly have been to strike directly overland from Takao, but it transpired that Bennett had a notion that not only would they obtain better results by exploiting the forests on the east, but that they might also evade the impositions of the Chinese officials who collected taxes, by shipping their produce from that side, as the Chinese were particularly chary about encroaching upon the domains of the barbarian races who made their homes in the intervening highlands.

It may truly be said that this attempt at evasion of taxation was wrong, but it must be remembered that at that time the Chinese Government farmed out its taxes, and the consequences of such a policy were most disastrous to the unfortunate debtors, white men being squeezed to the uttermost cent that their business would permit of, and the bastinado being brought into requisition in the case of natives, either Chinese or aborigines.

Misfortune pursued the expedition from the first.

The schooner ("Colleen Bawn") was caught in a heavy "nor'wester" off the South Cape, and the Captain swept overboard and lost.

There was but one other white man in the crew, the mate.

His name was Gilchrist, and by almost superhuman efforts he managed to preserve the craft through the terrific storm, repaired damages, and eventually made the land, finding convenient anchorage and shelter in a small creek.

A storehouse was built of bamboo and thatch, and all the impedimenta landed and stored away to the best advantage, the schooner being safely moored close to the shore.

Over four months passed before the party had, by exploring, fixed upon the best route leading to a suitable collection of trees to commence work upon.

The pathway was cleared of undergrowth and other obstructions, and whilst Gilchrist and his crew of Malay sailors remained on the beach, Bennett and his party at the felling camp began operations.

The coolies, under the guidance of Heinz, who was the only practical man, chopped down the most promising trees and converted them into chips, the distillation, draining, and packing being superintended by Bennett and Walker.

For nearly three months, during which time they had seen no signs of natives, although one or other of the white men had frequently penetrated several miles into the forests hunting for wild boar, deer, and other game to supply the camp with fresh food, the results of their labors were all that could be desired.

However, one day Heinz took the back trail in charge of ten coolies conveying five tubs of camphor.

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The journey to the beach usually took about three days, but as this was the first time that a party had gone down so heavily laden, it was estimated that another day would be occupied on the road.

Ten days passed, however, without any signs of the absentees, and Bennett, complaining of Heinz's delay, sent a coolie to hurry him up, there being a considerable quantity of produce ready for transportation.

Another week elapsed without word from either Heinz or the messenger, who had followed him, and the camp became alarmed. At length it was decided that the whole force should go down to investigate the cause of trouble if trouble there was; so, fully armed, the two white men, with revolvers and Spencer rifles, and the coolies with machettes and knives, the camp was left behind early one morning.

That night they reached the first camping place on the trail, at the foot of a majestic fall of water, where they found plenty of evidence of Heinz having rested. They took comfort from this, and the next morning resumed their march in better spirits.

Towards noon they reached a narrow canyon where the trees almost met overhead, making the pathway very dark. To their astonishment they found the path strewn with numerous boulders, which Walker averred had not been there when he had last traversed the route some four or five weeks earlier.

This looked suspicious, but, consoling themselves with the idea that they had probably been loosened from the overhanging rocks and rolled down during a heavy rain storm that had struck the district a few days previously, they examined their weapons and entered the pass in Indian file, Bennett leading the way, followed by the coolies, with Walker bringing up the rear.

They were about half way through the defile when without a moment's warning a shower of boulders was hurled upon them from above.

Panic seized the coolies, and not knowing which way to run for safety, they huddled together like a lot of sheep, two or three of them going down under the heavy missiles.

Bennett and Walker fired upwards with the hope of hitting some of their invisible foes, but in a moment an attack was made upon them from the front by fully two score of hideously painted savages, in a state of nudity except for small blue loin cloths and immense head-dresses, adorned with feathers and grasses of brilliant colors. They were armed with bows and arrows and long broad-bladed spears, and after sending in a flight of arrows, boldly charged.

However, they were received with such a fusilade from the Spencers and revolvers that they wavered; and, as several fell under the fire, turned and fled.

Bennett and Walker, fearing an attack from the rear which would close their only avenue of escape, rallied the coolies, three of whom had to be carried, and beat a retreat, fortunately finding the way open. As they left the canyon they were followed by their assailants but a judicious rifle shot once in a while served to keep them at a respectful distance.

Their position now was serious; for cut off from the shore and a day's march from their upper camp, they would be compelled to stand off their enemies for a night in the open country.

One of the injured coolies was found to be dead and the other two so desperately hurt that they were utterly helpless. Litters were made for these two and the little party moved on keeping a bright look-out for a shelter which they could defend during the approaching darkness.

Providence came to their aid in a totally unexpected manner, for, arrived at the foot of the waterfall where they had passed the previous night, Walker whilst bathing a slight wound in his ankle happened to discover a small opening in the rocks over which the cascade bounded.

By the exercise of great care he managed to cross the slippery rocks and found himself at the mouth of a cave which receded until its depth was lost in darkness.

He returned to his companions and at once a brisk fire was opened upon the savages wherever they could be seen; he and Bennett even going forward to the attack.

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This action was continued for some time, the fiends being gradually driven away for they could not face firearms. At length a dash was made for the cave and the whole party succeeded in entering.

All night long they kept a strict watch but saw nothing to further alarm them. At daylight they cautiously made a sortie, and seeing no indications of their foes' proximity, once more took their way to the shore.

In the canyon they found two dead savages who from their tattoo marks and head-dresses were recognized by the coolies to belong to the Hak-Ka tribe, one of the fiercest which infest the country.

They pushed on by forced marches and eventually reached Gilchrist and his men in the beach house. It appeared that they also had sustained an attack, presumably by the same band of Hak-Kas, but the house being well barricaded and situated in the open where a surprise could not be effected as long as a good watch was kept, the savages had been easily beaten off. Possibly the assault was but a half-hearted affair as the presence of the schooner ensured a ready means of retreat for the besieged in case of necessity, and consequently the assailants had little chance of obtaining the much-desired skulls. They also were probably aware that there was no camphor in the hut, and judged that the available loot was not worth the loss of life which a victory would have entailed.

Gilchrist had no news to give of Heinz or the other missing men, and it was decided that a search should be instituted. During the next two or three weeks several attempts were made to reach the abandoned camp, but the trail was in the hands of too strong a force to break through, and as it seemed certain that the camp had by that time been cleaned out, and no trace could be found of Heinz and his coolies, it was agreed that there was nothing for it but to embark again.

This was done, and upon arrival at Tai-Wan-Foo our expedition was at once organized to make the journey overland.

As expected, the camp was found to have been most effectively looted, and nothing more was ever heard of Heinz and the others whose polished skulls most likely now adorn the huts of some of the dreaded Hak-Ka tribe.

Such being the risk, even at present day, attached to collecting camphor, it need not be wondered at that the price is high, and ladies should remember this when they lift their eyebrows at being asked a few cents extra for the two or three small balls which they require to throw into their bureau drawers.

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ES," said Long Ike, bullwhacker, with a queer laugh, as we lay beside the camp fire down in the Platte bottom below Denver. "I was a tenderfoot onct, me, looking as I do." Yet at the moment no man between Maine and California could have looked less like a tenderfoot than this hardy frontiersman who had crossed the Great Plains not less than a dozen times with his freight teams.

"Yes," he repeated, "I was a tenderfoot onct, and right thar's the proof of it;" and at the world he shoved forward a big, misshapen boot innocent of blacking or grease. "Thar's nothing but a wad of cotton batten inside that 'ar, where three of my best toes had orter be. Froze 'em off, I did, in '59, somewheres in between the Smoky Hill Fork and the Platte River. You bet my feet was tender enough then.

"It was when the Pike's Peak excitement broke out, and folks were in such a blamed hurry to get out here that they some of 'em actually piled their truck on to hand carts and shoved 'em the whole five hundred miles from the States. But I didn't care about pushing no hand cart, me; so I paid a feller as had a bull-team fifteen dollars to tote my outfit along for me, and I jes' hoofed it alongside. We come the Smoky Hill route, and, of course, like the rest of the pilgrims, we had to burn buffalo chips for our camp fire. Every night when we made camp I used to take a gunny bag and skip around and pick up all the dry chips I could find, for it was late in the fall and the nights was getting mortal cold.

"One night we made a dry camp in a place where chips was scarce, and I wandered off a goodish way hunting for 'em. It had grown plump dark when I'd filled the bag and turned to strike out for camp. I had started out south from the road, and all the time I was hunting for chips I kept in my mind as how due north was the bee-line direction that I'd orter take to get back to camp—leastwise, that's what I thought. But after I turned for home I walked for hours, and nary sign of camp could I see. At last I was clean give out, so I struck a match and lit a fire with my bag of chips and lay by it till dawn. I felt sure that come daylight I'd find the wagon again easy enough.

"Daylight come, and I hunted for that

wagon, but nary wagon! I still kept on working northwards, thinking that I was bound to cut the wheel-tracks somewheres; but nary wheel-track! I was lost—that's what I was. I tell you it's an awful thing to have happen to a man out on them great plains. Lost men have gone raving mad in a few nours, and have been found by their friends (if they were lucky) when they'd stripped tnemselves stark naked and were running round in circles swearing that the sun had got into the wrong part of the sky. Them as weren't found had their bones picked by the coyotes.

"But I wasn't going to let myself get turned round in no such crazy way, and I swore to keep a firm grip on myself. I aone it, too; I told myself that the roa l lay north of me and north I would go; I wouldn't allow myself to see that I must have crossed the road in the dark night without knowing it, so that every mile as I walked northwards looking for it I was leaving it further and further behind.

"Wal, the second night I was plump give out, and I was starving. But I still had matches, and I made a fire of chips to sleep by. I hadn't no gun, no sort of wepping 'cept an old butcher knife. I dug grass roots with that and I chewed all the next day on them, but buffalo grass roots ain't what you mignt call nourishing.

"I never could tell how many days I went on like that; fact is, I must have grown light-headed. I found water many times, for all over the plains the traveling buffalo herds have made regular big highways to their watering places, and as often as I'd strike one of them big buffalo roads I'd follow it along and swear to myself that it was the very same wagon road as I'd lost, and that the hoof marks I see in it was the tracks of our work bulls. Of course thar was no wheel to be seen, but I made myself believe as thar was; and I traveled, hard as I could go, along them roads, like I was loony. But all the same them buffalo roads took me to water every time. I wore my butcher knife down to a miserable half-inch stump digging for grass roots. It was 'root little hog or die' for me, I can tell you, but though I was everlastingly rooting for all I was worth, I most nigh died.

"At last my stock of matches give out, and then I thought I was bound to die sure. In fact, I guess I wanted to die, but I didn't; I wrastled on still, somehow, but the second night, as I had no fire, I froze three of my toes. Scott! but that night was cold; it got into the marrow of my bones, till I was crazy after something richer than grass roots—something as would warm me, and then first thing next morning I came upon a prairie-dog town.

"If I'd only had a revolver! But it was no use wishing. Lame as I was I ran here after them and I ran there, trying to catch 'em with my hands, but of course every time just before I got to the hole the dog popped down it out of sight. At last I fell from weakness—I was plump petered out and I lay where I fell, as still as a log. It happened that I lay close to the hole of the last dog that I chivied. I dunno now long I laid thar—mebbe an hour. And as I lay I heered the dogs begin to come out of the other holes near me and go to sqeaking again. They was mad at me lying thar. And then I heered a rustling of little feet, and here was the dog as owned the hole by which I lay coming up to inspect. I dunno how I done it, but sudden like I darted my hand out and I grabbed him.

"Scott! but how that pesky critter bit me; bit my fingers to the bone, he did. But I squeezed the life out of him in half a jiff, and I opened him with my stump of a butcher knife, and I eat him thar raw, blood, insides and all. I felt stronger then, and got up to take a look round, and the next thing I knowed here was three of them big gray buffalo wolves awatching me. I see suthin' else, too; far away. I see some black specks that I jes' swore to myself was our work-bulls, grazing.

" 'Saved,' I called out. 'Thanks be! I'm saved at last,' and I started for 'em. Would you believe it? Them wolves come sneaking after me! They smelt the blood of the prairie dog on me, and suspicioned that I was wounded! 'Course they came along pretty cautious, for I might have been a hunter with a gun for all they knowed, but they was

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A tenderfoot once.

smart enough to spot that I was walking powerful weak, and they followed me.

"Wal! I walked and walked till I could see them black specks as plain as I see you, and then you can bet your life they warn't no work-bulls; they was nothing but buffalo. Truth to tell, I knowed as much before, but when a man's more'n half mad he plays it on himself that things ain't what they rightly are. And so I went on playing with myself even after I knowed. I set myself to still hunt 'em—played it that I was a professional buffalo hunter who was going to shoot a fat cow for meat. Them wolves sneaked off again when they saw me go to playing hunter so earnest-like, and I guess they concluded to look out for a calf for themselves. Likely they told themselves that fat buffalo calf was sweeter than man-meat any day. As for me, you bet you, I still-hunted them buffalo good. I got down-wind of 'em, and I crept and crawled till I got within a hundred yards, and then I put up my head, holding my butcher knife like it was a pistol, and I drew a bead on one of 'em, squinting along the back of it same as if it had sights. Loony, yes; you bet I was loony, and it was enough to make any man loony to see a thousand of them critters stomping around and each last one of them carrying a thousand pounds of good fat fall meat, and me there starving in the midst of plenty.

"I lay where I fell, as a log."

"But as they stomped around I seen something else with the buffalo that made my heart give a jump. It was a great big red steer with short curly horns. He was for all the world the exact spi-it an' image of old Dave, a big wheel-ox that my daddy owned. I watched him and I seen he moved round amongst the buffalo sort of friendly like. They 'peared to be used to him and didn't mind him one bit.

"I tumbled to it at once as he was jes' a stray work-bull as had got lost from somebody's bull-team crossing the plains and had took up with the buffalo for company. So next thing I give up being a buffalo hunter and let on to myself instead that I was a bullwhacker, played it as how this ox really was my daddy's old Dave, played it as how he'd got lost on the plains same as me, and now here was the pair of us met together again. We wasn't a very well matched pair, though, for I was skin poor and Dave was rolling fat on buffalo grass. But you can't fatten no bullwhacker on buffalo grass roots.

"Just as I was thinking this, Dave, for I was grown so childish I did really call him that to myself, put up his great broad face, and he seen me at once. The buffalo hadn't taken no notice of me, but cattle has a heap better sight than buffalo. And he looked and he looked, and he began to walk my way slowly; you bet, cattle air mighty inquisitive critters. I lay right still, and Dave came slouching along just like any other old work-bull; up he came, holding his head high till I could see the big, fleshy nose of him snuffing to smell what I was.

"When he got close. 'Whoa-a, Dave,' says I, talking to him very soft; and then I kept on talking quietly to him, bullwhacker's talk. He knowed what it was, you bet, and it reminded him of old times, and he stood thar patiently listen-

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ing to my chin music. Then I got up, allers very quiet, and keeping him betwixt me and the buffalo, I went gently up to him. He stood like a lamb. My old dad's Dave was the quietest old wheel-ox ever you see, and this Dave was jes' the same.

" 'Woo-haw, Dave,' says I, 'woo-come"; and at the word you should have seen him swing around 'haw,' for all the world as if he was turning the plough at the end of the furrow. I made him come haw two or three times, and he minded my voice every time. Then I stepped alongside of him, and laid my hand on his back. He started at that and made as if to run off. 'Yay-ee-ee,' says I, warningly, and he stopped as obedient as you please. I got my hand on him again and handled him all over, and he stood like a lamb.

"But the taste of that prairie dog was in my mouth still, and it made me ravenous for meat. You'll scarce believe it, but the very first thing I done, I felt for his jugular, and I got out my butcher knife and set the stub point of it against the vein and tried to cut in. Lord love you! that stub of a butcher knife woudn't no more'n jes' scratch Dave's thick hide; but he felt the scratch of it, and he let a little bawl out of him and jumped away from me sideways.

"And as soon as he bawled the buffalo heard him and looked up and some on 'em seen me, and the next moment they was scooting off acrost the prairie lickity-split as tight as they could send. They'd been hunted enough to know what the sight of a man meant.

"Dave he starts to run after 'em, but 'Yay-ee-ee' shouts I to him again, not soft this time, but loud and angry. He stopped. I ran to his head and hammered him over the nose with the handle of the butcher knife. 'Back there,' I says to him. 'Git back.' I believe he thought he had the old ox-yoke on his neck already; anyway he backed—old use and wont was too much for him when he heard a man's voice. I kept him there woo-hawing and backing as if we was working a log-wagon in thick lumber till them buffalo was miles away, clean out of sight and hearing. Then I starts out to drive Dave north and find that road. For I still thought it was north I'd got to go.

"Lord! but if I was to talk for a week I never could make you understand what company that steer was to me. I hoofed it alongside him all day; we got that friendly that I held on to his tail at last and let him tow me same as if I was hanging on to the back of a wagon. I believe I could have rid on his back if I'd bin strong enough to climb on. I stopped one or two hours to dig grass roots in the afternoon, and Dave jes' grazed around.

"Come night I feared as I'd lose my companion, so I made him lay down, and we was that familiar by then that he let me lay down beside him right up agin his back. Scott! but that was bully. Dave's warm body kept me warmer'n a fire. I didn't freeze no more toes that night, tho' of course, like all cattle, Dave had to get up for a couple of hours in the middle of the night and feed awhile

"You bet I was loony."

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before he'd lay down again and chew his cud. But I walked round with him in the dark while he fed, standing just to leeward of him, so he'd kind of act as a wind break and keep the wind off me. And then when he laid down after midnight I cuddled up to his warm side a second time. I'd have froze sure but for him. He jes' saved my life, and I knowed it.

"Four days and four nights I wandered round with that ox, working north all the time and living on grass roots, for I couldn't catch no more prairie dogs.

"And then on the fourth day I chanced upon a lady. Oh, yes, you kin look surprised, but that's what she was—a reg'lar lady, young, handsome, and high-toned, if she was only a girl of fifteen, all by herself out in the middle of the plains. Nor she wasn't lost there, neither. She was quite at home, only she was jes' quietly taking a little scoot around, riding on a fine American horse with a fine new lady's saddle cinched on his back. Soon as she saw me with Dave she loped up to us.

"'Morning, mister,' says she when she got pretty close, 'seen any more stray work cattle around?"

"'No, miss,' says I; 'I don't seem to have seed no cattle 'cept this ox, not for about a year and a half.' And with that I laffed right out, for I was plump lightheaded.

"She looked me all over from head to foot. She was jes' as rosy as an apple and as sassy as a jay-bird.

"'Why, whar you bin so long?' says she. 'You do look mighty peaked. D' you belong to one of them busted outfits going back from Pike's Peak?' and with that she laffed right out, too.

"There was heaps of fellers that year as started out with 'Pike's Peak or Bust' painted big on their wagon covers, and a lot of 'em when they got thar soured on the whole show and wrote 'Busted' instead, and turned and lit out for home.

"'No, miss,' says I; 'I'm about busted but I'm not going back. I'm going to Pike's Peak.' I felt kind of nettled by her laugh. 'But can you tell me, miss,' says I, 'wharabouts the Smoky Hill road is? I've been looking for it quite a while, but I don't quite seem to find it.'

"'Why, pore man,' says she, her eyes growing pitiful, and she looking at me harder'n ever, 'I do believe you've bin lost. Why, the Smoky Hill Fork's hundreds of miles away from here. Yander's the Platte jes' beyond that bluff, and Major Beech—he's my pa—he's camped down there with his wagon train. We've lost one of our best steers, and we thought as some of them busted outfits of returning emigrants had bin and stolen it. He's gone down the Platte road to try and overtake 'em.' Then she looked hard at Dave and began to ask questions.

"'What steer's that you're driving thar anyway? Whose team does he belong to?'

"'Belongs to me, miss,' says I, 'but I ain't aworking of him. I've just got him along for a kind of pet, something to talk to and keep me warm o' nights.'

"She looked at me as if I had got six heads; nor I don't wonder if she thought I was loony.

"'I gather as how you didn't come up the Platte, then,' she says suspiciously.

"'No, miss,' says I; 'I've come out over the Smoky Hill route. It's kind of accidental, as I took this little pasear across to the Platte. And I'm traveling light, you see.'

"'What!' she cries, 'you're alone? You've got no outfit? You've come all that way with no blankets and no food?'

"'Yes, miss,' says I; 'I've had some food. I've eaten a whole prairie dog. And I've dug grass roots mostly. But I feel as if it was a year since I had a square meal.'

"'Pore man!' says she, softly, and I swear she looked as if she was going to cry. 'You must come right down to our camp and let me give you some food,' she says, 'and Major Beech shall fix you up the best way he can.'

"Lord! but how good Miss Sally Beech did fix me! She had some buffalo meat astewing over the fire, and I begged and prayed of her to let me have a full meal of it—prayed for it till I cried, I did—but 'twan't no use; she was rocky, she was, and nary morsel of solid meat did I get at first. Broth she gave me, and only three spoonfuls at a time of that, but she sat there all day long and give me my three spoonfuls every few min-

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utes till by evening I began to feel a heap better.

"Major Beech came back after a while. He'd overtaken the train of returning emigrants, but he hadn't found his strayed work-bull with them, and one of his own bullwhackers who'd been looking for tracks while Major Beech was gone swore as he'd trailed the lost bull down to the Platte, and he must have gone in and got swallowed up in a quicksand. Thar's quicksand in the bed of the Platte that'll swallow a horse or a steer right out of sight in five minutes.

"But I loaned Dave to the Major to work instead of him, and they hauled me to Denver in one of his wagons and the doctor thar cut off them three toes I'd froze and said I was powerful lucky to save the foot. But it's a good useful foot still to stump alongside a bull team on.

"I never found the feller as had my outfit on his wagon; when I got lost I reckon he must have put me down as died intestate, and appointed himself executor and heir-at-law to the hull lot of it. Anyway I never seen no more of him or of my property. But I froze to Dave. Major Beech 'ud have bought him of me, but I wouldn't sell him. However, I took a job at bull-whacking for the Major myself, and the upshot of it was that I became his wagon boss and ended by buying his bull train off him, and now I'm running it on my own account.

"I've got old Dave still, too. He don't do no work, the old sinner, but jes' loafs round."

"Why, thar he is now," cried Ike's chum, who was lying smoking beside the fire. "Blamed if I don't think he allus hears when you get to gassing about him."

Ike sprang up, went to his wagon, and putting his hand inside brought out a fistful of salt.

"Woo-come, Dave," said he, "woo-come!" and a big, red steer advanced half shyly into the firelight, breathing deep and loud, as he thrust forward his broad, upturned face, his fleshy lips working with anticipation.

Ike held out the salt, and the great tongue eagerly licked it off his master's hand.

"Tame as a little dog," said Ike's chum to me with a laugh, as she lazily rolled his huge length over to watch the performance. "Of all the gaul-derned pets for a bull-whacker to keep! But thar! Ike owes him something for saving the rest of them toes."

"I owe him for more'n that," Ike flung back at him over his shoulder as he scratched the curly front of the big steer. "Hark now!" From a tent behind the wagon the wail of a lusty infant demanding sustenance from nature's fount broke upon the night air, at which sound the bronzed face of Ike broadened into a conscious grin of pride.

"We call him Young Dave," he said to me with a nod towards the origin of the sound. "Reason enough, too; Miss Sally's bin Mrs. Ike any time these two years, but we owe the honor of the first introduction to Old Dave."

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DOWN on the San Cristobal road was the habitation of old Mother Harney. The house, half cottage, half store, was placed a hundred yards or so back from the highway, and a clump of mazanitas reared their reddish stems and dust-covered leaves at the back. It was to this humble emporium that the Mexicans in the vicinity came for their supplies of dried peppers, frijoles, onions, needles, thread, and other small articles of domestic economy. Occasionally a tourist halted for a glass of water or a bit of lunch, but such visitors were few. To the abode of Mother Harney came one day a ragged boy. Jose was the son of a low caste Mexican, and his mother was of mixed blood, the Indian predominating. The boy had been sent to shift for himself, and was sick from exposure and bad food. Though Mother Harney was distrustful of strays, she took pity on Jose. She hated men, but this was only a boy.

"Ye may stay out there," said she, indicating an out-house, where the burro and a family of chickens had their abode. "I have no room inside, but I will tend ye and feed ye, and when ye are strong enough ye can market my eggs."

And Jose thought this was better than the chapparal. Faithfully did Mother Harney care for the sick boy till he grew strong and well again, though never did she allow him to enter the house. Once a week the boy rode the burro to the neighboring town with the eggs, bringing the few silver pieces received for them home to Mother Harney, who praised his punctuality and honesty. Once when he returned the old woman was not outside to receive the money, and he started to enter the house, but she met him at the door.

"Ye'r not to come in, Jose, me bye; I told ye that before; ye'r place is there," pointing to the ramshackle stable. It had never occurred to his slow intellect that Mother Harney must have some strong reason for excluding him from the house, but now the thought took lodgment beneath his straggling mat of black hair, that the old woman had a secret she did not wish him to share. And he resented this banishment, though to be sure Mother Harney was kind, barring now and then a curse flung at him when he was careless and broke an egg.

"Why does she keep me out?" soliloquized the Mexican boy. "Has mamma got a nest egg there she doesn't wish me to see?"

And so, Mexican-like, the boy waited

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and watched; and, one day, when she supposed him away on the hill snaring ground squirrels, he crept through the clump of trees, and looking through a crevice in the back wall of the cottage, saw Mother Harney counting something, and it was not eggs she fingered. Jose's eyes were big with wonder as he glued them to the crack, for he saw silver and gold, too. Not the few pieces of white money he had brought from town the day before, but many large and small pieces of yellow coin! Once the old woman looked up as he trod upon a crackling weed, but shortly after resumed her occupation. He sought his shed again, and later Mother Harney brought his supper. Jose suppressed his excitement as best he could, his part Indian ancestry standing him in good stead, but the quick-witted old woman had her suspicions. A flush or a look as she questioned him made her eye him keenly.

"And how many squirrels did you take the day, Jose?" she asked.

Jose remarked that the squirrels were getting scarcer on the hillside.

"Tut, tut," said Mother Harney; "there are more further off, and I think it's yerself may be seeking thim to-morrow. Ye are strong again, and ranch boys are wanted for the fruit crop."

So next day, with some of the frijoles in a handkerchief and a piece of silver in his pocket, Jose started for the fruit country.

At a ranch several miles up the valley men were busy gathering the oranges, and among them was Ramon. He was a snake-eyed son of the soil, with Indian blood in his veins and a livid scar on his left cheek. He worked but seldom, but was lured by the promise of higher wages than those usually paid, for help was scarce that year and the Mexican wanted money for mescal. For this he would barter his soul. To the foreman that day came a boy in search of work. He was taken on—any help was desirable—and through the long, hot days they, the man and the boy, worked side by side.

Jose thought often of the woman who had befriended him, and of the golden store he had surreptitiously seen her gloating over, and one day he told his fellow workman of what he had seen. That night Ramon asked the boss for his wages and left the ranch.

The sun beat pitilessly upon the road leading to the San Cristobal Valley, but the lone pedestrian with the scar on his left cheek heeded it but little as he plodded on through the dust. One thought had taken possession of his half-creature brain, and that was of barrels of mescal. He turned off from the road after a little while, and sought the bed of a stream that was dignified by the name of river in the rainy season. A tiny rivulet still crept through it, half smothered by rushes of bamboo-like strength, and water cress that flourished in luxuriance. The wayfarer sat down and cooled his feet in the stream, thinking busily. The big rushes had given him an idea. From his ragged coat he took a razor, that was nicked near the haft, and with it cut one of the rushes. Then he found a flat stone and proceeded to hone the razor at the point, till with much labor and infinite patience he brought the tool to the resemblance of a spear, minus the barb. From his broken shoe he took a rawhide string, and, breaking the razor from the handle, fastened it to the end of the rush. He pushed the improvised weapon into the soil to test its strength, added some finishing touches to the blade with the stone, and lay down to rest.

As though loth to cease its parching sheen, the sun lazily sank behind a brown hillock, and Ramon came out on the valley road and walked toward the tienda of Mother Harney. Reaching the porch in front he was met by the old woman. Ramon made known his wants; he would buy some beans for his evening meal, a few cents worth would suffice. Mother Harney saw naught but a prospective customer in the poorly-dressed Mexican, and gave no notice to the rush he carried, about the top of which he had wrapped an old handkerchief. Behind a little counter she kept the store of beans, and thither she went to procure them, Ramon following. She stooped to open the box, and her broad back was presented to the waiting Mexican. Quick as the snap of the Gila monster of his native desert, he lunged the razor blade straight between the shoulders of Mother Harney, and again and again the terrible weapon

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found lodgment in her body. With scarcely a groan she fell, turning on her left side, her eyes bulging from their sockets.

and sacks he overturned, breaking some and scattering their contents over the floor. In feverish haste he stripped the shelves, for though late, a customer might

There were high goings on.

appear. Spying an old fashioned bureau he dragged open the drawers, and after much searching a bag of gold met his view. Here was money at last, and mes-

Ramon at once began to ransack the house for the treasure he was sure was secreted there. First the till was tried. That yielded a few silver coins. Boxes

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cal would be his! If he had looked further he would have found a larger amount beneath the slab of the old fire-place, but the Mexican had never seen so much gold in his life, and felt that he possessed the wealth of Golconda. Besides, he could not meet the eyes that glared at him when he came in range. They stared fixedly around the end of the counter, and these lifeless orbs, aided by the murderer's superstition saved the main treasure from his avaricious grasp. He tossed the bag in his hand, found it quite heavy, took a drink from a black bottle he found on a shelf, and left the scene of his awful deed.

The southern moon rose round, and its rays stole into the open door. A coyote howled in the open, and a night bird stirred the leaves of the manzanitas. The moon rose higher still, at last lighting up the face of the dead woman, and glinted upon a stream of blood that crept across the floor; and some sorcery in the moon's rays turned the livid stream into the color of mescal.

There were high goings on in Old Town, by which name the Spanish part of the Southern city was designated, and the inhabitants were telling each other of the fabulous amounts of money spent by Ramon, who had never been burdened with cash, and was formerly refused credit by all the dispensers of liquid refreshments in the place. And Ramon not only drank mescal in killing quantities, but at times of great hilarity swilled the champagne of the Gringo.

The orange crop had been harvested, and Jose returned to Old Town, and of course encountered Ramon. Soon the boy was told the gossip of Ramon's expensive habits, and a chill went through his heart. He felt that something had happened, he dared not think what. That night the Mexican was drunk as usual, and the boy led him to talk of the lonely woman who kept the store on the San Cristobal road. Ramon seemed fascinated by the subject, and needed little encouragement to talk. In maudlin utterance he spoke of the tale of wealth the boy brought him. How easy it would be, he said, to despoil her of her savings. A couple of thrusts with a good knife, and she could never tell. Jose was horrified by this drunken babble, and shrunk away from his companion. Two days before, a ranch hand, passing the lonely house, had discovered the crime and brought the story to the authorities. The sheriff had gone to the place at once where everything was found as Ramon had left it, but of the murderer not a clue. The ranch hand could not refrain from talking of what he had seen, and soon the town rung with the news of the murder. That night Ramon was missing from his accustomed haunts.

Over the heart of the Mexican boy swept a great wave of remorse; for though he dared not tell it, he knew it was he who had set the murderer on the track of the poor Irish woman, and the pangs became keener when he recalled her kindnesses toward him. He meant her no ill to be sure, but it was his hand, or rather his heedless tongue that had struck her down, and he wished he had been born dumb. Meanwhile the officers had their attention called to Ramon's expenditure of money and his sudden flitting, and by no very abstruse course of reasoning, concluded he was the man wanted. A search of the premises brought to light the money secreted in the fire place, but the weapon with which the deed had been done could not be found. The sheriff and his men hunted for Ramon for a week, but without avail. He was last seen in Pedro Estudillo's drinking place, which he had left practically sober, and here the trail seemed to end.

During this time Jose became morose with brooding, and took to making lone trips to the house of Mother Harney. Why did not the officers find Ramon he wondered. With all the machinery of the law at their command they should easily run down this ignorant murderer. Then he remembered that the weapon with which Mother Harney had been killed had never been found, and he began a search for it. Adopting the tactics of the trained hunting dog he ranged from the roadway a hundred yards up and down, all the time drawing nearer to the house, his keen eyes surveying every inch of the ground. Not a bush was left undisturbed, not a squirrel hole did

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he leave unexplored. And as he hunted an intense feeling of revenge took possession of him, and bitter hatred of the vagabond who had taken the life of one who had befriended him. All the long afternoon he searched, ever with his eyes on the ground, till becoming tired he raised his head, his gaze by chance being directed toward the manzanita trees at the back of the house, and there, lodged in the branches of one of the trees, and shining as a vagrant sunbeam struck the blade, was the weapon he sought.

Southward on the mesa, over the line where papers of requisition are a required formality, lay the squalid village of Santa Ysabel. It was to this place that Ramon had fled, for he had relatives in that vicinity who might warn him in case a law officer from the States made his advent in the neighborhood. Besides an ancient flame of his kept a liquor store on the outskirts of the town, and as the money was nearly gone he could obtain supplies of the mescal god for the sake of old times, if need be. He camped in the hills, where he pretended to be prospecting for silver, some old workings, relics of the Spanish days, lending credence to his story of mineral hunting. He would not sleep in the hacienda for fear of surprise, and he also knew that the officers from above sometimes managed to get the man they wanted across the line without applying to the circumlocution office of the Mexican Government for extradition papers. And so he slept in the open and drank mescal; and though conscience troubled him but little, something else did, and that was the staring eyes, which caused him to drink more, for sometimes the mescal rendered him oblivious to them.

There had been no rain that season, and only the leaves of the cactus showed green against the brown. The sun lay sweltering on the alkaline earth, and the stones in the hillside were blistering to the touch. The rattlesnakes were coiled in heaps among the rocks, and even the hairy tarantulas kept their cells. At night the air became somewhat cooler as the trades from the Pacific came sweeping over the land, and it was then that Jose traveled. Six nights he had tramped on his way, carrying his small store of belongings tied in a handkerchief slung across his shoulder on a rush stick, and at one end of the stick was a razor blade with a nick near the haft. Though his clothes were ragged and his shoes so badly broken that his feet were bleeding at times from contact with the sharp stones, he kept on his way unflinchingly, southward, ever southward. On the seventh morning, as the sun began to paint the eastern hills, he came in sight of Santa Ysabel, and asked for food at a tumbledown house that had a drinking sign displayed before it. The hostess who was gathering fuel in the yard, said she would give him some breakfast if he would dress a couple of chickens whose beheaded bodies lay beside the kitchen door. To this he agreed, and proved himself so dexterous at the task assigned him that he was soon high in the good graces of the broad-sided Mexican woman. In their talks at the ranch Ramon had boasted of his old-time intimacy with the hostess of the Flor d'Espagne, so after breakfast he began in a roundabout way to make enquiries. The fat woman was cautious in her replies at first, for though she did not know the exact reason for Ramon's presence in the neighborhood, from her past knowledge of the man she suspected that an offense against the laws of the states had driven him across the line.

Jose hinted that the Mexican had got into some trouble of a trivial kind, an affair with a girl, he believed it was, but that he was an old friend of Ramon's, and wished to see him in order to relieve his mind of any anticipation of trouble on that score. The worthy hostess showed a feeling of pique when Jose referred to the trouble with a girl, and it was this feeling, aided by the confidence she felt in a boy who could dress chickens so well, that prompted her to tell him of Ramon's whereabouts. The good-for-naught could be found out in the hills south of the village, she told him, and supplemented the information with the remark that she would give him a piece of her mind when next he came whining to her for mescal.

From a cleft in a rocky hillside four miles south of the town, where some torrent had torn its way through the earth, a thin column of smoke rose in the morning air, making a pencil line against the blue as it overtopped the hillocks. At the fire from whence the smoke arose a man sat lazily watching a skillet in which some meat was frying, occasionally feeding the fire with dry twigs. A great boulder shaded the spot, and it was behind this that Jose crept, guided thither by the spire of smoke. As he peeked around a shoulder of the stone, he saw the object of his weary search lighting a cigarette at the fire. The man drew his serape closer about his huddled figure, for the morning air was chill, and as he turned his face toward the hidden boy it showed bloated and toad-like. He coughed occasionally, and his fingers trembled as he put the cigarette to his lips. Jose stepped boldly from behind the rock, holding his rush stick behind him. Ramon looked up with a startled air, but a second glance reassured him, and he settled himself in his original posture.

"It's you, is it?" said he. "How the devil did you find me?"

"Your good friend Donna Teresa told me where I could find you," answered the boy.

"And I'll wring her neck for blabbing," returned the Mexican.

"So you wring women's necks, too; I thought stabbing was your way."

"What do you know about stabbing women?" shrieked Ramon, raising himself on one knee. Jose advanced nearer.

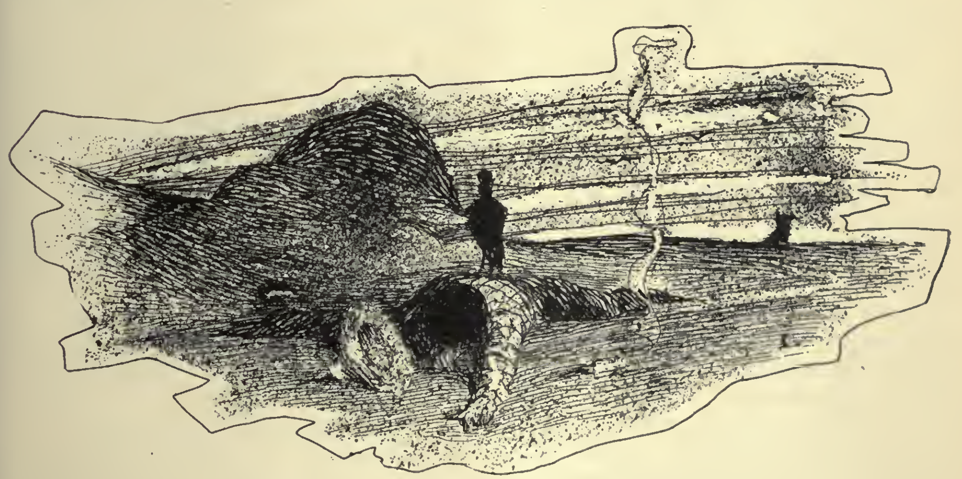
"I know what the whole country up north knows; that you killed Mother Harney, but I know one thing they don't know; that it was I told you of the money for which you killed her." Jose's voice was as hard as iron, though he paled beneath the tan.

"And what if I did?" growled Ramon; "I wanted her gold for mescal; and you did a good job—and so did I," he added. As he concluded the sentence he turned his attention to the meat that was beginning to burn, bending low over the fire.

Quick as thought, Jose whipped the rush stick armed with the terrible razor from behind him and drove the blade with all his force between the shoulders of the stooping Mexican.

The shadow of the mighty rock slowly shifted and became smaller as the sun mounted higher. The fire at its base smouldered and went out. A coyote loped along the hillside, and then another, and then a number, circling nearer and nearer to the big rock. A red-necked vulture hovered in the air, and soon others came sailing from all points of the compass.

In a little while birds and beasts were disputing over their midday meal.



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CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by GRACE LUCE IRWIN

Stephen Phillips' and the Heritage of Homer.

"The soul selects her own society, and in the poetry of Stephen Phillips she may discover royalty which he would not leave kneeling upon her mat. For he is the poet who has thrown open most widely the portals of the Twentieth Century, and his realistic conception of scientific and of spiritual possibilities are the prophecy of progress." We are not doubting any more if Stephen Phillips is the coming poet. He has arrived. First appeared his book of short poems, containing not only delicate lyrics, but marvelous creations of impressive power, in stately and solemn measure. Poems which seemed to penetrate into the unseen to express at times a vision of the life to be in this new century, then suggesting the forces that "shall make for all commercial and industrial progress," or giving a vivid presentation of the reality of all the theories and partial inventions that are now in the air, as in the lines:

"For a man shall set his hand to a handle, and wither
Invisible armies and fleets,
And a lonely man with a breath shall exterminate armies,
With a whisper annihilate fleets.
And soul shall speak unto soul;
I weary of tongues;
I weary of battle and strife.
Lo! I am the bonder and riveter together of spirits;
I dispense with nations and shores."

Then there burst from the chrysalis of his tender imagination the wonderful legend "Marpessa," a longer poem extolling the happiness of domestic love. In it he touched a note unsurpassed in all the literature of poetry. Its motif is found in the legend that Zeus gave Marpessa her choice between the God Apollo and Idas, a mortal, whereon she chose Idas. She would live as woman, not as Goddess. But it was when Mr. Phillips became a dramatist that we knew for certain that he was to touch the peaks of poetry. There was "Herod," "Francesca da Rimini," (revelations not only of poetic beauty, but of the highest, most effective dramatic art), and here we have also "Ulysses." The subject matter of all of these, you see, is as old, as well-known as the plots Shakespeare purloined, as simple and classic as the ancient "Antigone." For Stephen Phillips is a classicist in feeling, in symbol, as he is modern in idea.

"Ulysses" has three acts and a prologue. To use the author's own words: "I have gone farther back (than others) in the story, and taken in two of Ulysses' earlier trials, the sojourn with Calypso and the visit to Hades, which seemed to me to afford matter for telling dramatic presentment and dramatic contrast. And I have tried to weave these adventures together with the return to Ithaca and the final discomfiture of the suitors, into the fabric of a properly knit play"; the world's verdict is that he has done this well.

If there is nothing in "Ulysses" so fine, so tragic, so emotional as the final scene of Mr. Phillips' "Francesca da Rimini," there are splendidly dramatic, splendidly human movements in it, as instance the following scene, which is supposed to take place in Hades, between the living Ulysses and the shade of his mother, Anticleia. He is enquiring about his wife:

Ulysses—Alas, alas! and mother, she? she lives——
But stays she true to me?
Anticleia—Child, I have come
But lately to this place, and when I died
Still was she true to thee, and knew not time.

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Ulysses—At last, at last the word that lighteth hell!
One word! and thou alone, mother, couldst speak it!
Thy voice alone; thine out of all the dead!

Anticleia—It seems no farther off than yesterday
That she and I were standing hand in hand
Looking for thee across the misted sea.
(Ulysses weeps.)
But child, tho' lately I did leave her true,
What hath befallen since? Ulysses, home!
I am aware of tumult in thy halls,
Confusion and a roar of hungry voices,
And peril closing round Penelope:
Fierce peril, child! O hasten!"

The dignity of these scenes in Hades, 'mid "a great swirl of souls," is unquestioned, and the poetry of the entire poem royally beautiful. However, I have an idea that Mr. Phillips' genius is taking a trend more and more toward the purely dramatic. The construction of this work is as great as the beauty of tne lines, which is a thing we are seldom able to say of the latter-day poets who essay the drama. No passage in the poem is sweeter than these words oı Penelope (dropping veil):

"Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing some other song;
Thy music floatea up into my room,
And the sweet words of it have hurt my heart.
Others return, the other husbands, but
Never for me that sail on the sea line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
Nor suduen step beside me at midnight;
Never Ulysses! Either he is drowned
Or his bones lie on the mainland in the rain."

"Ulysses," by Stephen Phillips.

The Macmillan Company, New York.

Bandit and Businessman.

There is nothing heroic in comfort, and by the same token it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. There are many of us who would just love to be poets, but business interests prevent, don't you know. Consequently, Wall street is full of men whose features are creased and puckered into commercial lines, but whose eyes cannot choose but glow forth a spirit that was created for holier guests than those imposed by Juno Moneta. Out of the stock exchange came Mr. Whitman, that paradoxical character created by Elizabeth Pullen, and set forth in a book entitled after its hero. Mr. Whitman—no one would ever presume so far as to omit the "Mr."—was born, so to speak, with a silk hat on his head. That beaver represented the hero's doom and destiny. He was junior partner in a wholesale tanner's establishment, where he had devoted himself for nearly a score of years. Mr. Whitman, at the opening of the story, was the happy recipient of one of those convenient fictional legacies left to him by a commercial relative, Uncle Jerry Pease. Upon the receipt of this money, Mr. Whitman proceeded to realize a long-cherished ideal, which was no less than to visit Italy—strange ideal for a sedate junior partner with no soul above business.

"It is said that if the nose of Cleopatra had been a few centimeters shorter the fate of the world would have been changed. If Jeremiah Whitman's eyes had been brown or blue, it is probable that he would have remained to invest his legacy in his affairs—and this story of his divergations would have been left in the inkstand."

So Mr. Jeremiah Whitman packed up and visited an Italian friend who lived in Sicily. To soothe his New England conscience he told himself that his visit was a purely commercial one, notably to purchase Sicily sumach for tanning purposes. So he jotted in his note book "Sicily sumach, $72 per ton," and in the midst of the wildest adventures that followed, that note and that note book bob serenely up. Of course, Mr. Whitman's Italian friend had a beautiful Italian sister, and of course Mr. Whitman fell in love with her—so much as a concession to the conventions of fiction—but what follows is not entirely conven-

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tional. In traveling alone through a mountainous district Mr. Whitman is overcome by banditti, and taken to their hilly fastness. Here he is held for ransom, but during his captivity his courage and business sense appeal to the bandits so much that they elect him chief. His poetic eyes get the better of his practical nose, and he accepts the honor, and, still wearing his silk hat, leads a raid upon a passing coach, which is conveying his sweetheart and his friend's wife to the funeral of a relative. In order that the book may make good summer reading the hero marries the girl and all is well. The style and coloring are charming; the egg of burlesque might have been hatched by Mark Twain; the story would make a first-class comic opera with but slight alteration.

"Mr. Whitman," by Elizabeth Pullen (Mrs. Stanley T. Pullen). Published by the Lothrop Company, Boston. Price, $1.50.

An Omar of Harlem. The Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates has again come to order and the result is that Mr. Clarence Louis Cullen has supplied us with another collection of his "Ex-Tank Tales." "The writer earnestly trusts, however, that such critics as shall find it worth while to write a line or so about the present volume, shall hold him guiltless of the slightest idea of assailing the blockhouse of letters through the medium of any such pop-gun," the somewhat over-modest introduction explains. Mr. Cullen's work is nevertheless art. It is art in the sense that he has done thoroughly what he set out to do—it is art in the sense that Mr. Ade's or Mr. Townsend's work is art. Anybody who has quaffed rosy flagons long and late will appreciate "More Tank Tales," which are as bibulous as any of Omar Khayyam's philosophy, and not half so sedate. The members of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates met once in so often to relate the adventures that befell them in their unregenerate days. Here is the outline of the tale of Ex-Tank No. 18:

No. 18 had the misfortune of being in Chicago without the necessary funds to get out of town, but one day a friend of his was going West, and to celebrate the event No. 18 and his friends went into a "damp bazaar" to spend the friend's last $3.45. By the time the train was ready to start, the two got aboard, vowing never to part. The friend "quite overlooked the necessity—the result of the sordid greed of railway corporations—of my having a ticket for the journey." As a consequence the train "hesitated" at Geneva, Ill., and No. 18 was put off in a sleeping condition. When he awoke he took a stroll through the town till he met a native, who looked like Abe Lincoln.

"'Thinkin' 'bout tyin' up here?' he enquired.

"'Well, I don't know,' I told him. 'I had sort of an idea of getting up a directory of Geneva on an improved plan that I am going to have a patent pending for. Then I kind o' thought of going into the real estate business here. It's a case with me of getting into business quick, and that's no grotesque gargoyle of speech.'"

Well, the prototype of Abraham Lincoln proves to be a manufacturer of "rare antiques," which No. 18 takes to Chicago and puts up at auction at a store on Dearborn street. All the aristocracy is there, and the sales are so brisk that the pair make a fortune.

"More Ex-Tank Tales" are wholly unliterary, wholly American, and wholly interesting.

J. S. Ogilvie Co., New York. Price, $1.00.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is a self-willed, determined young creature, very beautiful and very passionate, but, after all, quite the type of the spoiled young American woman of to-day, and not the unusual sort of creature or heroine her author seems to regard her. But as to the selling properties of the book she vivifies—that has been already determined, not by herself, but by that far rarer creature, Mary Tudor, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which in turn has been immortalized on the stage

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by Julia Marlowe. In fact, Mr. Charles Majors, in this second book of his, has not surpassed, if indeed he has equaled, his first, which was a triumph of comedy. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is a book which will be eagerly read. It is a charming love story. Supposed to be a historical novel and deal with historical personages, the historical facts act only as a background to the trend of the stirring courtships of the young people, who, if they be already known in history, there left so slight a mark that it is no weight on the creative imagination of Mr. Majors. In the last chapters, however, we have Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary of Scots, Earl of Leicester, and all the rest of them, together under the roof of magnificent Haddon Hall. And during this time most of the machinery of the plot gets into swing. There is no lack of plot, however, and no lack of interest. "Dorothy Vernon" is delightful reading on every page, in spite of its slight, but continual faults. The appearance of Mary, Queen of Scots, in this book, is quite different from any appearance she has ever made before, and one to which her leal admirers, the modern Scots themselves, would take exception. She is no martyr here, but an unscrupulous courtesan, frank in her methods as a peasant girl, and entirely lacking even the sweetness of a refined woman. However, they were rough days in which she lived, and who can say but that there may be a basis of fact in this representation as well as in this picture of the mighty Queen Elizabeth?

"Curiosity is not foreign, even to the royal female breast, and while Mary Stuart was entering Haddon Hall, I saw the luminous head of the Virgin Queen peeked out at a casement on the second floor, watching her rival with all the curiosity of a Dutch woman sitting by her window mirror." However, in spite of this, Mr. Majors seems to be an admirer of the stronger, more dominant, cleverer personality of Elizabeth, endowing her with affectionate qualities, frequent good nature and justice, for in this tale at least she is the good angel who cuts the knot in the tangled love affair of Dorothy Haddon and Sir John Manners.

The illustrations are done, of course, by Howard Chandler Christy, and if a little theatrical, are also very charming.

After all, in everything which Mr. Majors writes, there is a sparkling naturalness of dialogue, a sudden spontaneous, irresistible turn of phrase, a dainty humor in womanliness, which gives it oftentimes the flavor of the best legitimate comedy, and lifts it always above the commonplace. Most readers, I think, will agree with me, that the tiny opening prologue called "A Touch of Black Magic" is a mistake, as it reads like a bit of arrant affectation, and has no spark of redeeming originality.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," by Charles Majors.

The Macmillan Company, New York.

The many ardent admirers of Napoleon and lovers of his life of action may at last have their longings satisfied, for we have here "The True Napoleon," a biography in which matter, presentation, and style are all of the highest order and leave nothing to be desired. It is written by Mr. Charles Josselyn, and claims to be "A Cyclopedia of Events in His Life." It is divided into six parts—Napoleon, Boy and Man, 1767-1821; The Soldier, 1790-1815; Emperor and Statesman, 1799-1815; Exile and Philosopher, 1815-1821; The Man of the World, and Chronology of Napoleon's Life.

There are a dozen really beautiful illustrations, engravings, largely of the many celebrated paintings which tell his story, and the broad pages are marginated, making them easy of reference. The cover is an excellent design in blue and gold. In his dedication to Mr. Joseph Redding, the author says he has done all he feels "competent of doing with the subject, namely: compiled the work from chapters of notable writers. The frontispiece is a colored engraving of the well-known painting of Napoleon on horseback, by Meissonier, etched by Ruet. On the margins the sources of Mr. Josselyn's information or quotation are invariably given, and this frankness adds of course to the very real value of the compilation. The last illustration is a reproduction of that wonderful seated statue by Véla, called "Napoleon's Last Day."

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Mr. Josselyn says in his preface: "It may save many who are interested in the life of Napoleon the trouble of wading through many volumes to find that which they would like to read. The book is as its title represents—a dictionary of events."

"The True Napoleon," by Charles Josselyn.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, if it can be called such, is interesting as a curiosity of literature if nothing more. And I doubt if ever the matter has been presented in any more exhaustive, interesting manner than it is in the two attractively gotten up volumes before me. The work is called "Bacon and Shakespeare, Parallelisms," by Edwin Reed, A. M., author of numerous other works on the same subject. Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston, Publisher, may well be proud of the tasteful appearance of these books. Price, $2.50.

The Edgar S. Werner Co., of New York, have out a useful little book, "Graded Physical Exercises," by Bertha Louise Colburn. Its practical value already assures it a large sale among schools and teachers of gymnastics.

A book of succinct interest, well illustrated, is "Carpenter's Geographical Reader," on Europe, by Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, published by the American Book Company, New York. It is an admirable and successful effort to clothe with flesh and blood the skeleton of geographical fact and to make the countries of Europe a living whole in the minds of pupils, or of any young person who may read the book. It has not a dry page, and places instruction before youth in entertaining guise. Price, 70 cents.

From the Abbey Press, New York, we have three prettily bound novels, "Fortune's Wheel," by Martha Gray, price $1.00; "My Lord Farquar," by Thomas Emmet Moore, price $1.25; and "Glenwood," by Katherine Kensington. In children's books (and a bright silver and blue binding) they have just issued "A Movable Quartette," by Eleanor Guyse, price $1.00; "The Tale of a Cat," by Margaret Kern"; and "Cub's Career," by Harriet Wheeler. We have also received from them "Is Life Worth Living," by Wilbur Newell, and "Infans Amoris," by T. Everett Harry. Price, $1.50.

From the pains and woes of the New South we turn to "Darkey Ways in Dixie," by Margaret A. Richard. It is the kind of negro verse that might have been written in Portland, Maine, and is evidently inspired by "the God of Things as they Ain't." It is handsomely gotten up by The Abbey Press, New York.

Among the books sent us by the Abbey Press are: "Constance Hamilton," by Lucy May Lindsley Wyatt; "Glenwood," by Cathmer Kensington; "Guided and Guarded," by Joseph H. Malone; "The Girl from Mexico," by Miles G. Hyde; "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," by Sue Greenleaf; "Aaron Crane," by Henry Tate; "What Think Ye of Christ," by ex-Judge J. L. Eldridge, and "The Old Kitchen Stove," by David Harold Judd.

"The scene of 'Constance Hamilton' is laid in Virginia," says the press notice. "It pictures the home life on the plantation and introduces to us a beautiful girl whose hand is sought by two lovers. One of them is the son of an inveterate enemy of the father, who lives on an adjacent plantation," etc., etc. From this you can judge for yourself as to the originality of the work.

"Aaron Crane" is a small village story containing some more or less accurate character drawing.

"The Girl From Mexico" is a book of short stories, the one which gives the book its title being a detective story about a girl who was suspected of a crime committed by her double.

"Glenwood" is the title of a story laid out on a farm somewhere, and stuffed with a dialect which does not savor of any particular section.

Sue Greenleaf has dedicated "Liquid from the Sun's Rays," a psycho-necro-neo-romance to "the weak who put stumbling blocks in my path and wished my life a perpetual slough of despond." Rather than be classed among those who put stumbling blocks in Miss Greenleaf's path, I will say no further.

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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

C. E. Lorrimer's entertaining article, "Across the Ten Province Pass of Japan," will not be published until August, on account of the illustrations being delayed.

Preparations are going briskly on for the August issue of the Overland Monthly which will be known as the "Automobile Number." Everything pertaining to motor carriages will be fully written of and beautifully illustrated. An account of the Automobile Club of California will be part of the article, and the past, present and future of horseless vehicles will be thoroughly discussed. An interesting feature will be pictures of automobiles in the least accessible parts of Yosemite.

Among the notable attractions in the August number will be the first installment of a series of pictures representing the work of California's best painters, sculptors and designers. This series will run through twelve months, and will be known as "A Year of Art in California." There will be several of these reproductions in each issue—all engraved in the best manner, and each worth many times the price of the magazine. Another embellishment will be several pages in each issue of the finest examples of photographic art that can be produced in California. The fairest daughters of the State will be the subjects of these illustrations.

An entertaining article about a rubber plantation and the production of commercial rubber will appear in our next issue, and will be fully illustrated. It will be of especial value to teachers and students.

"The Building of a Battleship," by George William Dickie, appears in this number, and is the first of a number of interesting articles we intend to run on industrial topics. They will all be profusely illustrated. "Devoted to the Development of the Country," which appeared in the first number of the Overland Monthly July, 1869, is still the magazine's motto. It's especial efforts toward the development of the West makes it worth sending to your Eastern friends and relatives.

Writers should take notice of the announcement in the advertising section regarding short stories.

There is now in active preparation a Bret Harte Memorial Number, to appear August 25th as the September number, which will contain varied and entertaining matter relating to the early days of the Overland Monthly; Bret Harte's editorship of the same; his life and writings; his best stories and poems, fully illustrated, such as the "Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Heathen Chinee," and others. A facsimile of the entire manuscript of the "Heathen Chinee" will appear; also portraits of the early contributors, with a short ac-

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count of each; and notes, reviews, criticisms relating to Bret Harte's writings. Many of the best known writers will contribute to the memorial issue, which will be one of the most interesting magazine numbers ever published.

Besides the memorial features there will appear articles on the progress of education, art and science in California, and a special article on "California's Part in the Commercial Conquest of the Pacific."

Notwithstanding the greatly increased cost of this number the price will remain unchanged, and magazine readers the world over can obtain a copy of the Bret Harte Memorial Number for ten cents.

Undoubtedly there will be a great demand for the Bret Harte Memorial Number, and copies should be ordered early. Dealers especially should take note and order accordingly.

This is the anniversary month of the Overland Monthly, the first number of which was issued with fear and hesitation in July, 1868. Bret Harte, then unknown to fame, was the editor. The first issue contained a poem by him, "San Francisco from the Sea," which is considered by many his finest poem. The next issue contained "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which is one of Harte's masterpieces. The Overland Monthly was received with no very great enthusiasm by Californians until the verdict of the Eastern States was received. When the word came that the Overland Monthly was approved by the Atlantic section, that a standing order of 1,200 copies per issue came from New York, and that one firm contracted to take everything that Harte would write, there was a rapid change in sentiment.

Harte's work on the Overland Monthly secured him fame and fortune, and ever since the Overland Monthly has been one of the best-known magazines.

The Bret Harte Memorial Number will be issued in September, and will fittingly commemorate the birth of the magazine and the death of its first editor.

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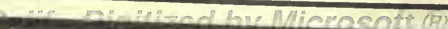

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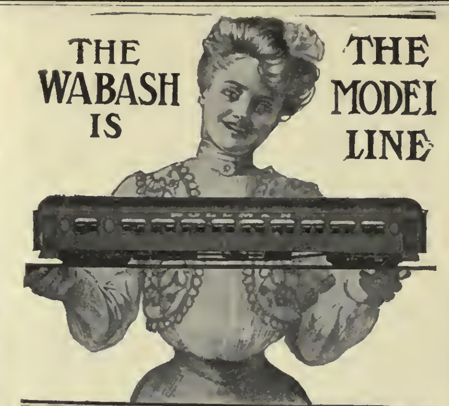

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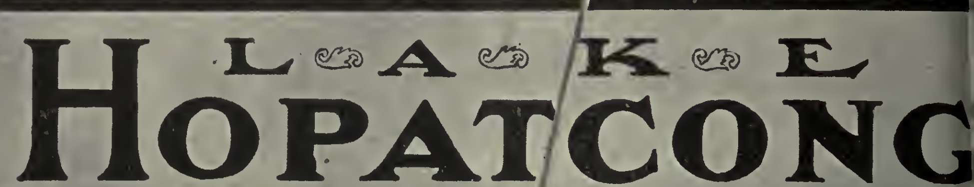

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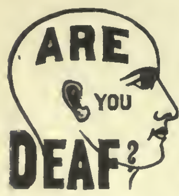

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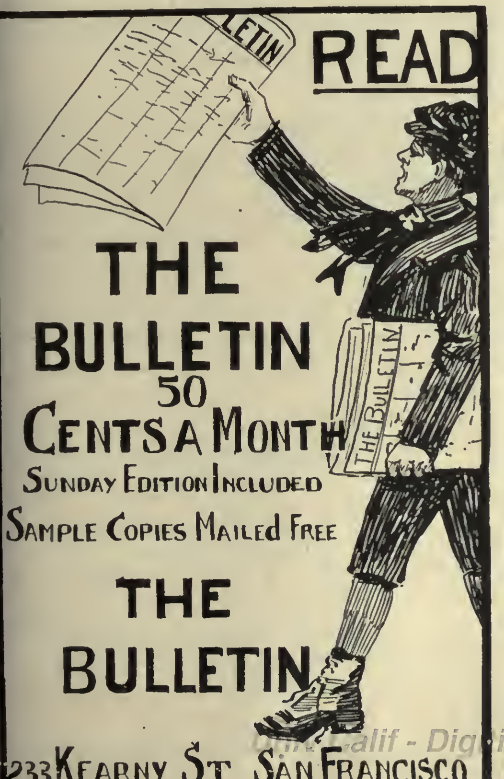

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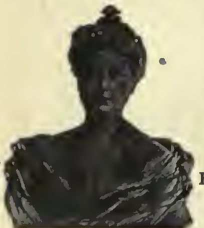

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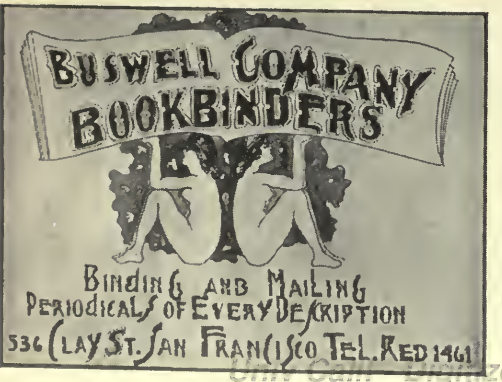

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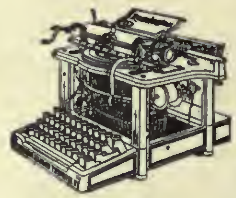

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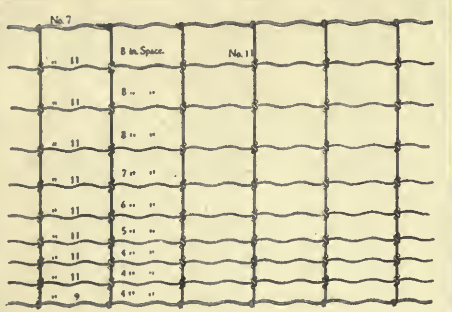

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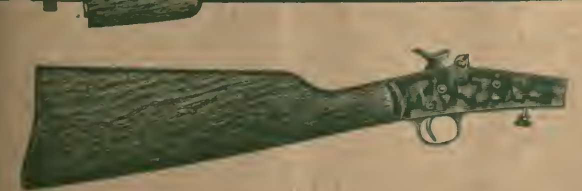

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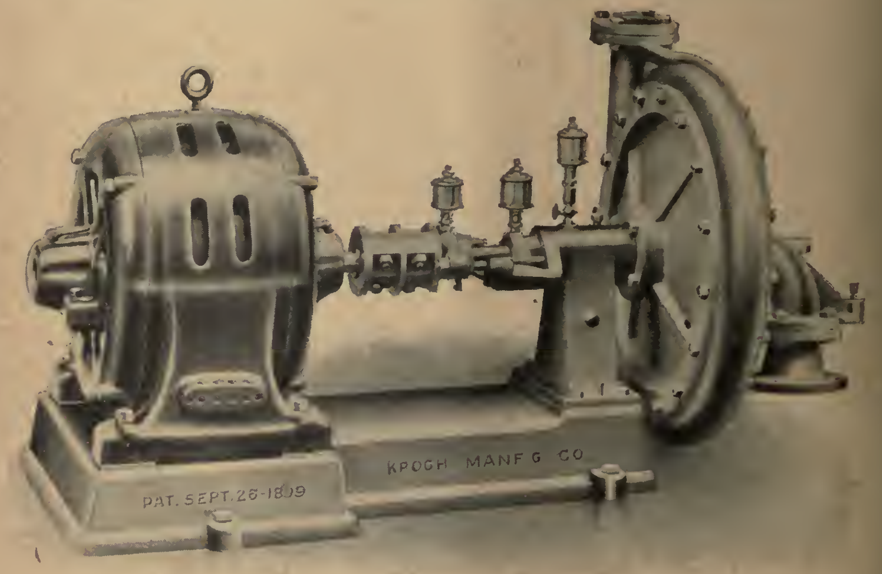

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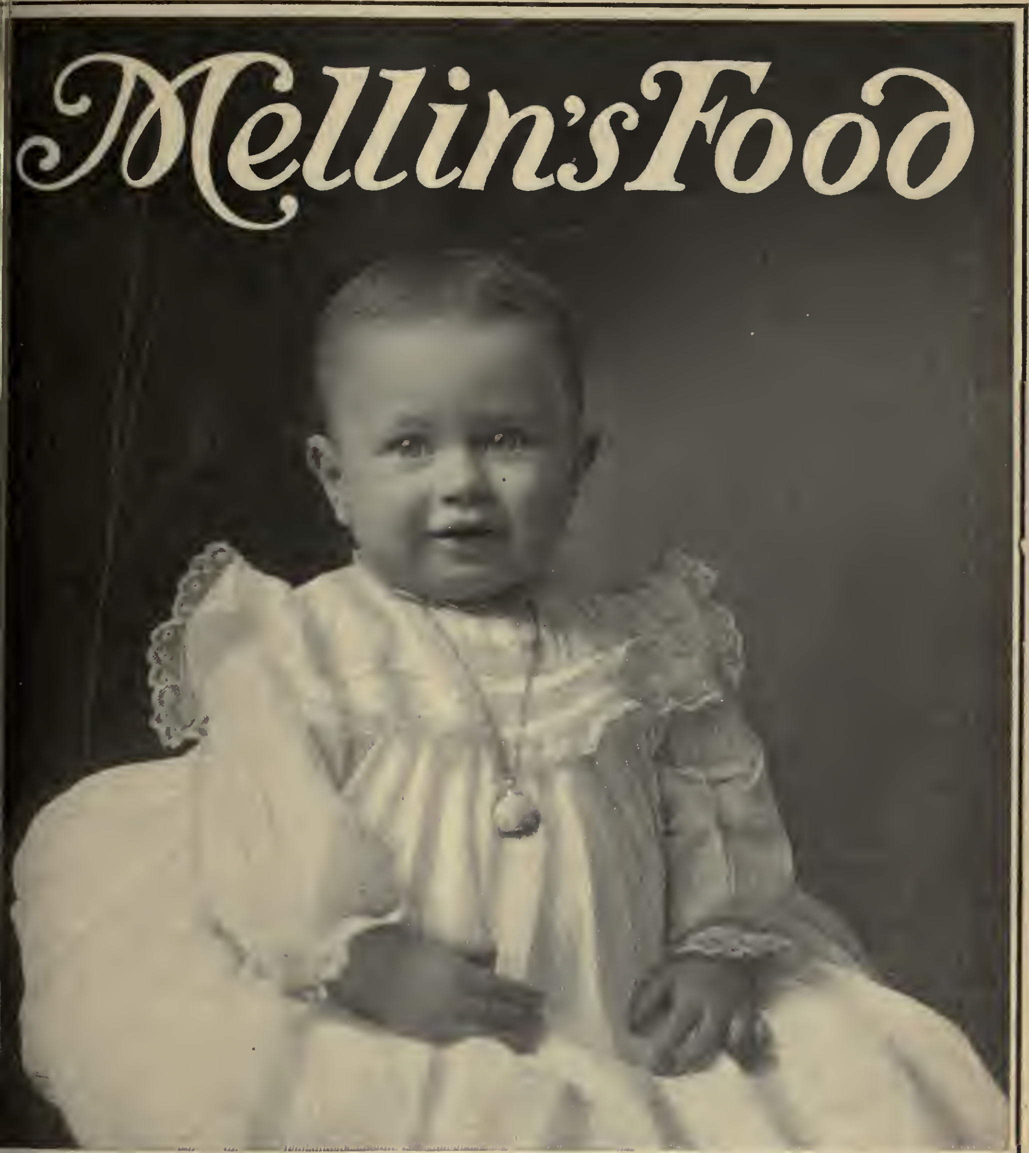

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AUGUST, 1902

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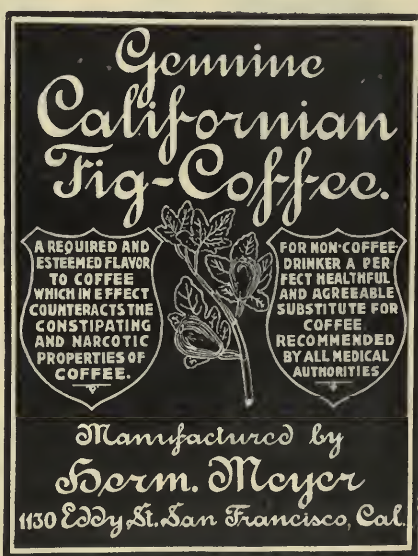

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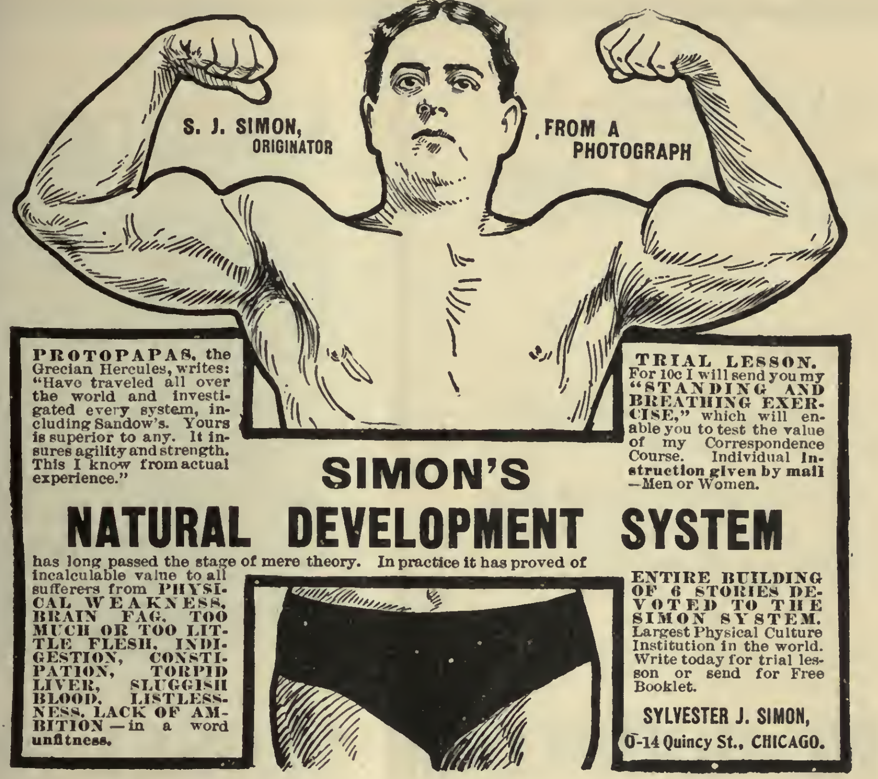

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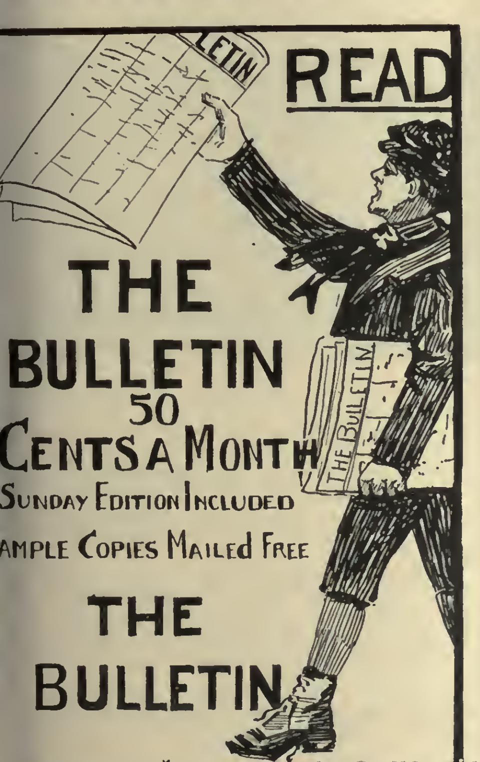

FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE

ASSETS, $4,250,000

CAPITAL, $1,000,000

Fireman's Fund Ins. Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY ORGANIZED WEST OF NEW YORK

A PROSPEROUS
AND PROGRESSIVE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1889

CONTINENTAL
BUILDING AND
LOAN ASSOCIATION
OF CALIFORNIA

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Paid-in Capital	2,000,000
Profit and Reserve Fund	250,000
Monthly Income, over	100,000

ITS PURPOSE IS

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

HOME OFFICE—S. W. Cor. California and Battery Sts. San Francisco, Cal
Wm. Corbin, Secretary and General Manager.

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King Edward VII

(Courtesy of Automobile Magazine.)

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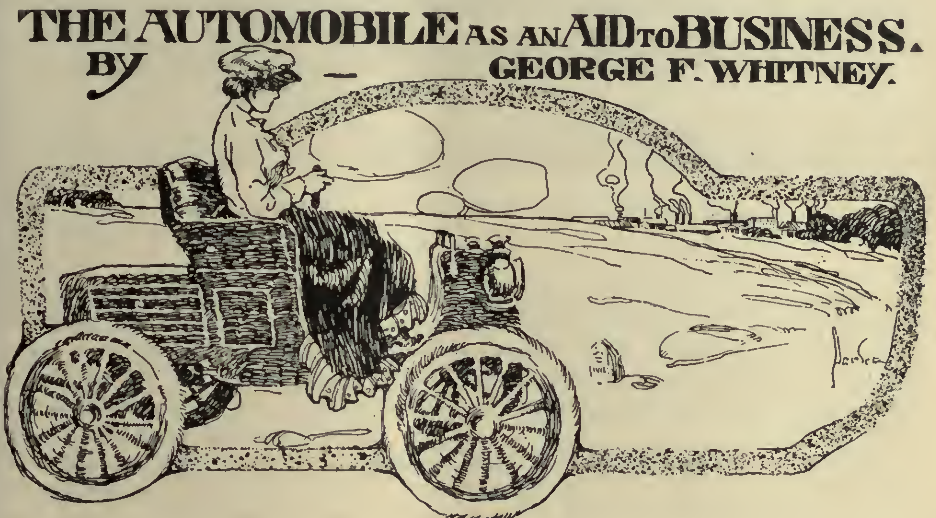
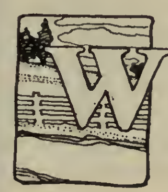
Overland Monthly
Vol. XL. August, 1902 No. 2

THE AUTOMOBILE AS AN AID TO BUSINESS.

BY — GEORGE F. WHITNEY.





WHILE the automobile has not as yet assumed the importance as a business vehicle that it has in the pleasure line, the outlook for the former occupation for the motor car is very promising. The prime reason for the present state of affairs is that the different manufacturers of standard types throughout the country have had all they could do to supply the demand for the pleasure auto, and have been unable to get around to the business vehicle. San Francisco is particularly behind the Eastern cities in this respect, and probably owing to the hills and rough roads will never be quite as well adapted for the new power. For light work and rapid service automobiles have already worked out many horses in the cities and seem particularly adapted to 'bus service for which the electric vehicle is used quite extensively in the East. In San Francisco a few heavy electric machines have been employed as trucks for business houses, and by the daily papers, but this class of machine, being of low power and expensive to operate, the trial has hardly been as satisfactory as the light service employed by doctors, for instance.

Quite a number of the medical profession of San Francisco now employ steam locomobiles in their practice, and find the change from the horse very satisfactory indeed, as the extra speed with which they get around lengthens the day over an hour for them; and an hour a day counts in the long run.

What is needed most in the automobile line is a motor stage coach, one that will carry the load and go the pace over all kinds of roads. Such a machine would be the greatest boon to Califor-

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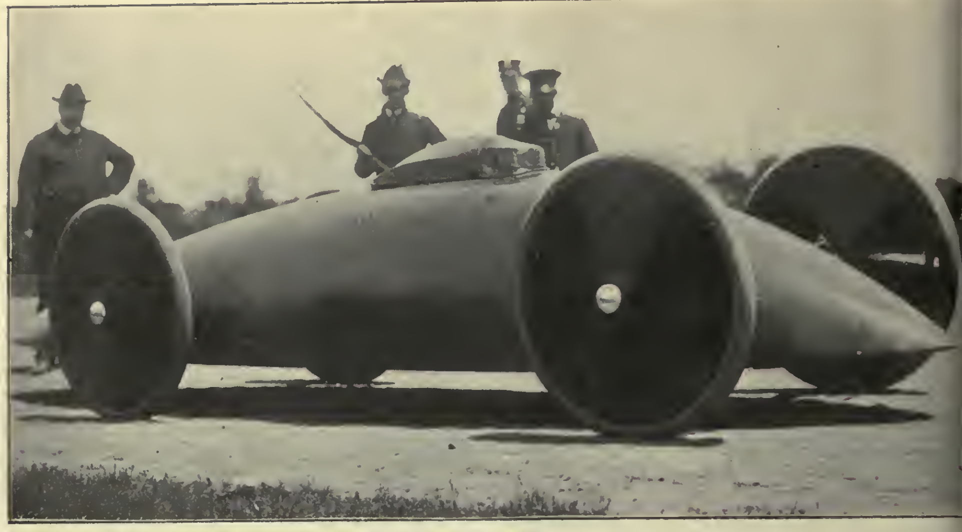
(Illustrations for this article by courtesy of Automobile Magazine.)



Baker Electric Speed Machine, capable of making 70 miles per hour.
(Courtesy Automobile Topics.)

nians in general, as there are many stage lines in the State, and the change from the lumbering, dusty ride which now always follows, to the rapid transit of an automobile, would be almost as big a step as to the palace car.

Such vehicles are very practicable, and will, no doubt, come in time, but hardly until after the increasing demand for the pleasure vehicle has run its course and the makers find time to turn their attention to another field. One advantage to be gained by the delay in the manufacture of business automobiles is that, in view of the great improvement that is rapidly going on in the new motor cars, a much more perfect machine, and one that will be very less apt to prove a failure, will be put in the field when the proper time comes.

In looking ahead for a type of automobile that should be the universal standard for the coming generations, it seems probable that all of the three styles now used will continue to be employed, in a greatly improved and perfected state.

At present gasoline and steam are the popular and most successful machines, electricity being "almost nowhere." The last named is without doubt the most beautiful power if it could be suitably installed in the vehicle, but it cannot, and the many drawbacks to such machines to-day are the small radius of ac-

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tion, slow speed, weight of batteries, and cost and time taken to recharge the same. Edison is reported as saying that he has invented a battery far lighter and more powerful than the present one, and which will revolutionize automobiling, but little faith is placed by automobilists in the statement.

Of the other two practical powers each has its special advantages which never will change. Steam is the power par excellence for city travel, as its flexibility and noiselessness well adapt it to the crowded streets and constantly changing conditions. Gasoline autos for country work seem to give the best satisfaction and speed, though there is always a feeling of unreliability about the working of the engine, and the noise of the exploding cylinders is something that one has to get accustomed to before he can really enjoy a spin across the country. Almost all of the big touring and racing machines now being manufactured are of the gasoline type, and if there is one of the three—gasoline, steam or electricity—that bids fair to lead in the immediate future, it is the first named.

As to the distant future, nothing can be said, as great changes may be wrought in time, and even the slow-plodding electric carriages may spring to the front place.

In this connection the following paragraph from Automobile Topics is apropos: "To-day automobile steam trucks are in regular, reliable and economical use in Germany, England, France and the United States. They have attracted the

attention of handlers of heavy freight more than any other product of the automobile industry, and the public at large

are recognizing the countless advantages of this method for the rapid and cheap transportation of goods.

An autoneer encounters "good roads."

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"This season will develop a still greater interest in automobile trucks. Their abil-

After a hard run.

ity to easily and quickly transport heavy loads from place to place at the same rate of speed, hour after hour, appeals to all. The elasticity of steam permits of any variation of speed up to ten miles an hour. In crowded streets it can follow the slowest dray; in open stretches a speed of from three to five times that of a horse is possible, while on up grades or hard roads increased power is instantly at command. Their economy, as compared with horses, is usually conceded, and their general practicability under the actual conditions of business remains the sole question under debate."

Taking water up 10 feet.

An ideal Park road.

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JUST as soon as interest in an amusement begins to spread in a community, the result is the formation of a "Club" to promote and protect the sport, and it becomes the established custom for the first in the field to preempt within the jurisdiction of its title, the whole State or country in which it is situated (as illustrated by "Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland" and "Automobile Club of America"), while later organizations usually content themselves with a local appellation. It is a tribute to the modesty of the organizers of the Automobile Club of California that with so much unoccupied territory, they did not at least include the Pacific Coast and the Hawaiian Islands, but this is probably accounted for by the fact that it was the conception of Mr. J. M. Wilkins, proprietor of the Cliff House.

I find in the original book of record that "pursuant to the invitation issued by J. M. Wilkins, all of the local automobilists were assembled at the Cliff House on March 7, 1900, and the following were present . . ." Here is recorded the names of ten persons.

If the ownership of an automobile is a necessary qualification for the title of "automobilist" it may be questioned if all of the persons mentioned would be so classed, but as there appears to have been no Committee on Credentials, it is fair to presume that there were no nice distinctions of that kind. I am much inclined to think that at that per-

A Faithful Assistant.

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The Automobile Club of San Francisco Line

iod "all of the local automobilists" was our friend, Mr. Wilkins, and he was genuine, for down in the cellar was a certain mysterious creation and sundry machinists who were never allowed to see the light of day for fear that they would "give it away" before a patent was secured; and outside was the "J. M. Wilkins Automobile Company of America," that was to take the trade of the country as soon as the machine was "perfected."

I find it further recorded that "the meeting was called to order by Mr. J. M. Wilkins, who addressed those present on the probable features of the club's success, urging that a temporary organization be effected in order to prepare and

A country rendezvous of

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Ness Ave., for a run to Menlo Park.

perfect ways and means. Whereupon a committee was appointed by the chair to look up club quarters. The main business transacted, appears to have been a vote of thanks to Mr. Wilkins for his "hospitality."

It is suspected that Mr. Wilkins has not been a glittering success as an Automobile Company, but as a host he has no equal, and autoneers have many times had occasion to render thanks for his courtesy.

His ambition for office-holding appears to have been satisfied with his election as vice-president of the new club, Mr. S. D. Rogers having been made president.

For a year the club showed but little life, but in the spring of 1901 there was

isco Automobile Club. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

A spin past the State Capitol.

an influx of members, and the club has steadily grown in numbers and importance ever since. The officers at present are as follows:

F. A. Hyde, President; Dr. F. J. Tillman, Vice-President; A. C. Aiken, Secretary; Byron Jackson, Treasurer.

The Directors are: C. C. Moore, A. M. Hunt, S. D. Rogers, A. E. Brooke Ridley, C. A. Hawkins.

The topography of San Francisco is peculiarly unfavorable to the use of automobiles or the maintenance of a purely social club. The streets are hilly or poorly paved, or both. The only exit by land is on the south over a range of hills traversed by an execrable road, and none of the ferries will transport automobiles (without discharging their gasoline) except the freight boat to Oakland, and some of the evening ferry boats. The Park Commissioners also bar the automobiles from Golden Gate Park, except over one and the least interesting driveway, but in other respects we are doing quite well, and during the past year we have had many interesting runs into San Mateo county, and moonlight runs to the beach and Cliff House.

The automobile is a vehicle that affords its own social enjoyment, and hence for such purposes a club could be dispensed with, but for many years an organization will be necessary to defend the automobile from unjust and oppressive legislation resulting from the prejudice of the public during its introductory period. It has taken some time and much litigation in court to establish the fact that the automobile has equal rights on the road with any other vehicle, and that any law which discriminates against the automobile is unconstitutional.

Evidently some of the Supervisors in California have not yet learned this lesson, for I have before me a copy of an ordinance passed within the past month by the Board of Supervisors of Marin County to regulate the use of automobiles, etc., in which it is provided that "every person driving an automobile on the county roads of Marin county, upon arriving within 300 feet of any vehicle propelled by animal power, or of a person leading or driving or riding domestic animals, shall take the right hand side of the center of the road and immediately come to a full stop, and shall remain stationary as long as it may be necessary to allow said vehicle propelled by animal power, or said person leading or driving said domestic animal to pass or get out of the way."

Such an ordinance is absurd and inoperative. A similar ordinance affecting bicycles was passed some years ago by the Board of Supervisors of Contra Costa county but was repealed at the next meeting because the District Attorney advised the Board that it could not be enforced.

I must say, however, that I do not blame the law-makers for their prejudice

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against automobiles, nor would I blame them if they kept them off the roads entirely, if they could do so, in view of the reckless conduct of a few autoneers who show an utter disregard for the rights and safety of others, thundering along the county roads enjoying the fright of the people they scare, and there are none who condemn such conduct more heartily than do the majority of those who own and operate automobiles. It is the province of the officers of an automobile club to frown upon such practices and make the automobile rowdy feel the force of public as well as class condemnation. My views on the subject (and which are the views of our club as such) were expressed in a circular letter to the members, dated the 19th of July, 1901, which reads in part as follows:

"It is observed that there is an increasing feeling of hostility manifested by the people around the bay of San Francisco against the use of automobiles on the county roads and driveways, and this is due, in a large measure, to the conduct of a few people (generally not members of this club), who, by reckless driving and lack of consideration for the occupants of passing vehicles, have caused accidents and fright to the drivers of horses. To the thoughtless few, I desire to say that it is not a question of law, nor the rules of the road, but common humanity as well as self-interest that should impel you, when meeting another vehicle, to first check your speed in every case, and to move to one side and stop short, if you see that either the horse or the driver is frightened by your appearance. Until horses become accustomed to this strange machine, there are bound to be accidents, even with the greatest care, but it is the utmost folly to invite bitter hostility by indifference to the fears, as well as the rights of those who use horses. We are fond of saying that the automobile has come to stay. So it has, but while it is being established, we want to get all the sport out of it we can, and our enjoyment will be seriously curtailed by restrictive legislation, unless we make friends instead of enemies of the traveling public. This can be done only by the utmost care and even kindness to those whom we meet on the highways. I desire especially to urge that you avoid mountainous roads so far as possible. There is no denying the fact that it is absolutely dangerous to the horse-propelled vehicle and its occupants to meet an automobile in such a place. It is quite true that no law can keep you off any public highway, but every time you frighten a horse under such circumstances, you have made a new enemy to our sport, and in the end we all have to suffer therefor."

While there is real foundation for much of the prejudice against the automobile, it is still true that a great deal of the opposition is unreasonable and results from business jealousy. I had a practical illustration of this in my own experience. Some months since an association of livery stable owners of this city presented to the Board of Park Commissioners a strong protest against allowing automobiles in Golden Gate

A "lock-up" at San Quentin.

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A pleasant country run.

Park, in which there was depicted in harrowing terms the dangers to the life and limbs of those who drove horses, if these modern instruments of death were permitted on the Park drives. I thereupon issued the following circular:

"To owners of horses in San Francisco: The members of the Automobile Club of California are not unmindful of the fact that the advent of the horseless carriage has caused more or less inconvenience and sometimes actual danger to those who drive horses on our public streets and highways, and we have as a rule been as careful and considerate as possible in meeting and passing other vehicles, but previous experience with bicycles and electric cars has demonstrated the fact that horses will become accustomed to any strange object, whether stationary or moving, after they have seen it a few times, and to hasten such familiarity with automobiles, the club will, as often as it appears necessary, station one or more automobiles at some convenient place in the city, and the owners of timid horses can bring or send them to be trained.

"Any owner of a horse who desires to avail himself of this opportunity to familiarize his horse with automobiles, can send his name and address to me, and he will be duly notified in advance of the arrangements that are made for that purpose."

This circular was mailed to every livery stable in the city and published in all of the daily papers, but I received only one reply thereto, and after I had made arrangement to accommodate him this one man did not show up.

The fact is, that horses have but little fear of automobiles on crowded streets. It is when a solitary horse unexpectedly meets an automobile on a lonely road that there is real danger, but in the light of previous experience with bicycles and electric cars, we have reason to believe

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that when automobiles become more common, neither people nor animals will pay any attention to them.

A man does not always race at full speed on his bicycle because he has a strong pair of legs, nor does he drive his horse at a 2:20 gait because such gait is possible, and in time the intoxication of the rapid motion of the automobile will wear off, and the pleasure of using such machines will be found in the opportunity that it gives to enjoy fresh air, change of scene and the beauties of nature, with the sense of freedom and independence that cannot be enjoyed in railroad trains nor electric cars, nor even in the immemorial horse-propelled vehicles.

Mayor Schmitz, Mrs. Schmitz and Mr. E. P. Brinegar.

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Automobiling in the Yosemite Valley

By DR. W. A. CLARKE.

HE new century certainly can chronicle a vast undertaking, successfully accomplished, when it records the automobile journeying to the Yosemite Valley and back.

Up hill and down dale, over ground almost impassible, just to test the sturdy powers of the twentieth century machine, to better study its moves under all circumstances.

An article upon our universities says: "No phase of social progress is more characteristic of the development of the United States in the nineteenth century than the growth of our universities." And no phase of life in the scientific world has such strong markings, making such rapid strides for first position as the little automobile, combining as it does both social and scientific progress.

On Friday, July 19th, 1901, my wife and I stepped into our automobile to take the four p. m. Creek boat from Oakland. As competition has been great, and the development of the machine has reached a high grade of excellence, we were soon surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, who were especially interested when they were informed that we were en route for the Yosemite Valley.

To Mrs. Clark belongs the honor of driving the machine safely into the Valley and back, a distance of 246 miles. Our equipage attracted particular attention in San Francisco, as it had on its traveling suit of extra wheels, tools, baggage, etc., everything necessary for so long and severe a trip. It therefore did not present its usual attractive appearance. To better stimulate our ardor and also hold for future reference, we "sat for our pictures," then amid the best wishes of the assembled friends we sped down Market street for the ferry, to take the steamer Peters for Stockton.

On Saturday, July 20, 1901, we arrived at Stockton, leaving at 10:15 a. m. for Knight's Ferry, and were soon flying from our admirers, before they could realize that we had steam up. One does not know how very fast one is traveling until one sees a horse in the distance, comes up to him, knowing him to be a fast one, passes him easily, and leaves him away in the dim background. A mile in a minute and six seconds seems a prodigious speed for a road vehicle, but that is what our machine is capable of doing.

To Farmington, eighteen miles from Stockton, was indeed a pleasant run. Here we filled our water tanks and oiled our engine, while the people greeted us most warmly. The thermometer registred 106 degrees, and as the road was practically treeless, we had the full benefit of the heat.

From Farmington the roads could well be termed park roads. We were greatly surprised to find them in such good condition—this made journeying beyond a doubt perfect. The absolute capabilities of the machine were tested, as we pulled over Knight's Ferry bridge, in dust fully six inches deep, up a hill which we had been warned against, all of which was most successfully accomplished. At the top several men met us who seemed astounded to learn that we had made the climb without the aid of horses. All the road to Curtin's was full of rocks, and an ugly growth of rocks and niggerheads made us pick our way cautiously for miles. Here we remained over Sunday, enjoying the most generous hospitality and gazing with profound awe at the tone of melting color, the absolute grandeur of the concentrated harmonies in surrounding mountains and hills.

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"The prayer of many a day is all fulfilled
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled."

Lost in the daily light, we spent Sunday evening in getting the auto ready for our next trip to Priest's; 9:30 a. m. saw us on our way, and easily we reached the railroad station, called Cloudman, where the people from the porches of their homes, happily greeted us and watched us flying by until we were out of sight.

We finally found ourselves climbing Crimea Hill, where again we encountered ruts, which we were obliged to straddle. The road being full of stones seemed to make the way almost impassible. The carriage bumped faithfully along through Six-bit Gulch, on to Chinese Camp.

The stage company offered to carry any baggage for us, but, declining with thanks, we started down grade, passing the Scharmot-Eagle mine, where the dust was a foot deep, with loose rolling rocks for company. Nothing lingers like memory, and experience is not at all antagonistic to our human nature.

Meeting several mule teams, we invariably took the outside of the road, gaining the good-will of all whom we met, and avoiding trouble with both mule and man. Lunch and Jacksonville came next, the thermometer only registering 112 degrees.

Hurriedly we finished, preferring the picturesque Tuolumne River. A refreshing breeze materially increased the popularity of the place. Passing homes and mines, we were soon steaming up the foot of Priest's Hill. Here we filled our tank, oiled up the machine, put in a new gasket in the steam pump, preparatory for the difficult climb.

The initial climb to the top, a rise of 1800 feet in two and one-quarter miles, without a level spot in the road, is certainly a commendable undertaking for our carriage.

Within five hundred feet of the summit of the grade was exceedingly steep, averaging twenty per cent. This we made without the slightest trouble, with perfect disregard for dubious imaginings. The situation was intensely interesting and dramatic, illustrative of what an automobile can and will do when put to a difficult test. We were welcomed at Priest's with cheers and hearty congratulations by both our generous hostess, Mrs. Priest, and the guests, who had assembled on the veranda with their cameras to do us full justice in the way of a frank and impressionable American welcome. The actual running time from the base to the summit was forty-five minutes. The time usually taken with a light horse-drawn buggy is one and one-half hours, while the stage requires from two to two and a-half hours.

After a hearty dinner, exchanging the

At Yosemite Falls.

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Half Dome, Yosemite.

usual remarks with the guests on the hotel porch, we were startled by a most familiar whistle, and in a second Mr. and Mrs. Baird and Mr. and Mrs. Aiken drew up before the hotel in their respective motor cars; objects for the sun's pity they were; beautifully coated with dust and dirt from their long trip. They had left Crocker's at 3 p. m., arriving at Priest's at 8:30 p. m., covering a distance of twenty-seven and one-quarter miles.

Our personal experiences were exchanged with a naive satisfaction which obliterated all else. Their account of the roads they had encountered was vividly interesting and pleased us immensely. Conceive if you can our thoughts and emotions, as we fully realized what we yet had to traverse in order to reach the Valley. The extreme position almost kept us from attempting the long heavy grades. "Nothing attempted nothing gained," however, so after a good night's rest, with renewed courage we started on our journey about 9:15 a. m., on Tuesday, July 23d. We climbed the miserably rugged grade to Big Oak Flat, where we refilled our water

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and fuel tanks. Mr. Root, the storekeeper, had an abundant supply of gasoline on hand. The machine, up to this point, had consumed twelve and one-half gallons of gasoline, the mileage being 68.3 miles. We reached Groveland at 11 a.m., where we were obliged to have work done upon the frame of our carriage. We sought a first-class blacksmith. Not being able to have the work done until the next day, we spent the time pleasantly, leaving at 6 p. m. Wednesday. Cheer after cheer followed us as we began to climb the heavy grade beyond Groveland.

The splendid road, with its magnificent tall pines on either side, was grand beyond description. Soon we reached the all-famous landmark, the country around the brewery, perched up in the mountains. It serves as a starting point, and all distances for tourists are calculated to and from this tavern.

Our thirst not being exaggerated, and having made a late start, we did not stop, but, ringing our bell to attract attention, passed up and on our way to Swiss Inn. This part of our journey was the most delightful, in all probability, of the entire trip. The heat of the day, intensified by accompanying dust, had been dispelled by the coolness of night. The moon had risen; here and there a sweet clear note of some belated bird, calling its mate, awoke in us the tenderest thoughts.

Surrounded as we were by nature in its careless elegance and superb grandeur, we felt as though an apology was

Royal Arches.

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due each giant of the forest, for our intrusion. We passed Smith's ranch, reaching Hamilton's, a distance of three miles, and thirteen miles from our day's starting point, making the run in one hour and fifty minutes, including heavy grades and all stops. Mr. Hamilton, an old pioneer, considered this time exceptionally good.

Thursday morning we left Hamilton's at 9:45 a. m., traveling the distance from this point to the Toll Gate in 12 minutes. Here we met one of the down-coming stages. A pleasant chat ensued between the passengers and ourselves, who discussed our undertakings, made notes of our past experience and time, trials, and pleasures, while we unblushingly told of our interesting experiences. All were impressed with the trip and the excellent work of the carriage. Our delay at this point lost us the right of way, as the up stage passed us here, and we were compelled to endure their dust for several miles. At last the stage horses becoming tired, an opportunity presented itself. The automobile being fresh as a new daisy, we were able to pass the stage, and soon leave it in the dim distance. Entering now upon the grand view of the Tuolumne Gorge, 3,000 feet below, we felt our supreme littleness. It was a magnificent picture of old, old days, blissfully sleeping, awaiting the eternal roll-call, with tall pines, firs, and redwoods for sentinels. This run took us through such scenery until Crocker's was reached. We arrived forty-five minutes ahead of the stage. Luncheon over, we fed the machine with its fuel, and duly inspected by tourists, both to and from the Valley, we took our departure, some twenty minutes behind the stage. The same tactics were pursued in following the stage as in the morning. The passengers being doubtful of our ability to climb the heavy grades, caused a flow of comment, original in degree, and spiced with pleasantries—with a cheerful disregard of actual facts soon to be presented, for we again passed the stage, making most excellent time to Crane Flat, then on to Gin Flat. This is the highest point on the Big Oak Flat stage road, 7,500 feet above the level of the sea.

Individually our souls were inspired, mentally we were enchanted; personally we could say nothing, for words fail when the Creator lays before us the sublime in the highest sense.

Again water was taken before starting for the Valley, and noticing a puncture

A Stop at Priest's.

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in one of the tires of our front wheel, we stopped for repairs. The tire was easily mended and caused only a slight delay.

The road down into the valley led past Inspiration and "Oh, My," points. This run being made without incident, we reached the floor of the valley at 7:20 p. m. Here our worst roads were encountered, the granite dust being inches deep. Nevertheless, the four miles to the Guardian's Office was made in thirty minutes. Here we received our mail, then wended our way to Curry Camp, about one and one-quarter miles from the Guardian's Office. At Curry Camp we ran our machine into the midst of a circle of Eastern tourists, seated around a large camp fire. To say that the apparition of an automobile suddenly appearing among them called forth generous applause and hearty congratulations but feebly expresses it. One and all praised the workmanship and great endurance of the little carriage, which had done sucn wonderful climbing with so little trouble to its occupants.

While in the valley trips were taken to Mirror Lake, Indian Cave, Royal Arches, Yosemite Falls, Bridal Veil Falls, Bridal Veil Meadows, and other places of interest. The machine was used as a preliminary to climbing some of the trails on these excursions. A week spent in the valley was all too short and dream-like, and we were compelled to think of home and the return trip, which departure was begun on Thursday, August 1st.

We left the Guardian's Office at 9:30 a. m., and four miles out our chain parted, the granite sand having evidently cut it in two. A new chain was soon slipped on, and the homeward climb was commenced. For fourteen miles it was a steady pull, made without the slightest difficulty. We met a party of cyclists on their way into the Valley, who were greatly surprised to learn that an automobile had made the trip unaided.

Reaching Tamarac Flat, we soon arrived at Gin Flat at 1:05 p. m., where a stop of one and a half-hours was made

Gin Flat.

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for luncheon and rest. Again we sped along the road through the Tuolumne Big Trees to Crocker's, reaching there at 4 p. m. Here we filled our water tanks, took some left over gasoline, leaving at 4:50 p. m., passing the Toll Gate, and running in at Hamilton's at 6:50 p. m., a distance of thirteen miles, having been made. Mr. Hamilton called it locomotive speed. The following morning a late start was made, and gasoline taken at Big Oak Flat. We reached Priest's for luncheon. The descent from Priest's was made without difficulty, and Chinese Camp was reached. From this point our time was necessarily slow, as we met with many large mule teams and different stages, and not wishing at the end of our journey to summon grief or cause trouble, the machine was always stopped on the outside of the grade, and our fires extinguished, for which consideration on our part we gained the full appreciation of all drivers. The dreaded Crimea road was at last before us, passed with a delightful certainty of success, and Curtin's reached in time for supper. Saturday morning leaving Curtin's at 8 a. m., the run to Knight's Ferry was made without incident; water for the machine and a watermelon for its occupants quenched both thirsts. The thermometer then stood at 106 degrees. This caused loss of time, but we were able to reach Farmington in time for luncheon. The eighteen miles between this place and Stockton was easily made, and we had ample time to reach Stockton.

The whole distance of thirty-eight miles lying between Knight's Ferry and Stockton was made against strong head winds, with the temperature standing at 108. We arrived at Stockton at 3:30 p. m.

A summary of the entire distance traveled, and gallons of gasoline used may be instructive:

Entire distance traveled, 246 miles, on 51½ gallons of gasoline.

14½ gallons gasoline	$ 2.60
12½ gallons gasoline	4.25
5 gallons gasoline	1.90
14½ gallons gasoline	7.25
5 gallons gasoline	1.50
Total	$17.50

One pint of lubricating oil and considerably less than one gallon of cylinder oil was consumed.

The suburbs of Stockton was soon reached, where fresh troubles with horses began, but by careful and judicious management and full consideration of the drivers' rights, we reached the steamer safely. Again home, where this trip will ever remain a happy memory, aside from its scientific value and its wonderfully successful termination.

Three "White" Steam Carriages which ran in the gasoline class, and by reason of the Condensers, made the 100 miles without a stop in the "100-Mile Endurance Contest" of the Automobile Club of America on Decoration Day.

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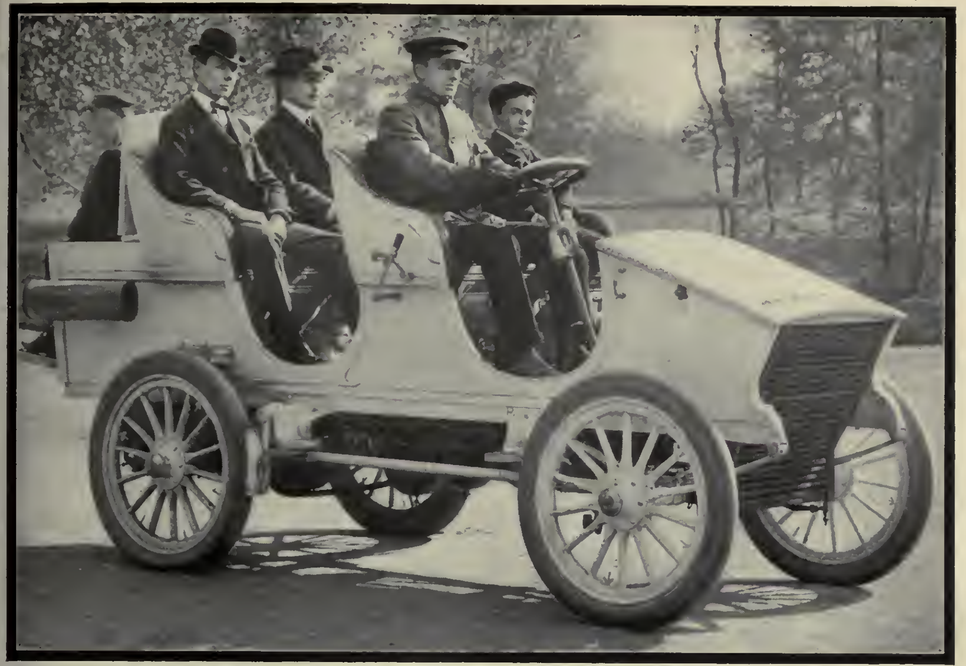
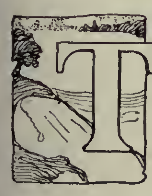


New Model "White" Steam Touring Car. The inventor, W. T. White; wheel, 20 H. P.; speed, 60 miles per hour; fastest long-distance auto ever built. This car has a "condenser,"; it shows no exhaust, makes no more noise than a bicycle, and Mr. White ran the machine 200 miles without a stop.

AUTOMOBILE ENDURANCE

BY C. A. HAWKINS

HE automobile endurance contest is the latest method adopted by the Automobile Club of America to determine merits of the various makes of automobiles for the service which they will be called upon to render to the average user. In the early stages of the industry, contests between makers were limited to the display of carriages at expositions and automobile shows. In such contests, the only gauge by which the various carriages could be judged was the quality of the varnish, the color of the paint and the beauty of design, all of which, while important for a pleasure vehicle, amounted to nothing when a purchaser had one of the most beautiful carriages and found it was a mechanical experiment, inadequate for the uses for which it was desired. In short, that it was only good to look at; that every time he got outside of his home with it, he was compelled to take the street car or train back and send either a truck to haul it in or a team to tow it back.

In France, where automobiles are more universally used than in any other country, the makers have devoted a great deal of money and energy to producing racing automobiles. These machines were built very near the ground, with the center of gravity so low that it was next to impossible to turn one of them over. Some of them weighed as high as four or five tons and were veritable road locomotives. The makers were striving for speed—a machine that would

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break world records—without regard to cost of construction or expense of operation and repairs. The result has been that they have developed a high speed machine that operates successfully over French boulevards that are comparatively level and have the best foundations of any roads in the world, but which, for average use on American roads, has not been found the best type of vehicle as the original cost of that class of machine is too high, the cost of tire maintenance (owing to excessive weight) is too great, and the cost of machinery repairs, owing to the large amount of machinery in these wagons, made them purely "a rich man's toy."

American makers, quick to realize the shortcomings of the French machine, and ready to improve their own vehicles in any manner which experience might suggest, have, as has been proven by the three successful endurance contests held in the United States, put on the market automobiles that are practical for long distance work at a reasonable price and a reasonable cost of operation and maintainance. Those makers who have devoted their energies to producing a practical, simple carriage that could be put in the hands of the average man or woman to operate successfully, a machine strongly built, so that repair bills would not be excessive, and one which can be sold at a price that is not prohibitive, are reaping a rich reward, as is evidenced by the fact that the factories which have turned out goods that have made good records in the endurance contests are unable to furnish the carriages in sufficient quantities to fill their orders.

The first endurance contest held in the United States was under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America. It started in New York city and was to be a six day run ending at Buffalo, but was stopped at Rochester on account of the assassination of President McKinley, after a run of five days, the last two days and a half of which was in mud from three to ten inches deep and an almost continuous rainstorm. This undertaking proved to be more of an endurance contest than the makers or promoters had ex-

The four steam carriages that won the New York to Rochester endurance contest of the Automobile Club of America.

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pected, and the Committee in charge of the run on behalf of the Automobile Club of America, in making their official report, use the following language:

"At times the roads were so rough and so dangerous that your committee considers that the contest over these so-called roads was entirely too severe. No person owning an automobile for pleasure or for business would undertake to drive over the roads in such a dangerous condition. The contestants deserve the greatest praise for their courage and endurance in unflinchingly keeping at their self-appointed task. It is a grave question whether any machine built of wood, iron and steel ought to be required to nogotiate such poor roads when in such horrible condition. The fact that there arrived at Rochester before the close of the night control, forty-two vehicles (and eight or ten later) over 50 per cent of the contesting carriages, shows beyond question that the American manufacturer has made substantial progress toward a practical, ideal automobile."

Those makes of carriages which succeeded in getting one hundred per cent on every carriage entered in such a contest as this certainly proved that they had a practical utility vehicle, and as there was at least one make of carriage entered which finished four vehicles (being all of that make of carriage entered) and got one hundred per cent on each, with no repairs there seems no question but that the American manufacturer has produced a machine that is practical over American roads under even the worst conditions.

The next endurance contest held in the United States was under the auspices of the Long Island Automobile Club, and was held on Long Island April 26, 1902. This contest was only one hundred miles, and three classes of vehicles were provided for: gasoline carriages, which were required to cover the 100 miles without a stop of any kind for any purpose; steam carriages which were required to cover the one hundred miles without a stop for any purpose, and steam carriages which had the privilege of making not more than three stops to replenish their gasoline and water supply and lubricate the machine. During this run the wind was blowing a gale of about fifty miles an hour, and notwithstanding this fact a large proportion of the vehicles entered finished the one hundred miles and got one hundred per cent. The roads, however, were fairly good, and it is considered quite remarkable that any vehicle could be constructed which would go out over the ordinary American road and run one hundred miles on an average of fifteen miles per hour, without a stop of any kind for any purpose. There are very few people who have ever ridden continuously for one hundred miles without a stop. It has certainly never been done until the advent of the automobile on anything outside of a railroad train, and it is a very rare thing that a train ever runs continuously for 100 miles without a stop for any purpose. This shows conclusively that there has been great progress made in building a reliable automobile.

Following this endurance contest of the Long Island Automobile Club was the one hundred mile non-stop endurance contest of the Automobile Club of America, held on Decoration Day. This run was from New York to Bridgeport, Conn., and return. Concerning the course over which this contest was held, the Motor World of June 5, 1902, says: "The course from New York to near Bridgeport and return was unquestionably a much more severe one than that on Long Island. Its hills, both long and short, heavily graded and slightly sloped, had something to do with this. The character of the roads was also a factor. They were stone roads in the main, and there were patches of new material to lend additional severity to the task of traversing them without accident."

A most interesting feature of this latest endurance contest was the fact that records were kept showing the amount of gasoline and water used by the steam vehicles and the amount of gasoline used by the gasoline vehicles. There were also records kept to show the percentage of gasoline and steam carriages starting which finished and got one hundred per cent. Decoration Day was undoubted-

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ly a "steam" day, notwithstanding the fact that the wind was blowing a thirty mile gale, as seventy-three per cent of the steam vehicles which started went through without a penalized stop, while only forty-three per cent of the gasoline machines went through without a stop.

Another remarkable feature of this run is that every one of the steam vehicles entered in the non-stop class, that is, those that were not permitted to stop for any purpose, went through without a hitch of any kind, and each of them got one hundred per cent. There were only three vehicles in this class, all of which were of the same make, and they contained a type of steam generator which is entirely new and were equipped with condensers, so that they made the one hundred miles on less than six gallons of water each. The special feature which enabled these particular machines to make the one hundred mile run without a stop seems to be the peculiar construction of the generator, enabling them to use successfully a condenser without the necessity of separating the oil from the steam or water. This was a most remarkable performance and shows a long step in the right direction toward an ideal automobile. Another remarkable thing about this new type of generator was that one of the carriages containing it made the one hundred mile run on only five and three-quarters gallons of gasoline and six gallons of water as against an average of 13 gallons of gasoline and ninety-five and one-half gallons of water for all other blue ribbon steam carriages, and an average of six and one-quarter gallons of gasoline for all blue ribbon gasoline vehicles.

It is worthy of notice that while in the Long Island endurance run many of the contestants with high-power machines entirely ignored the law limiting the speed to fifteen miles an hour, as well as to the rules of the club on that subject, and that the Automobile Club promptly disqualified every contestant that ignored its rules. The firmness shown in that case seems to have resulted beneficially, for in the later endurance contest held on Decoration Day, there was not a single case reported of an automobilist breaking either the rules of the Club or the speed laws of the States through which the run was held. Those automobilists who persist in ignoring all the rules of the road and speed regulations, as well as the rights of horsemen and others who have equal use of the roads with automobilists, are the greatest enemies of the horseless carriage has at the present time. Their action creates a prejudice against the vehicle, and a man who runs his carriage judiciously and gives proper consideration to the rights of others is often the sufferer on account of the misconduct of some reckless automobilist who has gone before him. No restriction to prevent excessive speed and reckless running of automobilists can be too great, but the many who own their automobiles and run them with proper care should not be made to suffer on account of the few reckless chaffeurs who go out to break records. It should, however, be borne in mind by the public when they are considering laws to regulate the speed of automobiles that a horseless carriage is under better control than a horse. It is far safer at 20 miles an hour than a horse is at 8, as it can be stopped quicker, can be turned to one side or other of the road with perfect control, and last, but not least, it does not get frightened and become unmanageable, as is frequently the case with the horses.

The day of the horseless vehicle has surely come, and it is only a question of time when every farmer will haul his produce to market with an automobile: when the city streets will be covered with delivery wagons and drays driven by their own motive power, and much of the freight and express business of small towns within a radius of 75 to 100 miles of the center of population will be handled by automobiles instead of railroad trains or trolley lines, as is now the case. Nothing is better calculated to bring this about quickly than the holding of frequent endurance contests under the auspices of the various automobile clubs, thereby giving great incentive to the manufacturers to build a practical automobile for average every day use.

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THE ADVENTURES OF SOCKALEXIUS

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

HE mate of the Elisha B. Jones with a last virtuous glance at the men working cargo, gave a final order, let his face relax into a sweet smile and walked briskly from the wharf up the plank roadway. Behind him trudged a small urchin clad in a single garment, labelled in still legible stencil "Spark's Combination Overalls," the deficiencies of which caused him no embarrassment whatever. This procession, for the dignity of the two gave the impression of nothing less, turned a corner and disappeared into a side door of the Anchor saloon. Once within the mate dropped his formal airs, pounded on the table, bade the boy sit down and called loudly for a "couple o' beers."

When these were served he drained the first glass and sighed comfortably. Between himself and the boy stood the second on the table. The perspective was alarming and he drank half of that also before he pushed it over to the youth, who sipped the remainder critically. He was almost through when the door swung in and a well scrubbed sailor stepped in. The cleanliness of the newcomer was so conspicuous by contrast with the mate, who, in true coastwise fashion, despised the element he lived upon, that the urchin surreptitiously paddled his hand in the spillings on the table and rubbed his own grimy cheeks into a yet worse state.

Few words and much liquor passed between the two men, both conversation and drinking being incomprehensible to the boy, who was too much interested in some strange oaths to catch the drift of the one and was still trying to spit out of his mouth the taste of the other. However, his unceasing gaze at the well polished countenance of the sailor led the latter, in a pause, to speak the mate, "Oo's this 'ere kid?"

"None o' mine," said the mate hastily, "his mother asked me to look out for him up here. Came up as a boy this trip."

"Wot's 'e doin' for 'isself?"

The mate thought a minute, ordered more beer and leaned forward. "See here, Bill," he said, "what's the matter with your taking care of him? He's huntin' for his pa, who got lost in the shuffle some years ago."

"W'ere's 'is bloomin' mother?" asked Bill.

"She runs a boardin' house in 'Frisco—thinks she was ill-treated by this chap's pa, and wants him (nodding towards the boy) to crawl for himself."

"If you please sir," said the lad uneasily, "I would like to find my father and live with him."

"Where is 'e?" Bill asked.

The mate looked scornfully at the questioner. "I said he was *lookin'* for him. He's not here in Astoria and I want to get the kid shipped somewhere, say as Captain's boy. Now you might get him a berth on the Swan."

"Right," said Bill. "My skipper's 'untin' of a boy an' me and my mate Jim 'll see wot we can do."

"Good!" responded the mate much relieved. "You shall go with Bill, my son. That's finished and I'll tell yer ma you was all hunkydory for Japan." Before the boy realized it, his former protector was gone and he was in the charge of the sailor called Bill. The latter paid no attention to him, but drank steadily for an hour. He then got up and nodding to the boy went into the street.

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That evening the mate of the Elisha B. Jones was sitting on a pile of lumber watching the Swan get ready for sea. He would never have acknowledged it, but a kindly interest in the cabin boy brought him there. He watched his former protegé scurry along with dishes, dive into the pantry or disappear within the saloon, impassively. "Natural," he thought to himself. "He's bin raised in a boardin' house. His hard time will be with deck jobs."

Presently the boy appeared from the galley with a dish of meat, which he proceeded to devour with the aid of a spoon. A man on his way forward with a mess of beef stopped and eyed him. "So you are the new boy, are ye?"

"Yessir, I am."

There came a slow voice out of the shadow. "Might hit be considered a himperkinence hif hi made bold to inkwire wot was the nyme you signed to the harticles?"

"D'ye mean what yer to call me?" answered the boy.

"That's a deuced good guess, my son," said the first man.

"Well," drawled the boy, "seein' I live aft, you better call me Sir."

The mate on the lumber pile chuckled to himself. "If Bill and his mate Jim aint playin' the hen to his chiney egg, I'm a lobster," and he leaned forward to catch Jim's disgusted tones.

"Wot the bloody deuce d'ye want to get laughed at by a kid; Bill," he was saying. "Ain't ye got more 'orse sense than to tackle a kid that age with yer fancy talk?" And he spat into the scuppers in manly irritation.

Bill evidently found great mental comfort in the muscular effort necessary to enjoy his mess of beef and potatoes, for, though much abashed, his face gradually cleared. When he had wiped his hands on a stevedore's jacket he came swinging by the coaster-mate who was still sitting on the lumber. He grinned responsively to the latter's hoarse chuckle and sang out, "The lad's a corker, ain't he?"

"He'll do, I reckon," answered the mate.

II

Several months after this the mate of the Elisha B. Jones again met Bill in Astoria. After a drink of greeting the mate asked "And how is the kid?"

"Come back and sit down to a glass," said Bill.

"Here's to ye," said the mate after they were served. "How did the boy get along? I noticed he sort o' sat on yer advances that first night."

" 'E was a daisy," admitted the sailor, "but I got more'n even with 'im, aw, I did, when 'e told 'is nyme. Ye see we was all asettin' in the alleyway up for'ad the first morning out, a hover'aulin' old dodgers, and the kid, 'e wanders up. 'Now wot's yer name?' I sings out, agrabbin' 'im by the slack of 'is little foulweather breeches, 'out with it now; yer not shamed on it, are ye?' The kid 'e flares up and straightens out 'is arms an' says, 'me nyme is 'Airmann Sockalexius Fowler.'

" 'A very good nyme it is,' says Jim ascowlin' at me, 'an' I'd admire to 'ear any lowlived, lubberly, tallow-eatin' son of a seacook say as it worn't. That was the meanest thing I ever 'eard o' my mate Jim adoin', a settin' a boy, as worn't fit to know, again' 'is shipmates. Jim, 'e says to me that night our watch below: 'I didn't go for to do ye dirt, Bill,' says 'e, 'but Sockalexius, 'e told me as how it was 'is mother give 'im that name, an' a kid mustn't disrespeck 'is mother. Probable she was sick, an' anyway a wumman 'as queer notions of nymes. Leastwise, I seen men tucked up under wusser nymes nor 'Airmann Sockalexius Fowler.' An' Jim he smacks 'is bloody lips.

" 'Ye're gone rotten soft on the kid' says I, 'an' 'e'll do ye a trick that'll make yer 'ead sore.'

"Sure 'nough, Sockalexius worn't long in livenin' up the ship. The hofficers' cook was the first to get it. 'E cussed the kid as 'e was 'angin' outside the galley door waitin' for the skipper's tea. Chinese cussin' is particular ill-smellin' to a white man, an' the kid 'ad got onto it. Sockalexius lays for 'im as 'e was goin' for'ad that night and chokes the luff of 'is pigtail around a stanchion. It brings the cook up all standin' right abreast the mate's door, an' when the mate 'ears 'is

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'eathen yowlin', 'e out an' kicks 'im all the way for'ad. 'Course Sockalexius worn't within 'ail for an hour. Then he routs me out one night when I was takin' a quiet smoke unbeknown to the mate, by fillin' me bloody pipes with smoke of sulphur an' my chokin' an' cussin' gets me fixed proper. 'E bathes the third mate's purp in the skipper's bath tub, an' says innercent-like that it was orders, an' the third gets logged. Before we wus many days out, Sockalexius 'ad done every man Jack aboard, not leavin' out the old man, except my mate Jim. Jim, 'e was mendin' the kid's togs 'is watch below; 'e spends 'ole days apolisin' an' arubbin' up brasswork the Cap'n gives the kid to clean. In pay he gets lemmings an' cigars and sugar an' currants from the pantry, an' in the dogwatch they smokes a pipe together.

"As usual when you've a deck load, we 'its nasty weather, 'orrid nasty. One night it was comin' over so 'eavy it broke up the bloody deck-cargo, an' it was an' 'oly mess for'ad. Both watches made a try at fixin' it up an' by the black o' the mornin' it was most all over the side, 'cept some big timbers that was lashed, was 'ittin' about in their lashin's makin' it cruel 'ard for ye, if we got caught with a tumble of the ship.

"Jim, 'e was in the thick of it, tryin' with an axe to cut loose a big spar with a chain 'itched around it. 'E was jumpin' over it every time it gave a roll with the ship, but once the chain jammed in a stanchion, stoppin' it for a moment, and 'e come down right in front of it. We was standin' by wonderin' whether the jammed chain would stick till Jim got out o' danger's way, when Sockalexius, as we'd all forgot, come out o' the alleyway on a jump, caught a 'olt o' Jim, who was clutchin' at the deck so as to get up onto 'is feet, an' pulled 'im away just as the spar sagged down the slope of the deck like a weight fallin' from up aloft. Jim comes up again' the foremast, takes a good grip of a pin, an' just looks down at poor little Sockalexius that was still draggin' at 'im. Then 'e looks over to where we was swingin' on a manrope an' 'e shakes 'is fist an' swears 'orrid, till a sea puts 'im an' the kid under. Next roll to leaward we all slides for the alleyway. When I gets my feet, I sees Jim with an arm round Sockalexius an' chokin' with tears in 'is eyes.

" 'Wot's up that yer pipin' yer eye?' says I. 'Yer jolly well out o' that place.'

" 'An' well I know it,' 'e sputters, 'but I swallered my quid when that sea struck me.'

" 'Must 'a been extry fresh,' says I.

"After that Jim and the kid was thicker'n ever. Sundays of a mornin' ye cud 'a' seen them two asettin' on the foc's'le 'ead areadin' to each other. My mate Jim, 'e was un'andy with 'is letters, an' slow in stays at the end of a long line, but the kid, 'e read it beautiful with ups an' downs to 'is voice.

"One night me an' Jim come below to turn in, an' as I was smokin' my pipe I seen Jim backin' an' fillin' oneasy, but I says nothin' an' looks as if I seen nothin'. When I was thinkin' I'd 'ave to bloody well 'eave somethin' at 'is 'ead so's I cud go to sleep, 'e comes over to my bunk an' remarks serious, 'marriage is oncertain.'

" 'Yer a fool to be findin' it out so easy,' says I.

" 'I'm goin' to get married,' says 'e.

" 'I allays knowed you was an ass,' says I.

" 'I'm not an ass,' says 'e, 'for I'm goin' to marry 'is mother.'

" 'Oose mother? The skipper's?' says I, real sleepy.

With that he up an' 'its me an' we 'as it out on the deck. But 'e says no more o' marryin' for a while an' I thinks 'e's a bit gone with liquor. Though where 'e got it I never cud find.

"Two days later we was workin' at a job in the after wheel'ouse, an' sudden 'e looks up an' says, 'Bill, I'm goin' to get spliced. Wot do ye think of it?'

" 'The 'ell ye are, says I. 'An' who is she? Womenfolk ain't many nor commodjously choice on this old drugger.' —which was truth; there worn't even a stewardess.

" 'It'll be Sockalexius' mother, 'is old wumman,' says 'e.

" 'Didn't know ye was acquainted,' says I.

" 'Look 'ere, Bill,' says Jim, 'ye're been

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my mate for nine year an' yer not goin' back on me now.'

" 'I'm thinkin' it's you goin' back on me with yer marryin'. Maybe ye think I'm not as good as a wumman ye never laid yer bloomin' eyes on?' says I.

" 'Don't be' arsh, mate,' says 'e, 'it's the kid, Sockalexius. 'E's needin's a father bad, an' 'e's sayin' 'e was sent to look for a father, so I'm goin' to take the berth.'

" 'Where do she live?' I asks.

" 'Frisco,' says 'e. 'She runs an eatin' 'ouse. I'm a'most thinkin' I cud spend a year or two ashore, special with the kid.'

"Nothin' I cud say was any good; 'e 'ad that notion jammed in 'is pore 'ead, an' go 'e would. Sockalexius was soon callin' 'im 'father' and every time 'e done it, Jim took a fresh quid an' talked about when 'e'd live ashore.

"One day I axes Jim fair and square, 'Is the kid's mother white?'

" 'I don't rightly know,' says 'e. 'She's 'Ungarian, wotever that be.'

" 'Never was in one of them ports,' says I, 'but it sounds bad.'

" 'The kid's white' says Jim and walks away. When we was in Nagasaki wot does Jim do, but go to the skipper an' give 'im a yarn an' 'e gets leave for 'im an' Sockalexius to sign clear. They done it an' shipped in a bark for 'Frisco. The old man, 'e 'spicions something an' 'e sends for me after they're cleared out an' axes me 'ow it was that me an' Jim as was mates for nine year was shippin' separate. I tells 'im about the kid an' 'ow Jim was off to marry 'is mother. The old man 'e thought awhile an' then 'e says: ' 'Ow the devil did 'e know she'd 'ave 'im?'

" ' 'E didn't', says I an' the skipper, 'e laughs 'earty, though I don't see no bloody joke."

"Well," said the mate of the Elisha B. Jones, "I know the missus and if Jim has married her, there ain't any joke, for she is"—he sighed—"a corker."

III

Jim and Sockalexius left the shipping office in San Francisco with their pay in their pockets and an unholy thirst for expenditure in their bosoms. Through a delightful sense for a sailor's nature a Cheap Charley had displayed his goods at exactly the spot to catch the eyes of men leaving the office and he welcomed these two paternally. When they emerged both were resplendent, Jim in a suit of blue topped by a visor cap, the boy in a jacket that rasped his ears and in trousers which he viewed in despair when he counted on his fingers the squares he must walk to his mother's restaurant.

As they proceeded thither Jim laid out a plan of campaign. "Ye see, my son," he said finally, "I'm a bit lubberly in the 'andling of women craft an' I've got to learn the ropes first. Not but that I'm not considerin' myself equal to it, but slow an' easy is the word. Now ye say yer mother is furrin an' in course she won't be 'xactly 'preciatin' the qualities of a British seaman, so you just set around an' give me soundin's, but let me give the orders."

"I hope ma'll take to ye," said the boy upon whom the vision of familiar streets brought uncomfortable recollections.

"Oh! I dersay we'll 'itch all right, my son, only ye mustn't 'urry me."

"Here we are!" cried Sockalexius, tumbling headlong through a door. Jim followed more decorously and found himself in a bare room set with dirty tables and permeated with the smell of cooking. "Where's the kid gone to?" he muttered to himself. "It ain't fair to desert a shipmate like this," and he stared around uneasily. At this moment a filthy waitress came in, took her stand with hands on her hips and demanded saucily, "What do *you* want, Jack?"

The type was familiar and Jim immediately felt more at ease. He sank into a chair, looked at her critically and said, "go wash your hands an' bring me a chop with a mug o' beer."

"Right, soap an' water," snapped the girl. "Shall I rinse off yer chop too?"

"Don't overwork yerself," responded Jim in a surly tone.

When the servant was gone he swore gently to himself. "Why didn't the kid let on they was two of 'em. Two women, an' I 'ad me doubts o' managin' one.

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'Owever this 'ere is a genteel way of introducin' myself an' it'll make the missus know I'm a man with money. But—two of 'em, O Lor'!" and he groaned heavily.

He was pondering the situation with an occasional thought as to "wot sort o' pigeon English the old wumman speaks," when in came Sockalexius with his mother, a tall gaunt woman with cheeks of Indian red.

"This is Jim," said the boy.

Mrs. Fowler looked the sailor over from head to foot. Her inspection finished she said abruptly. "I 'spose yer spent every doggonned cent o' yer wages on them duds?"

Jim glanced desperately at his suit then fixed his eyes on the boy. "No'm," he stammered, "I've a few dollars left."

"Well, if yer goin' to stay here, ye better hand 'em over quick."

The sailor counted out into her apron his large change, and after a rapid calculation Mrs. Fowler called the dirty maid, slapped a grin off her face and said sharply, "This galoot kin stay three weeks, three meals a day and a bed at night.—Not a day more, not a meal over."

This was the installation of Jim, and while it dispelled his visions of masterful wooing, he confided to Sockalexius during one of the now infrequent periods when they were together, that he "ruther drew to a wumman o' her lines."

Yet many days passed and Jim felt that his mission was being more and more lost sight of. Indeed the very servant girl whom he considered but fair play for uncouth jests and pleasantries seemed to be resenting unduly his mild humor. With a full bosom he sought the boy.

"Sockalexius," said he, "it ain't just such plain sailin' as I was reckonin' on. Yer ma 'as fooled me twicet already. In the first place ye said she was 'Ungarian. She ain't. She can beat any mate I ever laid my lights on in the matter o' spillin' English. Second place, she ain't a widow 'cordin' to articles; 'er 'usband is somewheres an' "—in a burst of indignation—"I've been 'untin' for 'im! 'Untin, I says, for the very man wot 'ud take the bloody bread out o' my mouth! It ain't fair, Sockalexius."

This view of the case was appalling and the boy's jaw fell. He was sensible that he had in some incomprehensible way betrayed his shipmate. The thought was horrible and looking cautiously around he drew Jim into the street. His mouth trembled as he said "I ain't fooled ye, Jim. I ain't got no pa. Yer not goin' back on me? Ma 'ull marry ye; she's my ma and I oughter do suthin for her, she says so herself, cause I ain't got no pa."

Jim somewhat reassured, and moved by the boy's tones clasped the little hand laid in appeal on his arm and answered stoutly, "I'll do it, 'eavens, if it takes a year to get over it. You shall 'ave a dad, by thunder. Take a brace, yer mother's none so worse; rather enjoy 'er chatterin' myself." (This last was uttered but feebly.)

For the next few days Mrs. Fowler detected rapine and piracy in Jim's demeanor. His glances were so mysterious, his remarks so incomprehensible that even her harridan tongue shrank from probing what might be a bloody secret. With relief she saw the morning dawn when she could dismiss her lodger. She entered the restaurant in the afternoon to find the sailor tramping up and down the room with a flush of laborious determination on his brow. She watched him a moment and then said harshly, "Say, mister, yer board gives out to-day; dig up some more or clear out."

Jim stopped in his walk and turned a ferocious countenance upon her. "That was wot I wos wantin' to tackle ye about,' he said and Mrs. Fowler retired to the door. "Ye see Sockalexius an' me, as 'as been shipmates this some while, was wantin' to try a spell o' shore life. I 'eard 'ow ye was lookin' for a 'usband an' it bein' Sockalexius's mother, I reckoned I cud make out to fill the berth." He wiped his forehead and ceased.

The woman had come out into the middle of the room and she looked at him scornfully. "Heard I was lookin' for a husband, did ye? 'Spose ye don't calkilate on my already havin' such an article?" she cried shrilly. "'P'raps ye reckon I'd like to renoo my amoosin experiences with that ornery lummox

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that never earned a darned cent an' left me a brat to look after? 'Spose I'm a sorter innercent, godforsaken hen that needs somebody to work for? Kinder calkilated ye was ekal to eatin' if I was to cookin'? Like to be a pap to the kid, would ye? Ain't kickin' on nuthin' to do, s'long ez you don't hev to do it? You git!"

Jim was half-way out of the door with a slender grin on his face. "I'll 'ave a talk with ye later," he faltered.

"Later!" exclaimed his landlady, "ye jest clear out now!"

" 'Ow about the kid?" said Jim getting up his courage.

Mrs. Fowler went past him into the street, returned immediately with Sockalexius in her grasp, set him in the middle of the floor and surveyed him from top to toe. Her face softened and she said gently, "He'll stay with me."

The lad looked into a mother's eyes and made a step towards her. With a cry she snatched him up in her strong arms and kissed him passionately. Her flaming glance fell upon Jim, who stood unable to move; she motioned toward the door and he started away. Sockalexius twisted himself out of his mother's arms and ran to him. "Are ye goin' to marry ma?" he asked shyly.

Jim looked at Mrs. Fowler, whose face was setting hard in wrath. "Marry him!" she said hoarsely. "Did you put him up to it? You're yer pap right over—leave a woman that had done everythin' fer ye fer a brute of a man. Git! and go along with him. An' you, ye big lazy coot, climb! Skedaddle! take yer perposals where they're wanted. Ef I ketch ye loafin' round here, I'll fix ye so ye won't feel so lovin'. Now git! An' may the devil an' all his saints——"

IV.

"They be all of 'em again' us, Sockalexius," said Jim, as they hurried down the ill-paved road away from the sound of the clattering imprecations. "I done my best an' offered to be a good 'usband to 'er, but 'er temper is too much for me."

As they turned a corner and found themselves on a less shadowy street Jim slackened his pace and in a more assured voice sang out to the boy who was running a few feet ahead of him, " 'Vast runnin', there, lad. Don't be pipin' yer eyes," he continued as a tearful face was turned to his; "our troubles are but begun."

"It ain't like my mother to do such things. She's all worn out with workin' so hard, an'—she wasn't this way before—so—bad." And with an honest little sob he clutched the hand of the burly sailor.

"Ay, there's probable truth in that, Sockalexius. But chow'll fix all that up. Come along o' me, and I'll show ye a joint where ye'll get a feed that 'ull bust yer bloomin' belt."

They turned down a long quiet street paved with the asphalt scrapings of the avenues of the upper city set along with grimy houses in every stage of waterfront decay. Above the uneasy looking buildings on its lower side toward the dark rigging of endless ships, the slippery masts of steamcraft with here and there the dusty column of a coal derrick. In the least respectable block of this street the sailor stopped, gazed vacantly around, sighed reminiscently, and led the way through swinging doors into a bar.

When they were well inside, the boy took one shivering look around while a familiar smell of cooking filled his nostrils, and turned to Jim.

"It's all right, my son," said the sailor comfortably, "this 'ere's the wayuppest place in the city for a tall feed, an' it's dinner time. Just set yourself down to the table an' stow away."

There was an unvarying atmosphere of quiet enjoyment throughout the long, sawdust sprinkled room—an air of gratification about the waiters that was apparently due to a keen sense of the delicious savor of the dishes they had the happiness of serving. And there was also a seeming of exact and judicious repletion in the dreamy fumes of the after-dinner cigarette that could not but powerfully affect the two whose hunger was sharpened by a sense of homelessness.

The boy was soon forgetful of his troubles, and the sailor naturally suffered no uncomfortable recollections or

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prospects to mar the unity and thoroughness of his meal.

"Does the wine cost extry, father?" said Sockalexius, handling the bottle.

"Throwed in with the dinner. 'Elp yerself."

"I'll only take a little, but my mouth is stiff from—cryin'."

"I remember me," said the sailor between two bites. "I was a lad onct and my mother died. My mouth was awful stiff for a long time. Go a'ead, my son; 'ere's a jolly life!"

They drank with due solemnity and relish. It was the first of many glasses for the boy, and before the man was through, the lad's mouth was at last relaxed in sleep.

Jim looked at him now and again till the final morsel of the final course was gone, then steadily fixing a gloomy eye upon him, sat smoking far into a third hour. He then, with immense difficulty and an undue amount of subdued profanity extracted the sum of his check from sundry pockets, picked up the sleeping boy and carried him across the street to a lodging house, where, on payment of "two-bits" they were permitted to rest undisturbed on a dirty bed.

Next morning, wakened by the vigilant landlord determined that no laggard should enjoy the pleasures of sleep beyond poor man's measure, Jim and the boy tumbled drowsily into the street to stare around and up to see why they had been called. Hearing no bellowing mate and seeing no familiar gear they roused up, laughed at each other, and scampered across to breakfast.

The cheerful breeze of early morning and the sweetness of a first cool pipe welcomed the prospect of the day. "Sonny," said Jim, "where away? Liverpool? New York? Shanghai? Yokahama? Sidney? Valparaiso? The Islands? or coastwise? Steam or sail?"

"After that Jim and the kid was thicker'n ever."

"Let's take a looksee at what's goin', father."

"Lor, but ye 'ave learned a lot, son. Don't y'ever be a blasted green 'orn an' get took in by any craft. We'll go down an' pick out somethink that suits us an' go. Where she goes is no matter."

They spent the whole morning wander-

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ing from wharf to wharf, steering clear of mates and looking with practiced eye at every vessel. Finally they ventured on asking where they might find the mate of a big, beamy ship whose masts were not so tall as those of the ordinary clipper, and whose deck was as roomy as that of a lumber carrier. The mate showed a suspicious face out of the chart room door, looked the couple over thoroughly and at last condescended to ask what they were doing aboard the ship. It would have been indecorous to the last degree for him to have asked what they wanted, and both Jim and Sockalexius felt a friendly twist in the mate's forbearance from expletive.

"D'ye want two good seamen, sir?" Jim asked.

"Where's the other one?" was the query.

"The lad 'ere," replied Jim, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Your son?"

"Aye, sir, 'e's my son, though I says it who shouldn't—I mean, sir—ay, 'e's my son," answered Jim.

"I'd ship ye quick enough, both o' ye, but the cap'n has already signed a gilt-edged lot of beggars, thieves an' murderers, an' I 'low ye wouldn't want yer son to do several men's whack. God help the able seaman that signs the articles o' this craft," the mate went on, spitting half-heartedly over the side, "for he'll have to do all the blamed work. Sailors ain't what they used to be, not by a darned sight." And he withdrew again into the chartroom.

The two went ashore and sat down to council. Sockalexius was for trying a steamer, but Jim insisted that sail was better. As a temporary compromise they decided to eat over it. After a ten-cent meal life resumed its gayer hues, and almost with enthusiasm Jim accepted the boy's proposal to ship on a steamer.

A choice was difficult. Some had Lascar crews, some Chinese, some Japanese, and the few with European hands were uninviting. At last they came to a slip where lay a trim American steam-schooner, with green paint used in reckless profusion over wooden sides. "Look at them decks," whispered Jim in awe; "a bloody sight cleaner nor any table. Not a rope-yarn out o' place. Sockalexius, this is the craft for us."

A rotund cook was smoking in the door of the galley forward, and of him they inquired the business of the ship.

"Rippling Wave of Portland. Coastwise—Coos Bay, Tillamook, Astoria. Cap'n, Hall; Ned Scott, mate," and the cook placidly resumed his pipe.

The mate they found aft, sitting on the sill of his door deep in the thrilling pages of a Sunday paper. He looked up carelessly, frowned and growled "What the dickens are ye doin' aft here?"

"Want to ship a couple o' good 'ands, sir?" said Jim, touching his cap.

"Just this moment discharged the wetnuss, an' can't take babies no more." After saying this, the mate took up again the thread of a narrative which brought to his lips irrepressible exclamations of "Blast 'em! The corker! Thievin' beggar!" and like hearty criticisms.

The sailor and the boy stood like wooden images for a full five minutes, till the mate looked up again, folded the paper, strode to the engine room skylight and called down: "Harry, what d'ye say to a kid oiler?" Then turning around: "Get below there, kid, quick. The engineer'll overhaul ye, an' if you'll do, the cap'n 'ull take ye, I reckon. Git along now, lively! You, there, what's your name?"

"James Walsh, sir."

"Get for'ad, Jim, an' slack away that breast line a bit. Make fast and slide aft."

Later the mate strolled forward to the little foc's'le-head where Jim was now engaged in unlaying old rope, and said carelessly:

"Got your stuff here?"

"No, sir."

"Can ye git some?"

"Yes, sir."

"Knock off that, take an hour an' git blankets for yourself an' the kid-oiler, an' what else ye want. Step lively!"

"Ay, ay, sir," Jim sang out, as he dropped the last rope yarn into the box and scuttled ashore.

That evening just before sundown, without any of the loud-voiced roar of orders and splutter of oaths that mark

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the casting off of the big deepwater craft, the Rippling Wave drifted clear with the tide, swung her nose into the seawind and quickly stood out toward the Pacific, flaming beneath the setting sun.

As it went two bells of the evening watch, while far on the starboard bow shone bright and clear a coastwise light, Jim and Sockalexius sat on the deck to leeward of the forward deck-house luxuriously smoking. Soft little whispering waters nestled against the dark side at their feet, fluttering bits of breeze from out the highest fore-sail brightened the coal in their pipes, and the hollow churn of the engines joined in with a chorus of the ocean slumber song, which is beyond all songs of shore because sleep is sweeter to the sailor than it can ever be to other folk. Under its familiar spell the two conversed drowsily.

"'Ow's yer job, sonny? Like oilin'?" said Jim.

"Smelly, but nice," murmured the boy. "The engines talk and tell you all about how much oil and wipin' they need."

"It's easier'n workin' cargo as us on deck as to do in port. Any'ow ye make it, sonny, it's jolly good to be on salt water again. Ye got yer watch below 'ere, an' nobody can bother ye. Sea's more'n women an' sweet'earts an' children—some children, I was wantin' to say, Sockalexius. Stick to the sea; the devil drives ashore, but the sea won't never weary of ye, if ye don't be frettin' for wot ye'll never git. It 'ull treat ye square, sonny."

He cut off a good-sized quid, thrust it into his cheek, re-lit his pipe and settled comfortably down with his arm supporting the sleepy weight of the wearied boy.

The private adventures of Sockalexius were finished. For he had found a father.

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STILL, SO STILL

BY JOHANNES REIMERS

Prelude.

WILFUL trail winds over glacier-polished cliffs, from the shores of a narrow Norse fjord into a little known wilderness f dark, forbidding mountains.

A large birch, grizzly with age, droops its long branches over the water, in summer softly piping in the constant breezes, in winter lifting its voice to wild yells, when the winds, tearing down from the high mountains in gleeful meeting with the storms of the sea, make the fjord the floor for their titanic dances.

Miles further in the fjord, on the moraine of ancient glaciers, lies Eid, a small settlement about a friendly church and half hidden among the bird-cherries and rowans.

Here the "king's highway," well-built and broad, leads across many a weary mile of wild mountains to the shores of another fjord. People from all over the world pass here. It has become the beaten track of the tourists who come to the Norse fjords and fjelds and their dreamy summer nights.

But where the old birch stands on the lonely shore even a row boat ties, and few are the venturesome tourists who dare the dangers of the trail in to Skarvadal.

It begins innocently enough, soon leading across a hill-crest with young birches and rowans, where the mountain thrush sings, and the brook on its way from the snowy heights takes thought for a minute ere it again goes tumbling to the sea. But from here on the mountains grow bolder and bolder with a willfulness that is staggering. Abysses yawn with greater and greater dizziness, but the trail leads along them, clinging to narrow shelves where the footsteps are few, and a wrong one means an airy passage into the hereafter. The sun, shooting its quivering darts between ragged peaks, strives through the rainbow mists, with phosphorescent splendor, the hurrying glacier-creek thunders through the mystic shades of yawning chasms. Far and away across the fjord lay glacial snow-fields blotched by flying shadows of hurrying clouds, and wrapping with silvery purity the foot of a black jutting peak.

Deeper and deeper grows the stillness. Here and there from the shelves hangs a gauzy waterfall dissolving into the haze of the chasm. The trail passes across a narrow log suspended from shelf to shelf. Black perpendicular cliffs frown above it, glistening with water-ooze, but out of the misty deep rises a quivering rainbow in tantalizing airiness. Sometimes a growling re-echoed rumble reaches its ghost hand down from the mysterious unknown and passes away. An eagle, on effortless wings, sails out of the unseen shortly followed by its crying mate. Their exaggerated shadows sweep hurriedly over the mist banks of the roaring deep and scale with astonishing rapidity the most abrupt mountain walls. But the trail winds on and on and on, always higher, higher into deeper and deeper solitude, into greater and greater stillness. Then, through a narrow gorge, reaching the crest, it rapidly descends into the mountain-locked vale of Skarvadal, with its only farm about the inky deep of a glacier-fed lake.

I.

Up through the centuries one family had lived in Skarvadal. A hardy race they were, who obtained their living from these glacial meadows and rugged mountain pastures. There had been great bear-hunters among them—men of

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brutish courage and strength. But one, years and years ago, so tradition tells, had accidentally killed his own brother, and for years after, in mute pitiful insanity, he wandered from place to place, never able to return to the revealing stillness of his home valley. Forever its dark mountains would echo his brother's death agony.

Many fair lasses had grown to womanhood in this lonesome mountain vale. They had married and moved out; and though there were strong sons who rolled the rocks and dug out more land of the wilderness, the time came when the world up there grew too small, and the lads sought abroad for new fields. Most of them went across the seat to the northern prairies of America. And those who went abroad to more fruitful regions, where the summers were longer and warmer and the earth larger, did far better than the few who remained at home. At last old Halvard and his wife had seen all their children but one fly out of the nest and leave for America. Used to hard work and the most adverse nature, they all prospered.

So at last little Per was the only son left home with the old folks.

He was a slim, slight-haired lad with a dreamy look, handy with his knife in wood-carving and passionately fond of music.

But glacial meadows connected with the world across a slippery plank suspended over a dizzy abyss affords neither a piano nor a fiddle—no, not even a good harmonica. So little Per whittled himself a fiddle of a foreign tobacco box, and killed a cat for guts.

But there came alluring letters from across the sea, descriptions of the broad, fruitful acres, of the life and stir and energy over there. The sons had all nice homes now—photographs accompanied the letters. These peasants, who had worn homespuns before they left, were dressed up like great folks, and the wives and daughters in almost royal style. At least so it seemed to the old folks in Skarvadal.

Then there came a letter from Ola, the eldest son, who now had a grocery store in St. Paul, and who was making good money.

It contained one hundred dollars for the old folks and five for little Per. It brought the news that Ola had bought his daughter a fine piano, and that she was taking music lessons from "a real professor."

Old Halvard shook his head at such extravagance. He feared he might yet hear bad news from Ola, when he was flying so high. Mother did not quite share his anxiety, for Ola had always been careful. But they both prayed fervently that night that Ola would receive God's wisdom and stop buying costly playthings.

Little Per alone was not in the prayer. He had seen a piano when peeping through the door at the tourist hotel at Eid. From outside he had heard it played, had listened with rapt eagerness to what seemed the loveliest music imaginable. And to think that now a brother of his had such a fine music box capable of opening such a heaven of tones!—and that he, little Per, was yet sitting in Skarvadal with his home-made fiddle sounding so harsh and thin compared to a big fine music box! That was all little Per could think of during the evening prayer and away into the still moonlight night. The "out-of-the-wayness" of Skarvadal seemed then to him the most hopeless thing in the world.

So he worried through fall and well into the winter, when one day he went on his skees to Eid with a letter for Ola, asking him if he might not come over to St. Paul on a visit. It was fearfully lonesome in Skarvadal, and he'd like to see his great music box and hear his daughter play. Little Per mentioned that his clothes were not as fine as they used over there, but that he had five dollars that Ola had sent him, and it would fit him out pretty fairly, if Ola would pay for the ticket.

Winter comes early to Skarvadal.

Sometimes when it rains on the fjord, it snows up there,—first on the peaks and glaciers about, then farther and farther down into the birch-forest, farther and farther down, till Skarvadal is a place of death and stillness all through the long, long winter. Even the lake is per-

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fectly at rest—one level sheet of snow-covered ice—so still, so still through the long nights that people get into the habit of speaking low and gently. The mute ptarmigans, in their white winter-dress, come fluttering down into the groves in search of food and shelter. One hears their muffled wing-beats in the still frosty air a long distance off, and the snow falls deeper and deeper.

Old Halvard was beginning to feel his age. Some years ago he had an accident on the trail. He had never quite overcome it. His sight was fast failing. He could not even read the old big-typed Bible any longer. He was much afraid that he ultimately would grow blind like his father before him.

Spring brought a letter from Ola with money for little Per to come over on a visit. It should be a visit only—a few months, perhaps until fall. Little Per being the youngest, must remain at home and take possession of Skarvadal when the old folks should die. For it must not go out of the family to whom it had belonged as far back as tradition reached.

Per did not quite see why he should be the one to remain for the rest of his life up there among the mountains. Per, in his dreams, had looked far beyond Skarvadal, but had said nothing about it.

Mother wept when he left. He was the last bird off the nest, and she loved him most. Besides she had a strong preadmonition that after all he would never return.

But Per joked with her and was bound to go.

Old Halvard followed his son down the trail to the fjord. The thrushes were singing in the groves. Every gully ran full of water. The cascades boomed from the snow melting on the heights. Earth breathed with dank fragrance. One seemed to hear little smacks of delight from things that grew, now spring had returned. The fjord lay in dreamy haziness below the awakening mountains, and the sage-hen cackled and played in the heather, for it was lovetime. The glaciers dropped large ice-lumps and sent them dipping down the swollen creeks. The mountain-backs spread themselves with delight, as the snow crept higher and higher on to the peaks. And the sunshine sifted gold over land and sea.

But old Halvard was of a sad heart, though Per walked ahead humming. The lad was beating the rocks and the tree-trunks. He chopped the tops of the heather with his staff out of mere life.

But, when they rowed up the fjord to Eid, they were both thoughtful and silent.

At Eid, old Halvard bade his son good-bye and welcome home again. He tried not to show his feelings, but his old wrinkled face twitched, and he had to chuckle not to weep.

He waited till the steamer had pulled out and disappeared down the fjord. He traded for few things in the store and sat out on his lonely way home.

But the trail seemed longer and steeper to him than ever.

Someone had prophesied that Skarvadal should some day stand abandoned with the woods growing all over the meadows. It was an old tradition handed down through generations. It haunted old Halvard on his way home.

II

It was lonesome for the old folks without Per. Though the snow had disappeared and the hill-sides and meadows were full of tender bloom, something that formerly had gladdened them was gone. But the lake glittered in its mountain deep, small-talking in a friendly way, and the thrushes scratted and fussed in the rowans. The ptarmigans had again put on their summer-dress and silently migrated to the highest marshy mountain moors, where heaven was both roof and walls, and where the salmon-berries were abloom.

When harvest time came, Halvard went to Eid for a man to help him.

That was a break in the lonesomeness both for himself and mother, for the man was an old acquaintance and full of stories and news from the farms along the fjord.

Off and on there came letters from America.

Per did not stay idle. He was earning good wages; had bought himself a fiddle —"a veritable, real, fine violin." People said he had the promise of being a fine player some day. Ola was helping him

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to pay for high-priced lessons which he took from a man well known all over America as a great fiddler. Per told about the beautiful music he was hearing nearly every evening in the week, about musicians whom he had met and who took kind interest in him. He did not say so, but it was not difficult reading between the lines, that he dreaded coming home.

Halvard longed and prayed for the return of his youngest son. Mother worried; she felt sure for every letter they received that she would never see Per again. Besides, the old man was gradually getting blind, and she had little hope for many more years of life for herself.

Fall came with its continued storms. The woods stood naked, and the short grass turned yellow in the frosty nights. The lake lay inky and restless under the low-hanging storm clouds.

Every letter the mail brought from Per was full of tales of his own progress—how more and more he was learning to make the fiddle talk and what a delight he took in practicing many hours a day. In his last letter he even wrote that prominent people over there had told him what a shame it would be for him, who was so fond of music and so gifted, to go back to the lonesome farm up in Skarvadal—throw away his future. The old folks looked up at each other and though they said not a word each felt what the other thought, and worried about it.

So a month passed without a letter from America. Could Per be on his way home? Winter was rapping at the door; it was time for him to come.

Halvard again went to Eid. He had a secret hope that his son would be aboard the steamer. Mother stood and looked after the old man as he left. She came near calling after him: "Bring Per home with thee"; then laughed, with tears in her eyes, at her own foolishness.

But the steamer brought no Per, and Halvard poked homeward over the trail, heavy and tired. His sight was so poor now that it was with difficulty that he found his way. He had a letter in his pocket. He thought it was from Per, and felt sure of the evil tidings it would bring. Mother was in bed when Halvard reached home. She did not feel well—could not keep warm; and then she worried over Per. Halvard brought her the letter on the bed, but the day was so far advanced that he had to light a tyri before she could read Per's crooked handwriting.

The gray dusk mingled strangely with the yellow smoky light of the tyri, and then it was so very still in Skarvadal when night fell. At last mother got the letter in position to read. Old Halvard sat on the edge of the bed. His white head was shaking with expectancy.

The letter was, after all, not from Per, but from Ola.

It began in such a strange way, asking the old folks to get somebody right off who could stay with them. Ola would pay all expenses, and more too.

Little by little the letter told how very gifted Per was in music—how he already was astonishing his teacher with his play, and how friends and everybody had begged that the poor lad be not sent back to the hard life in Skarvadal. There was no doubt that Per had a great future before him in America. Ola begged the old folks not to worry about this—perhaps when spring came they might feel strong enough to come over and spend their last days with their children.

Mother could read no more; her voice gave way to a strange swallowing; the letter shook in her wrinkled hand. The old folks looked at each other almost with reproach—oh, no, they were too old to move; very old trees strike no new roots.

But could all this really be so—was there nothing but the empty nest left, and the long, long winter before them? They dared not comprehend the full extent of their lonesomeness. Mother took Halvard's hand, as if she would without words tell him that there yet was hope—spring must bring Per home. He would yet learn to long for Skarvadal and the old folks, and besides his conscience would in a way hurt him for having left them thus alone—he whom they had expected to be the leaning-staff of their old age, would yet come home, bring a fair lass as his wife to Skarvadal, and there

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would be children's children yet to restrain the woods, and moors and meadows.

But the lonesomeness of the still night, more than ever, bore down with heavy weight on the mountain cabin. Halvard had bent forward, strangely overpowered, burrying his face in the coarse homewoven blanket. Mother lay still, and could not sleep. Her thoughts wandered far and away—days of the past came with pleasing pictures, with young love and young laughter, with long fragrant summer nights and cozy winter evenings while the children yet were little—sitting at home about the hearth, each busy with his or her handiwork, while outside the snow fell deep and the storms roared. Like all mothers she had pictured to herself fair hopes of their future; but when Ola reached manhood, ambitious as he was, he left for America. She knew already then that her plans and hopes had all been in vain—like a disease, the emigration fever had spread along the fjords in those days; and one by one the other children had caught it. Bitter tears she had wept to see them go, but that all —*all* of them should leave, that one day she who had borne them all in her lap should sit lonesome and empty-handed with never one of them with her who had been a good mother to them. Could it then really be so that Per never would return—that that great bewitching something in that far off rich country would also keep *him?* Ah, her purpose had been served—rest, eternal rest was the only thing left for her, and she was old enough to take it, she thought bitterly. The little flickering piece of wick which was left in her long-burned candle would soon reach the bottom.

She lay there and wept in a quiet way. Halvard heard it and it stung his heart, for he could not help her. At last sleep overpowered them, and it was so still, so still in Skarvadal.

During the night the first snow fell.

Mother lay in bed for a few days. Then her conscience hurt her, and she went about for a day or two. But old Halvard could see no more. The quiet tears he had shed had extinguished the last spark of light. It was dark night about him now. He fumbled along the housewalls, in and out the door, as if in search of his eyes. But it was mere distraction. He was a very old and his heart was full of sorrow.

Mother handed him his staff. He grew used to it after a while, so he could feel the way to the barn and feed the cows.

Sometimes they forgot, in their absentminded way, that Per was not to return. Then reality came so much more crushing, but neither said a word, each worrying about the other, that age stole upon them in such a way.

The snow fell deeper and deeper. The lake froze over. Then it snowed more—a constant soft, muffled dropping from the low clouds of millions of downy flakes.

The ptarmigans had quietly moved back into the groves, where the snow dropped from bending limbs in the great stillness.

The days wore along fearfully slow. Halvard went about in a kind of easy stupor. Mother spent most of her time in bed. They were now entirely closed out from the rest of the world; and down in the postoffice at Eid, the letters from their children in America piled up to quite a bundle.

"I knew when he left, I should never see Per again," spoke mother quietly one stormy night when she and Halvard were in bed.

"Eh, didst thou?" he answered absentmindedly. Then after a while, as if he had gathered his thoughts, he said in a childish way, "I wonder if he will bring his fine violin on home with him?"

They both lay still for a minute. "I suppose he will," he answered himself. But mother said nothing, for she knew his mind was wandering. But then, it was hard to believe that Per was not to come home again. He was as glad as a mountain brook when he left—he certainly had intended to come back, but America, America—she had often enough heard that name—a bitter name to her. The great country over there had taken everything she possessed in life—at last it kept Per, good kind Per. Well, well, he was so unearthly fond of a fiddle, Vesle Per was. Ola's big costly musicbox, too, and that daughter of his going

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to a real professor to learn to play on it! How far away her children had grown from her—into something immense, complex, unfathomably big in every way,—called America. And all the wonderful things the children had written about, ran through her head in a bewildering way.

She folded her thin old hands and prayed half aloud and for little Per. That since he never would come back, God would guide his steps; and soon give her rest.

The next morning, when mother did not call Halvard for breakfast, he knew she was not well enough to get up.

He had fumbled his way out through the snow to the barn. He had fed and milked the cows and gone back again to the cabin. He went about small-talking to himself. Mother was sleeping late, he thought.

He went and opened the door and stood in it patiently waiting. Of old habit he lifted his head to look at the sun for the time of day. But every hour was night now to Halvard.

He felt the sun shine upon him, and that the day was one of those rare mild ones in winter, when the water drips for an hour or two from the roof and then freezes into icicles.

After awhile he went into the room and spoke to mother, but received no answer.

He fumbled along the edge of the bed. A terrible fear fell upon him—that perhaps he now was alone in Skarvadal. It were as if the woods were already closing upon him, when his hand touched her icy features.

Mother was dead.

He fumbled his way out again for no purpose whatever.

The air fell in cold breaths from the frozen ridges. He stood knee-deep in the snow. His mind searched for a clear comprehension of what had happened. Alone in Skarvadal and blind! He, then, was the last of all those strong men, who had lived here through the centuries, and the fair lasses who had wandered out to other homes!

He lifted his face and with blind eyes stared at the barren sky.

The last—the last! The fairy tale was all told.

It were as if the trees coming from the mountains rivited him with their roots to the ground, as if their limbs grew about him in eager desire. They were coming, they were coming from all the hills, covering the meadows clear to the shore of the lake. But up under the cliffs the fox sneaked about in the dusk. He whipped the snow with his bushy tail, for he was impatient.

Ah, why had not little Per remained at home and been content with his homemade fiddle instead of going so far away from Skarvadal to Ola's great expensive music-box!

The snow blocked all ways—deep, soft, muffling every sound

It was so still, so still in Skarvadal, only an old man's heavy breathing, a yawning sigh of sorrow.

She, who had been part of him up through the years, who had born him these fine sons and daughters, was no more. It was time for him too, now. Then the woods would creep down from the mountain wilderness, become the winter-home of the mute ptarmigan.

He made up his mind, since everything was darkness anyway before his eyes, that also he had better go to rest.

One morning after a raging snowstorm, the sun rose in a clear sky. The ridges, the groves and the fields were aglitter with millions of little crystals.

It was so still, so still in Skarvadal—only once in awhile a soft dropping of snow from over-burdened limbs.

The old prophesy, made hundreds of years ago, had come true.

No one lived now in Skarvadal. It lay slumbering in its winter-dream, so still, so still.

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THE HOME SEEKERS

BY ISADORE BAKER

Their tents rose on the prairies wide,
A street of tents on either side,
In Kiowa;
By night the harvest moon looked down
Upon a sheeted, ghostly town
In strange array.

Like pilgrims journeyed as of old,
They sought new homes upon the wold
In Kiowa—
To plant the seed and reap the grain
On Oklahoma's sunny plain
Some future day.

Now in El Reno's busy street
The passing groups of settlers meet,
With smile and jest,
For good St. Catherine's mystic wheel
That brought so much of luck and weal
In swift behest,

A merry scene, a motley throng,
With here a frown and there a song,
They come and go;
What hopes and fears in every heart
Within this strange home-seeking mart
None e'er may know.

They follow one alluring word,
The dearest that has e'er been heard
In any clime;
'Tis that of home, where toilers see
Fruition of fair industry,
At vintage time.

The wilderness shall blossom sweet
With fields and gardens fair to greet,
On every side—
'Mid orchards and the waving grain
May these homesteaders of the plain
In peace abide.

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The real Japanese Kago.

FROM ATAMI TO LAKE HAKONE

By Kago Across the Ten Province Pass

BY C. E. LORRIMER

BSOLUTELY without exaggeration, the trip across the Ten Province Pass is the finest in Japan. The Japanese themselves consider the view the most beautiful in their country, and they are so accustomed to lovely landscapes that they should be connoisseurs. Nature is to them a deity whom they will never approach thoughtlessly and lightly. They would rather cut off their right hand than injure her trees or carve names on her rocks as our tourists do, and they take a beautiful excursion in the mountains as reverently as if it were a pilgrimage.

Each spring sees a number of visitors assemble in Atami, a characteristic, obscure village, with an ancient, fishy odor, to enjoy the mineral baths and to make the trip to Lake Hakone. Little Atami discards temporarily its one interest—

fish and bustles—yes, actually bustles, (I can say it without exaggeration or sarcasm) to provide coolies and conveyances.

It is surprising that people with such unpractical footgear should be good walkers, but the Japanese, men and women, are wonderfully fond of climbing. Some use sandals, but the majority mountaineer in clogs. Could anything more ludicrous be imagined? They seem, however, to succeed very well, for they go ahead at a good pace in spite of being as pigeon-toed as usual, and quite as shuffling. If they pirouette on the top of a pebble, Providence, or perhaps some topsy-turvy law of gravitation which they have invented to suit their requirements topples them off gently, but perpendicularly. Their long, graceful kimonas are tucked into their sashes, leaving the dumpy, sturdy little legs bare to the knee. When very hot the walkers "peel down" also from their necks: the state of semi-nudity which results is most comfortable, convenient and cool, and not at all shocking from their point of view.

However, only tried walkers are eligible for this trip to Hakone, no matter what misleading information to the contrary the visitor may collect—and there is plenty of it to be had in every hotel. The trip is a stiff climb for five hours over a rocky road, while the long drawn-out descent on the way back requires almost as much time. Of course jinrickshas are not feasible and ponies would not be safe, for the little stones on the path are so exceedingly coy that you have barely put your foot upon one before all its companions sympathetically protest at the intrusion and roll away down hill.

To Europeans who are doing Japan, Atami has made one concession— a great thing indeed for this conservative little village—but I must confess that it has made it half-heartedly. The innovation is a species of mountain chair, a creature which, like the Okapi, scientists knew before, but had no practical working acquaintance with.

On the morning that we had chosen to go to Hakone, a loud knocking at our bed-room doors and a forcible invasion of chattering coolies was disconcerting enough, but the sudden looting of our one and only comfortable arm chair, our maid of all work as it were, roused us to fury. We wanted to recite a paraphrase of "Coolie, spare our chair," but, in spite of remonstrance, it was kindly yet firmly removed, and we had to sit ignominiously on the edge of the bed to lace up our shoes. The chair had gone to be hitched on to the poles, and be generally fitted out for the day's excursion.

Our party was a large one, and we had chosen samples of all the conveyances. I, myself, who am a comfort-loving person, insisted on the chair. Had I only been wise, and thought in time of that old proverb about following the bad manners of the Romans when in Rome, and adapted the conveyance of the country, the Kago, how much happier I should have been! My chair was fastened, to my mind, very insecurely between two long bamboo poles, which stretched out fore and aft like the shafts of a carriage. A little basket was tied on in front for my feet, though I did not dare leave them in it because they fitted so tightly that it gave me "pins and needles" in them. The four ends of the poles were connected by odd bits of string.

My coolies were of assorted sizes like a box of pins, and they carried like amateur pall-bearers—heavily and stumbling. One leaned against each end of the poles, and as the bamboo slipped about on their shoulders and they slipped on their feet continually, my position was precarious and uncomfortable. When we went up hill the motion was like what I dimly remember of riding the camel in the Zoo. It was my great delight as a child, but I am not such a good sailor now as then. At irregular intervals the coolies shifted shoulders—that is, each jumped across to the other's pole. It sounds quite simple, but it was really a horrid contortion which, besides, required me to readjust ballast, as the smaller man, who had previously been on the right side, now tilted me down on the left. Down hill was, if possible, worse. The poles seemed so desperately uncongenial and the whole conveyance so unused to holding together, that I had no reason to imagine it would make an exception in my case. The slope was like an Alpine railway,

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A street in Atami.

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for sometimes the corners turned so sharply that I felt as if I were in a four-in-hand on a mountain road—my leaders being out of sight half the time.

Some of our party, as I mentioned before, traveled in Kagos, a form of conveyance much liked by the Japanese. Kagos, however, have their peculiarities, too, but none so awkward as the chairs, because they are indigenous to the country; and the coolies understand carrying them. The European passenger is obliged to adapt himself to them, to fold himself up like a little Japanese, and squeeze in, when he will find them both practical and comfortable. Extra large sized Kagos are usually made for foreigners, but Atami will not condescend to allow this innovation. Either you go in a regulation native Kago or you walk, that is all. The real Japanese Kagos need an explanatory guide book on how to get in and where to put your feet; but, once arranged, you are securely packed—so securely that you have to be rolled out at the stopping places. The conveyance is made of a flat, round basket. That forms the seat, while one elongated side makes the back. Under this is a scaffolding of wooden supports and bamboo ropes, which attach it firmly to a thick carrying pole overhead. A small awning stretched along the pole with little side flaps to let down when the sun threatens to roast one cheek, and a wadded quilt to sit upon and to lean against are all the concessions to comfort. In order to be fashionable, the occupant should have a red blanket stretched over his knees. The Japanese endure one on the hottest summer days, sacrificing everything to their idea of style. Most people have good and bad Kago days. As tennis players have brilliant hours when every serve tells, and woeful ones when every ball sinks into the net, so people seem awkward sometimes, while again they develop positive genius at times for compressing their feet—the contortionist instinct of our first fathers appearing to crop out. You must tuck both feet under you and sit like a tailor—but very still, or else the thick middle pole comes into violent con-

Overlooking Lake Hakone.

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tact with your head. The coolies carry you slantwise and with a crab-like motion, which makes the palanquin swing to and fro. Except for a breaking sensation in your spine and the cramping of your knees, the position is very comfortable and the motion has a soothing tendency to make you neglect the view and fall asleep, only to be rudely disturbed from your nap by the squeaking of the bamboo ropes, over which your coolies pour water at every rest-house to restore them to quiet.

We started for Hakone early in the morning in order to have a luncheon of lake fish there. Besides, the fresh cool hours are the pleasantest for the steeper part of the climb where the road leads up through the terraced rice fields. Every little scrap of ground has been utilized for cultivation, the crops showing all colors from palest green to deepest yellow, according to the time of planting. The little green ridges which separate one field from the other are the homes of many varieties of ferns and wild flowers, especially of a beautiful red lily which grows so thickly that from a distance it appears like a red ribbon marking out the boundaries of the farms.

We reached the first rest-house after an hour and a half, a tiny cottage in a gap of the hills, where our coolies regaled themselves with tea, cakes, and a smoke. The hostess offered us refreshment also—cups of green tea and round sugar sweetmeats. The custom in Japan is to pay for this entertainment what you please, and to put the money unostentatiously upon the tea-tray. It is etiquette for the tea-house mistress to look at it only after you have gone, but it is amusing to see the childish ruses by which the coolies try to get a glimpse of it beforehand to tell her the amount unofficially. They often prompt you to give more. The fresher air blows down from the mountains to this first rest-house, and as you climb higher and higher, leaving the fields and cottages behind, a cold, bracing wind blows even on the hottest days. The road winds for a short distance between hedges of young bamboo trees covered with rich, velvety, hanging moss, and then emerges boldly on a grassy, rolling plain.

Valley by valley, and bay by bay, the view unfolds before you on the Atami side. The coast of the peninsula of Izu, the Riviera of Japan, is indented with little harbors, above which rise the cliffs covered with beautiful gnarled cypress trees. Atami itself nestles in the central valley, and even from such a height the steam from the geyser in the main street is plainly visible. The fishing boats, too, can be distinctly seen returning from the night's torch fishing. The higher you climb the more the details fade into the shadows and the wider bird's-eye-view you have, until at last the Ten Province Pass is reached—the highest point, marked by a huge boulder with a description of the scene carved upon it in Japanese.

The coolies put down our chairs, and we stood without speaking for several minutes, feeling almost as if we were in some grand temple whose High Priestess, the beautiful sacred mountain Fujiyama, was looking down upon us. We seemed to be seeing "beyond." It was almost as if we were looking on more than Providence intended man to see at one time. Like in the Bible story, Satan seemed to have taken us to a pinnacle from which he was pointing out all the kingdoms of the earth. The Ten Province Pass is no fancy name; our eyes really looked on ten provinces, beautiful, fruitful, and stretching away to the horizon as if the map of the world were spread at our feet. Neither photographs nor descriptions could in any way convey an idea of the vastness and impressiveness of the view. The glimpse we had had of the Atami side was extended, and in addition we saw a greater panorama on the other slope. We could look down on many large towns, and through the glasses distinguish hundreds of little villages. We could see whole rivers run out their entire lengths from their rise in the range of the mountains where we stood to their mouths at the sea. We were standing on the spinal column of a peninsula, the sea dotted with lovely purple islands on both sides of us. Above towered Fuji, the guardian spirit, with its pure snow-covered cone showing

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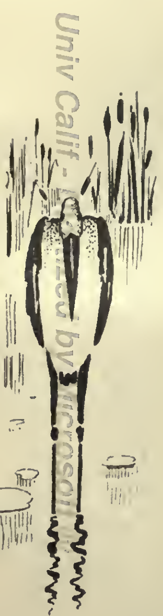

"Above towered Fuji, the guardian spirit."

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through a wreath of clouds moving and shifting, now touched with a pink ray and now with a golden beam thrown on it by that most successful lime-light operator, the sun.

We were loath to go on further. Such a sight lifted us above all wish for Hakone; it even eliminated the miniature longing for lake fish. The coolies were as pleased as we, and consoled us for the continuation of our journey by the promise of Fuji all the way. We did see the beautiful mountain down the whole sloping road to Hakone, while just half an hour before we arrived at the lake, another lovely scene spread itself out before us. Turning a corner suddenly, the lake burst into sight with Fuji above it. This view was a pretty one, but mercifully not so grand or impressive, for we had drunk in so much tremendousness on the Pass that we were not yet prepared for more.

Hakone Lake is attractive and charming, beautifully wooded and graceful in shape. It has that sad, melancholy atmosphere about it which seems to belong, as does the deep, unconfiding blue of their waters, to all mountain lakes. Perhaps the impression is heightened by the Imperial Palace, built out on a tongue of land in a depressing style of architecture. Though it looks like an insane asylum, it reminds one of the palaces near the Starnberg See. Hakone is also like the Bavarian lake in shape—where poor, demented Ludwig the Second met his death and where the murdered Empress Elizabeth of Austria spent so many happy hours walking with him on the Island of Ten Thousand Roses.

There is a village of Hakone, in which we found a pretty tea-house fronting on the lake. Taking possession of a little arbor in the garden, which had, as it were, one foot in the water, we ate our luncheon there. The fish they offered us was a species I had never seen before; it tasted very good, though we were all strongly suspicious that it was a tourist at the lake as much as we were, and that its native town was Yokohama, instead of Hakone.

Afterwards dozens of old women arrived with bundles of marqueterie woodwork, which they hoped we would lighten. They spread out their wares with great persistence and many insinuations. Unfortunately their things were intensely unpractical. Who, for instance, would be induced to buy a set of inlaid wooden dinner plates, or wooden candlesticks that would fold unexpectedly? They tempted us further with white collar boxes, each of which would fill a Saratoga trunk, and with brown pencil boxes of especial charm, but we resisted them all, and went for a row on the lake in a sampan, leaving the disappointed sellers packing up reluctantly.

Our boatman had the stereotyped round of interesting objects to point out. He insisted that we inspect the Imperial Palace, which proved even less attractive on a nearer view. However, we appeard so patient and sympathetic that he finally allowed us a little of our own way and rowed us about in the middle of the lake in order that we might see Fuji in profile as well as full face, with every light and shadow obtainable on its sunny snow cap.

As we were watching, the shadows lengthened unexpectedly, obliging us to start back hastily. Our coolies jogged home more rapidly than they came, shaking the Kago people nearly to pieces. We loitered a few minutes on the Pass, but the color had gone out of the view, leaving it less brilliant. The little tea-house was shut up tight with its wooden shutters when we reached it, and we stumbled down the last stretch of stony path into Atami in the pitch dark.

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The Borsig Palace, Berlin.

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America's First Embassadorial Building in Berlin

BY GUSTAV STEINBERG

It has for many years been the wish of the United States to have its own Embassadorial building in Germany, located in Berlin, the capital and largest city.

We have at last been able to purchase for the sum of $200,000 one of the finest and most massive buildings in the great Empire, the Borsig Palace. This magnificent building is situated on Wilhelm street, near the property and palace of Prince Pless and a short distance from the monumental edifice of the Chancellor's office.

The Borsig Palace was once the residence of the celebrated iron and locomotive manufacturer, Johann Karl Freiderich August Borsig.

Borsig was born June 23, 1804, at Breslau and came in 1825 to Berlin to attend the royal polytechnical school. He took charge of a machine factory, accumulating a fortune in the building of railroads. His establishment turned over to the Government every year 250 locomotives and tenders, and up to 1885 completed 4100 locomotives.

His son Albert later managed his father's affairs and completed his plans and ideas.

Borsig took great pride in having designed for himself one of the most beautiful residences in Berlin. The design of the Borsig Palace is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, the work of a famous firm of architects and royal building counsels, Hermann Ende and William Boeckmann. These gentlemen are Presidents of one of the master ateliers in the Royal Academy of Art in Berlin.

The purchase of this building has for many years been the talk of American embassadors. The present embassador to Germany, Professor Andrew D. White, who is to reside in this building, has been at a great deal of pains to secure it, as this will be the first building on foreign soil to belong to America for Government use.

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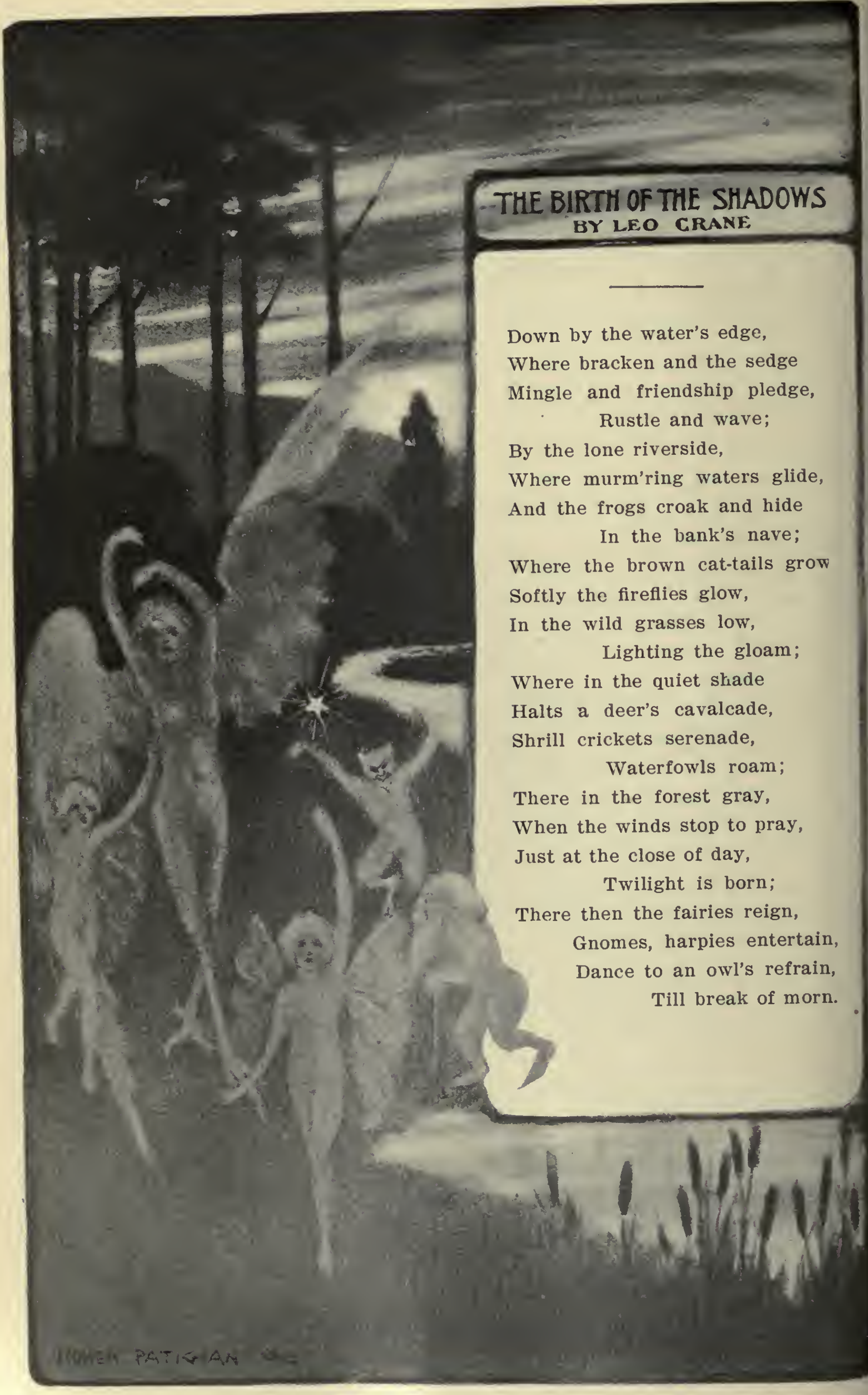

THE BIRTH OF THE SHADOWS

BY LEO CRANE

Down by the water's edge,
Where bracken and the sedge
Mingle and friendship pledge,
        Rustle and wave;
By the lone riverside,
Where murm'ring waters glide,
And the frogs croak and hide
        In the bank's nave;
Where the brown cat-tails grow
Softly the fireflies glow,
In the wild grasses low,
        Lighting the gloam;
Where in the quiet shade
Halts a deer's cavalcade,
Shrill crickets serenade,
        Waterfowls roam;
There in the forest gray,
When the winds stop to pray,
Just at the close of day,
        Twilight is born;
There then the fairies reign,
    Gnomes, harpies entertain,
    Dance to an owl's refrain,
        Till break of morn.

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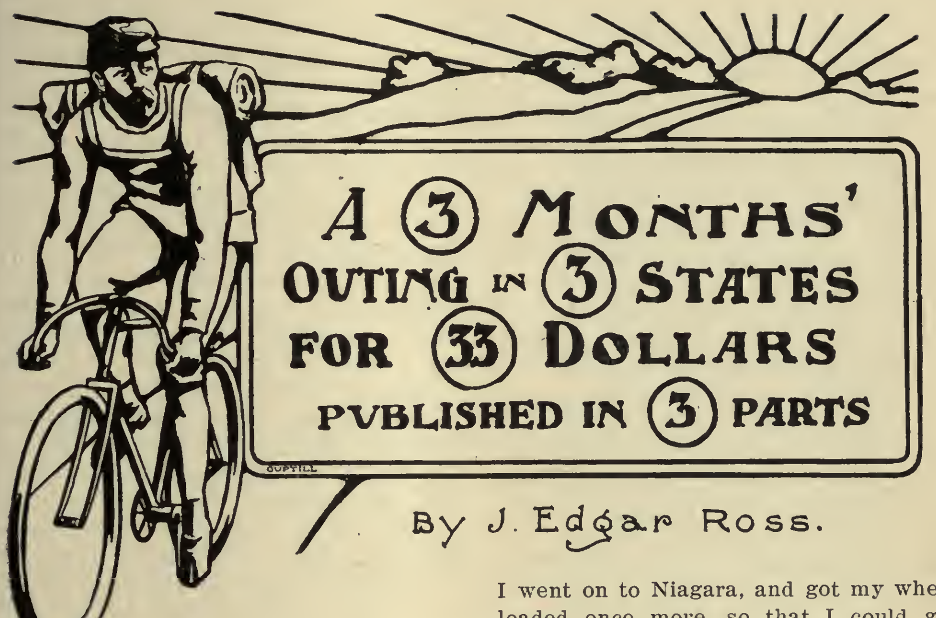

T was nearly train-time when I reached Detroit, and as I wanted to take no pictures on that part of the road, I took the train and rode to a logging camp four miles below. When I went up the river the fog had kept me from getting all the pictures that I wanted; but that afternoon as I walked along the picturesque canyon the sky was cloudless, and I used up my plates at a rapid rate.

I camped that night in a cabin near the log-jamb, and next morning I just got fairly started when it began to rain. It was the usual "Oregon mist," however, and I kept on till I reached the deserted hotel. By that time it was raining pretty hard; so I went in and registered (on the wall), and was entertained by the bats that had taken possession of the upper story, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the rain ceased. Then I went on to Niagara, and got my wheel loaded once more, so that I could get an early start in the morning.

In the morning it was raining, of course, and it was noon before I left Niagara. The roads were muddy, and

Mouth of the Oneonto Gorge.

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it took me till sunset to reach Mehama; but remembering the bicycle path to Stayton, I concluded to try to reach that place that night. I was thirsty, and when I crossed the river I left my wheel on the bridge and went down to get a drink. On the way back, in some way I disturbed a nest of yellow-jackets. I tried to apologize by getting out of their neighborhood as soon as possible, but they were not satisfied, and stung me repeatedly. As soon as I would feel a sting I would kill the stinger; but they got into my clothes, my hair and my beard; and it took me nearly an hour to get rid of them. Of course I didn't feel like riding after that; so I camped at the first convenient place and doctored my stings with sal soda.

Next morning I got an early start and rode into Stayton in rapid time. There I took a different road from the one over which I had come from Marion, and found it somewhat better. Still I had to walk four miles through the mud.

At Marion I re-packed my camera and plates, and shipped them to Tacoma. That made a great difference in the way my wheel ran, for it left me only twenty pounds to carry. The roads were so rough, however, that I made very little headway; and I had ridden only a few miles beyond Salem when it was time to camp.

Soon after I left Marion the clouds rolled away, and for the first time I saw Mt. Jefferson. I did not see it all, to be sure, for its summit was still capped with clouds that seemed loath to let go their hold. But though it was sixty miles away, I saw more of it in the few moments that I glanced across the handle bars than I had in the two days that I waited at its feet.

From Salem to Woodburn there is a bicycle path; but I found it unridable, and the roads were in still worse condition. But from Woodburn to Aurora the path was not bad, and I made fair time. At Aurora the path ends, and the wagon road from there onward is so hilly that it is hardly practical to ride a wheel

In Paradise Valley. Taboosh Valley in the background.

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over it; but along the railroad track there is a good path, except across the trestles and cattle guards, to Oregon City. From there to Portland there is as good a bicycle path as any man could wish for.

Portland was for several years my home, and I stopped there for a few days to visit friends. Then I continued my journey, and two days wheeling over fair roads landed me in Tacoma.

The weather had cleared up beautifully by the time I reached the latter city. The rain had settled the smoke that before had hung like a pall over the whole country, and the atmosphere was as clear as ever I saw it. So with a light heart I loaded my wheel and once more set out for Mt. Rainier.

Before I was fairly out of the city I had a long hill to climb; but from the top of it I went spinning along a splendid road that led over what the Washingtonians call a prairie. It was unlike the prairies of the Middle West, however. Occasionally I passed through a small meadow where I could see the sky for a dozen degrees on every side of the zenith; but such spots were few and far between. But the country, though covered with timber, was not hilly; and that is undoubtedly why it is called a prairie.

Then come the hills. They are not very high at first, and the road winds around them or climbs over them, through a forest of great fir trees, past two sparkling lakes of crystal-clear water, through the town of Etonville, and across the Mashall river. Then come the mountains. I thought they were not very steep at first, and as I had been over the road once before I ought to have known. But traveling with a team and a light wagon is not like pushing a wheel that weighs a hundred pounds, as I discovered before I reached the top of the first mountain. After that I had good wheeling for half a mile, then I struck the corduroy road that leads over Mashall Mountain. I knew that there was nine miles of that road ahead of me—up a steep grade all the way—but before I camped that night the corduroy was all behind me. Of course I was tired, but I slept all the sounder for that.

Next morning I had some really good road for a number of miles; then I had some unridable road clear to Longmier's

Lanterelle Falls.

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Springs, where the wagon road ends and the trail begins.

They told me at Longmier's that I had better take my wheel up to Paradise Park; but I knew that trail and I said "No thank you."

Upward I followed the winding trail; through the dark, silent forest, along the tortuous course of a noisy stream, past Mad Cap, Carter and Nevada Falls; then out into an open glade that affords a splendid view of the great white dome that forms the summit of Rainier.

Cliffs along the Columbia.

There I camped and fought mosquitoes till the sun went down and the cold breeze from the snow fields drove them to their hiding places. Then I crawled into my sleeping bag; and as I lay there looking up at the great mass of white that reflected the pale light of a young moon, I slowly sank to sleep.

When I opened my eyes again the white had given place to a rosy red that had already flooded the snow fields of the great peak, making its cliffs and bare rocks appear darker and more forbidding than ever. It was rather chilly and I was tempted to turn over and take another nap; but I knew that by the time the sun made things comfortable the mosquitoes would be prepared to make them most horribly uncomfortable once more. I dread mosquitoes much more than I do frosty weather; so I got up, and after a hasty breakfast started up the trail to timber-line.

When once I got out upon the high ridge above the water-course, with the panorama of Paradise Park spread out before me, so familiar did everything appear that I could almost believe that each clump of mountain hemlock, each grassy meadow, each sparkling lake, or tumbling cascade, was the face of some dear friend that smiled to welcome me home again. In the mountains, far more than elsewhere, nature is constantly bringing about changes. Each year from the stern face of Gibraltar Rock fall countless thousands of tons of rocks; each year the mighty glaciers grind millions more into soil to be swept away by the floods; each year the wind and the rain contribute their mite to nature's transformations; but so little do all these affect the great whole that a lifetime is scarcely sufficient to note the change.

I passed the site of our old camp; lingered a moment to mark the spot where the tents stood; and then as I closed my eyes I could see, instead of the carpet of living green, a huge camp-fire around which crowded the old familiar faces

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Pillars of Hercules on the Columbia.

that helped to make my former stay in that place one of the happiest periods of my life. I would have camped there for old acquaintance sake had I not remembered a little glade in a grove of young hemlocks some distance higher.

Some one else had found my ideal camp-ground and left me a rustic table and bench. But the camp was a season old, and when I replaced the pile of bare hemlock twigs with enough fresh ones to make a soft and fragrant bed, it seemed

Mt. Rainier from timberline.

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like camping on virgin ground. I unpacked, put some beans and dried fruit to cooking; then I went out to a point just above Sluskin Falls to drink in some of the beauty of—Paradise. Oh, how I long for the pen of inspiration that I might describe Paradise Park! But what can I write? I might say that it lies within a triangle with Mt. Rainier at its head. That half way between timber line and the summit, from the foot of Gibraltar Rock—a great mountain in itself—a talus of loose rocks extends far tween them to complete the triangle; I might describe this unique range, which so graphically portrays the popular idea of what a mountain range ought to be; I might tell the number of its peaks and the height of each. But that would not describe Paradise Park. I might set down a row of figures to represent the acres or square miles it contains; another to stand for its lakes or its waterfalls, and a third to show the diameter or the height of each. But that would not describe Paradise Park, for

Sunset on Reflection Lake.

down the mountain side. That from each side of this great slide springs a mighty glacier that sweeps grandly down the mountain to melt away in the lower altitude and give rise to a stream that now, like a pigmy in the bed of a giant, gurgles merrily along the bottom of a monster gorge that the glacier cut in the long ago. I might tell you how many miles it is from the source of each of these rivers to the point where they pass—one to the east, the other to the west—the Tatoosh Range, which stretches between them to complete the triangle;

Paradise Park cannot be described—no, not with all the superlative adjectives that the English language affords. I can never tell what I saw; so I must be content to tell what I did in the three days I spent in that wonderland.

When a man goes home after an absence of three years nobody expects him to go to work at once. He must have a little time to visit old friends and chat about old times. So the first day I just enjoyed myself and got ready for climbing on the morrow.

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Bright and early in the morning of the following day I shouldered my camera and clambered down the precipitous side of Paradise Valley, crossed the river picking my way across the long lateral morain on the east side of the Nesqually Glacier. The surface of the ice was far below the top of the morain at that

Mt. Hood.

on a foot-log, and slowly climbed the talus of loose broken rocks on the other side. I passed Camp-of-the-Clouds, now deserted for the season, and was soon point, but it was easy enough to descend; so I made my way gingerly out among the great crevasses, intending to spend several hours, or perhaps the whole day,

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upon the glacier. But presently I had an opportunity to look into the very depths of a huge ice-crack into which the sun had crept to make its pale green walls glitter and sparkle like two masses of solid emeralds. I was unable to see the bottom of the crevasse; but I could see enough, and hear still more. I could hear a midnight alarm and see a hastily organized rescue party rush away from the camp, into the darkness of a moonless night, and far up the side of this same mountain, to draw a young man from a crevasse into which he had fallen four hours before. A cold shiver crept down my back and I carefully made my way back to terra firma. I knew that if I fell into a crevasse it might be four days, or perhaps four years, before anyone came to my rescue.

The Nesqually Glacier.

I recrossed the Paradise River, farther down this time, and made my way over the meadows and through the canyons to Reflection Lake, at the foot of the Tatoosh Range. Then up over a divide and along the brink of Cowlitz Canyon to camp again. I had probably traveled eight or ten miles and climbed an aggregate of as many thousand feet.

Next day I climbed to the head of Cowlitz Glacier; but as the weather looked threatening I returned to camp quite early, and that night moved down to Longmiere's Springs.

The storm did not come as soon as I had expected; so I reached Tacoma without mishap. There I re-packed my camera and plates, and shipped them ahead to Portland, into which city I rode two days later just in time to escape a three day's rain.

Though I still had two weeks to spare, I was strongly tempted to make the ride to Rainier my last trip; for I was getting very tired, and the weather in the vicinity of the snowcapped peaks was too cold at that season to make outdoor life enjoyable. But three days loafing went a long way towards resting me; and when the clouds broke away in the evening of September twenty-fourth I made up my mind to start for Mt. Hood the next day if the weather was clear.

The sky was cloudless next morning; and as I looked away to the East, dear old Hood, dressed in a new robe of pure white, seemed to beckon me to come. I started to pack up at once; but as I stopped to gossip with a few friends on the way it was three o'clock in the afternoon when I rode across the Madison street bridge and began my journey in real earnest.

I took the Base Line road, and for twelve miles went spinning along a splen-

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did bicycle path. The path ends at the Twelve Mile House; so there I left that road and coasted nearly two miles to Fairview. That took me to the Sandy road, which I followed along the South bank of the Columbia River to Troutdale.

Up to that point I had been riding over comparatively level plains, but when I crossed the Sandy River at Troutdale I found myself once more in the Cascade Mountains. There is no wagon road beyond that point, so I followed the railroad track.

In Portland I had been told that it would be quite impossible to ride along the track, as the railroad company, at intervals of one hundred feet had stretched barbed wire across the track and between the rails to prevent wheelmen from utilizing it in that way. That was a common report among Portland wheelmen; but how it originated I cannot imagine. Instead of barbed wire blockades I found the best graded and best kept track that I have ever seen in the West. For many miles the path along the ends of the ties was almost as good as the bicycle paths in the vicinity of Portland, and that is saying much.

That night I camped just twenty-two miles from Portland; not a bad three hours' ride, considering the heavy load I carried.

Next day I traveled only fifteen miles. The road was not bad, I was neither tired nor sick, and I had no accident to speak of. I started soon after sunrise, and did not camp till after sunset; but all day long I was passing through a region that has made the Columbia River famous for scenic grandeur; and even with my slow progress I saw not half what I wanted to see.

In the forest near Mt. Rainier.

At tunnel No. 1, where a spur of the mountain suddenly breaks off to make way for the passage of the river, the rugged scenery begins. From there to my camping place near Bonneville there is one long line of frowning cliffs, gigantic pillars, roaring waterfalls, and deep,

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moss-grown gorges. Two famous falls can be seen from the railroad track, and two more may be reached by a short detour along well worn paths. Oneonto Gorge, whose solemn grandeur has so oft been lauded to the skies, can be seen from the car window by one who makes the journey by rail. But in that way one gets only a glimpse of it at best, and it is well worth a closer inspection; even though that should necessitate a stop-over. Half an hour's wading will bring one to the head of the gorge where the stream leaps from the mountain above and strikes the solid rock with a roar that makes the narrow canyon ring.

I wanted to get a photograph of a mountain near where I camped; but as it was so late that night I postponed it till morning. In the morning the mountain top was hidden from view by the clouds; but I set up my camera and waited for the clouds to clear away. I had to wait till eleven o'clock, but Hood River was only twenty-nine miles away, and I thought I could reach there that night without difficulty. Beyond Bonneville, however, the track was being ballasted with rock by big gangs of little brown Japs. Riding was out of the question, and even when I let the wheel run on one of the rails the walking was by no means easy.

When I reached Cascade Locks, however, I found that there was a short stretch of wagon road; so I left the track to try it. It was up hill and down; but the walking was better than on the track; so I kept on till I reached Shell Mountain. That is a rather high peak that stands out above the ridge above it, and comes right up to the river bank. From near the summit to the edge of the water the mountain has broken into a slide of small, loose rock that completely shuts off the wagon road and forces the railroad out upon a trestle.

I had shipped three boxes of plates to Hood River by express, and I tried hard to reach there that night so I could get them. But it was pitch dark when I reached Viento; so I camped there and finished the ride of nine miles on Sunday morning.

I had quite a number of hills to climb; for the country between Hood River and Viento is very rough and rugged. But the roads were hard and smooth; so I managed to ride much of the way. About three miles from Hood River I had a long steep hill to climb; but from the top of it I coasted right up to the depot platform.

As I feared, the express office was closed. The weather looked threatening and I rather expected a rain within twenty-four hours, but there was no way to get my plates that day; so I rode out to a grove near town and camped till Monday morning.

As soon as the express office opened in the morning I got my plates. Then I bought some provisions and packed up as hurriedly as possible; but it was ten o'clock before I was ready to leave town.

Some one told me that it was twenty-two miles to Cloud Cap Inn, and that

A snow-fed streamlet from the Tatoosh Range.

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I could ride about half of the way. My load was the heaviest that I had carried on the entire trip, but I was confident that I could make that twenty-two miles before dark.

I had splendid wheeling for five or six miles. Then there was a long hill to climb. Beyond that it was up and down; but of course principally up. Still the road was not bad till my cyclometer read seventeen miles from Hood River. Then I struck deep sand and immediately afterward I passed a signboard that informed me that I was still eleven miles from Cloud Cap Inn. From there I had to walk every step of the way; for it was all up a steep grade and over a sandy road.

It had been cloudy all day; but just as the sun was setting the clouds rolled away from the glistening sides of the great white peak and I could see that it was still a long distance to timber-line, where the inn is located.

It was very cold, and I disliked the idea of camping without shelter; but I was tired, and the prospect of a two or three hours' climb by moonlight was not alluring. While I was debating in my mind which would be the better plan I came to an old barn that stood near the road. That settled it. The barn was a large one, and though it was by no means wind proof, it was quite comfortable when I had built a big fire in the middle of it.

In the morning I started quite early, thinking that I would reach the inn in about two hours. I soon got into a forest of young fir timber, and from that time I could see nothing else till I reached timber-line. It soon began to snow, and that made the wheel run very hard; as the tires picked up the snow with the sand that clung to it, and clogged the chain. The road got steeper at every step, and it seemed interminable. Several times I was on the point of leaving the wheel and going on with only part of the load, but I hated to make another trip, so I kept pushing and tugging along. It was long pulls and short rests at first; then it was short pulls and long rests. For fully two hours I thought that every turn in the road would bring me to the inn, and for fully two hours I was disappointed. But even the road to Cloud Capp Inn has an end, and as I reached the top of a long steep grade I saw just ahead of me a low, rambling, but picturesque and substantial building that I knew was Cloud Capp Inn.

The inn was deserted—had been closed for the season three days before, and the doors and windows were all nailed up storm proof. I had expected that; but I thought that the barn would likely be open. So it was. It was wide open from the eaves up. But on the north side of the house I found a store room that had been left unlocked. It was not very tidy, and the saw-dust floor was rather damp; but it offered a safe shelter from the snow and wind. I went to house-cleaning and soon had things straightened up. Then when I found some dry straw and excelsior for my bed I thought that if I could only have a fire I would not mind camping there for a month; but I dared not risk a fire in such a place.

Several times during the afternoon the clouds drifted away from the peak, and I was tempted to climb up to the Eliot Glacier; but it seemed probable that the next day would be clear and I thought that I had better save my strength till then.

But the next day, Wednesday, it snowed. Thursday it snowed still harder and before night came I was beginning to wish myself back in California. But I hated to turn back without even a photograph of the mountain; so I concluded to stay another day. That night I suffered terribly from cold, and long before morning I registered a vow that if the weather was not better in the morning I would leave the mountain for good. Friday morning the storm was still worse, and about noon I packed my wheel and its load on a toboggan and started down the mountain. When I got into the shelter of the timber I found that it was not very cold, and plodding through the deep snow was such hard work that I soon wished that it was.

I had started for the old barn where I camped on the way up, but before I reached it the snow was all behind me,

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and I was splashing through the mud in a drizzling rain!

At the barn I camped another day and watched the clouds drift away from the great peak, settle down into the valleys, and then slowly disappear altogether.

Next morning I awoke and looked through a crack in the old barn saw the morning star in a clear sky. I got up in a hurry, and before the sun had touched the mountain tops I was bound for Cloud Cap once more; but this time I took only my camera and an extra box of plates, so the climb was not such a difficult one.

I remained in the vicinity of the Inn about four hours. The snow was too deep to permit me to climb higher, and as soon as I got what photographs I could get from that point I went back to camp.

By the time I had overhauled and loaded my wheel it was nearly six o'clock; but the moon was just full and I was so sick of the mountains that I wanted to get home just as soon as possible; so I concluded to ride into Hood River that night. But while I was still twelve miles from my destination I found that I had undertaken more than I had strength to finish, so I unrolled my sleeping bag and crawled into it without building a fire.

I was too tired to sleep much, but I rested till I saw the morning star, and then started on once more. The road was good, but I seemed to have exhausted all my stored up energy, so that I had nothing left to draw upon for such an emergency.

Tunnel No. 1.

At nine o'clock there was a boat to leave Hood River for Portland, and by straining every nerve to the point of complete exhaustion I was just able to reach the wharf in time to go with it.

On the way to Portland I figured up the cost of the trip, and here is the result:

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Provisions bought before starting..	$ 4.50
Provisions bought on the way....	6.15
Meals in hotels..................	1.00
Railroad and steamboat fare......	4.50
Freight and express.............	5.05
Sundry bicycle repairs	.90
Total........	$22.10

A railroad ticket from Portland to San Francisco cost me eleven dollars, and my lunch on the way added a little more to this. But I was out a few days longer than three months, so the expense of the outing averaged just eleven dollars per month. I did not include the tires that I bought on the way, for the old ones were nearly worn out when I started and the new ones were scarcely worn at all when I returned. Neither did I include the cost of plates and other photographic supplies, for the negatives that I brought home were worth many times the cost of the entire trip.

REMEMBRANCE

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE

A little song that once she sang to me,
A simple ballad all devoid of art,
Hath by some subtle spell of magicry
Rang sweet through all these years within my heart.

The scent of honeysuckles ripe with June,
A red-breast robin's matin to his mate,
Seems pregnant with the quavers of a tune
My heart still holds, sweet aftermath of Fate.

E'en when a choir's anthem through the nave
Re-echoes, then I see, or seem to see,
Arise from Recollection's well-kept grave
The little song that once she sang to me.

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THE KING OF THE PRAIRIE

BY R. B. TOWNSHEND

F old the buffalo bull was the King Beast of the Prairie. Who was there but man to dispute his sovereignty? The bull elk carried a pair of horns like the branches of an oak and the mustang stallion could kick like a hurricane, but the buffalo bull weighed two thousand pounds as he stood in his tracks, and the biggest elk or mustang that ever stepped was as a child's toy beside him. Old Ephraim, the grizzly, might indeed have made a hard tussle for it with his terrible claws and fangs, but his surly strength mostly chose to expend itself in other directions—too many of his ancestors had had their ribs driven in by a pair of strong sharp horns set in a head of adamant for him to take any chances, and he preferred to give best to the bull baffalo without a fight. As for the rest of the animals, they followed the example of their betters, and left the King of the Prairie severely alone, only the lank grey wolf sneaked in the rear of the herds, where battle and old age and lightning flash and tempest provided victims enough to keep the hunger-bitten scavenger of the prairies from starvation. And so the millions of buffalo lived on, proud and happy, generation after generation, until the last quarter of the last century.

Then the white men built their railroads into the heart of the buffalo country, and, armed with Sharps rifles and Winchesters, they poured forth in their thousands to finish him off. It took them scarce fifteen years to do it, but I am proud to think that I, John Kimber, of Bijou Basin, had neither part nor lot in that slaughter. I had my ranch and my cowboys, and my herd of cattle, and that was good enough for me. What should I want to fly around for, trying to earn a few paltry dollars as a hide hunter, when from my hardy Texas cows and splendid shorthorn bulls I could raise year by year the very finest kind of improved steers to sell to the miners in the mountains? My cattle fattened themselves summer and winter on an untouched range forty miles across; how could they help fattening when on Squirrel Creek

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they had the run of the very best buffalo and grama grass, the strongest and sweetest feed that ever grew out of doors? Thousands of buffalo grew fat there on it in the old days, and it was there that I ran on to the very last buffalo I ever saw or expect to see alive outside of a menagerie. There had been no buffalo on the range for years, and this was a magnificent old bull, whom I found absolutely alone. If I was no slayer of the buffalo, I knew right well their nature and their ways, and I knew what had brought him there away from the rest of his kind. It was here on Black Squirrel Creek that his mother had borne him as a calf, and here first he had drunk at the clear cool springs, and cropped the short curly buffalo grass almost at the foot of Pike's Peak. From this range in the great migration of his tribe he had swung north to the Republican and the Platte and south to the Arkansas and the Cimarron. As he grew older he fought his way up in many a desperate struggle with rival after rival till he proudly trod the earth the unquestioned master of his band. His huge frame developed and his thews and sinews became as iron. His great hump and neck and head were clad in a rough mass of shaggy mane, the wealth of his thick dewlap almost swept the ground. His reign lasted many a long year and he was every inch a king. But lately there had come a day (as it must come to all of us) when his muscles were less elastic and his breath was shorter than of yore. That day a younger bull, one of his own sons perchance, now in the very prime and flower of his age, equal to the monarch in weight and strength, superior in quickness and in wind, had challenged him to mortal combat. They had fought for hours, round after round, pushing and thrusting, butting and horning, till both were fairly spent and almost foredone. But youth will be served, as they say in the ring; the younger lasted longer and came off victor in the end.

Deeply the vanquished champion felt his disgrace; before the very eyes of his cows and of his heifers he saw himself put to utter shame. Sullen and savage he withdrew, and passed the night alone for the first time, nursing his wrath. To-morrow he would be rested; to-morrow he would seek his insolent rival again, and he would win, or else die fighting, fit end for a warrior. To-morrow came and the combat was renewed. Alas for the old hero! he could neither win nor die. For the second time his more youthful and vigorous rival fought him to a standstill and left him helpless and exhausted, yet with his life whole in him.

The triumphant victor moved off proudly over the hill, accompanied by the faithless band; the fallen champion saw himself deserted, and he laid himself down, longing for the death that would not come. There, as he lay, thoughts of his lusty youth came back to him; he remembered the cool springs of Black Squirrel Creek and the sweet pastures where he was born, and he desired to taste of them once more. There was virtue for him in those crystal waters, and with the strong rich grama oats of the sand hills he would renew his youth; his lost vigor would surely come back; after that he would return once more and find the band—his band—and then the presuming upstart who had supplanted him should learn what he still could do. With the thought he felt his strength revive a little; he struggled to his feet; he turned his shaggy front towards Black Squirrel Creek; never since his calfhood had he forgotten the exact direction in which lay the place where he was reared, and thitherward he pushed steadily ahead. And stealthily behind him and on either flank skulked half a dozen lank grey buffalo wolves following. He did not condescend to notice them. He had disdained them all his life; why should he now stoop to give them a thought? He did not consider that now for the first time he was alone, stiff and weak from his great battle, with a red gash on his side left by his rival's horns, nor knew he that the hungry wolves had smelt his blood. On, on, he pushed, following an old and once well-traveled road that in their migration the buffalo had made; it ran from the Republican to Big Sandy, from Big Sandy to Rush Creek, and from

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"He did not condescend to notice them."

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Rush to Black Squirrel Creek; the latter part of it was grass-grown now, but his instinct led him true. And ever as he went the wolves went also; there were more of them continually, and continually they grew bolder, closing in upon their prey. Big Sandy had long been left behind, Rush Creek was passed, and the edge of the Black Squirrel Creek ranges was gained. He stopped to taste the first bite of the pastures of his youth. Pah, they were dry and dusty now. What was it that had changed? Could it be he? And the tireless wolves drew nearer still, and lay down to rest themselves and get ready for the end. They would need all their strength for the final onset.

But the end was not to be quite as they imagined, for over the hill on a sudden there came a man riding alone. The bull did not see him, for his shaggy frontlet half concealed his eyes; the wolves saw him though, and were on their feet in an instant ready for flight. The solitary horseman was myself, and this was how I came to be there.

It was early spring, and wherever the ground was a little moister or the air a trifle warmer than elsewhere, the sweet fresh young feed was just beginning to start. My band of saddle horses, sick and tired of the old dry last year's grass on which they grazed all summer, went quite crazy for a bite of the tender sprouts of the new growth, and, deserting their wonted haunts by Holcombe Hollow, they hunted eagerly for green grass all over the country. And so it came about that I presently missed two of them, nor was it hard to guess that they had wandered southwards where the grass started earlier. My two cowboys were busy breaking in some colts, so I left my books (we cattlemen are not all savages, and I read a great deal in winter) and, saddling up, I started out alone to look for the runaways. I searched all day without seeing a sign of them, and that night, of all places in the world, I slept at MacTaggart's sheep camp. Cattle and sheepmen as a rule agreed about as well as buffaloes and wolves, for where the sheep graze the cattle die. In the early days we pioneers had boldly pushed out on to the great ranges with our Texas herds, and we felt ourselves to be every bit as much the lords of the prairie as ever the buffalo had in the past. But now that our cowboys had taught the Indians to keep at a respectful distance and made the country comparatively safe, these sneaking sheepmen were beginning to creep in, digging wells where they liked on government land and squatting right in the heart of our best cattle grazing. Were we, too, to follow the buffalo and be driven out? Was our day of doom at hand? There were cattlemen who said "No" to that, who resisted by violence, who went at night and stampeded flocks of sheep and fired into the houses of their owners. But I was not one of them. The sheepsmen were within their lawful rights, and I, John Kimber, was a law and order man, first, last, and all the time. Perhaps twenty years earlier I might have kicked, when I was still young and my blood was hotter. But now that I have grown older I see more and more clearly that fate will have its way and that the new order of things is always built up on the ruins of the old. Well, well. Kismet. Let it come, say I.

And so I went to Mac Taggart's. I had seen him once or twice already in Crockett City, but I had avoided his shanty; the sight of it in the distance was enough to sicken me, for on my range he was the first invader. A rank tenderfoot, he was a great, red-faced, beefy sort of a man, a British colonist, hailing from that very out-of-the-way spot in the Gulf of St. Lawrence known as Prince Edwards' Island. Well, I had no objection to him on that ground, for it was the sheep I hated, not the man, and on the spur of the moment I accepted his invitation to stop the night when I met him about a mile from his shanty. He was on his way out from Crockett and he had a pair of really fine young American mares hitched to his wagon that it would do anyone's heart good to see.

"Lost your horses, heh?" said he in a rallying voice, when I told him how I came to be there. "That's what you cat-

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tlemen are always doing, heh? I cut hay for mine and keep 'em tied close round home. Safe bind, safe find, heh?"

I wanted a new name for cheek. Was this confounded tenderfoot going to teach a frontiersman how to manage his horses?

"Can't do that sort of thing when you've got twenty cow-ponies," said I briefly; "you can't tuck 'em up in bed every night at home when you've got to ride hundreds of miles on the round-ups after your stock."

"Wouldn't suit my constitution," laughed the fat-faced flock-master. "Don't care about riding much, nowise. Nay, I don't so much as own a saddle. Not but what I used to gallop around in the pasture on the plough horses when I was a boy on the farm." He certainly didn't look much like a horseman as he sat there with an old army blanket rolled round him on the spring seat of the farm wagon.

"A man had better be able to ride," said I, "yes, to shoot too, if he's going to live in the Far West. He never knows the day when he mayn't want to do one or t'other, and if he does he'll want to do it powerful bad, as the Arkansas gentleman said."

"Well, as for snooting I've got a scatter gun," he returned. "Does to kill these long-eared jackass rabbits with first rate, and that saves my mutton, d'ye see. And then one of the Jackson boys has a revolver."

The Jackson boys were twin brothers whom he had got to come out from the Island to work for him at twenty dollars a month. If the Mac in his name meant that he was of Scotch blood he certainly did no discredit to his ancestry. He was canny if ever a man was, and the idea of paying men what I paid my Colorado cowboys, forty dollars, would have made him feel sick.

The Jackson boys had just corraled the sheep for the night as we reached the shanty. They really were the two very finest young fellows I ever laid eyes on. Each twin was as like the other as two peas, and "six feet four and as broad as a door" was about their mark for size. It warmed my heart, even if they were tenderfeet, and sheepherders at that, to see friendly faces and listen to their innocent talk. I had got into the habit of thinking that everybody in North America was born, so to speak, with a gun in his hand and a six-shooter in his hip pocket, and it was quite a relief to run across these Arcadian youngsters who knew precious little of firearms and nothing at all of bloodshed. They had come from a quiet, decent, law-abiding district where shooting scrapes and Indian fights had scarcely been heard of except in story books and I vainly tried to make their hair stand on end by telling them what the Cheyennes had done when they raided us three years back. I might picture all the horrors of the scalping knife and the stake; but they were armed in a happy unconsciousness that made them proof against such qualms.

"We've seen Indians at home," said the younger twin; "there's plenty of Micmac hunters in the woods; and there's bears too; why brother Will here killed a bear witn his axe last fall."

"Yes," said I, "and ten of your little black bears wouldn't make one Rocky Mountain grizzly. And as for your Micmac hunters,—well, if the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers ever run on to you when you're herding sheep, you'd better get into a buffalo wallow with a Winchester or they'll have you on toast."

Within an hour after I left them next morning I began to think that I had found a Cheyenne warrior myself when I came in sight of a solitary black object more than a mile away that at first I took to be nothing less than an Indian sitting bent forward over the neck of his mount. A cattleman scorns to run from a single Indian, and I rode towards him, not without caution, though, for there might be more of them about but unseen. And then of a sudden I made out that what I had taken to be the bent back of a man on horseback was nothing else than the great hump of a solitary old buffalo bull.

Under cover of the hill I rode undiscovered to within eighty yards, and gazed at him awhile. He stood motionless, a lonely and majestic survivor, type of the

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era that was so swiftly passing away. I read his history, even as I gazed, in his great head hanging low and in the long red gash upon his scarred side. And then I caught sight of the wolf pack lying down in the grass and waiting. I knew well what that meant.

As soon as the pinch of hunger gave them courage to attack they would make a combined rush at him; the more cunning ones would bay him in front, always avoiding his irresistible charge and the fierce toss of those wicked horns, till at last the boldest of the cowardly lot, seizing his opportunity and springing on the victim from behind, with one tearing snap of his terrible wolfish fangs, would cut the hamstring; and behold the ex-monarch of the prairie crippled and helpless! Last of all, I saw in my vision the fall of the monarch, the disembowelling alive and the gruesome feast of victory. Every detail of the cruel scene printed itself on my brain while I watched their slinking steps as they rose. Should I baulk them? Should I end his career by a merciful bullet? But I had robes and meat enough at home already. "No, old warrior," quoth I, "you shall go unharmed for me. Live as long as you can, and the wolves shan't get you yet if I can help it."

With that I suddenly drove spurs to my pony and dashed full speed over the brow of the hill straight at them. The wolves and their prey were equally taken by surprise. Away fled the buffalo in the curious rocking gallop of his kind, and as fate ordained it he took a line for Mac Taggart's ranch, while the hungry wolf pack scattered before me like a frightened covey of partridges before the stoop of a falcon. I wasted half a dozen pistol shots just for the fun of seeing them stretch themselves, but I could not afford to waste horse flesh in riding them down, so I presently left them and turned once more to renew the search for my lost stock. The buffalo bull was already out of sight.

As luck would have it I ran on to my two strays a few hours later and brought them at evening back to the sheep ranch. When I rode up I noticed that the sheep were already corraled, and the two young giants were kneeling, very busy over something or other, up on top of the shanty. As I came close I saw that they were stretching an immense green buffalo hide which covered the whole roof. Then I knew.

"Man," said the younger twin looking down at me over the eaves, "Man, but you had ought to have been along with us here to-day! We've had a grand time entirely. We've killed a great big buffalo."

"So I see," said I, "and I'm wondering to myself how you managed to do it among you."

"Oh it was a grand fight," he answered grinning, "and the boss come mighty nigh being killed."

"How did it all happen?" said I, getting down to shift my saddle on to a fresh horse.

"Why, brother Will was out with the sheep this morning," said the young tenderfoot proudly, "when he saw a great black thing as big as an elephant coming over the hill. At first he didn't know what to think of it and then he guessed it must be a real live wild buffalo. So he left the sheep, and he ran to camp, and halloed to me and the boss that over yonder there was a buffalo bull as big as a house. And the boss unhitched the team, and stripped off the harness all but the blind bridles; and he gathered the scatter gun and put two loads of buck shot in it, and jumped bareback on one of the mares, and lit out for the buffalo. Me and my brother fetched a surcingle, and rolled up a blanket so as to make a good pad, as there's no saddle on the place, and we girthed that on to the other mare, and then he took his revolver and lit out after the boss. I followed on foot, and just as soon as I come in sight of them over the hill, I saw the boss go galloping up to the buffalo, and he loosed off the first barrel of the snot gun, and I guess he missed him clean. But the team mare wasn't used to being shot off, and she give a big plunge sideways, and the boss rolled right off on to the ground, and the buffalo seed him there and come at him. And right as he lay, without getting up, for he was a goodish bit shaken, the boss

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ung the gun across his thigh and loosed ff again and hit the buffalo as he came p in the near foreleg and that charge f buckshot broke the bone, and the uffalo was sort of turned aside so that e missed his charge. Then the boss crambled on to his feet and started to ın away, but the buffalo came after him n three legs and caught up with him in moment. Man, it was grand to see. he boss saw that the near leg hung ose, so he turned sharp to the left nd ran in a little circle and the buffalo kept circling after him. That near re leg being broken, the buffalo had ard work to turn and as long as the boss

The boss slung the gun across his thigh."-

ould whirl short to the left the bull's orns missed him every time. But it as just nip and tuck, I can tell you, and e boss is a big fleshy man and he soon ets short of wind. Three minutes more nd I guess the buffalo 'd have got him. ut then came my brother on the other are, and he hung on tight to the surcingle with one hand for fear she'd jolt im off, and with the other he loosed off ll six shots out of the revolver at the ld bull, and the very last shot went to his lungs and he fell down, and bled t the mouth, and died. And you'd have ughed to see the boss set down beside im and puff and pant and snort and blow. Fair tuckered out he was. But, man, what a monstrous size a buffalo is. I reckon it took us nigh three hours to skin him and cut him up; and then the boss put strychnine in the offal for the wolves and started straight off to peddle the meat around in town. "Poor as it is," says he, " 'twill fetch three cents a pound in Crockett, and the four quarters will weigh a thousand pounds. I'll net thirty dollars."

Thrifty MacTaggart!

By this time I had shifted my saddle on to one of my runaways, and now I swung myself into the seat, and driving the two loose horses before me I started for my night ride homewards. Dimly through the gathering dusk I saw the hungry grey wolves busy over the poisoned entrails as I passed the spot where the king of the prairie had fallen.

"Good night, old hero," I sighed, "your day is over; your time had come; all my good will could not give you an hour's longer life; it did but hasten your end. I reckon my day is pretty nigh over too. The cattleman is no more wanted here than the buffalo, and these tenderfeet look on one as pretty nearly as wild as the other. You faced the Indians and the wolves and the blizzards for many a day before your time came; so, we cat-

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tlemen have borne the brunt of it, and now we are to give place to a set of creeping sheep herders who can neither ride nor shoot. And yet, old warrior, they are successful: they cover their roof with your hide, they make your offal bait for wolves, and they sell your meat for thirty dollars in the market place.

"But after all—does the success belong to these men? Was it the strength of your own sons that drove you out of the herd to die alone? Was it not old age that tamed your strength, the inevitable fate against which even the Gods strive in vain? And is it not the same inevitable fate that drives me forth, and not these men who are my brothers? I cannot fight them, they are but the blind tools of destiny, the forefront of the crowds that are rolling westward with as irresistible an impulse as that which ruled the migration of the buffalo herds. The flood of men will sweep onwar l, and in their turn farmers with their ploughs will come to oust these shepherds as they have ousted me. Each one of us has but

'A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of being, from the well amid the waste
And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The nothing it set out from—'

"And we men can see the doom coming and cannot avert it nor struggle against it. For the end is denied to me that was granted to you. One thing, old warrior, I envy you and one thing only. You died fighting, and that was what your great heart desired."

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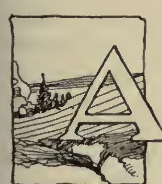
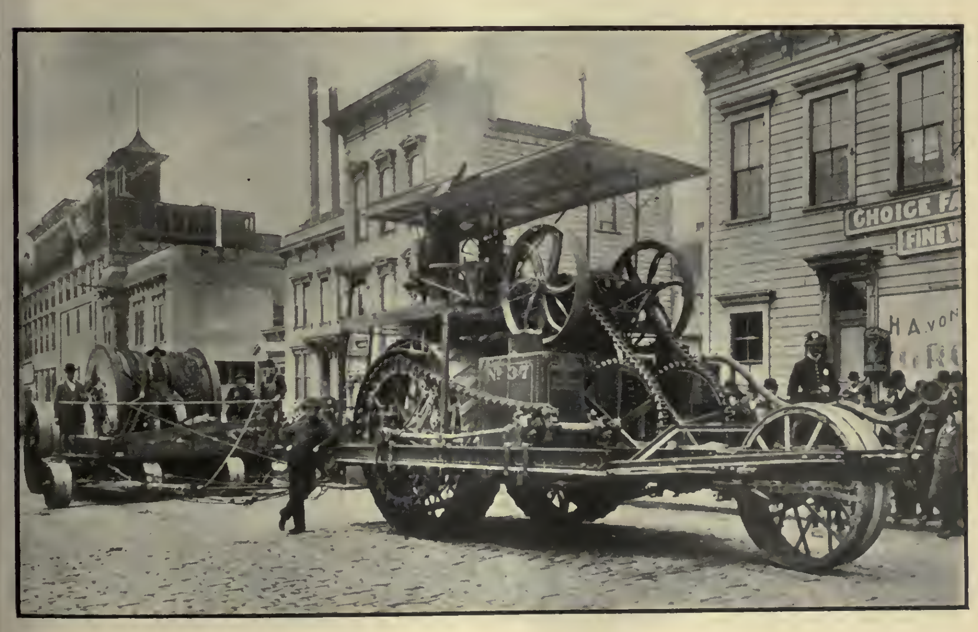
The Anatomy of the Automobile

BY L. H. JOHNSON



UTOMOBILES are commonly divided into three classes, according to the motive power employed: 1. Steam; 2. Gasoline; 3. Electric. A more accurate classification would be into those propelled by (1) steam engines; (2) internal combustion or explosive motors, and (3) electric motors. Of the first two classes, ninety percent use gasoline for fuel. A few types of class 1 burn kerosene, heavy oils, coke or coal, while in class 2, alcohol and gasoline mixed have been successfully used.

The simplest form of automobile mechanism is the electric, consisting of one (or two) motors, enclosed in a dust-proof, oil-tight case geared to the driving wheels, and supplied with electric energy from a storage or secondary battery, through a rheostat or controller. If the battery were durable, light, or even moderate in weight, of elastic energy and capable of quick replenishment, the electric automobile would undoubtedly largely supplant both the remaining classes. It is superior to class 1 in absence of fire, heat, high pressure and steam exhaust; to class 2 in noiselessness, coolness of motor, certainty of operation (granting a good battery) and absence of manual labor in starting the engine. Much is yet to be developed, however, in the electrical battery. At present the electrical automobile is heavy, of limited mileage and speed, incapable of



Most powerful automobile in America. Holt Bros'. Traction Machine hauling California-Street Railroad "baby carriage," with cable, doing work of 50 horses.

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severe hill work, and the varying conditions of country touring. It is, however, the vehicle par excellence for ladies driving on level and smooth pavements, and for delivery wagons in city use.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the power mechanism of the steam automobile consists of an engine, boiler, firebox and suitable tanks for fuel and water. An amazing ingenuity has been shown in obtaining the maximum of power with a minimum of weight and space. Steam, which is generally carried at a working pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch, is generated by lighting a match. There is no limit to the efficiency of this type as long as the fuel and water supply is replenished. Control of speed and power is absolute, the mechanism is practically noiseless, and the constant elastic "pull" of steam power enables this type of motor vehicle to successfully perform prodigies of mountain climbing and working through heavy sand and mud. As already stated, gasoline is used for fuel in nearly all steam machines, on account of its fluidity, cleanliness, and ease of evaporation, for it is the vapor of gasoline generated by heat and mixed with air that is burned, not the liquid itself. This affords a fire of great heat and absolute smokelessness, and is as readily controlled as an ordinary gas jet. A simple and reliable automatic device cuts down the fire when the carriage is stopped and opens it up again as soon as the throttle valve is released. Steam can be generated three minutes after lighting the fire. It is impossible to explode the boiler under any conditions, nor can the engine be disabled except through the grossest misuse and neglect. For all-around efficiency the steam carriage is by far the best type, as well as the cheapest in initial cost. The operating expense, however, is considerably greater than in class 2, the hydrocarbon or internal combustion engine showing a saving of from fifty to seventy-five per cent over a steam engine of equal power.

An electric motor rotates an armature through magnetic attraction, induced by

Holt Bros'. machine hauling lumber in Tulare County, over country roads. (See page 202.)

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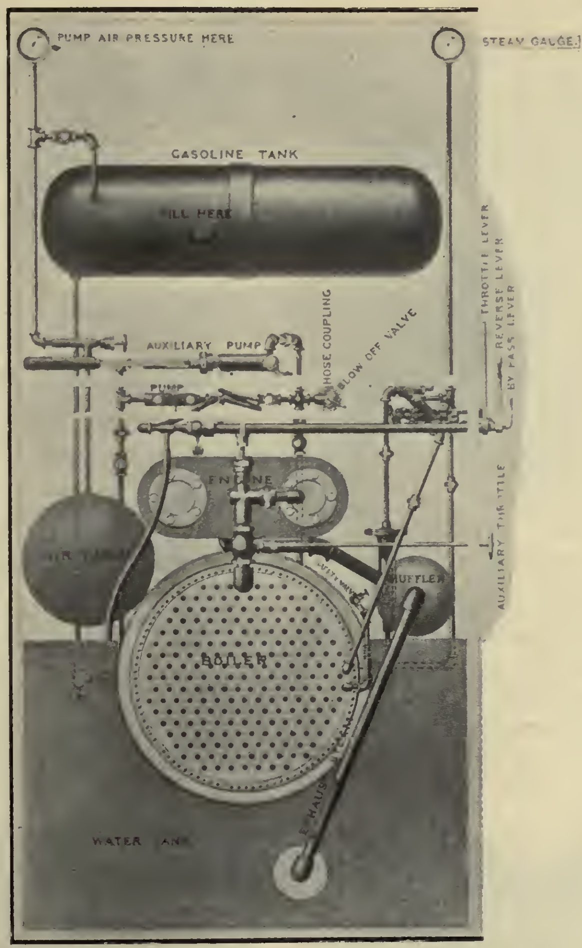

General Plan of the Locomobile.

passing a current of electricity through insulated wires surrounding a soft iron core. In the steam engine, the pressure of steam admitted alternately to each end of a cylinder, pushes a piston back and forth, this reciprocating motion being transformed to a rotory one through the medium of piston rod, connecting rod and crank. As in the case of the locomotive, steam automobiles are generally fitted with two cylinders acting on a single crank shaft, with cranks set at right angles, thus avoiding dead centers. Reversing or "backing up" is effected through the ordinary Stephenson link motion. The speed record for all types of motor cars is held by a steam vehicle of French manufacture. This machine was driven a kilometre in twenty-nine and three-fifths seconds, a speed of seventy-eight miles per hour. The engine had four single-acting cylinders and the steam pressure carried was 750 pounds to the square inch. Kerosene was the fuel.

When the German, Otto, invented the gas engine he little imagined that, a few years after, motors of similar type would be hurling monster automobiles over the public highways at velocities that put to shame the fastest express trains. Single miles in 51 seconds, journeys of 500 miles at an average speed of 54 miles an hour, runs a thousand miles in length without a stop; all these have already been accomplished by the prevail-

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ing type of gasoline motor car.

A mixture of gasoline vapor with air explodes violently on contact with flame or an electric spark. This explosion taking place in the cylinder of a gasoline engine, drives the piston outward, as the explosion of a charge of powder drives the bullet from a gun. This impulse is communicated to a rotating shaft by a connecting rod and crank. A heavy fly-wheel carries the shaft around and forces the piston back, thus expelling the burnt gas; continuing its revolution the next outward stroke of the piston sucks in a fresh charge of the explosive mixture, the following inward stroke closes the exhaust valve and compresses the charge, which is then fired by an electric spark, giving a second impulse to the fly-wheel. It will be seen that the power is applied through a succession of sharp and distinct impulses like a boy's whip-top, that the engine must be turned over by hand to such in its initial charge, obtain its first compression and spark the mixture before it will run from its own impulse. The engine is therefore disconnected from the driving wheels and should be running steadily before the clutch is thrown in and the carriage started. The hydro-carbon motor is powerful, smooth-running when multiple cylindered, and very economical in the use of fuel. It should be always ready to start on the turn of the crank, without waiting to get up steam or charge a battery, and when once started will, if properly lubricated, run indefinitely without attention as long as the gasoline holds out. Unless the exhaust gases are properly muffled, it is exceedingly noisy; if the carburetor, which vaporizes the gasoline and mixes it with air, is inefficient, the power of the motor is lost, while irregular or weak sparking causes the engine to miss explosions and result in low speed and waste of fuel.

The popular form of steam carriage was designed in 1897 by two New England brothers. Over six thousand of this type of automobiles are in use to-day. The running gear is of steel tubing, the wheels of bicycle pattern, and the tires pneumatic. In the rear of the body of the car is the water tank of from 16 to 50 gallons capacity. In the center is located the boiler, fourteen inches in diameter in the runabout size, thirteen

The automobile in a California flower fiesta.

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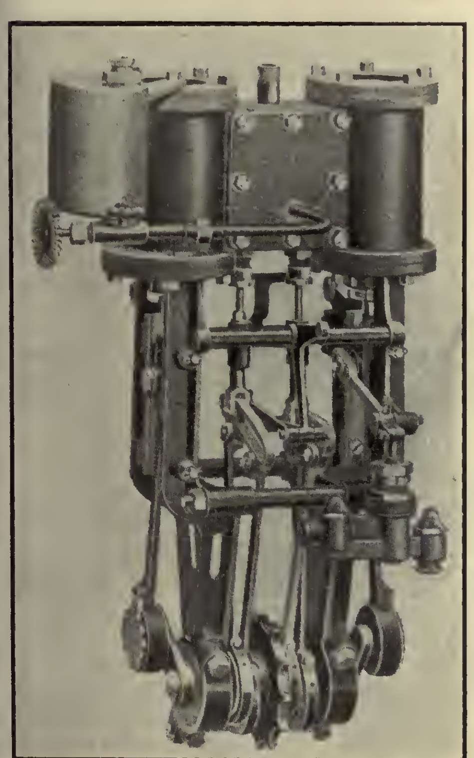
inches high, cylindrical in form and fitted with three hundred half-inch copper flues, through which the flame and hot gases pass. Such a boiler contains nearly forty-four square feet of heating surface and easily generates four and one-half horse power. It is unexplodable, as the flues are the weakest parts and a collapse of any one of them simply puts out the fire and stops the carriage. These boilers are tested to 750 pounds cold water pressure, a factor of safety of 350 per cent over their actual use. Bolted underneath the boiler is the burner, a gas-tight hollow disc, perforated on the top with over two thousand minute holes, through which the mixed gas and air escapes to burn in the fire-box. Directly in front of the boiler, and hinged to a cross-beam on the body, is the double cylindered vertical engine. This may be swung forward to take up the slack of the driving chain, due to wear. With a 14-inch boiler, the

The standard boiler.

engine is usually of two and one-half inch bore by three and one-half inch stroke. There is one common steam chest between the cylinders, fitted with ordinary "D" slide valves and link motion for reversing the engine. Centrally on the engine shaft is keyed a chain sprocket, from which the chain extends to a larger one on the rear axle. The usual gearing is two and one-half revolutions of the engine to one of the driving wheels. Within the carriage body and on the right side of the engine is the muffler, a copper cylinder through which the exhaust steam passes before finally emerging under the rear of the machine. On the left side is a copper air tank of about three gallons capacity, which is connected to the gasoline tank under the footboard, the latter holding five gallons, sufficient for a run of fifty miles.



Locomobile engine.

The process of getting under way may be briefly described as follows: The gasoline and water tanks being filled and boiler two-thirds full, pressure is turned on the fuel, which forces it through a vaporizer in the fire-box that has been previously heated. This converts it into a gas; it is mixed with air and ignited in the fire-box, giving a smokeless, odorless blue flame of great heat. Within a minute or two the water begins to boil, and the pressure mounts rapidly to the point where the automatic regulator

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cuts down the fire. The automobile will now stand for hours if desired, with steam up, ready to start instantly at a touch of the throttle. The reduced flow of gasoline vapor to the burner, when standing, should be regulated so nicely that the fire will neither make steam rapidly nor be blown out by the wind. Water is supplied to the boiler as required, while running, from a pump worked by the engine. This feed may be either automatic or be regulated by the operator. It is found that the delicate mechanism necessary for an automatic supply is liable to disarrangement through vibrations and choking from sediment, and the great majority of steam vehicles are fitted with a simple by-pass valve, which may be opened or closed with a touch of the operator's finger. There is a common but erroneous impression that this matter of the water feed engrosses the chaffeur's attention to the exclusion of scenery and social conversation. Nothing is farther from the fact. The writer has driven a companion in a steam carriage of well known make thirty miles, probably operating the by-pass a dozen times, and had his friend insist that the water feed was automatic, as he had watched him closely and "he had simply given it no attention whatever."

In running the steam automobile, every function is arranged to be under the instant control of the operator. The steering lever rests in his left hand, the throttle or steam valve in his right. Under his right foot is a powerful brake, under the left a loud alarm bell. A mirror shows the water level in the guage glass, while water feed, reverse lever, fire shut-off and safety lock are in easy reach of his fingers. All that is necessary to run an automobile successfully is to keep a cool head, avoid reckless driving, and understand your machine. To know that opening valve "A" or "B" produces certain results is not enough. Find out why it produces that result, then if it fails to work, you can repair it. Be satisfied with a moderate speed, unless the road is absolutely smooth, and never run fast enough to pull steam below the full pressure. The greatest enemy to the motor car is vibration; the machine that is run at an average pace of twelve miles an hour will last ten times as long as that which is forced to twenty-five.

A relative table of desirable points in the three classes of automobiles will be of interest to the prospective purchaser.

A Columbia Victoria.

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S represents the steam class, G the explosive motor class, and E the electric:

1. Cost ....S. $650 to $2550
   E. 750 to 4000
   G. 600 to 15000
2. Economy of operation ....G. S. E.
3. Speed (short distances) .....S. G. E.
4. Speed (long distances) ......G. S. E.
5. Simplicity of parts ....E. S. G.
6. Durability ....G. S. E.
7 Simplicity of operation.......E. S. G.
8. Reliability (certainty of operation) ....S. G. E.
9. Noiselessness ....S. E. G.
10. Absence of vibration........S. E. G.
11. Mileage on charge..........G. S. E.
12. Cleanliness ....E. G. S.
13. Power for weight ....S. G. E.
14. Ease of repair ....S. G. E.
15. Average annual cost of repair ....G. S. E.
16. Accuracy of control........S. E. G.
17. Safety (in the event of misuse; all are safe if properly handled) ....E. G. S.
18. Quickness in getting ready to run ....G. S. E.
19. Suitability for lady drivers..E. S. G.
20. Capability for emergency overload ....S. G. E.
21. Non-effect on horses ....E. S. G.
22. Summary of 21 desirable features:
    Most desirable.....S, 9. G, 6. E, 6
    Second place......S, 10. G, 7. E, 4
    Third place ....S, 2. G, 8. E, 11

Counting 1st place as 3, 2d as 2, and 3rd as 1, we have:

Steam ....49 points
Gasoline ....40 points
Electricity ....37 points

The average mileage of the steam carriage on a tank of water is 30; on a tank of gasoline, 50; a cost of one and seven-tenths cents per mile at Pacific Coast prices for same. The hydrocarbon motors use less gasoline, as previously stated, but require so much more expensive cylinder oil of the highest grade that the total running expenses is about the same as the best steam vehicles. The storage battery yields far less electrical energy than is put into it, and the running expense, without figuring the cost of renewal of battery elements, depends on the local cost per kilowatt.

The fashionable motor car of Europe and the East to-day is undoubtedly the gasoline machine of the French type, with either fixed or removable tonneau seats, but the high initial cost has confined their sale to a small percentage of the cheaper and more easily understood steam rigs.

California is a paradise for the automobilist, as well as for the wheelman and lover of outdoor life. Its hard soil makes excellent roads at small expense, the rainy season is short, and does not seriously interfere with the use of the horseless vehicle. Eastern troubles from freezing of water pipes and cylinder jackets are absolutely unknown. No more delightful way of enjoying a summer outing exists than to take an automobile trip through Lake County, visiting the various watering places, bowling over the fine sprinkled roads and climbing the mountain passes. Several of the more venturesome have made the Yosemite trip successfully, while there would be no difficulty in running a steam carriage or good multiple-cylindered gasoline rig from Mt. Shasta to San Diego.

There is a wide-spread and false impression that the automobile is still an experiment and that it is continually breaking down. The facts of the case are that ninety-five per cent of the mishaps result from reckless driving, inattention to the machinery, or absolute ignorance of the first principles of mechanics. "An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure" would be the revised proverb for the chaffeur. Five minutes spent in looking over the nuts, bolts, and bearings before starting might prevent an exasperating breakdown, far from help or duplicate parts. If one has no mechanical tastes, "don't understand macchinery," he should cultivate them, hammer the "why and wherefor" in to his head and then see how much more self-reliant he will feel in operating his machine and how much more pleasure he will get out of it. Buy a good car, made throughout by a responsible maker of long experience. Beware of the "assembled" automobile, whose various parts

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and fittings are collected by the small vendor from the uttermost parts of the earth. Assure yourself that the motors are made strictly to gauge, so that any damaged portion can be replaced without loss of time or expense of fitting. When you get your machine, don't lend it or allow your coachman to run it. The latter will either ruin your automobile or your horse, after running the auto. Study it, "go slow" at the beginning, and don't "take chances." You will soon be able to fly along safely at a speed that will exhilarate you, and handle the car in city traffic quicker and better than a veteran cab driver.

A great many persons are laboring under the impression that the price of automobiles is out of all proportion to the manufacturing cost. "Automobiles will come down, as bicycles have, etc." In the first place, a reliable, serviceable motor car can be purchased in the United States cheaper than in any other country in the world, notwithstanding that England has no protective tariff, and other countries but an eighth to a third of ours. It must be borne in mind that no piece of machinery in existence is liable to receive such rough usage as the automobile. The vibration and shocks received in running at high speed over American roads is terrific. Nothing but the very finest material and workmanship will withstand this service. Where the bicycle is fitted with malleable iron castings and pressed sheet bearings, the motor vehicle requires steel forgings and wearing parts turned on lathes from the costliest tool steel. The bicycle is now built like a sewing machine, the automobile like a locomotive. Wheels, running gear, body, in fact all parts of the self-propelled vehicle, must be constructed on an entirely different and infinitely more expensive basis than the horse-drawn carriage. Attempts to drive a carriage by attaching a motor to it, have invariably resulted in tearing the vehicle all to pieces. Automobile manufacturers have found it necessary to devote all their energies to strengthening their output, not cheapening it. Notwithstanding the large number of motor cars that have been sold in this country, the writer has learned of but two instances where dividends have been declared out of the profits of the business. Several of the poorer concerns have failed, and it has been amply demonstrated that the industry is not one for the small mechanic or the carriage builder.

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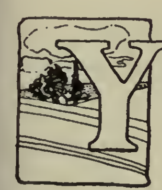
Apricot Orchard, Yolo County.

Orchards, Vineyards and Farms of Yolo County

BY CAROLINE M OLNEY.



OLO County, which lies in the very heart of the great Sacramento Valley, comprising 1,018 square miles, or 650,880 acres, of the most fertile and productive land, is bounded on the west by Lake and Napa counties, on the south by Solano, the north by Colusa, and on the east by Sutter and Sacramento counties, with the Sacramento river running the full length of its eastern border.

Scientists tell us that the nearby mountainous country was originally volcanic, that the richest material was thrown out, and by the action of heat and other combined forces of nature, there was composed a rich detritus soil which through countless ages has been carried down the narrow canyons by the flood waters in to the valley and deposited until there is a depth of 30 or 40 feet. As a result the Yolo county farmer, orchardist and vineyardist is able to place in the markets at home and abroad a great variety of fruits, grains, berries and garden truck, which is noted the world over for superior quality and early development. The first luscious deciduous fruits in the markets are shipped from this county. Here under cultivation are some of the largest and finest almond orchards

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Walnut tree and vineyard near Woodland.

in the world, and the grape industry, which includes (raisin, wine and table), is most profitable. The fig, cherry, prune, pear, olive, orange, lemon and berries of all kinds are grown to perfection, while cereals are produced in great quantities and shipped to all parts of the world.

This rich alluvial soil seems especially well adapted to numerous products other than those mentioned; as hops, green peas, onions, beans, tomatoes, corn, sugar beets and flax are grown in abundance.

Yolo county contributes each year from its four creameries and four skimming stations its share of butter to the dairy markets. The finest horses, mules, sheep, cattle and hogs are raised here principally for stock purposes.

Land is cheap, considering its great fertility, and water is plentiful, the land being irrigated from three streams, Putah and Cache Creeks, and the Sacramento river, which are beautiful, with their great volumes of water flowing gently down to the sea, bordered with feathery willows and stately trees of other varieties as well as the wild grape and rose.

Shipping facilities are excellent both by water and rail, the county-seat being only eighty-six miles from San Francisco, the natural metropolis of the west, and twenty-two miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State of California and the largest shipping point for deciduous fruits on the Pacific Coast.

The average rainfall is 16.59 inches. Owing to topographical conditions, latitude does not control the climate, which is most healthful. The heat of summer is not excessive, the evenings are delightful, and the nights cool, the average summer temperature being 77.7, and that of winter 48.3. The average annual temperature is 62.8.

While the Easterner seeks his fireside for comfort, the Yolo orchardist is picking fruit from his trees, flowers from his garden, and is comfortable in his out-of-door life. Over well-kept public roads, shaded by the stately walnut, one may drive for miles through a beautiful productive country; on either side of these roads can be seen orchards and vineyards heavily laden with ripening fruit, vast grain fields, from which the farmer is at this time of year reaping his golden harvest, extensive pasture lands where roam at will, to feed or rest under the shade of the massive oaks which beautify the landscape, herds of cattle and sheep.

Very often one gets a glimpse of com-

Creamerie, Knight's Landing.

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White oak tree in grain field near Woodland.

modious and comfortable country homes, surrounded by beautiful gardens, where bloom in perfection and profusion every variety of flower, from the graceful rose to the sweet, but humble, violet. Trees of many varieties, both useful and ornamental, including palms of various kinds, add much to the attractiveness of these homes.

Yolo county has a record that can be equaled by no other county in the State. It has the lowest tax rate, does not owe a dollar, and has an assessable valuation of over $16,000,000. In proportion to its population it has the largest banking capital. Its churches, homes and public buildings are a credit to a progressive and enterprising community.

It has a fine public school system under the guiding hand of Mrs. S. E. Peart, who is said to be one of the most competent officials ever to have filled the responsible position of Superintendent of Public Schools of Yolo county. With all the advantages of beauty, health and wealth at their command the residents of this county should consider themselves wonderfully blessed. No equal area has so much to offer of richness and productiveness to the home seeker. Its industries are varied, its interests diversified, and vast opportunities present themselves for investment.

Woodland was so named from the many grand and spreading oaks that graced its site in the beginning, but which have largely disappeared. However, the resident streets are lined on both sides with shade trees of many varieties; its homes are many of them beautiful, with their well-kept gardens. In that of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Lawhead is a bearing date palm six years old. Woodland is the county-seat, and has a population of 3,500. It is centrally located, and directly on the line of the North Pacific Railroad (Southern Pacific system.) The city is incorporated under the fifth class, has a good sewer system, owns its own water works (an example which might well be followed by larger cities). It has also a gas and electric light and power plant, which is a branch of the Bay Counties Power Company. This company fur-

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Scene on Main Street, Woodland.

Bearing date palm, garden of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Lawhead, Woodland.

nishes power in abundance for mills, irrigating and other purposes, including that for a 50 horse-power motor for pumping the city water. Much of the gas manufactured by this company is used for fuel during the summer months. Woodland also has a city hall, a free library, and is considered quite an educational center, having a high school, three grammar schools, an academy, and a business college.

Woodland is also noted as an exceptional city of culture, refinement and research, having two literary clubs, the Shakespeare and the Mutual, which have been in existence a fifth of a century, and which during that time have never

Main Street, Woodland.

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First street, Woodland.

missed one meeting, an unusual record and one worthy of note; another progressive organization is the Woman's Improvement Club, which has a large membership, co-operating with the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor of the city, W. P. Craig, and the city Trustees, and is doing a good work for the upbuilding of its already well-kept and attractive city. In this little city may be found churches of all denominations, two weekly, one semi-weekly, and two daily

Representative store, Woodland.

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Dairy calves.

Harvest field, Yolo County.

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Short-horned Durhams, Bullard Ranch.

papers. Woodland is well-protected by a fire department, and among its industries may be named a large fruit packing house, a raisin seeding plant, a new cannery now in operation, and a 100-barrel flour mill, of which T. B. Gibson is President. This will be finished about the first of September, 1902, and will, when ready for operation, be equipped with all the latest improved milling machinery, and will be run by electric power; also in the course of construction is a well-built corrugated iron warehouse, with a storage capacity of 5,000 tons of grain. There are two creameries in operation, a few items gathered from one of which may be of interest and show the possibilities for creamery colonies in this locality. Milk in large quantities is supplied by farmers who own small ranches; alfalfa is the principal feed, and one acre will keep from three

Pumping plant near Davisville.

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Merino Bucks, Bullard Ranch, Woodland.

Steam harvester, Fair Ranch.

to five cows. The monthly output of butter is thirteen tons, and the average market price of butter in Sacramento is 22½ cents per pound.

This is a joint stock company, and was started November 1, 1895. The stock is principally owned by the farmers, the farmer to receive all the produce sells for, excepting the actual cost of manufacture. The first year's production amounted to $20,000, with a gradual increase until on November 1, 1901, the total amounted to $71,000. This creamery has paid eight per cent dividends, and during its existence there has never been left at night a pound of butter unsold.

Many ranches in the vicinity of Woodland are stocked with registered cattle and imported sheep, while others are devoted to producing grain and alfalfa. One of the typical ranches in this locality is owned by Mr. Vaugh, who also represents this district in the Board of Supervisors. These fine herds are being constantly increased and improved. From some of these ranches fine animals are shipped to all parts of the world for stock purposes. Gaining as this industry is, a world-wide reputation, it is already considered one of the most important.

Between Knight's Landing and Woodland, and about three miles north of the county-seat, is a large colony of orchards and vineyards grown in rich, alluvial soil. Avenues and borders of olives, figs and walnuts, complete small acreages of peaches, apricots, almonds, prunes, and pears. The orange and lemon thrive vigorously here, and the soil is admirably adapted to the culture of berries and small fruits, which are shipped in large quantities from this point.

A large irrigation plant in operation on the south side of Cache Creek and near the bridge, caught my attention as I was passing by. It is almost hidden, except for the tall smoke-stack in a dense growth of the wild grape vine. I found that water was being raised by steam from the creek at the rate of 5,000 gallons per minute, and was being carried about

Home of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Lawhead, Woodland.

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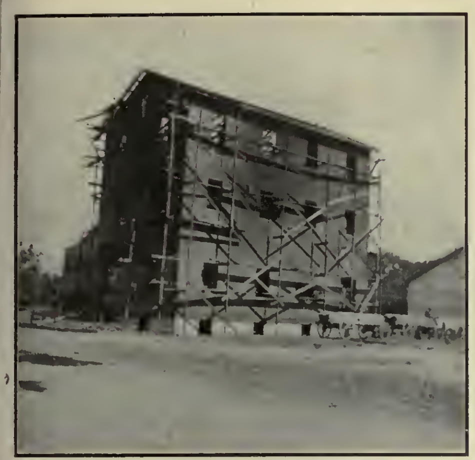
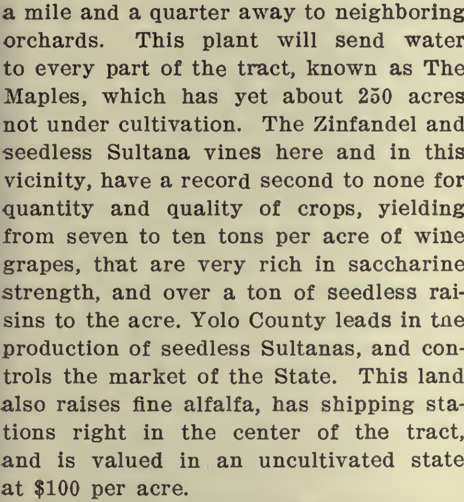


Woodland Milling Company.

Warehouse of the Woodland Milling Co.



a mile and a quarter away to neighboring orchards. This plant will send water to every part of the tract, known as The Maples, which has yet about 250 acres not under cultivation. The Zinfandel and seedless Sultana vines here and in this vicinity, have a record second to none for quantity and quality of crops, yielding from seven to ten tons per acre of wine grapes, that are very rich in saccharine strength, and over a ton of seedless raisins to the acre. Yolo County leads in the production of seedless Sultanas, and controls the market of the State. This land also raises fine alfalfa, has shipping stations right in the center of the tract, and is valued in an uncultivated state at $100 per acre.

Yolo, or Cacheville, as it was formerly named, is located in the center of the alfalfa and grain district. One of the extensive and prosperous farms in this vicinity which may be mentioned is that of Supervisor Hoppin. The famous Yolo Orchard, also, is near there, and comprises 500 acres. It is a comparatively new orchard, and is beautiful in its perfect and high state of cultivation. Established here is a skimming station, which distributes annually $20,000.

Further on the towns of Blacks and Dunnigan (the home of Supervisor Decker), are more especially located in the grain sections and are extensive shipping points.

Knight's Landing, situated on the west bank of the Sacramento river, and on the branch line of the Southern and Central Pacific Railroad, has a well organized graded school, churches, a good hotel, three warehouses for storing grain, and is considered one of the best shipping points on the river. It also has a creamery, which is in a very prosperous condition. This is a stock company, and pays eight per cent dividends. The output of butter is 400 pounds per day, the average price being 22½ cents per pound in Sacramento.

There is a demand from the wholesaler to increase the supply of butter. The opportunity for producing milk in this locality is almost unlimited. It is estimated that this section could, under proper conditions, be made to produce one hundred thousand pounds of milk per day. In the vicinity of Knight's Landing the products are mostly grain and stock. On the river the late crops consist of broom-corn, beans, buckwheat and Egyptian corn. Some small fruits and some fine orchards may also be found here.

Perhaps the largest farm in Yolo County is at Knight's Landing and known as the Fair Ranch. It contains 12,0[illegible] acres, which are tilled and the crops harvested with all the latest improved farming machinery, among which may be named steam plows and harvesters. Three camps are kept for the convenience of the laborers. Plows start to work in the

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Taking grain to the warehouse.

morning, and plow a straight line for five miles, returning by noon, having made one round. One year this ranch produced 85,000 sacks of wheat, each sack containing 135 pounds, or 2¼ bushels. This property is soon to be subdivided and colonized. The land in this locality is a rich alluvial deposit, and every advantage is claimed for it. One man in July is planting 40 acres to beans. Orange trees bear heavily. At Judge Snowball's home I saw a family orchard of one acre from which he says he can pick some kind of ripe fruit every month of the year. Sugar beets that gave a high test of saccharine strength, have been grown in this locality.

Knight's Landing, before the advent of railroads, and when all the transportation was done by steamer, was the largest town in Yolo County, and with so many facilities presenting themselves in the way of soil, climate and transportation there seems little or no reason why it should not regain its old time prestige.

From Woodland to Davisville, over some ten miles of good public roads made beautiful by the green and shade of grand old oaks, the fig, the olive, and the lofty walnut, one finds again by the way-side immense grain fields and stock ranches, varied with fine deciduous orchards and heavily fruit-bearing vineyards.

Davisville, situated on the north side of Putah Creek, on the south line of the county, is a railroad junction for all points, a very important shipping point for all kinds of cereals, fruits, and live stock, as well as a trading center for the outlying districts. It has several churches, a public school which is graded, two hotels, a skimming station, livery stables and a local paper.

The land in the vicinity of Davisville is rich, and while it produces fine cereals and fruits, it seems especially adapted to the growing of almonds, and can be

Supervisor Decker's home at Dunnigan.

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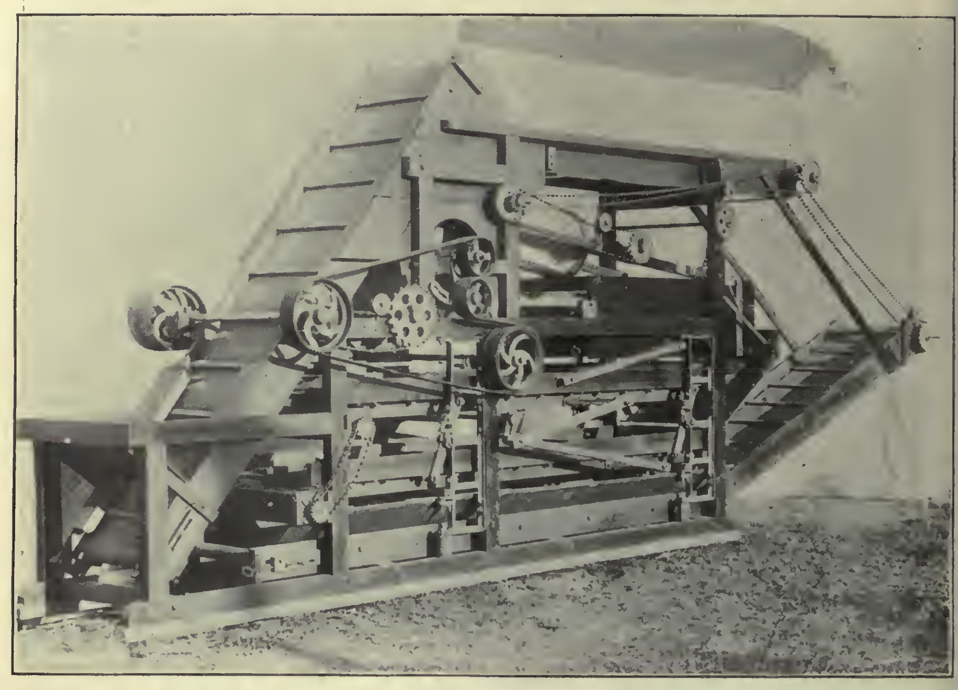

Almond huller, invented by Walter G. Read, Davisville.

ing winter sale. Yearling stock brings $100 per thousand, grapes from $10 to $15 per thousand, June budded stock, $75 per thousand. This nursery covers 20 acres. Ten men are constantly employed budding, trimming and cultivating the baby trees and vines that they may grow strong and be ready at the proper time for the market.

Another enterprise which attracts attention is the manufacturing of machines by Walter G. Read for hulling almonds and cracking apricot pits. The machines are run by six horse-power gasoline engines. The canneries and drying yards save the pits of the apricots. These are then cracked by this machine, the hard shells removed, the kernels sacked or put into barrels and shipped to Europe, where, it is said, a fine quality of oil is made from them. The almonds are picked from the trees, brought to the hulling machine, where the outside, or hull, is removed by certain rotary motions of the machine. The almonds are then bleached, sacked and sent to the market.

A few miles either way from Davisville one reaches the ranches of Messrs. Swingle, Hammel, Montgomery, Supervisor Russel, Frank and Will Childs, who are heavily interested in raising fine stock. From the Swingle ranch are shipped each day many gallons of cream to the Crystal Cream and Butter Company at Sacramento. This is used principally for making ice-cream, and pays one-third better than butter. This industry presents

La Rue almond orchard in bloom, Davisvill

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Irrigating the orchard, Davisville.

great opportunities for expansion, as the demand greatly exceeds the supply.

By the River Road one reaches Clarksburg and the River Islands, three of which belong to Yolo County. This is a very rich country, devoted largely to producing small white bayo, red kidney, and black-eyed beans. The average yield is twenty-five sacks to the acre. The market brings to the producer for white beans $2.50 to $3.50 per 100 pounds. Bayos average $2.40. Ten thousand dollars last year was cleared from 170 acres. Beans are planted on the lowlands about the 15th of June; on the high lands about the 20th of April. The farmer plows and plants the land, then contracts for the picking and sacking at 37 cents per sack. Ten acres of this land produced 500 boxes a day of tomatoes, a 60 pound box of which will bring in the first market $2.50, the price decreasing as the season advances. Melons are largely grown in this district. Returns from ten acres of the latter amount to from $200 to $300.

Early Alexandras are the first peaches in the market from this section. A 25 pound basket will bring 40 cents. There are more Bartlett pears grown in this than any other part of the county. Sacramento River Bartletts have a wide and favorable reputation. The creamery at Clarksburg takes in 8,500 pounds of milk per day. The output of butter is 700 pounds per day. The butter brings an average price of 22½ cents, the average test of milk being 4.5 butter fat. Alfalfa and grain are also raised in this section, as well as quantities of yellow-skinned onions, an acre producing 300 sacks. One of the largest ranches for fine stock is that of J. H. Glide, which is noted for its thoroughbred cattle and sheep.

Yolo County is fast coming to the front as a producer of fruit and cereals, especially since the growers began to assist nature in irrigating the land from river and wells, which is being done by means of centrifugal pumps. When the art of pumping for irrigation is better and more generally understood this county will be in the front rank, for not only are there vast areas of rich land and water in abundance, but cheap power to operate pumping machinery is brought to the very door of the farmer in the shape of electric current by the Bay Counties Power Company.

Heretofore when operating by steam the farmer lost four hours a day in getting up steam and banking fires. The constant attention of two experienced men was required by day. Double the work and double the fuel were required by night. With electric power, all that is necessary is to "push the button" at any hour of the day or night, and the water flows without further ado. The cost of power is nominal, the charge being made by the year, the farmer having the privilege to use the same day or night or both, and all days in the year.

This county is not as far advanced in "electric irrigation" as some of the southern counties. In Tulare County there are hundreds of electric pumps, mostly the California Centrifugal Pumps, built by the Krogh Manufacturing Company of San Francisco. The use of the pumps above named has made a revolution in the cost of irrigating, they being capable of delivering twice as much water for each horse power applied as the types used heretofore.

Pumping plants have been installed for the reclamation of this tule land district, which is considered the best for truck gardening and for pasture. Facilities for shipping on the river are very convenient.

Washington (known as Broderick at the Post Office department) is quite an important residence village on the west bank of the Sacramento river, just across from the Capitol City. It is the home of

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Hop field near Elkhorn.

Supervisor Snider, also of many of the employees of the railroad company's extensive shops in Sacramento. North and south are to be found rich gardening and farming lands, including extensive hop fields. This section of Yolo county is in an exceedingly prosperous condition.

Winters, an enterprising town of Yolo county, is situated near the foot-hills of the eastern base of the Coast Range. It is on the Rumsey and Elmira branch of the Southern Pacific, seventy-seven miles from San Francisco, and due west twenty-five miles from Sacramento. The opportunities for education and religious culture are equal to those of any town of its size in the State. Pupils of the Winter's High School, as of all other high schools

Hop dryer, near Elkhorn.

Along the Sacramento

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Outline Map of Yolo County. (Courtesy of Firemans Fund Insurance Co.)

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in the county, are fitted to enter the Universities of the State.

Winters is a comparatively new town, being laid out in the center of Rancho Rio de los Putos, an old Spanish grant. It derived its name from Theodore Winters, who donated a tract of land for the original site. Shipping facilities are among the best in the State, and the climate can not be surpassed. Although the temperature ranges from 28 to 105 degrees, prostration from heat is unknown. The rainfall, which is entirely between November and May, is from 15 to 30 inches. This section is unusually free from cold fogs, winds and frost.

Nearly every variety of fruit can be successfuly grown here, but the most profitable and merchantable kinds are apricots, plums, peaches, pears, olives, and grapes. Here are grown the best apricots in the world. Cherries are shipped the first week in April. The first apricots were placed in the markets last year on the 9th of May. Peaches and plums follow a week later. Green peas are shipped in March; corn and beans in April; tomatoes from June to November; potatoes from May to December. Oranges are shipped the first week in November, and while citrus fruits have been grown only as an experiment, it has been proven that the growing of the navel orange and of citrus fruits is destined to be an important industry in this locality.

A few items obtained from Winters' Chamber of Commerce may give some more definite idea of the quantity of fruit shipped from this point. In 1900, the total shipment amounted to 8,824,000 pounds. Of this, 2,373,600 pounds were dried. In 1901 the total amounted to 9,430,400 pounds, 2,556,900 pounds of which were dried. Prices were 25 to 200 per cent better in 1901 than in 1900.

Freight boats on the Sacramento.

The extreme northern portion of Solano county, and the extreme southern portion of Yolo county, is famous as the Winters early fruit district, crops maturing to such perfection so early in the season that the first fruits in the markets are shipped from this section. Land that will yield good returns on the investment can be purchased from $45 to $75 per acre; foothill lands from $25 to $40 per acre. In all instances improved lands are held at a higher figure. The local fruit growers of Winters, recognizing that a fruit district of this importance should have a packing house or exchange to handle the increasing business of fruit grading, packing, and storing, formed the Winters' Dried Fruit Company. Its new plant is nearing completion. It is a two-story building, with full basement, built in the best possible manner and equipped with the latest improved machinery and appliances for handling dried fruit to the best advantage. The Yosolano warehouse, having been absorbed, this new company will have ample room for handling and storing the entire crop of this district. This company will pursue the policy of keeping the good quality of fruit and the excellence of pack before the public; they also aim to have the fruit from this house sent to the markets of the world.

Winters' Dried Fruit Company, Winters.

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in such shape that the finishing touches received at their hands will greatly enhance its value. With a competent board of directors, and the watchful eye of its efficient general manager, F. W. Wilson, there can be no doubt of success.

On the west side of Yolo county, directly north from Winters, on the Rumsey and Elmira line, one is charmed with the magnificent grain fields and large fig orchards, the shipping points of these products being Madison and Esparto.

Advancing to the north a turn in the road brings one quickly through a narrow passage into the beautiful Capay Valley. At the very entrance is the pretty little town of Capay, which with a little care could be made ideal owing to its location.

After leaving Capay on either side one soon looks across acres of well kept orchards to the hills beyond, covered with splendid oaks and pines. This little valley nestling among the hills is only a mile or two wide and about twenty miles long. Through the valley flows the beautiful Cache Creek, bordered with its graceful trees greatly enhancing the artistic beauty and value of this district. Capay Valley was formerly devoted almost wholly to the growing of cereals and broom corn, but of later years productive orchards have multiplied, until one receives the impression that it is worthy of more notice from the horticulturist. It has been shown that the hill lands adjacent to Rumsey are almost free from frost, freer, in fact, than are other parts of the valley. While trees do not grow so large as in other places the fruit is of the best quality. It is said that eventually the hill lands will be planted exclusively to fruit, while the creek lands, with their irrigating facilities, will be turned into alfalfa fields, the returns of which, as estimated by many agriculturists, will equal in money value the finest of fruit crops. Some kinds of fruit seem particularly adapted to this splendid soil. First seems to be the almond; next may be considered French prunes for drying. Bartlett pears develop here when from other sections the markets cannot be supplied; other fruits, such as plums, peaches and apricots, grow to exceptionally fine size and qual-

Holsteins, Yolo County.

Steel bridge connecting Yolo and Sacramento Counties, between Broderick and Sacramento.

Fruit Sacking, Yolo County.

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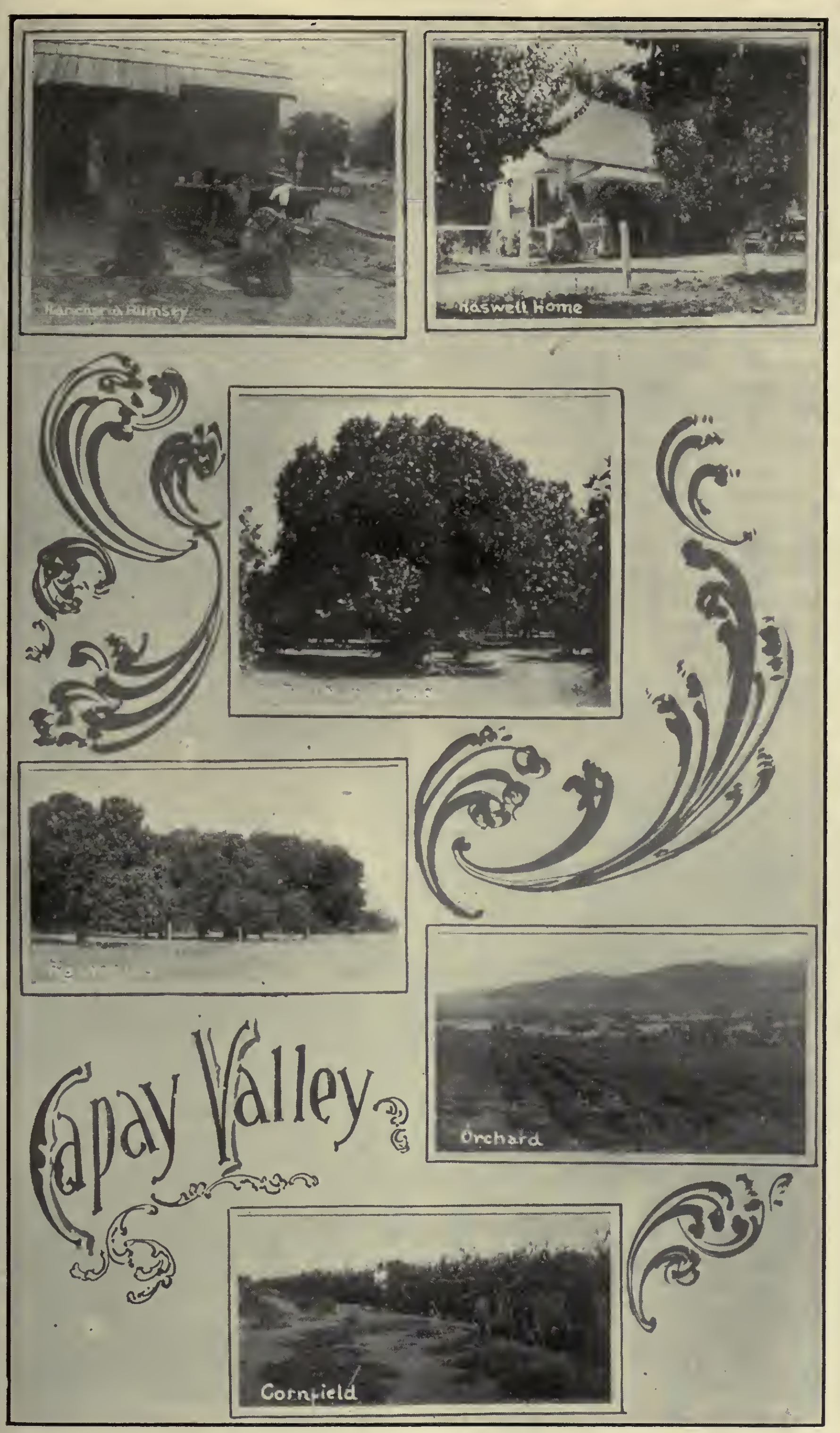

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Fine Durham stock, Bullard Ranch.

and the Crookshanks. Their first importation was from Missouri, and the second from Iowa. These herds will constantly be increased, and both cattle and sheep will be sold for stock purposes only. The market for these fine animals covers the territories, and some have been shipped to Australia and South America.

At the H. Coil ranch one finds 3,300 acres—one of the oldest and most important ranches of Yolo County, situated one and one-half miles from Woodland, the county seat. Without irrigation four crops of alfalfa can be cut from this land, which leaves pasture during the winter months. This hay, baled and put on the cars, brings from $7 to $8 a ton.

All the grain produced from this ranch is winter sown. Fine stock—horned Durhams and brown Swiss—roam at will over these fine pasture lands. Mules are raised here for the market.

Sheep are a specialty. Cattle and sheep are graded and produced for both stock and market purposes. The location of both these ranches is ideal, studded here and there with great oaks, which protect the stock from the heat of summer.

Tube Rose.

Tube Rose, recently put on the track at San Jose, made a record of 2.21 in the first race, standing three out of seven. He is sired by Falrose (2 in the 10 list) out of Mischief (3-year-old record, 2.21). Mischief being by Brown Jug; he being by the mighty Nutwood, and considered by many to be his best son.

It is owing to accidents that Tube Rose has not been brought out before this time, and he will in all probability make a low record before the end of the season, as he has already in an actual race shown better than two-minute speed. He is the property of Messrs. S. B. Montgomery and A. B. Rodman of Woodland.

Tube Rose.

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THE GREATEST MOTOR MACHINE

ONE hardly realizes the great divergencies between the Eastern and Western methods in agriculture, horticulture and lumbering. To meet the difficulties encountered in farming on a large scale, powerful mechanical devices have been invented to take the place of horse power.

The Holt Traction Engine is probably the most powerful motor machine that has been invented. It takes the place of horses in hauling the great harvesters which are produced by them, and in steam plowing by direct attachment of the engine to gang plows, which tear up twenty-four feet of earth at one time.

A train of cars will turn in a space of less than fifty feet, hauling according to the grades to be overcome, from 40,000 to 60,000 feet of lumber, or say, forty to sixty tons weight up grades not exceeding ten per cent.

On pages 163 to 171 of this number the admirable representation of this great motor vehicle is given among pictures of fancy automobile racers and touring wagons in which the Holt traction engine is represented hauling what is termed in local San Francisco parlance "the baby carriage of the California Street Railway."

The Holt Bros. Motor Traction Engine is operated somewhat differently from other engines purporting to do the same work. It is compact, nearly all of the weight being carried on two main wheels so readily placed as to be easily handled within a circle of twenty-five feet. The power is transmitted by means of a patented endless chain and can be repaired in case of accident anywhere, with a delay not exceeding fifteen minutes by simply replacing the link where one may have parted in the chain. In other devices in case of a cog breaking, it requires the stoppage of a day or so until the new part is placed in position. This motor vehicle is steered by a guide wheel in advance of the two main drive wheels, by the simple pressure of the hand upon a lever, as easily in fact as the original racing automobile.

In general farming as well as in lumbering camps, this motor has created a great revolution in farming methods.

utomobile train.

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Hauling logs.

In the plain lands of the Sacramento Valley, where the use of horses is entirely impracticable, owing to the soft nature of the soil, the traction engine has made economical harvesting practicable as the traction engine wheels are made sufficiently wide to ride over almost boggy land. Through its mobility, this powerful device may be managed and conformed to the conditions found in the most diversified farming country. The possibility of making direct connections with gang plows, is also an enormous advantage over the old method of steam plowing with two traction engines and cable rope.

The Holt Bros. Manufacturing concern of Stockton was established in 1883, first making reputation for its famous Stockton wheels. Afterwards the traction engine was invented by Mr. Benjamin Holt, president of the Holt Manufacturing Company, to meet the peculiar conditions of Western farming and to serve as a motive power for their Combined Harvester and Thresher, which almost immediately became popular as an improvement when other devices of the kind failed. The success in this direction of the great motor vehicle encouraged the builders to attempt a machine which would meet the call of lumber camps and to replace horse and cattle power in moving logs and lumber. To-day their business has practically grown to be wide-world in its reputation, while its special fields of operation in the farming and lumber producing States claim Oregon, Washington, Arizona, California and Mexico.

Holt Bros. Co. works are at Stockton, San Joaquin County, Cal. City address: 30 Main street, San Francisco.

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THE POOR MAN'S AUTOMOBILE

BY L. H. BILL

Roy C. Marks, Wm. Schubuck, and Eustace Bellman, who made the first circuit of the San Francisco Bay on Motor Cycles; time, 8 hours.

EVERYTHING which saves time has found favor with the public of to-day. Just so, inventions towards economy have found favor. Railroads, street cars, and steamship lines are constantly striving for greater speed. The automobile, in its various forms, meets a demand for speed, where railroads and street cars are not available. The smallest form of the automobile is the motor bicycle, which is the latest applicant for popularity as a swift, practical and economical means of conveyance. Its compactness and small cost brings it within the means not only of the rich but of the masses as well.

Facts have proven that riding a bicycle is as safe as walking. So with the motor bicycle. To the uninitiated the motor-bicycle appears dangerous. Really there is no danger connected with the use of a motor bicycle. It cannot explode, neither can it burn. The up-to-date motor-bicycle weighs about seventy-five pounds, (no more than the original safety bicycle) and has reached a state of perfection where it is less dangerous than the common bicycle, being under better control.

A speed of from five to twenty-five miles per hour is absolutely at the command of the rider. These light machines have small one and one-half horse power motors, which cause no perceptible vibrations. The combustion is perfected, so there is no odor and the noise is reduced to a point where it is not in the least objectionable. In this perfected motor-bicycle, we have at once the lightest, safest, simplest, swiftest and most economical method of conveyance that it is possible to produce. The motor bicycle is an ideal touring machine. Being single track, it can go where three or four-wheeled vehicles cannot travel with ease or safety.

The batteries used are ordinary dry cell, good for from 800 to 1000 miles. One charge of gasoline is good for a run of seventy miles, using common gasoline, such as is obtainable in any country store. Winds and hills have no terror for the motor bicycle, and instead of being exhausted from a trip of from fifty to one hundred miles a day, the tourist dismounts at the end of his trip fresh and strong.

It has always been considered that a trip of one hundred miles per day on a bicycle is the extreme limit of a so-called pleasure ride. In fact a ride around the bay from San Francisco to San Jose and back to Oakland, approximately one hundred miles, for years has been the test of strong riders. Many have failed and the successful riders always finished exhausted. On the first attempt three riders mounted on California Motor Bicycles, made the trip with road conditions most unfavorable, in less than seven hours riding time.

The trip to Mount Hamilton from San Jose is a constant grade of twenty-seven miles except a dip of about two and one-half miles where the grade varies from 4 to 12 per cent. Few riders have succeeded in ascending this mountain on a bicycle. On a motor bicycle this trip becomes a coast up hill as well as down. A trip across the Santa Cruz mountains is always difficult, yet beautiful. Below

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San Jose Motor Cycle Club.

will be seen a picture taken of the San Jose riders on this trip.

While the motor bicycle is ideal for touring it is still more valuable as a quick means of conveyance for the doctor, collector, canvasser, factory and office man.

Experience has proven that an office man, instead of taking his lunch in restuarants, can on a motor bicycle, go home three miles to lunch in ten minutes allowing forty minutes for his lunch. He still has ten minutes in which to return to his office within the hour, having had forty minutes with his family and without fatigue breathed good, fresh air, filling his lungs with oxygen, adding much to his health and pleasure.

In the matter of expense, the motor bicycle outclasses all other forms of transportation. The first cost of a motor bicycle is $175, a nominal sum, considering a specially built bicycle complete motor, carburster, and electrical appliances. Cost of running a motor bicycle is less than one-quarter cent per mile. This brings the motor bicycle within reach of the middle class as well as the rich and once the advantages of the motor bicycle are understood, it will become the most popular vehicle and the day is near when they will be seen in as large numbers as the bicycle of to-day.

CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by GRACE LUCE IRWIN

Clara Morris' Garrulous Tale. What a voluble, ranting, sentimental, emotional, delightful, womanish piece of work Clara Morris, the actress, has turned out in her novel called "A Pasteboard Crown." The book is saved from banality by the author's almost naive realism. Of course she knows all about stage life, and of course she gets her girl heroine into it, as soon as she decently can. Wherein she shows wisdom, for the other parts of the book, though not uninteresting, have almost a school girlish air, in which the author talks confidentially along, almost garrulously, and quite breathlessly. In fact as a long story writer Clara Morris lacks self-restraint. She has too much facility and too little of that fine sense of the cold dignity of letters which marks the caste of the "best authors." The story follows the fortunes of two pretty but impecunious girls, Dorothy and Sybil Lawton, who have a charming father, and a detestable mother, but both equally well drawn. Mrs. Lawton hasn't a virtue, and she is a disappointed frivolous, society woman, who "was once wealthy." She longs so for the "flesh-pots of Egypt" that she tries to marry Dorothy to a wealthy but immoral old man, to the horror of her husband and Clara Morris. However, a handsome young lover, of unimpeachable virtue appears, to carry off the youngest Lawton girl, and her story ends with —twins.

Sybil, the elder, meanwhile, has made a friend of an actress, Claire Morrell, who assists her to gain her "pasteboard crown;" another friend, the leading actor, also assists her, but falls in love with her, and so spoils her happiness forever. He being a married man, yet pre-

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vails upon her to become his mistress through a number of years, in fact until his tragic death.

The sadness of this illicit relation is presented in a way which one does not forget, and is the deepest motif of the book. Many remarks of interest to an actress are dropped here and there. For instance:

"The actress who has made her way gradually acquires all unconsciously, a hundred nameless graces, little tricks of manner, movement or expression, poses, poises, flutterings, the turn of the head or the glance of the eye, and all seem so natural, so spontaneous; but try to teach them to a novice and both coach and pupil will find their work cut out for them.

"The process is an unnatural one, and the result is a forced blossom, that, however brilliantly beautiful, has a frail exotic air that makes even admirers wonder if the plant has sufficient strength ever to bloom again."

Or this:

"For of late the girl's desire to go upon the stage had developed into a passion. Ardent, romantic, and imaginative as she was, the sweetness of a life of ease and pleasure would probably have smothered the ambition that sharp necessity was now rapidly developing. For it is the almost sterile soil of poverty that oftenest produces the cactus-like plant of Ambition, whose splendid and dazzling flowers, are, alas, so often without perfume.

Napoleon as the Hero Of a Miracle Play.

"There is, however a kind of greatman literature in which truth is comparatively unimportant, and that is the literature of popular legend and tradition. Whether it purports to be historical or biographical, or both, it derives its interest and value from the light that it throws upon the temperament and character of the people who originate it, rather than from the amount of truth contained in the statements that it makes about the man."

It is for the above reasons that "Folk Tales of Napoleon," a book edited by George Kennan, is attributed more to fact than to fiction—good fiction, it is needless to say, in view of the fact that the second story, "The Napoleon of the People," is translated from the French of Honoré de Balzac. The first story, "Napoleonder," is from the Russian, and the title is the Russian peasant's version of the Corsican's name.

"Long ago—but not so very long ago; our grandfathers remember it—the Lord God wanted to punish the people of the world for their wickedness. So he began to think how and by what means he could punish them, and he called a council of his angels and arch-angels to talk about it. Says the Arch-angel Michael to the Lord God: 'Shake them up, the miscreants, with an earthquake.'

" 'We've tried that,' said the Lord God. 'Once upon a time we jolted to pieces Sodom and Gomorrah, but it didn't teach them anything. Since then pretty much all the towns have been Sodoms and Gomorrahs.'

" 'How about famine?' says the Arch-angel Gabriel.

" 'It would be too bad for the babies,' replies the Lord God."

So the Lord God and his angels decide that nothing they can think of will be fit punishment for the sons of men, so Satan is called into council and he suggests that Napoleon be dispatched to scourge the earth in proper style. From this you may see in what unloving respect Napoleon is held by the honest muzhiks. "Napoleonder" is in its nature a mystery play treating the Little Corporal largely as a Devil-created being at first without human feeling or compassion and only learning sorrow and tenderness through sojourn among men. This little book should be read by all who love the drama and the grim humorors of history.

("Folk Tales of Napoleon," translated by George Kennan. The Outlook Company, New York.)

An interesting book of verse is "Songs of the Press," by Mr. Bailey Millard, Sunday Editor of the Examiner. The inspiration of the poems contained in the volume is various—now springing in a newspaper press-room, a city street, from the freedom of wooded mountains, or in

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the quiet of an hour with a favorite book. There are poems to Stevenson, John Muir, and about Carlyle.

The book is divided into the newspaper ballads (of which the first is the best) "Other Adventures in Verse," and Sonnets. The second division is longest and contains the best work.

I will quote from the first poem, "The Full-Toned Vox Humana of the Press";

"Of the mighty ones of Cosmos I was born
Of the labor and the will that ride the earth;
In their energy kinetic hear you not the cry prophetic,
'Here is scientific wonder at its birth?
I am but a trumpet flourish for the works of greater worth,
Nobler worth,
For more glorious, more noble works of worth.
"I am looking, I am longing to the light
That is spreading in its high auroral curve;
Whether God-made, whether man-made, I am but the humble handmaid
Of the people, and the people I would serve,
I would serve,
For the highest of all missions is to serve."

And as a contrast to Mr. Millard's vibrant "Song of the Press," let us read his really wonderful character drawing of a poem called "Muir of the Mountains," which begins:

"A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded, craggy man,
Wild as a Modoc and as unafraid,
A man to go his way with no man's aid,
Yet sweet and soft of heart as any maid.
Sky-loving, stalwart as the sugar-pine,
Clean, simple, fragrant as that noble tree,
A mountain man, and free as they are free
Who tread the heights and know tranquility."

("Songs of the Press and Other Adventures in Verse." Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.)

From Michael Davitt's Viewpoint.

"The Boer Fight for Freedom," by Michael Davitt, the well-known Irish agitator, is a history of the South African war from the Boer side. It is so much from the Boer side, in fact, as to be of little particular use except to those who wish to take only one view of the affair. Mr. Davitt's intense hatred of the English has caused him to forget the chief obligation that a historian takes upon himself—fairness. He does not give the English credit for a single victory during the war, and all through his narrative is colored by the strongest prejudice. He does not hesitate to mis-state facts in order to glorify the Boers and belittle the English. Of the numerous illustrations in the book, only two relate to the English, and those show them in defeat.

The First of The Mormons.

Dr. I. Woodbridge Riley has written "The Founder of Mormonism: a psychological study of Joseph Smith, Jr.", which book was originally presented as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Yale. The question of the book is a purely psychological one: granting that Joseph Smith was not a deliberate fraud, what state of mind could he have been in to have originated, in good faith, a religion so peculiar and in many ways so absurd? The author has traced the Smith family for three generations back and has found that, with scarcely an exception, the ancestors on both sides were seers of visions, intensely ignorant, religious fanatics and mental oddities. One of Prophet's Smith's forbears was called "Crooked Neck Smith," and his mind was as twisted as his body; another was a wandering genius who wrote weirdly misspelled pamphlets describing his visions and religious experiences. Prophet Smith came honestly by his bad spelling as well as his visions. I have not space to go into details about Dr. Woodbridge's book and his deductions, but I recommend it as an interesting side light on the first of that cult "whose religion was singular and whose wives were plural."

Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers.

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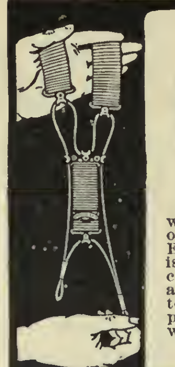

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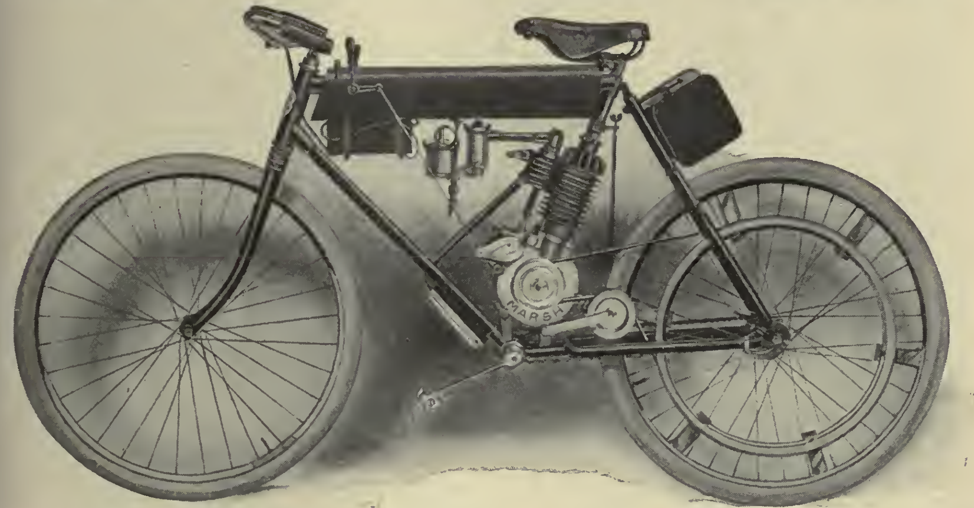

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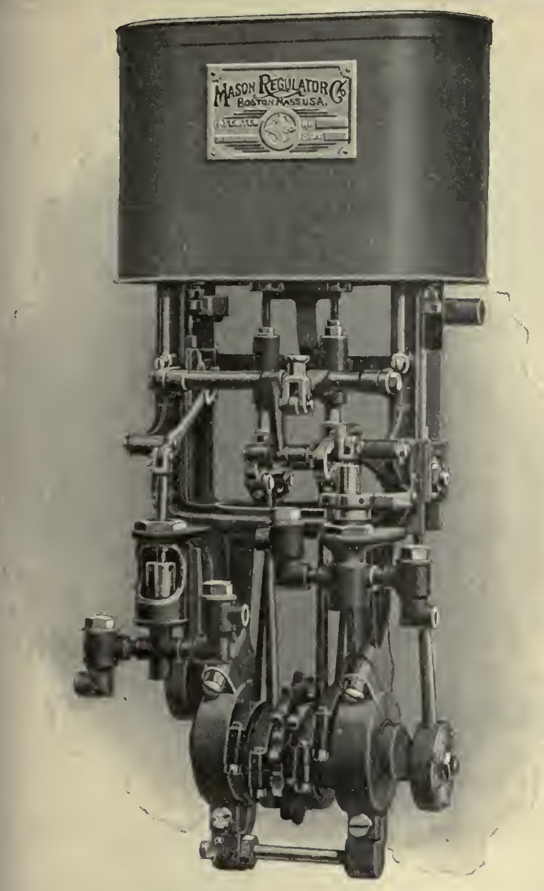

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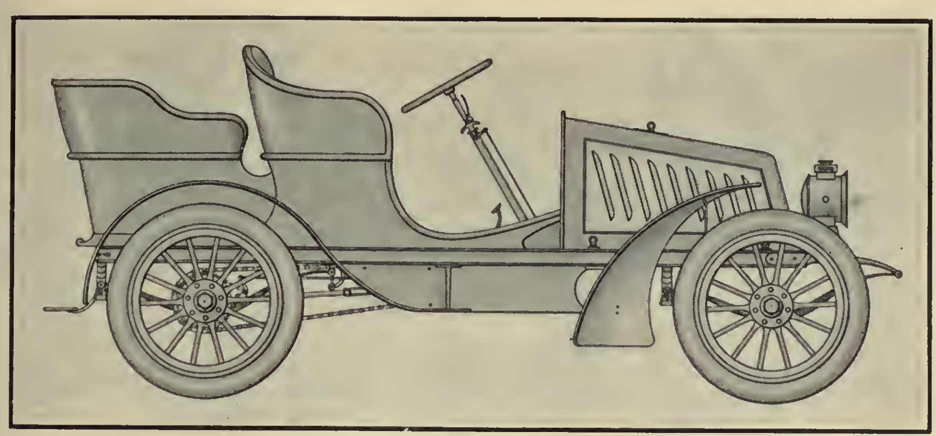

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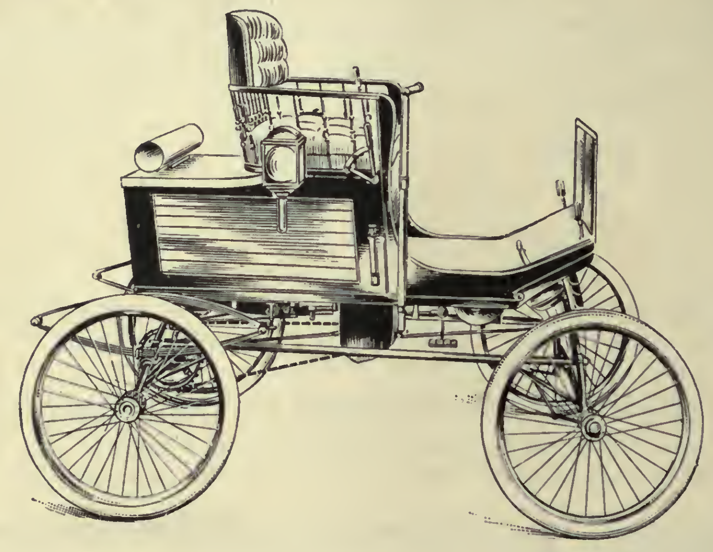

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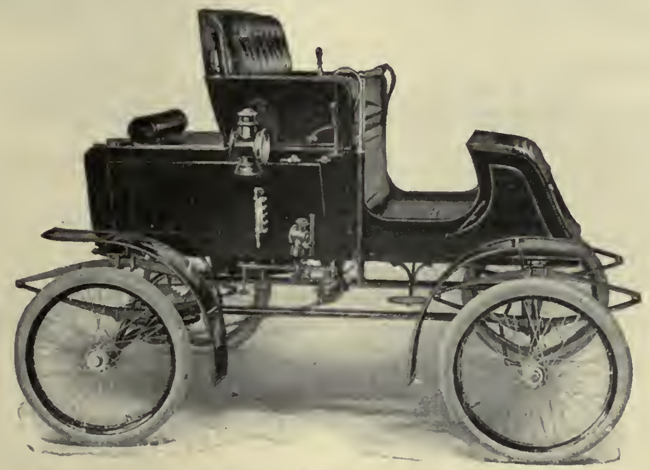

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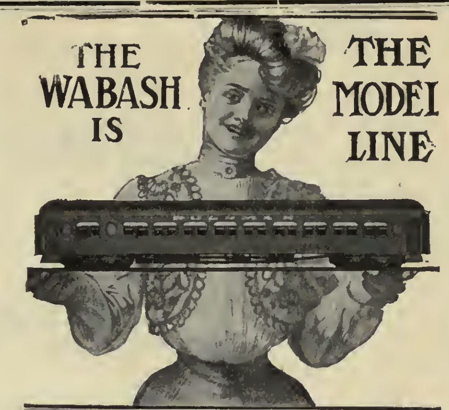

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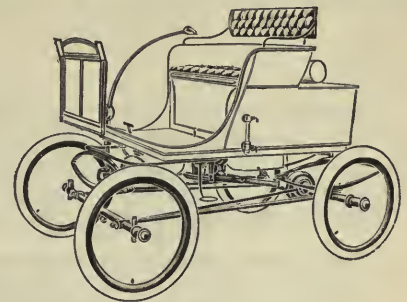

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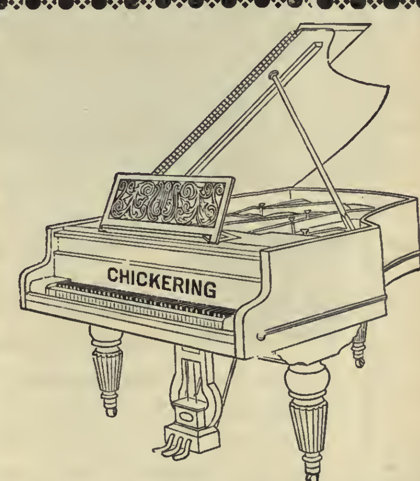

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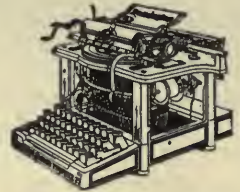

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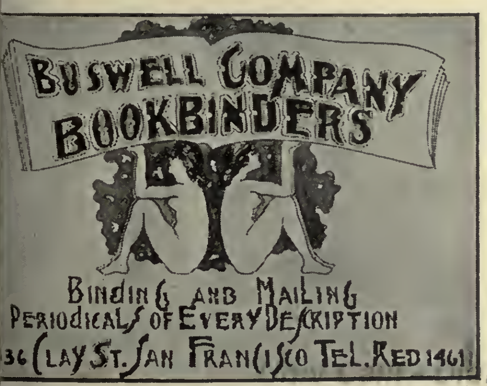

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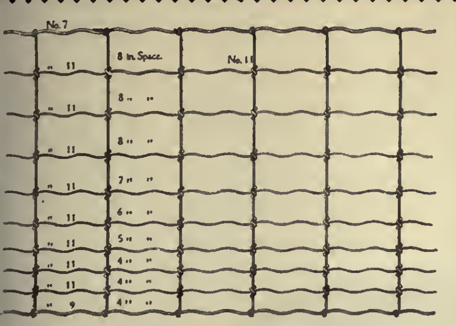

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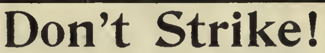

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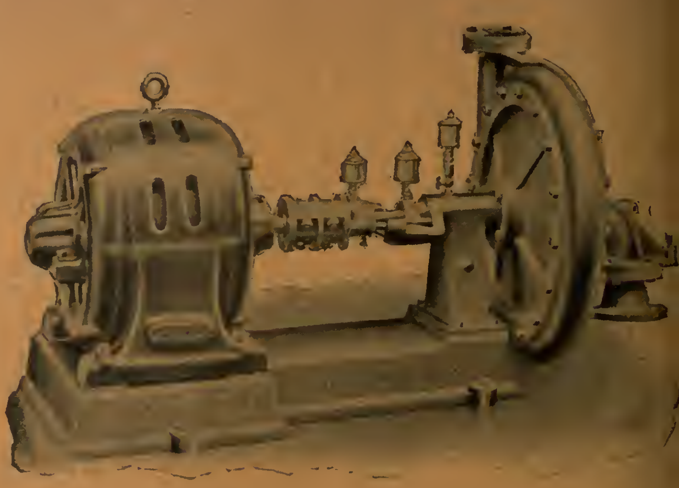

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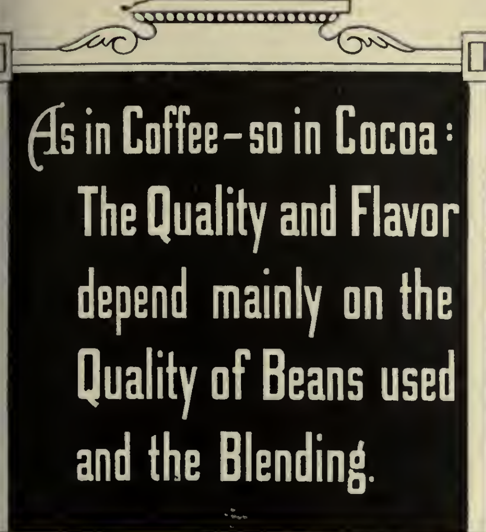

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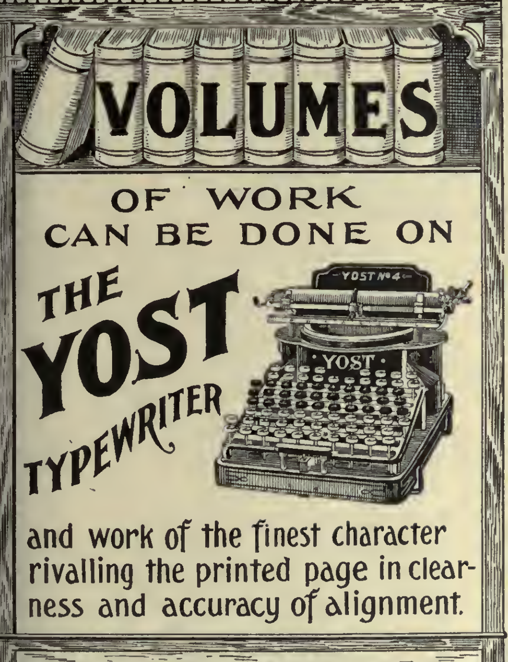

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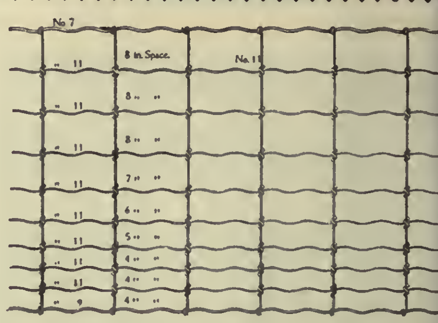

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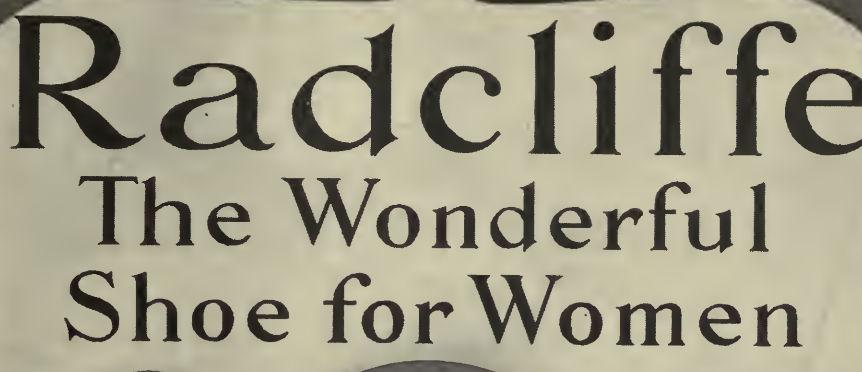

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Francis Bret Harte, from his latest and best photograph.
(Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.)

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Overland Monthly

Vol. XL. September, 1902. No3

BRET HARTE: A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH

BY NOAH BROOKS

BRET Harte's youth was fortunate. Born in the sedate old city of Albany, in 1839, he was trained and eaucated by his father, a teacher and a scholar, with refined and distinctly literary tastes. To him Harte owed much of his gentle manner, his early acquaintance with the best literature and a familiarity with classical lore which subsequently appeared in many allusions in his poems and stories.

While yet a youngster in his teens, he was swept off his feet by the rising tide of migration to California, and he landed there, a stranger, without resources of any kind, and unskilled in any industrial occupation whatever. His first remunerative labor was in the employment of one of the numerous express carrying companies which the exigencies of the times called into existence. The young messenger, first traveling between Sacramento and "The Bay," as San Francisco was fondly called by wanderers in the interior, was eventually transferred to one of the interior routes, and he rode from Sacramento into the foothills that skirt the great valley. He had absorbed lasting impressions of the marshes, the tules and the flat lands through which the royal river runs. Now he was to study the scenery of the hills, which, in gentle undulations, lead up through thickets of manzanita, chapparal and mesquite and forests of oak, madrona and redwoods to the splintered peaks of the Sierras. Here he found Table Mountain, Sandy Bar, Poker Flat and the multitudinous villages and camps, which, with their bizarre citizens and wayfarers, appear in his later writings.

In 1859, after three years of this variegated life, Bret Harte, by this time eighteen, went to San Francisco, where he worked as a printer in the office of the Golden Era. To make copy he wrote a few sketches of Bohemian life, which pleased the editor, and he was given a chance to do miscellaneous writing, which was an excellent training. He was soon in the editorial chair. From the Golden Era he went to the San Francisco Californian, a literary weekly.

Always a fastidious and painstaking worker, Bret Harte could not produce either prose or verse which even par-

Noah Brooks.

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tially satisfied himself while he was engaged in the midst of the hurry and bustle of a newspaper den. He found quiet and leisure in the comfortable little office of Secretary of the United States Branch Mint, an appointment for which he was indebted early in 1864 to the Rev. Thomas Starr King, friend and pastor of the Mint Superintendent, Mr. R. B. Swain. Mr. King was an admirer of Harte's writings, even when his early and fugitive pieces had not attracted anything like general attention in California; and he predicted Harte's fame long before Fame touched him with her magic wand.

To the period lying in the next six years belong some of the best-known of Harte's verses: "The Pliocene Skull," "The Society upon the Stanislaus," "John Burns of Gettysburg," "How Are You, Sanitary?" and other gems which were, for the most part, printed anonymously in the daily newspapers. "Relieving Guard," in which a sentry, noting a falling star, says to his comrade:

"Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

was written to commemorate the death of his steadfast friend, Thomas Starr King, "Obit March 4, 1864." During this period, too, appeared his first volume, "The Lost Galleon," published in 1865, and containing, as he has said in one of his introductions, "various patriotic contributions to the lyrics of the Civil War, then raging, and certain better-known humorous pieces," already noted in this article. This book was followed in 1867 by his "Condensed Novels," a series of burlesques, originally printed in The Californian, the literary weekly paper above referred to, to which he was sometime contributor, and of which he was editor while employed in the office of the Branch Mint. This last-named volume was issued in New York, and was very shabbily executed; it was called in, and being added to and revised, was again published in 1871, after Harte's return to his native State.

Meanwhile, however, a subtle influence had been generated in the minds of men, resident on the Pacific Coast, by the literary activities already noted in the columns of the weekly and daily newspapers of San Francisco, and an enterprising and public-spirited bookseller, A. Roman, boldly proposed the publication of a monthly magazine, which should be distinctively literary in its character as well as specially devoted to the material interests of the Pacific States. This latter function of the magazine was made prominent from the start and was constantly kept in view by the editor. No name but Harte's was ever proposed for the editorial management of the new periodical; and he insisted only on a few conditions under which he undertook the work. One of these was that his control of the contents of the magazine was to be absolute; another was that contributions should be unsigned, as was the manner then common with periodical publications in the Atlantic States, and a third condition was that the editor should have an assistant to aid him by counsel and advice. All these conditions were agreed to by Mr. Roman and the writer of these paragraphs accepted the duty of Harte's adviser and associate, a duty which proved to be more nominal than actual. The only occasion in which the vote of the associate editor was needed was when a vestal virgin in the printing office where the Overland Monthly was put in type declined to have any hand in the proof-reading or publication of a story in which one of the characters was a soiled dove, and another of the dramatis personae remarked: "He rastled with my finger, the d——d little cuss!" It is not worth while now to re-tell this oft-told tale of that queer complication. The two editors had a concensus of moral opinion with them and the story was printed as written.

The intelligent reader will recognize in these allusions a reference to the first story of Bret Harte's which brought him immediate fame, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The first number of the Overland Monthly appeared in July, 1868. The editor and his associate had each agreed to write a short story for that issue. The associate, although his real and pressing duties were those of conducting a daily newspaper, The Alta California, then in the zenith of its prosperity, con-

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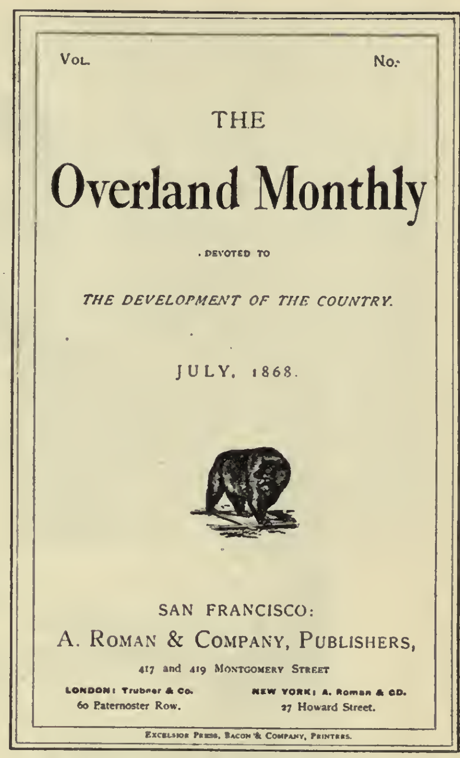
trived to finish his little sketch, "The Diamond Maker of Sacramento," which was duly printed in July; but Harte confessed, with much confusion, that he had not been able to write his contribution. It was begun, he said, and at one time had been virtually finished, but, dissatisfied with the work, he had thrown it aside and had started out afresh; he pleaded for delay, and promised that the story should be ready for the next number. Although hindered for a few days while on its passage from manuscript to type, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was finished in time for the August number of the magazine.


VOL. NO.

THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JULY, 1868.

SAN FRANCISCO:

A. ROMAN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET

LONDON: Trubner & Co. 60 Paternoster Row. NEW YORK: A. Roman & Co. 27 Howard Street.

EXCELSIOR PRESS, BACON & COMPANY, PRINTERS.

Facsimile of the cover of the first Overland Monthly.

Although this now famous story sounded the entry of a new writer into the field of American literature, a new note in modern fiction and the employment of a new medium in literary art, it was not greeted with any enthusiasm whatever by that public to which it had been more directly addressed—the California readers. A few prurient prudes, to employ Harte's only language, "frantically excommunicated it, and anathematized it as the offspring of evil." But the artistic quality of the tale, its original unlikeness to all current fiction, and its broad and generous humanity made it warmly welcome in the States beyond the mountains. Already the first number of the Overland Monthly had secured a place and a cordial hearing in those States, and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," albeit an unexpected contribution to the world's delight, fell into the hands of friendly readers and critics. It gave its author great vogue at once.

A tangible evidence of the appreciation of the much-discussed story speedily came to Mr. Harte from the East in the shape of a letter to the then unknown and unnamed author from Fields, Osgood & Co., the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly, making a request, upon the most flattering terms, for a story similar to the "Luck." Harte had already laid the keel, so to speak, of another venture into the troubled sea of fiction. But, although he tried again and again, and many times again, to rear the delicate fabric of his work, he failed to satisfy his fastidious judgment with what he accomplished; and the waste basket swallowed many sheets of his manuscript before he was willing to put into print his second tale, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." This story finally appeared in the January number of the Overland Monthly. Thereafter the muse moved more swiftly, and "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," and sundry other prose and versified sketches adorned the pages of the magazine. In about a year's time he collected some half-dozen stories and poems and they were printed in a volume entitled "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches," (1870.)

In the meanwhile, he had been chosen to the newly endowed Professorship of Recent Literature in the University of California, a post which he held but for a brief period. His fame had become too broad and too firmly established to permit a genius like his to be long confined to the narrow precincts of the Pacific Coast, then far more provincial and isolated than many of its present resi-

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Bret Harte, from a photograph taken in New York, 1872.

dents can comprehend. To those of his friends who knew him and who knew something of the requirements of Eastern purveyors of current literature, it was no surprise that Harte was urgently solicited to accept engagements in the older States of the Union. Accordingly, in the spring of 1871, resigning his office in the Mint, his professorship, and his place as editor of the Overland Monthly, Bret Harte accepted a generous offer from the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, and after seventeen years of the most varied experience that ever falls to the lot of a young man departed to take up his residence in New York. He never returned to California.

It cannot be said that Harte's translation to the older States of the Union immediately improved the quality of his prose and verse. It would appear that he did not readily adapt himself to his new surroundings and he seemed to be at a loss for new material to fit those surroundings. He was not certain whether it were better to continue working in the vein which he had opened in California, or to take up themes with which his Eastern audience was more familiar. A little volume entitled "Poems of the East and West" amusingly illustrates this dilemma. True, his "Guild's Signal" is genuine poetry, no matter what its background; but between "Dickens in Camp" and "Aspiring Miss Delaine," what a world of difference! This last-named bit of verse, by the way, recited to an audience of great expectations, at a Harvard commencement, was a bitter disappointment to his friends and admirers. They had waited for something rich, rare and elevating from the new literary star; they

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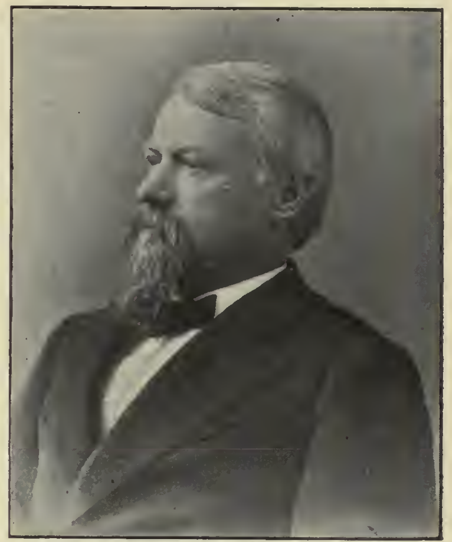
were treated to a trifle that was not even elegant.

But after a few experiments Harte gradually settled down into the familiar, easy-going gait with which he had so jauntily ambled over the California trails. To this period belong "The Argonauts cf North Liberty," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," and many other admirable and characteristic sketches and stories in prose. "Gabriel Conroy," published as a magazine serial during this period, was his first and virtually his last "long" story. It abounds in bits of his choicest descriptive writings and his most delightful humor. But, on the whole, it cannot be reckoned among his best works.

Another change of scene was awaiting our well-beloved story-teller. In 1878, during the administration of President Hayes, Harte was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, a small Rhenish city famed for its silks, velvets, and toys. Here, as in his bertn in the San Francisco minting estabiishment, he had abundant leisure and a moderate official income. The influence of his novel entourage appears in foreign flavored stories as "A Legend of Sammstadt," "Views From a German Spion," and "The Indiscretion of Elsbeth." Transferred to the Consulate at Glasgow in 1880, Harte again threw upon his canvas many of his impressions of the country and the people, falling within the circuit of his vision, but he ever and anon returned to his muse of the Pacific shores and many of his best short stories were at this time printed in American newspapers and periodicals. It is related that while he was still "holding over" into the administration of a Democratic President, that functionary, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Daniel Lamont, fishing in an Adirondack lake, took up a copy of the New York "Sun" on which to dry his hands, and, catching sight of Harte's name at the head of a short story, fell to reading it, ana never left it until he had finished it. Tossing the paper overboard, he asked Lamont if the story-writer were not a Consul of the United States somewhere; and, receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Well, be sure and remind me to have him removed when we get



Anton Roman, first publisher of the Overland Monthly.

back to Washington." The tale cannot be verified, but Harte was removed in 1885, and thereafter, to the day of his death, he made his home in London.

He had spent much of his time in the great city while he was discharging the light duties of the Consulate at Glasgow, and he accepted the later charge with much satisfaction. Harte was always impatient, even bored, with the crudeness and the unfinished aspect of things American. He loved the leisureliness, the solid settlement of things material, and the ample comfort of England. Here, at last, he was anchored in a safe, congenial, and restful harbor. He was made welcome in the homes of the most exclusive set of English nobility and gentry, and he was to the literati of our old home as companionable and as fascinating as he had ever been with the good fellows of San Francisco and New York. Although the influence of English scenery and social life is apparent in Harte's fiction produced at this time, as in "The Desborough Connections" and "The Ghosts of Stukely Castle," it was during this period that he wrote some of his very best California stories, as "The Passing of Enriquez" and "Jack Hamlin's Mediation."

He was a pretty regular contributor to

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some of the Christmas issues of the illustrated weekly newspapers of London; and American magazines fortunate enough to secure from him a short story usually made much ado over it with their premonitory trumpeting and advertisement. To the day of his death, Harte's was a name to conjure with. New men and new fashions in literature came up, but Harte's methods, his delicious literary style and his imitation-defying originality never lost their charm for the great world of readers, Cisatlantic and Transatlantic. His latest volume, "Openings in an Old Trail," by its title indicates his affection for the themes which engaged his youthful fancy; and a volume yet to be published will be an attempt (doubtless successful) to repeat one of his early triumphs in his "Condensed Novels."

The care for minute details, the painful elaboration of his work, and the frequent re-writings of his sentences, so characteristic of Bret Harte, gave to his finished product an exquisite fineness and polish that were all his own. It is an old saying, and one worthy of all acceptance, that easy writing makes hard reading, and hard writing makes easy reading. This is true of Harte's literary work. The sentences that seem to flow so easily and fluently from his pen have cost him much labor and anxiety. It cannot be truly said of his writings that they show traces of the file; but it is true that the power of condensation, the inimitable grace of style, and the almost flawless perfection of his sentences were achieved only after much labor. It is also true of him that he was never fully satisfied with what he finally allowed to go to the printer.

Sarah B. Cooper, the proofreader who objected to "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

If we were to look among the modern painters for an artist in color to whom we might liken Harte, Meissonier would probably appear as the only man who was a master of the genre on canvas, as Harte was with the pen. In both was the same carefulness of details, the same richness of color, and the same transparency of medium. Meissonier painted "in little"; his smallest canvasses are the most precious of his works. As we have already seen, Harte's larger undertakings, like his "Gabriel Conroy," for example, were not his most successful. Undoubtedly, when he re-wrote a story many times, he contrived to shorten it with each successive draft. Artists of less genius would have maimed while they condensed; Harte's "boiling down" never gave his work the appearance of writing that had been often re-written and often worked over for the mere sake of reducing its volume. He never would have succeeded as a "space writer" on a newspaper; he was too conscientious and too scrupulous in his laborious composition. It was natural that he should amuse himself (and a world of readers), by condensing into a few pages the wordy novels of such eminent writers as Charlotte Bronte and Charles Reade. These delightful skits are veritable condensed novels.

Harte's California stories and sketches are valuable as depicting phases of a passing civilization. In a few years, the men who crossed the plains in the early fifties, or voyaged "around the Horn" in that far-off era of the Argonauts, will all have passed away and their exploits, their trials, and their adventures will have become a mere tradition. Although Bret Harte's writings do not profess to be historical they do preserve the color, the motion, and the unique possibili-

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ties of the life of the olden California. True, it is objected that many of his characters and their odd jargon are unlike anything ever seen or heard in California, even in the raw old days in which he saw, heard, and wrote. The subtle touch of the master unconsciously exaggerated some of the characteristics of the men and women whose figures he limned on his canvas; for those figures were dramatic, and it is the dramatist's license that allows him to heighten the lights and deepen the shadows of his mimic scene on the stage. Many of those who criticise what they consider Harte's extravagance in drawing and his peculiarity of speech in certain characters, grow oracular over the depicting of men and things which had come and gone before they ever saw aught of the real interior of California.

(From a photograph taken about 1870.)

But these are minor defects, if they are in any sense defects. The genius that created Colonel Starbottle, Miggles, Jack Hamlin, John Oakhurst and a great company of personages as real as any of those called into being by Dickens or Thackeray, still lives in the pages of our story-writer of California. Those personages, whether drawn from the life or from the imagination, are as immortal as Micawber, Becky Sharp or Mrs. Nickelby. The hand of the master is still at last; the laborious pen has fallen from fingers palsied by death. But the odd procession of the characters he called into being will long remain before the mise en scene created by the magician's art from the picturesque landscape and the varied panorama of the hamlets, cities, mountains, gulches and plains of California.

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Bret Harte

By INA COOLBRITH

A stir of pines in the forest,
  A klink of picks in the mine,
And smoke from the tent and cabin
  Under the oak and vine ;

The peaks of the great Sierras,
  Awful, and still, and white,
Piercing the clouds of sunset,
  Touching the stars of night ;

And the subtle scent of the laurel,
  Pungent, that fills and thrills,—
The breath of the wonderful laurel
  On the wonderful Western hills.

Men, of the brood of giants,
  Lusty and young and strong,
With heart-pulse set to the rhythm
  And lilt of a brave new song ;

Mighty of nerve and muscle
  As the hero-knights of old,
Fighting the New World battles
  On the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And O the scent of the laurel ! . . . .
  There's a new moon low in the west,
And the night is a brooding mother
  With the tired world on her breast.

And these are her dreams and visions.
  Who spake of a face that lay
Under the English daisies,
  In a silence, far away ?

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The Outcasts of Poker Flat

by F. Bret Harte.

Illustrations by G. Leslie Hunter.

(From the Overland Monthly, January, 1869.)

AS Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere from the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern of these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipped away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yere young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst, overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly, that he was aware of the hesitation of the judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as

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"The Duchess"; another, who had gained the infelicitous title of "Mother Shipton," and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from "The Duchess," some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthenian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of "The Duchess" that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good-nature characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which "The Duchess" rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe journey. In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no further, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre sur-

"'I reckon they're after somebody,' he said."

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"The exiles were forbidden to return."

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"He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess."

rounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party was not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement, which singularly enough was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that arose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the new-comer, Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met Sim some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and

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so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact —a giggle—he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this "The Innocent" delivered rapidly, while Piney—a stout, comely damsel of fifteen—emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment. Still less with propriety. But he had a vague idea that the situation was not felicitous. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily "The Innocent" met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said "The Innocent," pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was he felt compelled to retire up the canyon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. "The Innocent" was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing fire-light and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a parting kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. "The Innocent" slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-hu-

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mored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustachios and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snow-flakes, that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, sotto voce to "The Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us all, when they find out anything," he added, significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. "The Innocent," with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey—which he had prudently *cached*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cached* his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordeon, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson, from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by "The Innocent" on a pair of bone castinets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it to speedily infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

"I'm proud to live in the service of the
Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to "The Innocent," by saying that he had "often been a week with-

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out sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously. "When a man gets a streak of luck—nigger-luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler with cheerful irrelevance,

"I'm proud to live in the service of the
Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut; a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvellously clear air, the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child" as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and ingenious theory of the pair to thus account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of accordeon rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn

"In the morning they read their fate."

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gasps by the flickering camp-fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for "The Innocent." Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demi-gods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in winds, and the great pines in the canyon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as "The Innocent" persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordeon, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snow-flakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half-hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordeon and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took "The Innocent" aside, and showed him a pair of snow-shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle.

"There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too," said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the canyon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The woman slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this little attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury and rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept close to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours; "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and putting her head on Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of

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"Pulseless and cold, with a bullet in his heart."

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her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was she that had sinned. Even the Law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:

Beneath this Tree
Lies the body
of
JOHN OAKHURST,
who struck a streak of bad luck
on the 23rd of November, 1850,
and
Handed in his Checks
On the 7th December, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow, lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

Good Bye, Bret Harte!

By JOAQUIN MILLER

Yon yellow sun melts in the sea ;
A somber ship sweeps silently
Past Alcatraz tow'rd Orient skies —
A mist is rising to the eyes —
Good bye, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

Your sea bank booms far funeral guns! —
What secrets of His central suns,
Companion of the peak and pine,
What secrets of the spheres are thine?
Good bye, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

You loved the lowly, laughed at pride,
We mocked, we mocked and pierced your side ;
And yet for all harsh scoffings heard,
You answered not one unkind word,
But went your way, as now : Good night!

How stately tall your ship, how vast,
With night nailed to your leaning mast
With mighty stars of hammered gold
And moon-wrought cordage manifold !
Good bye, Bret Harte, good night, good night!
—*Memorial Day, 1902, The Hights.*

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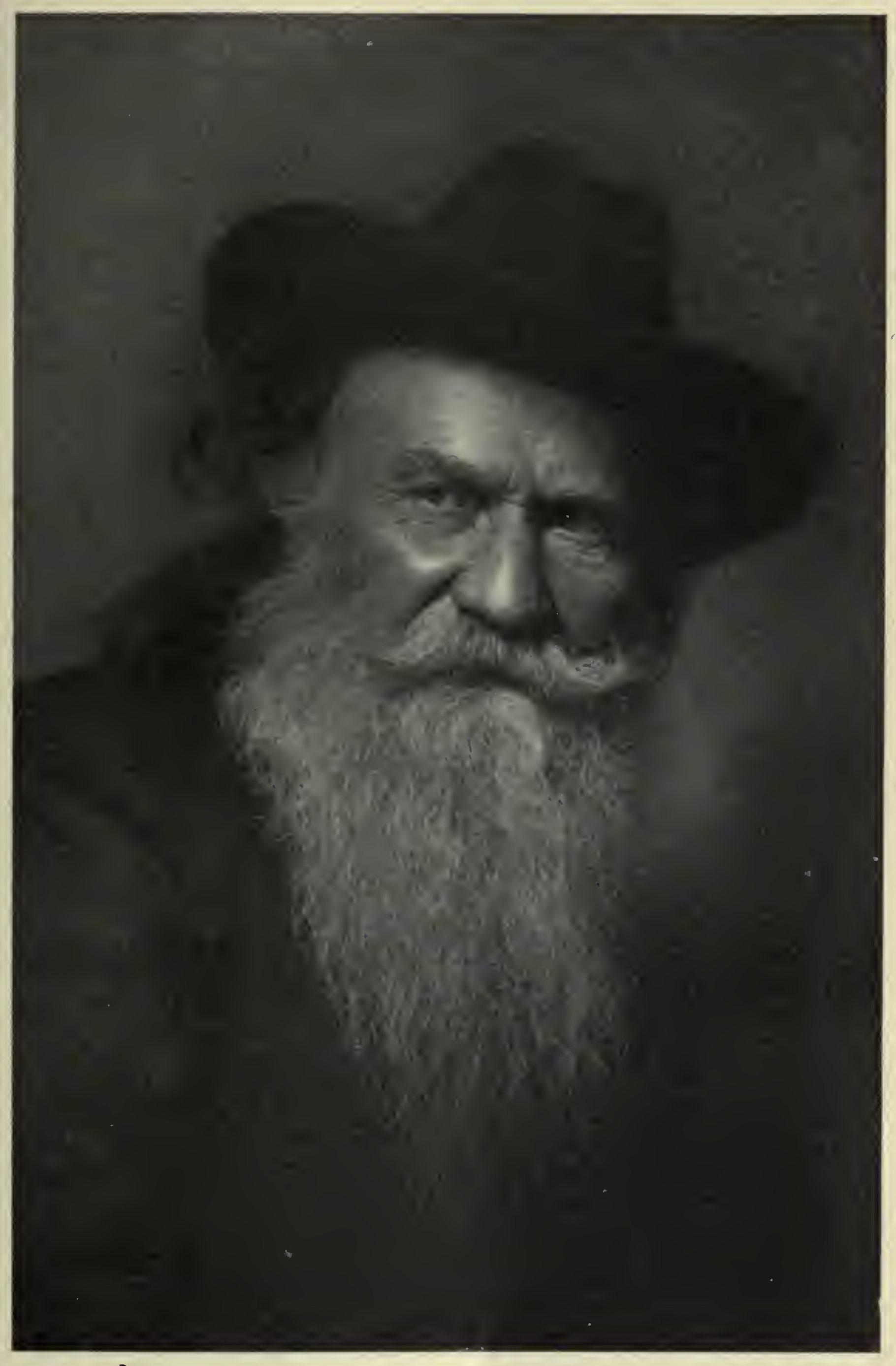

Joaquin Miller.

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REMINISCENCES OF BRET HARTE

A budget of letters, memories and original manuscripts, including opinions from William Dean Howells, Hon. John Hay, Anton Roman, Irving M. Scott, Josephine Clifford McCracken, W. C. Bartlett, Noah Brooks and Taliesin Evans.

The Genesis of the Overland Monthly.

IN the month of December, 1851, while strolling about the city, having come almost direct by way of Shasta from Scott's Bar, with over a hundred ounces of gold dust, a little more than two weeks' earnings of my share from a claim on that fabulously rich Bar, I incidentally stepped into the bookstore of Burgess, Gilbert & Still on the old Plaza. Then I had no possible intention of purchasing even a single copy of a book, and so informed a clerk. However, he seemed quite interested in what I told him about the miners—likewise observed my fondness for books—and easily persuaded me to exchange my gold dust for them. My original intention was to dispose of the books during the winter months in the Shasta mining region, and at the opening of spring return to my claim on Scott's Bar, but finding the book-business apparently so profitable, I gave up gold-digging and continued selling books and later began publishing. In 1857 I left the northern counties, and two years later I established myself permanently with a large stock of bound books on the west side of Montgomery street, north of California street. It was from this store, nine years later, that the first issue of the Overland Monthly was published. By 1868 my book-selling and publishing had brought me a personal acquaintance with most of the contributors to the current literature of this Coast. Manuscripts were being constantly submitted to me by various writers, and naturally I became impressed with the idea that good and abundant material could be picked up for the making of a magazine. I considered the geographical position of San Francisco and California, the large extent of territory surrounding it, its immense sea-coast both on the American side and across the Pacific, embracing the oldest countries in the world. Here I saw an opportunity for a magazine that would furnish information for the development of our new State and all this great territory, to make itself of such value that it could not fail to impress the West, and the East also.

Strongly impressed with these views, I set at once to work for financial aid, knowing full well the cost attached to such an enterprise, and with a brief circular I sought sufficient advertisements to cover part of the outlay.

My efforts were successful. Next I looked about me for proper editorial management. The matter had been pretty thoroughly discussed with Noah Brooks, then editor of the Alta California, W. C. Bartlett of the Bulletin, the Hittells, John and Theodore, John F. Swift, B. P. Avery, and Charles Warren Stoddard. Stoddard recommended Francis Bret Harte. I had some objections to Mr. Harte—one was that he would be likely to lean too much toward the purely literary articles, while what I was then aiming at was a magazine that would help the material development of this Coast; likewise, I knew quite well of his ability as a story writer, and I would have preferred to reserve his efforts as a contributor. I had my first experience with Mr. Harte when I engaged his supervision as editor of "Outcroppings," a small volume of selected blank verse to which he often referred as his first book "which contained nothing of his own." My memory served me better than his, for he actually inserted one of his poems in the little book.

Mr. Harte entertained serious doubts of the success of such an enterprise—questioned whether sufficient material of a proper character to interest magazine readers could be secured. He doubted, too, whether or not the field for operating a magazine was large enough. I remember distinctly showing him a

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map of the two hemispheres which hung in my office, so he could plainly see the central position of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast, and judge for himself whether or not the field was too limited.

Later I showed him the financial support which I had secured. Furthermore, I promised to procure at least one-half of the articles for the first six numbers of the magazine, and the index of those volumes reminds me of how well I kept my promise. It was finally agreed that Noah Brooks and W. C. Bartlett should become joint editors with Harte. But after the first or second number had been issued, it was evident that the main labor of editing the magazine devolved on Mr. Harte. Soon after he had entire charge of the editorial department of the Overland Monthly.

When the enterprise was fairly on the way, arrangements completed for Harte, Brooks and Bartlett to take charge of the editorial management of the magazine, I set at once earnestly to work planning to get a story from Mr. Harte at least for every other number, and to that end brought it about that for nearly three months prior to the issue of the first number of the magazine, we never dwelt apart—together with our wives and children we went, first to San Jose, then after a month or so to a pleasant retreat in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and thence to Santa Cruz. Meanwhile, I secured for Mr. Harte whatever was within my reach in the way of sketches, tales and incidents in print and picture form—showing the life of miners in the gold diggings during the early pioneer days of California. I still retain duplicates of many of them, though I remember how unwillingly I parted with some of them, of which no duplicates could be secured.

Furthermore, I used my best efforts to impress upon his mind that the field of story writing of the early California gold diggers and their mining camps was yet comparatively new ground, and almost entirely open on all sides for him.

I have no recollection in detail of the many pleasant interviews we had together at our leisure moments and during the many hours while journeying in the cars up and down the attractive valley of Santa Clara, and during our excursions in stage coaches across the beautifully wooded mountain roads. They were three months of delightful pleasure to me, and never can I forget his charming companionship. It was a little more than two years after we met again in New York city—for several months we lived not far apart—but I could not help noticing a decided change had overtaken him—too much of a change for so short a time. I feared then that the success and overwhelming notoriety of his stories and poems might have come too suddenly upon him.

While we were still in Santa Cruz—I remember well the day—Harte and I were walking along some of its shady by-ways, when for the first time he gave me outlines of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and gladdened me yet more by telling me that the story would be in print before we would bid good-by to the landlord of our hotel.

And so it was. One Sunday afternoon, upon the arrival of the stage-coach, while looking for my mail matter, I found duplicate galley proofs of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." One copy I gave to him, and took the other to my own room, where I asked my wife to read it aloud to me. She did so, but the story so affected her that she could not finish reading it aloud. Then I took it and finished reading it. We were both pleased with it, and I so expressed myself to Mr. Harte. The following day, Monday morning, Harte and I returned to San Francisco. On reaching the city, Harte went to the printer's and I to the store.

My chief clerk, Joseph Hoffmann, greeted me with the statement that there was a great hullabaloo at the printer's over the immorality of the Luck. They were saying that it would kill the magazine. To this I replied that if it killed the magazine it could do nothing more.

Mr. Harte also came in from the printer's very much excited over what he had heard, and asked me what I intended to do about it.

"Nothing," I said, "but go ahead."

It is hardly necessary here to speak of the success the Overland Monthly met with from the outset. The press

everywhere welcomed each new issue with praise, but above all Harte's mining stories and his poems carried the public by storm—so much so that I began to fear that one of the main features of my plan for the Overland Monthly would be lost sight of. It would evolve, I apprehended, into a mainly literary magazine, and as such, without Harte's articles would eventually lose prestige.

By the end of the first year I was taken sick, and by my physician's advice left San Francisco for rest.

I therefore sold out my proprietorship to Mr. John H. Carmany for seventy-five hundred dollars, stipulating not to enter the magazine field again for a term of ten years. The local sale of the magazine was retained for another twelve months by A. Roman & Co., by the terms of the agreement.

Ten years after, I made my second venture in the line of magazine publishing. Having done so well with the Overland Monthly encouraged me to try again—the ten years stipulated in my agreement had expired. The result was the "Californian," which afterwards merged into the second series of the Overland Monthly. Mr. Fred W. Sumers was the first editor and part owner.

Later, Mr. Charles H. Phelps became the editor and also part owner. In 1881 I sold my interest in the magazine, and very reluctantly quit the business.

I have always felt grateful to the public and to the many friends who readily and cheerfully, by good words and acts, aided my endeavors in magazine publishing, but above all to the many contributors to the early issues, who worked for the success of the enterprise, devoting time, thought and pen work to fill its pages with attractive reading.

ANTON ROMAN.

A Letter from a Friend.

Editor Overland Monthly—Sir: One episode in Bret Harte's literary career has been almost forgotten, though it helped shape the events of his later life. I am speaking of the failure to obtain possession and management of the Chicago magazine, after his departure from California and his first arrival in the East. He would never have left California, or abandoned the "Overland Monthly" had he not felt sure of being installed editor of the Lakeside at once. I think I may safely make this assertion, for the letter he wrote me from New York only a few weeks later, seems to bear me out in it. And I may add that I am the only Californian to whom he wrote within a year after he left.

I have earlier letters of his, too, advising me of the acceptance of story, sketch or translation for the Overland Monthly while still in Roman's possession and later in Carmany's. His photograph, a very good one, which he himself in his excessive vanity was pleased with, graced one of my albums for many years, until reduced to ashes in the forest-fire that raged in the Santa Cruz mountains in 1899, and which left me nothing except what a few brave men snatched out of the burning house after I had fled from the flames. While they were dragging out an old apple-box filled with trash, one of them had found time to pull the top drawer out of the dressing bureau, which stood open, and in this was a bundle of letters that proved to be treasures from early days.

There were letters from Charlie Warren Stoddard in the bundle, a number from Bret Harte and also from Miss Hattie Dolson, who wrote for the Overland Monthly under the nom de plume of Hilda Rosevelt, and who acted as proofreader for Bret Harte.

Miss Dolson was a very capable woman with rather advanced ideas, in whose judgment Harte placed unreserved confidence, though she was only from New York, not from Boston. Not only did she give advice on matters pertaining to the magazine, but she advised him, one day, not to allow himself to be guided, ruled over and dictated to by his wife.

I knew Harte's mother, who had married Colonel Williams, and I liked her well. Colonel Williams would never believe that Frank amounted to much as a writer, but he had nevertheless a great affection for him. As to Harte's mother, poor woman, she suffered tortures as only a mother can suffer when

she believes her child hardly used and not appreciated. It so happened that I had found a home with the same pleasant family across the bay at whose house Bret Harte and family had been boarding; and even at that time the Colonel and Mrs. Williams were guests at a house not far away.

From her I heard of many circumstances that corroborated the charge Miss Dolson made against Harte: that of allowing his wife to rule him. And what his mother told me would explain, perhaps, what his enemies have said against him: that he was unreliable, and would fail to produce either the manuscript or the ready cash he had promised, in one direction and another.

"How my heart aches for the poor boy," she would say to me. "They expect him to write something for the magazine every month. But how can he write? Through the day, in his office, he is always interrupted—he is never alone, and when he comes home at night, she (meaning his wife) just wears the life out of him. He waits so pathetically till she and the children have gone to bed before he attempts to do any writing, but he gets no peace even then. It is: 'Frank, come to bed, the light disturbs me;' 'Frank, go to bed now, or you'll disturb me when you put the light out;' 'Frank, if you don't put the light out now, I'll get up again and sit down by you.' And that, of course, always settled the matter. Oh, you don't know how I long to take him in my arms as I used to when he was little and always sick." This was the constant refrain of the gentle mother-heart, and I have listened to it many and many a time.

Mrs. Harte never seemed a lovable woman to me. There was a morose, stubborn expression on her face which invited neither cordiality nor sympathy; and when she put her foot down her husband "had to toe the mark." More than once did she interfere with arrangements he was trying to make, and prevent him from writing what he had pledged himself to write. If she required his services as escort on a shopping tour, he must lay down his pen and attend her, though she was provided with servants far beyond her needs and means.

One day in the Clay-street office, which was headquarters of the Overland Monthly, Miss Dolson told him, bluntly and plainly, that it was absurd in him to give up to his wife in everything, to the detriment of his own interests and against his own better judgment. His answer was:

"I don't care about making points; when it comes to anything of importance you will find that I get my own way."

But the letter I speak of proves that he did not hold his own against his wife's wishes in the matter of the famous dinner-party in Chicago, where his admirers had placed a check for $14,000 under his plate with which to purchase the Lakeside Monthly. This magazine had been known as the Western Monthly, and as I was writing for it at the time, I learned another side of the story through some one belonging to this publication.

Mr. Harte wrote me under date of March 3, 1871, the following from New York:

"My Dear Miss Clifford: I presume you have heard through the public press how nearly I became editor and part owner of the Lakeside, and how the childishness and provincial character of a few of the principal citizens of Chicago spoiled the project. For many reasons —some of which we discussed in San Francisco—I wanted the Chicago Magazine, although I have since found that financially at least, I can do much better in New York, or Boston. I have not yet concluded any engagement, but shall do so shortly. But whatever I do I shall be able, through my connection with the best publishers here, to take care of any MSS. you may send me, and to look after your interests quite as well as when I was seated on the editorial tripod in the sanctum on Clay street. For the present my address will be James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, where you may send any MSS. you may have. I have not given up the idea that I shall yet have a magazine of my own.

Ever sincerely,

BRET HARTE."

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My Western Monthly-Lakeside friend, however, told me the other side of the Chicago story. His letter is probably among the ashes of our former home, for I do not find it among the few letters saved, but I remember the contents very well. Bret Harte and wife were stopping with a cousin of hers in Chicago—it is not necessary to give the name—and those who had the arrangements for the entertainment in hand, did not choose to invite the lady, which so enraged Mrs. Harte that she would not go herself, nor allow her husband to go to the dinner party. Miss Dolson had already returned to the East, at this time, or she would probably have enjoyed the triumph of saying to me: "Didn't I tell you so!"

There is no doubt that the dinner-party fiasco was the proverbial last straw that broke the camel's back—the simile, though homely, is fitting, for Harte was patient with his wife beyond expression. In the presence of comparative strangers, even, Mrs. Harte would reiterate any command she had laid upon him, or repeat any measure of negation she had imposed.

"Frank, you shall not do so and so"; "Frank, I tell you I won't have it;" "Frank, don't you do it!"—all of which he bore as Socrates may have borne the little infelicities of his wife's temper. How much more he bore before the final separation it is hard to tell; but the years of idleness after his first arrival in the East, with which he is constantly reproached, may have been absorbed in desperate struggles between his very strict ideas of propriety, his fastidious regard for appearances and the growing conviction that he must have freedom from his further flights on Pegasus.

Harte was not a Bohemian in the common acceptation of the term, though he hated "das Philisterthum" as only Heine could have hated it. Nor was he a snob, as some have called him, perhaps because he went to England to live; but I cannot deny that he was an aristocrat. When Carmany wanted to turn to account his new-found popularity (for Harte's own benefit) by advertising a lecture to be delivered under the auspices of the Mechanics' Library Directors, he fiercely rebelled.

"What?" he said with quivering nostrils. "I to lecture before a lot of 'durned mechanics?' Never!"

I don't know what his answer was to Mr. Carmany; but I know Carmany meant well by him, though evil-minded people widened the gulf that had opened between them. Harte was not ungrateful, and of Roman he always spoke with warmest appreciation.

Had Miss Dolson still been in San Francisco she would doubtless have sympathized with him in his view of the proposed lecture, more particularly as she understood his dread of appearing in public and the diffidence which he could never shake off. But the very manner in which he "took up" Miss Dolson and myself was a proof that he was not snobbish, for we were both unknown and untried writers, with neither influence nor connection, forlorn and homesick—she for the New York home into which a young step-mother had been introduced—I for the lonely frontier-posts in Arizona and New Mexico, where I had been so happy.

I have still a letter from Hattie Dolson in which she writes me, from San Francisco to Alameda, that Harte has not yet decided whether he can send her into the country to write "In Search of a Summer Retreat," and that in the meantime she has commenced writing a story. She comments upon the story in this manner: "It is wretched stuff, and if I cannot succeed in putting a little more life into my characters I shall blow their brains out—or my own."

To me he writes about the same time that my article about "Pets" is very good, has been accepted and so forth; and the very last communication, written just as he went out as Overland Monthly editor, was to say that my Arizona sketch had been handed in to Carmany, and that if I came to Roman's store on the Monday following he would tell me of its fate. The note bears date January 28, 1871.

Kind, amiable and yielding as he could be, there was a singular tenacity of pur-

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pose in him when it came to a matter of any dislike he had once taken. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" had already been published, and I fancy that the lady who read proof of this story and grew indignant over its immorality was Mrs. S. B. Cooper. The persistency with which he refused even to look over any manuscript she handed in, has led me to believe this. Excellent Christian woman that she was, she had prepared a number of papers on "Motherhood," "Womanhood," "Childhood," which, I think, were all accepted by a later management of the Overland Monthly, but Harte would have none of them.

On the other hand he enjoyed a bit of fun as keenly as any boy out for a holiday. The same pleasant home across the bay, of which I spoke, had among its inmates an interesting young widow of the style of drooping eyes and Madonna air. For this lady to live was to flirt, and the unfortunate fish dangling at the end of her line just then was her language teacher, a young man selected, I suspect, principally on account of his good looks. Bret Harte was not given to flirting, but one day when Mrs. Harte was absent, and when there was no other figure on the chess-board to play against the language man, Harte was pressed into the service of the fair widow without ceremony. Entering into the spirit of the game at once, he applauded all the widow's views, hung upon her every word, cast angry glances at his rival, grew furious when the widow spoke to him, slipped into her white hand a bit of paper upon which was written the name of an author she wanted to know, and acted the ardent lover to life. Then he drew his chair to the window, and from behind the curtain watched the pair as they disappeared among the shrubbery, the language man gesticulating violently, the widow with the Madonna air shrugging her shoulders as though to say: "How can I keep men from falling in love with me?"

Harte was a handsome, distinguished-looking man, and although his narrow, oval face was slightly marked by scars of small-pox and his abundant dark hair was already streaked with gray, he carried his slight, upright figure with a quiet elegance that would have made an impression even where the refinement of face, voice and manner had not been recognized. Not one of his pictures, taken after he had lived abroad, seemed at all familiar to me; indeed, no other face has ever grown strange to me so quickly.

For many of the things charged against him the blame should be laid on other shoulders. There is only one accusation I bring against him—he should never have deserted and ridiculed California, where his fame had sprung up and grown, and from where he still drew inspiration for all he wrote that was worthy of his name, to the very last. But we can not sit in judgment on him, for all has not yet been told of Bret Harte. Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN.

June 27, 1902.

Editor "Overland Monthly."—Dear Sir: Yours of the 18th is received. It is not true in any sense that Bret Harte "discovered" Mark Twain. Clemen's first newspaper work was done on the Virginia City Enterprise, which had some circulation in San Francisco, and when Clemens came over to San Francisco he was welcomed by Barnes and Crocker, of the Call, for which paper he began to write locals. When Charles Henry Webb started the Californian Clemens wrote for it, and so did Harte. It is true that Harte boomed Clemens with ardor; but Clemens owed more to John McComb, foreman, local editor, and general factotum of the Alta. It was McComb's influence, more than mine, that gave Clemens the job of writing the Quaker City letters of Twain, which were subsequently published in book form as "The Innocents Abroad."

Yours truly,
NOAH BROOKS.

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Fac-simile of letter from William Dean Howells.

48 West 59th St.,
June 2, 1902

Dear Sir:

I hate symposiums, but you may put me into yours to the extent of wholly dissenting from the belief that Bret Harte was wanting in literary finish. He was one of the most refined and delicate of artists, and he wrought in rude material with the exquisite perspective of a poet to whom the effect was everything and the

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material nothing. He
knew what he was about
in every touch, and his
touch was of the subtle-
-ty which strength
alone can give.

Yours truly,
W. D. Howells.

Wallace Irwin, Esq.

Editor Overland Monthly. Dear Sir: In response to the request contained in your letter of May 24th, regarding the Memorial Number of the "Overland Monthly," I beg to state that for about twelve years I was intimately connected with the career of the "Overland Monthly."

After Bret Harte ceased to be editor, I believe Charles Phelps succeeded him, running the magazine for a while, and finally was called to New York. At that time Miss Millicent Shinn called on me and said that it was more than possible that the magazine could be continued as a literary success without lowering its tone, provided several gentlemen would assist in meeting any deficit that might occur during the year. Captain J. McDonald, Judge J. H. Boalt, Mr. Wakefield Baker and the writer took an active interest in this matter without hope or expectation of any gain, but simply desiring to continue the magazine in the hope that the field might broaden and the paper be of value to all concerned. For many years, with Judge Boalt as President of the Board of Trustees, this arrangement continued, some of the Trustees making up annually the deficit, and while this always existed, the amount was small. That very fact encouraged every one to continue his relations with the magazine.

Later, as the conditions of printing magazines changed, a considerable amount of advertising was added, and the magazine reached a point where it very nearly balanced accounts, and was so continued for several years. Then quite an effort was made during the changes that occurred, and owing to the interest some Bostonians took in the matter to increase the circulation. After some time it was found that the increase in circulation threw the magazine more deeply into debt, as the advertisements had not been increased in proportion to the cost, and while it was about an even transaction before with a limited number of copies, when you increased the number of those copies you increased the expense of the magazine correspondingly.

This discovery was very disheartening, and finally after some time had

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elapsed the magazine was sold to Mr. Wildman, who unfortunately lost his life in the wreck of the Rio de Janeiro about a year ago, while on his way home from China. Mr. Wildman immediately took means to increase the efficiency of the magazine, which he did to a large extent. He increased its advertisements and also increased its circulation, and when his appointment as Consul to Hongkong caused him to change his relations with the magazine, it was then in the full promise of financial success. Mr. Wildman made a conditional sale of the magazine to a friend of his, whose duties later called him to Paris during the last International Exhibition, taking his attention away from the magazine, much to its disadvantage.

The "Overland Monthly" then passed into the ownership of the "San Francisco News Letter," and we look forward to its being built up to a successful and valuable standpoint. There certainly should be a western magazine in which one's ideas can be expressed without having the copy cut down to suit the business or political aspirations of the editor or the owner, and we wish the "Overland Monthly" a long and prosperous career.

Irving M. Scott

Leland Stanford and Bret Harte.

Editor "Overland Monthly"—Dear Sir: The following bits of inside history of the magazine may interest you.

The late Governor Stanford was a personal friends and adviser of Bret Harte, whose wonderful genius he admired. On the occasion of driving the "Last Spike" in the uniting of the Central and Union Pacific Railroads he invited Mr. Harte to witness the ceremony, and a copy of the magazine containing his poem, "What the Engine Said," lay always convenient on his his library table.

The Governor fully recognized the commercial value of the magazine as representing the best interests of of the country, and extended courtesies and valuable aid at all times during its existence.

Particularly in 1875, while the magazine was struggling for existence the Governor rendered timely financial aid up to the last day of publication, and when the "Overland Monthly" was revived later, manifested his interest by the purchase of liberal shares of stock in the new corporation, and immediately gave them to the Editor, remarking, "He did not know as he could make better use of them."

"What the Engine Said" appeared in the "Etc." department of the "Overland Monthly," June, 1869, under an introductory note by Bret Harte. The note and the poem are as follows:

The Overland for June crosses the continent on the completed Pacific Railroad. As there are few readers who have not been told before, that it is the "greatest work of the age," they will, perhaps, overlook the omission here of much of the popular rhetoric in regard to "indissoluble ties," "wedding of the East to the West," etc. But some who remember to have read that "the two locomotives moved up until their pilots rubbed together, symbolic of the friendly salute of their respective owners," did not perhaps hear

What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching—head to head,
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind their back!
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread!

With a prefartory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the WEST:
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And if altitude's a test,
Why, I reckon, it's confessed,
That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the EAST:
"They who work best talk the least.
'Spose you whistle down your brakes;
What you've done is no great shakes:
Pretty fair—but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting.
Let these folks with champagne stuffing,
Not their Engines, do the puffing.

"Listen! Where Atlantic beats,
Shores of snow and summer heats;
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum dyes:
I have chased the flying sun.
Seeing all he looked upon—
Blessing all that he has blest—
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivyifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest;
And before my flying feet,
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine: "Phew!"
And a long, low whistle blew.
"Come, now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest—
You brag of your East! You do?
Why, I bring the East to you!
All the Orient—all Cathay—
Find through me the shortest way.
And the sun you follow here,
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really—if one must be rude—
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union: "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central: "I'm Pacific,
But when riled, I'm quite terrific.
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two Engines—in their vision—
Once have met without collision."

That is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread.
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

History of the "Heathen Chinee."

Editor Overland Monthly.—Dear Sir: Through some unaccountable weakness in Bret Harte's character, he alienated most, if not all, of his California friends after leaving this State, and the one who is best able to relate the true story of the manner in which "The Heathen Chinee," or "Plain Language from Truthful James," saw the light in the pages of the "Overland Monthly," and to whom the credit of its publication is really due, prefers, in consequence, to remain silent. His name is now withheld because his consent has not been obtained to use it. Suffice it to say that I was a student in his office when he told me the history of the poem's publication, and the part he took in bringing it about.

Mr. Harte was short of copy to make up the particular number of the "Overland Monthly" in which it appeared. He needed a short poem. There was nothing among the offerings of contributors which appealed to his fastidious judgment. He was in despair what to do when his friend entered the office. It was the latter's custom to visit Mr. Harte daily, as he wrote most of the book reviews which appeared in the magazine while Mr. Harte was editor. Mr. Harte revealed to him the fix he was in. His friend suggested that he write something himself. He pleaded that he was not in a mood to write anything. Then it was suggested that he draw on his old stock of poems. He demurred to this on the ground that he had nothing suitable. However, he consented to let his friend look over his manuscripts. When the lines on "Plain Language from Truthful James" were reached, he exclaimed: "This is just the thing that you want." But Harte's judgment rebelled against its use. It took much persuading to prevail upon him to send it to the printer. The arguments which carried the day were that the lines were simple, but quaint and the theme timely, as a strong anti-Chinese agitation was then stirring the State. The poem was, however, crude when it was presented to the printer. It was almost a new composition when it was finally published. Several revisions were made. Each alteration strengthened the thougnt and polished the form of expression. Some of these changes were suggested by the printer; some by the matter-of-fact proof-reader; some by his literary friend; others were original with Mr. Harte himself. Strange to say, however, Mr. Harte never became fully reconciled to its publication, although it was universally regarded as a great hit and added as much to his fame as anything he ever wrote, while it has been more extensively quoted, perhaps, than any modern production in verse, affording an apt illustration of the fact that an author is not the best judge of his own work.

Very sincerely yours,
TALIESIN EVANS.

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Fac-simile of letter from Hon. John Hay.

Department of State,

Washington, June 4, 1902.

My dear Mr. Irwin:-

I have your kind letter of the 29th of May, and greatly regret that my occupations at this time are so constant and so exacting as to leave me not a moment to myself. Otherwise, it would be a labor of love to say something in regard to my dear and honored friend, Bret Harte. Great as was his charm and attractiveness as a writer, he was even more delightful as a friend and companion. I am sure there is no one who feels more keenly than I do the severing of the relations which have been so pleasant and so inspiring to me for the last thirty years. Harte, you know, was not only one of the wittiest of men himself, but, to quote an old fashioned Roman joke, he was, like a whetstone, the cause of wit in others. You have probably heard of Mr. Evarts's remark when

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he said good bye to Harte and Albert Rhodes, who had been appointed Consuls in Europe and were starting for their posts. He said: "Good bye, young gentlemen, you are going forth with laurels on your brows, but do not forget that you cannot browse on your laurels".

Yours faithfully

John Hay

Reminiscences of a Co-Worker.

Editor Overland Monthly.—Dear Sir: My acquaintance with Bret Harte began some years before the origin of the "Overland Monthly." He was then holding a clerkship in the Mint. He was a frequent contributor of short stories to the Evening Bulletin while I was connected with the paper. His contributions had begun to attract attention. One of his best short stories which appeared at Christmas in that paper, was entitled: "The Right Eye of Commander." He had struck even twelve in that distribution.

When Mr. Roman, the publisher, suggested the publication of a magazine, Mr. Harte was sceptical. He did not believe that enough contributors could be found to secure success. It was not until six of his friends had pledged themselves to stand in the gap for six months that he saw his way to accept the position as editor. The name, the cover, the bear, and the whole typographical appearance, were settled by him. He advised with his friends, but in the end followed his own counsel. All he wanted of his friends was good papers, and he would attend to all details.

The venture was such a success from the instant, that it was a grateful surprise to Harte and to the publisher. The eight or ten papers contributed by the writer, were all "squeezes." The editor who sometimes needed a little pressure himself, knew how to apply it to others.

But from the first, Harte put his individual stamp on the magazine. There was some foolish female questioning about the "Luck of Roaring Camp"; but that rather served to give zest to the story. The public were waiting for a humorist. When they found him there was a large fellowship. His stories and his poems were eagerly read. He was not only a central figure in the small guild of letters at home, but was rapidly becoming such in the larger guild abroad.

One local incident is here recalled. In the early days of the University of California, it was customary to have a poem on commencement occasions. Harte was once designated as poet. He labored long and hard, and finally brought forth some verses which he submitted to the writer. He was told with the frankness of a friend, that the poem

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was strained, stilted, academic, and dry as punkwood. What was to be done? There were only a few hours left. Harte mentioned the incident of the dropping of a day at sea, and the search of the galleon to find it. The very incident to work out. In a few hours he had produced the memorable poem of the "Lost Galleon." Harte would not go to see how his poem fared. It was read by the late Dr. Stebbins, then a Regent. Never before nor since has any poem contributed on a like occasion reached the same high level of beauty and genius.

Harte soon found that his literary wares could command more than a local market. He had given the magazine hardly less than a national reputation. Why should he not enter the larger world since it was waiting for him? How he wrought there is known to that great company who never tire of Scott and Dickens, and never will tire of the gentle humorist, the man of genius, the master of expression who puts his soul into his work. Yours truly,

W. C. BARTLETT.

History of a literary forgery.

Editor of Overland Monthly. Dear Sir. —The following is the history of the poem, "Binley and '46' " which nearly thirty years ago went the rounds of the press with Bret Harte's name attached, but which Harte never saw until it appeared in nearly every prominent newspaper in the country.

This successful literary forgery was the work of Sam Davis, now State Controller of Nevada and performed under the following circumstances. At the time Mr. Davis, who had been attached to the Vallejo Independent, started a weekly paper in Vallejo in conjunction with Thomas McCrossen, called the Open Letter. Woodford Owens, then Collector of the Port, was a secret partner in the enterprise. He remained in the background from the fact that he held a Government office.

One evening while at dinner Mr. Davis made the assertion that he could imitate successfully the style of any modern poet.

Mr. Owens bet him an oyster and wine supper that he could name a modern author whose style he could not imitate. Mr. Davis accepted the wager and Mr. Owens named Bret Harte.

Inside of a week the poem was completed and published over Bret Harte's name in the Open Letter. It was introduced by an explanatory paragraph to the effect that it had been found by Thomas McCrossen in an old trunk which Harte had left in a San Francisco lodging house. That it was signed by Harte and in his handwriting.

The authenticity of the poem was never questioned for a moment by any one and it went the rounds of the press from Vallejo to New York.

At that time Harte was in the zenith of his popularity and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper made it a point to republish all of Harte's poems illustrated by the graphic pencil of Matt Morgan.

It gave "Binley and '46' " a full page reproduction with illustrations by Morgan and when the issue reached Vallejo Mr. Owens concluded it was about time to settle his wager with Mr. Davis.

After the hoax had been firmly landed and the public fooled to the full bent, the Open Letter appeared with a full expose of the forgery and had its little laugh at the expense of the Eastern critics.

For the next sixty days there was a turmoil throughout newspaperdom. Mr. Davis was complimented by some of the critics on being a better poet than Harte and savagely assailed by others for his audacity in daring to use the name of so distinguished a writer, in order to get his work before the public.

Most of the papers, however, were disposed to have a good laugh at the expense of the Eastern critics who had praised the work in the poem without stint. During all the discussion which was waged on the subject Harte was simply an amused looker on, and has never been recorded as having given utterance to the slightest expression on the subject. A Chicago paper asked him to state explicitly whether the poem was his or not, but he neither claimed or repudiated it.

Very cordially yours,

J. M. B.

The following is the poem:

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BINLEY AND '46.'"

Upon Wasatch's peaks of snow,
Night holds illimitable sway,
Where but a single hour ago
The crags and chasms, high and low,
Resplendent shone with day.

From out the sky no star ray shines
Upon the awful solitude;
While moaning through the tossing pines,
Like some unquiet spirit's brood
The winds sweep to and fro,
Breathing in saddened mood
Their whisperings of woe.

At first they only sighed,
But now they moan and sob;
And since the eventide
Their maddened pulses throb
In quicker, wilder flow
Such as the Storm Kings know.

* * * * *

'Twas eleven o'clock near Bridger's Gap,
In a station that swayed in the tempest's sweep,
Where a lightning jerker enjoyed his nap,
When a call from the Cañon broke his sleep.
And he caught the words from the subtle clicks,
"Send Binley down here with 46."

Soon Binley had mounted his iron steed,
And the fires of his furnace glowed again,
As the ponderous monster devoured his feed,
And rolled from the side track onto the main.
Out on the night where the snowflakes fell.
Out where the blasts of the tempests roar,
Binley shouted his friend farewell
As he opened the throttle-valve one notch more.

Then over the winding track he sped,
While the pathway with chasms and crags was lined;
The glare of his great light streamed ahead,
While the snow like a bride's veil streamed behind.
And soon the sound of the clanking steel
Was drowned in the echoes from hill to hill;
He felt the engine sway and reel,
But the throttle went one notch further still.

Then down the grade like a courser fleet,
Plunging through mountains or drifted snow.
The engine plows through the crusts of sleet,
And hurls a thousand feet below
The gathering masses that block its way
Throws them far to the left and right,
Into the black oblivious night,
To reach the Cañons by break of day.

Now old Binley feels the thrill
That the soldier knows when he meets the foe;
He opens the throttle-valve wider still,
And his furnace burns with a fiercer glow,
As the piston flashes in faster stroke;
But firm as a rock stands the engineer,
For in that honest old heart of oak
There beats not the faintest pulse of fear.

But now the engine is running slower,
Though its pathway lies on a level grade;
And soon a tremor comes stealing o'er
Binley's hand on the throttle laid.
There's a slacking up of the driving-wheel
While the engine struggles with human will,
Then slowly ceases the clank of steel,
And the panting monster is standing still.

Thicker and faster the drifting snow
Throws round its victim its winding sheet
And quenches the glare of the head-light's glow
As Binley mutters "I give up beat."

* * * *

Next morning a snow plow forced its way
To the spot where the buried engine lay;
They hewed a path through the frozen crust,
And then was the ghastly story told;
There sat Binley beside his trust
While his hand on the throttle was stiff and cold.

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THE HEATHEN CHINEE

BY BRET HARTE

[From the Overland Monthly, September, 1870.]

Which I wish to remark---
And my language is plain---
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

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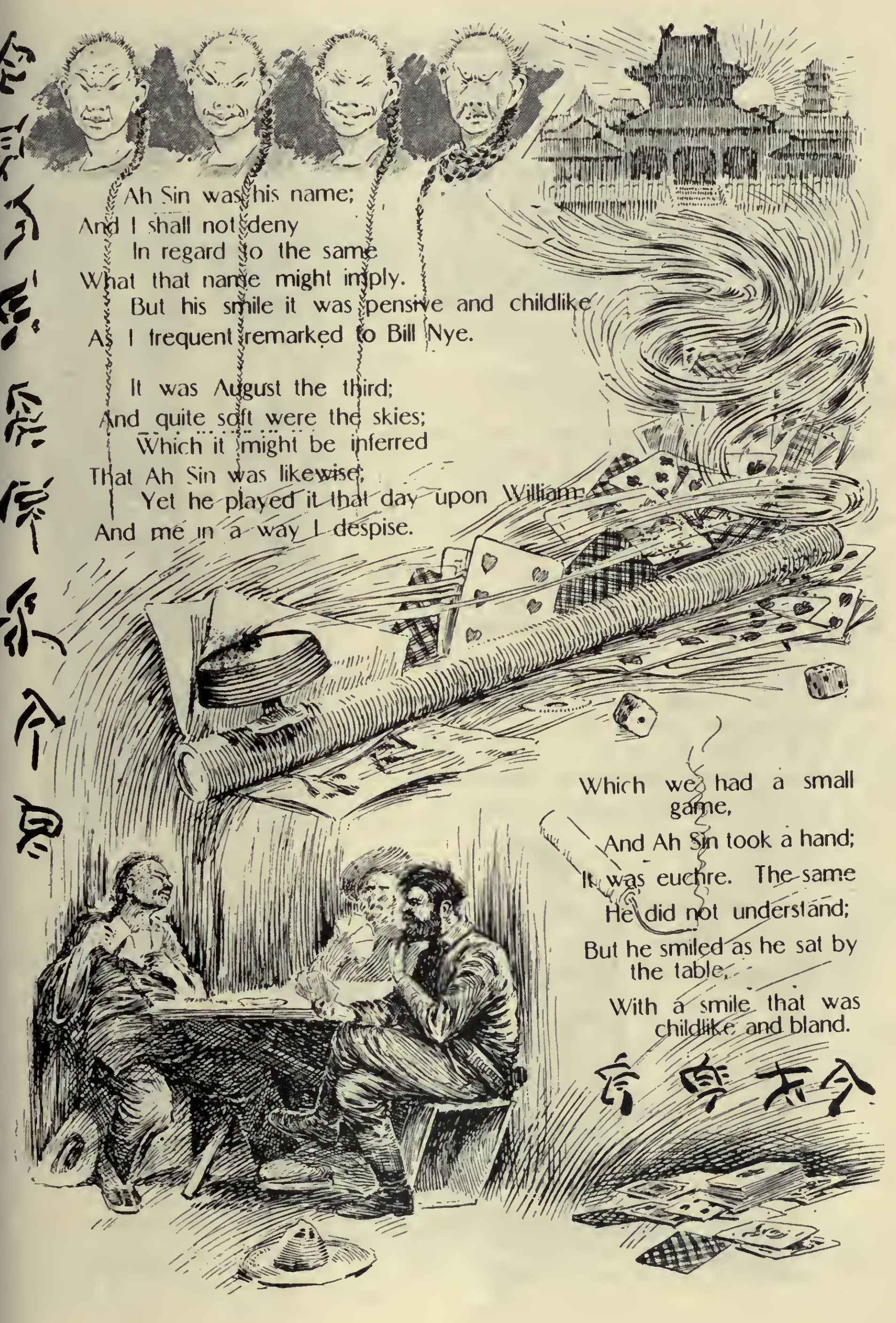

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

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Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By the heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see----
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"--
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

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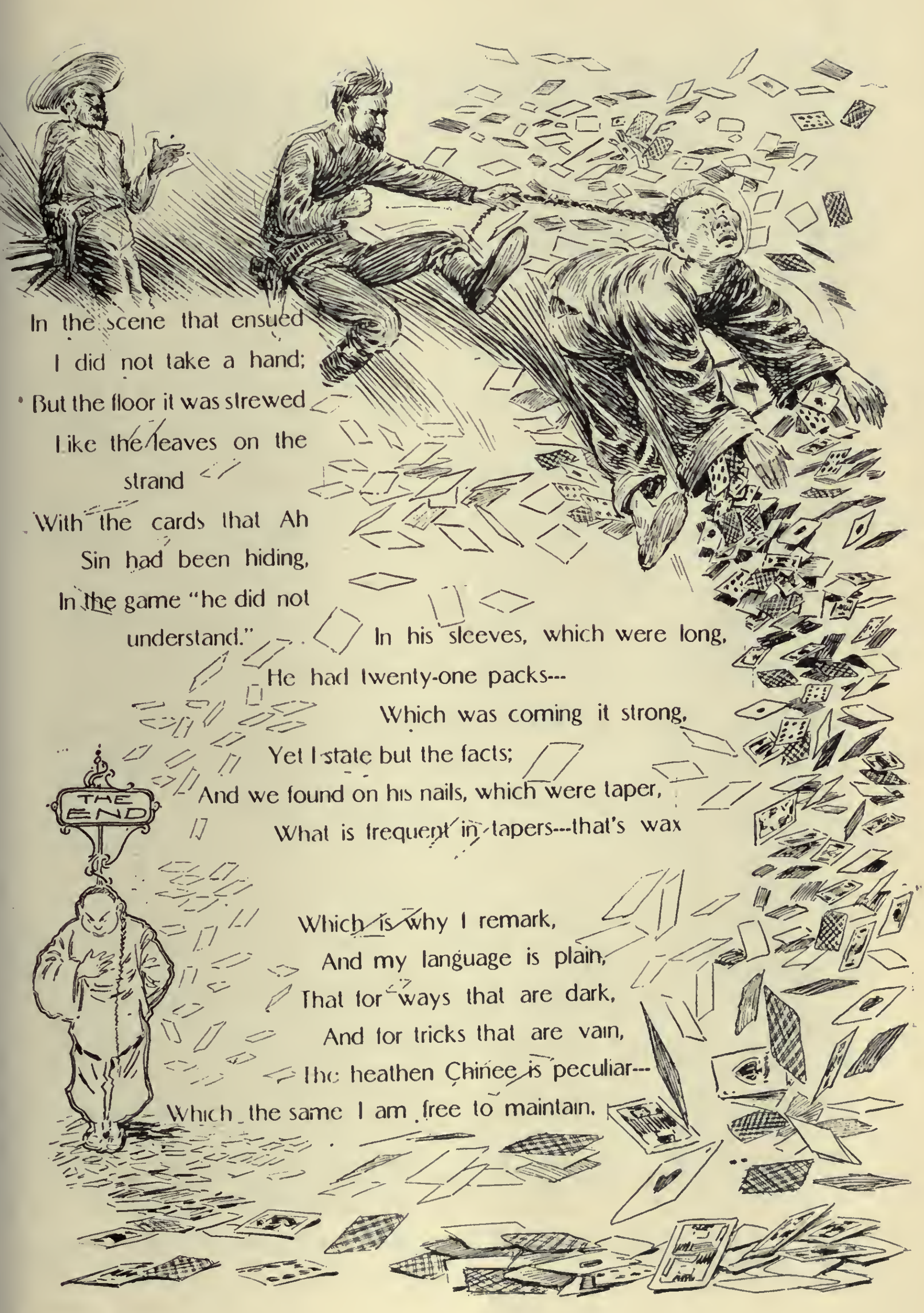

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-one packs---
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers---that's wax

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar---
Which the same I am free to maintain.

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On the Sinfulness of Ah Sin
As reported by Truthful James.

Which I wish to remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would wish to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
That the wicked dark game
That same name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

Facsimile of the first two stanzas of the original manuscript of "Plain Language from Truthful James."

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1870.] *LATER WORDS FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.* 287

~~LATER WORDS~~ FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Which I wish to remark—
  And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
  Which the same I would wish to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
  And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
  And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
  He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
  With the smile that was child-like and bland.

~~And~~ the cards they were stocked
  In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
  At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
  And the same with intent to deceive.

~~Yet~~ the hands that were played
  By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
  Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he ~~laid off the~~ right bower, ~~that Nye had just hid on his knee.~~

Then I looked up at Nye,
  And he gazed upon me;
~~Then~~ he rose with a sigh,
  And said, "Can this be?
~~Or is Civilization a failure?~~"—
  And he went for that heathen Chinee.

The page proof of the "Heathen Chinee" (Overland Monthly, September, 1870) as it was given to Mr. Harte for correction. The corrections along the margin are in his handwriting.

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Chamberlain ("Tennessee")

Chaffee ("Tennessee's Partner.")

THE REAL "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER"

BY FREDERICK M. STOCKING

BRET Harte was decidedly Bohemian in character. His rooms on Commercial street were the favorite resort of his most intimate associates, and with them he would throw off his habitual reserve and prove as genial and social as his companions.

He loved a good story, preferring to listen rather than take an active part. The stories of the old miners—and these old fellows were his studies—and their tales of adventure as related by themselves, more particularly interested him and supplied the material which he treasured up for future use as occasion offered.

A story being told, he would "pan it out," as it were—it might pan "nuggets," or perhaps he would get only the "color." He best knew the value.

One day an old miner dropped in, and learning that he had mined in Table Mountain in the early fifties, Harte persuaded the old fellow to give him a description of life and times in that famous district as he remembered them. I give the story as nearly as I can in his own words:

Yes, I mined in Table Mountain in '55; the diggings were supposed to be an old river channel, and were reported to be marvelously rich in coarse gold. Well, we made up a company of seventeen, put in about all the money and grub we had and pitched in. We worked together a good part of the year and quit about dead broke, all of us. Then Chamberlain and Chaffee, my brother and myself, drifted back to our old camp at Second Garrote, to our abandoned placer claims, and where we had cabins. Second Garotte was a small camp on the banks of Slate Creek, about five miles beyond Big Oak Flat.

Along in the fall of '56 the miners from the Tuolumne River, having worked out their river claims, came into camp to work "Grub Claims" during the winter, and made it quite lively, especially evenings and Sundays, when the saloons and the store would be filled. To us old campers, these men were strangers, and we didn't mix much; kept kinder quiet by ourselves.

One day it was reported that one of the strangers had attempted a crime

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on the person of a little girl, daughter of one of the old miners. The fact was proven, and the whole camp was aroused and search made for the culprit, but he could not be found. The news spread, and all the miners aided by those in nearby camps, joined in the search and pursuit. The fellow was caught at Chinese Camp, brought back and placed under guard until it should be decided by the assembled miners what should be done with him.

On a bright moonlight evening the man was taken just outside the camp and the trial took place under two large pines. It was an angry and excited crowd of brawny miners from all the adjoining camps; many had ridden in, and riatas and revolvers were in evidence on every hand.

Lynch law and immediate action was demanded. Better counsel prevailed and a regular court was formed and officers elected, in order to give the appearance of a fair trial.

Counsel was appointed for the prisoner and the trial proceeded. The crime was proven, the prisoner admitting his guilt. The court demanded the will of the crowd as to the manner of punishment, and stated that two physicians from

Ruins of old State Building, 1901.

Big Oak Flat were in attendance.

Up to this point the crowd had gradually become quiet; but now they were at liberty to act, and cries of "Hang him!" "Shoot him!" "Kill him!" rang out on every side. Riatas cut the air and revolvers were freely displayed.

An old miner named Chaffee, whom all knew as the oldest and one of the most respected men in camp, owner of the only "Jinny" and cart which he used for hauling pay dirt to the creek from his own claim and who had done numberless favors of the kind for the others, now stepped to the front and demanded a hearing. The crowd quieted down, and the little old man, hat in hand, his bare

Big Oak Flat, 1897.

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Big Oak Flat from an old lithograph made from the drawing by J. A. Malley, 1859-60.

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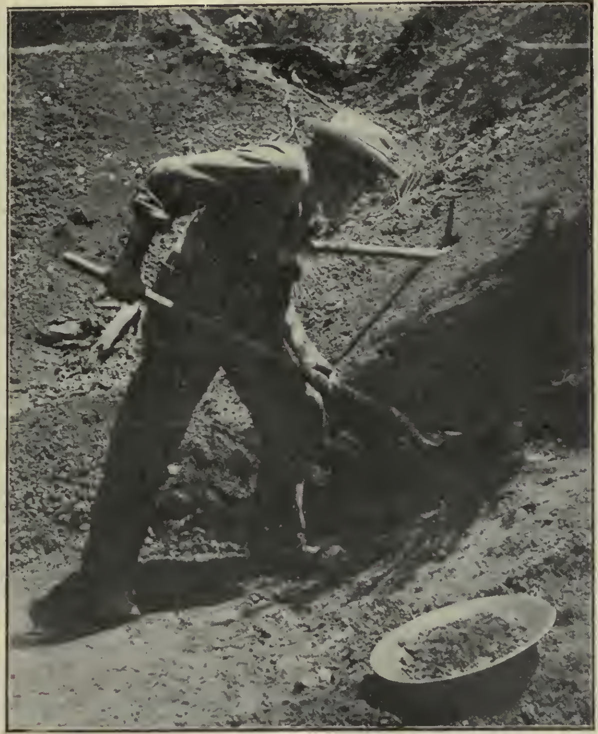

Chaffee prospecting.

head shining white in the moonlight, his big bandana hanging loosely about his neck, spoke in favor of law and order.

"The camp," he said, "had never known Lynch law, in spite of its name." In the course of his remarks he drew from his bosom the "Company purse," filled with gold dust, saying he would rather give it all than this breach of the law should happen in the camp. He said more than I can repeat, but silence gradually settled on the crowd, while he was speaking, and when at the close in a quiet tone of voice, he moved that the prisoner be turned over to the regular authorities at Columbia, the crowd almost to a man voted in favor of it, and then cheered for "old man Chaffee."

A horse was secured, the prisoner bound on him, volunteers took him in tow and in the early morning landed him in jail in Columbia.

This is nearly as can be repeated at this distant date the story told by the old Tuolumne miner, and on which was founded the tale of "Tennessee's Partner," by Bret Harte, published in the "Overland Monthly" in 1869.

The genius of Harte is shown in the creation of the individual "Tennessee," and only his genius and knowledge could have interwoven his ideal into the story of the old miner; for that he did so, is shown by comparison of the real with the ideal; and the story of the plea of the little old miner Chaffee in favor of law and order on that occasion has been immortalized by Harte in "Tennessee's Partner."

The visitor to Yosemite going by way of Big Oak Flat passes through a mining region of great interest. The various mining camps on the route which once boasted of a population of thousands of bearded, brawny miners, representing nearly every nationality on earth, with hotels, stores, saloons and all that goes to the make-up of an active mining community have passed away and there remains only the debris of de-

Mining in '55 at Second Garrote, with "Long Tom." (From an old daguerreotype.)

serted cabins and scars on hillside and gulch, which nature is kindly endeavoring to cover with forests of young pines and undergrowth in an effort to hide the nakedness of the land.

The day of placer and gulch mining with rocker, long tom and sluice box has gone, and only the noisy mill is left to denote that the miner is still active in his search for wealth beneath the surface.

Occasionally you meet an old miner, to all appearance the relic of a bygone age, who has not yet been called, but lingers along, representing the solitary link connecting the past with the present.

Now if the visitor wishes to have a rare treat, it is within his compass to secure it by interviewing the two oldest miners in this hilly region at their cabin near Groveland, where they have lived and mined—partners, for more than half a century. Of the once flourishing mining camp of Second Garrote, they only are left; all else, even the name, is buried in the past—and but the history of the camp remains with them.

Entering Big Oak Flat from Priest's.

Like a few others they came around the Horn in '49, made the round of the mines, selected Second Garrote in '50 as an abiding place, where they have built their cabin near a wide spreading oak, and for these many years have followed placer mining for a living, but as fortune would have it, a living is all they have secured, and both have passed the four score mark.

Chamberlain has cultivated a small ranch and welcomes campers for an all night stop, furnishing good camping accommodations as he is able.

Chaffee—the best prospector in the country—with pick, pan and shovel, continues his daily search for dust to replenish the company purse.

By means of much reading and occasional visitors, they keep in touch with

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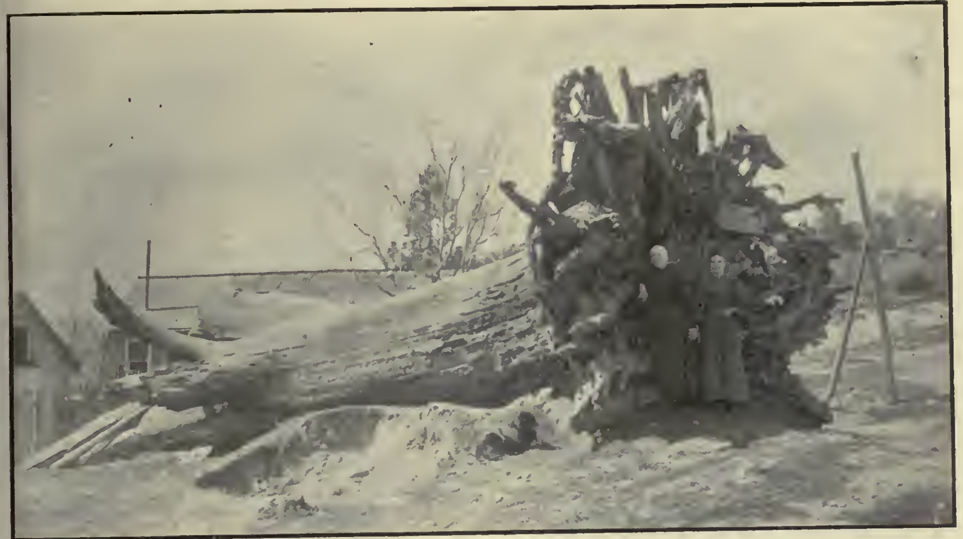

Big Oak as it lies to-day.

the outer world, and two more interesting or entertaining old gentlemen are not to be found in any camp in the length and breadth of the State.

To sit by the broad fire-place in the little cabin, listening to their stories of camp life in tne past, and to study the two little old men whose faces beam with kindness and good nature, is a rich treat: the more interesting when you realize the fact of being entertained in their own mountain home among the oaks by "Tennessee and his Partner."

Priest's Hotel, 1901.

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TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

BY
BRET HARTE

ILLUSTRATED
BY
FRANK TODHUNTER

(From the Overland Monthly, October, 1869.

I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack," or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill" so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some infelicitous slip, as exhibited in the "Iron Pirate," a mild inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name, in that day, rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charlie"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title: That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any further than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly, and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and re-

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treated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys, who had gathered in the canyon to see the shooting, were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm, but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciatión. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler—he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a co-partnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded that interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see, your weapons might get you into trouble in Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine sense of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in much the same fashion as his prototype—the grizzly. As the toils closed around him he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Canyon; but at its farthest extremity he was stopped by a small man, on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless; both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram he threw away his useless pistol and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little canyon was stifling with heat, resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office, stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter, passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defense which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable but good-humor-

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ed reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trowsers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trowsers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gettin' on with Tennessee thar—my partner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four years, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any pints in that young man—thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to—as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anytning in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—what should a man know of his pardner?"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger, and you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you—being a far-minded man—and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily, "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bedrock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcibles figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned by

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" 'What have you got there?—I call,' said Tennessee."

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"He was admitted at once without question."

money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee were all duly reported—with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers—in the Red Dog Clarion, by its editor, who was present,

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and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog Clarion was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey cart, halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant, the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buck-eye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the Committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l—they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar; perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buck-eye blossoms. When the boy was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road, or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Follansbee, who had, at the outset, played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Canyon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating, in the ferns by the roadside, as the cortege went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with

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fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure, and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid, and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and bowlders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time—why"—he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-

" 'It's time to go for Tennessee.' "

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handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moment's hesitation, gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day, his rude health and great strength seemed to visibly decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof and the roar and the rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying: "It's time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now—steady 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts —and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

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THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in

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(From the Overland Monthly, August, 1868.

there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice, and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it"; even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and

"The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin."

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the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if nature had stopped to listen, too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gun powder, but in consideration of the situation of the mother better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

Stumpy.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the latest arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and ex officio complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, com-

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ments were audible — criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "mighty small specimen;" "hasn't mor'n got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that "he saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box, half-curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d——d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows, as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d——d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burned in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he walked down to the river and whistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy, "anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d——d little cuss," he said and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulchre as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hill-side, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first

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"In a candle-box * * * lay the latest arrival at Roaring Camp."

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symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the express-man's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d——m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills —that air pungent with balsamic odor; that etherial cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass's milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Coyote"—(an allusion to his vocal powers)—and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d——d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus estopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California—So help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cra-

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dle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on," seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defense, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's Grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D——n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days the Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azalias, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy—albeit there was an infantine gravity about him—a contemplative light in his round grey eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is reported that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessallated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without

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"'Durn my skin if he wasn't talkin' to a jay bird.'"

a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The express-man—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in Roaring that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They's got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtues and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—the Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck, lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the ex-

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piring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me, now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

When the Grass Shall Cover Me

By INA COOLBRITH

[From Overland Monthly, December, 1868.]

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to feet where I am lying ;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing :
Close above me as you pass,
You will say : "How kind she was,"
You will say : "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom ;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything :
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleadings in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me !
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow :
When your heart will moan : "Alas !
Now I know how true she was ;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me !

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MEMORIES OF AN EDITOR

BY CHARLES S. GREENE.

THE time of which I am able to write, among contributors to the Overland's history, is somewhat too near the present to allow of writing the things that would be most interesting to its readers. The principal actors are still living—all but one or two—and it would give them pain perhaps, and perhaps cause them anger to have set down the intimate things in the life of the magazine—things that while often humorous and often picturesque—literary material of the best sort, were yet so near, "where we live" that they must wait, if indeed they are ever told.

Still, there is much that may be written that ought to be set down. My connection with the Overland began in a very gradual way. Indeed my interest in West Coast magazines first began with the Californian, the immediate predecessor of the reviewed, or, as Bierce called it, the warmed-Overland. While Mr. Charles Phelps was editor of the Californian, I joined the innumerable company of would-be Western poets, and offered him several bits of verse. A few of these he printed, but usually in the fine type of the "Outcroppings" department. He wasted much breath in trying to make me believe that he did this as a mark of honor, because he thought the departments the best-read part of the magazine. Possibly my skepticism offended him, for he soon arrived at the point of declining with a very limited amount of thanks my further offerings.

Charles S. Greene.

After Mr. Phelps had departed for the fresher woods and newer pastures of a law practice in New York, my interest revived in magazine matters, for my good friend Warren Cheney was his successor, and soon another good friend, Miss Milicent W. Shinn, associated herself with him in the business. Mr. Carmany, who owned the copyright of the older Overland—"the one who went down when the Bank of California failed," we always liked to put it—presented the copyright and good will to Miss Shinn in order that the glorious old magazine of Bret Harte, Noah Brooks and all the giants of the older day, might be revived. The East knew the Overland Monthly, and reverenced the old bear trade mark. They had not learned the name "Californian" so well, though Edward Everett Hale wrote that he saw no necessity for changing, as the Californian, introduced to him by Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis, had won a high place in the esteem of many people he knew.

Still there was a magic in the name "Overland." A whole group of contributors to the old magazine had never been brought into touch with the Californian—I use the expression "touch" somewhat

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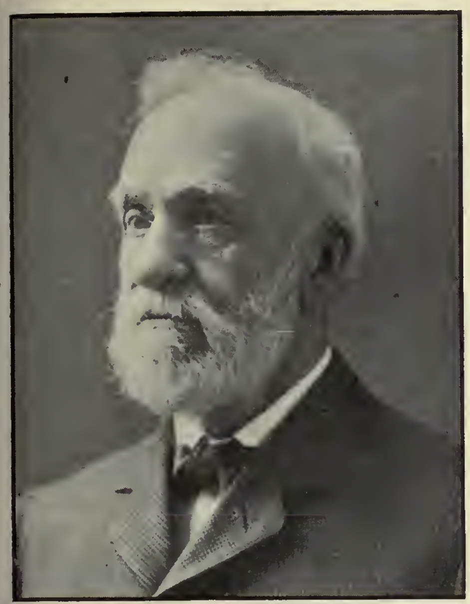

Frederick M. Stocking.

advisedly. It was decided to revive the Overland and to make strenuous efforts to win back the early contributors and the old prestige.

A dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, "desiring to celebrate the revival of the Overland Monthly," on December 22, 1882, and forty guests sat down in the beautiful art gallery of Mr. Scott's Harrison street residence. Speeches were made by the host and by Mr. W. C. Bartlett, Dr. Charles Barrows, W. W. Crane, Dr. Joseph Le Conte, Judge J. H. Boalt, John W. Carmany, and Professor Martin Kellogg. A poem by Miss Coolbrith most fittingly graced the occasion, and letters were read from many other old Overlanders.

The dinner celebrated the putting forth of the first number of the new series. It had been the attempt of the editor to bring into this number as many as possible of the contributors to the early series. In this she was quite successful, but as to Bret Harte himself the scheme failed. A letter had been written him in ample time requesting a contribution, and the reply had been that Mr. Harte would gladly contribute a story to the first number of the new Overland, and out of consideration for old times would cut his usual rates for such a story to two hundred dollars. That sum more than "sized the pile" of the young magazine and the story was not sent.

From that issue of January, 1883, the Overland Monthly led a life too full of vicissitudes even to mention them all. Dr. Charles Barrows, in the feverish mental activity that perhaps was a symptom of approaching collapse, acquired the title of the business for a stock company he organized, but once in possession he did nothing, and the magazine company stock passed into other hands. Professor Edward Rowland Sill was the person who chiefly caused Miss Shinn to take up editorial work, and his advice and co-operation were largely used by her in her early years as editor. He contributed himself under several pseudonyms, as well as under his own name. His interest continued after he left the coast for his Ohio home, even up to his early sacrifice offer of his own life at the call of mercy. B. P. Avery and W. W. Crane were also active helpers, and expected to do much more when they, too, were cut off.

It grew to be almost a superstition with us that any man that tried to help the Overland Monthly did it at the greatest of risks to his life. How Mr. Irving

Benjamin P. Avery.

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Scott and Captain James Macdonald survived has been a mystery to us, but a hard common sense always tempered their actions in the role of "angel" that perhaps has saved them. Mr. Scott was the first subscriber, I believe, to the new Overland Monthly, and his subscription was for a nundred years, paid in advance. This was to indicate his faith in the Overland Monthly's longevity, and incidentally his own. Both have so far justified him.

I have spoken of "helpers" as a necessity to the magazine, and this was because the noble army of martyrs who took up the work when Doctor Barrows' promises of abundant capital failed did so out of their spirit, and with no capital whatever. The history of the magazine has abundantly shown that given three things, namely—editorial ability, business ability, and a moderate capital, a magazine enterprise on the West coast is as safe as anything can well be. This has been proven by the fact that the Overland Monthly, which never had more than two of these things at any one time at best, has yet shown itself impossible to kill. Of course I am speaking of conditions as I knew them up to 1899. The later days tell their own story.

The Overland Monthly from between

John H. Carmany, Publisher Overland Monthly from 1869 to 1871.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

Irving M. Scott.

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Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, President Carnegie Institute.

1883 to 1894 had in Miss Shinn editorial ability of the highest sort, and there be plenty whose judgments "cry in the top of mine" that will bear me out in that statement. From first to last, too, in the years that my service covered, a good deal of capital was sunk in the enterprise, but always in the unprofitable way of making up deficits rather than in the wiser method of avoiding them. As to business ability in the management, I cannot say that even in my time it was of the first class.

One link we had with the old Bret Harte Overland Monthly that we prized highly, and that was "Father Stocking," as we loved to call him. His story—and almost everybody in the office had a story—is far too long and full of vicissitude to tell here. Some episodes of it, like "The Wreck of Tennessee," "How I Saw My Partner Safe Home," "Our $30,000 Thanksgiving Dinner," and "The Original Jack Hamlin," have been told in the magazine. At first, to get these stories written, we had to take the dear old man in a talkative mood and get him to tell these yarns to us. Miss Shinn would write down characteristic expressions and I would take down the thread of the narnative. Then she would transcribe, using both manuscripts, and knowing so well

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Warren Cheney.

his mental processes, she would make a narrative truly characteristic of the original. If the old gentleman tried to write the story for himself, he spoiled it by leaving out all the picturesque turns of expression. He always complained that Miss Shinn put in too many "you knows." Gradually, however, he learned to write as well as he talked.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

I have spoken of my connection with the magazine as though it began in 1883 with the revival of the Overland Monthly. In one sense it did; for I contributed to the first number, and quite frequently thereafter in verse and soon began to do book reviews as well. I also did service in the humble but exceedingly useful work of soliciting subscriptions to the magazine, being then an invalid and able to do little more. In 1886 I had desk room in the office, and by 1887 began to read proof and do general sub-editorial work. In 1890 I was made manager, and continued so until Rounsevelle Wildman took the magazine in 1894. Almost the last thing I did before turning the business over to Mr. Wildman was to pay a dressmaker's bill for Miss Shinn. Her salary had always been magnificent—payable in stock—but the coin she drew was little. Still it had been recorded in the elder day that Anton Roman went out of the magazine with a new suit of clothes to pay for his years of work, and I was determined that Miss Shinn should have at least as much as that to show.

One of the difficulties we had in those early nineti- was the competition of the Californian Illustrated, the magazine that Richard Macdonald of the Pacific Bank started. We did not mind a square business rivalry, which is not at all a bad thing, but the Californian had behind it not only a good deal of money, but a very large amount of bluff. My first visit to its office was to register a complaint against certain laay agents who had made a business of going to our subscribers and telling them that the Californian had brought out the Overland Monthly, and that now was the time to subscribe. Doctor Frederic J. Masters offered us the first article of the brilliant series he wrote on the Chinese in San Francisco. I strained all the traditions of the office to set a figure that he would accept, but he went to the Californian also, and they nearly doubled my figure. He gave it to them—and never got a cent of his money. He would have

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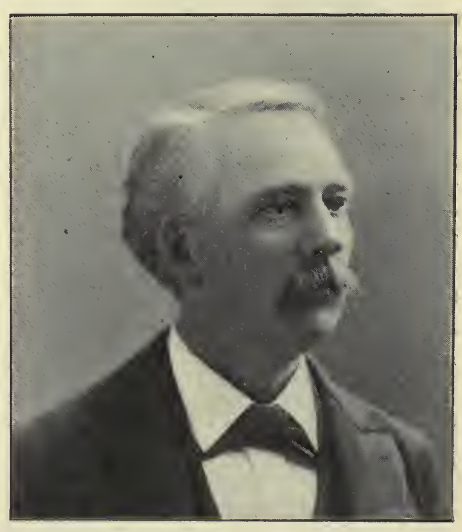
had to wait a long time for us to pay him the more modest sum. The one that was willing to owe most got the manuscript, and we did not think that quite fair competition.

Illustration was a more troublesome matter. Mr. W. E. Brown, long a director, always favored abundant illustration. "This is an era of pictures," he said, over and over. The older Californian had made attempts at illustrating, but it had to be by woodcuts, and anything presentable in that line was much too costly. It was not till the boom times of 1887 that we were driven to pictures in order adequately to present the climate that was "selling by the front foot."

Millicent W. Shinn.

I do not remember any attempts to use the half-tone process on this coast earlier than ours, and if there were the brave adventurers must have had a hard time of it. We began with a frontispiece or two printed in New York, and forwarded in sheets. The Nahl painting of Sutter's Mill at Colma was one of these. The first half-tone blocks we had sent out to us came from New York, and a little later from Philadelphia. We paid a dollar and seventy-five cents a square inch. Indeed, I am not sure but that it was more for the first lots—and when the price dropped to a dollar and a quarter we thought it very cheap. It stayed at that figure for a long time, then dropped rather quickly until plates were offered us at a "bit" and even ten cents a square inch. But when we received our blocks, after a six weeks' wait, our troubles had but begun. The ordinary paper would not do, and we had to make special orders for our cut forms at a large advance over ordinary stock. The coated paper and the super-calendered were slow evolutions to meet the need of the halftone. But given blocks and paper, that was by no means an end of trouble. There was no pressman in the city who understood the art of overlaying, and so bringing out the cuts clearly and delicately. Here Miss Shinn was a tower of strength. She resolutely took the plate-maker's proofs to the printing office, and there she stayed pointing out to the perspiring pressman that the print must be made a little darker here and a little lighter there. How to do it she could not tell him, but the result desired she had clearly in mind. We were paying $1 an hour for the press, so the late lamented Bacon did not object, but you should have seen the pressman when the day was done. But the result justified the means, and Dan, the pressman, became easily the best half-tone printer in California, though he always after started for the back stairs when he saw our editor coming.



Rev. Edward B. Payne.

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The Eastern platemakers did not always catch the spirit of the Western photographs and washes we sent. Once a fine photograph of Rain-in-the-Face, the Indian chief who was said to have killed Custer, was sent. His name, as all Western people know, was given him from a series of round scars in a vertical line down his cheek like the splash of a rain drop. But when the Philadelphia retoucher saw that scar, he thought it an imperfection in the photograph, and carefully painted it out. At such long range it was of course impossible to rectify any such mistakes. The art of tooling half-tones was one that we hammered out in the same way. I remember the first time it was tried. Charles G. Yale had written us a good article on yachting on San Francisco bay, and we exerted ourselves to find suitable illustration. C. D. Robinson, the artist, dropped into the office as we were about to send down the plates, and looked at them with critical eye. He pronounced that one of them, a Lowden photograph taken looking aft from the bowsprit end of a yacht "with a bone in her teeth," would look much better with a few high lights cut out in the swirling foam. He offered to tool the plate for us to produce the desired effect. After six that evening I was summoned to the printing office, and found the pressman, who really had an artist's soul, in deep despair. Mr. Robinson, to make a delicate effect, had cut very slantingly into the plate, and the result was that he had removed the little corrugated network that makes a light grey in a half-tone, and left the copper smooth. Of course the ink "took" on this, and as far as the pressure forced the paper into the depression a solid black resulted. Mr. Robinson's "high lights" were all surrounded with little black doughnuts. I took the plate to a wood engraver I was fortunate enough to find still at his shop, and he did a good deal to remedy the matter, but with a pretty sorry result after all. The plate is on page 574 of volume seventeen, June, 1891.

I do not like to speak much of the Overland Monthly of the days between 1894, when Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman bought out the interest of the Shinns, and so controlled the magazine, nor of the still later time when, four years later Mr. Wildman got his appointment as Consul to Hongkong, and turned the magazine over to the untender mercies of James Howard Bridge. The Overland Monthly of the Shinns regime was my first love, and it lost the hopefulness and moral earnestness and the perhaps too high literary standard in other hands. Then, too, much of the later editing was mine; for I was Associate Editor with an absentee editor most of the time. I knew too well the defects and the hampering restrictions, now happily removed, of trying to carry out instructions sent from New York or Washington, or even Paris, and fitting not at all the situation when they reached me.

Besides, my curses were coming home to roost. I had been compelled to make so many people wait for their pay that I could not object to waiting for my own, but it grew so bad that in 1899 I had to seek for other means of livelihood. And yet, after all, there is a glamour, a fascination about editing a magazine, the forming an ideal for it each month and shaping it to that plan, and seeing it grow toward it day by day, and a joy in overcoming the obstacles that are plentiful enough, the total depravity of inanimate things, and the contradictions of printers, that makes an old magazine warhorse sometimes snuff the battle from afar and long for the joy of conflict.

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"In the beginning there arose the source of golden light." Rig Veda, Primeval Hindu, B. C. 1500. CH. X. 102.

"It is thus by an alternate waking and rest that the Immutable Being causes to revive and die eternally all existing creatures, active and inert." Laws of Manu, Archaic Hindu.

THE location of this observatory is unique in many respects. It stands on a peak whose apex was cut off abruptly to secure a flat surface for the building. This central summit is in a vast amphitheatre, formed of colossal peaks round about, some on a level with the observatory and others 1200 feet above. On either side are yawning canyons. Rubio on the east, 670 feet deep, descends precipitously from the walls of the observatory; while Los Flores' Gorge makes rapid descent to a depth of 1250 feet on the west. A chain of old Sierra Madre's range is bent and coiled in mighty links enclosing both canyons, the central, or Echo Mountain, and observatory peak, and extends from the southeast round through the east and north, through northwest, and rapidly declines to the west, where the range dwindles into the Verdugo hills overlooking that paradise of oranges, apricots and grapes, the famous La Canada Valley. Still beyond and nearer the sea, eight rows of hills, ranging from north to south, are visible. These are the Tejunga hills and Simi and Santa Monica ranges of low mountains. Speech is impotent to portray the glories of the sunsets from the vernal equinox to the summer solstice and return to the equinox of autumn. The angles made by these ranges with the ecliptic, are such that the declining sun pours its radiant floods between,

Professor Edgar L. Larkin.

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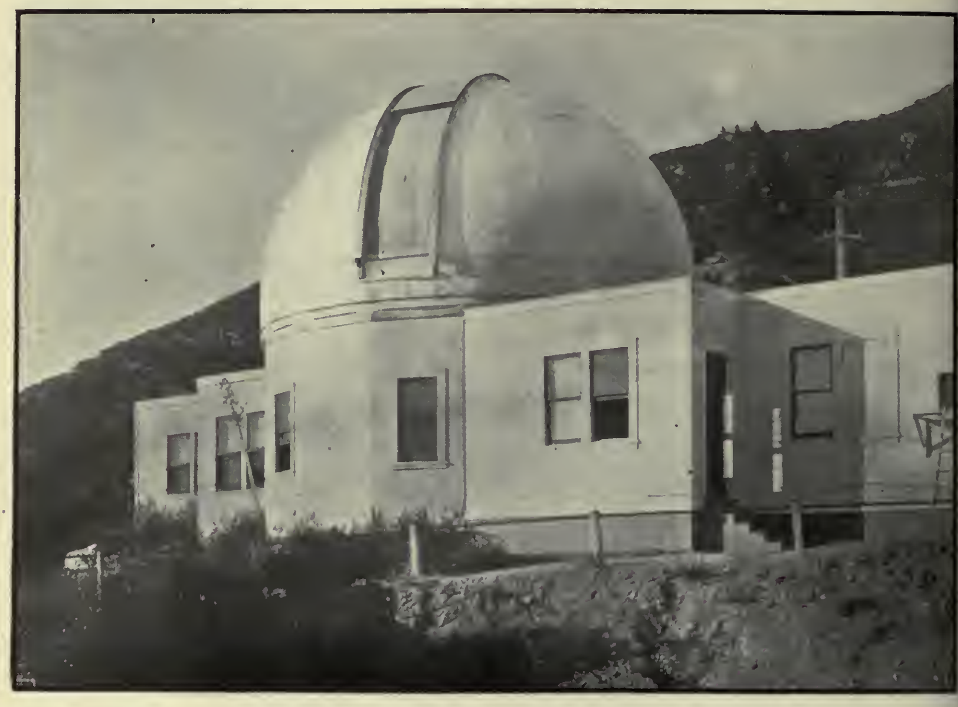

Mt. Lowe Observatory.

lighting up the gloomy and solitary canyons with supernal colors. For dust from waste places on the hills, and from Mojave's desert areas, comes in contact with watery molecules thrust over by the breakers of the Pacific in their dashings against Simi's granite bulwarks, and these absorb and quench some of the waves of light, allowing others to illuminate summits, valleys, canyons and domes with hues and tints, all blending into one stupendous panorama of surpassing loveliness and beauty. So remarkable is this scene that iron railings are placed on the canyon's edge, for travelers from all parts of the earth, who come to behold the sun as it sinks into the sea. It is Sunset Point, Los Flores Canyon. But it is to the mighty and serrated contour of cliffs and peaks on the east that scientific interest is attached. So transparent is the air that minute stars are seen at the absolute instant of rising. Thus the writer never saw a star at the moment of its advent above the horizon, until coming to this enchanted place. Not sorcerer of Egypt or Eleusis ever conjured up a more magnificent spectacle, or weird influence, nor impression more fascinating to mind and sense, than the marvelous display of rising celestial bodies. The great nebula in Orion issues out of a smooth wind and sand-worn rock, and so clear is the air that five stars in the trapezium have been seen standing on stone, while the light of the great nebula suffers but little diminution. Since the telescope reverses all objects, rising stars seem to be going downward toward the earth, and language cannot describe the wonders of the rising—falling—Pleiades, for this glittering host of 1300 stars, as seen in the Lowe telescope, seem to be pouring into old Rubio's cavernous depths. And the unutterable glories of the Galaxy—how see them in a life time or how recount their splendors—for illimitable hosts of stars pour in floods into the chasm and this Niagara of stellar diamonds, rubies and sapphires, flows with stately motion into the insatiable recesses below. The edge of Saturn's ring cuts its way up and out

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of a rocky cliff, and Jupiter at times sends up a tiny moon before it appears; but last night it escaped from a tangle of manzanita bushes far on the mountain's height. The star Castor is seen double between the leaves and branches of a shrub, while the nebula of Andromeda is always enmeshed in a wilderness of low-growing chaparral. Altogether this clear-cut mountain horizon is so beautiful when piled up with stellar gems, and so impressive that description fails and words lose their power.

The Sidereal Structure Without the Telescope.

Many more stars can be seen here without optical aid than from low plains. The observatory is above more than half of the dust layer that encloses the entire earth as an envelope. It is no trouble to see the sixth magnitude stars. The stars burn and blaze with a brilliancy unknown to observers below. Saggittarius and Scorpio hang up their sidereal sheets like a drapery of cloth of pearl over the waves of the Pacific. The Milky Way is whiter than as seen from observatories in Illinois and the East, and the sky blacker. The colors of the stars are on display with greatly increased splendor, and contrast is more pronounced than elsewhere. But all glories pale and faint before that awful and sublime object as seen in the great Lowe telescope,

The Stellar Floor.

The majestic pavement of the universe is surely visible from this observatory. It is the background or foundation of the sidereal structure. It is either made up of countless millions of inconceivably distant stars, or a solid external envelope of nebulous matter. It is beyond the Milky Way, and wider. It is not visible in all parts of the sky, but areas far removed from the Galaxy are filled with it. The general structure of nature is surrounded or clothed with a fabric of pearl; but the delicate texture is rent and torn in thousands of places. The appalling blackness of space appears in these ragged openings. Cosmical rifts, cracks and seams are seen here in great numbers. Special observation has been made of Scorpio and Saggittarius. Over one hundred rents and jagged openings in the white stellar floor have been seen in these two constellations. Some are clear-cut and small, others large, diffuse, with torn and twisted edges, and these

Mt. Lowe railroad and circular bridge above the Observatory.

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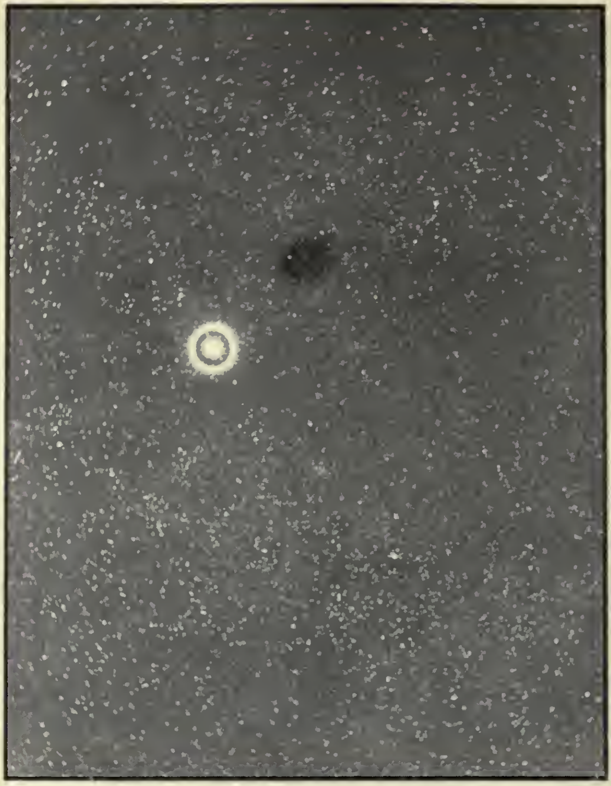
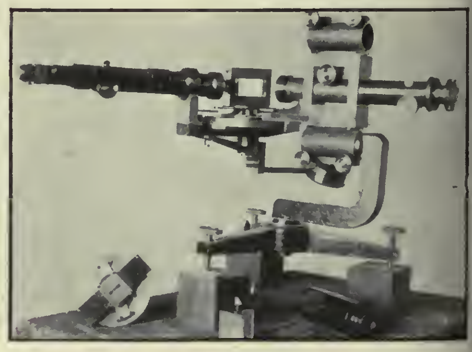


Australian photograph of the Milky Way taken at Sydney Observatory. The dark spot above and to the right is an opening in the universe, showing the blackness of infinite space beyond.

are not jet black within. A film seems to be stretched in front. It is doubtful if the white floor is entirely absent even at the Galactic poles. When taking charge of this observatory, the first thought was a mistake had been made concerning the winding sheet of the visible universe; so nothing was published for one year, to test the seeing in all kinds of weather and conditions of air. It was surmised that the white shimmer and sheen in the distant background of the cosmical sphere, was due to the well-known action of dust causing diffusion of light in the earth's atmosphere. Many tests were made on this point, with the result that the cosmic floor was seen in certain localities, on the same nights, when black space was seen between stars in adjacent and also in distant regions. So it is said that the primordial substructure of the universe is on display here. It is doubtful if long time graphs will show this pavement as well as the eye, for the stars in the fore-



Spectroscope.

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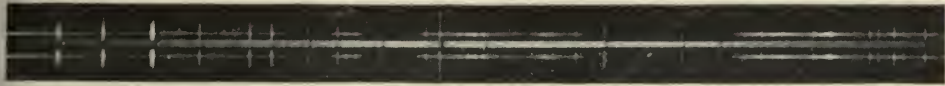


Spectrum of Chi Draconis (with iron and hydrogen.)

ground will store their light in excess in front of the distant wall. If the azoic rocks of stars or nebula really exists below and beyond all, then the sidereal edifice is far more magnificent and larger than hitherto thought possible. That is, that portion of the structure visible in telescopes, or on plates, is merely cut out of an original universal nebula. The primordial gaseous or ultra-gaseous mass has simply met with a local disturbance constituting the stellar agglomeration as it now appears. This is but reverting back to the ideas of our Aryan ancestors before they issued forth from the uplands of Central Asia to fill the earth. For they believed in successive universes or condensations of matter, each universe being a mere episode in continuity, a transitory and local period of turbulence and unrest. For Poe called life a fever. A modern physicist might say, a universe is a vortex or eddy that has slightly agitated a little isolated area or place in a placid and restful ocean of primordial matter in its final or corpuscular state.

Starless Fields.

If the stellar pavement is impressive, what shall be said of those appalling caverns in which no star is seen, nor any nebulous gleam of light. After looking for a long time at the inconceivable multitude of fine stars, finer than any sand, or as fine as the granules of silver bromide on graphic plates, the telescope sweeps into view a space black as ink. The effect on the mind is always startling and overpowering to brain and thought. It is difficult to account for these openings in the structure of stars, for there must be a long empty tubular space extending from the place of the earth, even to the floor of stars. At all events, they are black. Here long exposure of sensitive plates might store light enough to make visible impress, and long-time graphs should be made of central portions of the blackest starless areas. Here is a list of several spaces in the starry pavement:

Phosphorescing Areas of the Cosmical Floor.

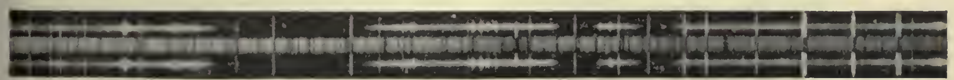
Right Ascensions		Declinations		Right Ascensions		Declinations	
H.	M.	Deg.	Min.	H.	M.	Deg.	Min
2	50	9	20	22		38	40
3	20	38	30	21	45	45	30
2	30	S 18	50	21		S 26	
23	55	56					

Next to the last in the table is notable, for the floor and a starless area are seen in the same field of view, both clear-cut and distinct. The edges of the pavement are smooth, like the rim of a well cut in stone, while the second in the catalogue has rough and distorted boundaries of stars round about the cavern.

Starless Fields.

Right Ascensions.		Declinations.		Right Ascensions.		Declinations.	
H.	M.	Deg.	Min.	H.	M.	Deg.	Min.
16	50	S 22	20	18	10	S 20	
17	25	S 26	35	18	10	S 18	25
18		S 18	50	18	13	S 18	1
18	3	S 4		5	42	S 8	20

These positions are for the centers of the dark areas. A very large black space is in Scorpio, above the bifurcation



Spectrum of Gamma Andromedae (with iron and hydrogen.)

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of the Milky Way. It is doubtful if any of these places are absolutely black; they seem so to the eye through contrast probably. There is light in all that part of space cut out by the universe. How futile it is to attempt to make drawings or cuts of the shape of the cosmical edifice. Its plan is still unknown. It is well enough, perhaps, to make specifications of the Galaxy and adjacent stars, yet all these are tentative so far. The foundation lower than the Milky Way—the original granite of stars or corpuscles—must be studied and graphed for a century to give an idea of the plan of nature. And then after all, the problem may appear to be beyond the reach of man. At all events, much attention should be given to this wondrous and original cosmical nebulosity. A new spectographic outfit has been received at the observatory—but the dark room is not completed at this writing. And when it is finished, it is not to be expected by any one that startling discoveries will be made here, surpassing those of Campbell at Lick, Ritchey at Yerkes, Vogel at Potsdam, or Huggins in England. Nearly all the larger nebulae visible here are complex —those with clear-cut boundaries in Eastern telescopes, show filaments and streamers in the Lowe instrument. The Andromeda nebula displays intricate convolutions, and looks like those shown in recent graphs—having the supposed appearance of a rudimentary solar system.

The trifid nebula presents an infinity of detail not seen in the Eastern observatories, likewise the Omega nebula, while nearly the entire constellation of Orion is simply enshrouded in nebulous sheen, the great central nebula showing a wealth of outlying wisps, streamers and spray. The dark opening is not dark, for faint light is always seen here. It seems dark by contrast only. There are two filaments extending across the opening at nearly right angles to its length. It is remarkable to have an ocean horizon on the south, for stars rise, cut out small arcs and set in the waves, all within a few minutes in the distant south. The giant sun Canopus thrusts its fiery darts through the mists of the sea, and then vanishes behind the walls of Catalina Island. In coming here from Illinois, Lat. 41 degrees, 13 minutes, to Lat. 34 deg. 17 m., a zone of stars, 7 degrees wide, was lifted up, all new. It has been explored with interest. Not the least among its glories is the wondrous Omega Centauri cluster, where 8,000 fine stars are piled in heaps in a small area. It is impossible for one to form any conception of the unspeakable splendors of the Milky Way without seeing it in the great glass, and then it is still impossible. The Galactic hosts are splashed and strewn in spray, in spirals, and are tumbled in confusion on a carpet of jet black velvet; or cosmical hail of pearls and diamonds on blackened wastes of space, or piled in heaps, raked into windrows and rolled into banks and bulwarks, all flashing and blazing with supernal colors. These, together with clusters and nebulae, conspire to form a scene surpassing all that mortal eye can ever hope to behold. And beyond all is the primordial base, the cosmic floor. A typical area of the stellar pavement is between the trifid nebula in Saggittarius and nebula No. 6523, Dreyer's N. G. C. The masonry is complete, with no more room for starry sand.

Accompanying this article is a graph of a portion of the Milky Way in the southern constellation, the Centaur, invisible from these latitudes. The ring around the star Beta Centauri is a diffraction ring due to the action of the lenses on light and not actually around the star. The minute specks on the graph are all suns like our own, and the spectroscope shows that they are all composed of the same modes of matter whence our sun and earth are made. One of the chief discoveries of all ages was the fact that all that part of the universe within range of the most powerful telespectrographs is made of the same matter—the sideral structure is a unit. The black cavernous opening shown to the right and above the star is most awe inspiring, and like these seen in great numbers in the fine telescope in this observatory. The object glass is 16 inches in diameter, and the focal length is 22 feet. It was made by Alvan Clark, Sr., with his own venerable hands. It is simply perfect. The writer had the good

fortune to be with Mr. Clark, half a day, in his famous workshop in Cambridgeport, Mass., when he was making the flint lens, and every particular of lens making was explained and shown by this remarkable man. Little did the writer think that he would ever be putting it to active use on the summit of a mountain in that fairy-land—California. This occurred in 1879.

Modern Astronomy and Astrophysics.

The new astronomy is quite unlike the old. The introduction of the spectroscope changed all, and then came the sensitive plate and made another change. The early astronomy contented itself with finding every mathematical law of the solar system and of the external sidereal structure; of finding the mass, volume and density of the sun, planets and satellites, and of a few stars, and continued the work of the practical astronomers, in the computation of the moon's place, for time, and the making of Ephemeeides for use in observatory and by sailors, and a vast amount of valuable and necessary work. But now comes the astrophysicist and tells what the stars are made of; writes their history through the eons of the past, and forecasts their future. The capital discovery—stellar evolution—was made by the science of astrophysics. All stars whatever are incandescent suns. They grow from primordial nebulae through infancy, youth, middle life to old age and death. They are now seen in every direction in space, in every possible phase of evolution. Leaves in a forest, from bud to "sear and yellow leaf," do not pass so many and varied changes as do the glowing suns. The spectroscope detects every condition, reveals relative ages of suns, and then that marvelous thing, the graphic plate, catches the fleeting changes, and records them for use for future astronomers. Nature cannot lift a hand anywhere in space within the reach of modern instruments without being instantly graphed. Her most secret laboratories and labyrinths are being explored hourly. A plate is exposed every hour of the year somewhere on earth. For if the stars are setting at some observatory they are rising or passing the meridian at others. That imperturbable eye—the bromide plate—is always gazing at the stars or sun. Thus, for 1901, graphs were secured of the sun on 361 days.

Astonishing discoveries are now being made, and the great bundle of magazines, monographs, reports of observatories, technical papers, treatises and circulars by the dozen, received almost daily present a most impressive display of the present intense activity of the human mind. Since history began there has not been such incessant labor wrought. And no labor ever performed by the human frame is more arduous and exacting than that hourly engaged in by a working astrophysicist. A trained astronomer is a machine of precision, with every phase of bodily life, every faculty of mind, everything in his being, an abject slave to indomitable will. And that will is immovably set and bent on finding the secrets of the vast cosmical building round about.

Results.

The universe is now known to be a growth. Evolution is seen to set in with the faintest possible rare masses of gaseous nebulae. They condense into smaller and brighter objects. Condensation continues for countless ages, and each becomes a sun. Heat ever escapes, each sun passes its zenith of glory and dies. If a dead sun happens to be drawn into an orbit around a living one, the body so drawn in becomes a planet, and may become inhabited, and undoubtedly will if water appears. Finally both planet and sun expire, and the lifeless planet will still make circuit around its frigid sun and count off useless years—unless there is a resisting medium in space. If so, the revolving world will wind down a spiral and riochet on the surface of the central sun, the impacts liberating heat again.

The only hope of reanimation of dead suns and ruined worlds is by wholesale collisions where these bodies by the billion rush to a common center and generate heat enough to dissipate all back to the original corpuscular state again. Countless suns are now seen to be dying from loss of heat, and from motion seen in some notable stars, it is coming to be realized that the quantity of matter now stored in dead worlds is greatly in excess

of that in the living. The whole sidereal edifice has been graphed on more than 25,000 plates, in pursuance of the act of the Congress of Astronomers in Paris in 1887. Many of the stellar images on these have been counted under microscopes. If all have the same average, the total number of stars appearing will fall between 100,000,000 and 125,000,000. But assign to each of these any mass within bounds of reason, then by the laws of gravity and motion, it can be shown that they contain only a minute fraction of the entire quantity of existing matter. Hence dark worlds are immensely more numerous than those that are active, giving out heat and light. So that those now shining are mere funereal tapers, lighting up the cheerless and melancholy pathways of ancient suns and forsaken worlds. That part of nature within reach of the best telescopes is of inconceivable antiquity and magnitude. The first and amazing fact encountered by astronomers is that of the interminable space round about. For the nearest neighboring sun to ours is 25 million million miles away, and others are a hundred, yea, a thousand times more distant. In the evolution of suns, so far as science can now see, heat was the first to appear in condensing matter, unless indeed electricity, or "cold" light preceded it. Primordial absolute zero, beside which frozen hydrogen and solid blocks of air appear warm, preceded activity. At all events light succeeds heat. Moisture appeared late in evolution. Then tardy life came upon cool worlds, and that evanescent transitory and ephemeral, ultimate and final refinement of matter—mind—was the last to appear in the midst of the tremendous cosmic scene. It cannot exist long, for such worlds as the earth are habitable for an hour or a day only, compared with the duration of a structural universe of matter. So mind and life will be the first to vanish. Absolute zero of temperature is the normal condition of matter and space. For when primordial matter was so attenuated that a volume of it of the size of the earth only contained enough to weigh 127 pounds, it did not retain heat. So heat, light, life and mind appear to be mere episodes in cosmic fluctuations and surging of matter. Astrophysic has shown the earth's place in nature. The dust, of which easily 1,000,000 particles are lying on the page of the Overland Monthly, are each as large in proportion to the thickness and area of the magazine, or of the cubical space of the room in which the reader may be, as is the earth to that portion of space included within the envelope of stars at the extreme limit of vision in the 40-inch telescope. These stars are of the seventeenth magnitude, and from photometric observations it is almost certain that they are at least so far distant that light traveling with the known speed of 186,000 miles per second, requires 15,000 years to come hither. This makes the sphere of suns visible in the Lick and Yerkes glasses, 30,000 light years in diameter. The particles of dust, 1,000,000 to the page, are too large. So now, astrophysics has demonstrated its extreme value, for man for the first time on earth knows the earth's place and his own.

The Inclined Railway.

Neither Suphis, the monarch builder of Egypt, nor Rameses II., did a greater work than the inclined railway up Echo Mountain. Engineers and railroad contractors from all parts of the world pronounce it to be a model of high-class engineering. Its length is 3,000 feet and vertical ascent of 1325 feet, with grades of 45, 48, 55 and 62 per cent. Two white chariots balance on one endless steel wire cable, the car Rubio being down, and Echo invisible at the top, to the left of Hotel Chalet in the cut. There are three rails with two cars which pass automatically half way up at the switch, which is shown. The great motors are at the top, and are actuated by electricity, brought from the Santa Ana river 90 miles away. The current comes to Pasadena on three wires at a pressure of 33,000 volts, with 50 cycles. Here it is stepped to 2,200 volts and sent to the power house on Echo Mountain, where its potential is again lowered to the usual railway pressure, and made direct by a general electric company 20 ampere induction motor. In case this circuit should fail, there are dynamos at the foot of the incline in the building to the left, turned by two Pelton wheels, run by water from

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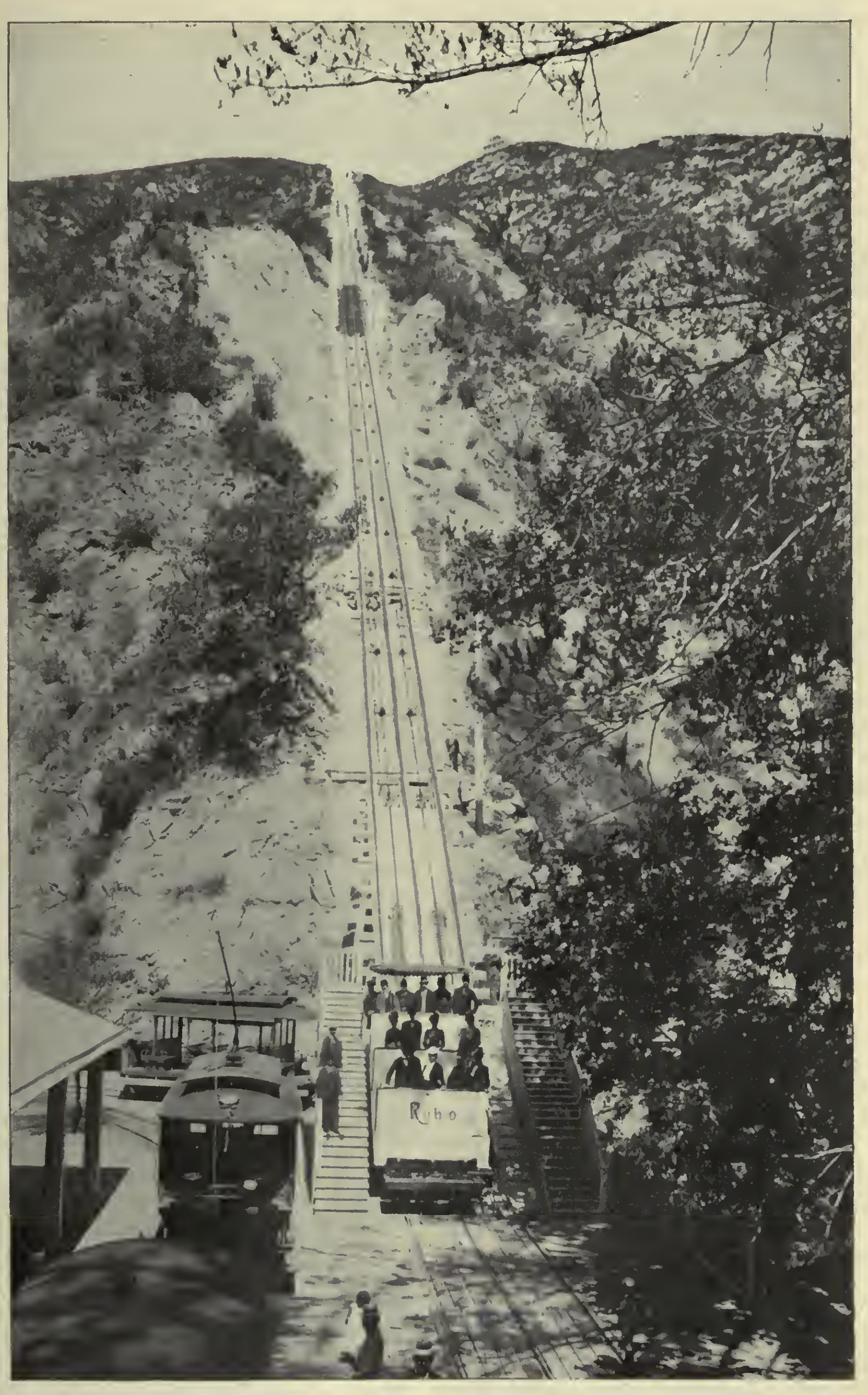

Echo Mountain inclined railway.

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a reservoir near the observatory, 1,500 feet above. The pressure is terrific, and the struggle of the water to escape its narrow prison, the half-inch nozzle, the hissing and trembling and throbbing of the pent-up force, are impressive. The escaping water has more the appearance of a solid rod of metal than a thin liquid, and would instantly take the life of a man if it struck squarely over the lungs.

The white chariots, Echo and Rubio, making ascent in eight minutes, lift the startled tourist from the gloom lowering in the canyon below to a stupendous transformation scene above. If, as often happens in the rainy season, clouds extend from the depths of the canyon to half the height of the incline—then language—spoken or written—or brush or pencil of artist are impotent to portray the marvelous change that awaits the traveler. Unrivaled splendors burst upon the startled eyes; and not the sumptuous transformation of scene-painters, nor wand of magician, nor witchery of optical illusion, nor spell of enchantress, can equal it.

Under the great tree to the right, at the foot of the incline, is the mouth of Rubio Canyon hewn in primeval porphyritic rock. It is a rift or gorge in the mountains formed on that auspicious day when good Dame Nature lifted up old Sierra Madre's range, through the bottom of an ancient sea. It extends to a depth of 1,000 feet under the hotel, and continues in sinuous course to the observatory where its depth is 670 feet. This canyon is wild, and within its jaws nature at first frightens, and threatens to hurl chaotic rocks upon the explorer, and then pleases, dispels fear and woos with ferns, flowers and trailing vines—with cool streams and miniature whirlpools, until one arrives by winding stairs to the foot of Rubio falls, 100 feet in height. The peaks to the east of the observatory are rightly named Echo Mountains. They repeat all that is spoken to them, and if one stands in the right place he hears seven echoes. The colossal walls met with a surprise last spring. The great singer, Calve, came and sang and poured forth her wealth of song. The startled rocks were taken all unawares, and at first, were abashed. For nameless centuries they had not heard sound save that of hoarse notes of raging elemental war. Their chagrin and discomfiture remained for a moment only, when they relaxed their stony throats, and answering, gave back all the marvelous tones.

The great circular bridge far above the observatory on the road to Mount Lowe is also a marvel of engineering. The view from Lowe Observatory is one of beauty and magnificence. The land area visible is 900 square miles. In every direction the land is arranged in squares and parallelograms, planted to oranges, lemons, apricots, olives, prunes, peaches, figs, nectarines, almonds, grapes, and walnuts. Kaleidoscopic changes of color succeed in the flowers and leaves throughout the year. The green is perpetual. The entire valley is a scene of intense activity from Christmas to May, gathering, packing and shipping oranges and lemons. In summer the apricot harvest is a sight to behold, and in autumn it is difficult to secure workers to gather the tons of grapes. The writer dare not attempt to describe the climate. One must live here to form any conception of its loveliness. The extensive ocean front is being transformed into a continuous summer resort for miles, as fast as money and men can build cottages, bath houses, wharves, walks and everything else, like Atlantic City, Long Branch, and all other Eastern beaches. Cloud effects on Mt. Lowe in the rainy period are a never ending source of wonder. Thus one may be reading near a window in bright sunshine. Suddenly the printed page grows dim, a cloud has condensed in space round the building and against the window pane. Sunsets have been attempted by artists, and also by able writers, who handle words as one would sticks and stones, but both find their powers begin to fail and wane. When the entire land and sea are covered with clouds, say from 100 to 1000 feet below the observatory, the top layer is simply indescribable in its supernal glory. It is then the sun is supreme in its inconceivable majesty and splendor, for the earth is invisible. And again, it is no occasion for surprise that our own great ancestors—the Aryans—worshiped

Cloud effects above Mt. Lowe.

the solar globe.

A most appalling electric storm raged here during four hours on the night of June 10, 1902. No rain fell. It was a remarkable conflict of lightning and riven peaks. Terrific flashes of chain lightning burst forth from inky clouds at the rate of two per minute during the four eventful hours. The thunders of Gettysburg and Chicamauga roared and crashed round the frightened summits and bellowed to the lowest canyon's depths. The awful turbulence of Mont Pelee was repeated, perhaps as far as electricity could imitate that upheaval. Lightning was seen to strike peaks many times. One bolt fell close to the observatory, and one struck the Chalet Hotel. The vast cloud masses came from the northeast. After bombarding the mountain for three hours, the entire mass moved southwest and became depressed perhaps a thousand feet. This had the effect of making the center of the storm appear to be on a level with the observatory, with the astonishing experience of beholding the top and side of a terrible battle of electricity. The sinister monster—the widening cloud—spread over Pasadena and Los Angeles. The explosions of electricity were almost continuous with each streak of lightning vertical. It seemed that both cities were doomed to certain destruction. This display, awful in its grandeur, kept up for one hour, then moved away, and hurled its furious rage upon the sea and rushed towards that bulwark, the mountain island of Catalina. No damage was sustained by either city, while a slight but welcome rain fell.

November Meteors.

The literature of the world recounts the glories of the shower of meteors as seen at Niagara Falls on November 13, 1833. But whatever splendors were beheld there, they could not be more magnificent than the impressive display on this silent and solitary peak from midnight to dawn on November 15, 1901. It was a fire of shot and shell, from one to five per minute—a celestial battle—entirely without sound. This intense silence made the scene one of the utmost sublimity, and the effect on one's mind cannot be conveyed to another. Swords, scimaters and flashing spears were thrust against a hundred lightning-scarred and sand-sculptured summits. Vast bombs, aimed at peaks, burst into glittering fragments, only to be succeeded by others, some aimed, so it seemed, directly at the white dome of the observatory. Others shot with terrific speed into the wilderness of electric lights in the slumbering city below, and still others hurled them-

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selves into the sea, or sought to throw down the battlements of Santa Monica mountains in the distant west, or disrupt the walls of Catalina in the south. Of course, these effects were due to perspective, not one being, doubtless, within fifty miles of the earth. The wondrous apparition was on display until the advancing splendors of the sun came on and put out the light of all lesser glories. During this memorable shower, 661 meteors of all sizes were counted. The writer was alone in the majestic solitude, and therefore saw at the most only one-fourth of the entire fall. Referring again to the impressive silence, it is well to say that it makes powerful impress on the mind. At the midnight hour, the stillness is so profound, that by a slight excess of mental imagery, one might think he heard sound issuing forth from the axis of the earth in its turning. Nature sets up opposition everywhere and it is a study to see the rivalry between the humming birds and bees for honey on the mountain slopes, laden with their burdens of flowers. So, to geologists, biologists, entomologists, botanists, mineralogists, microscopists, metereologists, naturalists, lovers of nature in her most splendid forms and modes, students of the sea, growers of fruit, engineers, electricians, railroad builders, mountain climbers, explorers, spectroscopists, photographers, artists and astronomers, it is said, come to this wondrous place—Echo Mountain. For :

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her various forms,
She speaks a various language."

But she speaks not in more tongues than here; strange dialects of nature—speech seem to come up from the canyons, and new words of wisdom from the mountain walls. Nature teaches in the midnight hour, and repeats her lesson until solar glories appear in the East. Runic writings, Egyptian glyphs and Cuneiform script are everywhere impressed on plants, in the canyon's abyss, on the mountain sides, in the vale below, and amid the labyrinths of space between the stars above. And had Bret Harte, that lover of nature in all her varying moods, whether lowly or magnificent—California modes—which he made his own; had that poet of nature, who sang of her splendors amid "the pines by the sea," or "in the valley below," or beheld some nature-glory "across the distant unfathomable reach," stood here at sunset point on the canyon's brink, to see a day die; had Bret Harte been here on this summit in fairyland when lightning flashed, or meteors shot across the midnight sky, or had he listened to the voices of nature in the night, issuing forth from gaping canyons or granite walls, had he been here, he would have found words to convey impress of the amazing scenes to other and waiting minds. For did he not bring pre-historic time to the present when he sang of a cone from one of the gigantic trees of Mariposa, a "Brown foundling of the Western wood, Babe of primeval wilderness.

Long on my table hast thou stood
As though ten centuries were not
Imprisoned in thy shining case."

And this—rivaling Burns—in the poem "Hearts Ease:"

"By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell
The delicate thought that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters in the air.
The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrad-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed."

LOWE OBSERVATORY.

Echo Mountain, Cal., August 1902.

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DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS

NO attempt is made in the few pages following to give a complete list of the men and women of distinction who were contributors to the old Overland Monthly. The portraits of Anton Roman, founder of the Overland Monthly; John H. Carmany, its second publisher; Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, president of Carnegie Institute and for years associate editor of the Overland Monthly; Hon. Irving M. Scott, president of the Union Iron Works; Warren Cheney; Noah Brooks; Joaquin Miller; Charles S. Green; Rounsevelle Wildman; Millicent W. Shinn; Frederick M. Stocking; Benjamin P. Avery; Professor Edgar L. Larkin, and many others of importance appear in other sections of this magazine. The portraits which follow are of some of the persons whose individuality has made the history of the Overland Monthly—Charles Warren Stoddard, who with Brooks, Harte and Roman, furnished the inspiration for the Overland Monthly; Ina Coolbrith, who was considered by Harte the sweetest note in California literature, and his judgment has not been belied by her contributions to publications of both Harte's time and our own; Henry George, the foundation-thought of whose single-tax was laid in this magazine; Leland Stanford, who supported Harte and his periodical as liberally as it was his wont to support California brains and education; Samuel L. Clemens, of the old Overland Monthly coterie; Jack London, whose Klondike stories first came to notice through our pages; John S. Hittell, historian; A S. Halladie, inventor of the street car cable; Captain Charles M. Scammon, scientist; Josephine Clifford McCrackin; J W. Gally, whose story, "Big Jack Small," sold many editions of the Overland Monthly; Col. John C. Cremony and Prof. Charles Howard Shinn.—EDITOR.

Two portraits of Charles Warren Stoddard as he appeared at the time of the Overland Monthly's founding.

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Ina Coolbrith, poet.

Senator Leland Stanford, financier and statesman.

Jack London, novelist.

Henry George, economist.

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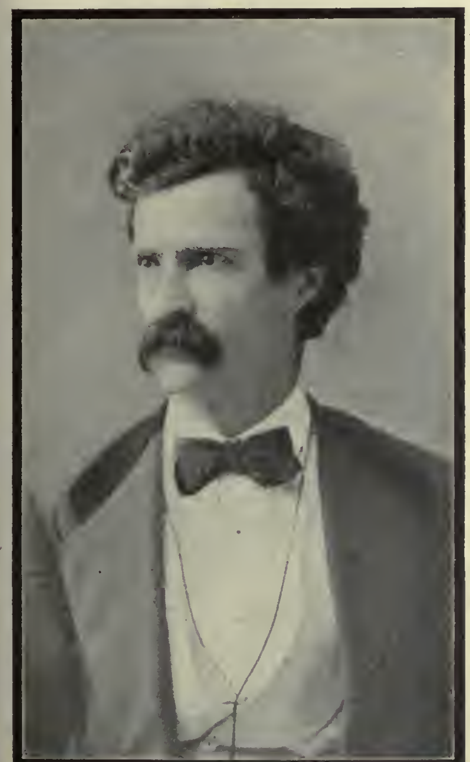
John S. Hittell, historian.

A. S. Hallidie, inventor of the street car cable.



Captain Charles M. Scammon, scientist.

Samuel L. Clemens, humorist. (From an old photograph.)

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Josephine Clifford McCrackin, assistant under Harte.

J. W. Gally, author of "Big Jack Small."

John C. Cremony, pioneer, explorer.

Charles Howard Shinn, scientist.

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Mark Twain.

(From a Pen Sketch by Guptill.)

THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS

BY MARK TWAIN

With an Introductory and Explanatory Note by J. G. H.

THE following reminiscence is by a well-known citizen of San Francisco, who is also a pioneer and knew personally the managers and editors of the old pioneer magazine which Lieutenant Derby made so famous with his writings under the names of Suibot and John Phenox. The gentleman in question was also intimately acquainted with F. C. Ewer and Bret Harte when they were connected with the editorial management of the Overland Monthly.

Regarding the origin of Mark Twain's story entitled "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras," the gentleman makes the following statement:

"Some time in the latter part of the '60's, I wished to see R. D. Swain, who was then the Superintendent of the Mint in this city. Bret Harte at that time was

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his secretary. Upon entering the office I found that Mr. Swain was engaged and while waiting for him Mark Twain came into the room. Mr. Clemens had just arrived in San Francisco from Nevada City, where a few days before he had witnessed the most curious jumping contest between two frogs under the auspices of their respective trainers and in the presence of a numerous throng of spectators from all the mining camps around. While Mark Twain was telling the story Mr. Swain opened the door of his private office and asked me to step inside.

"I remarked, 'Come out here, Swain, I want you to listen to this.'

"Mr. Swain accordingly joined our circle, and Clemens began his story anew. The story was told in an inimitable manner, and its auditors were convulsed with laughter. He described the actions of the trainers and by-standers, and used many expressions and colloquialisms which they had used. I think the story was more laughable as Mr. Clemens told it to us on that occasion than the one which afterwards appeared in print, as the sayings and doings of the trainers and onlookers were indescribably funny. When the story was completed Bret Harte told Mr. Clemens, as soon as he had recovered a little from the laughter which the story had occasioned, and which was immoderate, that if he would write that account half as well as he had told it, it would be the funniest story ever written. Mark Twain took his advice, the story was put into manuscript form and afterwards printed in the Golden Era. It attracted immediate attention, and has been pronounced one of the best short humorous stories extant."

The story has been translated into many languages and is always included in the "Mark Twain Collection of Short Stories."

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as I was requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscences of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as

men of transcendent genius and finesse. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"There was a feller here once by tne name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Anyway, what suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he'd bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he would bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed if they weren't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well I'll resk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They always used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air and sometimes out to one side, amongst the fences and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

"And he had a little small bull-pup that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look onery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw 'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine wicked, you hear me. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a

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snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it didn't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things till you couldn't rest, couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he calc'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, come down flat-footed and all right like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said that all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker 'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he had been doin' any more 'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on the dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box and says: 'What might it be that you've got in the box?'

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like: 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says: 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?'

"'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

The feller took the box again and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate: 'Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better 'n any other frog.'

"'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. "'Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like: 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I'd had a frog I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says: 'That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my

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box a minute I'll go and get a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and give him to his feller, and says:

"'Now, if you're ready, set him along side of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says 'One-two-three-git!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate: 'Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better 'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head, and looking down at Dan'l a long time. At last he says: 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says: 'Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pounds!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him, and——"

Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted. And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Jest set where you are, stranger and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond, Jim Smiley, would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and re-commenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

Lacking both the time and inclination I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

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MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE

BY L. D. VENTURA.

THE men on whom should have devolved the duty of popularizing Italian literature, and the obligation of keeping alive the interest for it, as a fair exchange for what Italian scholars do in keeping the Italians informed with the literary movement of America, are the professors of Italian language and literature in American universities.

To begin with, I do not know of any university of America, where, to-day, a chair of Italian is filled by an Italian man, and at any rate, I fail to find that they have done what was expected of them, either in the popularization of the Italian language, or in the widespreading of literature, thus sticking, at least, to the lines which have become legendary—namely, classics and philology. My assertions may seem too bold: to investigate the cause is too painful to me.

Early Portrait of D' Annunzio.

Still, it cannot be denied that, existing, as there is, a great feeling of sympathy on the part of Americans toward customs, civilizations, and all matters pertaining to Italy, the analysis of the conditions both material and intellectual, of modern Italy, would have added a great deal to the knowledge and to the competition in the struggle toward perfection of men. Here and there we hear a vague echo of what is going on in Florence, Rome, Milan; now of one author, then of another. The books written about Italy are few; and the books of merit written in Italy very seldom have the good fortune to be translated. "Daniele Cortis" by A. Fogazzaro is one of the rare exceptions, as are the translations of G. Carducci's poems, which had not a popular sale in America.

There came a man to this country in the early thirties, A. Gallenga, who under the assumed name of L. Mariotti, landed in New York. Political vicissitudes made an exile of him, and poverty a teacher of languages. Gallenga was a man of great erudition, an enthusiast, a patriot. In a book published by J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, under the title "Episodes of My Second Life," he gave an account of his peripatetic teaching and his adventures through the United States. Under the name of Mariotti he lectured a great deal in Boston, and among the literary people of New England cut a figure.

But circumstances happen to be such that Dante, Ariosto, Petrarca, and Tasso were chiefly the authors he tried to popularize in America. Still, his work was

Matilde Serao.

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interesting, considering that he was a pioneer, and not entirely out of place. After him Luigi Monti, the Sicilian friend of Longfellow, and V. Botta, who lived a long time in New York, were considered the oracles of Italian literature in this country. Times had changed since Mariotti left for England, where he resumed his real name and became popular and rich as a writer for the "Times," but Monti continued to trade on Dante chiefly, on the other three great poets mildly, and Botta identified himself with American politics, only occasionally delivering a speech in behalf of perfunctory Italian affairs. This worthy apotheosis of Dante, praiseworthy in itself, had been in my opinion a drawback to the progress and to the interests of modern Italy, in America. L. Monti was unable to check the fad of reading Dante in Italian—the reading of Dante in Italian by people ignorant, or not even approximately acquainted with the spoken language, has been fatal to Italian literature in its results.

Dante stands before scholars as a two-faced miracle. First: he was the vulgarigator of Latin into what we must consider a wonderful Italian for his times; in this respect he will always appeal to the philologist; second: he was a great mind, and the living urn in which wisdom, traditions, inborn principles, knowledge, and sentiment were blended. His language is no more accepted, while his great mind has been penetrated and unfolded by his translators—White, Norton, Longfellow, and others.

The difficulty of the subject he deals

Paulo Fambri.

with, and the uselessness of reading Dante in the original, have brought this logical deduction: we do not understand Dante (some say they do.) If he is the best author, then what is the use to bother with the minor authors? The students who come from the university have, in my experience, an irreverent smattering of classical erudition about foreign authors, and an absolute ignorance of the duty every scholar has of using his own tongue in as many idioms as he can; to get into the arena of life, in order to exchange ideas.

In the year 1887 William D. Howells, to his many contributions to the intellectual altar, added his book, "Modern Italian Poets," in the preface of which he declared that this book was the outgrowth of studies made twenty years

G. Salvadori.

Giovanni Pascoli.

Severino Ferrari.

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Ferdinando Martini.

before, when he was American Consul in Venice, and that these studies had been contributed fitfully, as he found the mood and the time for them. The list of the Italian poets reviewed by Mr. Howells are Alfieri, Monti, Foscolo, Manzoni, Grossi, Niccolini, Leopardi, Giusti Dalto, 'Ongaro, Prati, Aleardi. We cannot blame Mr. Howells if, intentionally or not, he omitted some men in his list; on the contrary, we must thank him for having initiated, under book form, a movement into a field so vast in its proportion, almost leading me to discouragement because of limited space.

When I landed in Boston in 1883 I was confronted by a big Dante wall—there existed but one man, Dante, and never had been but one—Dante. I took the bull by the horns and ventured to speak of Carducci as the most perfect outspring of Dante in wisdom, in force, and in purity of style and of language which should have been, as it was the logical consequence of the study of Dante.

The men of whom Williams D. Howells had written in the book mentioned above had already brought the language to a state of perfection, and dealt with different literary expressions appealing more vividly to the intelligence of a larger and more catholic number of readers. Without speaking of the essence, but confining myself to the form of their language, I endeavored to show how Leopardi and Manzoni wrote in such a way as to make their language for centuries to come not only classic, but lasting. Begging indulgence for the intrusion of my personality in this short paper, I must, however, state that I undertook the popularization of modern Italian literature as my own field of work, amazed at the fact that, before me, it had not been done, and never suspecting that the example should be so little followed, or if followed, so done rather by Americans than by Italians.

As a contribution from modern Italy to letters, in parallel with the four Italian poets of the past, I lectured, and have classed four moderns: Carducci, Cavallotti, Itecchetti, and Fucini. Carducci, who is a professor of Italian literature at the University of Bologna, fills the Dantesque chair. He wrote many poems under the nom de plume of Enotrio Romano, his "Levia Grovia" having made his triumphant entry in the literary arena. His studies on Dante, his "Confessioni e Battaglie," "Eterno Femminino Regale," "Vite e Ritralli," "Il Libro delle Prefazioni," and an enormous amount of work of the same kind as that with

Leopoldo Marenco.

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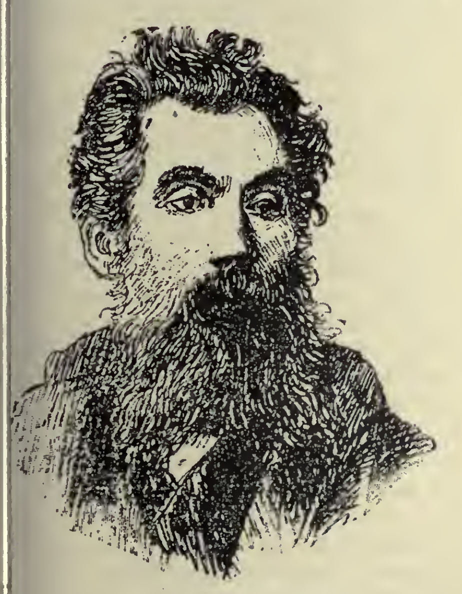
hich the late Professor Child of Harırd enriched American literature, made m famous. Carducci attracted from ıe very beginning the attention of the ermans, and not a single line written y him has not been translated in their nguage. He is an Italian not only inpired by the Greeks, but who drank Greek sources. He was more fortune than Leopardi, whose literary work as handicapped by the illness which ıortened his life. An ardent Republcan, Carducci fell on his knees before ıe sublime incarnation of the modern eatrice in the person of Queen Margherа of Savoy. By her he has always een encouraged and spurred, and but few months have passed since she ought his library of 30,000 volumes, anuscripts, and correspondence, leavg to him its use for life, the same to e disposed of in behalf of the Univerty of Bologna after his death.

Cavallotti died about three years ago. fter the demise of G. Berchet, he was onsidered the most patriotic singer of aly. He wrote a considerable amount patriotic poetry, following the ethods of Tirteus, and he translated irteus and Sapho, showing as Carducci d, his perfect understanding of the reek language and the spirit of its literature. The work of Cavallotti was

G. Carducci.

grouped into two special classes of lyrics: one was called "Sogni e Scherzi," including miscellaneous poems; the other "Baltaglie," containing those upon political topics. The latter especially contributed to his fame. For the theatre he wrote always in verse, too. "Limo di Miele," "Cantico de Cantici," "I Messeni," "Alcibiade," are his best-known plays. All his work is inspired by love of liberty and love of Italy. In politics he was at the head of the advanced Republican party, and very few of his parliamentary battles were not salved by subsequent duels. After thirty-two victories he died the victim of the last duel he fought. Incidentally I shall say that his literary labor—and his political credo—with a decided bend toward extremism, has been taken up as an inheritance by a strong man, G. Bovio, the author of "Christ at the Feast of the Purim"—and an Hellenist of incomparable force.

Lorenzo Stecchetti was the poetical initiator of the new realistic school in Italy. His real name is Olindo Guerin, and he occupies the position of Librarian at the Public Library of Bologna. By a crafty device he drew the eyes of the public to his first book, "Postuma," pretending that the poems were published after their author's death. A biography of the deceased was even given in the preface, and following that, the critics and the public began to lament



Valentino Carrera.

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Parmenio Bettoli.

We have still the women to account for. Perhaps thirty capital writers, and twenty more are worthy of consideration. Of the men F. Martini is almost unknown in America. He deserved better. Perhaps a consolation for him would be the fact that very few authors with the exception of De Amicis, Verga Barrili, Buti, Fogazzaro, Ciampoli, De Renzis, Farina, are as popular at home as is he. The novel in Italy has not been written wholly with the purpose of making money—as a profession—and when I speak of the novel I state the same fact for whatever is produced in literature and in art. Barrili, who is in the prime of life, and De Renzis, now dead, were men of means and of aristocratic lineage. L. Gualdo belonged to one of the old Marchesi Antici families. Boito, who must not be omitted, and the Duke Proto di Maddaloni are rich men. These men wrote for the sake of art; had plenty of leisure and were both as diligent in their task as though their daily bread depended upon the beauty of their production.

The Italian men whom I have just mentioned come from different States and provinces of Italy; they have each one their own individuality, and, as Alberto Mario well said: "There is as much difference between the individuality of a Venetian and that of a Sicilian, between a Piedmontese and a Tuscan, as there is between a Swede and a Portuguese." The production of these authors is then the means of revealing Italians to each other, and as they try to depict the conditions of affairs in their own centers, the work they have done and do, having for aim the suppression of an abuse, or the need of a social reform, have helped to a considerable degree the work of the legislator. A worthy young writer has said that the stories of Verga and of D'Annunzio did more toward showing the Italians how their brothers of Sicily and of the Abruzzi live than all the official reports, and that "Terra Vergine," which made such a stir twenty-four years ago, was a book that did not contradict its title. It is true that there arose a crowd of imitators of the men mentioned by me, and others whose names do not come to my recollection now, who took into their heads to write novels without life experience, or who lacked the natural gift of choosing the pregnant moment. Hence the exaggeration which gives the enemies of the new school opportunity to wage war with the weapon of ridicule, and to criticise alike the good and the bad.

The two authors who have had the honor of more translations in foreign tongues are Verga and Farina among men; Matilde Serao among the women; after a long life of struggle and of high-class production, Madame Speratz, who writes under the nom de plume "Bruno Sperani," has finally reached the goal, and her books have lately been translated for the "Figaro" and other Parisian papers. Verga, whose novels have been published in English by Harpers Brothers, is wholly a realist: Farina less decidedly so: but one may say that they pursue the same aim, though by different roads. The only substantial difference between these two authors consists in the fact that while Verga sets himself aside, he does not pass judgment in his works, but simply describes. Farina, on the contrary, claims the right of judgment and of making observations in the abstract. The former, by painting minutely, gives food for thought to the reader and leads him to theorize; the latter spares him largely this fatigue. One follows the method of Zola, the

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We have become indifferent since the days of Athens to dog tails; d'Annunzio has spared the dog, but has not omitted one single occasion, decent or indecent, to advertise himself. We cannot deny d'Annunzio's scholarship. His mastery of the Italian language, his fervid imagination, his versatility, are prodigious. His books, "Iaotta-Guttadauro," "Intermezzo," "Terra Vergine," "Episcopo," etc. were the signal of the birth of a prophet in literature. His early work is enough to keep his name from falling into oblivion and to point at him as the best stylist of Italian of the day; but I wonder if his novels, as was the case with the latter novels of Guy de Maupassant, will not bring forth and apply to him this Dantesque paraphrasis: "He said things of which better it is to be silent."

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People who have read considerably about Matilde Serao believe that she is the only literary woman of Italy. This is not the case. Matilde Serao, who be-

Giuseppe Giacosa.

gan her career as a reporter for the "Piccolo di Napoli," was born in Greece of an Italian father, a journalist of merit, and of a Greek lady of the princely house of the Scondia of Trebizonde. The mother of Matilde was a woman of fine attainments and educated at the American college of Mr. and Mrs. Hills, pioneers of the American school in that remote region. She came to Naples after her mother's death, and was for three years a telegraph operator at sixty cents a day. Possessed of a vivid imagination and a very good education, she dared the first to enter into the journalistic field as a woman reporter in Italy.

"Fiori di Pasione," "Cuore Inufermo," "La Conquisto di Roma," "Fantasio," "Il Romanzo della Fancuillo," "Alt'erta Sentinella," "Il Ventre di Napoli," are the works which made her famous. Her novels have almost all been translated into French, and she stands to-day with greater *raison d'etre* than d'Annunzio at the head of the celebrated and recognized Italian writers.

Henry James wrote for the February

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number of 1901 of the North American Review a long study on Serao. Ada Negri, a poet like Mrs. D'Ambrosio of Germany, has not only been praised, but has attained the pinnacle of force. She has a bent for sentimentality and a leaning toward social problems. It is true that she does not solve them, but her vigcrous style and invectives against the privileged classes have found an echo in the heart of many. She lives in a secluded little town near Milan, teaching and writing verses—which we must consider a sincere expression of her sincere feelings.

The other women who have done well in the world of letters are Laura Pierontoni Mancini, Signora Torelli Violler, Maria Foganeti Rapisardi, Emma Radius, Liproso Terretti, Ida Baccini, Signora Speratz, Bruno Speroni—perhaps the strongest mind, after Matilde Serao—Signorina Curci, Carolina Invernizzo and Signora Villari. These women, not like the men, write in solitude, each one by herself. We have in Italy a very limited number of sensational novels due to the talent of women. They know well that the country must be redeemed by labor, by the uplifting of the ideas, and they accomplish their missionary work with patience and zeal. America, in her wonderful, noble literary manifestations through the women, has been closely watched in our country. We deem just and useful that a glance might be thrown by American writers over the intellectual feast that Italian men and women have spread to the view of the world at large, and that the study of the language createa by Dante, beautified by Leopardi and Manzoni, rendered perfect by D'Annunzio and the others I have named might be cultivated, and bring forth the blending of those ideas which

Pietro Cossa.

make universal the Republic of Letters.

In concert there is a foe we all must fight—pessimism—and we have another element to blend with our ideal—patriotism. This may produce in art the same results as in science: he who attempts to combat it may meet perchance with a temporary success, but he will, certainly, be doing nothing praiseworthy or lasting. It is the great thirst for novelty, the great mania for the unknown, which leads the public to books, which makes it read voraciously, and ask eagerly for more. Even light literature offers an aim to him who is able to grasp the idea and clothe it anew with fair forms. If he makes a complete work of art in whatever country he may live, in whatever corner of the earth he may seek to depict the passing moment, he is worthy of being called brother by all those who with pen or by word of mouth work together in the great cause of truth, not seeking by means of that divine spark, the intellect, to interrupt the pre-destined ways of civilization.

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Bret Harte in Humboldt

BY CHARLES A. MURDOCK

IN July, 1855, it was my good fortune to be transplanted from New England to Arcata (then known as Uniontown) on Humboldt Bay, whither my father had gone in 1850.

It must have been in 1857 that Francis Bret Harte came there to visit his half-sister, Mrs. Henry B. Wyman, a woman of unusual wit and intelligence, who had taught a private school previous to her marriage.

He was an interesting young man, evidently well educated, of refined tastes, and with a keen sense of humor. He seemed to like Humboldt, and after his visit stayed on, though there was very little occupation for a person of his attainments and characteristics.

He was not averse to any kind of work, but his physique and training unfitted him for hard manual labor. I saw him one day digging fence holes and setting posts, and he was finding it hard work with doubtful results. He lived for some time with a large farmer on the bay shore, acting as tutor for his son.

About this time the public spirit of the town was aroused in an ambition to sustain a weekly paper. The county-seat had been removed to Eureka, across the bay, and the Humboldt Times, the only paper in the county, had followed. By dint of considerable effort the "Northern Californian" was started. The principal owners were Mr. Stephen G. Whipple, who became its editor, and my father. A competent printer was secured. He was able to do the composition and the presswork, but he needed a helper. Some one who could help distribute type, and who on Tuesday and Friday could ink the forms on the Washington hand-press when the "foreman" pulled off the respective outside and inside forms of the paper. This place had attraction for me, but there was another applicant for the position, and as he seemed to want it and to need it more than I did, I gave way, and Bret Harte became the "printer's devil" of the one-man office.

He was apt, and soon knew the cases. Rolling forms was not very arduous labor, since the edition was quite limited, and he had leisure that he employed in writing bright locals and miscellaneous sketches. In addition to his other duties he soon was made assistant editor. and if files of the short-lived paper were preserved considerable good work will be found bearing his hall-mark.

He wrote easily and humorously, and particularly enjoyed satirical hits at the rival paper across the bay. We saw a great deal of him socially at this time. He was fond of a game of whist, and spent many evenings at our house. He was genial and witty, but rather quiet and reserved. He was fond of a practical joke and something of a tease.

A sensitive school-teacher had married a very well-to-do Englishman, who never failed to misplace his aspirates. One evening Harte skillfully brought the conversation to songs and innocently mentioned "Kathleen Mavourneen," saying with great apparent candor, "I don't remember the words. How does it begin?" The Englishman rose to the bait and exclaimed: "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," whereat the eyes of the ex-school-teacher flashed, while Harte's twinkled.

He was not especially popular, as he was thought to be fastidious, and to hold himself aloof from "the general," but he was simply a self-respecting, gentlemanly fellow, with quiet tastes and a keen insight into character. He was no roisterer and his habits were clean. He appreciated all that was congenial and was too independent and indifferent to

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curry favor or to counterfeit a liking.

That he was clever in turning a verse even in those early days may be inferred by the following lines written in the album of a young girl of his acquaintance:

"A Rose thrown on the drifting tide
That laughs along the tinkling brook,
Though here and there it idly glide,
Finds rest within some sheltered nook.

And thus some heart tossed on the stream
Of time—impelled by passion's breeze,
And folly's breath—may find a dream
Of Hope—upon thy breast—Elise!

F. B. H."

He naturally outgrew his surroundings and craved greater opportunity. In 1859 he came to San Francisco and began his distinctly literary career in the office of the Golden Era. Of his connection with The Californian, and his subsequent "discovery" through his happy hits in the Overland Monthly the world is well advised. So far as I am aware his first appearance in any magazine was in October, 1863, when the Atlantic Monthly contained a clever sketch, entitled: "The Legend of Monte Diablo."

Bret Harte was something more than a versatile and clever writer. His powers were confined to a comparatively narrow range, but within that range he showed positive genius. He originated. He was a pioneer in interpreting frontier life in terms of true literature. He had the poetic faculty. He was a true humorist, but in the short story he found the fleece of Colchos, and proved himself the representative Argonaut.

The marvel of his achievement is that he gained the impressions and practically gathered the material for the work that made him famous before he was twenty-one years of age. He must have had power of appreciation, sympathy, absorption, alike in kind to that which made Shakespeare the greatest genius of all time. It was not great in degree, but it gave to him the ability through observation to interpret an interesting phase of life with fidelity, and yet with something more than fidelity. He was no bare realist, no literary photographer—he touched the scene and the life he depicted with the artist's power, and it glowed, a thing of beauty.

The vein he struck was narrow, and he worked it on all its levels, some of which were well-nigh barren of ore, but when one considers the sum total of his work, most of which centers in the inspiration he received in his early youth, one can but give him high place among the gifted of his time.

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The IDEALS of LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY

By Dr. David Starr Jordan, President

ON October 1st, it will be exactly eleven years since the Leland Stanford, Jr., University first opened its doors to students. At that time a New York newspaper expressed the belief that "the need of another university in California was about as great as that of an asylum for decayed sea-captains in Switzerland." It was predicted that the professors would for years to come lecture to empty benches.

This satirical prophet has been found without honor in California. The facts are all against him. On the opening day there were 465 students in attendance. Provision had been made for 500, and it was expected that this number would be attained, not in a single year, but in three or four. Each year for six years from 400 to 500 new students were enrolled, and each year since 1894, nearly two hundred students have been graduated. During the past year these same class-rooms, prepared for five hundred students, have done duty for 1300. The coming year will mark the completion of three-fourths of the outer quadrangle in addition to the new chemical and engineering laboratories, and will provide for the needed expansion of working space. The university will then be ready to enter upon a new era of growth.

Of the 1300 students last year at Palo Alto, 450 have been young women and 850 young men. Of these, 1047 have been from California, representing 48 counties. The others are from 37 States and territories of the Union, with a considerable number from Japan, Mexico and Canada. These numbers change somewhat from year to year, but the relative proportions do not greatly change. It is evident, therefore, that the new university has met with, or at least created, a genuine demand on the part of California and of the country as a whole. It does not belong to the category of Switzerland's asylum for mariners. It is a real thing with real purposes and real results. A decade is too short a time in the life of a university to accomplish much, but something has been done. The foundations have been laid from which the complete edifice of the future shall rise.

There are certain ideals for which every institution stands, and Stanford University has its ideals. One of these is that a university should have character. We know men not by their common humanity, but by their particular individuality. Men at large have eyes, ears, arms, legs, temptations, affections and many other common human qualities. We know and prize our friends not for these, but for the few traits which each may have for himself alone. So it is with the university. All universities have books, desks, laboratories, microscopes, teachers, rules and regula-

The late Leland Stanford, founder of the University.

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The arch from the Memorial Quadrangle, showing the Stanford Group.

tions. These make the school, but they do not give it its character. It is the trait of personality that makes the university. It is not its regulative processes, its teaching of grammar, algebra or the laws of physics which win to it love and trust. It is the spirit of the institution—strong, helpful, rich, earnest, beautiful, or the reverse—which makes the university a real organism.

Stanford University, above all things, stands for reality. It is just what it pretends to be. It has no pompous ceremonies to conceal idle action. It has no place for make-believe, whether pious or worldly. It lets no mere form conceal or obscure the reality which is its justification. It stands for thoroughness and fitness. Thoroughness means mastery. The most thorough training is the most practical, if fitted to possible or worthy ends. In this the college education of the past has most often failed. It has thoroughness but not fitness. The

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The Leland Stanford, Jr., Museum.

Interior of the Auditorium, looking from the stage.

Interior of the auditorium, facing the stage.

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substitutes for it, trades schools, professional schools, and the school of experience, had fitness enough, but lacked in thoroughness and breadth. To relate college training more closely to life without at the same time narrowing it and weakening it, is the great problem in education. To this end the American university unites in itself three different functions: that of the college, that of the professional school, and that which is distinctive of the university.

The college is now, as ever, a school of culture. It aims to make wise, sane, well-rounded men who know something of the best that men have thought and done in the world. It has not discarded Latin, Greek and mathematics, which were so long the chief agents of culture, but it has greatly added to the list. It has found that to some minds at least better results come from the study of other things. Greek-mindedness is necessary to receive from the Greek all that this noblest of languages is competent to give. But for the average man there is better substance in English than in Latin, in the physical or natural sciences than in the Calculus. And most important of all, we find that in the main it is safe to trust the choice of whether the training shall be in the classics or in science to the student himself.

The college function of the university must not be despised or belittled. Because Germany has no colleges, because her students go directly from the high school at home to the professional school or university, some have urged the abandonment by the American university of this primal function of general culture. In their eagerness to develop the advanced work, some institutions have relegated the college function almost solely to tutors without experience, and have left it without standards and without serious purpose. It is not right that even the freshmen should be poorly taught. On the soundness of the college training everything else depends. In

The Memorial Chapel as seen through the arcades. This chapel is the finest church of its size in the world.

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Interior of the library.

the long run the greatest university will be the one that devotes the most care to its undergraduates.

The second function of the university is that of professional training. To the man once in the path of culture the professional school adds effectiveness in his chosen calling. This work the American universities have taken up slowly and grudgingly. The demand for instruction in law and medicine has been met weakly but extensively by private enterprise. The schools thus founded have been dependent on students' fees, and on the advertising gain their teachers receive through connection with them. Only a few of our professional schools to-day demand university standards. Those which do not cannot share the university spirit. They have no part in university development. Only in the degree to which they are part and parcel of the university do they in general deserve to live.

The crowning function of the university is that of original research. On this rests the advance of civilization. From the application of scientific knowledge most of the successes of the nineteenth century have arisen. It is the first era of science. Behind the application of such knowledge is the acquisition of it. One Helmholtz, the investigator, is the parent of a thousand Edisons, the adapters of the knowledge gained by others. The real university is a school of research. That we possess the university spirit is our only excuse that we adopt the university name. A true university is not a collection of colleges. It is not a college with an outer rim of professional schools. It is the association of scholars. It is an institution from which in every direction blazes the light of original research. No institution can be college, professional school and university all in one and exercise all these functions fully in the four years which form the traditional college course. To attempt it is to fail in one way or another. We do attempt and we do fail. In the engineering course of to-day we try to combine in four years professional training with research and culture. This cannot be done, for while the professional work is reas-

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The marble vestibule, Stanford Museum.

onably complete, culture is at a minimum, and research crowded to the wall. The subject of law requires three solid years for professional training alone. Three of four years of culture work go with this, and are surely none too many. The same requirements must soon be made in engineering.

This we can do in the four years of college culture: we can show the student the line of his professional advancement, and can see him well started in its direction before he has taken his first degree. We can give in the college course something of the methods and results of advanced research. In any subject the advanced work has a higher culture value than elementary work. To know one thing well is, in Agassiz's words, "to have the backbone of culture." By limiting the range of individual training to a few things done thoroughly it is possible to give even to the undergraduate some touch of the real university method, some knowledge of how truth is won. Thus is welded together the three functions of the university, and this is what will give to the American university its most characteristic feature.

In the new university, as in the best of the old ones in America, there is no

The Palo Alto tree.

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General View of the Inner Quadrangle.

general curriculum or race course over which all must run. The initiative in choice of studies rests with the individual. His own free will determines the direction of his training, and the further requirements are those deemed necessary to make his choice most effective. The elective system, which Stanford stands for in its freest sense, assumes that there is no one course of study best suited for all minds and purposes. The student can arrange his work for himself, under proper advice, better than it can be done beforehand by any consensus of educational philosophers. It is better for the student that he should make mistakes sometimes than that he should be throughout his course arbitrarily directed by others. The elective system is the strongest agency in the training of the will. It is, therefore, a most effective force in moral training.

In the early days of Stanford University the students chose as its motto the words of Ulrich von Hutton: "Die luft der Freiheit weht." "The winds of freedom are blowing." The scholar cannot breathe in confined air. He must have the whole universe from which to draw his conclusions. He must have the whole atmosphere with which to express them. That the university may have freedom it must exist for its own purposes alone. It cannot serve ecclesiasticism and be a university. Partisanship and truth cannot get along together. "It can acknowledge no master in human form" if it is to be loyal to its highest purposes.

But with all this, the real secret of Palo Alto is unspoken. It cannot be defined or expressed. Each one who enters its gates takes away a little. Something of it is disclosed in the spirit of adventure which led the students in '95 to entrust their education to the wholly untried, but grandly possible. Something of it is seen in the spirit of friedliness and sacrifice which bound us all together in the days of doubt and stress, and which shows no sign of abatement now that the skies are clear and bright. Something of it is seen in the beauty and fitness of the quadrangle itself, the architectural motive of the Franciscan Missions strengthened and suited to the

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needs of another mission equally hallowed in its purposes. The student has no need of luxury. Plain living has ever gone with high thinking. But grace and fitness have an educative value which must not be forgotten. These long corridors, these stately arches, the circles of waving palms, this noble church, the sweet tones of organ and bells, all will have their part in the student's training as surely as the chemical laboratory, the shop and the seminary room. Each stone of the Quadrangle will teach its lesson of grace and genuineness and live in the heart of every student.

And so the new university has become a part of the life of California, and will fill, as the years go by, an ever increasing place in her needs. The center of beauty already, California may also become the center of thought and of action. Sometime the most gracious of all States in the Union may become the most enlightened, the most free. That wisdom and fitness, sweetness and light, may have still greater part in the good fame of California through the work of Stanford University is the hope of the scholar.

The Memorial Arch, showing the new chapel.

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The UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA

By Victor Henderson

WHEN Bret Harte was called by the University of California to the chair of Recent Literature, in his honor created, it was a student body of a scant seventy-eight who welcomed the thought of lectures from the literary discoverer of the Chinaman and the Argonaut. Thirty-two years have passed since Professor Harte resigned his never-occupied chair. Meanwhile the students of the University have increased in number forty-three fold.

Not of mere teeming numbers has this growth been. Many aspirations, many sacrifices, many lives have been wrought into the inner substance of the University. A group of scholars who cherished the noblest ideals of character and culture shaped its early development. Its standards were kept high, its courses, whether in classics or in science pure or applied, were devised for broad and thorough training, despite the fault-finding of the practical and the timorous, who declared it quixotic to attempt in this new western land more than an old-fashioned small college, or a modern trades school.

The years went slowly by, a student life arose distintive in its way and customs, the alumni went forth to preach the university gospel throughout the land, such men as Joseph and John Le Conte, Howison, Hilgard, and Sill infused their personality into the very atmosphere of the place, and so there came to be a tradition of hope and endeavor and resolve for the best, a tradition of loyalty, love, and service.

All California felt that its sons and daughters must have the best. The State threw wide the doors and bade enter without price all who by intelligence and industry had proved their fitness for university opportunities. Students thronged ever thicker. In the twelve years just ended the students at Berkeley have increased six-fold, until now Harvard alone of American universities outnumbers California in undergraduates, and only Harvard, Columbia, Michigan, Chicago, and Minnesota in total number of students.

To assimilate the press of incoming students, to preserve a University atmosphere, despite the handicap of swollen classes and inadequate resources, to provide opportunity and stimulus for research—these are some of the problems that of late have demanded solution.

Student life at Berkeley has grown to be infinitely complex, and rich in forms of endeavor and of personal contact, which are a vital part of the value of college training. Ten years ago half the students slept nightly in Oakland or San Francisco. To-day the undergraduate who must daily cross the bay feels himself an exile. The proportion of students

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whose term-time residence is elsewhere than in Berkeley is now small and is rapidly shrinking. So, too, with the faculty. Of the hundred and twenty professors and instructors at Berkeley, there are but twelve who lessen their total value to the students and to the University as a whole by living elsewhere than in the University town.

Dormitories are non-existant, but an increasing proportion of the undergraduates dwell in fraternity houses or student clubs. One out of every four of the men, one out of every eight of the women, reap the manifold joys and blessings, and occasional, or localized, harms, of membership in a Greek letter fraternity. All of the fraternities occupy owned or rented homes of their own. Fraternity life means warm comradeship with many companions of many and diverse interests, intimate and unselfish concern in the lives and affairs of others, and sobering responsibility for a beloved institution. Through his fraternity the student is brought into close contact with a wide range of personalities, enthusiasms, and pursuits. Fresh from the coddling of a home, his rough corners are worn down, and he is cured, if a cure be possible, of the delusion that he is the center of the world. He is drawn into varied college interests, he learns that man is a social being, and he is given the invaluable habit of making and keeping friends.

Athletics plays its vital part in stirring the mixing-bowl. Football is most honored, but baseball and track are dearly beloved, tennis, handball, target-shooting, have their many devotees, and when the crew, after many disappointed hopes, at last finds competition, rowing will take its fit place.

The students come together, too, in a stimulating comradeship or opposition, in the debating clubs, the littered offices of the Daily Californian, the Weekly Occident, and the Magazine, in the sessions of the Press Club, the College of Commerce Club, or the Homer Club, around the chess table, on Field Club tramps, at rehearsals for the numerous productions by student playwrights, at the Glee Club or Orchestra practices, around the Stiles Hall hearth fire, at the Y. M. C. A. meeting, lectures, or feeds, at the rallies and University meetings, or at the high academic festivals, processional, hooded and gowned of Commencement or Charter Day.

If you would see the undergraduates fused in one glowing mass of patriotism, come on some such day as that of the annual "Ax Rally," when, at the final practice before the California-Stanford football game, and after the legend-hallowed broad-ax is brought forth from its safe-deposit vault, waved before the "rooters," and after much impassioned oratory from heroes of the present or the past, carried about Berkeley at the head of a thousand students and alumni, all wheeling along madly in the traditional snake-dance.

Research, production—this is the oxygen which alone can keep University men from intellectual suffocation. For the student of the biological, geological, or anthropological sciences, California's untilled fields offer a rich harvest. The University geologists spend their summers in field work, the palaeonthologist finds vast accumulations of fossils which throw new life on the history of plants and animals, the University botanist roams in summer from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of California, finding infinite variety of vegetable life on shore and beneath the sea. The Marine Biological Laboratory, conducted every summer at San Pedro, forms an excellent base for researches into the animal and plant life of the little-explored Pacific waters, and for studies of the physical, chemical, and meteorological problems of the sea.

The Lick Observatory, the graduate astronomical department of the University of California, is organized primarily for research. Professor Simon Newcomb, the dean of American astronomers, has recently characterized it as "to-day the foremost center in the world of practical advance in astronomy." Director Campbell's own researches Dr. Newcomb has spoken of as having "put a new face on astronomical science."

Not alone by its scientific researches, but by its training of scholars of a genuinely University type is a University to be judged. The essential validity of the work of a department may justly be

A canyon on the campus.

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tested by a glance at its alumni. An understanding of the character of the Department of Philosophy, for instance, may well be derived from an examination of the names of some of the men who have pursued their studies in Berkeley under the direction of George Holmes Howison, Mills Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Civil Polity; such men as Evander B. McGilvary, Sage Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cornell; Sidney E. Mezes, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Texas; Arthur O. Lovejoy, formerly Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Stanford, and now head of the Department of Philosophy of Washington University, St. Louis; Assistant Professor Charles N. Rieber, Dr. Lovejoy's successor at Stanford; Professor Ernest N. Henderson, now in charge of the Department of Psychology and Pedagogy of Adelphi College; Dr. Henry W. Stuart of the University of Iowa; and, of the men trained by Professor Howison who are now his departmental colleagues in the University of California, Dr. Chas. M. Bakewell, Associate Professor of Philosophy, Dr. George M. Stratton, Associate Professor of Psychology, and Mr. Harry Overstreet. Dr. Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University, who belongs to the generation of students of the earlier days, before the coming of Professor Howison to California, has done infinite credit to his Alma Mater.

There is a potent charm in the name of California. The land looms distant to Eastern eyes, but he who tarries here soon feels to the manor born. Men of the best University type are content to come from prosperous and firm-founded seats of learning, and full of faith in the present and the future of the University of California, to cast in their lot with it for good and all. In the old days came the Le Conte brothers, and so of late have come Benjamin Ide Wheeler, resigning his chair of Greek and Comparative Philology at Cornell to assume the manifold burdens and toils of the Presidency; Henry Morse Stephens, beloved of the Cornell undergraduates; Caspar Miller, a brilliant alumnus of California, who leaves the University of Chicago to become Professor of Economics and Commerce; Hugo K. Schilling, who came from Harvard to head the Department of German; Joseph Marshall Flint, who resigned from the University of Chicago to organize on an academic basis the work of anatomy in the Medical Department of the University.

The migration of professors is fraught with good, even as is the migration of graduate students. The faculty of California's annual six weeks' summer session is mostly of bearers of good tidings from afar, is really national in its scope. The California stay of these men, fresh from academic surroundings, habits, and traditions of the most varied stamp, means much of suggestion and stimulation for everyone concerned. It is well that the University should welcome for a season such men as Royce of Harvard, J. Mark Baldwin of Princetown, Scott of Michigan, Harper and Henry of Wisconsin, Fernow and Merritt of Cornell, Charles Sears Baldwin of Yale, Lachman of Oregon, and Superintendent Soldan of St. Louis, the guests of 1902, or such as the visitors of 1901—Wendell of Harvard, Dewey of Chicago, Dean Russell of Teachers' College, Fluegel and Cubberley of Stanford, and Stephens and Bailey of Cornell. The summer staff always contains, besides, many men permanently members of the University faculty.

That the summer session has met a genuine need is shown by the size of the attendance. For 1901, the enrollment was seven hundred and ninety-nine, or more than in the summer session of any other American University except Harvard. For 1902, the registration showed an increase of some seventy-five. The constituency is varied—professional men, farmers, railroad conductors, the ambitious student who wants to graduate ahead of his class, or the irresponsible who is "making up hours," and, of course, a goodly band of teachers who go back to their schools refreshed, stirred, jolted out of the ruts of mental sluggishness.

Increased intellectual opportunity for all California, for stay-at-homes as well as for those who can come to Berkeley, is the object to the University Extension movement which Professor H. Morse Stephens has been called upon by the University of California to organize in

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Looking across the bridge toward Tilden's football statue.

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its behalf. When the new department is fully formed, there will be a staff of lecturers who will devote their entire time to University Extension work. To any town or village in California, eventually, whose people will organize a local center, provide the fee of $300, and meet the local expenses, the University will send a trained staff lecturer who will deliver twelve lectures at intervals of two weeks, and after each lecture conduct a conference for those among his auditors who wish to enroll for serious study. The enrolled students, as distinguished from the auditors—the auditors will commonly be the larger proportion—will read and study under the lecturer's direction, write themes, and take examinations. Upon satisfactory completion of a course, such students will receive a certificate which will entitle them, if ever they enter the University, to credit toward a degree. Courses of lectures will be provided in history, economics, literature, science, music, art, and in agricultural subjects. This system of a series of lectures on a single subject by one lecturer, the whole as a part of the work of the many-sided modern University, has proved exceedingly successful and useful in other States and other countries.

Professor Stephens was for many years a member of the University Extension staff of the University of Oxford, and he brings to bear long experience in every part of the English University Extension movement, which has been the most successful ever anywhere undertaken. During the first year of this work he himself will conduct all the extension courses offered, hence their number will be limited. From year to year new centers will be organized, and in time there will be a large permanent staff of lecturers, and opportunity for any community to profit by this extension of University teaching.

Not the intellectual interests of California alone, but its material welfare, is profoundly effected by the activities of the University of California. In the University laboratories and machine shops are being trained the civil engineers who will build the State's railroads and bridges, the electricians who will harness its mountain streams, the chemists who will make its beet sugar, the miners who will wrest its mineral wealth from the rocks, the irrigation experts who will reclaim its arid lands, and the scientific agriculturists who will swell the quantity and raise the quality of its already teeming harvests, and solve the problems of climate and soil, of over-worked wheat lands, of alkali deposits, of insect pests, and of the diseases of animals and plants. Its College of Commerce is training men for business, for the consular service, and for governmental responsibilities in the country's new possessions. The high schools of the State are coming to be taught almost wholly by the graduates of one or the other of the two California Universities. To the Philippines, Japan and Hawaii, Berkeley has sent teachers by the score, and its engineers are scattered from New Zealand to Johannesburg. In South Africa its mining graduates outnumber the mining engineers from any three other American Universities counted together.

The new Mining Building, which Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is erecting as a memorial to Senator Hearst, will enlarge greatly the opportunities for usefulness of Dr. Cristy's department. It was after a personal visit by both the dean and the architect to well-nigh every mining and technical school of importance in the Old World or the New that the plans were drawn for the new building. The three-story structure, with its expanse of two hundred and twenty by one hundred and eighty-eight feet, will be perfectly adapted to its future uses.

Mr. John Galen Howard, who in rearing the mining building is taking the first step toward the execution of the Hearst plans for the improvement of the University site, has been appointed to the permanent post of supervising architect. The imagination, taste, and practical effectiveness which he has shown in such work as his superb electric tower at Buffalo, and in the erection of many beautiful buildings in New York, will mean much for the artistic future of California. Eventually a school of architecture will be formed, where students may be trained under Mr. Howard's direction.

The most pressing need of the Univer-

The campus from the University entrance.

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sity of California is the formation of an adequate library; the creation of an endowment sufficient to provide for its due expansion, and the erection of a proper library building. The present scanty collection of ninety thousand volumes fairly bulges the walls of the outgrown buildings. The library continually fails the needs of the investigator, the productive scholar. Its present inadequacy is all the more intolerable from the fact that nowhere on the Pacific Coast is a proper scholar's library yet gathered together.

Among the forward steps which of late have been taken have been the creation of a Department of Irrigation, with Elwood Meade, Irrigation Expert in charge of the United States Department of Agriculture, a foremost authority on the subject, at its head; provision for instruction in Russian and other Slavic languages, in public speaking, and in physical chemistry, the creation of a sub-department of Dairy Husbandry, equipped with excellent laboratories for the short course student of butter and cheese-making, and provided with a barn and a small herd for practical experiments.

The alumni have undertaken the fortunate project of building an Alumni Hall, which shall serve as the center of the daily social life of the students, alumni, and faculty. A beginning has been made by the graduates in the raising of the funds.

An urgent need is the erection of a University Hospital, to cost not less than a million dollars, and to be part of the equipment of the Medical Department, and a school of forestry, with experimental forest, and an endowment sufficient to provide an annual income of at the very least $25,000 a year; a school of Naval Architecture, departments of Music, Architecture, and General Linguistics, a Museum, and an Art Building to shelter collections illustrative of art, archaeology, and anthropology.

Dr. George A. Reisner has spent some years in Egypt in the interest of the University. A vast quantity of antiquities has been the fruit of his excavations. The work has been done with scientific thoroughness. The records of these researches, publication of which has already been begun in the Egyptological Series of the University Publications, will make the results secured readily available for the use of science.

Dr. Alfred Emerson, formerly Professor of Archaeology in Cornell University, has gathered for the University, at Mrs. Hearst's instance, a collection illustrative of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and African art and archaeology.

Dr. Max Uhle, formerly of the Berlin Museum, has spent some years excavating in Peru, and has lately been engaged in similar researches in prehistoric life in California. Dr. Jones has completed certain collections in California and the Southwest, one large portion of which is illustrative particularly of the archaeology of Santa Rosa Island.

The Department of Anthropology is conducting some interesting researches into the languages, myths, and customs of the fast-melting Indian tribes of California. More original languages are spoken to-day in California than in all the rest of the United States counted together. Of these tongues some are to-day forgotten by all save a few aged individuals. Dr. Alfred L. Kroeber and Mr. Pliny Goddard are making records on phonograph cylinders, and with the Rousselot apparatus, of these varied stocks, and are taking down from the lips of the Indians, in the original tongues, and in translation besides, myths of the creation and of the after world, legends, folk tales, and descriptions of ceremonial functions and the ways of every-day life.

Under the direction of Professor J. C. Merriam, extensive researches are in progress with a view to determining the antiquity of man on the Pacific Coast. The vast shell heaps such as that at Shell Mound on the Berkeley shore, the limestone caves, the Indian burial mounds and the sites of former habitation, are being searched for light on the nature and ways of the true pioneer Californian.

California is developing a distinct civilization of its own. Its bordering mountains, deserts, and sea make it a land apart. It is a marvel that a State so young, so sparsely settled, should have to-day more college students in proportion to its population than any other State in the Union.

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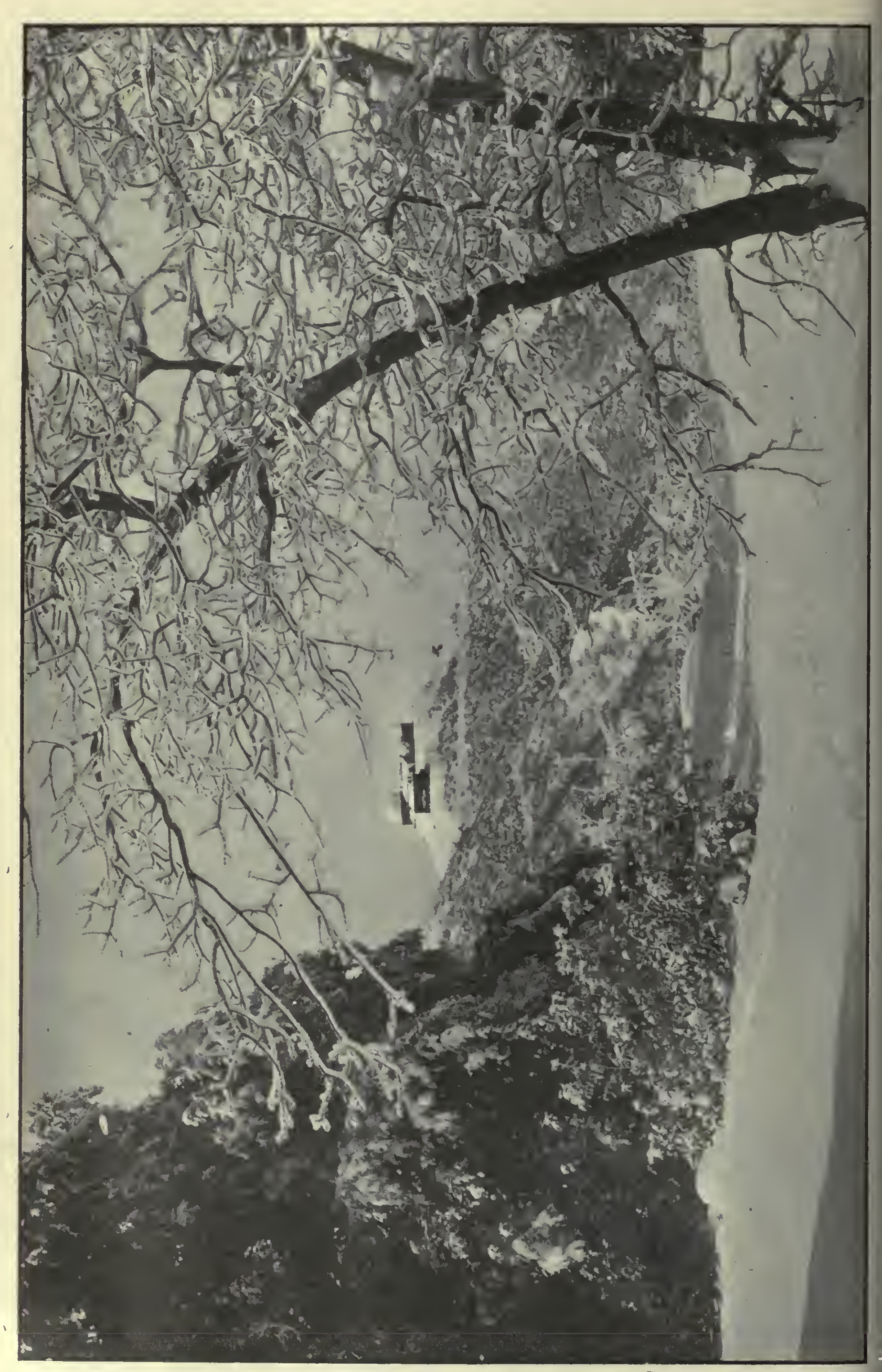

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THE Lick Observatory of the University of California, located on Mt. Hamilton, is the gift of James Lick to the people of California and to the world.

Mr. Lick was born in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, on August 25, 1796, and died in San Francisco October 1, 1876. His remains are buried in the supporting pier of the 36-inch equatorial telescope.

Mr. Lick early learned organ and piano making. He practiced his trade in Hanover, Pennsylvania, in Baltimore, in Buenos Ayres, and in Chili. From the latter place he came to San Francisco in 1847, bringing with him the fruits of his industry and toil as a foundation for the fortune that grew principally through investments in real estate, to more than $3,000,000. His deed of trust devoted the entire sum to public purposes, and provided for:

The Lick Observatory	$700,000
The California Institute of Mechanic Arts	540,000
Free Baths in San Francisco	150,000
Home for Old Ladies in San Francisco	100,000
Statuary representing events in the History of California, in front of the City Hall, San Francisco	100,000
A monument to Francis Scott Keys in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco	60,000
The Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco, more than	1,000,000
The California Academy of Sciences, more than	1,000,000

It is not known how the idea of erecting a powerful telescope originated in Mr. Lick's mind, but in 1873 he announced that such was his purpose. He was not a student of astronomy, nor was he especially interested in scientific questions. It appears, however, that he was impressed with the grandeur of astronomical discovery, and that he desired to found an institution whose usefulness to mankind would be perpetual.

It was Mr. Lick's intention that the Observatory should be the principal beneficiary of his wealth. Two other institutions ultimately received more than $1,000,000 each. They were the residuary legatees, and the great increase in the value of the property subsequent to his death accrued to them alone.

Mr. Lick's gift was formally accepted by the Regents of the University on December 7, 1875.

The Board of Trustees charged with the duty of executing the trust was composed of Messrs. R. S. Floyd, William Sherman, E. B. Mastick, Charles M. Plum and George Schoenwald.

The importance of selecting a suitable site for the Observatory was duly appreciated. Locations in the Sierra Nevada

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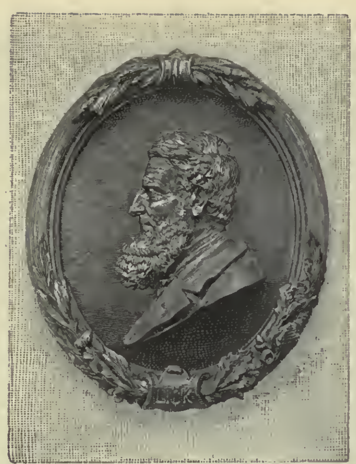

The Lick Medallion.

mountains and in the Coast Range were carefully considered. The interest of astronomers was thoroughly aroused in this question. Wise counsel changed Mr. Lick's plan of locating in the center of San Francisco—in the dust, smoke and jarring of the city, and under the low-level sea fogs. The prevalence of fog in the mountains bordering the ocean likewise removed them from consideration. There were those who urged an elevation of 9,000 feet or more in the Sierras, but such a choice would probably have been a serious mistake. The experiences of astronomers on Pike's Peak, Mt. Washington, and other peaks in high latitudes are unfavorable to the idea. The proximity of masses of snow during the greater part of the year would create such disturbed conditions of the atmosphere as to be fatal to the more delicate investigations.

A point on one of the intermediate ranges promised more freedom from fogs and clouds and greater homogeneity in the surrounding atmosphere. It is true that the sky becomes clearer with increasing altitude: more of the dust and vapor laden air is left behind, and the stars shine with a brilliancy not seen in lower levels. Clearness, however, is not the most important consideration; freedom from air currents of unequal temperatures, and a small range of diurnal temperatures, are of vastly greater value. The Observatory possesses James Lick's letter, dated June 15, 1876, certifying to the trustees that the summit of Mt. Hamilton in Santa Clara county, was the site selected by him as the location for the observatory. The wisdom of his choice becomes more and more apparent with the lapse of time. The number of clear nights is large; the sky is unusually transparent; and it is doubtful if the steadiness of the air is equaled at any other existing observatory. I am convinced that our instruments are from two to five times as efficient here, depending upon the character of the investigations, as the same instruments would be in an ordinary Eastern or European location.

Land for the site was secured by grant of Congress (2030 acres), by grant of the Legislature of California (320 acres), by gift of Mr. R. F. Morrow (40 acres), and by purchase (189 acres), making the total area of the Reservation nearly 2,600 acres. By agreement with Mr. Lick, an exceptionally fine road to the summit of Mt. Hamilton was built by the County of Santa Clara in 1876, at an expense of $78,000. The summit is due east from San Jose, thirteen miles in a straight line and twenty-seven miles by stage road.

The provisions of Mr. Lick's will required the construction of "a telescope superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made." This important requirement was most carefully considered. Theoretically, the most powerful telescope then existing was Lord Rosse's 6-foot reflector. This instrument was essentially a failure; and an even larger one would be required by the terms of the will. Practically the most powerful telescope at that time was the 26-inch refractor of the U. S. Naval Observatory made by Alvan Clark & Sons. A reflecting telescope possesses great advantages in photographic researches, whereas a refractor is more efficient in visual observations. The vital part that photography was destined to play in astronomical progress was not suspected in the middle of the seventies, and the trustees wisely decided in favor of a refractor. The largest object glass that the Clarks

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would contract to supply was thirty-six inches in diameter. Larger glasses could readily be curved to a perfect form and polished; but the difficulty lay in casting such large masses of glass so that they should be perfectly homogenous and free from strains throughout. The resources of the firm of Feil & Co., Paris, in casting the crown glass were taxed to the utmost. Failure followed failure for more than five years, and the perfect casting was not secured until late in the year 1885. The lenses were completed by the Clarks in the following two years.

The 75-foot steel dome to cover the telescope, and the moving floor 60 feet in diameter, were built by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco; and the mounting of the telescope was designed and built by Warner & Swasey of Cleveland. These were put in place early in 1888.

The great dome and its contents had cost about $225,000. So excellent was the workmanship on all parts of the construction that, notwithstanding its use throughout practically every good night in the past fourteen years, the apparatus is certainly in as good condition as when first erected. Excessive use has necessarily called for numerous repairs, but these have been made promptly in all cases.

The trustees were as fortunate in selecting the size of telescope to be built as in selecting the observatory site. It is doubtful whether a larger instrument would be more efficient. With increasing size, more perfect homogeneity of the atmosphere is demanded. Larger lenses must be thicker, thus leading to greater absorption of the light passing through them; and a size would soon be reached beyond which the quantity of light collected would actually begin to diminish. There is likewise the very great danger of flexure in the larger lenses. Similar telescopes of the future will be smaller rather than larger than the Lick telescope, and more power will probably be attained through the invention and construction of other forms of instruments.

The completed observatory was transferred to the Regents of the University of California on June 1, 1888; and the scientific staff entered upon its work on that date.

William Wallace Campbell, Sc. D., LL. D.

The Observatory consists of a main building, containing offices, computing rooms, library (of 5,000 books and 4,800 pamphlets), and the domes of the 36-inch Equatorial and the 12-inch Equatorial; of detached buildings to shelter the Crossley Reflector, the Meridian Circle, the Transit, the horizontal Photoheliograph, the portable Equatorial, the Crocker and Floyd Photographic Telescopes; of shops for the workmen; of dwelling-houses for the astronomers, students and employees, and of other buildings, reservoirs, pumping stations, etc., to meet the complex requirements of life on the mountain. The Observatory is well equipped with instruments. The principal ones are enumerated below:

36-inch Equatorial; objective by Alvan Clark & Sons, mounting by Warner & Swasey. This instrument has also a photographic correcting lens, 33 inches in diameter, figured by Mr. Alvan G.

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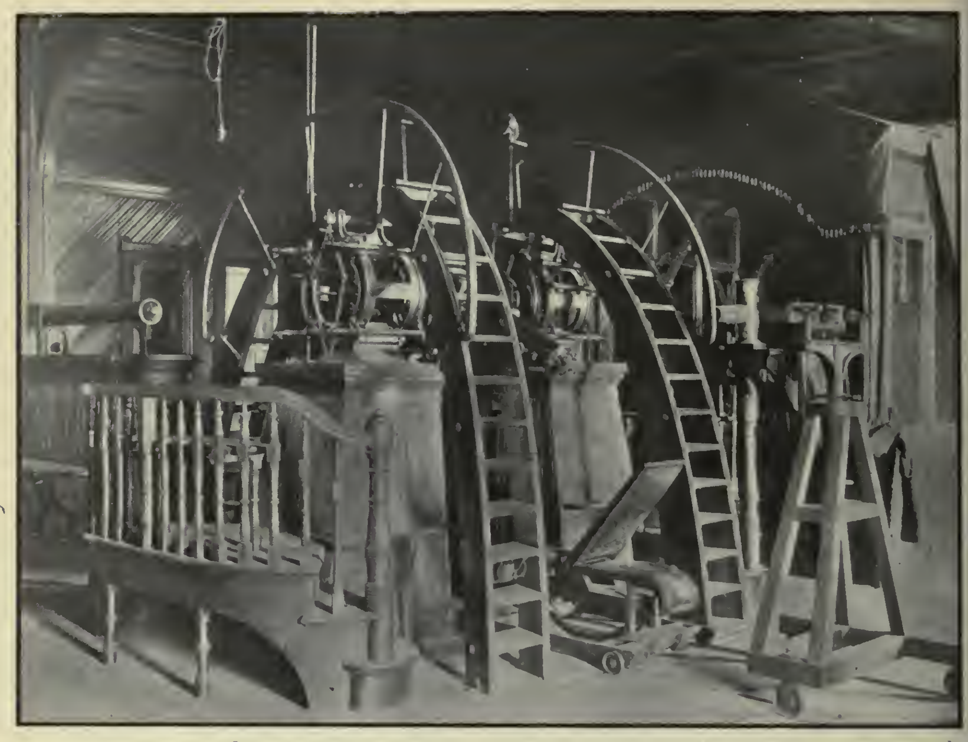

The Meridian Circle, Lick Observatory.

Clark. The focal length of the 36-inch telescope is 58 feet. Its magnifying power may be changed from about 270 to 3000 by changing the eye-pieces, in much the same way that the magnifying power of a microscope may be changed. The power employed depends upon the object under observation, and upon the state of the atmosphere.

36¼ inch Reflecting Telescope: presented to the Lick Observatory in 1895 by Edward Crossley, Esq., F. R. A. S., of Halifax, England. This instrument was constructed by Dr. A. A. Common, F. R. S. The building was constructed from funds subscribed by citizens of California. This instrument is used entirely for photographic purposes; and in nearly all lines of photographic investigation it is vastly more powerful than the 36-inch refractor; 12-inch Equatorial: by Alvan Clark & Sons. An excellent instrument, used for general visual purposes; 6½-inch Meridian Circle: objective by Alvan Clark & Sons, mounting by Repsold. This delicate instrument is used in determining the accurate places of the stars; 6½-inch Equatorial Mounting, by Warner & Swasey; 6½-inch Bruce Comet Seeker: objective by Brashear, mounting made at the Lick Observatory; 6-inch Crocker Photographic Telescope: objective by Willard, refigured and mounted by J. A. Brashear; 5-inch Floyd Telescope; interchangeable photographic and visual objective by Alvan Clark & Sons; 5-inch horizontal Photoheliograph: by Alvan Clark & Sons; 4-inch Transit: objective by Alvan Clark & Sons, mounting by Fauth & Co.; 4-inch Comet Seeker: by Alvan Clark & Sons; a Universal Spectroscope: by John A. Brashear; The Mills Spectrograph: by John A. Brashear; Photometers for use with the 36-inch and 12-inch telescopes; Micrometer microscopes, for measuring photographic plates. A 36-inch Cassegrain Reflecting Telescope, with modern 30-foot steel dome, and a three-prism spectrograph, are nearing completion. They are the gift of Hon. D. O. Mills, for use on the Mills Expedition to Chile.

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There are, besides, many minor pieces of apparatus, including spectroscopes, seismographs, clocks, chronographs, dynamos, storage battery, etc.; and excellent wood and metal working shops for the manufacture of instruments.

The height of the marble floor of the main building above sea-level is 4,209 feet. On a closely connected peak half a mile to the east of the Observatory and fifty feet higher, are the reservoirs from which water for household and photographic purposes is distributed. A spring about 350 feet below and one mile ot the northeast of the Observatory supplies excellent water. Another peak, seven-eighths of a mile to the east, is the summit of Mt. Hamilton; it is 180 feet higher than the Observatory, and supports the reservoirs supplying power for moving the 75-foot dome, raising the movable floor and winding the driving clock of the great telescope. This system receives its supply from the winter rains falling on the roofs, the water being pumped to the reservoirs on the higher peak by means of windmills.

The movable floor of the dome is the first of the kind to be constructed. It is sixty feet in diameter, and can be raised or lowered through a distance of 16½ feet; its purpose being to bring the observer within reach of the eye-end of the telescope. Similar floors have since been installed in the Washington, Yerkes and Cape of Good Hope Observatories.

The total expenditure for buildings and equipment up to June, 1888, was $610,000, leaving only $90,000 as an endowment fund. The interest on this sum is entirely inadequate to supply the Observatory's needs, and the Regents of the University have generously made annual appropriations increasing the income to about $27,000. While these appropriations are as large as the University is justified in making, yet they are only from one-half to one-third of those enjoyed by other leading observatories in this country and abroad.

Generous friends of the Observatory have provided means for defraying the expenses of special investigations, or for securing special equipment, some of them on several occasions. It is a pleasure to record the names of the principal donors: Hon. D. O. Mills of New York, Mr. C. F. Crocker, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, and Mr. Wm. H. Crocker of San Francisco; Mr. W. W. Law and the Edison General Electric Company of New York; the Smithsonian Institution, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the National Academy of Sciences of Washington, D. C. The gifts of money to the Lick Observatory in the past year and a half have amounted to $33,400.

It was the founder's purpose that the Observatory should be "made useful in promoting science." To this end the efforts of the staff of astronomers have been devoted almost exclusively to original research along advanced lines. Formal instruction of students in astronomy is not undertaken. Graduate instruction is offered by the astronomers, in connection with the investigations in which they are engaged, or on subjects which may be specially assigned to the students by the director, and is restricted to students qualified to be on the footing of astronomical assistants. The Regents have established three salaried fellowships in the Lick Astronomical Department. These are usually awarded to graduate students who are candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The Observatory buildings are open to visitors daily during office hours. For the present, visitors are admitted to look through the great telescope every Saturday evening between the hours of seven and ten, and at that time only. Whenever the work of the Observatory permits, other telescopes will also be put at the disposition of visitors on Saturdays, between the same hours.

Visitors who come in the daytime are personally conducted through the building at 1:30 p. m., and the uses of the instruments are explained to them. On Saturday evenings the entire staff is on public duty. The annual number of visitors exceeds 5,000, and no pains are spared to make the time spent here interesting and profitable to them.

Accurate time signals are sent from the Observatory every day at noon, and

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are received at all the stations of the Southern Pacific Company between San Francisco and Ogden, San Francisco and El Paso, San Francisco and Portland. In this way, the Observatory furnishes exact time (Pacific Standard Time) without cost, to the inhabitants of many States and territories.

The investigational work of the Observatory has been exceedingly fruitful. The power of the great telescope has surpassed the expectations of those who planned it; and its energetic use has enriched the science in wholly unexpected ways. The success of James Lick's plans has its sufficient explanation in the combination of perfect and powerful instruments, superb climate and local conditions, wise policies maintained by the University of California authorities, and enthusiastic astronomers to make conscientious use of them. None but enthusiasts would consent to spend their lives on a mountain top, for the modest remuneration afforded them.

Professor Edward Singleton Holden was appointed as the first director of the new Observatory. He had for fourteen years been in touch with the trustees in an advisory capacity, and during the years 1885-1888 he had been President of the University, while waiting for the completion of the Observatory. He had an unusual acquaintance with the astronomers of the world, and was widely informed both as to the literature of the subject and as to pending problems. The selection of the lines of work to be pursued, and of the members of the staff, was left to him. His decisions were made with excellent judgment. The original staff consisted of Director Holden, astronomers S. W. Burnham, J. M. Schaeberle, James E. Keeler, and E. E. Barnard, and Secretary C. B. Hill. Under these skilled and enthusiastic workers, results of the best quality were abundant, and the Observatory rapidly took high rank with men of science.

Frequent changes in the personnel occurred in the early and middle nineties. The second director of the Observatory was Dr. James Edward Keeler, who served but two years in that capacity. His untimely death, on August 12, 1900, removed the last member of the original staff. The present scientific staff consists of three astronomers, three assistant astronomers, three assistants, and three Fellows. There are no time-servers on the list: every man is an efficient member of the institution, and there never was a time when the output of high-class results was more abundant than at present.

The writer regrets that lack of space prevents even the enumeration of the many discoveries made, but a few of the results attained will be referred to below.

Twenty-five comets have been discovered with the various instruments. Seventeen were unexpected, and eight were periodic comets whose returns had been predicted. Of these, seven unexpected and three periodic were discovered by Professor Barnard in the years 1888-1892; and eight unexpected and four periodic by Professor Perrine in 1895-1899. The list includes the only (three) comets thus far discovered by photography: one by Barnard, a second by Schaeberle, very close to the sun, on the occasion of the eclipse of April, 1893, in Chile; and the third by Mr. Coddington. During the years that Messrs. Barnard and Perrine were spending perhaps one-fourth of their time in looking for comets, their discoveries practically equaled in number those found at all other observatories.

Observations of the accurate positions of the comets discovered here and elsewhere were secured in great numbers; and the orbits in which they moved were computed by the various members of the staff.

Perhaps the greatest advance in the study of comets in recent times has been made from the unequaled Lick series of comet photographs. Prior to the year 1890, all our knowledge of the structure of comets was recorded in the form of drawings. The power of photography to record their details of structure, and their fainter portions, is so incomparably greater than the power of the eye that the drawings are almost valueless in comparison. Where the eye has

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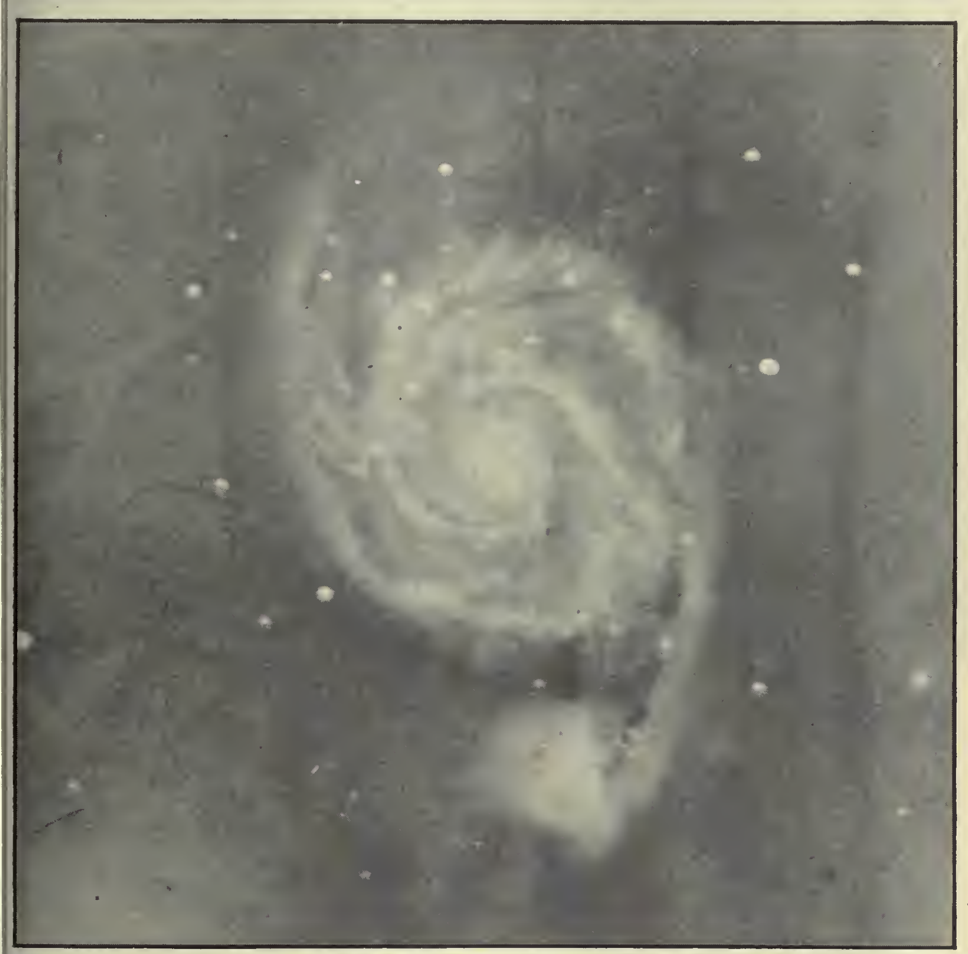
been able to see only general features of uniform density, photography has recorded very extensive details; and the photographs have likewise enabled us to detect rapid changes in structure of which we before had no knowledge. The accompanying illustration of the comet of 1893, from Professor Hussey's photograph, illustrates the advantages of photography perhaps as well as any in our collection. Photographs of this comet taken on July 12th and July 13th bear practically no resemblance to each other; and two photographs of it made on the 13th demonstrate the cause of the change. It is a familiar fact that comets' tails invariably point away from the sun; some force originating in the sun repels them. The photographs of the 13th, taken only an hour apart, showed that the prominent nuclei visible in the tail were moving outward with a speed of some fifty miles per second. This speed was sufficient to account for the complete dissolution and disappearance of the tail photographed on the 12th, and its replacing by an entirely new tail in the following 24 hours.



The great spiral nebula in Canes Venatici (photographed with Crossley reflector, Lick Observatory.)

The spectra of all the bright comets of the past fourteen years have been carefully studied, with the result that perhaps twenty new comet lines have

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The cluster M. 13 in Hercules. (Photographed with Crossley reflector, Lick Observatory.)

been detected.

Notwithstanding the great advances made through the agency of photographs, our knowledge of comets is still very incomplete; they are as mysterious as ever; we know little of their origin; and we do not know their place in the system of sidereal evolution which accounts for the mutual relations of the other celestial bodies.

Director Holden's plans for the Observatory made ample provision for the vigorous prosecution of spectroscopic research. The first investigations of this character related to the motions of the nebulae in space. It was known that the stars are traveling with great velocity, and it was important to know whether the nebulae, from which the stars develop in accordance with the nebular hypothesis, are themselves in rapid motion. Professor Keeler's spectroscopic measures of fourteen nebulae showed conclusively that these interesting bodies, occupying spaces millions of times as great as that occupied by our sun, are in reality traveling with speeds of the same order of magnitude as in the case of the stars. Some of the nebulae observed are moving with components of approach to the Solar System as great as forty miles per second, and others with components of recession as great as thirty miles per second.

About 1,300 new double stars have been discovered with the 36-inch and 12-inch

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telescopes. Two hundred and eighty of these were found by Professor Burnham in the years 1888-1891: six hundred and ten pairs have been discovered by Professor Hussey, and four hundred by Professor Aitken, in the last three years.

By way of explanation, it should be said that the interesting double stars are in general those whose components are very close together, so that their discovery and observation are difficult. In the great majority of the ten thousand known double stars, no changes in the relative positions of the components of the pairs have been detected, even though they have been under accurate observation for fifty or a hundred years past. Their orbits are on so large a scale that thousands of years are required to complete their circuits. In the double stars whose relative motions are rapid, the distances between the components are generally under one second of arc. About 1,500 double stars with distances less than one second have been discovered at all observatories; more than one-third of these have been discovered at the Lick Observatory, and more than one-fourth of the whole number at the Lick Observatory in the past three years. Not only have the pairs discovered on Mt. Hamilton been under careful observation, but extensive and accurate series of observations of the well-known pairs have been secured. Many individual cases of great interest have been brought to light. The most interesting of these is that of the double star Delta Equulei. Until two years ago the period of revolution of its two components was supposed to be 11.4 years—with one exception the shortest period then known for a binary star. Observations by Professor Aitken showed that the components were not following the paths marked out for them by the orbit universally accepted. The subject was investigated by Professor Hussey, making use of all the known observations of the pair; and he was led to the conclusion that the period of revolution is only 5.7 years. Recent observations with the great telescope have fully established the correctness of his theory. This star thus becomes in many ways the most interesting visual double star under observation. The next shortest period known is 11 1-3 years, in the case of Kappa Pegasi.

Perhaps the most notable individual discovery made with the great telescope is that of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, by Professor Barnard in September, 1892. It came as the reward of faithful and patient search. The four bright satellites had been found by Galileo in January, 1610; the discovery of the fifth awaited the completion of the great Lick telescope, nearly three hundred years later. This object is exceedingly difficult of observation. Besides the members of the Lick Observatory staff, probably not more than twenty persons have seen it. It is very close to the planet, and revolves in its orbit in 11 hours, 57 minutes, 22.6 seconds. Judging from its brightness, it is hardly more than 100 miles in diameter. It cannot be seen in any telescope except during the two or three months of the year when Jupiter is nearest the earth. It is likewise visible only when near its greatest apparent distance east or west of the planet; and before observations can be made, even by trained obervers, the light of the planet itself must be greatly reduced in the eye-piece by means of a translucent occulating bar.

In this connection, reference should be made to our very extensive series of observations of the planets of the Solar System. They have been most carefully examined, and many points of great interest have been established. It should be said, however, that the difficulties in the way of making accurate determinations of the conditions existing on our neighboring planets are exceedingly great, and as a whole planetary study, here and elsewhere, has not been satisfactory. The distance of the planets are in reality too large to be overcome by the most powerful telescopes. Spectroscopic observations of the atmosphere of Mars made at the Lick Observatory in 1894 established that its density is very slight, probably much less at the surface of Mars than the density of the earth's atmosphere at the highest summits of the Himalayas. Changes observed on the

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surface of Mars, notably those relating to the polar snow-caps, leave no doubt that some atmosphere exists. The presence of life on our neighboring world, developed in accordance with the conditions prevailing there, is possible; but positive evidence, either for or against the proposition, is entirely lacking.

It was Director Holden's earnest desire that the Lick Observatory should enter vigorously upon the determination of the motions of the stars by means of the spectroscope. Efforts to measure the motions were made early in the history of the Observatory by visual methods, but with very limited success. About the middle of the nineties, Mr. D. O. Mills provided funds for the construction of a spectrograph (a photographic spectroscope) for this purpose. This instrument has been used very effectively three nights per week in connection with the great telescope since 1896. As the subject is perhaps unfamiliar to many readers, reference should be made to the general principles upon which the methods rest.

It is well known that a ray of ordinary sunlight, or star-light, is made up of all the colors of the rainbow. An ordinary telescope combines all these colors for a given star in one point. When the rays are passed through a prism we obtain a spectrum—red at one end, violet at the other, with all the intermediate colors arranged in perfect order. The spectrograph in its simplest form is a combination of lenses and prisms designed for the proper delivery of the light to the prisms, and for its proper reception upon a photographic plate after passing through the prisms. In the case of the sun, an exposure of a small fraction of a second is sufficient to record the spectrum; whereas, for the stars, exposures range from a few minutes to several hours, depending upon the power of the instrument and the brightness of the spectrum. When the plates are developed and examined under the microscope, it is found that the bands of light are not strictly continuous, but are crossed at irregular intervals by dark lines, due to the absence of light at these points. These dark lines are the significant features of the spectra. According as lines in certain definite positions are present or absent, we can say that certain chemical elements in the form of vapors are present in or absent from a star's atmosphere.

If a star's distance from the observer is not changing, the lines in its spectrum will occupy their normal positions. If a star is moving toward the observer all the lines in its spectrum will be shifted toward the violet end by an amount proportional to the rate of approach; and if a star is increasing its distance from the observer, the lines will be shifted correspondingly to the red end of the spectrum. The spectroscopic determination of the motions of the stars resolves itself into the question of determining the displacement of the lines from their normal positions. In theory the problem is very simple; in practice it is perhaps one of the most difficult in the entire field of astronomical research. To determine the normal position of the lines, incandescent vapors of the chemical elements are formed by the observer in the progress of his work. Just as the carbons in the arc light of commerce are burned by passing a strong current of electricity across the space between the two, thereby forming carbon light, so iron light is formed in the Observatory by passing a similar current across the gap between two small pieces of ordinary iron. The light thus formed travels through the spectrograph in a path nearly identical with that traversed by the star light, and is photographed on either side of the star spectrum. The lines in the spectrum of iron fall in their normal positions, for the reason that the distance of the light's source with reference to the spectrograph is in this case not changing.

Making use of the principles referred to, the spectra of about four hundred of the brighter stars in the northern sky have been observed by means of the Mills Spectrograph. As was anticipated, all the stars are found to be in motion —one moving in this direction, another in that. Speeds of all magnitudes be-

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tween the limits of sixty miles approach and sixty miles recession per second have been observed. The average speed in space of the stars observed is about twenty-one miles per second.

While we have been interested in the results for the individual stars, yet vastly greater interest is connected with the results obtained from the observations as a whole. It has long been known that the Solar System is traveling through space substantially in a straight line, in the direction of the constellation Hercules or the constellation of the Lyre. Our knowledge of the speed has hitherto been little more than conjecture; it might be as small as five miles per second or as great as twenty-five miles. Spectrographic determinations of the stellar motions provide data for obtaining a satisfactory solution of the problem. Let us suppose for a moment that the Solar System is moving toward a point of the sky directly overhead. It will then be found that while the individual stars in the skies overhead have their individual motions, moving essentially in all possible directions, yet on the average, they seem to be moving toward the observer. On the contrary, it

Rordame's Comet, photographed by Professor Hussey at Lick Observatory, July 13, 1893. The white dashes are stars as taken by the camera which moved rapidly in following the comet.

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will be found that while the stars in the hemisphere underneath are likewise moving in various directions, yet on the average they seem to be moving away from the observer. This is due to the fact that the Solar System is moving toward the stars in one hemisphere and away from the stars in the other. The principle just referred to was used in combining the results obtained for the speeds of 300 stars observed on Mt. Hamilton. By employing suitable mathematical methods, the individual motions of the stars were eliminated, and the apparent motion of the Stellar System as a whole was found to be 12.5 miles per second away from the constellation of the Lyre, due to the fact that the Solar System is moving in exactly the opposite direction with the same speed.

In the course of these investigations, numerous discoveries were made in the nature of by-products. It was found that of the stars observed fully forty were attended by invisible companions. These stars are known as spectroscopic binaries: that is, stars seen singly in ordinary telecopes, but proven to be double by means of the spectrograph. We have shown that at least one star in seven is a spectroscopic binary; and it is probable that as observations are continued over greater periods of time, and become more accurate through the adoption of improved methods, the proportion of spectroscopic binaries will be found to be very much greater.

Some of the spectroscopic binaries are of great individual interest. The first magnitude star Capella was discovered in 1899 to be a spectroscopic binary, with two nearly equal components revolving around each other in 104 days. These components are so close together that they are inseparable in the great telescope.

The North Polar Star was discovered in 1899 to be triple, two of its members being invisible. The bright star and one dark component revolve about each other in a little less than four days; and these two, forming a minor system, revolve around the other dark component in a period of several years. These dark components are so close to the bright star as to be inseparable in the telescope; and they are probably so faint tnat they would be invisible even if their distance from the bright star were several seconds of arc.

The importance of line-of-sight investigations may be inferred from the fact that nearly all the great refracting telescopes of to-day are engaged in the work or are planning to undertake it in the near future. The few observatories that have thus far made a success of the work are now located in the northern hemisphere. The observations made at Mt. Hamilton cover about three-fourths of the sky. Before a perfectly satisfactory solution of the motion of the Solar System can be obtained the stars in the region surrounding the South Pole must be similarly observed. It has long been an ambition of the writer to organize an expedition to the Southern Hemisphere for the purpose of extending the observations to the stars not visible from Mt. Hamilton. The subject was recently brought to the attention of Hon. D. O. Mills, who most generousy offered to defray the expenses of a well-equipped expedition for that purpose. A 37-inch reflecting telescope, provided with a powerful spectrograph, is nearing completion, and it is hoped that in the course of a few weeks the expedition may sail to Chile. The observations will cover a period of two or three years. The observing station will be in charge of Professor Wright, who has ably assisted in the work with the Mills spectrograph during the past five years.

The Observatory possesses an unequaled series of photographs of the principal nebulae and star clusters, secured mainly by the late director, Keeler, with the Crossley reflector. About ten thousand nebulae have thus far been discovered at the various observatories, but the photographs made with this instrument in a few regions of the sky record enough new nebulae to warrant the conclusion that not less than one hundred thousand additional nebulae await discovery.

A discovery of prime importance was

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made from these photographs in connection with the forms of nebulae. It had hitherto been supposed that the great majority of nebulae are irregular in form, and that very few spirals exist. Careful examination of the hundreds of nebulae recorded on Keeler's plates led to the unexpected conclusion that the majority of nebulae have the spiral form. There had always been a difficulty in the way of explaining the origin of the motions of rotation and revolution in the Solar System and elsewhere. Professor Keeler's discovery does not enlighten us as to the origin of the rotation, but it does furnish undoubted evidence that rotation exists in a large proportion at least of the primeval nebulae.

Thanks to generous friends, the Observatory has been able to send expeditions for the observation of all the solar eclipses of the past fourteen years. Expeditions were sent to French Guiana, Japan and India by the late Regent Chas. F. Crocker; to Chile by Regent Phoebe A. Hearst; and to Georgia and Sumatra by William H. Crocker. Space is lacking to describe satisfactorily the great advances in our knowledge of the sun resulting from these expeditions.

The very ingenious 40-foot camera devised by Professor Schaeberle for recording the Solar Corona in Chile in 1893 has been used with great success at the later eclipses. The enormous advantage of such a camera has become evident to all observers, and few eclipse parties of the present day are unsupplied with telescopes equally powerful. Professor Schaeberle's photographs for the first time recorded the details of the inner coronal structure. His observations, and similar ones made by our later parties, have afforded strong evidence as to the origin of the corona, and the close connection between the solar prominences and the coronal streamers.

Our expedition sent to Sumatra last year in charge of Professor Perrine was at least as successful as any eclipse expedition sent out by any institution, in spite of the thin clouds which partially obscured the sun at the critical moments. His photographs have shown an undoubted connection between sun-spots and a disturbed region in the corona overlying them. Photographs of the corona, obtained with a polarizing camera, and of the spectrum of the corona, led to most decisive results as to the nature of the coronal streamers. Without entering upon a technical discussion of the subject, it will be sufficient to say that the light of the outer corona was shown to to be largely ordinary sunlight, reflected from the solid particles composing the corona; whereas the light of the inner corona is largely inherent, the particles in the vicinity of the sun evidently being heated to such an extent that they shine by virtue of their own light.

An important department of the Lick Observatory, in charge of Professor Tucker, relates to the Meridian Circle. This most delicate piece of apparatus is used in determining the accurate places of the stars. In his hands, during the past nine years, it has yielded an enormous number of observations of the highest class. Thirty years ago, one-half of the resources of the astronomers of the world were devoted to the prosecution of this line of work. As a result, our libraries contain catalogues supplying the very accurate places of more than one hundred thousand stars. While great interest may not directly attach to the position of stars, yet the subject is one of fundamental importance, inasmuch as it supplies the basis for a very large part of mathematical astronomy. The study of the motions of the planets, of comets, and of individual stars is based entirely upon observations of this kind, and the Lick Observatory is fortunate in its ability to contribute its share of such work, with an accuracy but seldom equalled and never surpassed.

One of the most extraordinary discoveries of recent times was made in connection with the new star in Perseus, by Professor Perrine. Photographs of the region surrounding the star taken by Wolf of Heidelberg, in August, 1901, and by Ritchey at Yerkes Observatory in September, 1901, had shown the existence of masses of nebulosity in its vicinity. Mr. Perrine's photograph of No-

vember 7th and 8th, 1901, secured with the Crossley Reflector, led to the remarkable discovery that the masses of nebulosity were apparently in motion, with a speed perhaps several hundred times as great as hitherto observed. The distance of the star, and presumably also of the nebula, is so great that there is difficulty in conceiving the observed motion to be a real translation of matter through space. Of the apparent changes in position of the nuclei there is not the slightest doubt; but the great majority of astronomers incline to the view that the observed phenomenon results from the traveling outward from the new star of a great wave of light generated at the time of its maximum brightness, this wave successively illuminating portions of hitherto invisible matter existing in the surrounding regions.

The applications of the spectroscope and of the photographic methods to astronomical investigation have widened our knowledge of the heavens to an extent that our predecessors could not have foretold. The perfecting of instruments now in use, the invention of new instruments and processes and advances in related sciences, make it impossible to predict what will be the nature of astronomical work when our State reaches its one hundredth year. We may be certain that such predictions would fall far short of the truth. It is hoped that the resources of the Lick Observatory will enable it in the future, as in the past, to occupy advanced ground.

A Rose — thrown on the drifting tide
That laughs along the tinkling brook
Tho' here and there it idly glide
Finds rest within some sheltered nook:

And thus some heart — tossed on the stream
Of time, — impelled by passion's breeze —
And folly's breath; — may find a dream
Of hope — upon thy breast, — Eliza!

F. B. H.

Facsimile of a verse written by Bret Harte in an autograph album about 1858.

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TWO LETTERS.

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN AND JAMES D. HAGUE.

Hohenschwargan, in Bavaria, July 13th, 1902.

Dear Sir:—I fear that it is too late for my reply to your request for an appreciation of Bret Harte to be of any value; nor, under any circumstance, could I contribute such a note as I would like to write in respect to him. Our personal acquaintance was limited to two or three brief interviews,—for he came to the East as I went to the West, but it was sufficient to impress me by its rare personality. I remember well how eagerly the numbers of the Overland were looked for in the East, when they brought us, month after month, his earliest contributions, so racy and so different from the writings of any one else. I remember also that Mr. Carmany showed me the original manuscript of "We are ruined by Chinese Cheap Labor," and likewise one or more "proofs", and how at my suggestion he gave it to me for the archives of the University of California. A short time ago I saw these autographic mementoes hanging in the Library of the University at Berkeley; and it seemed to me then, as it did originally, a very suggestive and to young writers an instructive illustration of the way in which a genius works. Unless I am mistaken, the line that gave the verses currency came in at the last moment before printing. Bret Harte was a genius and in the long and increasing roll of California's writers, there is hardly anyone, if any one, entitled to a higher place.

Yours very truly
Daniel C. Gilman

Editor Overland Monthly: I recall with pleasure a visit, one day in May, 1867, at the office of my friend, R. B. Swain, then Mint Superintendent, with whom I found his secretary, Bret Harte, who was much amused by a little story about a certain kind-hearted but very profane old soldier, with whom, some years before, I had chanced to be a fellow-passenger on a crowded railway train.

It was during the war, in a night train of old-fashioned day coaches on the New York Central, when a company of soldiers, coming in at Buffalo, crowded the cars far beyond their capacity and made the journey miserable for all other passengers, among whom was a woman with a crying baby who persistently refused to be comforted, and all were irritated beyond endurance. A tall, uncouth and rather untidy old soldier approached the long-suffering mother, and, reaching out for the child, said: "Let me take your baby a minute, ma'am." The woman placed the baby in the hands of the soldier, who, holding it caressingly in his arms and swaying gently to and fro, immediately began to sing as a soothing lullaby: "There! there! there! Damn your little eyes! There! there! there! Hell! What a screamer!" and so forth, until the baby, apparently relieved by the change in the situation, suddenly ceased crying, and a few minutes later was returned sound asleep to the mother by the solider, who simply said:

"You bet, I just thought I could quiet the d——d little cuss!" Harte was much interested, and made me repeat the story with additional details. I believe he had not written then the Luck of Roaring Camp, and when I read that tale a year or two thereafter, I thought it more than possible that the old soldier's peculiar terms of endearment had suggested the words of old "Kentuck."

I think it was some years later when I was one of a party of four at a breakfast given by Clarence King to Bret

Harte one Sunday morning at the old Union Club, on the corner of Montgomery and California streets. King amused the company with a narrative of what he said had just befallen him on the street corner, as he entered the clubhouse, when four well-known geologists, Whitney, Hayden, Blake and himself, coming from the four points of the compass had run into a general collision on the northwest corner, and being all unspeakably hostile at the moment, owing, perhaps, to their different views concerning the "chunk of old red sandstone" on the Stanislaus, or the true inwardness of the "Calaveras Skull," had finally dodged each other in silence, but with eyes glaring scientific hatred.

I remember a volume of stories by Bret Harte which he presented to King, bearing on the fly-leaf Harte's autograpic inscription in words to this effect:

> "To Clarence King, author of Geology of the Fortieth Parallel and other works of fiction."

JAMES D. HAGUE.

CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by GRACE LUCE IRWIN

Mr. Davis as He Should Be. The latest collection of Mr. Richard Harding Davis' short stories includes the title story, "Ranson's Folly" and the "Bar Sinister," "A Derelict," "La Lettre d'Amour," and "In the Fog," of which I think the first is best, at least from the standpoint of what is most entertaining. One quality which strikes us particularly in these tales is their general spirit of lightheartedness and youthful zest. Mr. Davis likes nothing better than the portrayal of wealthy, energetic, clever young Americans, with all life before them and a tendency (in their independence) toward rather reckless adventure. Ranson's Folly—Ranson being a young Army officer, son of a wealthy family and entering the army during the Spanish war, while his "Folly" is the act of "holding up" a stage coach with no weapon but a pair of shears, to show he could do it—is directly attributable to a love of adventure in the hero and the resulting ennui when he is deprived of it, by being stationed at a dull army post on the frontier. Ranson is one of the most charming young fellows of modern fiction. The fire and abandon of his temperament, his frankness and courage are portrayed by a few apparently simple but highly artistic devices. His conversation fixes him indelibly in your mind, for it is as full of joke and irresponsible gaiety as one would expect. He is something on the order of a modern young American d'Artagnan. The plot of the story is complex, almost farcical in its continual turns and surprises, dramatic in its episodes, while the heroine, Mary Cahill, impresses us as a commonplace of fiction—though not of life, unfortunately. "La Lettre d'Amour," a shorter tale, more in the order of a sketch, has more sentiment but less plot, and we must confess to preferring of the two—a plot. And "In the Fog" is nothing but plot, skillfully managed. The illustrations of this book are by Frederic Remington, Walter Appleton Clark, Howard Chandler Christy, E. M. Ashe, and F. Dorr Steele.

The illustrations to the "Derelict" are by Walter Appleton Clark, and though melodramatic, beautiful. This story is extremely pathetic, and shows how the love of adventure in a certain unlucky young man was wedded with that fatal lack of practicality in his nature, and brought him of all ill luck the greatest.

Charles Scribners Sons, New York. Price, $1.50.

Animal Tragedies. The Henry Altemus Publishing Company, who bring out so many of the charming books

for children of the day, now present "Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories," written by Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S., an English magazine writer of acknowledged ability, and a Fellow of the Zoological Society of London. These animal stories of hers, first and foremost, are not in anyway imitations. When you see that the book is dedicated to the wife of Mr. Seton-Thompson, you fear that, like most of the other writers of "animal stories" of the day, she may have followed the leading hand of Mr. Thompson, but this is not so. Although interesting and realistic, her tales bear not the slightest resemblance to his. "There are heroes and tyrants, cruel and gentle natures," she says, "in the animal world, as in our own, and judged by our standards their lives are pastorals or tragedies, even as ours are, while their histories are even more interesting than those of men or women"—and this idea is well nigh proven in her stories. However, if we should make a criticism we should say that the tragedies predominate rather too much, making in some cases rather gruesome reading for children. Yet for young people this may be in some cases the only way of arousing their sympathies.

There are sixteen tales, each of a different wild animal. The illustrations are especially good, by Gustave Verbeek, in his best style, beautifully drawn and colored, the covers being in red with a picture of Rataplan.

Henry Altemus Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.25.

Leslie Stephens on George Eliot.

Since Mr. Cross's "Life of George Eliot" (which was largely made up of her letters and diaries) nothing has been published on the subject of the great novelist and her work of so much value as "George Eliot," by Mr. Leslie Stephens, the current volume of the English Men of Letters series, edited by John Morley. Mr. Stephens' book is splendidly and entertainingly written, as we should expect from the pen of so famous a raconteur. The life of this wonderfully intellectual woman was so completely interwoven with and distinguished by her novels, that Mr. Stephens' plan of devoting a chapter each to them and to the time of her life to which they belong, seems biographically appropriate. At this date, probably his conclusions as to their value, philosophical or artistic, are truer than those felt more immediately after her death. Time is necessary for the ripening of literary judgments, as for everything else. We are just about prepared now to view the work of George Eliot in proper perspective. To all lovers of literature, or of good critical biography, I can recommend this little book.

"George Eliot," by Leslie Stephens. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $1.00.

Mary McLane is Not Exciting.

Have you read it? "The Story of Mary McLane, by Herself," brought out by the Herbert Stone Company, Chicago? Well, if you haven't, my advice to you is, don't. How Mr. Stone could ever sit up late at night to finish the manuscript is more than I can understand. I should have gone to sleep in the second chapter. It is the three months' diary of a girl of nineteen in Butte, Montana, who has just graduated from the High School, with evidently nothing in her head, for the book is of nothing, nothing, nothing. She is evidently bored to death, and needs a sweetheart badly. That is all that ails Mary M'cLane. But from the frontispiece of the book, one can see how unattractive she is. I suppose there must be something remarkable about a book which has proved something of a sensation and sold so well, but it is certainly not because Mary McLane had anything remarkable to say, for she had nothing to say, but she says nothing well. Somehow, she has rather a good literary style, and both persistency and independence. Perhaps sometime—after she goes to Radcliff, for instance—she will have something to say. Meanwhile, don't read it.

Are These Westerners?

"The Spenders" is a novel wherein the characters are caricatures, the conver-

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places very successfully instead of rubber, some answering one purpose and some another; but no one substance has yet been devised which fills any considerable part of the purposes to which rubber is daily being put.

Science plays an important part in the manufacture of rubber in various forms, and methods have been devised which enable the rubber manufacturer, by the use of chemical and mechanical processes and by the addition of various substances to so manipulate the native rubber that it is adapted to a great many more purposes than pure rubber could be used for. At the same time the world's supply of the precious Caoutchouc is literally "stretched" and made to accomplish much more than it otherwise would. This addition of other materials to the rubber is not in the form of an adulteration, but is generally used to enhance those qualities of the rubber which are most particularly needed for the purpose in hand, or to add qualities which the rubber lacks. Thus we have soft rubber in various forms, and different kinds of hard rubber, each adapted to some specific use.

The automobilist is just now creating one of the heaviest demands for rubber, and the rubber vehicle tire represents one of the highest forms of scientific manipulation of crude rubber for a specific use. If figures could be compiled showing the consumption of rubber during the past year for this one use they would be a revelation to many an enthusiastic chauffeur who looks at the tires on his own machine and forgets the thousands and thousands of other tires proceeding in a constant stream from the factories.

These extraordinary demands for rubber touch almost every phase of activity and are responsible for one of the most remarkable commercial developments of the new century—viz., the cultivation of rubber trees on plantations.

This movement has been rendered necessary for two reasons.

In the first place there is the fact that the native forests of rubber trees are inaccessible except to the natives and cannot be brought under the control of modern commercial conditions.

Second, we must take into account the ignorant, one might almost say, criminal, action of these native rubber hunters which has led them to destroy the trees in the most ruthless manner.

Rubber or Caoutchouc is made from the milk of the numerous trees and vines belonging to the great family *Euphorbicae*, which are found growing to a greater or less extent in nearly all of the countries embraced in a belt around the earth some five hundred miles wide and extending on both sides of the Equator. The milk of these rubber producing plants is in reality the sap of the tree which ascends and descends in the bark according to season. If you wish to see exactly what this milk looks like it is a simple matter in almost any part of the country, for the familiar milk weed (*Asclepias*) contains a small percentage of Caoutchouc.

There are several plants which produce India rubber: An Indian plant, *Ficus elastica*; several African plants of the genus *Landolphia*, and a Central American and Mexican species, *Castilloa elastica*. Ceara or Manicoba rubber is the product of Manihot Glaziovii. The Pará rubber is the product of several species of the genus *Hevea*, particularly *H. Braziliensis* and *H. Guianensis*.

Notwithstanding the large variety of trees from which this rubber-bearing sap can be obtained, there are only a few trees which carry a sufficient percentage of the Caoutchouc in their sap to justify gathering it in a commercial scale. The rubber supply of the world has been drawn from the wild native rubber trees of South America, Central America, Mexico, Africa and the East Indies. The rubber of Africa is obtained from vines indigenous to that country, while that from the East Indies is from the *Ficus elastica*, which is of the fig family. Speaking in a general way the Amazon India rubber country, which is the home of that species of rubber tree botanically known *Hevea Braziliensis* produces at present about two-thirds of the rubber supply of the world, while a large percentage of the remaining third is drawn from Central America and Mexico, the natural habitat of the rubber tree known as the *Castilloa elastica*.

The incessant search for the rubber

Rubber tree one year old.

primitive method of dipping until finally a large lump of the rubber forms on the end of the stirring paddle; this is the "Rubber Biscuit" of commerce.

After weeks of this sort of work the native loads up the resulting biscuits and floats back to civilization, turning his product over to some white trader, through whose hands it eventually reaches the markets of the world. It is these primitive and uncertain methods which still prevail, and many of the Indians, impelled by the high price which they have obtained for their crude rubber, have fallen into the practice of adulterating the sap of the genuine rubber tree with a similar sap which contains resinous substances and makes the native rubber much more difficult to manipulate.

Venezuela, in order to protect these valuable trees against the ruthless vandalism of these native gatherers, has prohibited

to meet the clamorous demands of the manufacturing world have gradually forced the India rubber gatherers further into the interior, and have made the supply more precarious year after year. Originally the trees were found close to the river banks and only a short distance from the seaports. These trees were quickly killed by the ruthless tappers, and now the hunters have to make long journeys into the tropical forests where a white man can scarcely live, even for a brief period. The Indian rubber hunter follows the unknown streams in a primative canoe, his search taking him into the very heart of the dense, swampy forests. Arriving at a spot where the rubber trees grow in considerable numbers he erects a rude temporary habitation on some bit of ground a little higher than the waters of the river. Working from this center he searches out the rubber trees and hacks paths through the tangled underbrush to reach them. Gashes are made in the bark or the tree is felled at once. The sap is collected in leaves or in clay cups and is congealed by some

the cutting of rubber trees, but it is almost impossible to enforce such legislation under the conditions which prevail. The destruction of the forests progresses continually, and each year the product is brought from further and further in the jungles at an added outlay of labor and money.

These are the facts which have forced the users of rubber to take action for self-protection. Since no substitute can be used, and no counterfeit can be manufactured, they are forced to seek some means for increasing the natural supply.

Quite naturally, Mexico becomes the center of operations. The soil and climatic conditions demanded for the successful growing of rubber trees are well known. The conditions are exactly fulfilled in the Amazon country of Brazil, but the climate there is entirely unbearable for Americans. Therefore, that country is not available for the scientific cultivation of rubber trees under the control of a white race.

The magnitude of the work to be done makes it imperative that it be handled

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in the most skillful and scientific manner by men of liberal education and takes it entirely beyond the capacities of the ignorant Indians, who have up to this time been the principal dependency of the rubber consuming world. And it is but reasonable to assume that with intelligent manipulation the merchantable quality of the product will be materially improved, thereby enhancing its value.

In view of all these facts it is not strange that Mexico has been singled out as the one country of all others where the cultivation of rubber can be carried on most successfully. Here climate and soil and water supply are combined in exactly the right way; here a white man can live in comfort; here labor is plentiful and cheap and transportation by water and rail brings the product close to the centers of manufacture in the United States.

This is not by any means the first instance where Mexico has played an important part in the world's commerce; for her glorious tropical forests which promise now to realize the dreams of Cortez, have for many years supplied some of the world's most needed products.

Nature has hidden away in those deep, shady forests the quinine to regulate the fevered pulse; the vanila which delights the palate; chocolate, one of Nature's most pleasing and nourishing of foods; her coffee is second to none in quality, and more important than all, rubber, which has come into greater and more diversified usefulness than almost any other product of the vegetable kingdom. This is true to such an extent that rubber has been called "the handmaid of civilization."

All of these products of Nature's wonderful laboratory have laid dormant in the custody of an indolent, picturesque people, too lacking in ambition to do what they might have done, too lacking in knowledge to do what was necessary to do.

The economic progress of the world is not to be stayed by so trivial a circumstance as the inborn characteristics of a race, and we find progressive Americans already actively at work in Mexico. The men who began the systematic culture must ultimately be considered as do-

Rubber tree three years old.

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ing a service to the whole of mankind by perpetuating the supply of rubber, which would otherwise be rapidly diminished, if not exhausted. In the State of Chiapas the rubber tree is found growing to a great size in its native state, surrounded by all the conditions essential to its successful commercial reproduction.

This work is being carried out almost entirely by American enterprise and American money, but the Mexican Government has been foresighted enougn to safeguard their interests and to give perfect protection to the property. The most successful rubber plantation companies are operated from the United States, and the actual work of planting out the orchards and bringing them to maturity is placed in the hands of trained men, experienced in agricultural and horticultural work, and acquainted with the peculiar conditions of Mexico. With crude rubber netting the grower sixty cents a pound, it is obvious that the profits from the cultivation of rubber will be enormous, and the work has progressed to a point where every element of speculation seems to have been eliminated. A rubber plantation to-day is a thoroughly understood proposition, and the matter of expense and of production are about definitely settled.

Matias Romero, formerly Mexican Minister to the United States, forecast the present situation when he said: "Neither cocoa, coffee, sugar nor any other tropical product will give the same profit as rubber." The developments of the past few years show that the cultivation of the rubber tree has passed its experimental stage, while the growth and maturing of the same depends upon the climatic conditions in the location where the rubber trees are to be planted, as well as to the proper care given to the trees during the development period.

In putting out the plantations the trees are planted about two hundred to the acre, and the rapidity of their growth under favorable conditions may be gauged somewhat by the photographs which accompany this article. To explain this wonderful growth it might be well to state that the rubber tree requires conditions which are quite unusual to the dweller in our climate. To make such a growth as is shown in these photographs they must have intense heat, a very rich soil, and an immense amount of water.

These photographs were taken in the State of Chiapas, where the soil is a sort of light loam, covered with leaf mould to a considerable depth, the product of the heavy native forests which have covered the land. The land is not far from the ocean, at an altitude of only a few hundred feet and borders a considerable river. The annual rainfall is in the neighborhood of two hundred inches. In other words these trees were grown in what is practically an out-of-doors hot house.

Under conditions which prevail in a cultivated orchard, systematic tapping can be begun in the seventh year (if properly located) when the product from an acre of trees at that stage is worth about one hundred dollars, but as the tree grows older it increases the yield until the product per annum from a single tree fifteen

to twenty years old is valued at several dollars.

The trees of a rubber plantation are set at regular intervals with the purpose of ultimately having about two hundred trees to the acre; it is the practice, however, on some plantations to plant them much closer than this. The extra trees are then tapped to death before attaining a large size, leaving plenty of room for the permanent orchard and yielding a considerable revenue in the early stages of the enterprise. The expense of caring for a rubber plantation is much less than is necessary in the case of coffee or cocoa or any of the other tropical products, which is a valuable consideration to the investor. Moreover, the crop is imperishable and can be marketed at the convenience of the grower, whereas a great many of the products of the same region must be hurried to market whether conditions be favorable or not. Taken altogether, rubber culture has so many things in its favor that it is, as we remarked at the beginning of this article, one of the most important commercial developments of this century.

The process of extracting the sap from the trees is extremely simple. The natives of the Amazon regions and of Central America slash gashes in the trunk of the trees with their machete and allow the sap to collect in a clay cup stuck to the trunk of the tree or else they conduct the sap through a reed to a basin hollowed out in the ground. Under these methods a great many impurities get into the sap and a considerable percentage is lost. Even under this plan the trees would have a chance, but the temptation to secure the tree's entire store of sap is irresistible. In his greed the Indian ruthlessly chops down the tree and gashes the bark every two or three feet all the way along the trunk, spreading the thick leaves on the ground to catch the sap. It is this practice that has depleted the native forests to such an extent as to make it highly profitable to cultivate the trees in the manner described.

These primitive methods of collecting the sap are all done away with on a modern plantation. A tree is watched and cared for in order to get the largest continuous production from it. The incisions are made with a special tool, care being taken not to injure the wood of the tree or to stop the free circulation of the sap through the bark, except on a small portion of its surface. By this means the trees suffer no injury whatever, and will continue to produce ever increasing quantities of sap for a great many years.

The sap of the India rubber trees contains about 56 per cent of water and 44 per cent of what is called rubber. There are also some minor elements. The subsequent treatment of the sap is primarily to remove this excess of water, although it is maintained by some authorities that the smoking process to which Para rubber is subjected by the native gatherers enhances its value. After the water is evaporated the resulting mass is Caoutchouc—the rubber of commerce. The total world production now ranges very close to 100,000,000 pounds per annum, which, if the product of cultivated trees, would net the growers more than sixty million dollars. It is not surprising that Sir Henry Nevill Dering, British Minister to Mexico, should have said: "The cultivation of Indian rubber is probably the most profitable industry in the world."

(The writer is indebted to the Conservative Rubber Production Company of San Francisco, Cal., for the photographs used in the above article.)

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Three "White" Steam Carriages which ran in the gasoline class, and by reason of the Condensers, made the 100 miles without a stop in the "100-mile Endurance Contest" of the Automobile Club on Decoration Day.

INTERESTING AUTOMOBILE COMMENTS.

BY W. M. GARDINER

The first reference is to the one hundred mile run of the Long Island Automobile Club, held on Long Island, April 26th, 1902. The second is to the one hundred mile run of the Automobile Club of America from New York City to Bridgeport, Conn., and return, held on May 30th, 1902. The third is to the six day contest from New York to Buffalo. It is our desire to present quotations from different automobile journals, in order to let disinterested observers speak of the work of the carriage.

The "Motor World" for May 1st, 1902, page 131, says:

"Some one likened the Long Island Endurance Contest to a run across the desert during a sand storm, and it is fair to say that the simile is not far fetched."

In face of such a contest as this, the three "Whites" entered finished without a stop for fuel, water or repairs.

The "Motor World" for May 1st, 1902, page 132, says:

"If the event turned up any sensation, it certainly was in the performance of those sensational vehicles, the 'White' Steam Carriages. So far as known all steamers except the 'White' took advantage of the non-penalized stops for water."

The foregoing quotations are concerning the hundred mile non-stop run of the Long Island Automobile Club.

The quotations following refer to the hundred mile endurance contest of the Automobile Club of America, from New York to Bridgeport and return, which took place on Decoration Day, 1902.

Of the second run, we quote the following from the "Cycle and Automobile Trade Journal" for June 1st, 1902, page 17:

"Decoration Day was undoubtedly a 'steam' day, notwithstanding the fact that the wind was blowing almost as strong as on the day of the Long Island run, for according to our records, 73 per cent of the steam vehicles which started, went through without a penalized stop, while only 43 per cent of the gasoline machines went through without a stop."

The "Cycle and Automobile Trade Journal" for June 1st, 1902, page 17, says:

"Class B—Steam vehicles, which were divided into two sections, Section 1 those that complete the 100 miles without a stop. There were only three in this section, the 'White' Steam Carriages. Section 2, steam vehicles, to complete the 100 miles with two stops. The first stop to be made 33 1-3 miles from New York, where gasoline and water could be taken on board and where the vehicle could be lubricated, but not adjusted or repaired in any way while standing still. The second stop to be made 66 2-3 miles from the start, where gasoline and water could be taken on board and where the vehicle could be lubricated, but not ad-

justed or repaired in any way while standing still."

Of the road over which this contest was run, the following from the "Motor World" for June 5th, 1902, page 295, is interesting:

"The course from New York to near Bridgeport and return was unquestionably a much more severe one than that on Long Island. Its hills, both long and short, heavily graded and slightly sloped, had something to do with this. The character of the roads was also a factor. They were stone roads in the main, and there were patches of new metal to lend additional task of traversing them without accident. The severity of the course accounts for the large number of casualties, most of tnem of a minor nature, and many of them due to tire troubles.

"The extent of the mishaps may be seen when it is stated that one 'Motor World' observer counted seventeen vehicles stopped by the roadside and passed by his car."

In commenting upon the work of the most successful carriages entered, the same paper on the same page opens a paragraph as follows:

"The name which stands out most prominently on the roll of honor is the 'White,' which scored their usual and complete success."

We also append the following interestii comments concerning the run:

From the "Cycle and Automobile Tra Journal" for June 1st, 1902, page 24:

The "White" Steam Machine.

"The unbroken record of the 'Whit Steam vehicles scoring 100 per cent every endurance run in which they ha entered, is of itself the highest possib recommendation and the added laurels th have won as a result of the fuel and wat consumption records made in the last tv runs, and the strictly non-stop runs mad place these vehicles in a class by ther selves. There is little wonder that the vehicles are the talk of the trade."

The "Cycle and Automobile Trade Jou nal" for June 1st, 1902, page 44, says:

"One of the most interesting features connection with the endurance run was tl fact that the three White Sewing Machir carriages ran the entire distance witho stopping at the steam controls to take water."

So much has been said about the cost fuel for running steam carriages, that w wish it to be known that whatever may l said of other makes of carriages, tl "White" is as economical as a gasoline ca riage and has all the advantages whic steam has over gasoline. We append tl

New Model "White" Steam Touring Car. The inventor, W. T. White; wheel, 20 H. P.; speed, 60 miles per hour; fastest long-distance auto ever built. This car has a "condenser"; it shows no exhaust, makes no more noise than a bicycle, and Mr. White ran the machine 200 miles without stop.

following quotation and tables from the "Cycle and Automobile Trade Journal," issue of June 1st, page 25:

Steam Vehicle Fuel and Water Consumption

"The figures for the steam vehicle gasoline and water consumption are instructive, the records made by the 'White' Steam vehicles being especially noticeable. The fact is that these machines do not consume any more fuel than the average vehicle driven by a gasoline engine. This is a revelation in itself and should give the steam vehicle makers some hope of competing with the gasoline vehicles in economy of fuel consumption, which has heretofore appeared impossible. Further the small amount of water used by the 'White' vehicles should prove to the steam vehicle makers the value of condensers, and they should lose no time in equipping their machines with some form of condensers."

Class B, Steam Vehicles.

No.	Maker	Pass.	H. P.	Wgt.	Gals.
65	White Sewing Machine Co.......	2	6	1400	5¾
64	White Sewing Machine Co.......	2	6	1400	6½
66	White Sewing Machine Co.......	2	6	1400	9
30	Locomobile Company	2	3½	1250	10
67	Overman Automobile Co.	2	4½	1500	10½
21	Prescott Auto Company	2	4½	1300	10¾
5	Grout Bros.	2	4½	1000	12¾
6	Prescott Auto Company	2	4½	1300	13¼
29	Locomobile Company	2	3½	985	13½
17	Grout Bros.	2	6½	1300	14
7	Prescott Auto. Company	2	4½	1300	14
22	Lane Motor Vehicle Co...........	4	10	1650	15¾
75	Locomobile Company	2	3½	1600	16

Water Consumption of Steam Carriages.

No.	Maker	Pass.	H. P.	Wgt.	Gals.
B—64*	White Sewing Machine Co........	2	6	1400	5.98
B—65*	White Sewing Machine Co........	2	6	1400	5.98
B—66*	White Sewing Machine Co........	2	6	1400	9.72
B—21	Prescott Auto. Mfg. Co............	2	4½	1300	71.18
B— 7	Prescott Auto. M'fg. Co............	2	4½	1300	79.43
Overman Auto. Company		2	4½	1500	84.68
B— 6	Prescott Auto. Mfg. Co.............	2	4½	1300	85.42
B—30	Locomobile Company	2	6	1750	89.17
B—22	Lane Motor Vehicle Co.	4	10	1650	93.15
B— 5	Grout Bros.	2	4½	1000	98.08
B—75	Locomobile Company	2	3½	1600	101.04
B—29	Locomobile Company....	2	3½	1600	114.63

*Entered under non-stop rules.

The following quotation is from the "Automobile and Motor Review," issue of June 14th, 1902, page 4:

"Taken as a whole, with its economical and automatically regulated steam generators and its new condenser system, the 'White' carriage certainly represents a type of steam vehicle construction which is destined to have a broad effect upon the industry."

Also the following from the same issue of the same paper on the same page:

"Summarizing the results secured with the 'White' steam carriage B—65 in the Memorial Day endurance run, its steam generating system combined with the condenser made possible a run of 100 miles on six gallons of water and 5¾ gallons of gasoline as against an average of 95½ gallons of water and 13 gallons of gasoline for all other blue ribbon steam carriages and an average of 6¼ gallons of gasoline for all blue ribbon hydro-carbon vehicles."

In the New York to Buffalo endurance contest, held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America, four "White" Steam Carriages entered got 100 per cent, it being the only make of carriage receiving 100 per cent on four carriages and on every carriage entered. They also made the highest average mileage of any make of carriage, with four carriages finishing.

We quote the following from "Automobile Magazine" for October:

"The 'White' steam machines prove to be surprises, especially to those who previously were not acquainted with their good points. Four of these vehicles started and all finished in good shape. Paul H. Deming, who with R. H. White acted as leader of their coterie, remarked to the writer that had the performances of their machine been different, he would have been surprised. Mr. Deming made his debut east with one of his machines last spring in an Automobile Club

of America run to Tuxedo, and hung close for the thirty miles to Cornelius J. Field's De Dion racer. Those who remember his performance then are not surprised at the good showing the 'White' quartet made on this later test."

In this New York to Buffalo endurance contest, the worst trip was the control ending at Herkimer, its run being made in mud from three to ten inches deep. The four "White" carriages starting from Fonda 47th, 49th, 51st and 52nd; read the following from the "Herkimer Evening Telegram," September 11th, and see where they finished:

"The first of the participants in the endurance contest to arrive in Herkimer was David Wolfe Bishop, with his thirty horse power Panhard-Levassor gasoline macnine. He arrived at 3:25 just as Timers W. M. Turner and Page opened the evening control. He made the distance from Fonda to Herkimer at a rate of fifteen miles an hour. He was the fifth man to start out of Fonda. Paul H. Deming with a 'White' Steam machine, was the second to arrive at 3:58. R. H. White, O. S. Southworth and M. R. Hughes, all with 'White' Steam machines arrived next in the order named. Their time of arrival was 4, 4:06, and 4:07 p. m. The last four machines named are manufactured by the 'White' Sewing Machine Company."

The foregoing quotations are from conservative trade journals. The most important of all facts connected with the "White" is that it can be operated by anyone in a single lesson and an hour is frequently all that is necessary to teach tne purchaser to handle the machine successfully.

It is impossible to burn out the generator, there is not the slightest danger of a boiler to explode and the numerous troubles of gasoline vehicles with their excessive repairs and the large amount of heavy machinery they are compelled to carry are avoided. There are no water glasses to watch, no sparking devices to keep in order or electric batteries to manage; in short the many difficulties of other forms of automobiles have been almost entirely eliminated, giving the public, we think, for the first time in the history of the industry a simple, practical, pleasure and utility vehicle at a reasonable figure, one which can be operated by the average man or woman successfully and the cost of maintaining which is reduced to perhaps one-fifth of that of any other make of carriage capable of doing the same service.

The "White" touring carriages are now being delivered at the factory, though they are sold up ahead for some months.

We are prepared to take orders for future delivery, however, on this magnificent car which carries four or six passengers as it has a folding seat on the rear which can be used or closed up at pleasure. Each seat is capable of carrying three passengers if desired. The carriage has a condenser, so that it will run almost inaefinitely without taking on water, makes no more noise than a bicycle, has no vibration and has power enough to maintain a speed of forty miles an hour or climb any hill where traction will take an automobile.

We want dealers in unoccupied territory and if you are in the market for an automobile for your own use or contemplate handling them, write us for prices, terms and catalogue. Parties interested should apply to the "White" Sewing Machine Company, C. A. Hawkins, General Agent, 300 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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NEVADA COUNTY'S DEVELOPMENT

The great Niagara Mine as a criterion of the future.—Under the management of Mr. Letson Balliet, Mining Engineer, and the most successful mine operator in the West.

NEVADA county began its history in the year 1849. At that time thousands of hardy gold-seekers thronged its ravines, canyons and river banks, enriching themselves to a far greater extent than any of the recent explorers of the Klondike. Since that period it has steadily held its own, and to-day stands the banner gold-mining county of California. It has added over two hundred millions to the wealth of the world, and is still producing millions of dollars annually.

Mr. Letson Balliet.

Many of the early gold seekers located their mining claims by pacing off the ground and measuring them with strings. This ground has been held from year to year and mined in a primitive way while the surveys with accurate instruments show that there is yet much ground unclaimed. In later years men of energy and far-seeing purpose came into the country, purchased some of these claims and opened them up into big mines, and there are hundreds of others that require nothing but active development to make them payers.

The Empire mine of Grass Valley has produced, up to the present time, $10,000,000, and is still in active operation, showing up larger and bigger than ever.

The Maryland-Idaho mine, in the same locality, has produced over $20,000,000, and we could name thirty more mines in operation that have added millions to the output of this locality.

The old Allison Ranch mine, with a former production of $3,000,000, is being re-opened by Messrs. Mackey and Flood.

The Niagara mine, located right in the heart of Nevada County's rich gold deposits, is being re-opened by the Niagara Mining Company. This mine in every way has a better showing than any of its neighbors had when they started. The neighboring mines have sunk shafts over 3,000 feet deep, and have proved that it is impossible to mine out Nevada County's veins. Surface work has been going on for fifty years; tunnels have been run and small shafts sunk, proving that Niagara's riches are barely scratched.

It was for Mr. Letson Balliet to discover the possibilities of the Niagara mines. His engineers, searching the country over for valuable properties, discovered that the owners of the Niagara mine did not have sufficient money to operate it properly; he took an option on it—discovered that the adjoining claims were lying idle as Government land. He located the Government land, erected a mill and hoist and began sinking a shaft to follow the Niagara ore bodies to a depth of two or three thousand feet, and thus place the Niagara mine among the leaders of Nevada County's ore producers.

Mr. Balliet is probably the best known mining engineer on the Pacific Coast, and it is said that he has never made a failure in mining yet. In fact he has advertised that he will give $5,000 reward to anyone who will name any single instance where any man has invested money on his advice and followed his instructions and has lost money, or where any mine has been opened on his plans and it has not proved a success. Mr. Balliet is a mining engineer and metalurgical chemist, and is regarded as a very conservative man in taking hold of any mine. Some people have called him a plunger, but this is radically wrong. He is very slow to take hold of a mine, but when once he becomes convinced that it is all right, he is a remarkably rapid operator. Mr.

The Great Niagara Mine.

Balliet is interested in mines in Oregon, Black Hills of South Dakota, California, Utah, Arizona, and elsewhere. His daily work takes him continually among the mines. He is not a stock broker, and is not selling stock. To the writer he said: "People have the wrong idea; I am not selling stock. I am buying stock and am spending money on the mines in which I am buying stock. Many of my friends have written me and asked me to buy stock for them in good mines that come under my notice. I have done this for four or five thousand people in the last three years, and some people got the idea that I was selling stock, and it is hard to convince them of the difference. My daily work takes me among the mines. I am in close touch with most of the big mines of the West. I can buy stock for the small investors to better advantage than they can buy it themselves, and I take great pains to place their investments in reliable mines. Everybody in a mining camp offers to give free advice, but they generally have an axe to grind, but to convince you of what I say, I will give any of the readers of your paper a pointer on any mining stock in which they are thinking of investing, or I will pick out a good investment for them. I have helped about 5,000 people to make profitable investments in this way, and I am willing to help any of your readers in the same way. I will not charge them a cent for the advice, and if they will follow my instructions and do not make money on it, I will take their stock off their hands for the amount they paid for it, and I don't mean in any company in which I am interested either. The investor can pick out his own stocks, and if he invests upon my instructions I will guarantee he will make money on it, or I will buy his stock myself."

Mr. Balliet runs, besides his mines, a street car line, a large metropolitan daily newspaper and a large ranch of several thousand acres. His office is at 508 California street, San Francisco, and he requests correspondence, and enjoys communicating with people whom he can help. He was a newsboy himself once, and purchased mining stock by paying $10 a month for it, and made his start in that way, and has always felt that it was his duty to help others less fortunate, if he can do so by a simple tip or pointer. If any of the readers care to correspond with him, you may address him Letson Balliet, 508 California street. San Francisco, California, and you will be sure of an answer.

Note.—The illustration of the mine is a reprint from a booklet distributed by the Nevada County Committee. Copies can be had by addressing the Chamber of Commerce Committee at Grass Valley, California.

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Cheers for the *PRESIDENT*

May 10th, 1902.

I have been wearing President Suspenders for about two years, and though I have been wearing suspenders for more than sixty years, I have never yet seen their equal.

J. O. THOMPSON, Sec'y,
State Board of Agriculture,
Capitol Bldg., Charleston, W. Va.

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This is only one of the many cheering letters we receive daily. The only suspender constructed on scientific principles, giving absolute freedom of movement.

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DIABETES
is Positively Curable

Mr. Edward Short, connected with the business department of the San Francisco "Call," interviewed:

Q.—You are reported to have been cured of diabetes?

A.—That is right.

Q.—Are you sure it was diabetes?

A.—I was rejected for insurance, and later failing rapidly, our physician told me I had diabetes and to put my affairs in shape.

Q.—Have more than one physician?

A.—Yes, I had another confirm it. He, too, said I could not live long. I had dropped from 200 to 135 pounds and was very weak. A neighbor told me of the Fulton Compound.

Q.—How long did you have to take it?

A.—About a year before I was perfectly well.

Q.—Did your physician then test for sugar?

A.—Both did. Both reported normal. They were very greatly surprised at my recovery, for they had told me diabetes was incurable.

Q.—Know of any other cures?

A.—Several. I told my friend, William Martin, an S. P. conductor of Stockton, about it. He had diabetes, and was about to give up his position when I told him. He got the same results as I did and was well when killed a year or so later.

Q.—Any others.

A.—I told William Hawkins of the Custom House and Captain Hubbard of the barkentine S. N. Castle, upon hearing they had diabetes. Both of them were cured. I also told a neighbor who had dropsy. In a month it was eliminated. I can't recollect all I've told.

Q.—Did it fail in any case?

A.—Not one. It is a positive cure in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Go over and see Hawkins and he will tell you the same thing.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. Price $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., Mills Building, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free test made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

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BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO. CORTICELLI SILK CO. M. HEMINWAY & SONS CO.
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Nineteen skeins showed **no loss** of color. One skein showed almost imperceptible loss, and this skein when washed as directed by maker on tag — using PEARLINE instead of the "mild soap" recommended—showed no loss of color.

Above is published because some silk manufacturers recommend particular soaps and caution against "Cheap Washing Powders." The cheapness of PEARLINE is due to its money-, time-, color-, fabric-saving qualities.

Pearline

IN DOING AWAY WITH THE RUBBING, DOES AWAY WITH THE WEAR AND TEAR

"First A[...] to the Young House=keeper"

Marion Ha[...]land (Christi[...] Terhune He[...]rick), in h[...] book says:

"There can [...] little doub[...] that soakin[...] the clothes le[...]sens the an[...]sens th[...] amount of ru[...]bing that mu[...] be done, if th[...] clothes are p[...] into luke-war[...] water to whic[...] has been ad[...]ed a smal[...] quantity [...] some trustwo[...]thy washin[...] powder. I em[...]phasize the a[...]jective becaus[...] the matter [...] one of impor[...]ance. In th[...] former days un[...]adulterate[...] washing sod[...] was used b[...] unscrupulou[...] washerwome[...] who did no[...] care how muc[...] damage wa[...] done to th[...] fabric, so lon[...] as the dir[...] came away[...] easily, but the injury is (even in such a case) often less than the wear the goods would receive in being rubbed into cleanliness on a washboard."

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Men's Set: 6 trousers' hangers, 12 coat hangers, 2 bars, 1 loop, $3.00, express paid.

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Or sets with fewer pieces for less.

Send for circular giving prices.

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...arantee Capital and Surplus............$2,347,387.58
...pital actually paid up in cash........... 1,000,000.00
...posits June 30, 1902 ....31,698,792.56

...ard of Directors—President, John Lloyd; First Vice-...esident, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, H. ...rstmann, Ign. Stienhart, H. B. Russ, Emil Rohte, ... Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bargen.

...hier, A. W. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, Wil...m Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourney; Assist...t Secretary, A. H. Muller; General Attorney, ... S. Goodfellow.

...tatement of the Condition and Value of the ...ssets and Liabilities of THE HIBERNIA ...AVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, a Corpora...ion, and where said assets are situated, ...ated June 30, 1902:

ASSETS.

1—Promissory Notes and the debts there...y secured, the actual value of which is ...23,362,457 31

2—Promissory Notes and the debts there...y secured, the actual value of which is ...311,500 00.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual ...alue of which is $22,088,423 43.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value ...f which is $6,473,982 17.

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds ac...rued to July 1, 1902, $300,498 29.

6—(a) Real estate, the actual value of ...hich is $993,286 26.

(b)—The land and building in which said ...orporation keeps its said office, the actual ...alue of which is $571,414 99.

7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver ...oin, belonging to said Corporation, and in ...ts possession, and situated at its said office; ...ctual value $1,195,366 04.

...OTAL ASSETS $55,296,928 49

LIABILITIES.

1—Said corporation owes deposits amount...ng to and the actual value of which is ...52,106,883 46.

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value, $3,190,-...45 03. Total Liabilities, $55,296,928 49.

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ARTHUR A. SMITH, Vice-Pres.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cash. and Sec.
EDWIN BONNELL, Asst. Cash.

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GUARANTEE CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

Capital Stock, paid up in Gold Coin,	$750,000.00
Reserve Fund, - - - - - - - -	175.000.00
Total,	$925,000.00

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532 CALIFORNIA STREET

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Reserve Fund 235,170
Contingent Fund 522,714

E. B. POND, President. W. C. B. de FREMERY Vice-President. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

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We are changing the production of crude rubber from the primitive and destructive method heretofore employed to the most scientific and economic plan known to modern forestry. No industry ever underwent so radical a development as we are now engaged in without making wealthy those who accomplish the change.

We have 6670 acres of land in the State of Chipas, the most fertile soil in Mexico, less than 2000 miles from New York, with water transportation all the way; we are developing this land into a commercial rubber orchard, under the most successful conditions and plans known to scientific forestry. We are selling shares in this plantation, each share representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre of land. These shares are paid for in small monthly installments as the work of development progresses. We plant 600 trees to the acre and tap "to death" 400 of them leaving at maturity 200 trees to the acre. The product from the 400 trees provides dividends during the term of payment.

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Here is a safe, conservative and permanent investment in an industry new enough to be immensely profitable, yet old enough to have lost all element of risk.

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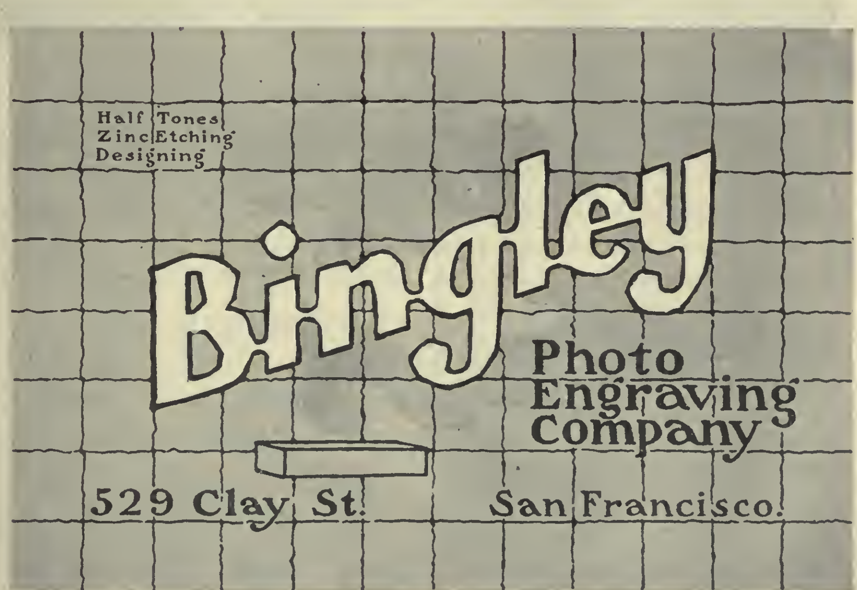

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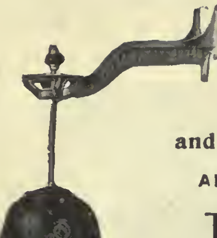

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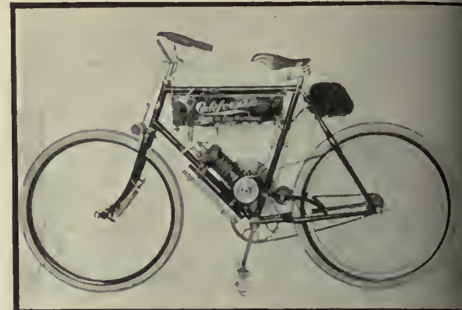

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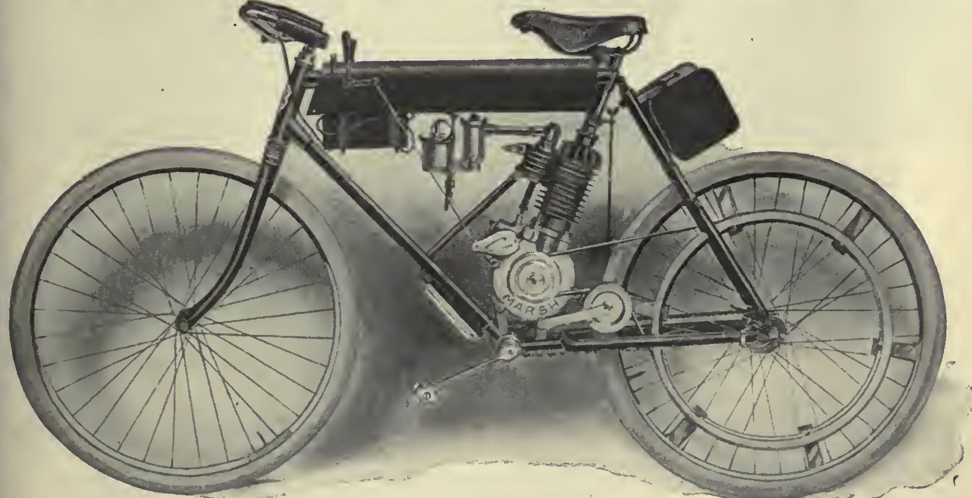

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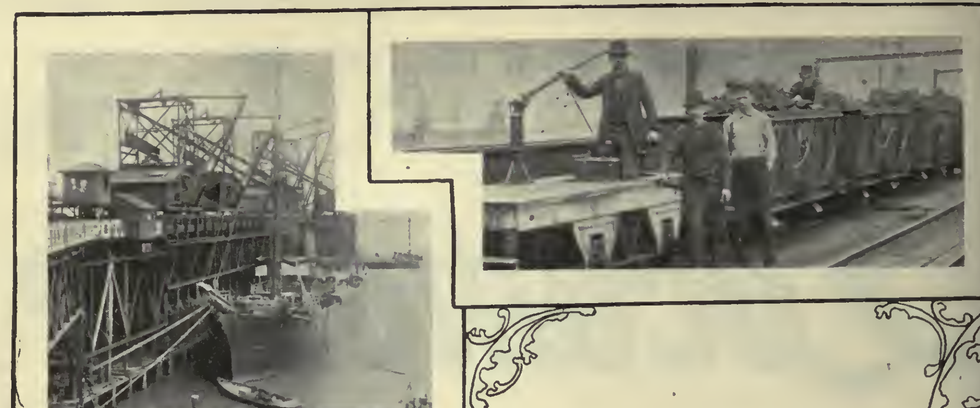

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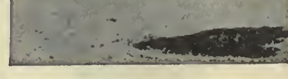

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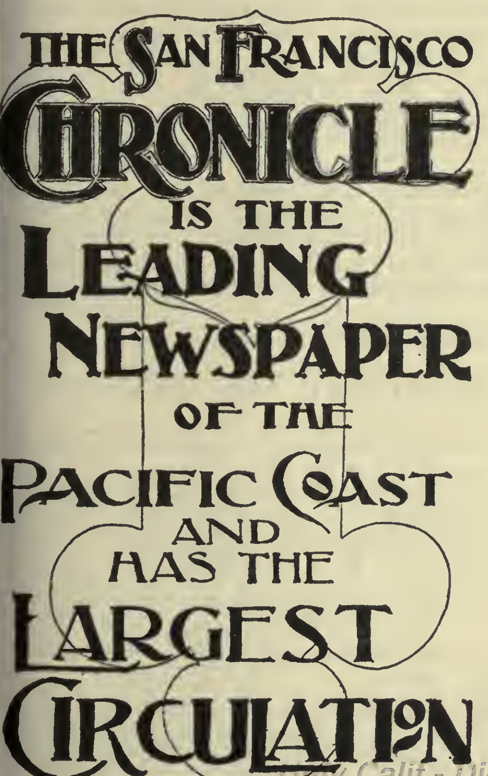

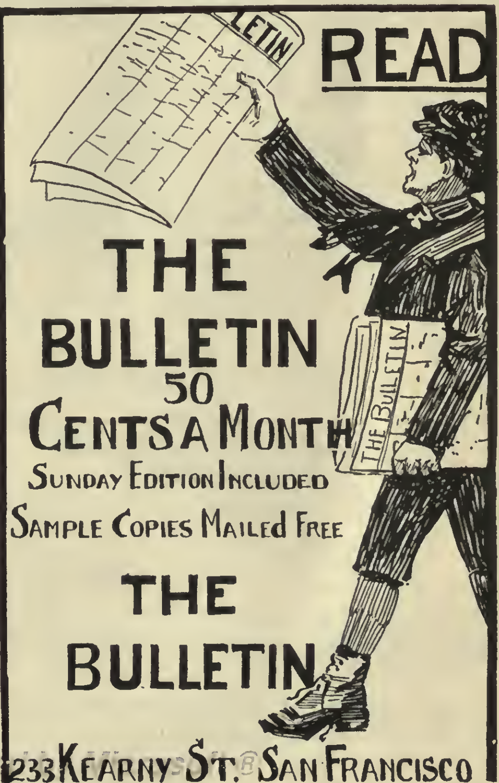

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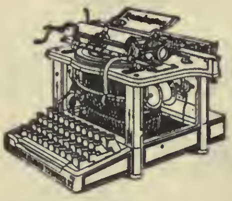

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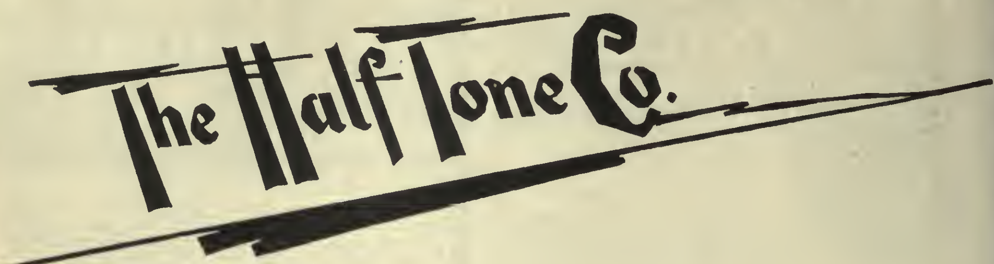

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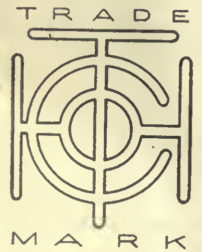

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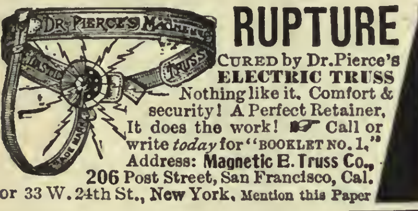

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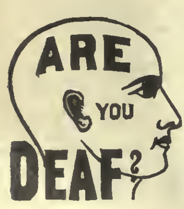

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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

OCTOBER, 1902

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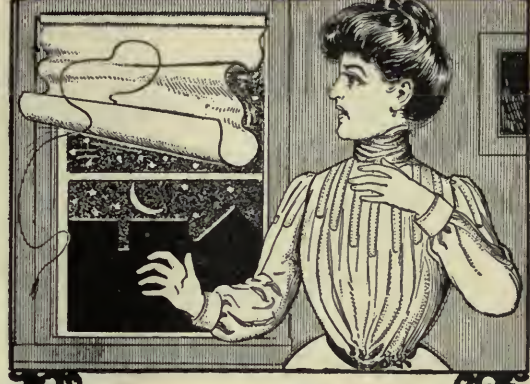

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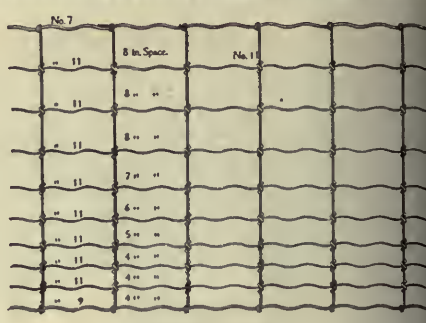

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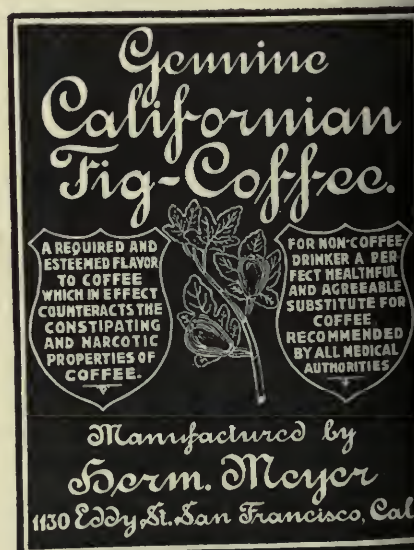

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A natural fountain, Big Basin.

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Overland Monthly

October, 1902

Vol. XL. No. 4.

Individuality in Photography.

By W. E. Dassonville.

WHETHER photography is or is not an art is no longer a question. It is. That there are photographers who are not artists is as true as the statement that all painters are not artists. A man or woman who purchases a camera is immediately termed a photographer. This is perfectly correct even as a person who purchases paints, brushes and canvas, and who has a small knowledge of drawing and color is termed a painter.

But neither of them are to be called artists. There are, however, painters who are artists, and in this same sense there are also photographers who are artists.

The work of the greatest photographers such as Demachy, Steichen, Stirling, Kaisebier, White and others, has been acknowledged by painters who are artists to be works of art. The jury of the Champs de Mars in Paris for the present year, accepted ten photographs by Mr. Strechen. Does not this individual exhibit of talent brand photography as an art? Yet when these photographs had been accepted, jealousies and political intrigues within the Salon itself proved powerful enough to prevent their being hung, simply because they were photographs. And this shows clearly the attitude of many people towards photographic work.

The rejection of this work after it had been accepted was simply a light by which we could see the prejudices of an old world. It is to be hoped that

A portrait study.

these prejudices will wear away, and the work of such men as Mr. Steichen and others will be given the attention it merits.

How high photography may go in the field of art still remains to be seen. Art is an expression, and the highest form of this expression must emanate solely from the individual. To glance back at the great number of canvases which have been painted, we find comparatively few of them which stand out from the ordinary, and those few were done by people who individualized themselves. These few have created the standards of their art by their work, and so have given the art that is to the public, for the public does not give art, but receives it. And this form of art must then necessarily be a creative art—the artist must be the re-creator of that which is created.

One who wishes to interpret nature must first go to nature and learn her forms and moods; then, when he has learned this, he re-creates her until she reaches his ideal of an harmonious whole.

This, then, is the highest plane of art, that plane which so few reach. As for photography, it would be ridiculous for it to ever attempt to reach this plane except on a very small scale. A photographer may, however, select those aspects of nature which form a harmony, and having made this selection and photographed it he may so modify his print that the resulting piece of work may be placed at a very high standard.

Whistler, in his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," remarks: "The painter has the same pencil—the sculptor the same chisel of centuries." And in this same sense, the photographers have had but the same cameras and the same plates that they have had for years. Whence, then, comes this improvement? From those few—altogether too few—who have individualized themselves and made photography an art.

Of course, mechanical or scientific photography is entirely eliminated from this article. It has its value, but this value is entirely foreign to the present subject.

Art is not personal. Whatever we have trained our eyes or ears to receive as beautiful constitutes our form of harmony, and those who have trained themselves, or have been trained (the idea is the same) to the highest forms of harmony are necessarily the greatest critics. Even with the judgment of such critics many would not agree; so judgment on art matters must be largely personal, even as it is on all other matters.

The same sun shines upon the same earth, yet each one of us casts a different shadow.

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Thus, in art matters, our opinions are largely personal, yet art proper is neither personal nor individual. That which is true to a single person may not be the truth. It may be true only to that individual. That which is true to all is generally the truth. That we have existed, shall exist and do exist, is the truth; and art in its greatest sense is part of this truth, for it is but the product of the refining of our existence. By this sign do we see that art is not personal.

To individualize oneself is to develop one's individuality. Why cannot this be done in photography as well as in painting? Within the last four years photographers the world over have made vast progress, although the real results of their labor are just becoming evident. When they first began to appear with their landscape work, artists paid them scant courtesy—as they deserved. The work was filled with detail: every branch, twig or leaf was minutely photographed as though its presence was highly essential. Painfully and slowly they had to learn the uselessness of all this. They had to learn that when a certain point in nature was looked at that this detail was not seen. So, gradually, this detail was merged into masses, and those masses made to have their harmonious value. It was at this stage that photographs began to have any art value whatever.

The work at that time was of the "extreme type," as it has been called. But gradually it is settling down to a solid foundation. While photographic art was progressing in the hands of the few, the many—as might be expected—remained antagonistic, even as many are to-day. They complained, largely, that the work was not photographic, but they could better have said that the work was not according to their old ideas of photography. Possibly the new prints were not photographs in the accepted meaning of the word. Still those who were working out their ideas did not care very much whether their work was called photographic or not. They had emotions and ideas to express, so they went ahead steadily regardless of the old school. Their works are not photographs—let us say, for the benefit of those who still

Landscape.

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A study in lighting.

hold to the old ideas. Well, does it make any difference? Beauty speaks for itself even without a name.

Those few who worked photography up to its present level have at last revolutionized it.

All that has been said of landscape work is applicable also to portrait work. In portrait photography there are two individualities to be considered—the photographer's and that of the person being photographed. Both should be considered, but this is too seldom the case with some workers who have individualized themselves, and whose work is so strongly stamped with their own individuality as to entirely obliterate that of the person being photographed.

Another great error is to attempt to photograph any two persons in exactly the same manner, for no two persons are alike in either face or general character.

In portrait work above all things to be desired is a likeness of the subject. The composition—in its general sense—is secondary. However, a portrait, if only a portrait, is not a picture in the accepted sense of the word "picture." Those few who have combined with that likeness of the subject an arrangement or composition which has an harmonious relation to the whole have brought photography up to its present standing.

A great question is: "What constitutes a good likeness?" Is it simply an image of the physical form of the face when the face wears a certain expression, or is it something else? Certainly some-

In a Dutch village.

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Portrait.

thing more, and that indescribable something should be the personality of the subject as it appeals to the photographer. Few have the faculty of grasping this personality, for their senses are too dulled to receive such impressions; oftentimes dulled through the desire to make their business a financial success rather than to have the work proper a success. Both Wnistler and Sargent have made their work a success by holding it aloof from a financial basis. The first obstacle which commercial photographers or those who earn a livelihood with photography, had to overcome, was this very one..

The public did not take kindly to their work, for it was so new and so entirely different from anything which had been produced before that it required some while for many persons to learn to like it. At the present time there are so many who sympathize with the "new school," as it might be termed, that the work is bound to be a success. At a recent photographic exhibit in New York an English art dealer offered three hundred dollars for a single photographic print and the offer was refused—an incident which strongly illustrates the value of good prints.

Amateur photographers who desire to take up photography seriously, with the desire to rise above the ordinary mechanical photographer, would do well to work entirely by themselves until they have mastered the mechanical side, and then go to painters for their criticisms. To go to a photographer for information is to become more deeply tangled in the web of error. This might seem ridiculous, and yet it is true. Mechanical photography is extremely easy, provided one applies oneself to it. Herewith it might well be said in regard to mechanical photography that any one developer is good, any two developers are bad. An over-exposed plate is of as great a value as a normal exposure or an under-exposure, provided you deliberately over-exposed, normally exposed, or under exposed in order to obtain the desired effect. An instrument should always be the servant of the man, not the master of him. The idea from the standpoint of art should be to give an outward form to an inward emotion.

No matter whether the result be photographic or not, provided you have expressed the emotion you wished to convey, you have accomplished what you wished to do, and the balance of the art training will come of its own accord when you have reached this point. And a beginner would do well not to be bound by inherited ideas, but to think and to work things out for himself, for herein rests his individuality.

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Portrait of Mr. O. V. Lange.

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Scientific and "Freak" Photography

BY WALTER N. BRENNAN

GREAT as has been the advancement of the camera in art, during the past few years, its application to science has become even greater, and to-day it is the "right-hand man" of the physician, the botanist, the zoologist, the microscopist, the astronomer, the electrician, the naturalist, the criminologist and his lieutenant, the detective. In this article I have gotten together a few examples of freak photography, giving some idea of the numerous applications of the camera to out-of-the-way subjects. Herewith are several views of minute objects as the photograph has recorded them under the microscope. Here we have that unappreciated California product, the flea, enlarged until he looks as big as he often feels. Seriously, such a photograph as this is of inestimable value to the zoologist, affording as it does an indelible and accessible record of easy reference. More remarkable than this, probably, is the accompanying enlargement of a fly's tongue, magnified to such an extent that the microscopic hairs which absorb the impurities from air and matter stand

A flea enlarged. PROFESSOR GEORGE OTIS MITCHELL.

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Microscopic photography of a fly's tongue. BY PROFESSOR GEORGE OTIS MITCHELL.

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out larger than human hairs when observed by normal sight. The beetle's antenna, as seen in the enlargement, looks more like a sprouted bean than anything animate, and gives some idea of what flies, beetles and other superior beings must look like to a race of bacteria.

The shadow photograph of a cat is from the collection of Mr Theodore Kytka, the handwriting expert. The shadow has a much more feline aspect than the portrait of a real cat taken under an X-ray. The latter method of photography has revolutionized surgery. The X-ray has become so important to the operating room that during

Eggs of bot-fly on horse's hair. Antenna of beetle. BY PROFESSOR GEORGE OTIS MITCHELL.

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Mauser bullet in the head of a soldier wounded in the Philippines.

RADIOGRAPH BY MRS. E. FLEISCHMAN-ASCHHEIM.

the English-Boer and Spanish-American wars laboratories were set up in army hospitals, and put in charge of X-ray operators who were attached to all hospital corps. The X-ray is especially valuable in surgery because it results in throwing into bold relief any hard substance imbedded in the tissues of the body. Thus it may be seen in the accompanying reproductions from radiographs that the flesh casts but a dim shadow, while the skeleton is more perfectly outlined, and any foreign matter embedded in the flesh can be easily located. The agonizing necessity of probing and feeling for a bullet or a splinter before being able to operate for its removel has been obviated by the Roentgen ray. The photograph above shows the head of an American soldier photographed under the X-ray. At the base of the skull, toward the back, a long black blotch is seen, being no less than a Mauser bullet fired from a Filipino rifle. Under the restrictions of the old surgery the patient must necessarily have died with the lead still embedded in his skull; but the subject of the present photograph recovered perfectly from the operation, and returned home in normal health.

The possibilities of animal study have only been realized since the development of rapid photography. "Hunting mountain lions with a kodak," and like papers have been popular of late, and the photographer has developed an almost superhuman cunning in the pursuit of his subject. Enthusiasts have found it about

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A shadow cat. BY THEODORE KYTKA.

as difficult to photograph a deer or bear as to shoot one—and indeed the process of snapshooting is in many ways more hazardous than that of pot-shooting. An accompanying photograph illustrates a scene very familiar to passengers on the ferry boats that ply between San Francisco and Oakland. This picture was taken from the rear upper deck of the ferry boat. The photographer provided himself with some bread crumbs from the restaurant below, and with these he drew the attention of an enterprising flock of gulls, which had been following the boat. With a little feeding they were induced to "look pleasant" and to pose for about a half dozen splendid photographs.

Eaglets at home. BY LEWIS P. MUIRHEAD JR.

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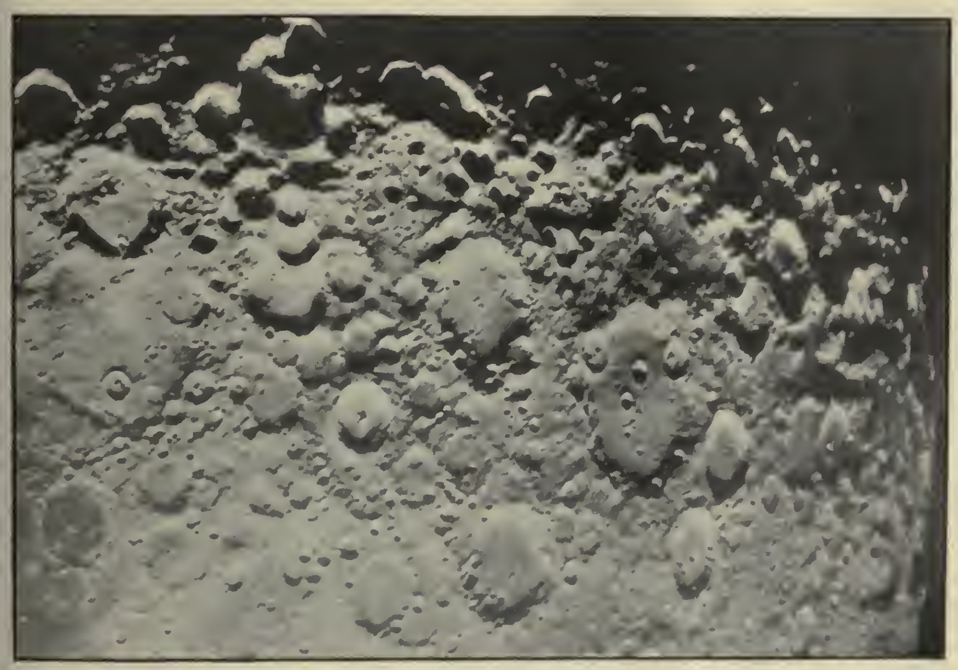
Gulls on the wing.

BY OTTO VON BARGEN.



A "moonscape" taken at Lick Observatory.

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Radiograph of a cat. BY MRS. E. FLEISCHMAN-ASAHHEIM

The flight of birds is one of the most baffling phenomena of nature. If man could learn the art by which a gull rises so easily above the bay, turns and bolts at will and even stands almost motionless, poised on spreading wing, he would solve the airship question once and for all. Photography may accomplish this. It is certain that the greatest modern painters have studied the movement of a running horse from instantaneous photography with the result that the horse in art is an entirely different looking creature from his ancestors of the academic school. Why could not the scientist learn the act of flying through minute study of photographs of birds in action?

There was considerably more danger and exercise attendant upon the taking of the nest of young eagles given here. The eirie was set on the face of a British Columbian cliff, a dizzy height from the bottom of the canyon below. In order to take the picture the operator was obliged to make a hazardous climb with his instrument strapped to his back. The danger of the sport was enhanced by the fact that the eaglet's savage parents showed a tendency to dispute the possession of the rocks with the daring photographer.

Another photographic feat worth recording is the taking of the forest fire illustrated in this article. The fire broke out in the Big Santa Anita Canyon on a Sunday afternoon while the photographer was asleep in the woods. The woods thereabouts are composed of scrub-oak, manzanita, sycamore and small pines, and when the fire began its progress was stupendous. A party of pleasure-seekers who had been driving through the Government Forest Reserve were well-nigh overcome by the heat and smoke, and only a wild ride through the woods succeeded in saving them. The photographer himself bravely

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stayed in view of the conflagration, and at infinite risk of his life took several snaps, two of which are given here. The first shows the fire a few minutes after its breaking out, the second gives a view of the fireswept territory as it appeared the next day.

Beginning of a forest fire. BY R. P. EARLE.

The photograph of an electric spark was taken in the laboratory of Santa Clara College. This particular picture is simply a fanciful experiment, but the same principle, when applied to electrography proper may yet reveal much that is still mysterious in the workings of that potent djinn, Electricity. Electrography is yet a baby science, but it cannot but prove valuable—as all other branches of photography must prove valuable—in making permanent records of the passing phenomena of nature.

The fire-swept territory the next day. BY R. P. EARLE.

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The Preservation of the Big Basin

BY CARRIE STEVENS WALTER

THE State of California has just added to its attractions one of the most unique and altogether charming public parks in the world; three thousand eight hundred acres, consisting principally of virgin redwood forest, the trees of which are of unusual size and beauty. This park lies in the very heart of Central California, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, some thirty-five miles south of San Francisco, and twenty north of the city of Santa Cruz, in a section known locally as the "Big Basin."

This forest is charming because its beauty and grandeur are beyond the power of words to describe. It is unique because composed almost entirely of the sequoia sempervirens, or California redwood, a tree that exists in forest form nowhere in the world save along a narrow strip of California coast—not more than twenty miles in width, usually—from Monterey to the Oregon line. The redwood is thus ever within sound of the breakers of the Pacific Ocean, its breath of life being the salt sea winds of this king of waters.

If ancestry counts in estimating trees as it does with men, then the sequoia is your truest aristocrat, as it comes of a lineage that runs back into the geological night of Time. According to the eminent authority, Heer, of Zurich, who has thrown so much light upon the flora of that marvelous pre-glacial period of exuberant vegetation known as the miocene, a great many species of sequoia flourished at that time in many parts of the northern hemisphere, extending even so far north as Greenland and Spitzbergen. According to the same authority, many of the lignite beds of North Germany and at least one in England, in Devonshire, are composed of the debris of the sequoia, relics of the miocene or middle tertiary period.

Following the miocene age came the pliocene, which, after unknown ages, was merged into that strange sleep of the earth known to geologists as the ice age, or glacial period. In that mysterious epoch marvelous changes were wrought in the plant life of the earth—as geologists read the records of the rocks. Those "days when the earth was new," according to our light, were indeed revolutionary ones. Whole families of plants were literally wiped off the earth by glacial action, and the intense cold, becoming extinct. Others survived, but in one or two members, and of this latter was the sequoia, of which there are now but two isolated specimens of this once numerous and flourishing family: the sequoia gigantea or Big Tree of the high Sierras, and the sequoia sempervirens the narrow California coast strip.

Why this narrow line of coast should have escaped the general destruction of the Glacial period, is one of the many geologic mysteries. But in the Big Basin—and the same may probably be said of other redwood sections,—stands a body of kingly forest giants whose lineage,—unbroken by changes that have metamorphosed the entire globe—makes that of Solomon the magnificent seem but a breath, and the royal line of the proudest Oriental monarch, but a clock-stroke.

After standing—many of them—for many centuries, these unique and magnificent trees have now to face, and unless rescued, fall before a foe more ruthless than the forces of Nature: the axe of commerce.

Their destruction began some half century or so ago, when redwood lumber was found to be valuable for many building purposes and other timber uses. Of late years this devastation has become so rapid that, it is estimated, but a decade is needed for their complete

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extinction, unless the axe of the spoilers is stayed.

Thousands of acres that a few years ago, were an unbroken forest, now present a scene of desolation—for the cleared land of a redwood forest is practically useless ever thereafter. The redwood, true to its specific name, "sempervirens" (always virile) never ceases to reproduce itself while a rootlet remains in the ground; and its root ramification is so widely extended that its complete eradication is, practically, impossible. The foothill section lying west of Redwood City, San Mateo County, is an example of this. Fifty years ago that now stump-dotted, brushy expanse was a magnificent forest with trees of vast size and age. The hills around the town of Boulder Creek, in Santa Cruz County, present an example of more recent destruction. Added to the destruction of the axe and the lumber mill was that of the fires set by the woodmen to consume the debris of trees, and unused lumber, in the criminally extravagant system—or lack of system, of forestry that has heretofore cursed California.

This threatened obliteration of the redwood at last aroused a strong demand for the preservation of some available forest of these trees in the form of a public park.

A movement to this end started some two years or more ago, was so successful that the Legislature of 1901 was induced to appropriate $250,000 for the purchase of a State park in the Big Basin section—which purchase has just been made.

The Big Basin was selected as the site of the proposed redwood park for several reasons, chief among which are its nearness to the great centers of population, its accessibility and the size and grandeur of its trees. It is reached at present by railroad to the town of Boulder Creek, in Santa Cruz County, thence some ten miles by private conveyance over a good graded road. Other roads are being surveyed, and doubtless within a short time a railroad will run into the park. The ocean is within four or five miles of the western boundary of the park, and driveways can be put through to the coast.

This forest had thus far escaped the general destruction of the surrounding forests because of its comparative inconvenience of access, but its death sentence had been spoken. Already lumber mills had been established and the cutting began within its borders, and but for the timely action of the Legislature this marvel of grandeur and beauty, this wonder of science, that stands without a peer on earth, would very soon have been converted into shakes, railroad ties and redwood lumber. Think of the sacrilege of it!

The Big Basin is a rough oval in shape bounded by a chain of hills, and its surface is corrugated with high ridges between which flow many beautiful streams of pure clear water over sandstone beds. These streams are the natural home of the trout and other fish.

This section seems to be the nerve center, as it were, of a very important water system, as it contains the sources and water sheds of several streams of magnitude that send their water supplies into Santa Cruz, San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties. The several branches of the beautiful Waddell Creek rise in the heart of the Big Basin. These streams are sheltered and nourished by the dense forest through which they flow, in whose underlying leaf mold, the accumulation of centuries, the heavy rains of this region are reservoired and filtered. The cutting of this forest would have destroyed, or greatly weakened these streams, and thereby wrought disaster to one of the most fertile and populous sections of the State.

Experience has further proved that the cutting of these redwood forests has materially lessened the rainfall of the region. In Boulder Creek, it is claimed that the rainfall has decreased more than one half since its surrounding hills were denuded of their heavy forests.

With the exception of a very few acres, Sempervirens Park—as it is called—is a solid body of redwood giants interspersed with occasional specimens of laurel, madrone, chestnut or tan bark oak, and other California trees all of magnificent proportion. In many parts there is a thick undergrowth of the beautiful wild huckleberry bush, which,

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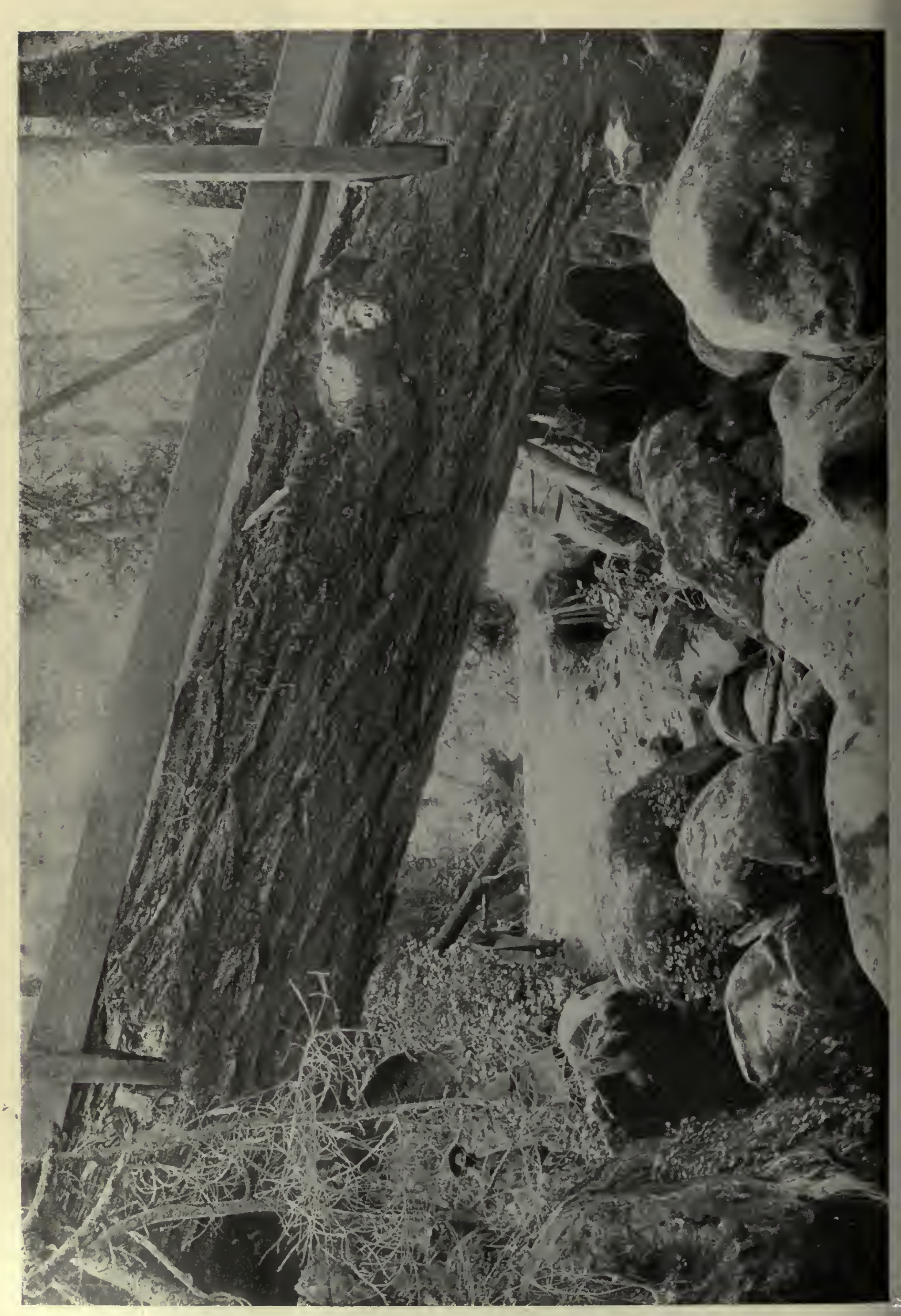

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The camp of the invader.

PHOTO BY HILL

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in season, is laden with fruit. It is worthy of remark that snakes, and other poisonous reptiles and pests are entirely unknown here.

What words can describe the beauty, the grandeur, the solemn stillness, the wonderful fascination of this forest? They can be understood only by one who has visited it. Here are trees—hundreds of acres of tnem—measuring from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter; many girding sixty to eighty feet, and one on "Section 8" one hundred feet around the base by actual tape line measurement. Many range from two hundred to two hundred and seventy-five feet or more in height, and all are possessed of magnificent symmetry that is unrivalled by any other three.

Many of these trees are declared by scientists to be fifteen hundred to three thousand years old. Groups of great trees are common standing in wide circles of a hundred feet or more in circumference. These—perhaps two thousand years old, plainly encircle the grave of an ancestral tree—root shoots of this old patriarch. This parent tree was, probably, two or three thousand years old when it fell by storm or accident,—for the redwood seems not to die, as other trees, by reaching a life limit; the agencies of its destruction must always come from without. But think of the antiquity here displayed! Contemporary with Rameses and the builders of Babylon; stalwart, with the wisdom of ages when Abraham and Sarah took their stately way through Palestine to found a predestined race, how these voiceless giants could light the darkness of our own prehistoric days, could their green tongues but break the ban of God's eternal silence!

The park was purchased by a board of commissioners, who will also have charge of it. These were appointed by Governor Henry T. Gage, who had the distinction of signing the legislative enactment that gave it to the state—and consists of the following well-known gentlemen: Mr. William H. Mills, Land Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad; Rev. Robert E. Kenna, President of Santa Clara College; Professor Wm. R. Dudley of Stanford University, and

Felled timber.

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In the forest primeval.

PHOTO BY HILL.

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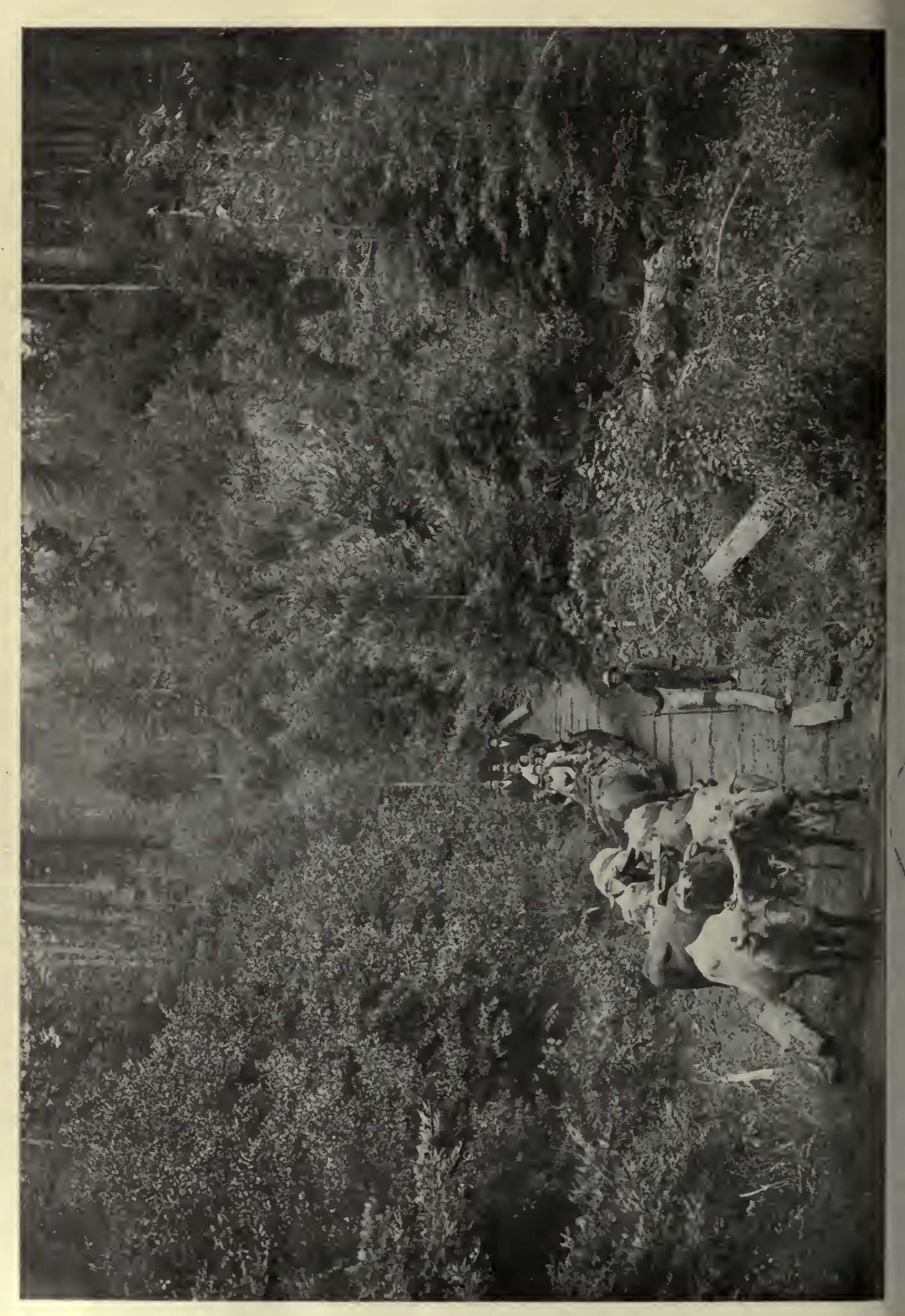

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Mr. Arthur H. Foster, Governor Gage being chairman of the Commission. An advisory board to aid the commission in its labors is composed of General N. P. Chipman, Mr. Robert Dollar, Mr. Linville, Mr. Van Arnsdale and Hon. Drury Malone.

The success of the movement to preserve the Big Basin redwoods in public park form, was due, in a great measure, to the untiring and unselfish efforts of the Sempervirens Club of California. This club was organized in May, 1900, by a party of representative ladies and gentlemen who had been sent into the Big Basin by various influential bodies of Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties and San Francisco. After some days spent in exploration they became so impressed with the importance of preserving the forest that an organization was effected for systematic work to that end. This club includes many prominent ladies and gentlemen throughout the State. So thorough a campaign of education was prosecuted by this organization, that when the measure for the preservation of the redwoods came up before the legislature, its passage was earnestly urged from every part of the State. The bill passed both legislative houses, with only two dissenting votes.

Various important scientific bodies in the Eastern States and other localities outside of California strongly endorsed the movement to save the trees, and bade the Sempervirens Club "God speed" in its work. And this was well, because this magnificent forest belongs not to one State or section alone. It is the heritage not only of our own great West, but of every region, north, south, east or west, whose people revere the wonders of antiquity, or love and enjoy the grandeur of nature. California is fortunate that this forest is within her boundaries, and that her people in authority were possessed of the wisdom and foresight to save for all people and for all eyes this marvelous heirloom of an almost limitless past.

A cavern in a giant.

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THE QUEST

BY J. K. BONNELL

Within the pathless region where no dreams
Pilot the spirit through the dark of sleep,
Beyond the march lands and the sluggish streams
Of the five senses bound, there lies a deep
Enchanted vale, a sombre dungeon-keep
Lethean, but to my sick heart it seems
The most desired haven, and I weep
Seeking it ever—now, alas, in vain—
For there dwelt once an echo of immortal strain.

It was a language man has never spoken,
A music that no ear has ever heard;
It came, unheralded by any token,
Unto my soul, and left no single word
For memory to treasure,—the wind stirred,
The level sun shone in, my sleep was broken:
And then the song of the swift-winged bird
Cleft the sheer heaven, but nevermore for me
May any song be sweet or any hour be free.

For that strange spirit-harmony has made
My heart for aye unsatisfied and proud,
And though at times there seems a subtle shade
Of meaning in the beauty of a cloud
At dawn, or a fair woman's eyes, the shroud
Of sense veils all and I am sore dismayed.
The haunting echo flies—wild fancies crowd
The eager brain, but sense may not express
Aught of that mystic thing in all its loveliness.

Buried beneath the hollow mockeries
With which the heart has sought to hide its dearth,
The mystery divine unfathomed lies
Awaiting still the hour of its birth.
Despairing I have sought through all the earth
The key that will unlock a Paradise;
More faint and far it grows, but still more worth
The pain of following. Though Death alone
Be guardian of its secret, I'll defy his throne!

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SILK CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

BY CARRIE WILLIAMS

THAT silk production can be carried on successfully in California none who have given any attention to the history of agricultural ventures or experiments can doubt.

As far back as 1854 this branch of industry was advocated by the California Farmer, and some persons were engaged in raising silk worms on a very small scale, just to see if the climate suited the worms; and if the kind of mulberry grown on our soil was suitable for the silk worm, and if the silk produced from such foliage could be considered worthy of comparison with silk produced in Europe and Asiatic regions.

The first few attempts made by incompetent parties proved not at all satisfactory. This is most frequently the case in all branches of business. The first successful attempt to raise silk in California was made by Monsieur Prevost, a French silk curturist, in 1860. The eggs were imported from France by Henry Heutsch, a lawyer. The exhibit of silk was made at the Mechanics' Fair in San Jose. It proved very satisfactory to those who labored to show, what California silk worms could do, and it attracted much attention to the special branch of industry.

Some of the trees then planted, and from which the first silk of this State was made, are still standing, and may again be used in feeding silk worms, for the mulberry is a long-lived tree. There are some found in England more than three hundred years old. In those early days of our golden State there were certain facts demonstrated in regard to the production of silk, which facts remain to-day as facts beyond all contradiction. A few of those I will here mention:

The superiority of our soil and climate, and their combined action on the foliage of the mulberry tree, cause it to yield more and better food; and this results in development of more healthy and better silk producing worms. Our clear, bracing atmosphere, rolling over our vast mountains and valleys, from the grand old Pacific, which is earth's greatest purifier, overcomes all miasmatic vapors so fatal to silk culture in many of the silk districts of Europe.

There is but little rain-fall during the season of the year best adapted to the production of silk, and, as a consequence of these favorable conditions, the loss from death of worms, so discouraging in other countries does not exist in our State.

Another special advantage as to climate is that there is no need of the scrupulous care to keep out of the cocoonery the fresh, pure air of heaven, lest it be laden with too much moisture. Less expensive buildings and better furniture and appliances are great helps. So great, indeed, that combined with feeding whole branchlets instead of separate leaves, the work of the cocoonery is reduced very materially. These climatic and soil conditions, discovered to exist when silk was first produced in California, are to-day found to be no less weighty, and everything in nature points to the possibility and advisability of this State becoming the great center of the silk industry of the world.

Surely there are unchanging principles that abide forever. There are certain truths pertaining to the silk industry that will forever remain the same. Briefly summed up, they are: A mild, dry, equable climate; good soil for the production of the foliage; good care and protection for the worms, especially cleanliness. With reasonable attention in all details success will surely follow. For a number of years after the fact of

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producing silk in California was demonstrated by M. Prevost he continued to labor for its further development, and in a practical way showed the people how it might be done. He not only sought to diffuse a knowledge of the silk business in the United States, but he sought to open a foreign market for silk worm eggs from other countries. In this latter enterprise he succeeded so far as to receive orders for hundreds of pounds of eggs more than he could supply. Seeing that it was a possible thing for California soon to become the great market of the world for silk eggs, with this thought in mind he left his work here for a short visit to France, intending to obtain a large invoice of the very choicest eggs and return to his adopted home to enter the silk business on a grand scale. But alas! all his calculations failed. He died in France, and thus this great scheme, which he had so far guided toward success, came to nought, as no person was found capable of taking his place.

From time to time fugitive efforts were made by those who had little or no practical knowledge of the business, but these all failed to accomplish what was first planned for the silk business of our State.

During those years of silk raising by M. Prevost, silk experts from different countries of Europe and Asia visited his cocooneries, and the silk factories put them in operation, and without a dissenting voice, they all pronounced the silk produced in California the very best in the world. Here, then, is the point we wish to make. Silk of the very best quality was produced and manufactured in California—in the northern and middle counties—nearly forty years ago. It was then proved that our specially favorable climate, our superior quality of leaf food and our modern appliances more than counterbalanced the cheap labor of the Orient. All these conditions remain, or we may say are intensified, as in all branches of agricultural industry labor is lessened by the use of machinery, and much more work is accomplished in a given time. Therefore, the

Worms feeding on mulberry leaves. PHOTO BY SLOCUM.

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PHOTO BY SLOCUM.

Silk exhibit of native cocoons, reeled silk and embroidery from California silk.

oft repeated objection to silk production, "cheap labor," has really no more bearing on this question than it should have on the manufacture of silk; for this was admitted by F. M. Cheney, President of the Silk Manufacturers' Association of the United States, when before the Senatorial Committee on Revision of the Tariff, during 1890, he was asked by Senator La Follette: "About what is the difference between the wages of labor in the manufacture of silk in the countries with which you compete in your manufacture?"

Mr. Cheney replied: "We pay about twice as much as they do in England, about three times as much as they do in France, three and a quarter what they do in Italy, and probably ten times as much as they do in China and Japan."

Mr. La Follette replied: "If you can successfully manufacture silk in this country, notwithstanding the difference in the wages here, why could you not produce the cocoons in this country and the raw silk in this country, notwithstanding the difference in wages?"

"It requires a good deal of investment of capital," explained Mr. Cheney. "In the first place you have to plant the mulberry trees. There is the agricultural department who cultivates the tree. Then the care of the worm is something that requires the greatest nicety and faithfulness. They have to be arranged as carefully as babies and spare room given to them. It is not unskilled labor that can be applied to them. You cannot turn silk worms loose and let them grow."

"It is not unskilled labor employed in the manufacture of silk?" asked Mr. La Follette.

"No."

"It requires the greatest nicety and superior intelligence and long practice to educate one in the art of manufacturing silk, does it not?"

"Well, I have summed up everything I have to say, and I say we cannot produce silk in this country *at all*," said Mr. Cheney, in conclusion.

I give these extracts of official statements, that people may see that there is no more difference in the wages of silk producers than of silk manufacturers. Yet it is a well-known fact that since these statements were made, silk manufacturies have multiplied fifty per cent., as then there were only about four hundred silk factories in the United States. Now there are over nine hundred.

Either in 1893 or '94 this same Mr. F. N. Cheney visited my miniature works in San Diego, and expressed himself as greatly surprised at the samples of cocoons I then showed him. He also stated emphatically that the samples of reeled silk which I had reeled from cocoons which I had raised in my own home were "perfect" and "fit for the finest fabric that is woven."

This goes to show the quality of silk that can be produced in our golden State; for I can conscientiously say that I have reeled just as good cocoons and made just as good silk produced in the

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northern counties as in San Diego. Silk can be produced in the *whole* State. The difference in quality of product will, I think, be but trifling, if any be found. The great difference will be the length of season. The further south the longer the season. Several crops of silk may be raised all through the State if the trees be pruned judiciously and new slips put in so as to yield tender leaves for the young worms as they come.

In San Diego I have had silk worms every day in the year for consecutive years. But I do not hold that it would pay to produce silk here more than nine months in the year.

During my years of experimenting in this business I have discovered, and proved beyond all contradiction, that the production of silk worms can be under human control, that is, if at the proper time the eggs are placed in cold storage below 40 degrees Fahrenheit they may be kept from hatching indefinitely. I have kept them for fifteen months, and then found that a large per cent gave out strong healthy worms. But some taken out after twelve months storage hatched 95 per cent. Whether the difference in these results was altogether owing to the time of storage or the original quality of the eggs I am not now able to say. I think it was owing to the latter cause.

Thus it may be noted that not only may silk be produced in California of a better quality than we import from foreign countries, but also that there is an open market for silk eggs. Especially may this be emphasized because in all silk-producing countries of Europe and Asia traces of that fatal disease still linger, while here there is found no trace of disease. Nor could such disease ever be found here, for it originated in filth and neglect of the worms while rearing them in overcrowded dwellings, with little means of ventilation.

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Canopy and tray showing cocoons. PHOTO BY SLOCUM.

Some may say: "What a pity that the silk industry was ever let fall into the background!" It would seem so, and yet looking at it in a philosophic way we see differently. Had the silk business continued to engross the attention of the public since the early sixties, the fruit interest of California would never have been developed as it now is. A similar example is seen in the very founding of our nation. Had the Pilgrim Fathers (and mothers) landed on the coast of California instead of on Plymouth Rock, the entire eastern region would have been slow in developing. Persons now tasting the sweets of our glorious climate would have been loath to migrate to regions of blizzards, electric storms and cyclones.

PHOTO BY SLOCUM.

Native silk in skeins and apparatus for reeling and spinning.

But now that our nation is established by the hand of Him who ruleth all nations, and that our lines have gone to the far-off isles where the Stars and Stripes float over millions of people who look to us for instruction as well as protection, it becomes our imperative duty as a people to expand and multiply our industries in order to keep pace with our geographical expansion.

There are yet millions of acres of fertile lands in this State, now given up to the natural growths of the soil, to shelter

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wild beasts and creeping things; yet yielding no revenue to the State or nation. These acres should be planted with the choicest mulberry trees. They should be cared for as other trees, and they would much sooner bring to the owners substantial reward.

Silk raising, like every other branch of business, will be found to give back in cash, in just proportion to the capital invested, and the amount of care bestowed on the details and general management. If a housewife sees fit to keep a hundred or two worms, on which she bestows little or no care, she will reap accordingly. If, as has been tried in the past, alien syndicates are organized, large expensive buildings are erected, and furnished according to old European style—supplied with foreign eggs and a foreigner installed as chief manager—the result will likely be as in former years, disastrous, and the entire business will be counted as another failure in silk producing. It is not seldom that failure is due to want of common sense and lack of executive ability.

But, if desired, let capital combine and operate on a large scale, and there is no reason why it should not succeed. Let managers be employed who know something about the business, and who are willing to learn something more. Let them first work on a limited scale, and see what the requirements are, and then let them enlarge the work as fast as circumstances will admit, for there is really no limit to what may be done in silk production and generating seed (eggs) in this State.

If colonies of silk raisers were organized and established in suitable localities there would soon be witnessed a wonderful unfolding of our hitherto undeveloped resources. Our population would vastly increase, and with our increase of citizenship our wealth would increase. Undeveloped wealth or resources are of no use to State or nation. It is but the talent folded away in the napkin, and as such it receives its due reward. Where individuals go into the business, three to five acres shoul l be the minimum. But the more the better,

Silk worms in various stages of growth. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ® PHOTO BY SLOCUM.

if only well cared for.

Millions of dollars worth of reeled silk is brought to San Francisco every year, landed, and then shipped across the continent to Eastern manufacturers, who weave the silk into fabric, and then ship back to us the manufactured article. Let horticulturists and business men consider these facts, for facts they are. Is it wise in us to send money out of the State for an inferior article, when we can in the greatest abundance produce a superior article with less trouble and less expense? Yes, I say, far less expense, for most of the small silk producers of the far-off East have to pay as much rent per acre as would purchase the same amount of land here. And consider, too, the difference in growth of trees. It is asserted by those who have seen and know whereof they speak that a mulberry tree will grow as much here in one year as in Europe in three years. I have often seen limbs of ten feet growth in one season. If, then, we have such a wonderful climate, so healthful as to forbid disease of silk worms, and so congenial to the mulberry tree, why cannot we produce at least a large per cent of our own silk? Are not the Americans as a people possessed of as bright genius as the laboring classes of foreign nations? Are we not the foremost nation in the world for inventions of all kinds? And did not Richardson's manufactured silks take the first premium at the Paris Exposition in 1900?

Before the Civil War and for some time after, we manufactured only about fifteen per cent of the silk we as a nation use. Now we manufacture more than seventy-five per cent.

The greatest drawback or obstacle to the progress of the silk industry is the lack of knowledge, even of the first principles. To illustrate this, I will say that a certain lady apparently from the "higher walks of life," once called at my place of business and greatly admired what she saw, and while enthusiastically commenting on the beauties of the samples of silk shown, remarked: "How wonderful that little worms should bring out of the dirty ground such beautiful material."

There is little or no attention paid

Moths, cocoons and reeled silk. PHOTO BY SLOCUM.

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to this special branch of natural history. There are few, if any, school books with special chapters or illustrations on silk. The teachers themselves were not taught and hence they are not qualified to teach those placed under their care. I think one would be safe in making the assertion that there is not one per cent of all the teachers in the State of California who could give an approximate estimate of the possible money value of one acre of mulberry leaves fed to silk worms.

Without going into detail I may here state that one acre well cared for will yield seventy to one hundred pounds of reeled silk, and one pound of reeled silk will make from five to fifty yards of fabric. In advanced educational schools and colleges we never read of large-hearted philanthropists endowing "chairs of silk culture." Of course not. Silk, as a rule, is only thought of as a "womanly sort of work," not worthy the attention of thorough business men. This is a very false idea of the industry, that should at once be dispelled. Any work or industry that puts in motion $600,000,000 annually, calls for capital, brains and energy. This is the estimated retail cost of silk for the world, and we Americans use one-fourth of that amount.

We now send out $45,000,000 to $50,000,000 yearly for reeled silk to keep our silk factories going. Yet it is estimated that our golden State could supply nearly, if not all, of this vast amount of silk.

It is stated in the New York Herald of August 3d that Miss H. A. Kelley of Charleston, S. C., has been appointed a special "field agent" by the United States Government for the establishment of silk culture as a national industry. If this is really so, then there will be a market for cocoons in the United States, the want of which has been the great hindrance to our silk production in all localities.

Miss Kelley has spent six years in Italy studying the nature and habits of the silk worm, and now offers the Government, rent free, the use of buildings worth $30,000, which she used as a female seminary since 1870. It has long been her purpose to establish a national college of scientific silk culture in those buildings at Charleston. Her appointment as field agent by the Government followed her lectures at the Charleston Exposition, and an examination of her work by the Department of Agriculture. This movement, inaugurated by a Southern woman of means, signifies very much for all agricultural sections of the whole country where the silk worm can be raised, the mulberry tree produced.

It means for California that she need not fear being brought into competition with any State in the union in the production of silk. Our climate for this special business stands unrivaled. Then, too, Italian methods may do for Italy, and Southern States where colored labor may be brought largely into requisition, but we have, and should ever maintain, better methods for managing the insect: methods that will result in larger returns for the amount of labor expended.

But whatever these difference may or may not be, it will be a grand thing for the whole nation if the silk industry be established as a national industry. It will open a market for cocoons and at least in a measure correct the error that for years has kept millions out of the national treasury—that is, it will lessen the importation of reeled silk, as raw silk, and hence free of duty, when in reality it is 25 per cent manufactured, and should in this proportion pay revenue. Miss Kelley's project deserves unbounded success.

Let the mulberry trees go in by the thousand, and we can soon furnish silk eggs for our own State and export better and more healthy stock than can be produced in any country of Europe or Asia.

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CALIFORNIA FRUITS AND FLOWERS

A Study of the Beauties and Possibilities of the State's Agriculture

BY C. G. NORTON

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ENGRAVED BY HALF TONE CO. PHOTO BY HILL.

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PHOTO BY HILL.

The most beautiful, if not the most fragrant, of California fields are the onion plantations, where the vegetables are grown for their seeds. Nothing can equal the decorative effect of widespreading acres of seed onions as seen from the car window while passing through Santa Clara Valley.

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PHOTO BY HILL.

"Japan in California" is not alone a figure of speech during the spring months, when the cherry trees are snowy with blossoms more beautiful than those which bloom at Yeddo or Nagasaki.

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PHOTO BY HILL.

The fruit here given is only less pleasing to the eye than the blossoms which have brought it forth. These are the famous Royal Ann cherries, which are sent to France—strange fact!—to return as French imported Maraschino. Many of them are canned in San Francisco and put under a foreign label.

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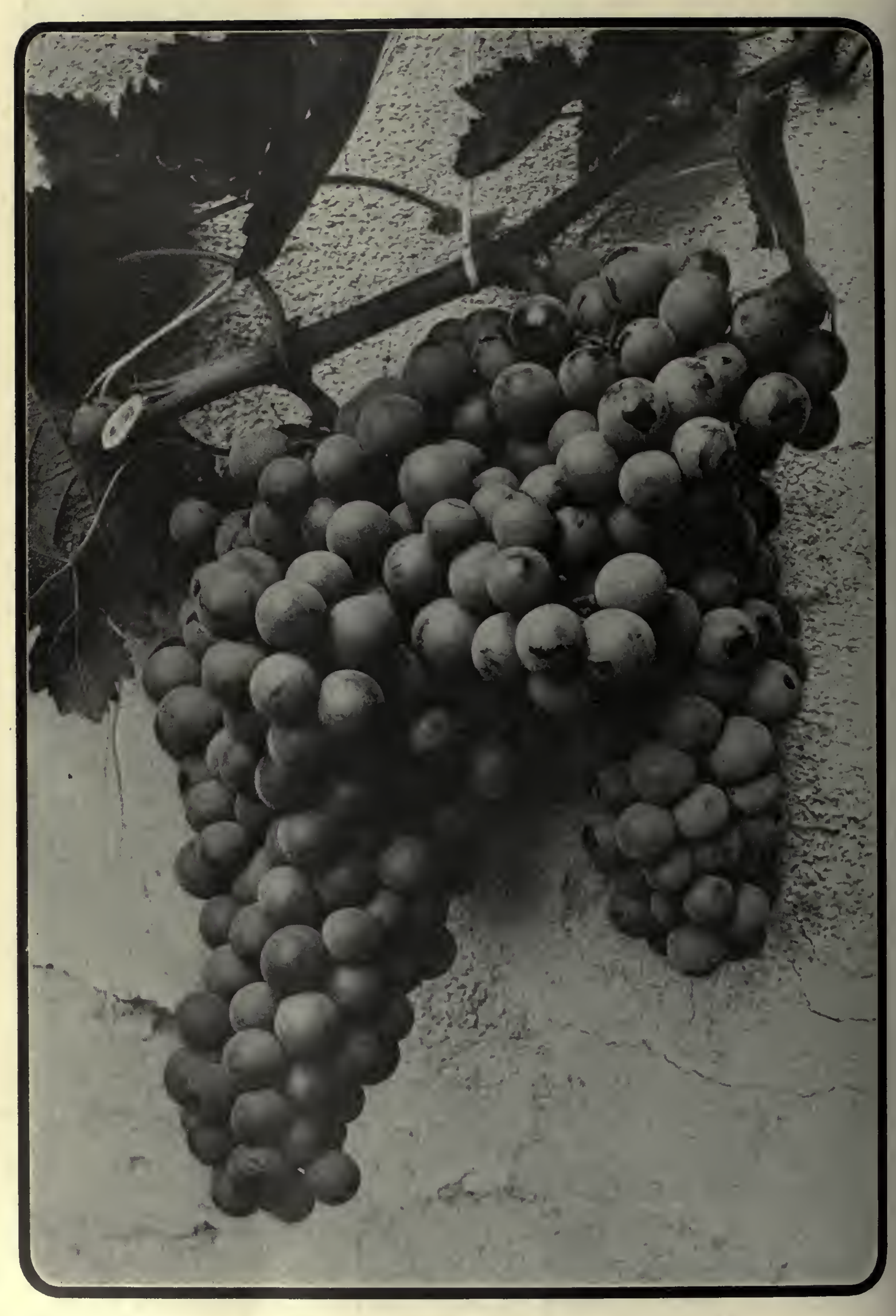

PHOTO BY HILL.

The above cut shows a fine example of the Alicante Bouchet wine grape, an imported stock which in California is outrivaling the Italian product.

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PHOTO BY HILL

Above is a characteristic harvest scene in a California vineyard. California has a great destiny as a wine-producing State. It is an interesting fact that European wine grapes reach a point of perfection in California attained by no other State, while the "American grape" here has no rival for wine and raisin purposes.

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PHOTO BY HILL

With true Western lavishness California does not limit her sweet peas to garden or hothouse, but cultivates them by the acre and sells them by the bushel.

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PHOTO BY HILL

The cluster of prunes shown on the first page of this article gives a specimen of the fruit being dried in the above illustration. Fruit driers often cure fruit for scores of ranchers who haul in their produce from surrounding farms.

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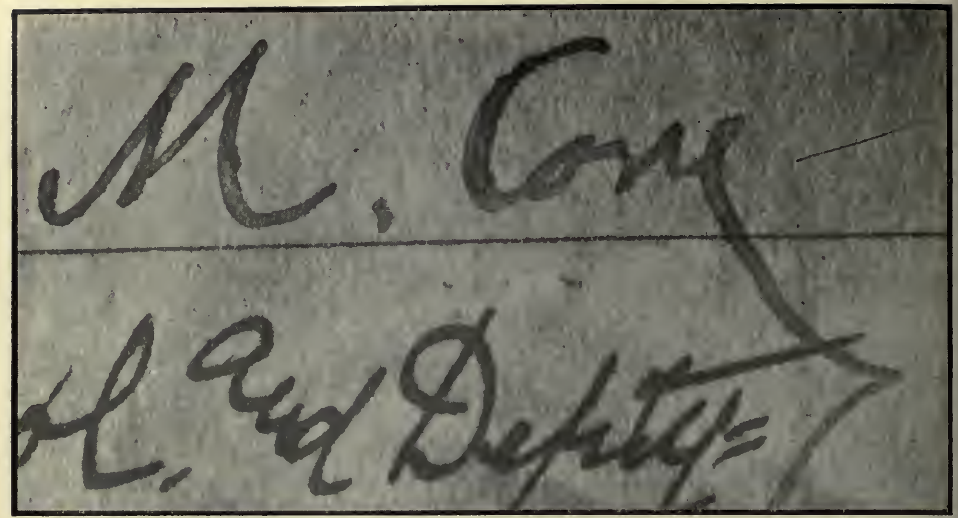

Fig. 1.—Forged handwriting, showing retracing.

and for that reason I give him the sum of $22,000.00

Showing erasure from $11,500 to $22,000.

Fig. 2.

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Expert Photography as Applied to Forgery

BY MORGAN BACKUS

EVEN at this date there are many who doubt the efficacy of experts in handwriting and photography to detect forgery and establish the genuineness of signatures. To show the real status of experts in these lines I have (at the request of the editors of the Overland Monthly and others) compiled some facts which I illustrate by photographs that are not unsuitable to the nature of this number.

We present here a few illustrations which demonstrate in different ways the possibilities of the proper kind of photographic apparatus in the hands of an expert, and used in connection with handwriting.

I will not attempt to enumerate the reasons, past and present, why some experts have no standing with attorneys, bankers, or merchants. The light esteem in which certain photographers are held does not prove that forgery cannot and has not been detected by means of the camera.

It is impractical—or at least very unsatisfactory from an expert standpoint—to try to make a small copy of a document of a suspicious nature, expecting to make a useful bromide enlargement therefrom. Such a print will never give the details, character and idiosyncracies of a person's handwriting, or in cases of forgery show what has been done to alter it, and what ulterior was in view. A "long draw" for direct enlargement in the camera is the only safe method.

The illustrations herewith show as plainly as is possible with engravings, the details which it is my purpose to point out. Number 1 and 2 were made in a 17x20 copying camera, with a seventeen foot draw, and enlarged from the original signature 40 times, or twenty diameters. Number 1 was exhibited in the District Court. Ordinary photographs failed to prove the charge of forgery brought against a Captain in the Paymaster's Department in the United States army. The handwriting expert, Professor Ames, could see evidences of something suspicious under his miscroscope, but would not be willing to testify before the jury unless large direct photographs were made. This was done, and it was at once apparent that an attempt had been made to simulate a signature, and that it had been afterwards necessary to retrace parts of it. This was readily understood when it was explained by Professor Ames that the point of the pen will leave at start and finish more ink than it sheds during the course of a line.

Fig. 3.—Natural signature made in weakness.

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As a second illustration of a different sort of forgery, Number 2 will be interesting. Here is a case where a will was written in a small note-book and this is a portion of one of the pages enlarged about ten times direct. By close inspection the pen furrows of the 11 and 5 may be still distinguished. These can be detected by the expert with the proper lighting and handling. The first figures were simply erased without chemicals, and the other figures written over. This case never came into court, as the pen furrows showed too plainly.

The illustration numbers 3 and 4 must be taken together. Number 4 is a grouping of eleven signatures enlarged about 8 times on a 17x20 plate. Among these is one signature which was not alleged to be genuine. This is number 2 on the left. A print was made purposely dark in order to ascertain if there were evidences of erasure. None were found, but it was claimed that the signature in question was copied off-hand by some forger, and that the nervous, over-careful movement made the hand shake, thus causing crooked lines. An enlarged negative on 17x20 brought out the effect shown in illustration number 3. The other evidence in court revealed the fact that the party whose signature it really is, was at the time of writing it, in ill health. A careful comparison of the signatures presented shows a decided similarity in character not only in the starting and ending of the capitals and small letters, but also in the effort to rise above the base line at the end of the signature. The formation of the signature questioned is throughout of the same general nature. No persons ever write their signature twice alike, and in cases of the disease of the spinal cord

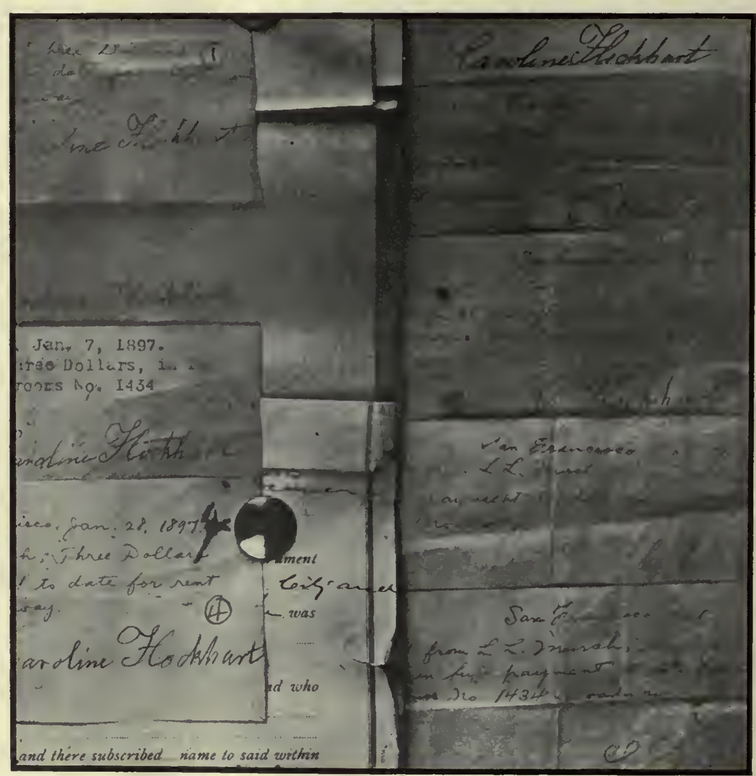

Fig. 4.—Real and forged signatures used for comparison.

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and brain the handwriting is among the first voluntary movements to depart from the normal condition of performance.

In illustrating the detection of chemical erasure by photography, I present number 5. This is a case where writing has been erased by one of several compounds made for that purpose. But the paper was not of the hardest, and its fibres became separated, not apparently to the naked eye, but when the same hand wrote over them they took up the ink irregularly. A strong side light and enlargement direct in the camera brought this out.

Speaking of side lights, it is only in detection of forgeries that these should be used. As a rule a soft, diffused light from all about brings the best results.

Expert photography is really hard, nervous work if done conscientiously, as in expert handwriting. There is a feeling that these experts should be appointed by the courts in all cases, for while there are not so many of them, yet when one side gets one the other side is sure to get another, and if the first man honestly finds evidence against his clients he is seldom, if ever, called into court. The time may come when legislation covering the ground may be necessary.

my estate real and personal wherever situated, after paying
the above bequests & my just debts I bequeath to
my sincere and devoted friend Rhea Gettings.
I nominate and appoint as one of my executors
of this my last will and testament Hall McAllister
together with Rhea Gettings as executrix
without giving bonds.

Fig. 5.—Chemical erasure.

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THE huge log raft, as long as a battleship and almost as formidable to inoffensive coasting vessels, is one of the most curious methods of transporting a natural product to market. So far as is known it is in vogue only on the Pacific Coast, and even if the construction of these monsters should be discontinued, on account of the opposition of sea-faring men and lumber-dealers, or for any other reason, the log-raft will take its place in local history as one of the peculiar freaks of the lumber trade. Up to the present time eight or ten log rafts have been successfully towed down from the lumber regions of Oregon or Washington to San Francisco, several of them having been built at Stella, which is on the Washington shore of the Columbia River and about twenty miles from its mouth.

The rafts are built in a cradle, which is anchored near shore in shallow water. The cradle looks very much like the framework of a big wooden ship: it has a double keel and is constructed of heavy timbers with strong knee-braces between the floor timbers and the verticals at a point which in a vessel would be called the bilge. The keel is made in two sections, which are held together by massive locks and clamps, while the raft is being constructed. The piles forming the raft are from 80 to 110 feet long, and to make a strong and at the same time flexible structure out of pieces of such comparative shortness is a work that calls for considerable skill and would be impossible without the cradle. The piles are put in one by one by a derrick in such a manner as to break joint as much as possible, the abutting ends of one line of piles being placed opposite to the middle of the adjacen

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line. When the raft is finished, it is wrapped round with cables of 1½ inch iron chain at intervals of twelve feet. The cable holds it strongly together, yet do not deprive it wholly of flexibility.

Running from stern to stern of the cigar-shaped raft, and right through its center, are two 2-inch chains, one holding the bulkheads at each end in place, and the other being fastened to the hawser. From the towing chain lateral chains running from the center connect with the encircling bands. Thus it is possible to apply a steady strain in towing, for the stronger the pull the more tightly the logs are held together.

After the raft is launched the locks of the cradle are opened by pulling on ropes connected with them, and the two sections of the cradle float apart, leaving the raft ready to be towed away.

The first rafts which were built, though much smaller than those now constructed, came to pieces, and the piles, drifting here and there, up and down the Coast, were a serious danger to navigators. For this reason shipping men have on several occasions made loud complaints about this novel method of bringing lumber to market, but so far have not succeeded in putting an end to the traffic. The later raft, built according to the method described above, have shown themselves able to withstand the roughest ocean trip.

The various rafts have contained from 4,000 to 15,000 piles. From the mouth of the Columbia River to San Francisco is a distance of seven hundred miles, and under ordinary conditions of weather a powerful tug will tow a raft down from the Columbia river bar to the Golden Gate in about twelve days.

In September, 1899, one of these rafts, while being towed by the Czarina, broke away and was lost. The tug Rescue was sent out to look for it, and, if possible, to bring it in. The wind being from the northwest, it was supposed that the raft would be carried to the south, so Captain Thomas of the Rescue started out in that direction from San Francisco. After he had been out for four days, he put into Santa Cruz for instructions, and was ordered to return to San Francisco, as the raft had been seen in tow of a steamer. This report turned out to be erroneous, and on Sep-

"Cigar" raft near Fort Stevens, Oregon. PHOTO BY LIEUT. SKINNER

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Moored to a wharf at Fort Stevens. PHOTO BY LIEUT. SKINNER.

tember 25th the tug again started out in a southerly direction. Early in the morning of September 27th the big raft was sighted about two miles off the coast at Lompoc, which is twenty-five miles to the south of Port Harford. Though it had been buffeted about for several days, it was almost uninjured, only the stern being a little broken. The towing hawser was picked up and the raft was towed in to Port Harford at the rate of about a mile an hour. In Port Harford Bay there was a considerable swell, and in trying to hold the raft the tug lost an anchor and forty fathoms of chain. The tug Monarch was then sent down from San Francisco to help the Rescue, and though a strong northwest wind was blowing and a heavy sea running, the raft was towed into San Francisco harbor in four days, having suffered only a little damage to its bow. Once inside the Golden Gate, the tugs Relief, Alert, and J. H. Redmond, with the Monarch and Rescue, shoved the raft into the mud in Mission Bay, where the owners had her broken up. So great had been the strain that some of the piles on the outside were nearly cut in two by the cables binding the whole great structure together. Shipping men were much pleased at the removal of the raft from the path of sea-going vessels, and the owners were much gratified by its recovery, for of the ten thousand piles which the raft originally contained not more than four hunared were lost. The raft was about 600 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, drawing 20 feet of water.

In September, 1900, a raft 618 feet long, and drawing 28 feet of water, reached San Francisco. It contained more than seven million linear feet of timber, and was towed from West Seattle by the tugs Tatoosh and Rescue. Off the Mendocino coast a storm was encountered, both tugs and raft finding it necessary to heave to for 24 hours. There was a heavy sea, but the tugs lay under the lea of the big raft, and rode out the storm.

Like passenger-steamers, men-of-war, and other things, log rafts tend constantly to increase in size. A gigantic raft was recently constructed on Puget Sound containing from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand piles of an average length of sixty feet. In such a raft there are about 800,000 feet of piling, or more than a dozen sailing vessels could carry. The lumber men now feel so certain of being able to get these monstrous craft to their destination that it is proposed to construct a raft to be towed to Japan.

This method of transporting timber, while it is interesting from its novelty and boldness, has little to recommend it

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except that it is profitable to the owners of the lumber. If one of these great rafts, as big as a man-of-war and much more unwieldy, breaks away from the tugs that have it in tow, it means almost certain destruction to any vessel that encounters it on a dark night, while, after it has been broken up by the force of the waves, thousands of piles are scattered broadcast over the ocean, any one of which may sink a sailing vessel or passenger steamer. Besides this, one raft of the largest size contains enough piles to furnish loads for a score of ordinary coasting schooners, carrying a master and four or five men apiece. The log raft deprives the schooner of freight and her sailors of employment. But so long as great quantities of lumber can be quickly and cheaply brought to market in this manner, there is little likelihood that any regard for men thrown out of employment or for the danger incurred by vessels navigating the sea between the forests of Puget Sound and the lumber markets of San Francisco will cause the industry to be abandoned. The earlier rafts carried no lights or anything on which a light could be displayed, but when one of the local newspapers pointed out that this is an infraction of the law and renders a craft liable to seizure, the lumber men set up a brand new tripod and lantern on the next raft from the Sound after it had arrived safely within the Golden Gate.

"Cigar" raft with near end aground. PHOTO BY LIEUT SKINNER.

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CALIFORNIA'S YEAR IN ART

It is the purpose of the editors of the Overland Monthly to present for the space of one year the best work, hitherto unpublished, of California's contemporary school of artists. With the exception, of course, of New York, there is no State in the Union that can equal California in the number and standing of her artists This is due partly to the genius of the West and partly to the surpassing advantages which Nature in California offers to her interpreters. California has very justly been called "Our Italy" and to her sons and daughters has been given something of the Italian temperment. Mixed with this is an American originality which, given time, should create new schools and new manners peculiar to our province. This of course will take time. Manners and schools are not developed in a day or a generation. Art is long and the beaux arts are almost a matter of heredity. California painting and sculpture, however, need no excuses; and this our readers will probably decide in following our "Year in Art."

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Lagoon sails in Venice. (From the etching by Marion Holden.)

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ENGRAVED BY YOSEMITE CO.

On an old trail in the Redwoods. (From a painting by L. P. Latimer.)

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Morning. ENGRAVED BY YOSEMITE CO (From a painting by William Keith.)

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ENGRAVED BY YOSEMITE CO.

Solitude. (From a painting by G. Cadenasso.) (By consent of Mr. Charles H. Lombard.)

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THE LOVE OF ADAM PANCOAST

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

SEVERAL years are gone since I was owner and master of the steamer Oonamak, schooner-rigged and of five hundred tons burden. It was our second season of cruising for seal, getting them where we could and running when we must, from the Patrol. Just as we had gotten ready for a trip to the Japanese Coast one of the Russians caught us in a corner, hinted at terms, and, when I proved deaf, towed the whole outfit into Vladivostock. I was easy in my mind till I found that high talk was no good; nobody cared when they discovered when I was broke for cash. They seized the steamer and my catch filled other pockets. For a while I had a tough time; the men cursed me because they had lost their shares, the engineer quit me on a stray cargo boat and all followed.

At the end of a month I was become pretty well used to the place, had built me a hut on the shore and was prospecting to get away with my vessel, a difficult

All those days I spent on the beach by the door of my hut.

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piece of work, but one I was bound to do.

I was not the only man in straits, for up the harbor, off the wharf of the market where the junks and sampans lay, was the topsail schooner, "Allie A. Alter, of Seattle." She had been seized two summers before, and there she lay, rotting. It made me sick to think of my craft going the same road, for frost in winter, sun in summer, taken together with lack of care, had wracked the schooner's decks and warped her spars, until she had become so worthless that the Russians had trusted her skipper, sour old Adam Pancoast, with sole charge of her. Adam and I had been acquainted before in the way of business and had had several fights, in one of which he had beaten me clean. Naturally, I did not hanker after his company; besides, I considered that until I had my plans finished, it would do me no good to be seen with him. When my men deserted, the old man came around to have a chat, he being lonesome, I suppose, but I was strictly on business and told him right off that if he reckoned I was chumming with scow-dwellers he mistook his man. That shut the old chap up and he went back to his tub.

This was all right for a couple of months, but it was getting along into the autumn, and if I waited till the harbor froze it was goodbye to the world until next season. Besides, I was dreaming nights of my wife and children and the loneliness was biting in. All those days I spent on the beach by the door of my hut, keeping an eye on the Oonamak and figuring. It was getting ticklish, for I could not see the way out single-handed. One good man, only one, would do the whole thing up to the handle.

I sat on the shale, cursing my luck and thinking of all the others free and living life in the open. The salt wind that poured in from the seaward, the spreading water quivering out there into racing waves made me seasick, and I saw the sky above me flying like a tide between the yellow hills. I was almost regretting that I had turned down old Adam Pancoast so sharp, when I saw him sculling down the bay in a small boat. I wanted to hail him, but I didn't, though I fair shouted when he sheered in toward the beach where I sat. He crawled out of the boat and looked at me, and I looked at him. The old party was down to cases; he wasn't dressed much and his face was sharp as a bird's bill. When I sang out, "How are ye, Captain?" he answered eagerly, and sat down beside me. I noticed that speech came a little hard to Adam and there wasn't much life to his words.

"Been pretty lonesome?" said I.

"Lonesome? A—a little," he answered, grinning at his decayed clothes. "But it's cheap."

"What's the matter?" said I. "Did the Russians clean you out? Broke?"

"Not exactly broke," he responded, "but d—— badly bent—and—as you say, lonesome. Not but that I'm pretty much alone anywhere," he went on, "even in 'Frisco or Seattle. You see I'm not a man of family and that makes the difference."

"You ought to be mighty glad you aren't a man of family just now. I'd like to be in 'Frisco," I said.

"M'ebbe you would, but what would I do? I'd go to Jimmie Brown's office and I'd say, 'Hello, Jim,' and Jimmie 'ud say, 'Hello, Pancoast, take a chair.'

" 'I've got a chair,' I'd say.

" 'Well, take two chairs, Adam.'

"That 'ud mean that Jimmie was too busy to talk to me and I'd be a lot lonelier than I am here, for in this place I'm not the only lonesome one. It makes the difference, not being a family man."

"This is no place for any man, no matter what his condition," said I, letting out some profanity. I saw with the tail of my eye that the old coot was brightening up. "Do it again, mate," he gasped, "do it again." I got angry and gave him a little more on his own account, and he enjoyed it immensely. "That's the first respectable, God-fearing cussin' I've heard in two years," he cackled, "and it makes me feel young again."

After that he came over pretty regularly. I was glad to see him, for I was getting nervous and off my chow. To be sure, he was not much better, though he was got beyond the age when a man or-

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dinarily fights for what he wants.

As I had known him to be in old times a splendid seaman and without fear of anything, it came over me more and more that he was the man to help me out of my present predicament; so one day I broke in on his palaver and said, "Captain, have ye never thought of leaving this place?"

Adam held up before him a shaking hand. "D' ye know the palm of your hand? I know all the ways out of this hell, and there isn't one way, not one, of saving my vessel." "Save your vessel," I shouted; "why, man, you don't mean to say that you value that ancient tub at anything of price?" It made me hot for the man to play the fool in such a matter; the devil couldn't have sailed the "Allie A. Alter" one mile. "Come and help me work my steamer out. Your schooner is no good; leave her."

"No, no," said Pancoast, dully, "it's not a matter of business and I won't abandon my ship."

I didn't know exactly what he meant, so I dropped the subject then, but little by little I worked around to it again, and one day I made him a proposition. "Captain Pancoast," said I, "I put it before you squarely that the 'Oonamak' is my boat; that she is too good for the Russians, you can see. Now, if you will sail her out with me, I'll give you a one-eighth interest in her."

The old codger shook my hand. "If you give me a tow," he said, "I'll work your craft off shore and we can each pick up a crew."

"Good Lord, man," I broke out, "your blasted schooner would founder in a zephyr. Anybody can see she's too rotten to sell a Chinaman for a truck boat."

The old man got on his legs and his voice was a screech. "That schooner is the fastest and the most seaworthy vessel on the Pacific, and you know it—didn't I beat you into Nagasaki?" He couldn't say much more, but I understood what he meant. It made me tired all over to be hearing such nonsense, and I told him so. No good; he was clean crazy and went off in a huff.

That night I made up my mind that business was business, and if it had to be done with an idiot, it was the latter's look out. The next day I hunted up Pancoast and told him I meant straight talk. "Take it or leave it," I said; "if you'll help me out with the Oonamak, I'll tow you anywhere within one thousand miles."

"Done," responded Adam snapping at the bargain, "and I'll supply hawser. How shall we get out?"

"I have forty days coal in the Oonamak's hold," I explained, "and she is shipshape. I reckon I can run the engine room if you will steer." "That's good sense, my son," said the old gentleman, "What next?"

"There is a moonless night due ten days hence, with hign tide at twelve o'clock. You cast your schooner adrift on the top of the flood, get her out where she will clear everything, then come aboard my craft and help get up steam while we drift by the Guard vessel. When we are clean of that we can pick up the schooner and be off."

"Trust to luck to fool those forts on that yellow hill?" asked Adam pointing with a rusty forefinger.

"Yes, and I'll take the heavy work and get rid of the two watchmen on my ship."

This last job I took singlehanded because I distrusted the old man's nerve and I didn't want him to back out. But it was several days before I drummed a simple plan out of my head. It was to wait till we both got aboard the steamer after setting the schooner adrift, and knock them over the side. Naturally I said nothing to the old chap about it, sure that he would come to time at the pinch.

We talked the whole matter over again till the night appointed came, just as we wanted it; starry and without much wind. After the sunset gun we went out to the Allie A. Alter where the skipper gave me a good supper. Being his guest—and the meal was good—I didn't hint to him that his schooner was a spectacle for a Jap. The crazy decks, the masts far gone with dry rot and twisted like old trees made it look a very ark, and he was stepping it as though it were a yacht. He had even sweated up a musty Kayar hawser and wet it down for use. That tickled me but I said noth-

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ing.

"We must get aboard the Oonamak by ten o'clock," I told him, "to see the boilers full and everything ready to get up steam; we'll have to be prepared to drop our cable and run by midnight."

"That is a change of plan, and I object to it," said he, "I have my own craft to look out for."

"There are still two watchmen to be got out of the way."

He cursed me loud and deep, but there was no help for him. We stood around waiting till we heard four bells struck on the watch-vessel far down the harbor. I hustled old Adam into the small-boat and we pulled for my steamer, reaching the after deck safely. Once on board, I drew my knife and took a looksee to find the whereabouts of the Russians. In the saloon I found them, eating my stores, and I grew warm as I watched; but it would have done no good to tackle them below, so, after waiting a while, I had to fall in with Pancoast's continual suggestion and we pulled back to the schooner. The old duffer was wild to get his craft well adrift and as soon as he was on his own quarter-deck he swung aft to the wheel, and sang out, though in a low voice, "Mr. Gibson, get the anchor off the ground, if you please."

I was cross, for things seemed to be going wrong, and it was in a rage that

I meant straight talk. "Take it or leave it," I said.

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I blurted out, "I don't please, and my name is Captain Joseph Gibson."

"Get the anchor up immediately," came the furious command.

For answer I hauled out by knife and started forward.

"Cut my cable, will you? You'll jolly well break your back heaving it out, you mutinous——"

His voice was rising and I knew that I had to humor him, though I swore to myself that he should pay me well. By killing work—in which Pancoast bore his share,—we managed to get his mud-hook broken out at ten forty-five and a moment later the Allie A. Alter was edging into the channel. As soon as she started up harbor with the tide, the skipper insisted on leaving three fathom of cable out as a drag to hold the schooner if she drifted in toward shore. Here he got to windward of me, for I was hoping that she would do that same thing. However, I got the old chap away again in a small boat, and prayed that it might be my last sight of his scow.

By eleven we were on the Oonamak once more, Pancoast sobered and evidently thinking about the watchmen, for he cursed me under his breath. Still, he didn't take any water, and arming ourselves with belaying pins we went together to hunt them. We found both on the lower deck taking a drink in the cool. While we were peering around in the dark, one of them gave an exclamation and pointed abroad with his arm. Old Pancoast took a look too and then jumped at me. I clapped a fist over his mouth to prevent accidents, for I saw the schooner coming down before a flaw of wind. It was the loom of her that both guards were looking at, for suddenly one of them laughed and said, "It's the old Yankee junk fetched loose."

Adam knew what they said and I felt his teeth set in my hand. "Loosen up," I whispered, "and over the side with them."

It was risky in the dark, but I caught my man under the chin, so that he couldn't shout, gave him a blow and hove into the water almost before he felt my fingers at his throat. Pancoast struck his man a heavy one in the back of the neck, and when I turned around the Russian was trying to recover for an attack. Above him stood the old fellow with a face like chalk. Thinking his nerve was gone I raised my own pin to finisn the guard before he got breath enough to scream. It was a grip of iron that stayed my arm and I looked up to see Adam's white beard glowing in the darkness. "Never in anger, never in anger," he said. In pure amazement I stepped back. He repeated in a kind of sing-song, "Never in anger, never in anger." Then in a shriller tone, wraggling his white beard the while, he begged me not to touch the Russian who now lay unconscious on the deck. It was a ticklish position for any man, to be dealing with a lunatic and a stunned victim. All the while edging toward the guard I asked Pancoast why he had gone soft so suddenly. "Because," said he, "I did a thing in anger. Oh, never in anger! never in anger!" he chattered into silence.

"All right, uncle," I said to calm him, "we'll let this chap go, for we have something more important to do; anyway he's past doing any harm."

I now had almost two hours leeway and felt safe; the schooner as I told Pancoast, wouldn't alarm the guardship, because it was simply the wind back of her and the rush of the tide would soon catch her strongly. So I made my preparations thoroughly and without fuss. I started the fires, emptied and filled the boilers and oiled and wiped every bearing. I trusted to the old man to tend to things on deck, indeed, I heard him slinking around, getting the gear into shape. When all was ready below, I went topside to take a look. It seemed darker than before and the tide was slack.

"Have you seen the schooner?" I asked Pancoast.

"Off there," he said pointing to a shadow right abreast. "She's coming down into the channel."

"All's finish and can do in the engine-room," said I. "Shall we lift her out of this?"

He took a long sight around and said he thought we might be moving. I got some steam and turned the engines over to loosen the bearings. All was smooth

and I blessed my engineer who had given the steel faces a coat of paint to prevent rust. It was the one good turn he did me. Then the two of us eased the anchor chain through the hawse-hole, and the start of the ebb picked us up. Two miles below lay the guard-ship and it was killing work the next hour, for I was aching to open out and scoot for dear life. That, of course, was no go; too risky.

We drifted and drifted, the water slap-slapping against the side till I felt like putting my arm around old Pancoast and hugging the breath out of him. By the end of the hour we were long past the lights of the guard-vessel, and in another fifteen minutes knocked up against the Allie A. Alter a mile below. We wasted a precious half hour passing the hawser, rigging the drag we had made to tow astern the schooner to keep her steady on the tow line, and getting the anchor on deck.

It was a big relief to see the old gentleman take the wheel at last, and I went down to my engines. My ribs nearly burst before the gong muffled under my hand rang like the crack of doom. I twisted the steamcock; the engines got up slowly and started to walk. Lord! how I wanted to go! But I kept her steady that the doddering fool on deck might be able to pick up his cursed craft, for he knew the channel and I didn't, and we were under the forts where care meant everything. I kept her slow and stoked.

When I saw through the skylight that it was nigh daybreak, I called up the tube and asked if it was clear for me to come on deck a bit. There I found that with the help of the tide we were making eight knots, and were getting clear of the bay by running Sou' West. We didn't either of us cotton to the notion of going far that way, and Pancoast had worked it out in his head in good style that we were to run north, edge through La Perouse straits and try to fetch Kunasheer. It was a fair way of doing it, and we overhauled charts till my engines called me.

It was late in the afternoon that the old skipper asked me to come on deck. Supposing it was a sail in sight I hurried up only to find Adam lashing the wheel.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"We shall bury the dead," he answered quietly.

I had almost forgot the wounded Russian and it shook me a little to be reminded of him. "Is he dead?" I asked.

"He is dead. I killed him in anger. I have lost the good of my life through anger, but never on ship of mine did the dead go over the side unsaluted."

Without further words he went below, dragged up the body and laid it on a hatch cover by an opening in the deck rail. He took off his cap and turned to me. Involuntarily I threw up my hand. The body slipped limply over the side and Adam muttered a prayer. In absolute silence he stowed the plank and threw off the lashings of the wheel. As I went to the engine room I turned and looked at the old gentleman, still bareheaded, his beard blowing in the wind, and I knew he was mad.

I had done pretty well so far, and I was figuring on doing better and getting clear of the Allie A. Alter. I had two points of departure: I could not spare old Pancoast; I didn't purpose to drag his ramshackle over creation. About all the ballast I had was coal providentially left me by the Russians, it would be hard towing if the Oonamak sat any lighter in the water than she was; we had a long road ahead, my engines took all my time and might go wrong any minute; fresh water was scarce and hardly fit for the boilers, no provisions in particular were left,—it meant everything to me to drop the schooner.

I believe in being above board, when possible, and I went to Adam. "Captain," I said, "we may have two thousand miles of steaming ahead of us. Take a look at that thing I'm towing. Can't you see that it is out of the question to haul that disreputable old ark across the Pacific? More than that, I've figured the coal; there is none to waste on charity. Cut that towline for God's sake, and let's out of this."

"Don't you dare touch that line," he sputtered. "Where that schooner goes, I go; where I go, she goes." That was the gist of his fury and I went below.

By sundown we had made seventy

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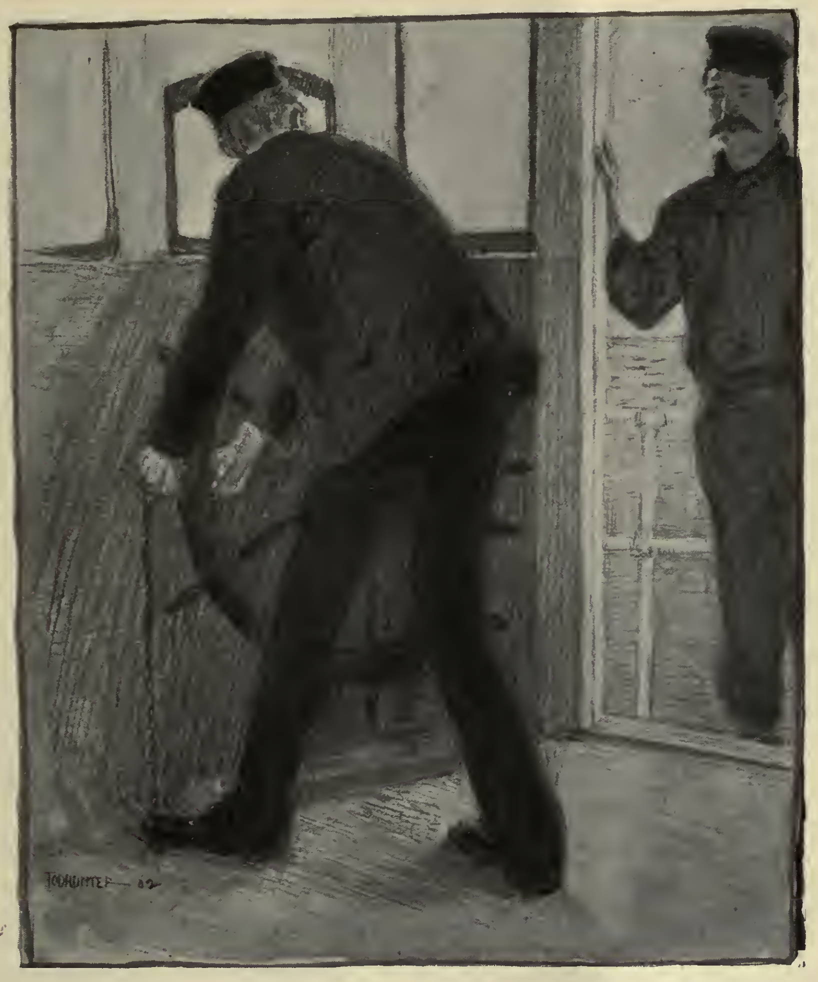

Adam was lashing the wheel. "What's the matter," said I.

miles in fifteen hours and it ought to have been double that. In the dark I crept to the after-bitts and with my knife sawed the hawser half-through, trusting Providence for the rest. Then I went to my engines below and gave them more steam till they chewed away the packing, let them ease down to a walk and jerked them off the bedplates. Heaven protects its own and at midnight the gong rang Stop her! Full speed astern! I shut myself into the stoke room and piled on fuel. If Adam wanted to swing around and get her, all right. He was too much of a seaman to run her down or foul the screw in a floating hawser, and I hoped a few good rolls would finish the Allie A. Alter.

When I came on deck half an hour later old Pancoast stood at the wheel trying to bring the steamer around, but he couldn't, for it was blowing fresh and the rudder was heavy with racing water from the screw. When I crossed the light from the binnacle, he dropped the wheel and grabbed my arm. "Hard over with it, my lad!" he screamed, "Hard over and lively!"

I was certain that the schooner was foundered or lost in the dark, and I was a little afraid of the old man, so I swung on and with some difficulty we brought the Oonamak around. He gave me the bearings right enough and pretty soon I went below to tend the engines,

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which I slowed down so as not to run over the schooner if she were still afloat.

Pancoast rang to stop her and I came on deck to find that we were within fifty fathom of the old tub. She was lying out in the darkness in the trough of the sea, and the drag we had rigged was butting her planks in. It was a pitiful sight, for the schooner looked like some gray old woman and I felt main sorry for Adam Pancoast. He left the wheel and now stood clutching the rail and peering out through tears. A good time for a lesson, thought I, so I picked up a binnacle light and threw the beam on his face. "Pancoast," said I, "your old hooker is gone. I've done my best and I can't save her."

I stopped for he did not seem to hear me. One gnarled hand bit into the wood of the rail, the other he held shaking over his eyes.

"Come now" I went on, "Come and get this steamer on ner course again. This is no time to be junketing around so close to danger."

"He will never—" he began. "He will never—He will never—He will never—" The words choked him into silence.

"Come," said I.

The apple of his throat was winking as he pulled off his cap.

"Captain Gibson," he said, "Save my ship."

"Can't possibly," said I.

He took another look at the old craft lying as grey as a bone against the spitting black water. "Captain Gibson, if you won't save my schooner for any other reason, take her for the salvage."

I didn't laugh; a man was losing his ship. "Not for anything," I replied humoring him. "I'm off for God's country, and I won't stop for the Chinese Imperial Bank. You ought to be thankful that you are out of that hell back there even with the loss of your ship."

He was sore, but quieted down after a little and offered to take the wheel. I knew that if his heart was on the Allie A. Alter he would keep her in sight and I wasn't minded to stay where a cruiser might catch me any minute. "Go and take your trick in the engine room." I said. "Being busy with the machinery will clear your head."

He went below and ran her like a watch till about sun-up, when he came on deck. After backing and filling awhile he got his nerve. "Captain Gibson," he said, "I've got eight hundred dollars in gold that I have been saving for my—my family. My schooner is worth that to me. It's yours if you will pick her up and tow her to Cape Lopatka."

"Show me the money," said I.

He poured the gold from a sack into my hand. I needed it, but I thought of Vladivostok and concluded I didn't want it. "Keep it for your family," I said.

"It is yours if you will take me back and put me aboard the schooner," he persisted after a pause.

I put it to him straight that his vessel wasn't worth anything, that I wouldn't go back a foot and would see him in torment before I listened to more of his nonsense. The old duffer was up the creek, and made it eight hundred if I would set him adrift in the small-boat.

"Look here," said I, "I need you to work ship and I'll make you do it or know the good reason why not."

He got so crazy that I thought it would be foolish to let him monkey with any gear, and I was puzzled to know what to do. Before long he cooled down and took the wheel and I went to the engines.

I was chewing on a biscuit and looking forward to a comfortable smoke when I noticed that the steamer was swinging and pitching unreasonably. A call up the tube raised nobody, and I went on deck. Adam Pancoast was not at the wheel, nor anywhere about the ship.

I looked around in the morning light till I saw, a quarter of a mile to leeward and astern, a man in a boat sculling. I put the helm over and ran back. It was the old gentleman, dripping wet, making for dear life toward a blot of smoke on the Western horizon. I managed to get down and stop the engines, and as I rolled alongside of him I ordered him to come on board. He steadied himself on his feet in the tumbling boat and looked up. His head was clean gone, and he cursed me till I hove a block at him. At that he shook his fist and dropped into

the bottom of the boat in a fit.

It took me an hour to get him aboard and an hour more to get under way, and all this time I cursed him from my heart, for the smoke was growing blacker on the sealine.

In the afternoon Pancoast came to himself a little, but he was no good work; too weak. In fact the old fellow was done for and a full two days I wasted staying by him, because he was always calling me, and I had finally to stop the engines.

I was almost out of my head with sleeplessness and worry when toward the end of a day he calmed down and, remembering, cried a little because he had lost his ship. "She's all the family I've had for twenty years," said Adam, "for I quarreled with my son in anger and I've not heard of him since, though I've kept it in the papers that Earl would always find his loving father on the Allie A. Alter of Seattle. He knew the schooner of old. But I've never heard of him."

The man was getting excited and when the steamer rolled heavily I put an arm around him to steady him, for his heart boiled in his breast like water in a pot and I knew it was the end. "Adam," said I, "ye've been in hard luck and now ye're dying."

"Dying!" shouted Pancoast. "Ay! Ay! sir."

I was afraid when he answered a hail that I couldn't hear and I shook him. He stared at me and then with an oath he sat up.

"Have I found you?" he said thickly. "Have I found you? I've hunted for ye twenty years, Earl, for I wanted to tell ye—"

He stopped and I bent over him for I thought I might humor him at the last. "To tell me what?" I whispered.

The old chap's eyes clouded and he fumbled in the bosom of his shirt. Swiftly his eyes flared up and he drove a knife into my shoulder.

"Curse you!" he shrieked, "would you strike your father?"

The blood spurted over his hand. He turned half over on his side and stretched out his quivering arms. "I loved him," he muttered, "and he was my son—Never in anger—never in—"

So he died.

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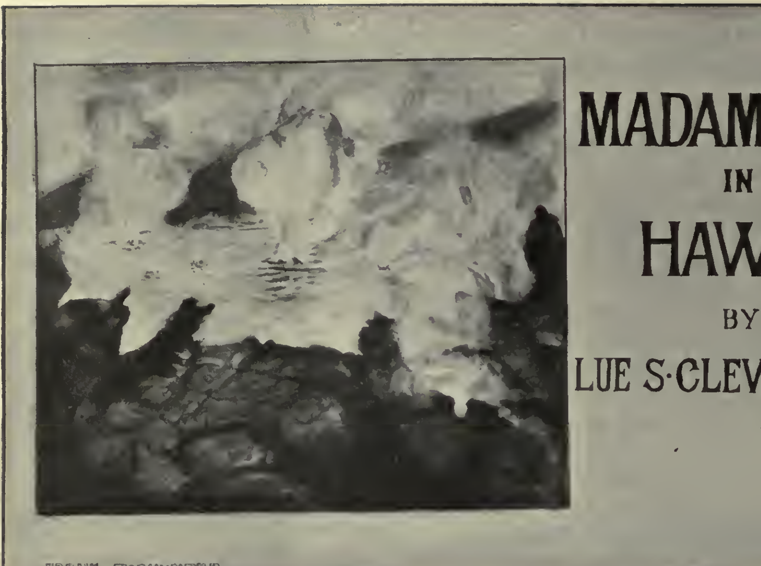

MADAM PELEE IN HAWAII

BY

LUE S. CLEVELAND M.D.

THE natives of the Hawaiian Islands tell us that Madam Pelee is the great controlling fire goddess of the many interesting great volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands. When either of these volcanoes would burst forth in great fury it was believed by the natives to be an expression of Madam Pelee's displeasure. To appease her wrath some natives high in authority and well thought of would be chosen to pacify her terrible demonstrations of anger by casting in the great burning pit a large, fat, wriggling, squealing pig. Sometimes in the greatness of her fury she demanded many sacrifices of fat, juicy pigs before she would cease all evidences of her hot displeasure.

The so-called priests kept up an almost incessant monotonous, weird chanting to the goddess Pelee, appealing to her for forgiveness and mercy, and reciting the good deeds done by the kings for the Hawaiian people. Finally the wrath of the goddess being appeased. the fires gradually subsided. Then the mournful chanting by the priests was turned to general rejoicing and revelry. Great luaus or feasts were spread. Again the fat, juicy pig was sacrificed and roasted in the ground with bananas, cocoanuts, sweet potatoes, and oft-times yellow dog. For days and nights feasting and dancing continued, all returning again to their happy, peaceful life, and with a strengthened faith in the goddess Pelee's great powers.

One queen who had had the strongest faith in the great goddess of fire power was converted at one time to Christianity. To prove to her people that her new god was greater than the goddess Pelee she herself walked some thirty miles to the burning crater and cast in a pig as before, asking her god to let the great fire cease if the Goddess Pelee was the true God of Fire. The great lake of fire belched forth with renewed activity, sending bowlders many hundreds of feet high in the air, so that they were plainly visible to the naked eye in Hilo, thirty-five miles away. Then immense streams of flaming lava were thrown out of the crater of Kilauea, rolling, tumbling, and hissing down its sides, destroying everything before it clear to the sea, and even into the sea. The water was one seething, boiling cauldron of death. Large numbers of dead fish, sharks and whales could be seen floating on the surface of the water. Sailors in passing vessels fifty miles out at sea could plainly

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observe the awful display of the eruption. Great clouds of fine dust and ashes that had proceeded the flow caused a haziness over the islands two hundred miles away for many days. Such displays as this have been of frequent occurrence in the Hawaiian Islands.

These islands form a part of the great volcanic circle of the Pacific Ocean. The surface of the ocean is dotted over with volcanic islands, and its margin is belted about with a fiery girdle of volcanic vents. The Hawaiian group is considered by scientists to be one of the most remarkable in the world.

All of the Hawaiian Islands are of volcanic origin. A coral reef surrounds each one. Some of these may have been coral islands originally but were changed by the volcanic eruption of the bottom of the sea. A large variety of corals may be found on the very tops of the mountains nearest the sea. On any of the islands, from the tops of the highest peaks to the lowest level of the valleys, on digging down from a few inches to eight feet, where vegetation is the oldest and thickest, reveals black lava sand.

The greatest points of interest in these islands are some of the old volcanoes, most of which are extinct and are largely covered with heavy vegetation outside and inside their craters. The two nearest are Punch Bowl and Diamond Head on Oahu at the feet of which lies Honolulu. There is no history or legend of their ever having been active. Still the example of Mt. Pelee in Martinique shows that we are not safe, regardless of our volcanic history. Honolulu has the same warm situation that St. Pierre had. Many of the more timorous people meditate leaving the islands.

Haleakala is another extinct volcano, 13,000 feet elevation, on the island of Maui. Its largest crater is on the top. There is little vegetation on this immense lava floor.

Hawaii is the largest island, and on this is the only active volcano in the islands. Mauna Loa is 14,000 feet elevation. The sides of the upper half are irregularly broken with craters or monticles of various sizes, the largest one

Scene on the volcano road.

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Molten lava on Kilauea.

The fire carnival of Kilauea.

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being Kilauea, 4,000 feet elevation. It is seven miles long and six wide, and here seems to have been the mouth out of which the giant Moana Loa poured her fiery soul. For hundreds of years this has been one great lake of fire. Within the last fifty years it has formed itself into several lakes of fire. Eruptions occurred irregularly during 1868 and 1880 to 1881, lasting from three to eight weeks. About five years ago the "bottom fell out of the last lake of fire," and guides now take you to see the "bottom of the bottomless pit." All you see is a great hole with perpendicular walls and smoke and sulphur vapor and fumes coming up from below. The lava for some one thousand feet in all directions is so hot you must lift your feet quickly to prevent burning your shoes. Long, wide fissures radiate in all directions from the pit, and in these, a few inches down, is red-hot lava. If you doubt it, throw some paper down and see it blaze up; or put a leg of the tripod of your camera in, and see how quickly it is charred.

To reach this crater you travel thirty-five miles by stage from Hilo, through the most wonderful and beautiful growth of tropical forest and ferns one could find in the world. As one comes within a few miles of the crater, jets of steam can be seen on either side coming out from the earth, and the water standing in pools is more than luke-warm.

Standing on the verge of this crater is a large, well-equipped hotel, where for many years it has furnished its guests with a Fourth of July celebration nearly every night. Just below this hotel, on one side, are many acres of sulphur beds. Sulphur gas and vapor come up constantly from large cracks in the earth, killing and bleaching all vegetation in its vicinity. The vapor deposits large beds of crystalline sulphur. One can even have a sulphur steam bath in a small bath-house erected over an especially large jet of steam.

You can take a horse and guide from here, and go down the steep incline into the great crater, with its perpendicular walls, 500 feet high, and walk for some four miles over this vast desert plain of friable lava, to the bottomless pit.

There are many large bubbles or caves

"The Bottomless Pit." Now active.

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The sulphur banks and bath house on the bank.

Diamond Head from the Punchbowl, Hawaii.

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of all shapes, which are filled with interest, and full of hot air. The blast of hot air that greets you on entering the most of them leads one to at once retreat. So the perspiring fat man, when he succeeds in getting through the opening to the cave, called "The Fat Man's Misery," soon becomes a dissolving view, unless he makes a hasty retreat. There are shafts running diagonally into the lava and circular caves, and many caves that are yet unexplored.

A native bird makes its nest of "Madam Pelee's hair"—a lava that, while a very hot, thin liquid, cooled, and was blown into masses of fine, hair-like threads. On the top of Moana Loa is another but smaller crater. It was from this and one at the side, that Madam Pelee, three years ago, poured forth her volume of wrath for six weeks, beginning on the fourth of July.

Earthquakes are of almost daily occurrence all over Hawaii. Often so pronounced as to rock the houses, crack walls, and cause one to lose his balance.

During the last year there have been increasing signs of activity in Kilauea. Whether this has any connection with the recent demonstrations in other parts of the world, we must leave to the judgment of the scientists.

Second prize photograph by C. Johnson, 1903 McAllister St., San Francisco.

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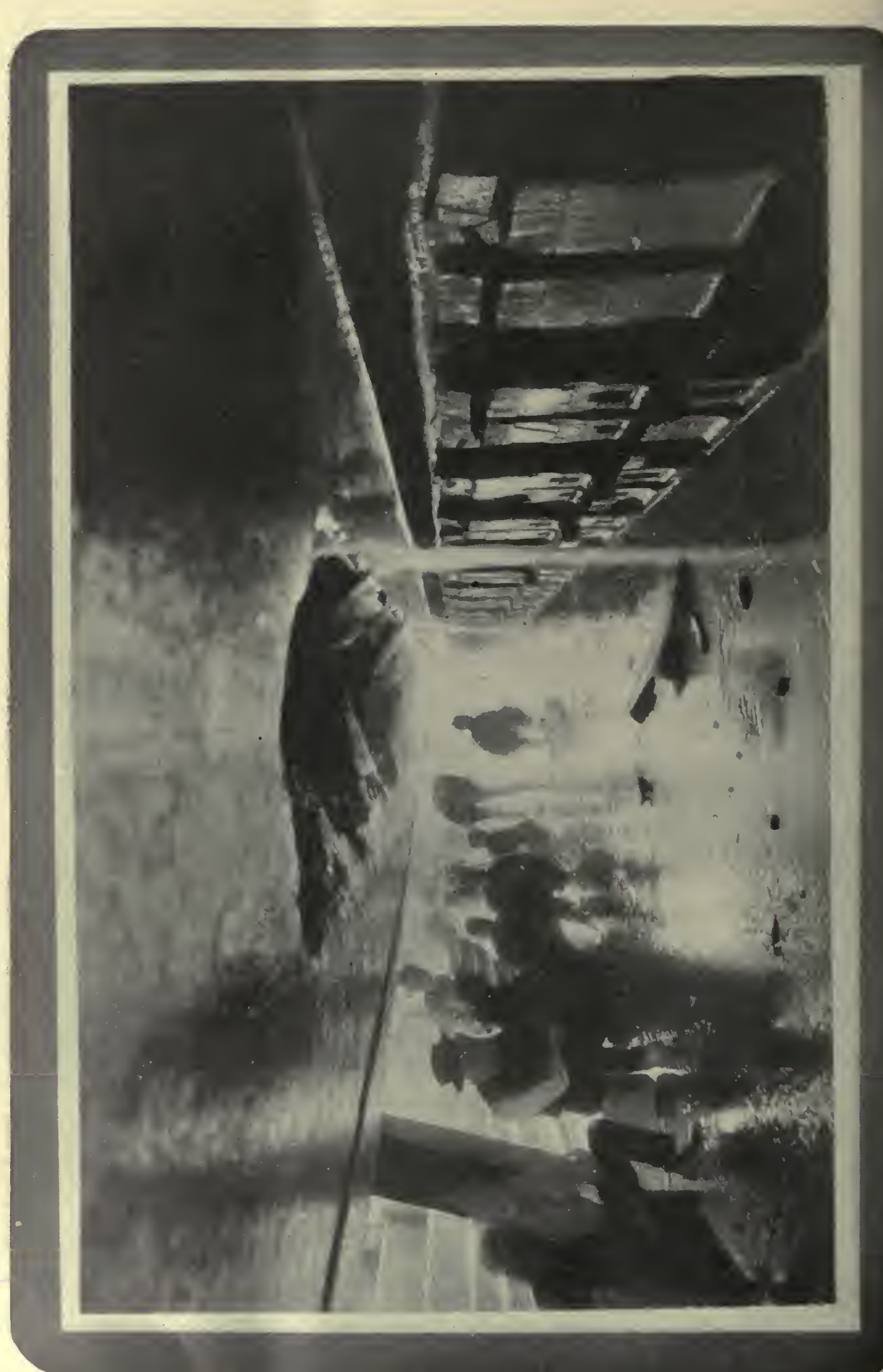

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A DEADLY PERIL OF THE SEAS

BY JOHN FINLAY

FROM time to time some vessel is posted as "missing" at Lloyd's, and as the years roll by, the list is swollen to a degree which would, in point of numbers, represent a good-sized navy. Failing to arrive at her destination within a reasonable period covering the average run from port to port, her name at first appears among the "overdue shipping"; the gambling element among the marine underwriters starts its speculative game, raising the rate of reinsurance as the days pass, until hope fades out and the fatal word "missing" is inscribed upon the blackboard, the official notification that another mystery of the mighty deep remains unsolved.

Upon a certain date the vessel was spoken by an outward bounder, the master of which had reported the occurrence, the latitude and longitude in, and that was the last heard of her. With the action of Lloyds her books are closed, accounts settled, and wives ashore learn that they are widowed and their children orphans. Her fate can only be a matter of surmise. No one lives to tell of the last dread moment when the rolling surges closed over the fated craft as she slowly sank with her living freight to an ocean grave many fathoms deep.

Many are the dangers which waylay the mariner from the day he sets sail until the voyage is ended and his port of destination is reached, risks at times immeasurably beyond those which no professional skill can guard against.

The shifting of a badly-stowed cargo at an awkward moment; a leak with faulty or choked pumps, and a crowd of worn-out, despairing men to man them; not enough people forward to clear away the raffle when masts go overboard with their tangled rigging, and iron yards thump alongside threatening to start a plate; nor to swing yards taken flat aback on some dark night of tempest, with water up to the rail on the main deck from seas thundering aboard with relentless fury; fire and an unmanageable hull loaded to the scuppers, wobbling about in the trough of seas running mountains high, ready to founder at a moment's notice, all serve to account for the mysterious disappearance of many a ship that never came back.

Against dangers of this kind there is, however, some protection where good seamanship is supported by a well-found and staunch vessel. It is in dealing with the unsuspected and invisible perils of the ocean highways that the mariner finds himself absolutely powerless to prevent disaster. Death stalks his helpless victims under shadow of the darkness hanging pall-like over the wild waste of waters across which lies the sailor's path. Scant warning does he get of the submerged derelict or the wave-washed ice floe, often never until the fearful crash comes from which his ship recoils with wide and gaping wound, the lofty fabric of masts and sail-clad spars tumbling deckward to heighten the horror of the moment, and he finds himself facing his doom. No chance for escape; no time for an appeal for mercy before the cold waters close upon him as the vessel sinks beneath his feet and ends a tragedy of which no one lives to tell. As a menace to navigation the uncharted rock is, if anything, more serious still. The most careful shipmaster cannot avoid disaster from this source. Lulled into false security by the chart which guides his course, his first intimation of danger is when the concussion is felt and his ship grinds her way off the reef to deep water in a sinking condition.

The accompanying photograph will give the reader some idea of the damage which may result to a vessel's submerged hull from an encounter with one of these deadly perils of the sea. It shows the steamship Victoria, one of the fleet of vessels owned by Swayne, Hoyt & Co.,

of San Francisco, in dry dock at Esquimalt, B. C., her cargo of 3,500 tons of coal on board, with her plates torn in a way which, under ordinary circumstances, would have sent her to the bottom.

The Victoria was loaded at Ladysmith, B. C., in June last, for Unalaska. Two hours after sailing, while passing outward through Trincomali Channel, with fine clear weather and smooth sea, in charge of an experienced pilot, she struck an uncharted rock, ripping the outer plates for a length of nearly 95 feet. Fortunately she was provided with a cellular double bottom which enabled her to reach Victoria, where she was docked for repairs. It was there found necessary to remove 14 plates in all—10 on one streak and 4 on the other. So great was the impact when the steamer struck that the top of the rock was sheared clean off to the depth of many feet. Where it raised its dangerous crest in the track of passing ships the chart showed a depth of 126 feet at the lowest low stage of the tide.

Had the Victoria been constructed like ordinary vessels, with only a single plate in this section of the hull, her destruction would have been inevitable. With such a rent below the water line, a vessel's life would be limited by minutes, and short ones at that, before the final plunge comes as she disappears beneath the waves.

Far out at sea the appalling consequences of such an accident do not require a very vivid imagination, the illustration furnishing an instructive object lesson of a dire possibility—furnishing a solution, perhaps, to the mystery attached to the disappearance of many a noble vessel which has suddenly passed from sight and left no sign.

CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED BY GRACE LUCE IRWIN

A Word for the Jew. A neatly gotten up book called "Jesus, the Jew, and Other Addresses," by Harris Weinstock, has this introduction by Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford:

" 'What is the modern Jewish idea of Jesus?' 'Do the Jews look forward to the coming of a Messiah?' 'Do they continue to look upon themselves as God's chosen people?' 'Does the modern Jew approve of intermarriage?' These and similar questions have been asked of the author by non-Jews who were seeking enlightenment on these subjects."

In the following chapters the author has endeavored to answer these and kindred queries as a Jewish liberal.

"The widespread attention which some of these addresses, when delivered from the platform, have commanded from Jew and non-Jew, and the continual demand for printed copies, have prompted the publication of this volume.

"These addresses are designed, not especially for the theologian, nor for the layman; not for the churched, nor for the unchurched; not for the Christian nor for the Jew; but for all who are earnestly interested in these inquiries. An effort has been made to be as explicit and simple as possible, though at the risk of occasional repetitions.

"Never before was the interest in the Jew and Judaism so pronounced and so universal as it is to-day. The wonderful story of the Jewish race and the Jewish faith is commanding the attention of the most thoughtful people the world over. If the views set forth in the following pages will in some way stimulate thought on the subjects herein presented and help correct some of the mistaken notions which, despite our enlightened era, may yet cling to Jew and Christian concerning each other, the author of this volume, who is a most worthy representative of the Jewish people in America, will feel well rewarded for whatever labors he may

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have expended."

The chapter headings are "Jesus the Jew," "What Jew and Christian Owe to Each Other," "Is the Messiah Yet to Come?" "Are the Jews God's Chosen People?" "Why Remain Jews?" "Shall Jew and Christian Intermarry?" "Moses the greatest Man of Antiquity," "The Ethics of Moses and its Influence on Present Civilization," "The Jewish Idea of God," and "The Jew in Commerce." Altogether this little book is well worth reading, being well written and the expression of an able mind.

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Biography that Interests One.

In the English Men of Letters Series we have this month "Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Herbert W. Paul. The work, while in small, portable compass, is exhaustive and thoroughly interesting. As a usual thing a good biography is better worth reading than a novel, having the human interest without the alloy. Let us quote from Mr. Paul's chapter on "Mr. Arnold's Philosophy":

"Matthew Arnold always disclaimed the epithet Philosopher, just as he repudiated the title Professor. But he had a philosophy of his own, which was perhaps like Cicero's, rather Academic than Stoic or Epicurean. He was always much interested in the history of religion, and he took great delight in Deutsch's famous essay on the Talmud, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for October, 1867. He wrote about it to Lady de Rothschild on the 4th of November, in a letter which well deserves to be quoted, because it contains the germ of a theory that afterwards colored almost the whole of his writings. What he liked best himself, he said, in the article, were 'the long extracts from the Talmud itself,' which gave him 'huge satisfaction.' With the Christian character of later Judaism he was already well acquainted. 'It is curious,' he added, 'that, though Indo-European, the English people is so constituted and trained that there is a thousand times more chance of bringing it to a more philosophical conception of religion than its present conception of Christianity as something utterly unique, isolated, and self-subsistent, through Judaism and its phenomena, than through Hellenism and its phenomena.' " Mr. Arnold's interest in such matters, however, did not take his mind off politics, upon which he always kept a very keen eye. His theory of the Clerkenwell explosion, in December, 1867, was at least original. He traced it to the immunity of the Hyde Park rioters in 1866. "You cannot," he wrote on the 14th of December, "you cannot have one measure for Fenian rioting and another for English rioting, merely because the design of Fenian rioting is more subversive and desperate. What the State has to do is to put down all rioting with a strong hand, or it is sure to drift into troubles." In closing the biography, Mr. Paul says: "It is impossible to read through Mr. Arnold's books and letters without feeling that he was a good man in the best sense of the term. His character was a singularly engaging one, and it rested upon solid virtues which are less common than amiability."

Macmillan Co., Publishers. Price, 75c.

The Heart of China.

We have had a charming little book, in royal yellow covers sent us called "The Story of China," by R. Van Bergen, M. A., published by the American Book Company, New York and Chicago. The pictures of photographs scattered through the book are new and very interesting. The reading matter is thoroughly instructive in regard to a country of which even yet we know so little.

Clark Russell Still Lives.

After all of the waves and simooms of other adventure commend us, for a rattling good novel, sensational in its tale of adventure and life on the sea—to Clark Russell. He is readable, he is long, his literary style is good, and his powers of entertainment seemingly inexhaustible. He has out now through his publishers, L. C. Page & Co., Boston,

a book called "The Mate of the Good Ship York," and it is well worth reading —in its breeziness, general wild spirit of "out-doors," its humor, and bluffness. The words all through have a nautical swing. Here is a bit of storm description: "It was going to blow a gale. The black scowl of the sky had the menace of storm in its fixity. No yellow curl of scud, no faintness here or there relieved that grim, austere, down-look. The day might have been closing, so dusky it was with the flying sheets of rain and the white haze torn out of the foaming brow by the rending nand of the wind. The seas swung fast and fierce, and serpentine pillars of white water leapt on high from the brig's side, and fled in shrieking clouds of sparkles to leeward."

Price, $1.50.

More Folly by Carolyn Wells. To turn to quite another subject we have one of Carolyn Wells' inimitable books for children. This time it is "Folly in the Forest." The work is well but sparsely illustrated by Reginald Birch. The whole thing is one of the innumerable but distant imitations of the style of "Alice in Wonderland," and though its lack of originality might detract from its literary value, this will not interfere with its entertaining qualities to children. This is a sample of the nonsensical verse scattered through the more prosy prose. (It is supposedly a recitation oy Pegasus.)

"Tell me, ye winged horse that round my pathway roars,
Do ye not know some way to pickle cellar doors?
Or tell me, if you can, what method is the best
To make a Stilton cheese put on a speckled vest?
The proud horse nibbled at the cake of soap,
And sighed for pity, as he answered, Nope!'

"Tell me, oh, winged horse, pick up thine hard-boiled ears,
Why did you hang salt fish upon the chandeliers?
Why did you let the cat near yellow bombazine,
And offer to the Pope a single fried sardine?
The winged horse sedately winked his eye
And in a minor key he murmured 'Pie!'

"Yet, tell me, winged horse, and tell me quick,
Why do you write your letters with a brick?
Why is your bonnet made of Indian meal,
And all your other clothes of orange peel?
The noble horse paused but to tie his shoe,
Then in a deep, rich voice he answered 'Boo!'"

We don't think the above very funny, do you? And we think it must be so nice and easy to do. Good nonsense verse —such as Lew Carroll wrote, such as Gilbert wrote, or of humor like unto that found in the inimitable Ingoldsby Legends, is as rare in the language as the best of anything is bound to be.

People are born (now and then) to the originality of humor, to the quaintness of nonsense, to the freshness of an entirely characteristic point of view, as decisively as was Wordsworth to the expression of the beauties of nature; but the imitations of all this are merely silly, lacking that unmistakable spark which (now and then) shows us a work of humor which is a classic.

"Folly in the Forest," by Carolyn Wells. Published by the Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

A pastoral romance called "Chanticleer" has been written by Violet Hall, and dedicated to "The jaded in spirit." Chanticleer is charming in its simplicity, idealistic in tendency, prefaced by a quotation from Henry Thoreau. It is of country life, animal life, about delightfully young and unspoiled people. Its publishers have given it an attractive dress, and the illustrations are by W. Granville Smith.

Price, $1.50. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

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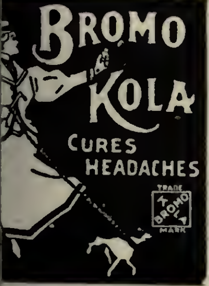

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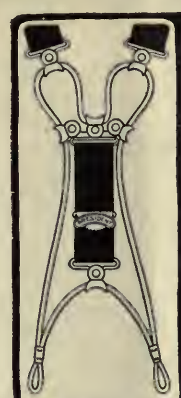

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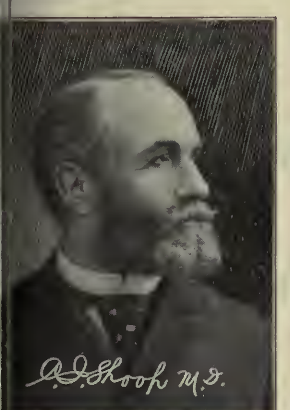

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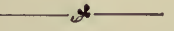

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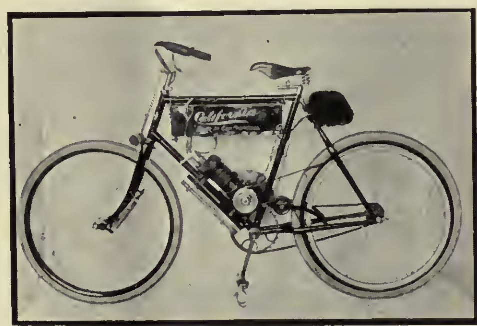

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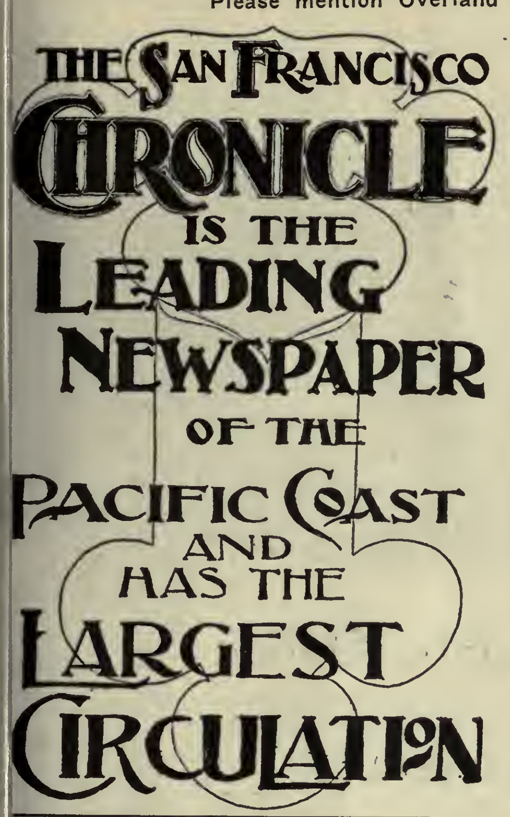

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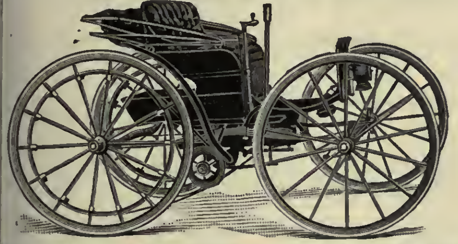

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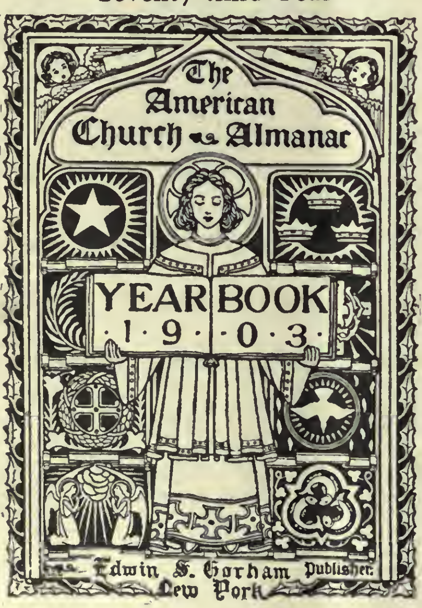

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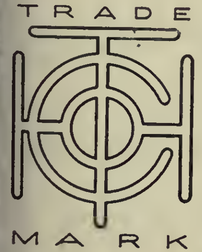

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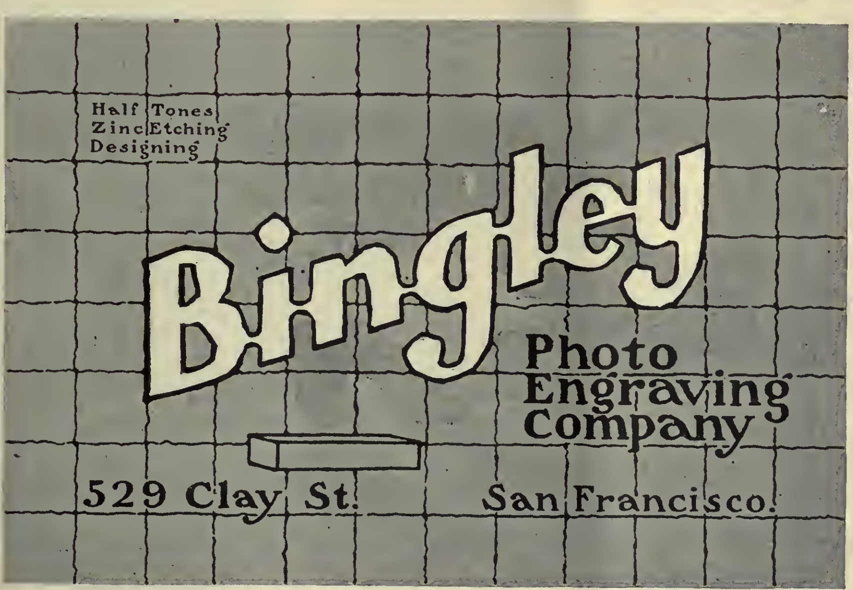

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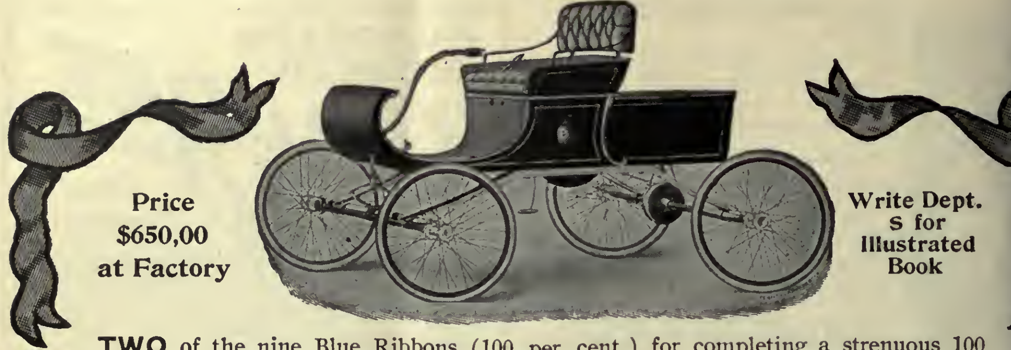

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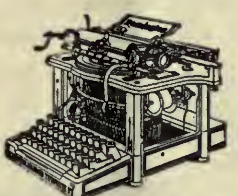

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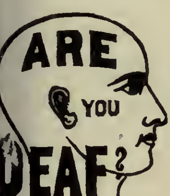

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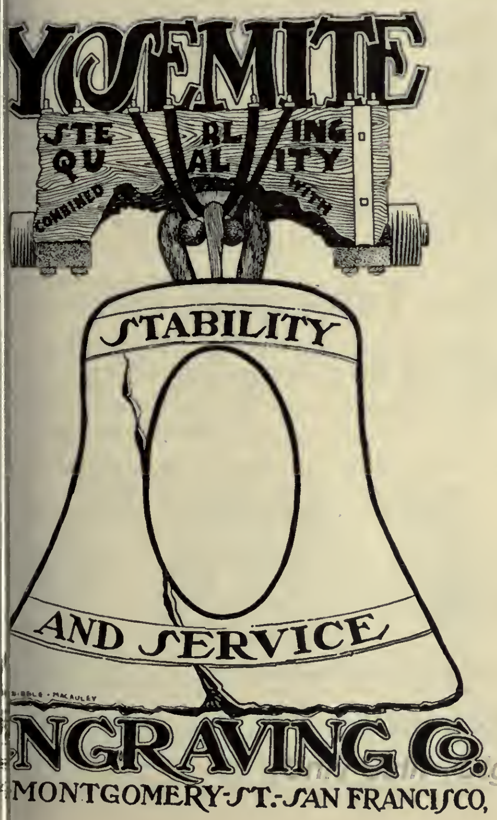

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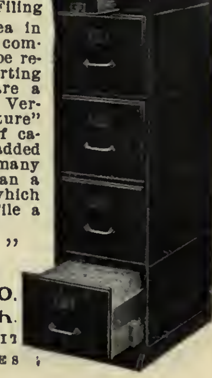

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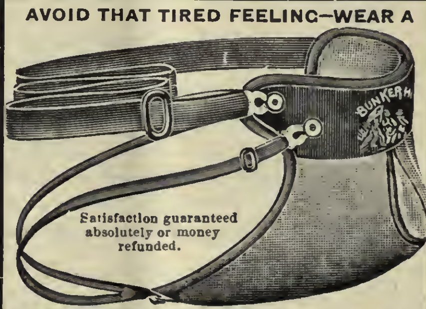

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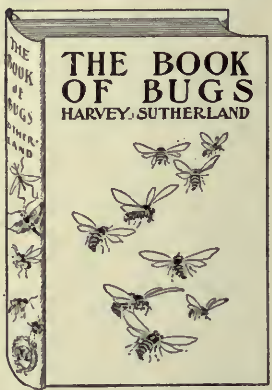

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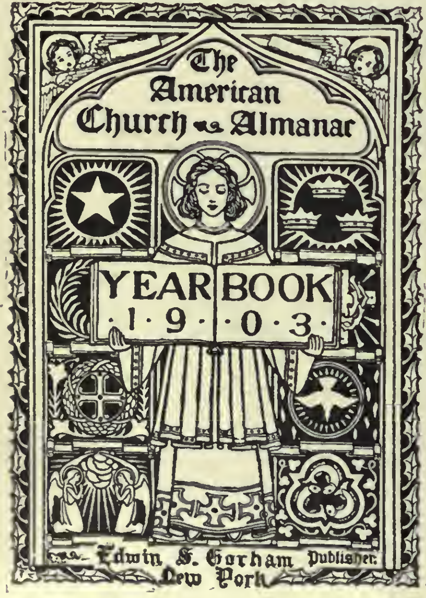

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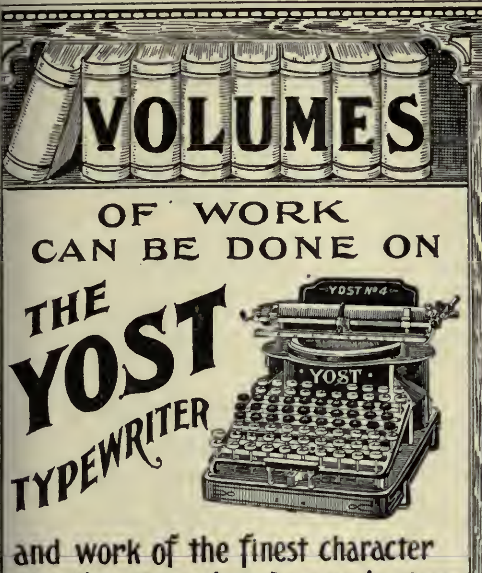

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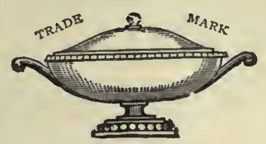

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Harvesting the grain at Paso Robles.

(See "California's Harvest Home," Page 429.)

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Overland Monthly

November, 1902.

Vol. XL. No 5.

Saunterings of a Californian, On the Highway to Cologne.

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

A SHIVER, a yawn, and a stretch, then a series of shivers; a shiver as I emerge from between two feather beds whose stuffing was plucked from German geese, a very severe shiver as I dutifully scrub my neck with c-o-o-l-d water, a long shiver during which I button myself, with much fumbling, into an old suit of clothes, and all by the half-light of a cheerless tallow candle, that sleepily blinks remonstrance against keeping open its single-eye at the unholy hour of four in the chill, dull morning.

Lest this account be too harrowing for the "gentle reader," I hasten to explain that this is the beginning of a trip to Cologne over twenty miles or so of German roads, and that, choosing the lesser evil, I arose before dawn with chattering teeth only to avoid being caught by the sun of mid-afternoon and parched on the pitiless highway.

With the candlestick in one hand and my boots in the other, I descended, burglar-like, a pair of stairs that did their best to arouse the household, a habit stairs have when one uses them during sleeping hours. But I am proud to record that I reached the kitchen without dropping a thing.

Here awaited me black bread that is hard and filling, sausage of a dozen varieties, and such like Teuton dishes, that are healthful and satisfying, not to mention the cheese, which indeed should be unmentionable in polite society,

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and which is best eaten in such perfect seclusion as one finds in the weird hours of the "morning-gray."

Then I pulled on my boots, which made a last desperate effort to wake the family, blew out the candle, to its great relief, and wander-staff in hand passed out into the cold light that comes before the sun.

The way to Cologne leads first of all through the narrow streets of the little town, with tall, angular houses on either side, stiff and formal even in sleep and looking very uncomfortable and stuffy behind their drawn blinds to one out in the fresh morning, bound for strange sights in a new world. And onward the streets lead, past stores barred so tightly that even a dollar could not enter, past the railway station, seemingly oppressively silent now that the life and bustle of train time has left it; past the working-men's cottages in the outskirts, all sound asleep except the last, where by the open door a woman with uncombed hair is preparing breakfast for her slumbering spouse, and then, leaving behind me feather beds, unaired chambers, and shuttered windows, I plunge into the forest—misty, mysterious, fragrant with the fresh fragrance of dew on the damp earth.

Here, too, it is still, but with a sacred quiet as in a holy edifice; to speak were out of place, to laugh aloud a profanation.

Once in a while the morning breeze stirs the heavy branches and they sigh contentedly, a drowsy bird chirps and dozes again; far in the hazy depths of the woods a brook croons and babbles in its dreaming; all else is silence.

Then the breeze freshens, the mist vanishes even as I look, and the stems of the hemlock and beech reveal themselves where before was gray obscurity; above the tree tops the sky is hardly tinged with coming day when jubilees the morning chorus of birds, the forest opens, and I am on a road, broad and smooth as any city boulevard, the highway to Cologne.

The highway leads past fields unfenced and cultivated clear to the edge, not a foot being wasted in a growth of roadside weeds. Overhanging apple trees give shade and an occasional windfall to the passer-by, but woe to him who appropriates more than his share. As the law was explained to me by journeyman bakers, butchers, and shoemakers, the tree is sacred, and he who breaks fruit therefrom is punished by a heavy fine; such fruit as falls within the field boundaries is sacred; he who eats thereof is punished by a fine; likewise he who greedily fills his pockets with fruit fallen on the road is punished by a fine of three marks (seventy-five cents), but he who picks up an apple from the road and munches it as he goes along is not amenable to law.

Such are the intricacies of rural German jurisprudence.

The fields are not divided by hedges or fences, but a stone at each corner marks the boundary for the owner, and as the little plots are sown at different times and with various grains and vegetables, a gay patchwork is the result,

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the emerald green of the young wheat, the bright yellow the ripened grains, the dusky red of the cabbage fields, violet shades where the earth is newly plowed—all se precise little squares and oblongs lying over hill and ley could be compared to nothing but an old-fashioned lt spread over the landscape.

All this time no farmhouse is to be seen till a turn of road brings me before the village where live the own- and tillers of these fields. Whether it is because the rmans are very sociable, or that the farms are smaller l the distances less than with us, the peasants here live crowded hamlets or towns, from whence they go to ir fields every morning and return at night.

Perhaps the custom is handed down from medieval times, en it was necessary to huddle together for mutual pro- tion.

However it may have come to pass, it is through this it we who love the picturesque find all sorts of artistic s in the way of narrow streets with unexpected windings l abrupt corners, buildings whose projecting stories make m lean over the streets like infirm gossips, gravely nod- g and whispering with heads together, houses whose rtared sides are criss-crossed at all angles and curves th the framework of beams that supports them; houses it have settled till the right angles in their original con- uction are long since lost, so that for centuries they have peared on the point of collapse, as doubtless they will ntinue to stand in apparent decrepitude for centuries to ne.

Then details such as little windows barred with antique n work, worm-eaten doors of heavy oak that swing open curiously-wrought hinges to reveal—obscurity; a dusky ll in which one makes out the erratic breakneck stair- se, climbing upward through the gloom—all these, the etchable tidbits with which artist folk fill their little oks, are found at their best in such out-of-the way places, iere there is nothing of the modern times to jangle a se note into the harmony of the old.

There is the old church, too. Usually simple in outline, th little ornament, this very simplicity is in its beauty d its strength, like a rare violin. It has grown mellow th years of use, and the chords that have sounded within walls for centuries, all the harmonies and discords that ite in the great symphony of human life, have given it voice that speaks as from soul to soul.

For whatever was exalted above the sordid and common- ace in the lives that were lived around it found expres- on here; in childhood the choral chanted from its tower d that Christmastide had come with its mysteries and lights; then to those of a few more years came confirma- n, that day fraught with great things, when the old life s ended and the child was no more; then betrothal th its solemn joy; marriage; birth; all these were cele- ated here with rites that removed them from the less cred events of life.

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Here were taught love of country, brotherhood of ma and fatherhood of God; hither came the bereaved for co solation, and here the life-weary were laid to rest.

* * * *

Out in the fields again! The reapers are hard at wor by this time, men and women together; in one hand a sickl in the other a hook to gather the cut grain into bunches their children follow and bind these bunches into sheave

On the fields that have been reaped and well-gleane the plowman goads his ox and guides a ploughshare whic is supported by two little wheels, a patriarchal implemen handed down through generations with the acre that it till

Now the sun stands high in the heavens, though the da is still young, and the children come straggling down th road scrubbed and combed for school—little girls whos tanned, dimpled arms are unhampered with sleeves an whose heads are covered only with the yellow hair tha their mothers have just brushed, polished and braided int tight pig-tails, little boys in big caps and ample blouse of coarse blue cloth, trousers that stop half-way down th calf to display the brightness of their woolen stockings and shoes of generous dimensions and indefinite shape t accommodate one foot as readily as the other.

All of them, boys and girls, are firmly strapped to grea leather knapsacks, some smooth, some hairy, most of then bearing the initials of the owner in big metal letters. Th school books are carried in these receptacles, and th sponge dangles by a string from the corner.

Often the burden is so big and the bearer so small tha

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ing from behind one sees only a military knapsack ring a cap and deliberately trudging away on a pair of t legs.

* * * * * *

his is an industrious people; every now and then I pass ugh a small hamlet, only a dozen houses on either side the road, where the tinkle of hammers, the rattle of ns, and the pounding of flails are heard through open rs and windows, a ceaseless song of labor. The old nen spread the wash on the grass, while the little girls in the doorway gravely knitting or tending the baby.

also note that this is a methodical race, possessed cf foresight; sometimes for long distances I march like a t between pine woods reaching only to my knee, and se are the nurseries where trees are planted, tended, and lanted as they require more room. For every trunk is hewn into timber a new tree must be made to grow, in this way Germany preserves her forests, while mak- good use of them.

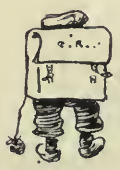
* * * * * *

he road before me is almost deserted; only a teamster ome distance marches by his horses' heads and varies monotony of his thoughts by occasionally cracking his like a torpedo.

t the beginning of a down grade he leaves the horses hemselves, however, and trots around to the back of the on, where he turns a crank on the rear axle that screws the brake—what would a Yankee teamster say to that!

resently I catch up with a company of old women gos- ng on their way to market, some of them fat and jolly, swing along with great baskets full of cabbages on ir heads and seem to enjoy it; others all dried up and simistic, shoving clumsy push carts and urging the re- tant dog hitched underneath to the axle.

here is a van a little further up the road, ponderous and w-moving, which when I overtake it is found to be a of palace on wheels, bright with fresh paint and brighter , little lace-curtained windows and a flight of steps lead-



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ing to a wideopen door, through which I catch a glimpse the table with its array of tea cups.

Evidently dinner is soon to be served, for the woman the front steps is almost through with her potato peel and the man trudging by the horses seems hungry, sna his whip viciously, and directs vigorous language at animals and at his tow-headed progeny trailing along roadside.

Our way fills with life now, more chattering old wor appear, more carts with dogs attached, market wagons of farm produce, and a caravan of gypsies.

I pass several more unwieldy vans, most of which b great gilt signs proclaiming the merits of the propriet "Flying Dutchman," or "Magic Swing," or "Museum of W ders," which has received the plaudits of the Crow Heads of Europe and of the Presidents of France, Switz land, and the United States of North America, but all whose marvels may be seen for the small sum of ten pf nige; children, servants, and military gentlemen under rank of sergeant, half price.

The whole of this glory is proceeding toward one g the next village, and when I get there I find that a welco is prepared; the narrow streets are brilliant with stream that depend from little poles stuck out of dormer windo and hang almost to the ground. Bright reds and yello and blues, all the cardinal colors in many combinatio they are the banners of the different German States, a most prominent of all is the red, white and black of Empire.

Every house has one or more of these, and the taver have three or four suspended from poles which are ga striped with the same colors and crowned with a wre or a nosegay.

The carpenters are busy putting up swings and mer go-rounds in the market place, but the main street is lin on both sides with canvas booths, where the keepers arranging in friendly proximity, trinkets and tinware, c dies, crockery, and chromos of Emperors and saints, Bib and bonnets, honey cakes, cheap jewelry, and sausages all kinds. All along the street is a confusion of m women, and children, villagers and strangers, setting thin to rights, tearing them down to re-arrange, or merely lo ing on with ready advice, being jostled, stepping on peopl toes, almost falling into the booths to escape an incomi van, and the whole time interested as children with a b full of new toys.

Brightest of the crowd, in showy red and blue uniforn with jingle of spurs and clanking of sabres, stride the fenders of the Fatherland, the military gentlemen who, the signs on the vans announce, are admitted to all sho at half price.

These heroes on leave usually have a village maid ha ing on one arm, whom they treat liberally to good thin and take to all the shows, with much gallantry, and in much as she pays the bill, it is fortunate she is usually

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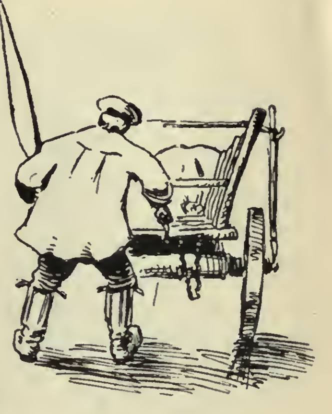
servant, so that both can take advantage of the half price clause. Thus does the philanthropic showman demonstrate to Gretchen that it is as easy to support two as one.



And so the German village prepares for Kirmess, the great holiday and market day for all the country round. Even the church joins in the merry-making, and from the highest tower flaunts half a dozen lengths of gaudy bunting.

I am sorry to say that this is a new church, such as are being built on the site of the old in some of the more enterprising villages—an edifice uncompromisingly modern, raw and angular. A week day service is in progress as I cautiously enter and drop into a back seat, but alas, I blush till my ears tingle when I realize my breach of propriety. This is the women's side!

Thank heavens, few have observed me; I hastily cross that boundary line that separates the sexes and breathe easier on the safe side of the aisle, among the infirm old men who are the only devout representatives of my sex present.

The bare walls re-echo the droning of the priest reading his tedious way through the service, and the sound waves of the responses rise and fall like rollers on the beach, monotonous and yet ever startling as they break upon the stillness.

Finally the men rise in a body and march down the aisle, file behind the tinsel-decked altar, re-appear on the other side of it, and drop a piece of money into a little box on the corner, after which the women dutifully follow their example.

Leaving the village absorbed with its preparations, I feel like one who leaves the playhouse during the first act; the outer world seems strangely out of joint, that it should not be interested in what was of such moment to so many others and to me is curious enough.

In a flat, sandy country, whose low dunes are covered here and there with crisp, dry grass, I find a nook, midfield, where it is pleasant to lie in the warm sun and break bread.

What luxury! A bit of black bread with sausage—and an appetite, a sup of water from a flask, a tranquil blue sky bending its unbroken dome from north to south, from east to west, and centering in the sun above my head; a couch of aromatic grasses, for like an ancient gourmet, I feasted at length; and ever this warmth and light, that filters through me, while a flitting breeze, like a little Ethiopian page, runs hither and thither, fans me fitfully with his great fans of peacock feathers, and is off again.

Far away over the sandy level, farther than the forests of young firs, even far beyond the church spires, hazy through miles of atmosphere that pulsate in the afternoon glow, a dark cloud clings to the land and muffles the horizon.

As I lie with half-closed eyes, my thoughts fly before, swiftly over the road I must travel, and tell me of old Cologne, for my imagination feasts on the color and gorgeous

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pageantry of a more joyous age that is chronicled in legend and song. I see in the shadow of stately walls and towers a cavalcade of kings and nobles in the pride of power; fair ladies rich in jewels, silks and heavy velvets; priests and bishops, glorying in the greatness of the church; stern crusaders, who have given blood and gold to win the tomb of Christ.

Then, as a background for this pomp and grandeur, I see oppression, grim death, war, pestilence, and poverty, all that which gave to history's pages a significant and sinister name for those centuries.

It is startling when I realize that all this time I have been idly looking at the city of my dreams—yes, the black, low-lying cloud is Cologne, and I see, dimly at first, but more and more clearly as I gaze, that glorious embodiment of what was true, beautiful and good in the ideals of another age—the Cathedral.

So great that all around it seems petty, it rises above the smoke and grime of the city—strong, beautiful, and pure as the noble aspirations and heroic deeds of that time rose to the angels through the gloom and horror of the Dark Ages.

With that delightful feeling, the "soft battle" between a delicious inertia of body and an activity of imagination, urgent to be realized, I leave my banquet couch, and proceed toward the goal which is now ever before my eyes.

The spires grow greater and more graceful with every mile, and as I lose sight of them in passing through some village or grove, I am surprised and newly impressed each time they reappear to see how they dominate the landscape and make even the big city seem insignificant.

Presently the villages take on the character of suburbs; long, even rows of flats, whose uniform fronts show that they were built by contract, dozens at a time, an occasional factory, and once in a while a tradesman's wagon with "Koln" painted on its side, tells that we are no more in the country.

Villas of the stiffest modern architecture and crudest new colors, surrounded by dull gardens, tell of some respectable shopkeeper who has retired to nature's bosom and yet is near enough to the "Borse" to keep a sharp eye on the market.

The factory hands, indifferent to strangers, have replaced the friendly, curious peasants, and as I enter Mülheim the whistles blow twelve and a troop of them come clattering down the street, so absorbed in their own business that I do not receive even a passing glance. For the first time on this journey in a strange land I feel alone.

In the crooked streets of Mülheim I lose the spires, too, which have guided me so far, and, as I was indiscreet enough to leave the main street at the first picturesque alley, the

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highway to Cologne is also lost, and I wander helplessly, and yet with a certain pleased sensation, through unknown lanes and by-ways till, turning a sharp corner, I am brought face to face with Cologne, just across the Rhine.

A flat, yellow stream, sliding between low banks! My first view of the much be-sung river is a disappointment, though I know well enough that here it has degenerated into a fat and lazy middle age that belies its youthful romance and vigor which have made Bingen and Schaffhausen famous.

With an eye sated by the volume of the Mississippi, my only inspired reflection on this little stream is that if the Germans did not keep a strict Watch on the Rhine they would probably lose it altogether, which is doubtless true in one sense at least.

Lying between Mülheim and the city is a bridge of heavy black barges firmly anchored and supporting a roadway of planks.

Before crossing this, the traveler buys a little pink ticket for three pfennige and stows it away in his pocket, all the time with eye and mind fixed on the sights about him, so when a retired sergeant with a martinet air and military cap demands that same ticket, the victim is frightened out of his five senses at the parade ground sharpness of command, and by the time he realizes what is wanted he has not the faintest recollection of where he put it. Then ensues a search through sixteen pockets under the unsparing "eye of the law," and it is like an acquittal in a forgery case when the suspect finally is able to produce it.

Meanwhile a trim little river steamboat with graceful lines and the bright flag of Holland flying at her stern, has whistled that she wants to go up the river, so with much puffing of the donkey engine, two barges in the middle are allowed to swing down stream with current, leaving room for the vessel to pass; but now a pleasure boat is steaming

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A train arrival at the summit of Mt. Washington, N. H.

2.67 feet. Arriving at the summit we find still standing there the old Tip-Top House, a tall observatory and a commodious hotel. The view embraces a vast extent of country, dotted with high peaks, glistening lakes, villages, and even in the distance can be traced the great Atlantic as it fits closely against the horizon.

The success of Silvester Marsh's rack and pinion railway opened to the world the grand scenery of the mountains. Immediately engineers considered other mountains and their ascent. The next one to be taken under surveillance was the Rigi. However, an Iron Horse up tne Rigi had been contemplated, and the route partially surveyed even before the road up Mount Washington was considered.

In the spring of 1869 the little village of Vitznau suddenly arose to importance through the fact that a railway was to be built from there directly to the top of the glorious Rigi.

Three Swiss engineers, Messrs. Riggenbach, Zschokke and Naff planned the railway, obtained the necessary concession from the Great Council of the Canton of Lucerne, and subscribed one-half of the share capital—625,000 francs. The remainder was offered for public subscription on the 22d of September, and within a few hours every share had been taken. The length of the line is seven and one-quarter miles; the total rise is 4,487 feet. That is the distance above the level of Lake Lucerne, and not above the sea level.

The Rigi is about 6,000 feet high, and there are now two cog-roads running up its sides, the Vitznau from the south and the Arth-Goldeau from the north.

The two lines join at Rigi-Kaltbad, a station situated about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, and the rest of the climb is made over the one road.

The ordinary gauge is used, but between the usual rails runs a third with wrought iron teeth. Each toothed rail is ten feet in length and has thirty teeth. The rails rest upon sleepers of oak two feet apart, and every hundredth sleeper rests upon a foundation of solid ma-

sonry three feet square and three feet deep. The first locomotives had vertical boilers, engines of 120 horse power, which made three miles an hour. The ascent was made by means of steam and the descent by compressed air. However, the road is now equipped with the most compact modern engines and safety devices. The train carries about 60 passengers and has comfortable observation cars that afford an unobstructed view of the Bernese Alps with their snow crowned peaks and vast ice fields.

The view from the Rigi-Kulm has become famous throughout the world, but had it not been for the iron horse, this wealth of scenic beauty would have remained closed to the majority of the traveling public.

The Vitznau-Rigi railway was opened for traffic on May 21, 1871, and it has carried on an average of 80,000 passengers annually.

Following the Rigi project came the wonderful route up Mount Pilatus. This was constructed in 1886-88 by Colonel Locher and E. Guyer-Freuler, both of Zurich. It is 3 miles in length and throughout the entire line the bed is a sub-structure of massive granite blocks and slabs, to which a superstructure or frame work is securely fastened with giant screws.

The rack-rail runs midway between the two smooth rails but on a higher level. It is of wrought steel with a row of vertical cogs, milled out of solid steel bars. Every engine and carriage has two horizontal cog-wheels which grip this raised rack-rail from either side. They are controlled by automatic brakes.

From the Hotel Pilatus the railway immediately ascends the mountain slope. The foothills are covered with fruit and walnut trees, which in turn give place to beech trees and pasturage.

The tiny single car comprising engine and passenger coach, with seats for 32 passengers, has plain sailing up to the first watering station, which is reached in twenty minutes. Beyond is the stone viaduct with its span of 82 feet across Wolfort Gorge, when the train plunges into the darkness of the Wolfort tunnel, and dashes out and across the Riselten on an incline of 48 in 100 feet.

The Riselten is a steep slope formed of debris washed down the mountain side and it was necessary to build protective bulwarks of solid masonry, construct subterranean vaults and erect pillars in order to create a solid foundation for the railroad. This is the most difficult portion of the line. A short distance beyond are the Spycher Tunnels, leading through a bit of wild forest and opening out upon an enchanting view. Below lay the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, and above towers the Rigi and the Albis Hills. Still climbing the mountain side, the dwarf train soon reaches the noted pasturage belt and switch station of Aemsigen-Alp. From the Matalp pasture the grandest prospect of the journey unfolds itself before us, the dark line of railway appears like a lariat around the savage mountain mass called Esel. We pass the "Devil's Driveway" and begin the ascent of the wildly precipitous Eselwand. Four tunnels pierce the monster-giant, while between them is revealed a panoramic view of the Alpine hills; there is a last steep incline and the bantam engine puffs a terrible puff and shrieks a stifled yell as it enters the lofty archway of a crouching building at the base of the topmost pinnacle of the mountain. It is the Pilatus-Kulm Station. This wonderful railway was completed in a little more than 400 work-

Climbing a Mt. Washington slope.

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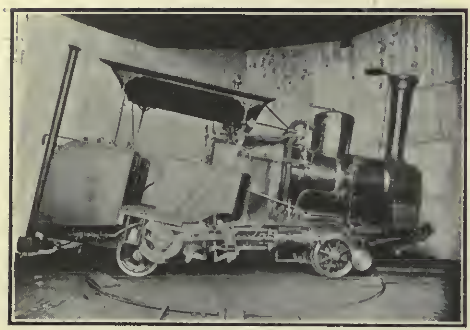

Rigi Railway Locomotive.

ing days and for the moderate sum of $380,000.

While the beauties of these mountains were being made accessible to the world, America was preparing a surprise for engineers and those interested in the training of the metal-mare. A rack and pinion road was being built up Pikes Peak, a distance of more than double that attempted by the other enterprisers, the height being 14,127 feet above the sea.

Although the average grade on this line is but 16 per cent and the steepest grade but 25 per cent, much greater care was needed in the construction than in the other rack and pinion roads, on account of the terrible storms and ever-varying temperature and atmosphere and its effect upon iron and steel. The nine miles of road was constructed in two years in 1889 and 1890. The road-bed, which is cut from the solid granite, is from 15 to 25 feet wide. There are but four short bridges, no long irksome tunnels; merely a steady gradual rise of unparalleled incline distance, obtaining the while magnificent scenic effect; perhaps a ride through fleecy clouds, a snow storm and beyond a bright vision of many colored flowers. Arriving at the summit, we look across, and but for the distance we might shake hands with our sky neighbors living on Grey's Peak.

The success of the cog-wheel system acted as an incentive to the trolley and cable devotee to likewise chain the heights.

When hills and grades like those of San

The station of the Rigi Railway.

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The junction of the two lines up the Rigi.

Francisco, Kansas City, and Portland, Or., were mounted by means of wire cable, engineers doubted not to essay mountains.

In 1889 Professor T. S. C. Lowe caused extensive surveys to be made of the Sierra Madre mountains, which form the picturesque setting for Los Angeles, with the intention of circling the sides with an incline railway. After months of surveying and preliminary work, which proved for the most part unsatisfactory, the Professor announced to the engineers a conclusion of the difficulties.

A direct ascent of the mountain could be made by means of a combination of cable, electricity, and water power.

The plan was doubted, as Marsh's plan of the cog-rail had been, but as Professor Lowe was master of the project, the mountain, and the means, he began at once to put the scheme into effect.

Leaving Los Angeles an hour's ride brings us to the beautiful village of Altadena, nestled in the close foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains. Here the Mount Lowe railway begins. An electric car system carries the passenger over the high mesa and up Rubio canyon, a distance of 2½ miles. At Rubio canyon the ordinary car is changed for the "White Chariot," a car resembling three "skips" or miners' cars in one, and holds about 24 persons. In this the ascent up the famous incline is made. The system is wire cable. Leaving Rubio Pavilion, 2200 feet above the sea, the ascent to Echo Mountain is 1325 feet in a distance of only about 3000 feet. The grade begins at 60 per cent; about midway the ascending and descending cars automatically turn out and pass each other. Immediately above the turnout the grade is 62 per cent for quite a distance; then it makes two "buckles," one to 58 per cent and the other 48 per cent. This per cent means that a rise of 62 feet is made while advancing 100 feet.

The cars are permanently attached to an endless cable of finest steel. Being so balanced as to pass at the turnout in perfect regularity and safety, the construction of this cable line was a marvel in itself. Many places the grade was such that men carried the material on their shoulders; even burros could not make the ascent. The substructure of the road is either slabs of granite or hewn through solid wall of stone, excepting where yawning chasms are spanned by trestles.

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To this foundation is pinioned the upper-structure of tne road. Just above Rubio Pavilion the vista broadens out into vast extent immediately beyond, the road passes through the Granite Gorge, where tbe view is shapened between two massive walls of hewn granite that tell the work accomplished by that solid mass of men who laoored eight months on this part of the road before one rail

Around Windy Point, Pike's Peak.

was laid. Then comes Macpherson Trestle, an immense incline bridge rising 100 feet in a distance of 200 feet. The ascent is made so quietly and smoothly that it gives the impression of soaring. At Echo Mountain is placed the great operating machinery. Almost every passenger takes a turn through the shops either on the way up to Alpine Tavern or upon returning.

The machinery, like the road, is unique, and unlike anything ever before constructed. The power is generated by two methods, either by water-wheels and dynamos situated beneath Rubio Pavilion, or by gas engines and dynamos at Echo Mountain.

In either case the electric power is transmitted by large copper conductors to the Echo Mountain Power House, supplying current to the 100-horse power electric motor which makes 800 revolutions per minute. By a series of gears the revolutions are reduced to 17 per minute, whicn is the speed at which the massive grip sheave turns. The grip sheave is the tremendously heavy wheel to which 70 automatic steel jaws are affixed. As the wheel revolves these jaws close and grip the endless cable to which the cars are permanently attached and in this manner the cars are raised or lowered as desired. This device reduces the wear and tear of the cable to a minimum.

There have been no accidents on this incline railway as every safety device and appliance known, that is applicable, is used. Situated at Echo Mountain is the Lowe Observatory and the great World's Fair searchlight.

At twilight from this point Los Angeles appears in the distance as a lake of stars. Pasadena and Altadena as bright satellites, and surrounding all and enveloping us is a silent calm that speaks of the heavenly world.

The exquisite beauties of this mountain

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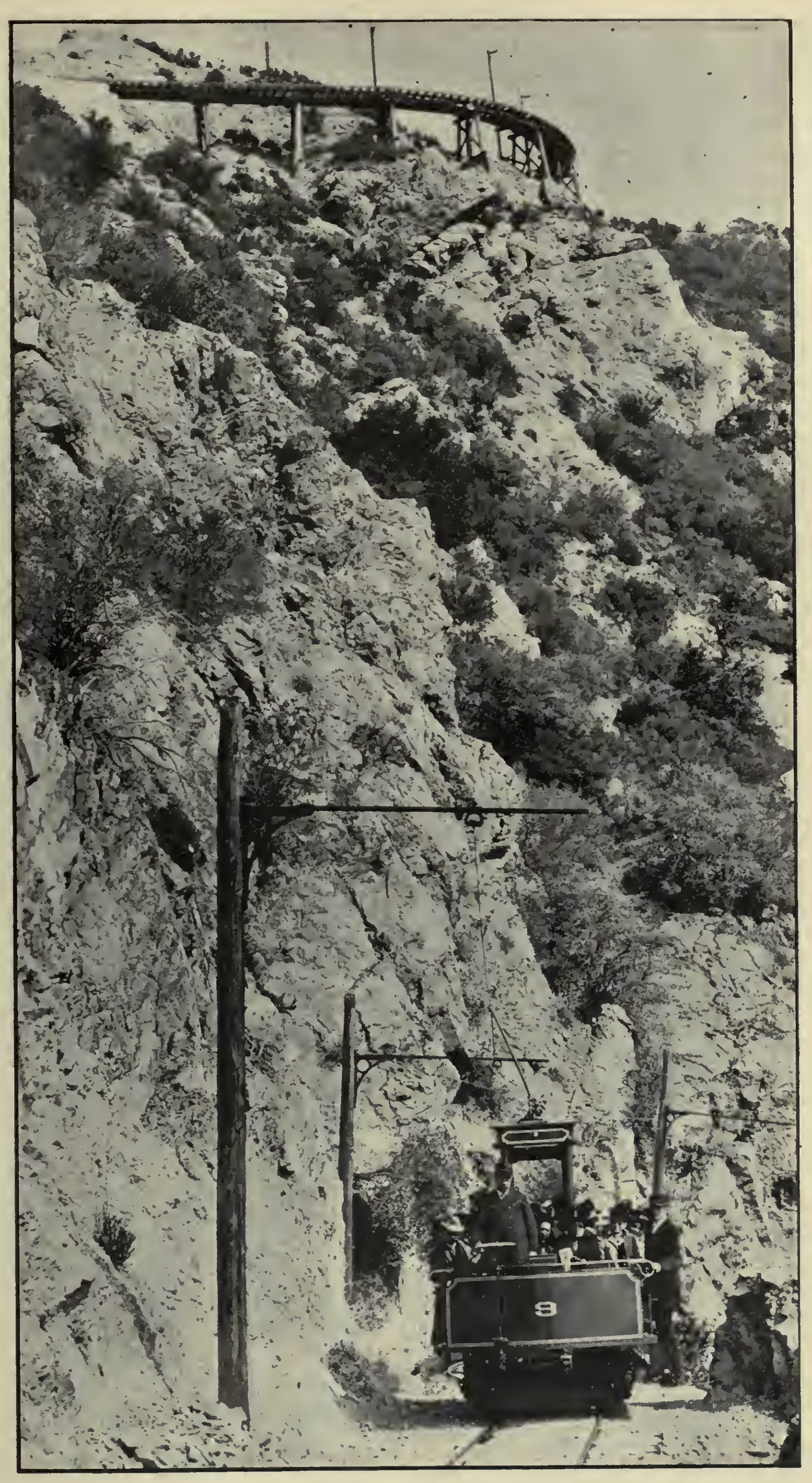

Below the circular bridge, Mt. Lowe.

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road are but begun. The Alpine division, which extends four miles further up into the Sierras, is a fine trolley road with an easy grade climbing the mountain sides, squeezing through apparently impassable granite and spanning chasms by means of unique bridges. At one point on the road, by looking above and below, there are nine different tracks to be seen, each rising above the other.

One bridge is a marvel of construction. It spans a canyon, and then swings around the very nose of the mountain, forming a complete circle, inscribing an arc of about 400 feet with a diameter of 150 feet; on one side the bridge projects over a yawning canyon, on the other it firmly grips the solid mountain granite. The grade maintained on this bridge is 4½ per cent. The entire road-bed of this division is constructed upon a shelf of solid rock.

The present terminus of the track is at "Ye Alpine Tavern," 5,000 feet above the sea. Mount Lowe towers 1000 feet above the tavern and is accessible only by means of a trail.

In the construction of the Mount Lowe Railway, mountain climbing advanced with a bound equal to the one taken by the advent or the rack and pinion road.

Mt. Lowe Railway, overlooking the observatory.

Following the Mount Lowe enterprise comes the trolly system of climbing the Jungfrau, that Bernese beauty that towers to the height of 13,670 feet above the level of the sea.

The Jungfrau trolley line is the most gigantic undertaking in the way of mountain climbing yet attempted. It is a

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combination of electricity and rack and pinion. When the line is completed even Mount Lowe will be compelled to yield the palm to the "Maiden."

The concession was granted on December 21, 1894, by the Swiss Federal Council to Mr. Guyer-Teller to construct a railway to the top of the Jungfrau, and contained the peculiar stipulation that the concessionaire should first demonstrate that the conveying of passengers to a height exceeding 9,8ᴗ0 feet could be accomplished without injury to life and health. Mr. Guyer-Teller obtained testimonials from Dr. Kronecker, Professor of Physiology, of Berne; another from Professor Dr. Reynard of Paris, and from Mr. Spelterini, the aeronaut. These experts studied the question and each arrived at the same conclusion, viz: that a short stay at an altitude of even 13,780 feet has no weakening nor deleterious effect upon the organization of a healthy person, provided the height be obtained without great physical exertion. The Swiss Federal Council accepted the testimonies.

The ascent of the Jungfrau is made by way of the Little Scheidegg, which is a station on the regular line of steam railways. After the first mile and a half this wonderful trolly line disappears and makes a thrilling tour of 6¼ miles under ground.

The route lies through a marvelous tunnel arched overhead and furnished with bye-stations, that have cuts and galleries leading out into daylight, this affording air anu precious peeps of grandest scenery. The grade of the tunnel is about fifteen per cent.

Owing to the nature of the rock it will be wholly unnecessary that any portion of the tunnel be lined by foreign

Train on the Eselwand, Mt. Pilatus.

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IN GOD'S ABUNDANCE.

By WALLACE IRWIN.

Passeth the day of sowing,
    Passeth the hour of prime,
And the full season's growing
    To Autumn time.
Passeth the day of sowing,
Cometh the day of mowing
    And the Thanksgiving time.

Fields have been bounteous givers,
    Hills have released their store
And from our seas and rivers
    The treasures pour.
Fields have been bounteous givers,
Mountains and seas and rivers
    Freely have given their store.

Land of unstinted bounty,
    Land of the fruitful sun,
Yield of thy field and county
    Is never done;
Land of the Life Worth Living,
Render to God Thanksgiving
    Due to His soil and sun!

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Thanksgiving pumpkins at Santa Clara. Photo by Mrs. Hare.

CALIFORNIA'S HARVEST HOME

A SYMPOSIUM OF THE STATE'S BLESSINGS

BY C. V. NORTON

Cutting alfalfa, Stockton.

The Chili pepper harvest, Stockton.

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Harvesting chicory, Stockton.

Picking blackberries near Stockton.

Harvesting red onions near Stockton.

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Picking oranges, Los Angeles.

Bleaching almonds, Los Angeles.

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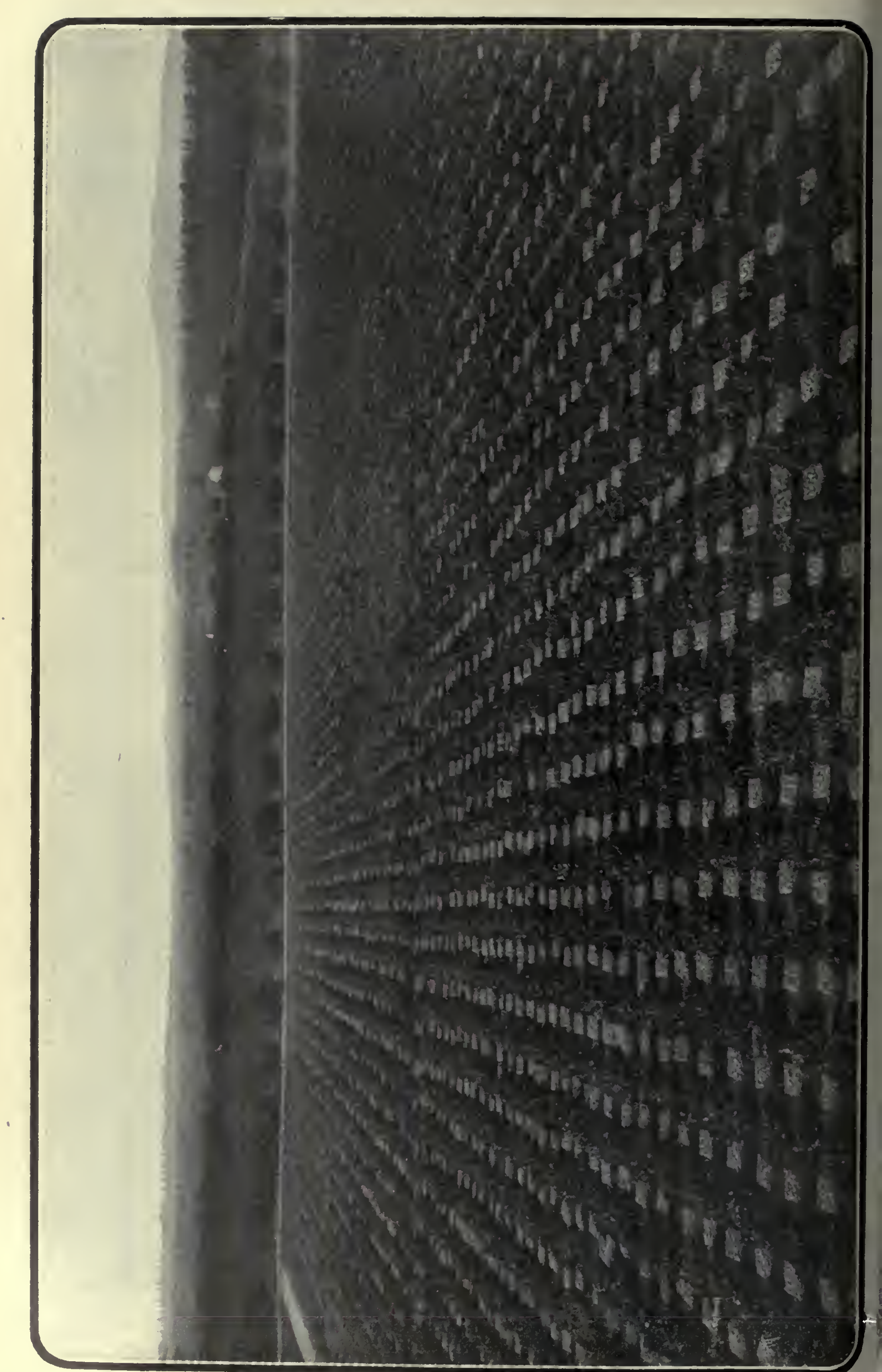

Raisin dryers at work, Fresno.

Photo by Higgins & Howland.

The winter tomato harvest, Los Angeles County.

Cutting eucalyptus wood, Los Angeles.

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Some Lodi watermelons.

Picking winter peas, Los Angeles.

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Threshing by steam, Ventura County.

The prune crop, Santa Clara County. Photo by Andrew P. Hill.

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THE FOREST RANGER:

HIS LIFE, DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

BY HELEN LUKENS JONES

AMONG all occupations requiring energy, alertness and skill, none are more predominant with the poetry of picturesque life than that of our forest rangers, who throughout the entire year guard our noble forests from devastation by fire, as well as from myriads of other destructive elements, which with covetous confusion constantly haunt the rich, singing shadows of the woods.

This wonderful woodland life, where all nature seems in harmony with the Infinite, where trees, rocks, rivers and mountains join voice with the birds in one great joyous symphony, initiates sunbeams among the heart shadows of these men, making their souls rise out of chaos and sing with the Nature chorus.

Owing to the present inadequacy of Government appropriations, the patrol of each forest ranger necessarily includes a considerable area, and often extends from the lower canyon gates to cloud-wreathed mountain peaks. The variation of scenery along the ranger's line of march is kaleidoscopic, and as they rest close against the breast of the great wilderness and listen to its heart beats, the immensity, the sublimity, and the secret wonders of Nature are revealed to them. Along their pathway are singing streams that frolic and dance among the boulders like merry children, with gleaming spray like wisps of sun-tossed hair. There are vast gardens of ferns, where stately lilies wave their golden heads. There are deep, shadowy forests carpeted with aromatic blossoms that lift bright, communicative faces from their nests of leaf mould. There are rugged gorges and stupendous rock cliffs. There are magnificent meadows, all deep and velvety with luxuriant grasses, and unusually redunaant with wild animal life, the beauty and grace of whose movements gives spontaneity to Nature's scenic garden.

Sometimes the ranger's beat leads through some forest cemetery, where trees, all blackened, seared and distorted by fire, lie pathetically inanimate—their usefulness destroyed—their presence ignored by man and beast and bird.

When viewed from some lofty peak, the world rolls away like a mist-robed sea, its billows jeweled with sunbeams, its outlines softened, its vice concealed, while far in the distance the encompassing horizon gathers in its folds the irised edges of the firmament canvas. Here, on what seem to be the topmost pinnacles of the earth, the rangers rest after their woodland journey—and standing thus between heaven and earth they are men content, at peace with the universe.

A Ranger.

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Our forest reserves, not including the National Parks, which are under military espionage, number thirty-nine, those of the Rocky Mountains, known as the Bitter Root, Priest River, Teton, Lewis, and Clark, Yellowstone and Flathead, the whole covering an area of twelve millions of acres. These reserves are covered by dense forests, and give birth to many of our greatest rivers. The trees that live and sing and thrive together on these mountains are the Pinus contorta, spruce, juniper, balsam, fir, mountain pine, larch and cedar.

In Oregon and Washington the reserves comprise 12,500,000 acres, being known as the Cascade, Mt. Rainier, Bull Run, Olympic, Ashland and Washington. In these marvelous forests, which with the exception of the California redwoods are the heaviest on the continent, the ranger finds an unlimited supply of scenic grandeur. All about, imperious mountains raise their snowy crowns above the green, and the whole universe is joyous—symphonic with lights and tints and shadows.

The Sierra Reserve of California covers an area of over 4,000,000 acres, and embraces stupendous natural rock structures, luxuriant rivers and grand forests, in which mingle the sequoia gigantia, world famous for its size and beauty, the sugar pine, Douglas spruce, librocedrus, silver fir and paton hemlock. At lower altitudes are found maples, alders, poplars, oaks and many others.

The Grand Canyon Reserve of Arizona comprises nearly 2,000,000 acres, and here Nature has blossomed into scenes of indescribable grandeur.

There are many other reserves besides those mentioned, the whole aggregating 46,169,249 acres. This enormous area is supposed to be protected by a corps of men in the Government employ, namely, 9 superintendents, 39 supervisors, and from 300 to 445 rangers.

Germany, with only half the area of the United States Reserves, has twice as many rangers. In France each ranger is given 1280 acres to patrol, while in California, which exceeds all other countries in forested areas, each ranger is supposed to look after 60,000 acres of timber land.

For many years the desecration of our forests by sheep, lumbermen, hunters and campers has been deplorably prominent. Vast areas of old and noble trees that lifted their arms toward heaven as if for protection, have been ignominiously slain, their quivering trunks split into suitable fragments for absorption by the human world. Still greater areas have been eaten up by the red-tongued fire-monster, that began its indomitable career through the agencies of some careless camper who failed to extinguish a camp fire, or who tossed a smouldering cigar among dry leaves, thus giving birth to a conflagration.

The almost irreparable injury to the watersheds over which the fires raced has awakened within the people dependent upon mountain water supply, as well as those who faithfully love the woods, a determination to guard and keep intact the areas of forest yet remaining, and the preservation of the nation's water conserves is rapidly becoming the great agricultural question of the day. Uncle Sam's recent appropriation of $200,000 over and above the usual stipulation to be devoted to forestry purposes gives substantial evidence that the needs are imperious. The annual loss to our country by forest fires has been estimated at $50,000,000, but with the present arrangements and the increased appropriations, such stories of destruction will soon be relegated to past history.

Seven reserves have been set apart in Southern California: The San Gabriel Timber Reserve, San Bernardino, Trabuca, Pine Mountain, Zacko Lake, San Jacinto and Santa Ynez, their united area being about 5,000,000 acres. Forest fires have played havoc with the outer slopes of these California mountains, leaving them to face the world denuded, black and antagonistic looking. Most of the inner slopes have escaped, however, and are luxuriantly timbered. These mountains are conveniently accessible to city and town, and being scrolled over with wagon roads and trails that lead in all directions toward cool retreats, thou-

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A forest fire in Southern California.

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sands of tired townspeople annually run away from weariness, climbing up among the grand old peaks, where, in the midst of fragrant pine shadows they find rest and consolation. It is during this time, when human recuperation is being carried on with a vim, that the forest rangers are compelled to be most actively alert.

When on patrol duty these woodland guardians are uniformed in dark blue, with gold buttons and straps bearing the insignia of their calling. Stout leggings and spiked boots terminate the outfit, while a broad hat adds picturesqueness. This costume gives the rangers a military appearance that people are bound to respect. When building trails and performing other rough tasks, unpretentious clothes that suit the work are substituted.

Forest rangers usually receive $2 a day for their services, and out of this they are expected to furnish their own horse, tent, provisions and culinary outfit. They are expected to have with them at all times, when away from their camp, their horse, shovels, axes and canteens, so that if a fire is discovered, they can get to it without delay, and have tools to work with and water to quench their thirst. It is the distinct understanding of the department that the forest rangers must remain permanently in the respective districts assigned to them by the supervisor, and faithfully patrol and guard their district during the summer season, when the danger of fire is great. The forest supervisor is not permitted to give forest rangers permission to leave their respective divisions, except in extreme cases of sickness.

When stationed at the mouths of ingress, rangers are obliged to take the name and address of all who enter the mountain life gates, to caution them to extinguish their camp fires before breaking camp, and explain to them the penalty of fine and imprisonment that will be imposed in case of carelessness. A new system is being inaugurated that will require all parties entering the mountains, to obtain a permit, telling just where they are going and where they will camp each night, so that the rangers in their rounds may visit their

Mr. Lukens, Superintending Seed Planting.

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camp and see that all is right.

Few people intentionally start fires in the mountains, but through ignorance of efficacious methods of extinguishing camp fires, many serious conflagrations have swept our watersheds bare. When breaking camp in the morning the mountain winds are invariably asleep, and to the hurried packer the camp fire fades, slumbers, and apparently dies. But later in the day, when the humans have departed, frolicking winds fill their muscular arms with dry leaves and mosses, and toss them over the awakening fire cinders, and thus the most disastrous fires are started.

The camper should always extinguish his fire with water when it is obtainable, and even when every spark seems dead he should use the precaution to cover the blackened heap with dirt. In using this method no possible harm can result. During the past summer people entering the San Gabriel timber reserve were not allowed to carry firearms, but in other localites the regulations were not so strict.

The supervisor of each district gives every ranger in his employ a card containing printed instructions, which are supposed to be followed implicitly. The rangers' most important duty is to keep vigilant outlook for fire, and in case a smoke is discovered they must hurry to the spot and extinguish the fire if possible. If they find it beyond their control they must exert every effort to procure help in sufficient force to stop the spread. They will ascertain if possible, the cause of the fire, whether by some careless pleasure seeker or whether it has been willfully set. They are expected to use diligence in ascertaining who are the responsible parties, and to keep an account of the place, date and approximate damage done, and report all these facts to their supervisor. Eventually telephone lines will be run into all the reserves, and through this means our forests will be more effectually guarded. Heretofore, when fire was discovered, it sometimes required two days to obtain help. Employment agencies in the cities were called upon, but help

On the summit of Mt. Jacinto.

entirely ignorant of the work required was often furnished, the fire making destructive headway in the meantime. In Southern California, farmers who live near the base of the mountains are marshalling themselves into volunteer fire companies, and pledging themselves to be in readiness to fight fire at a moment's notice. Small supply stations are being built near the mountain streams, and in these will be placed quantities of sealed provisions for emergency cases, and also tools sufficient for an army of fire-fighters.

During the winter, when mountain travelers are usually snuggled away in their valley offices and homes, attending to business and social affairs, the rangers' energies are transferred from tourist espionage to more arduous tasks. They have to cut the brush away from old trails, and where necessary improve them. They are also required to make new trails as indicated by the supervisor and cut fire-breaks wnere necessary. These fire-breaks run down from the tops of the ridges like broad brown ribbons, and are made by clearing a space thirty or forty feet wide of all growth, so that

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when fire rushes furiously and expectantly from the canyon below it will meet with such sturdy opposition that it will settle back in weary disgust. Eventually these fire-breaks will be conspicuous on every ridge in the reserves.

The Ranger's outlook.

A forest fire in the height of its power is one of the most unprincipled, ferocious and dangerous enemies to subdue, and it requires a good general, one thoroughly familiar with the topography of the mountains to avoid being flanked. This man should have thorough knowledge of the wind forces, the direction of their travels in different canyons, and the usual time of tueir visitation, so that he may be prepared for posibilities. Sometimes when the fire fighters think they have obviated all chance of the enemy's advance, the leaping flames give a victorious roar, and dart through some opening, a fierce, treacherous army, tossing broadcast luminous sparks, that dance for an instant like aerial demons, then flutter and fade and lose their identity in wreaths of smoke.

Fighting forest fires is one of the most fatiguing and dangerous duties of man, for the intense heat and smoke are liable to cause prostration and suffoca-

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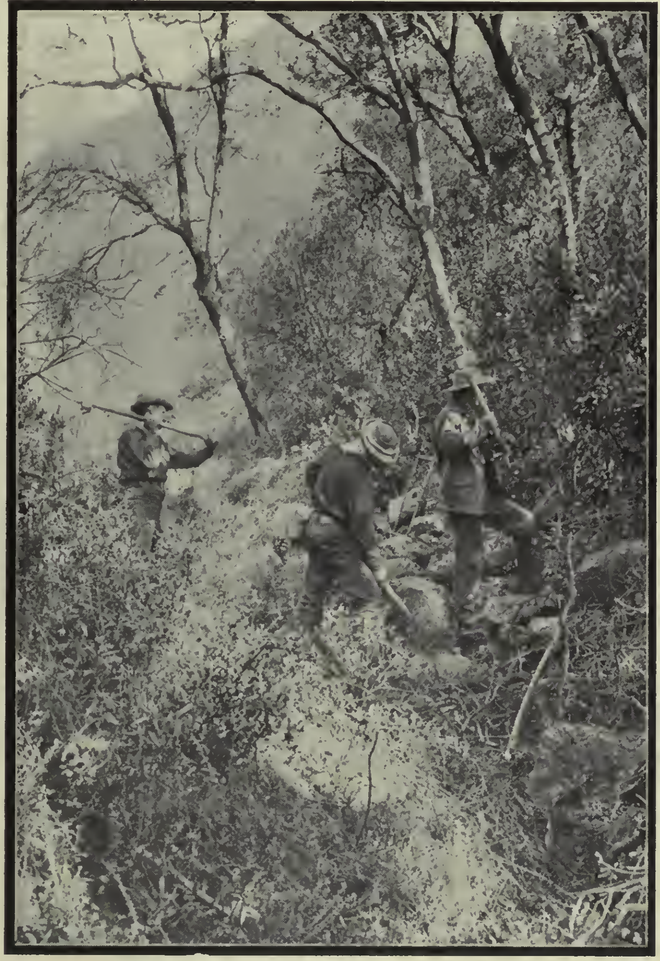
tion. Sometimes, when fire has attained great headway, men are compelled to work both day and night without cessation other than a short hour's nap.

During the past summer fire broke out in the San Jacinto mountains in Southern California. A large force of men worked constantly for forty-eight hours axes, shovels, large knives and brush hooks. The dense stiff brush of these mountains, comprising manzanita, ceanothus, wild cherry, chestnut and many other species is sometimes almost impenetrable, and the fire fighters were often compelled to crawl flat on their stomachs in order to reach this work.



Building a trail.

before they succeeded in getting the conflagration under control. In the valley, supplies were hastily prepared. Food was placed in tin cans, and carried in a wagon to the base of the mountain, where it was packed on burros and taken to the men.

At different stages of the battle, various tools were brought into requisition,

While the fire was madly stampeding through the canyon below they worked and struggled against the encroaching flames—a panting, hatless, coatless throng, with perspiration dripping from every pore, with eyes blinded by cinders and faces scorched by the terrific heat. The great mountain seemed to be writhing with fierce lights and shadows, and

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weirdly vibrant with the roars of the fire and the cries of the men. Viewed from the valley the scene was one of indescribable grandeur, and the country for miles around was illumined by the glow, but at last the struggle was ended, the flames collapsing like ships in a gale.

Our forests are now being protected in a way, but the great areas devastated by fire should be replenished with growth, and one of the most remarkable and interesting projects of modern times in the reforesting of these barren slopes. The question of reforestation was first agitated in 1897, and at that time some demonstrative work was accomplished, but it is only during the past year that the work has assumed promising proportions. The National Bureau of Forestry, as well as local associations, have aided in this work by substantial appropriations, and universal enthusiasm has been evinced for the undertaking.

Eighty pounds of pinus tuberculata seed were gathered, aggregating in all about 1,600,000 seeds, and were distributed to officers in charge of the reserves, and to other interested parties who agreed to see that they were properly disposed of. For several months thirty rangers were actively engaged in planting these seeds over hundreds of acres of rugged, fire-swept mountain slopes from Santa Barbara to San Diego. The areas planted were those exposed to view from the valley, so that the life progress of the trees might be watched. The tools used for planting are of three-quarter inch gas-pipe, three feet six inches long, plugged and sharpened at one end, while the other end is curved to form a handle. Planting began at the highest portion of the slopes, and extended downward in zigzag contours, the seed being deposited on the north side of a stone or cluster of brush when possible, so that the young tree might be sheltered from the elements.

Gathering pine seed for planting on deforested mountain slopes.

Though of little worth for milling purposes because of its scraggly stature and inadequate height, the pinus tuberculata is invaluable as a water conserver. This species grows more rapidly during the first four years of its life than any other tree, and is not the least fastidious in regard to its environments.

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Design for a fountain by Arthur Putnam.

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Figure for Dewey Monument by Robert I. Aitken.

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Design for a Grant Monument by Douglas Tilden.

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Bust of the late Joseph Le Conte by Gertrude Boyle.

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The Windy Kid's Romance

A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY W. O. McGEEHAN.

THE Windy Kid tarried on the summit of the Saratoga Ridge to bid farewell to the Santa Clara Valley. The Kid was certainly out of his latitude. He was a tramp, not a "dynamiter"—a member of a debased fraternity of wanderers who work—but a genuine tramp who lived by grace of misguided sympathy and traveled wherever he pleased in spite of the vigilance of brakemen. The inhabitants of the Santa Cruz Mountains do not encourage tramps. They work hard themselves, and have no compassion for loafers. But the Kid had determined to explore the mountains, and his was a nature that seldom fought an impulse.

The Kid was a tall, athletic youth of twenty-four, and but for a shifty expression in his face might have been held fairly good looking. That expression came from lying many times a day for a livelihood. His sobriquet—the professional term is "monica"—of the Windy Kid was earned by the gift of ready and fluent speech. He had served in the Salvation Army in nearly all the larger cities of the United States, and was very successful as a curb-stone orator. He could expound socialism, which is the tramp's religion, in a far more convincing way than many of its better educated exponents. Given an incentive and a moral sense the Kid might have made something of himself, but as he said, "What's the use? The elements provide, and it is good to travel."

A blue jay called the Kid bad names from the top branch of a young redwood and roused him from his reverie.

"So long," said the Kid regretfully, waving his hand to the valley. "The elements will provide." And turning his head from the land of milk and honey he strode rapidly down the mountain road toward Boulder.

Boulder is a little lumbering town hidden in the heart of the mountains. The Kid arrived there late in the afternoon with a naturally healthy appetite much sharpened by unwonted exercise. Though he was possessed of an ample "grouch bag" (reserve fund) he did not care to draw upon it unless a meal could not be obtained by any other means. He selected the neat cottage of a German lumber teamster and knocked at the back door, prepared to tell a most touching tale of misfortune.

The door opened, disclosing a girl with Teutonic blue eyes and flaxen hair. The Kid had the reputation of being "de smoothest moocher on de road" and "the hobo orator," but for once his flow of eloquence failed. The calm, steady gaze of those blue eyes made the Kid lower his, and the Kid forgot all about the Brotherhood. He stammered a request that he might buy a meal. In the mountains any and everything is for sale, and after a consultation with someone inside, the girl ushered the Kid into the kitchen, which was also the dining room. He sat down before a table covered with immaculate oilcloth, and was helped to a plain but generous dinner by the girl and her mother. His easy manner and ready tongue captivated them immediately, and he was soon possessed of their history. Then and there the impulse came to the Kid to quit the road forever, and to become a useful citizen of Boulder. He had knocked about, he reflected, until there was hardly anything he had not seen. It would be pleasant to have a neat little cottage among the redwoods—and—Louise Hoffman was very pretty.

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"Are there any chances of getting work in this place?" asked the Kid. He had asked that question many thousands of times, but this time he asked it in earnest.

"If you are a teamster, yes," replied the mother.

"Then I will stay here," replied the Kid watching the daughter's face intently. A tramp is an expert reader of expression, and the Kid was satisfied with what he saw in the face of Louise.

"Vater will tell you all about it, and take you to the boss of the lumber company when he comes," volunteered Mrs. Hoffman.

"Vater," six feet tall, heavy and slow of speech, arrived, and was introduced to the Kid, now Mr. Joseph Harris, teamster out of a job.

"You can drive, yes?" inquired Hoffman. "Vare have you drove?"

"San Francisco—milk wagon," replied the Kid with the quickness of the ready prevaricator.

Hoffman looked dubious. "This teaming is different, yes. Seven horses or mules, a wagon and a trailer. Up, up, like you go into the sky. Down, Gott! vat a grade. The wheel hang over the edge of the cliff. Below it is a thousand foot drop, yes. The bridges shake like the devil, yes. Von foot the wrong way und down goes everything. City driving anyone can do, but Gott! mountain teaming in California is no schnap, mein frient."

Nevertheless, before nightfall the Kid was hired as a teamster by the Big Basin Lumber Company, and accepted as a lodger by the Hoffmans. He returned early to the neat little bed room assigned to him, knowing that he had a hard day before him. When he reported at the stables the next morning he had to watch another teamster perform the feat before he could harness the seven mules assigned to him. But the Kid had lived most of his life on his wits, consequently they were sharpened. Still his life and the team were in the balance for a week. Heaven only knows by how narrow a margin they escaped falling a thousand feet into a canyon. By the end of the week the Kid was recognized as a capable teamster, who could haul his two loads safely and on time. He received the first money he had honestly earned with a new pride. The stiffness and soreness of the first few days had disappeared, and he began to believe that it was as easy to be a useful member of the community as it was to be a parasite.

A cottage of his own and Louise—that was the prize that brought the Kid to the path of righteousness, and it was within his grasp.

Mrs. Hoffman noted that the Kid did not frequent any of the numerous saloons of Boulder where the unmarried and some of the married teamsters spent their week's earnings on a howling Sunday spree. The Kid had opened his first bank account. Often on Saturday nights he would take Mrs. Hoffman and Louise to a temperance drama or some other outrage on art committed at the W. C. T. U. Hall in the town.

"He is a very steady young man, Joe," observed Mrs. Hoffman one evening after the Kid had retired.

"He is a good teamster, yes," said Vater, "und he is no fool."

Louise said nothing.

Town lots in Boulder were remarkably cheap, and it was not long before one of them became the property of Mr. Joseph Harris, alias "The Windy Kid."

"Why, I can own this town in a few years," he exclaimed exultantly, as he surveyed his property. "It's dead easy."

One Sunday Louise and the Kid strolled far into the woods outside of Boulder. They had brought lunch with them and the Kid lighted a fire to heat some coffee.

"Why don't you come near the fire?" asked the Kid suddenly.

"Oh, the smoke will get into my dress and it smells so," replied the ever-dainty Louise.

The Kid frowned. He loved the smoke of a wood fire, for that is the true gypsy's incense. Then he realized with a start that he was no longer a gypsy.

But after that incident the long-smouldered fires of unrest began to show signs of re-kindling. A branch railroad ran into Boulder, and coming to town one-

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day a little before his usual time, the Kid heard the far-off echo of the whistle of the freight train that left every afternoon.

Even as the heart of the retired veteran bounds when he hears unexpectedly the blare of a bugle, as the little heart of the caged bird flutters when he hears the call of his wild mates, the Kid's heart thumped violently and his eyes glistened.

He thought of the wild rides on the "rod," where life hung by a thread; of the more comfortable but always uncertain rides on the blind baggage; of the thousands of hobo camps of old companions who held him in high esteem. Respectability had begun to pall, and he longed for the freedom of the road. Then he thought of Louise, and cursed himself because he could not control that wild colt, his heart. He determined to avoid hearing that discordant siren voice in future.

The Thanksgiving dinner at the Hoffman's that year was to be a memorable affair, because it was to celebrate the betrothal of Louise and the Kid. He volunteered to go to town early in the forenoon to secure the turkey without which the Thanksgiving dinner is no dinner. Now, a railroad superintendent who was totally unaware of the Kid's existence had ordained that a special freight train should leave Boulder that morning because a ship in San Francisco bay needed a cargo of lumber in a hurry. As the Kid passed the railroad station he heard the huge locomotives panting like a wild thing held in bondage, but he resolutely looked the other way and hurried toward the meat market.

Just as he reached the station on his return, carrying a sixteen-pound turkey, the engine whistled a farewell, causing every nerve in the Kid's body to tingle. He watched the long line of lumber cars file past, with the air of one in a trance, stepping as though drawn by some unseen power nearer and nearer the track. The last car that came in sight was an empty box car. The Kid threw the turkey in through the open door and swung himself in after it.

He flung himself down on a little heap of straw and buried his face in his arms.

"It's no use," he sobbed, "it's no use."

A few minutes later the Windy Kid laughed lightly. "Oh, well, I wasn't built for it, I guess."

At Los Gatos the Kid and the turkey were ejected by a stalwart brakeman. The Kid shouldered the bird, and walked a little way out of the town along the track. He then took a well-worn path which led from the track into a little wooded canyon. Three gentlemen of the Brotherhood were lying there beside the creek discussing ways and means as to obtaining a Thanksgiving dinner.

"Is dis a dream!" exclaimed Boston Slim, one of the brethren, as the Kid strode into the "hobo camp."

"De Windy Kid and a turk!" cried Fresno Shorty.

"A blessing in disguise," observed Soldier Jack, facetiously.

"Where in —— have you been sleeping?" inquired the three in chorus.

"Oh, I've been yachting with my friend Pierpont Morgan," replied the Kid lightly. "The turk is a present from him."

"Oh, don't bother de Kid," put in Fresno Shorty. "He's been working some wise graft, I'll bet."

"Yes," said the Kid, absently. "I've been up against the biggest graft of my life, and I couldn't make it. But," he laughed rather harshly, "oh, the elements will provide."

"Meanwhile," said Soldier Jack, "we eats Thanksgiving dinner on J. P. Morgan!"

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A SUCCESSFUL ROUND-UP

BY ALICE McGOWAN

"I AM going up into Deaf Smith County," I announced with perhaps some uncalled-for aggressiveness.

It is desirable to have your remarks received by your family with due attention, but I must say the silence which followed my statement was considerably more flattering than reassuring.

"Well," said mother finally, with that peculiar, sliding inflection of hers which always makes the little chills begin to creep up and down my spine.

"How long do you propose remaining?" inquired father in his suave "jury" tone which usually presages trouble.

"I shall stay," I broke out, "till I feel like coming back."

"You perhaps contemplate entering the cattle trade," suggested father, still ominously suave, "and you desire to inspect a ranch, no doubt."

"I don't," I rejoined briefly. "I have no wish to sneak behind any such pretence with you and mother. I am going solely because I don't know my own mind, and I shall stay there till I do know it."

"But Judge Winter!" pronounced mother, sternly.

"Judge Winter may take the explanation I sent him," I replied. "He may simply accept the consequences of engaging himself to a girl young enough to be his daughter."

"Are you aware," inquired mother, "that your trousseau is about half completed?"

"Rather painfully aware of it," I answered, as I buttered another waffle with great accuracy. "But—I—I don't feel like being married next month, and," gaining heat and courage as I went on —"I don't intend to be."

From mother's expression one might have supposed that I had declared an intention of taking up stage robbing as an occupation.

"What is Judge Winter to think?" she ejaculated.

"I really can't say," I replied steadily, though both the questions had daunted and intimidated me for weeks, and still had the power to wake me in the night with a cold finger laid upon my throbbing heart. "I really can't say what Judge Winter may think," I answered, "but he shares with the rest of us the privilege of doing his own thinking."

An alarmed voice came from behind father's paper denouncing dishonest practices in business or social relations, and stating that the decent man's or woman's word was as good as his—or her—bond.

This was a little too much. "My word!" I cried scornfully, "the word of a nineteen year old girl! I hadn't a friend or relative who didn't push the thing on, and persuade me to believe that I knew my own mind. I was a fool when I gave my word, and an assisted fool. I have at least sense enough now to know that."

I had exploded my bomb, and its effect was certainly profound. Father was white—he was incandescent. I could see he dared not speak for fear he should say what we would all always regret. Mother was as silent, save for what, in some less majestic person I should have described as a small snort. And I went up to Deaf Smith County without another word on either side.

Cousin Milton from the beginning of my stay took up the pleasing hypothesis that I came to them a jilted maid, or as he put it, disappointed in love.

"I tell you what, Sis," he said, "there's nothing in the world for a broken heart like a round-up, and I'm going to take you and Johnny over to the big round-up at the Quita Que."

I had just accepted Johnny as one of the delightful facts of life at Cousin Milton's. He was six feet tall, deep-chested, sunburned, full of laughter and good

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humor. Cousin Milton introduced him as Mr. John Dement and said he was ranch boss; but then Cousin Milton was always skylarking and joking. I asked Viola, who has no more sense of humor than a cat, and she said that really she did not know; it was possible Milton had hired him (she has to the full a wifely appreciation of Cousin Milton's importance) but that she had understood he was a lawyer in the East, and that he had written something for the papers that was pretty successful, and concluded to come West and write a book about Texas.

This struck me as rather more improbable than Cousin Milton's explanation, and as Johnny stayed with the cowboys over at the bachelors' quarters I decided he couldn't be a guest. But as he didn't work, but might be found at almost any time during the day somewhere in my own vicinity (a fact upon which Cousin Milton somewhat broadly commented), I decided he was not an employee, and there I let the matter drop.

"Ah, but this is the country, and this is the life!" he said as we sat one evening on the porch. "It was known in the beginning, I take it, that people would make much unhappiness for each other; that they would build cities, for the cramping of free limbs and the free individuality, and the soiling of the free air; places where the brain might be wearied out and the heart made sick in the shortest possible time, by divers great and ingenious engines of man's contriving; and so the plains—the great sun-lit, wind-raked plains—and horses, and saddles, and cattle, were arranged as a sort of antidote, and here they are, all ready for those wise enough to recognize and avail themselves of them."

It struck me that Cousin Milton had been talking to Johnny about my affairs, and I resented it. I had no intention of posing as a stricken deer, before Johnny or anybody else, so I answered rather tartly: "It appears to me that a man, with a man's work to do in the world, shouldn't leave it to come riding around here like a great school boy for the mere enjoyment of it."

"No!" said Johnny. Then in a sort of parenthesis: "You're out of temper, I see. Maybe I have offended or irritated you about something, but I don't know what it is. A man can't run away from his work nor a woman from her worries," and then he gave me a glance which I chose to think extremely personal.

"The only thing that worries me," I returned flippantly, "is that I failed to bring along two quarts of some good sunburn specific," and I glanced complacently down at my hands.

Johnny took the one that was on the side from the other people—he had, by the way, a very pretty notion of spooning—"They are as white as lilies, and as soft as snow," he whispered. "What do you want of a sunburn specific?"

"Wait till you get through with that round-up," chimed in Viola's voice. She had caught the word "sunburn." "You'll need to have your face poulticed, that is if you ride horseback, as Milton says you are madly determined to do."

"I am," I replied firmly. "Johnny and I are going to learn to 'cut out.'" I called him Johnny "by request," as every one else did.

"Well, Kate," began Viola in that tone a woman uses to impart something disagreeable, "for a girl who is going to be married next month I must say you are reckless with your complexion."

I turned and stole a guilty look at Johnny. I could see that he was white under the tan, and sundry passages in which I had "told him all" (well, all but one thing) in answer to very copious confidences from himself, rose up to accuse me.

He met my stolen glance with a look of pained inquiry, but the time was not propitious for explanations.

"Who told you I was going to be married next month?" I inquired with an effort at unconcern.

"Why, Kate, how absurd you are," rejoined Viola, as I walked away, and I knew she only waited to hear me safely in my own room to impart to Johnny all of the miserable details with which she was conversant, for when I met him again he was Mr. John Dement, a successful young lawyer, a rising writer,

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not Johnny any more to me.

The day following—the day of the round-up, that is—was an awful one, such as they rarely have in the Panhandle; the mercury was above a hundred, the sun blistering, and the wind, which is ordinarily the saving angel of that country, hot and dry.

Our party consisted of Viola and Mr. Dement in a buggy, and Cousin Milton and I on horseback. Cousin Milton and I went along gaily, not giving a cent for the weather. I had been put on the best "cutting pony" on the ranch. Never had I ridden a thing with more delightful and varied gaits. We got to the place about twelve o'clock; the cattle were pretty well gathered in from the different pastures; the men had killed and prepared a beef, and were about to have dinner and do the cutting up, branding, etc., afterward.

I would recommend to the jaded palate and captious fancy that cannot be pleased at Delmonico's, beef killed an hour since and fried in grease in a skillet, or broiled on a stick in the smoke and flames; café noir out of a tin cup, biscuits, butter and pickles. I offer this out of the fulness of my experience, as the most satisfactory, not to say luxurious meal imaginable, when eaten under the proper circumstances, and amid its legitimate surroundings.

After dinner Cousin Milton came over and asked if Johnny and I could find our way home alone. Viola, he stated, wished to go now, but his own sentiment was that I mustn't miss the roundup for that.

I replied that I was quite ready to go home, and entirely unwilling to inconvenience Mr. Dement.

Milton looked at me in some surprise and rejoined: "Why, Johnny wants to stay, of course. He says he gets something new out of every roundup he attends, and it's business with him."

"Oh!" I replied scornfully (Johnny had come within earshot now), "if it's anything that will advance Mr. Dement's work, of course I am pleased to remain."

Both men looked puzzled and distressed, and I felt like a naughty child. "Let me go over to the buckboard and get my other handkerchief," I said irritably, "and then you may go."

As we walked to the buggy Cousin Milton remarked: "You've got so used to your ancient valetudinarian, Sis, that you don't know how to treat a real man."

It came over me with a flood of light that Cousin Milton was an ally, not an enemy. I wished I had known it sooner, but I hunted out my extra handkerchief, bade him and Viola good-bye in an unhappy frame of mind, and followed Johnny over to where the cowboys were "holding" the herd. There were two or three thousand cattle and ten or twelve men. Two of these were great viking looking fellows, tall, heavy, black-bearded, splendid men of forty; the rest slim, sinewy young chaps. Curiously enough, all that I happened to notice were blondes, with their eyes—and teeth, too, when they laughed—glaring whitely out of their deeply sun-burned faces.

The last stragglers were just being rounded in as we came up. Johnny drew his horse quietly to one side and sat there; but I, in misery and embarassment, went up and began riding round the herd casually, as the rest were doing, turning back any cattle that were disposed to bolt.

There was a continual bellowing and shaking of heads and horns, and an occasional break for the open plain. The horses were all alert and darting about to keep the cattle massed. Only the men seemed nonchalant and unconcerned. And there came a tickling in my muscles, a shortening of my breath, a quickening of my heart, a sort of glorious lightness in the top of my head.

I continued to ride around the bunch for a time, all the cowboys regarding me with serious approval, or with that well-bred unconsciousness which refrains from observing too closely for fear of causing embarrassment. When the cutting out began I was carried away with enthusiastic admiration. Such riding! Such skill and quickness, and address! It was a hand to hand struggle and a wild race with almost every animal, before it was finally landed in the outer bunch.

It was so stirring, so intensely interesting and exciting, that finally the im-

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pulse to take a hand became irresistible. Johnny was forgotten; my breath came in gasps; the blood jumped through my veins like quicksilver, and the noble recklessness in the top of my head flew all over me.

I had noticed that the boys cut out and placed in the separate bunch only the yearlings; and seeing a promising fellow of this class—a strawberry-roan muley—near me, I put my horse in quietly among the herd, cut him out, and started him toward the outer bunch. He escaped me, after a dozen hot turns, and regained the fringes of the herd, shaking his muley head and swearing in a hoarse

The branding.

undertone. Rather hoping nobody had noticed my performance, I was preparing to rejoin the ranks of the herders as unostentatiously as possible, when one of the big, black-bearded men sheered his little cat of a pony in close to me and cried encouragingly: "You'll get him yet," waving his hand toward the calf.

I glanced toward Johnny. He was not looking at me. He had a note book out and was writing, resting the book on his saddle pommel. I chose to think his attitude was one of reproach.

This was enough. I wheeled Pinto toward the herd, dug my left heel into him till he jumped like a kangaroo; we shot in between the herd and the calf, cut it out, and the fight began.

I was an ignorant tenderfoot, but the more important member of the partnership—Pinto—knew all about the handling of cattle. He was like a pony of India rubber and steel springs animated by an indomitable and debonnair spirit. He knew what the roan muley calf wished to do before the calf himself thoroughly realized it. He ran like a deer, leaped and dodged and tacked like a squirrel or a kitten. I verily believed that, in cattleman phrase, he could "turn on a dollar," so close and instant was his wheel to right-about-face.

So we tore back and forth, back and forth, between the herd and the other bunch. Then the roan calf bolted into the open plain, Pinto and I after him. We headed and brought him back.

Oh, we flew.

The horse warmed to the chase! As for me, I was aflame; I forgot all about Judge Winter—all about Johnny. I forgot that life held problems and disappointments; that a time had been, and would come again, when teeth must be filled, or duty calls made. I forgot that I wanted fame, wealth, wisdom and a sunburn specific. Hope, fear, love, ambition, were all unremembered dreams.

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Life was a roan yearling of diabolic swiftness and perverseness, fleeing between the level plain and the burning sky; and I was neither flesh nor bones, nor anything but a blind, consuming passion to outrun and outgeneral him, and land him in the bunch of yearlings.

No captive or condemned criminal of old Rome ever drove his fearful chariot race in the great hippodrome, for the prize of his own life ransomed from the lions or the executioner, in a finer ecstasy of rashness than that which inspired me to the chase of my roan calf; nor could he have heard—when at last he passed the goal a victor—the cheers of the fierce populace in a more utter swoon of triumph than that through which the hurrahs of the cowboys reached me, as I turned and left my yearling with the bunch of his kind.

I looked then for Johnny. He was away, quite over at the other end of the group apparently much interested in something one of the tall dark men was telling him. I turned resentfully to the cowboy who had constituted himself my mentor. "I am going to try again," I cried, as we started off.

Success is the most seductive of intoxicants, applause the keenest spur and excitant. I had cut out and gotten over to the yearling bunch, unassisted, three animals, had been helped with a fourth, and helped another fellow with a fifth, when Johnny rode up to me and mildly suggested that we would better be going. "You mustn't forget that you've got that nine miles to ride yet, through this heat. You'll be in bed to-morrow if I don't take you home right away," he said.

The thought of that nine mile ride with Johnny—no, with Mr. Dement, I should have been keen enough to go with Johnny—appalled me.

I became suddenly aware that I was aching from head to foot. I felt an absurd impulse to weep. I longed to be three years old that I might wail for some one to "take" me.

So I went meekly. Our way was almost due south; it was three o'clock; the sun was at its hottest, the wind the very breath of Tophet, and so fierce that it nearly knocked us off our horses. It scorched our nostrils, and fairly snatched the breath from them. I couldn't hear Johnny's voice two feet from my ear. I fully realized then that I had a body, and that it was a good deal knocked about. When I tried to move and change my position in the saddle a little, the nervous and apprehensive Pinto, who seemed to cherish a misanthropic distrust of the "female sect," jumped forward, unshipping my cap, just as a flaw of wind caught under its visor, popped the pins like small fireworks, and carried the cap itself about a quarter of a mile back.

"Kate," said Johnny, as he brought my evasive headgear back, "let's be friends to-day. I am going away to-morrow."

Words were out of the question, so I merely nodded. I realized that if Johnny were going away I might almost as well be at home as at Cousin Milton's.

"I want to talk to you as we used to," he said, wistfully, "and it's only one time you know, dear. That's surely not much to ask."

"No," I answered, half under my breath, "it is not much."

"I want to show you the letter from my publishers," he went on, as he got out and handed me the folded note. "My book is selling at the rate of two thousand a month, and the new book, this Texas book, is being called for right along. I must get back home and to work."

"I am very glad," I said. "I congratulate you." And there I stopped; I could not trust my voice further.

So, after the promise of being good friends, we rode one whole miserable mile in unfriendly silence.

"Kate," began Johnny, "I did not intend to say one word on the subject, but I am going to ask you, what—what is he like, this man you are going to marry?"

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

"Is he a Texan?"

"I don't know," I replied again.

"Don't know," echoed Johnny, in surprise; "don't know whether the man you are going to marry is a Texan or not?"

"No, I don't," I maintained steadily. "I don't know anything about the man I

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am going to marry, nor whether there is such a man in the world."

"Oh! but there is," cried Johnny. He brought his pony close in beside Pinto. "Kate, look around to me. Are you in earnest, dear?"

I wouldn't turn, for I knew my eyes were full of tears, until he caught my face and drew it gently around against his shoulder.

"Why, sure enough," he murmured, "the man you are going to marry is right here, isn't he, sweetheart?"

And I replied truthfully that he was.

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THE PASSING OF THE COWBOY

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

THANKS to railroads and other civilizers there is a striking decadence of a certain frontier product known as the "cowboy;" and in the course of a few more years this picturesque character will have become extinct. He first became known in Texas in the early '60s, and flourished until the end of the '90s, of the past century. Then he began to rapidly pass away; as law and order, church and school, and the other advance agencies of the overwhelming approach of civilization and power of empire gradually but aggressively appeared and permanently remained.

Not all the cowboys were so extremely lawless and murderous as sometimes delineated and always believed to be. But the masses of them were owners or herders of stock upon unpurchased or unpaid for ranges of nutritious grasses in the western part of the United States and a majority of them were stealers of horses and cattle, guzzlers of adulterated spirits, terrors of town and plain, and shooters of men; and it may have been said of them, with perfect truthfulness, that they feared neither God nor man. At the zenith of their distinction and numbers, (anywhere in the '80s, say) they roamed over a country lying between the twenty-ninth and forty-seventh parallels of latitude and between meridians of longitude twenty-two and thirty-eight, and were most numerously and lawlessly found in Montana, Arizona and New Mexico, although they were by no means scarce in Texas, Kansas and Colorado.

As a general thing the cowboy who showed up at the cattle stations along the Southern Pacific, Texas Pacific, Santa Fe and Union Pacific railroads, twenty years ago, as the one daily train arrived from either point of compass, was an Apollo Belvidere in physical shape and beauty; he wore a blue flannel shirt and flaming red necktie, dark trousers stuck into high-legged kip boots, and sombrero. He carried a wicked knife in a bootleg and one or more revolvers at his waist. His arms and ammunition were always kept in perfect order and he was the most accomplished shot in the world, as his "code" was to always go "well heeled" and never let an enemy "get the drop" on him. He was a matchless rider, and could often be seen before the completion of the far southwestern railways tearing through the chapparal like a demon alongside of a fast-running train, whooping like a Comanche, and sending harmless bullets through the headlight of a locomotive.

He was at once generous, lawless, dissipated, desperate, dangerous; and he dashed furiously forward through the picturesque hell upon earth of his own creation, like a fantastic devil, to his grave.

After having seen a good deal of him for ten or twelve years in New Mexico and Arizona, I concluded that, when he did not draw his first ingenuous breath in the broad domain of Texas, his tentative inspirations were compounded of the exquisite atmosphere of Pike County, Missouri. On his native heath, especially if his countenance was ferocious and villainous, he was an awe inspiring creature. You felt like giving him a wide berth—like walking around him, as it were. By no means do I wish to insinuate that the cowboys, as a class, had bad faces. The

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contrary was the case. In many instances they were simply "rakehelly," good-humored, and devil-may-care looking fellows, who had an uncommon fondness for handling firearms and a remarkable skill in their use. None the less, if a dilettante looking passenger, wearing a plug hat, were to have emerged from a train for a promenade about Deming, even twelve years ago, he would have been in imminent danger of playing son of William Tell to some enterprising frontier marksman.

A short time after the selection of Deming as a junction town by the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific, now twenty odd years ago, I accompanied some railway magnates from San Francisco to said junction. It was when the cowboy element was at its flood; and a special train with, as they supposed, passengers of distinction, having arrived, the cowboys were sensible that they ought to make some effort to maintain their traditional reputation. A blithe crowd of them gathered around the site of what in time became a union depot. One agile fellow would make a bound of ten or twelve feet and hold out his hat. Quick as thought his chum would haul out a weapon, which looked as if it might weigh ten pounds, more or less, and bang, bang, bang, and the hat would be riddled by as many balls as the pistol had contained. Their aim was in every case unerring. It was perfectly safe to hold out a hat for one of these fellows, and yet, somehow, I was half glad that none of us were asked to do it. Taking Deming and San Simon together, at least a dozen episodes of this kind occurred.

I struck up an acquaintance with one of these insouciant and sprightly cowboys. He was drunk, but he showed a rare degree of moderation in his drunkenness. He was not only drunk, but indignant. Quoth he: "There is a good deal of exaggeration about us cowboys. We're not near so bad as we're painted. We like to get up a little racket now and then, but it is all in play. Of course, sometimes we fall out amongst ourselves and then there is a corpse. But just take Deming as an example. I've been here two weeks and there are three or four hundred men in the brush about here. and nobody has been killed yet. I defy you to find a grave here;" and the Honorable Bob Campbell, who had frankly introduced himself to me by that name, and as being from the State of Texas, finding that his long pistol was entangled in something, gave the weapon a violent wrench that disengaged it, and swung it in dangerous proximity to my person.

There were different grades and samples of the genus cowboy. There was the "Howler of the Prairies," the "Terror of the Upper Trail," the "Blizzard from the States," "Cyclones" from foreign countries, and others. Their manners and customs, however, were about the same, except many of the "Blizzards" and "Cyclones" betrayed evidences of superior education and of refined home influences, while others had been rocked in the cradle of infamy at the start.

Few of them lived to be thirty years of age, and four out of every five, when sent to their last account, went through the medium of a deadly missile at the hands of an enraged or drunken companion or by the obnoxious noose of an outraged community or vigilance committee. To be sure large numbers of these cowboys during the '70s and '80s met deaths in duels, without the aid of seconds or other assistants; and either one or both of the combatants were killed on the spot. There generally was this spark of honor exhibited: An armed cowboy would not shoot down an unarmed one, but would, in case of an unarmed person, direct him to go and get a weapon and return. Upon the reappearance of the challenged party, the spectators would afford the duellists ample room, and constitute themselves into a posse to see fair play, when the shooting would commence without further words and be kept up until at least one of the combatants was killed or mortally hurt, because all such encounters were to the death.

Regarding the excellence of shot of many of these cowboys there could be no exaggeration, as all who read this article and who have seen Buffalo Bill and other dead shots of Wild West Shows, are fully aware. I have witnessed "Curly Bill"

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shoot off heels of boots, buttons from coats, and stoppers from liquor decanters at twenty paces without fracturing their necks. "Billy the Kid" was also an expert shot, but he once hit an oil lamp instead of its lighted wick, (which set the place on fire) and then pinked the ear of the owner who had said he was a bad shot. "Russian Bill" was a fairly good shot and the Marquis de Mores was of deadly aim. I once saw a man who was known as the "Little Terror of Silver City" throw up the ace of clubs and pretty nearly shoot only through the spot. At Tombstone, once, I saw a Massachusetts cowboy, of good family, shoot out the lights of the oil lamps. And it was while these fellows were drinking that they did such excellent shooting, as they seldom indulged in such pastime when soberly inclined, which was, in reality, much of the time.

As to the private cemetery tales, nearly all may be considered fictitious or grossly exaggerated, although "Billy the Kid," at the age of nineteen, had killed his eleventh man. This young scamp made a notch on the handle of his revolver for every person he had killed; and it is claimed that when he had been "run down and stretched up" in Montana there were seventeen of these notches in the handle of his deadly Colt. "Curly Bill" was a hard drinker and enjoyed himself most in shooting through freighters' and drummers' hats. He was a hero of his kind, and boasted of his private graveyard. None knew of his parentage, or from whence he came. Of his final exit nothing was ever known. He was nearly hanged at Silver City, (N. M.), but made his escape. There was a price on his head in six territories, and he was reported as dead and then as living for seven or eight years. But, in 1889, a man was killed at Rawlins, (Wy.) who answered to his description. "Russian Bill" was more of a blower than a terror. He also had a notched pistol and boasted of his private graveyard, but it was claimed that he had never killed any one, at least in New Mexico. But he led a reckless, dissipated life, and once, while practicing at a soldier's boot-heel, shot the latter in the leg. He came into Shakespeare one evening and shouted to the first crowd of men he met: "I've got the biggest private graveyard in Grant County, and I have just buried my twentieth man." Unfortunately he addressed a vigilance committee, who were on their way to hang Sandy King, a terror of the worst kind. The Committee took Bill at his word, and hung him right then and there, although none of the vigilantes considered him very bad. He begged and cried for mercy and died like a coward. He was the son of a Russian nobleman, was handsome and educated and conversed in six languages. A sort time afterward the Sheriff of Grant County received a letter from the American Consul at St. Petersburg saying that the Countess Telfuin was very anxious to hear from her son, who had become heir to large estates. The letter contained a photograph of Russian Bill. This was in 1883. Sandy King was a native of Erie, (N. Y.) and it was known that he had killed five men. When his time came to hang he was tremendously cool. He called for a large drink, and then said: "I might reform, my friends, but possibly not. You had better stretch me up as the best thing to do." Then he called for another drink of whiskey, and added: "Now, boys. I'm ready. The devil wants us all, and I'd better lead the way. My mother is up there in heaven. Of course, I shall never see her. But I will see you all again. Pull away. Good bye!" There was once a bragging cowboy at Flagstaff, (Ariz.,) called "Poker Bill," who boasted of his cemetery and notches, who was knocked down, and dragged all over the platform by a baggage-smasher of a Santa Fe train, and afterwards run out of town by his own associates.

The cowboy has not entirely disappeared; nor has the Apache, or other hostile Indian. But none of these is often seen at present. Twenty-five years ago, and the one was quite as dangerous as the other—more so; for the cowboy was apt to turn up at any railway or stage station in the cattle ranges west of the Rocky Mountains, and the savage hardly ever along any but obscure wagon roads or trails. Besides, the former

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might order you to get upon a billiard table and dance all night, or drink yourself to death; or he might scare the life out of you by shooting the buttons off your coat, the heels off your shoes, or the cigar from your mouth. All this has ceased, and the cowboy of 1902 is as quiet and law-abiding, as moderate and respectable as any other romping citizen of the far West; while the "Curly Bills," the "Tombstone Cyclones," the "Flagstaff Blizzards," the "Silver City Terrors," the "Deming Tarantulas," the "Ripsnorters of Golgotha" and "Angels of Paradise Valley" are all laid away either in their own or other graveyards.

THE INLET

BY ALOYSIUS COLL.

Beyond the crowding ranks of trees,
    The bog-edge and the knoll
The inlet 'scapes the embracing leas
And child-like creeps to the wide roll
Of waters at the meeting seas.

Beyond the seeded soil and sand
    The tidy waves have swept
Up from the dregs of years, the strand
Has touched the clean salt sea, and kept
A modest margin with its hand.

Beyond the stumble and the night,
    The lull and pity-cry
Have kept a margin at the white
Meeting of toil and rest, where I
May turn my buckler from the fight,

And point a spotless finger far
    Over the ships that spin
A troubled trail from ports of war,
To sails of welcome, which begin
The calm across the harbor bar.

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A FEW years ago it was the fashion for excursionists from the East to take back nuggets of gold as souvenirs of their visit to the land of sunshine. The men still keep up this habit, but the women have discovered something more interesting, unique and valuable, and go back with dainty native turquoise in pin and buckle, and rich and brilliant tourmalines glittering in their rings, while many a dainty piece of bric-a-brac in mother of pearl is packed away in their baggage.

The tourmalines of California are attracting especial attention in the Eastern and foreign markets as being of the finest quality known of this rare and beautiful gem. The optical coloring of this gem is unique.

For example, a crystal view through the side may be a rich transparent green, but when viewed through the end it may be a yellow-green.

Some specimens are of one color only; others green at one end and red at the other. A crystal may be white at the end, then green of various shades, then pink, and so on. In some specimens the colors shade into each other, in others they join but do not blend. These gems are found on the Mesa Grande in the mountains east of San Diego, in veins that are mined the same as any gold vein. The crystals range in size from a knitting needle to 2 inches in diameter; the smaller crystals as a rule having greater limpidity and freedom from blemishes. They occur in all colors, but principally in pink and green. One form of cutting gives a most beautiful gem of light greenish yellow of great transparency and lustre; while another from the same crystal may give a setting that has the color brilliancy and richness of the ruby. A recent report of the U. S. Geological Survey says of them: "The great variety of crystals, their size, perfection and beauty make this locality one of the most important known." Another gem that is a great favorite with the ladies is the delicate turquoise, which needs no introduction to the world at large, for it has been a favorite with both civilized and uncivilized races for ages immemorial. To-day it is highly prized by all Orientals, and worn by them to insure health and success; ages ago it was worked into charms by the Cliff Dwellers of the west and buried with his other treasures. The same advice given by the astrologers of Persia in the days of Omar Khayyam is found in the jingle:

"If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue;
Success will bless you if you do."

A jingle that has made more than one Christmas happy as She looked at the ring He gave her.

The California turquoise mines are located in the heart of the great Mojave

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desert west of Manvel, in San Bernardino county. There is evidence that the veins of the desert were worked ages ago for this gem as some of the crude implements of prehistoric workers have been found. The colors of the stone vary from sky-blue and bluish-green to apple green and greenish gray.

The stones of the finest blue are sold by the carat, but the stones of other shades are set in brooches, pins and belt-buckles and sold by the piece, while large quantities showing the brown matrix are mounted uncut for hat-pins, etc.

Another unique production of the State is rock crystals. The name of quartz has been so long associated with the idea of "Alaska Diamonds" and other "stage diamonds" that few realize that the limpid crystal has a genuine value, and that it is prized by others than collectors of cabinets. Quartz spheres or balls have been used for ages, and are used to-day by mystics, astrologers and diviners to fortell the future, review the past, and conjure up distant scenes by crystal gazing; while the mere possession of a perfect sphere of the crystal has become one of the costly fads of the society of to-day. The largest crystal ball on record is one seven inches in diameter, now in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. It was cut in Japan, and is valued at $25,000. A ball 6 inches in diameter is owned in New York, and is valued at $20,000. In 1898 a sphere entirely free from flaws, 5.5 inches in diameter, was cut by Tiffany & Co., from one of the large quartz crystals found in Amador County. It is the largest perfect sphere ever cut from an American crystal, and is valued at $3,000. Handsome spheres not wholly free from blemishes, from 8 to 14 inches in diameter, have been cut from California crystals. Some of the natural crystals found in this State are of immense size. One single crystal from the Green Mountain Mine, Chili Gulch, Calaveras County, weighed 152 pounds; while a group of 47 crystals weighed 2,200 pounds. Magnificent crystals from 80 to 90 pounds each have been found in the Blackiston Mine at Placerville.

The milky white, grey or black specimens of quartz glistening with threads and specks of gold are familiarly known to jewelers all over the world as California gold quartz. No statistics have been gathered of its consumption for watch chains, rings, ornaments and inlaid work, but enquiries and some of the principal factories show that it is over $100,000 a year, a value that includes the gold, as these specimens are sold as nuggets.

To attempt to enter upon the subject of the varieties of quartz, like agate, jasper, bloodstone, chrysoprase, carnelian, heliotrope, catseye, prases, etc., would require a volume the size of this magazine. They are found along the coast, from the beach at Pescadero to Point Loma, and in every mining county of the State; and the amount cut and polished each year must reach a good sum of money.

The beach line of the coast gives something more valuable than the agate and catseye in the form of pearls. Tiffany & Co. exhibited at the Paris Exposition seven pearls from the abalone shells gathered in San Diego County. There is a necklace of the pearls owned in San Francisco that is valued at $2,000. While the abalone and other shellfish of the coast secrete pearls, and sometimes very choice ones, the main use of the nacreous portion of the abalone shell is used for making pearl buttons and bric-a-brac. The shell industry of the coast reaches from Monterey to Mexico, one of the main factories being located at San Pedro, the shells coming from White's Point and from San Clemente Island. The flesh of the shellfish is either smoked and dried or canned and shipped to Japan, where it receives the appreciation really due a meat as sweet as clams.

The shells are made into spoons, salad sets, bells, jewelry, or any other dainty trifles that ingenuity may suggest. The exquisite variety of colors from the iridescence of the black to the brilliant red, yellow and green lend themselves to a wide range of choice in decoration; while the sheen and creaminess, the brilliancy and lustre of the mother-of-pearl surpass that from any other source. While the home consumption is large and ever growing the bulk of the shells

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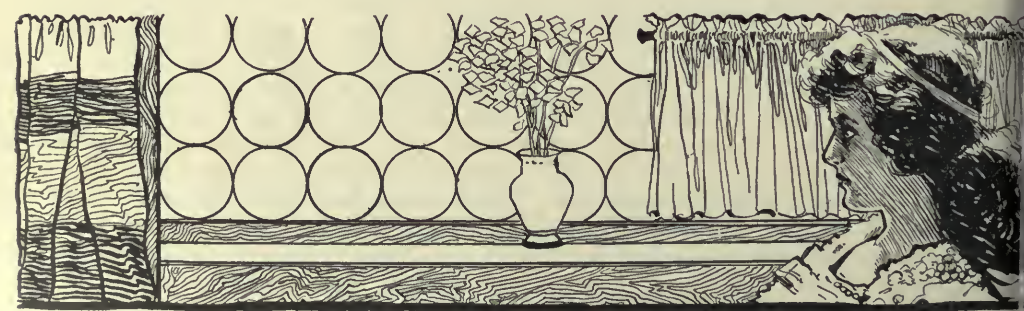
still go to New York to be distributed to the button makers of England, France and Germany; the buttons coming back to be worn on this coast where they should be manufactured.

The one gem probably that rivals the pearl in the affections of ladies fair is the diamond. They are not yet counted as one of the resources of the State, yet the fact that they have been really found here is pointed to with pride. In fact over 200 genuine diamonds have been found in this State that weighed from 0.5 to over 7 carats each. In 1853 Mr. Lyman, a New England clergyman found the first authentic diamond "about as big as a pea," in a placer mine in the Cherokee district in Butte county. The Bidwell diamond, found in 1861 at Yankee Hill, weighed 1.5 carats when cut; and the William Bradreth diamond, found in 1867, weighed nearly as much when cut, and was a fine white stone. In the same year, Professor Silliman found one at Forest Hill, Placer County, of over a carat. In 1871 W. A. Goodyear found over 15 diamonds in the ancient river channel three miles east of Placerville, in El Dorado County. Diamonds have also been found in Trinity, Amador and Siskiyou Counties. The records of the identification of these gems exists in the proceedings of many academies of sciences at home and abroad, so that there is no doubt about the genuineness of the finds. The white gem that like gold has defied for ages the best efforts of alchemist and chemist is too rare and valuable for any reported find to escape thorough investigation. The diamonds found in this State have all come from the channels of ancient river beds, and like the gravels in which they are found they are far away from their original home. The diamonds are associated with zircons, topaz, rutile and other gems that accompany them in their native homes; and it is noticed also that they are found in the vicinity of serpentine masses, and not far distant from areas of volcanic vents. The remarkable itacolumite rock, which is popularly associated with diamonds, is found in a number of places in the State; but the diamonds already found here are much older geologically than their South African relatives.

So far the list of gems and jewelers' material known to exist in this State embraces over 60 groups and 200 varieties, and this list can no doubt be increased by careful investigation. California was first known as the gold State, then oranges and agriculture were added. It has already become famous for its copper, oil, borax, etc., and it evidently proposes to deck its wreath of honor with gems, for it produced in 1901 the following: Quartz crystal, $17,500; tourmaline, $20,000; turquoise, $20,000; gold quartz, $100,000; pearl, $50,000; and other jewelers' material to the amount of $10,000; or a total of $217,500 for the year—certainly not a bad beginning.



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THE GNOME OF THE SEA.

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

Out of the centre-deep, blundering, thundering,
  Wallow the lightning-lit floods of the sea;
Fierce through the forest-tops, plundering, sundering,
  Night-wind and storm-wind come calling for me.

Age-long the life-lust slow mouldering, smouldering,
  Feed I with souls of the lost of the sea,
Hard by the breaker-ledge, bouldering, shouldering,
  Wild run the waters that bear them to me.

Boom of the signal guns, vying, replying,
  Dull through the cavernous roar of the sea,
Shrieks of the doomed and the dying, far-crying,
  Ride on the wings of the tempest to me.

Deep in my cavern-hold, moaningly, droningly,
  Croon I the curse of the lost of the sea;
Close by the pine-flare, intoningly, groaningly,
  Count I the souls that are given to me.

Back to the centre-deep, swallowing, hollowing,
  Calm in the dawn-light returneth the sea;
Back to the center-deep, wallowing, following,
  Sink the cold dead, but their souls are with me.

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The California Historical Landmark League.

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Officers receive no remuneration. The Advisory Board, consisting of fifteen members (three of whom are artists, three architects, four from the leading educational institutions of the State, and the remaining five from the body of the League), will pass finally upon all plans for restoration and upon all designs for proposed monuments.

The California Historical Landmarks League was incorporated June 25, 1902, with headquarters in San Francisco, for the following purposes, briefly stated: To preserve the historic landmarks of the State—notably the old Missions; to place in appropriate places memorial tablets commemorative of historic places and events; to encourage historic research, and to use all proper means to establish a chair of California history in the University of California.

In answer to an invitation issued by the writer on May 21st, individual members or authorized committees—in some instances both—from the following organizations met in Balboa Hall, N. S. G. W. Building, for the purpose of the effecting an organization for the conservation of the State's Landmarks: Society of California Pioneers, Pioneer Women, Daughters of California Pioneers, Young Men's Institute, Women's Press Association, N. S. G. W., N. D. G. W., Teachers' Club, Sons of Exempt Firemen and the California Club.

That the call came at a time when sentiment was ripe was abundantly manifested by the thoughtful and thoroughly-in-earnest audience that came together on that date. The usual preliminaries of organization need not now be entered into. Suffice it to say that in spite of the exodus from town during the vacation period that followed, and the difficulty of reaching the public's head and heart (and incidentally its purse) when the sea and mountain called, we are to-day a well-grown body, full of the vigor and buoyancy of youth, girded for the tasks before us, and with a very respectable bank account to make our work possible. Through the generosity and noble impulse of the Joint Committee of 1900, N. S. G. W., $1,100 was turned over to the League on September 13th for such work as the new organization shall determine. Besides this, we have upon our rolls 120 members ($1 per year), and three life memberships ($25 each), two accredited to Mrs. Abbey M. Parrott, and one to the Rt. Rev. George Montgomery, Bishop of Los Angeles, who, too, has agreed to

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grant a ten-years' lease to the League of the famous old Mission of San Antonio de Padua in Monterey County, whose restoration—re-roofing, at least—is one of the first tasks outlined by the new organization. The placing of a memorial tablet upon "Old Fort Gunnybags," the headquarters of the Vigilantes of '56, is also well under way, and a design is now being prepared by Mr. Newton J. Tharp for the historic old spot. Now, as to our name. It has come to our notice that the League has been accused of a gross impropriety in using the word "Landmark" in its official title. The facts of the case are these. About six years ago an organization was formed in Los Angeles for the laudable purpose of conserving the landmarks of the State—the old Missions especially—and was called the Landmarks Club of Southern California. Now, mark that descriptive phrase "of Southern California." The sole territory to which the Club would confine its operations was below the Tehachapi. What became of the landmarks of the rest of the State above the Pass? Well, they could go to destruction.

Now, an organization is formed styling itself "The California Historic Landmarks League," for the purpose of conserving historic sites and buildings wherever they exist—barring, of course, the eminent domain of Southern California, which is already being well cared for by the older body.

That the public might know what the League is working for, we introduce the word "landmark" into our title, and for doing so are accused of want of honor and discrimination, and blamed of other impolite and inelegant things by the old club. That there is no synonym for "landmark" in the English language is not the fault of the League—we weren't responsible for that omission. Had Noah Webster known that the word he gave us to designate such meaning would one day become the sole property of some privileged person or persons, we are sure he would have hunted up a synonym for us, and saved us from the charge of dishonor. However, the United States courts are the steadfast defenders of the League, for their decisions have been rendered thus: "No word may become a trademark (private property) unless it be fictitious, or in other words, invented for purposes of trade." Now, we dispute that the worthy club of the Southland "invented" the word "landmarks," and that it is fictitious; it is purely descriptive, and can be honorably used by ten thousand clubs.

Moreover, what awful result can come from the alleged confusion? Suppose the League receives a dollar meant for the club, what matters it since it is all for the same unselfish end and for the honor of California?

Long may the old club and the new League live. There is room and work for both. Let them work together, then, in peace and mutual encouragement and without "knocking." But is that within the possibility of us Californians?

LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

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HISTORY AND HYGIENE OF LINEN.

BY HARRY C. O'NEILL.

I. Its History.

BACK in the City of Thebes, once called the Egyptian Taape, the remnant of the Invading Arab glides from his hut, out over the ruins of the ancient houses, and leads you to many and varied antiquities. But this child of Fellaheen can astonish the general man, if persuasion be strong and the fee sufficient to procure from some of the tombs pieces of washable linen, woven at least three thousand years ago. Although this is as old as he may be able to find, capable of standing washing, yet there remains pieces of the fabric made in the time of Annos or Onnos in the 5th dynasty or about 3,400 years B. C. These are the care cloths with which the mummies are wrapped, and when originally used, were dipped in oil and bitumen and prepared according to the secrets which give to olden times the prestige in embalming. And here your Arab friend would probably drop his voice and mysteriously tell you of the faith of these Children of the Past, of the transmigration of the soul and of their belief that the body must be wrapped in linen to cleanse it when the subject should be called to the Court of the Sun.

How far back this recognition of the cleanliness of linen extended we are unable to say, for the origin and invention of it is hidden in the dim, hazy existence of the earlier world, out of which it has come with man, serving for him, as it were, an outer skin for the protection from the elements in health and as soothing bandages when the body was sick and sore.

The Bible and the Talmud both refer frequently to the use of linen and we find it in the garments of the priests of the Palestine Temples. Moses commanded the priests to use linen, and many authorities maintain that linen threads comprise the famous cloth with which Veronica wiped the sweat from the brow of Christ on His way to the cross.

In those halcyon days of the race everybody wore linen. After the primitive fig leaf and the skins of animals, linen was almost the universal garment of the race for many generations. The Bible is full of allusions to flax and linen, and as early as the exodus, where we find Aaron and his sons set apart and dedicated to the priesthood, their costumes and paraphernalia are described minutely, and among other things the costumers are commanded to make holy garments for glory and for beauty, of gold and blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen. The ephod should be of fine twined linen, with cunning work, and the curious girdle was to be of the same. Those were to be an embroidered coat of fine linen, and the priests were to have linen breeches to cover their nakedness.

In Leviticus we are told that the priest shall put on his linen garment and his linen breeches. Ezekiel xliv, 17-18, reads: "They shall be clothed with linen garments and no wool shall come upon them . . . they shall not gird themselves with anything that causes sweat."

Samuel ministered before the Lord in linen, and he tells us that on a certain day Doeg "slew fourscore and five persons that did not wear a linen ephod," and St. John says he saw seven angels coming out of the temple clothed in pure white linen.

Until the dark ages, the use of linen was apace with civilization, but in these trying times of the Learned World, it seems as if its scarcity increased its value too much for common use. It was however, preserved through this period

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by the churches in the use of altar cloths and vestments, and ere the Ship of Human Progress had set full sail, it was reinstated in the wardrobe of all intelligent persons.

So common was linen apparel in England in 1357 that a statute was passed declaring that laborers in husbandry should only wear a blanket and russet and girdle of linen. And if, as Swedenborg tells us, human garments denote states of wisdom, and are, therefore, much spoken of in the Bible, then linen should be the garb of all wise men.

Gradually the demand far exceeded the supply, for though flax grows wild in Persia, that quality of fibre which is suitable for linen, is the result of only careful cultivation in the countries of Russia, Belgium, Germany and Ireland. Considerable labor, as well as skill, is needed in the raising of flax, and it is for this reason that America, using more of this cloth than any other country in the world, is forced to buy almost her entire supply from foreign countries, her linen imports averaging $30,000,000 annually. Recent investigations and experiments have created quite a favorable impression for the northern part of the Pacific Coast as a flax raising country. At the present time, flax is raised by thousands of tons in this country, but it is for seed only, and the fibre cannot be used. Flax for fibre must be grown tall and slender, while for seed a low, bushy growth is desirable.

It will take some years of education and experience, however, before fibre flax raising can be put on a good footing, for the care of the plant from the seed to the yarn, is no ordinary work.

First, it can only be grown in a locality where the air is moist and no severe wind or rain storms play havoc with the crop between the months of May and August. The temperature should be from 50 to 60 degrees, and the humidity from 65 to 78 per cent.

Flax should not be returned to the same soil before the lapse of at least five years in order to allow the earth to enrich itself and throw off any tendency to weeds by a rotation in crops. The fibre is of such delicate organism that too great care cannot be taken of it, and in some parts of Europe, where the soil seems to be infested with wild growth, persons weed by hand at stated intervals.

When in bloom, one cannot desire a prettier sight than a field of flax. The stalk, a beautiful, fresh, soft green, is topped off with a little blossom of what might be called a deep shade of pale blue. The blending of the two colors is exquisite to lovers of nature, and the plant is so tender that every zephyr sends a motion over the entire field, which well calls forth the expression, "A sea of blossom."

The crop is ready to be pulled when the stalk commences to turn yellow at the ground.

The roots are generally taken out with the stalk and freed from dirt by being hit against the boot. The stalk ends are tied together in bundles and taken to some body of water to be "retted."

"Retting" consists in covering the flax with water, allowing it to ferment, so that the coarser or outside fibre may be more easily separated from the finer inside. It was done in the past in the ponds and streams, where the flax was kept under water by means of stones and weights, not allowing it, however, to touch the bottom. It took some weeks to gain the desired result by this means and the stench was almost unbearable when the flax was finally removed. Science has invented tanks and other contrivances by which retting may be done in a much shorter space of time, but many parts of Europe still hold to the old custom.

After retting, the stalk is broken, a process which is greatly facilitated by the retting. When the inside or finer fibre is separated from the outside one, the former is sent to be "scutched," which is really the combing of the fibre and the segregating of the good long ones from the small and least useful, which latter are used for tow. The flax is then ready to be spun.

In olden times, spinning was done on a contrivance called a spindle, which, however, was but the crude principle of

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Flax plant.

for he cries out, "Want of linen was the cause of all diseases known as leprosy."

The wearing of linen collars and cuffs is but the relic of an old custom, a custom followed in a way by Charlemagne and the Normans who wore nothing but linen next to the skin and used only that fabric for cloth which came in close contact with the body. As circumstances and customs changed the style, but not the material, the linen shirt of our forefathers gradually worked itself into universal use. The garment was finished at the wrists and neck with cuffs and collar, and at the throat was attached a lap, over which the vest buttoned. Are not our linen cuffs and collars a relic of this ancient custom?

Another point by which linen retains its supremacy is that it can be boiled in washing, and any cloth coming in close touch with the skin should be frequently washed in extremely hot water or boiled in order to remove any poisons which may have escaped from the body.

An attempt was made to deprive linen of one of its main callings by the introduction of the woolen handkerchief, but a prevalence of sore and irritated noses followed, and it soon took flight. Thus was linen's soothing and healthful qualities demonstrated; but many failed to realize that the mucous membrane of the nose is but the continuation of the outside skin, a little more sensitive on account of its function probably, but still of the same general composition.

II. Its Hygiene.

Life is productive of heat. The chemical changes going on in an average human body under normal conditions produce within 24 hours a sufficient amount of heat to raise sixty pints of water from the freezing to the boiling point.

Our body has to maintain an even temperature, which is about 98½ degrees F., hence it has to eliminate whatever heat it produces. A complete retention of the heat generated in the body would cause death within a few hours, while a partial interference with its elimination will cause considerable disturbance of health, the severity of which disturbance will be in accordance with the amount of heat retained.

Our body loses its heat by radiation, evaporation and conduction.

The average loss of heat by radiation amounts to more than 50 per cent of all the heat loss by radiation. Whenever the object surrounding our body, be it air or clothing, ceases to be cooler, as, for instance, in excessive summer heat, radiation will cease, and an increased evaporation will take its place, as shown by perspiration.

Evaporation is favored by dryness and impaired by humidity. While we can stand an amount of dry heat, exceeding that of our body by 50 degrees or more, for some length of time, we must inevitably perish if our body should be exposed to the same amount of moist heat.

It is well known to all of us that in a dry climate excessive heat is much less

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elt than in a moist one.

Transplant the summer heat of the iterior of California or Arizona to New 'ork, and the reports of death from ver-heating will be alarming.

Conduction is the third agent for the isposal of our heat. It is favored by velocity of the air current as well as y moisture. If you moisten a finger nd hold it up in the air, it will feel the old much more than a dry finger held n the same way. If you should now pen the door and window and thereby ause a rapid current of air, commonly alled a draught, the conduction of heat vill be greatly increased, and you will ven be able to tell in which direction he current travels. Hence we feel excessive cold the same as excessive heat nuch more in a moist than in a dry clinate.

The temperature of the surrounding ir, its degree of humidity, as well as ts velocity, are subject to frequent and onsiderable changes. While our body as at its command defensive weapons f its own to meet the extremes of climate and season, we resort principally o clothing as the most efficient means f protection. While it is the aim and urpose of our clothing to surround our ody with a climate less severe and less subject to variations than the one which nature has provided, our clothing should at the same time be so constructed and of such material as will not interfere with a uniform elimination of that amount of heat of which our body has to dispose.

The protective feature of clothing depends upon its air-holding capacity or porosity. A calm layer of air is the poorest conductor of heat, hence the air held within the meshes of a porous garment will prevent the rapid loss of heat, caused by plain and smooth fabrics.

A loosely knitted shawl will keep much warmer than a smooth one containing the same amount of wool.

It is for this reason that, although the fibre of wool and the fibre of flax show no difference so far as the property of conducting heat is concerned, a porous woolen garment will keep the body much warmer than one made of plain and smooth linen, but offers no better protection against the loss of heat by radiation than a porous linen garment of the same air-holding capacity.

The second provision for the elimination of heat is by evaporation. Under normal conditions our body loses through the skin from two to three pints of moisture in the form of evaporation during 24 hours. Since humidity does not favor evaporation, it is important that whatever vapor or water is excreted by the skin should not alone be taken up by such material as we may place next to our skin, but should also be given off or eliminated. Our skin, as well as the air and clothes surrounding it, should be dry.

The property of absorbing and eliminating moisture differs greatly in various fabrics used for underclothing. All authorities on matters of hygiene agree that the absorption as well as the elimination of moisture takes place proportionately quicker with linen than with wool, cotton or silk.

The defect of wool in the power of quickly absorbing and eliminating moisture is a serious one, and if properly understood would do away with its use for underclothing. A woolen undergarment, when first put on the dry body, will impart to the same a feeling of warmth and comfort, which will continue as long as the evaporation of the skin is not in excess of the ability of the wool to absorb and eliminate the moisture. However, if the consequences of impaired radiation of heat, as by physical exertion, evaporation should be increased, wool will no longer be able to absorb the moisture as fast as excreted from the skin, nor will it be able to part with all it may absorb, hence the skin and the air surrounding it, as well as the garment itself will be moist, and a further evaporation will be greatly interfered with. The feeling of oppression which the body experiences under such conditions, and which is due to the retention of heat, those who wear wool next to the skin are best qualified to describe.

As observed before, moisture and velocity of air augment the conduction of

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heat. If the wet body should under the above conditions be exposed to a draught a rapid abstraction of heat would at once take place, which would chill the body, and which usually results in a cold. It is a matter of daily observation that all those who wear wool next to the skin are very prone to contract colds.

A porous linen, having the advantage over all other fabrics of absorbing moisture and eliminating it quickly, will provide for a dry climate around our body, hence will enable us to stand extremes of heat and extremes of cold with comparative comfort. Having further the property of cleanliness and being non-irritating to the skin, it would seem peculiar that its advantage for the purpose of underclothing should not have been recognized until recently.

However, it is a fact that it is the oldest material for skin wear in existence. Wherever we may search in the records of time gone by, we find evidences of the use of linen underwear. In Greece, in Egypt, in India, the art of weaving fine, as well as porous, linen, was well known.

If linen has for a few decades given way to woolen and cotton underwear, it has been due to the difficulty of manufacturing of flax a uniformly porous fabric. While, from the elastic wool and cotton, hosiery textures could be woven, manufacturers of linen confine themselves to the looms of warp and weft, producing only a plain and smooth fabric of little porosity and entirely wanting in elasticity. It is but recently that this defect has been overcome. A method has been found by which the flax fibre can be woven into a highly satisfactory fabric of uniform porosity and pliability, complying with every hygienic requirement.

THE FOUNDER OF LINEN MESH.

SOME twelve years ago a Denver physician came to Southern California in quest of health. Supervening an attack of surgical blood poisoning, Bright's disease, that insidious destroyer of so many promising lives, had taken hold of him. Finding no relief after two months' sojourn in the city of Santa Barbara, he repaired to a little mountain resort situated in a sheltered nook in one of the picturesque canyons of the Santa Inez Range, known as the Montecito Hot Springs, hoping that the healing mineral waters coming direct from nature's laboratory, might be helpful to him.

Being the only guest at this hidden-away place, what wonder that the balmy air, so free from the chilling fogs of the valley, tempted him to bask in the sunshine for hours after his bath in the pool, filled to overflowing with the velvety sulphur water springing out of the crevices of huge mountain boulders!

Experiencing in this way a delightful sense of freedom and contentment he came to spend many an hour on the brink of the springs with no covering other than a towel about him.

Whether fact or fancy it seemed to him that resuming the garb of civilization was usually followed by a feeling of distress and nervous irritability so well known to him as the concomitants attending his illness, and caused by the failure of the excretory organs to effectually rid the system of the poisonous products of waste. Bent on solving the question, which the inexorable sphinx had propounded to him so early in life in the guise of disease, to be answered correctly under pain of death, he spent many a lonesome hour endeavoring to solve the riddle, why the signs of recovery, manifesting themselves so plainly when clad in the garb of nature, should vanish on donning the garments which science had proclaimed were for the purpose of protecting his body against the dangers of exposure. Could science be in error? Might his garments be interfering with the activity of the

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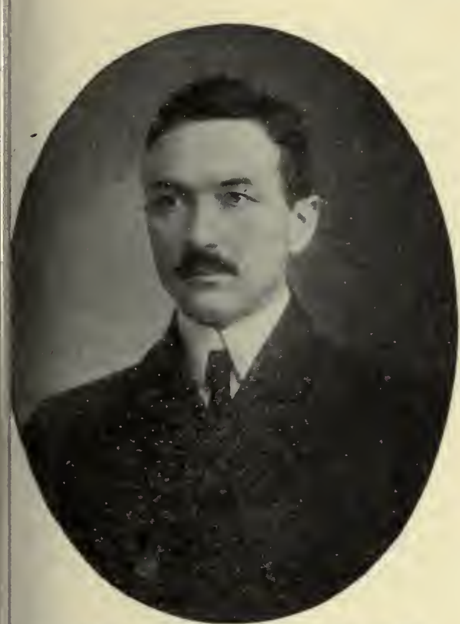

Dr. Deimel, discoverer of linen mesh.

kin, so vital to him in his efforts to egain his health? And if so, would ot the Springs, effectual as they might e in arousing his skin to increased acivity, be but of momentary help to him?

One day while experimenting with the arment which he wore next to the skin, nd which was of woolen texture, he bserved that tiny drops of dew would ollect upon its surface when exposed to he vapor arising from the springs. Unble to pass through or even into the ool, the vapor had evidently condensed nto drops, gathering upon the filaments f the garment. Subjecting a linen towel o the same test, it was observed that he vapor found no hindrance in its onard passage into the outer air.

This little experiment recalled to him he days of his boyhood when following he custom of the time he wore linen hirts of coarse homespun texture next o his body, even in winter, when wading hrough the snow up to his waist and hen suffering and sickness were straners to him. "A kingdom for the happy ays of youth and health."

Not long after he found himself clad n undergarments made of coarse linen, nd in spite of the grave prognosis of is medical brethren, who had examined him during his illness, he regained his health completely and resumed the practice of his profession, locating in Santa Barbara.

This is, in short, the first inception of a business enterprise which to-day extends its branches and ramifications around the globe, which affords employment to a thousand men and women and which gives comfort and health to millions.

In the practice of his profession, Dr. Deimel had a fruitful opportunity of testing the scope of his personal experience in the matter of proper garments for the skin. At first he did so tentatively, not being sure whether his own case would permit of general application, yet such was the unfailing result for good on the part of all who exchanged their flannels for linen undergarments, that he could not escape the conviction that the modern method of wearing woolens next to the skin was answerable for a host of ailments, lowering vitality and in many instances shortening life, while linen, the garb of our forefathers, would restore even the most weakened skin to a condition of robust activity and impart vigor to the whole system.

Once, at the bedside of a patient suffering from acute rheumatism, attended by high fever, his little experiment at the Hot Springs was vividly recalled to his mind. In examining the patient he found the inner surface of the flannel shirt covered with tiny drops of perspiration like dew on Gideon's fleece. Had not his experiment repeated itself in this instance? Had not the vapory exhalations of the pores meeting the obstructing influence of the woolen garment condensed into drops to be brought back into contact with the patient's feverheated skin? What could nature's efforts avail, even aided by medical science, if the impurities thrown upon the skin would meet with such obstruction in their outward passage?

Linen garments, changed afresh morning and evening brought recovery in the course of a few weeks from an attack, which, according to previous experience should have lasted as many months.

In pursuing his studies the Doctor was

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often surprised at the many references recorded throughout the literature of ancient and less remote times in favor of linen for underwear. Among the most striking quotations a passage from Shakespeare is worthy of record:

"I go woolward for penance."

"True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen."—Love's Labor Lost, Act V., Scene II.

Could the discomfort of wool next to the body and the sanitary features of linen be stated more tersely?

With the spreading of the linen underwear gospel a difficulty presented itself in obtaining a supply of suitable linen undergarments. The linen cloth purchased by the yard and made into garments was woven too close and fine without any regard to porosity, and would often impart a sensation of chilliness. In order to obtain a material which in every way would meet the requirements of a severe and changeable climate, Dr. Deimel undertook, in the summer of 1894, a journey to Europe in order to study the technical points involved in the manufacture of linen, bringing home with him a fabric which since then has been so ably exploited by the Deimel Linen-Mesh Company, and which has become famous the world over for the healthfulness and comfort which it imparts to the wearers.

The success of this enterprise, which dates its origin back to a little mountain health resort in Southern California, may be guaged by the fact that a thousand of the best houses throughout the world sell the Dr. Deimel Underwear to an appreciative public, and that the branches of the company conducted under the direct supervision of Dr. Demiel include spinning and weaving mills in Duren, Germany, factories, wholesale and retail stores in London, New York, Brooklyn, Montreal, Washington, D. C., and last, but not least, San Francisco.

CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED BY GRACE LUCE IRWIN

Crisp Realism Straight from the Pen.

Always a question is how much of art should be affectation, how obligated the artist is to arrive at a tasteful artificiality. I must confess to a feeling often that the emotions of the characters in Mr. Davis' work are sometimes a pose; that they slash with their swords, and have "breaks" in their voices more as do figures on the stage than in real life, yet no one can gainsay his art. On the contrary, a first book by a young author I have here, "The Last Word," by Miss Alice MacGowan, is singularly free from the trappings of art. It is not an artistic novel, but the characters live for you. They think, act, love, work with the color of life. It is the story of a brilliant Texas-born young woman, who goes to New York, as she says, "not to enter journalism, but to succeed in journalism," which comes true for her.

"And now that you've got the town," the editor says to her, "how does it please you?" "It likes me well and always," I replied. "Even when I come up through the swarming East-Side I do not despair. I am only moved to deep pity by the squalor and discomfort in which the people live, by the sight of wretched, slovenly women, and most of all the herd of little, dirty, unchildish children. I then and there lay it upon myself to remember these my poor subjects, and more, if need be, to absent myself from felicity for awhile that I may devise means to mend their cruel conditions."

"Yes," mused the editor, "our president

is the only person in the shop really fit to talk to you. He's a Southern man, like yourself. He's got exactly your own Alexander looking for more worlds to conquer attitude of mind." "Thank you," I hurried on, "now you know when I walk up Broadway after a matinee, studying the meeting and passing streams of beauty, fashion and elegance, I am only delighted—nothing is further from my thoughts than a feeling of envious isolation. 'Here you are, my dear people,' say I, 'the flower of my kingdom; high-bred, daintily-clad, happy and prosperous. Where else will you find such fresh cheeks, glowing eyes, grace of bearing, and such beautiful and luxurious attire? After all, it is a happy people, and I, a favored sovereign!'"

The girl in the book, like the book itself, is crude, inexperienced, and at times flippant, but she is bright, imaginative and entertaining. It is written in a somewhat shallow newspaper style. It is a journalistic story, with evident desire here and there to make a sensation. As a result of a Boston visit, the young Texan tells this story:

"One morning I stood waiting for my car, upon the accustomed corner, at the accustomed hour, when a good-looking, well-dressed person came up and waited near me, holding a paper in his well-kept hand. He was a handsome man—a really superior looking man; and when, as I thought he regarded me approvingly, I was idly pleased thereat, and smoothed my feathers consciously. Meantime another woman stopped and then another—both of whom were young and pretty. A car approached—the man gave us one comprehensive glance, walked almost half a block toward it, caught it before it stopped, got in, secured the only vacant seat, unfurled his paper and read serenely, leaving us suspended to the straps before him, like so many fowls dangling in a poulterer's window."

From which lack of chivalry here shown, the spoiled young beauty who tells the story opines that it is a bitter thing to be a woman in Boston.

The love story in Miss MacGowan's book is a happy combination of realism and romance, sentimentality and common sense. The humor is wholesome and merry—in fact, most of the material is humorous—and the moral nowhere in sight. Altogether we see no reason why "The Last Word" should not make for itself a success in the reading world, as it is certainly original and diverting, while the character drawing is good. Miss MacGowan has a short story entitled "A Successful Round-Up" in this number of the Overland Monthly.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The Military Mr. Davis.

"Captain Macklin," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, is quite evidently the story of a man in love with war written by a man who is in love with the idea of war. It is the diary or autobiography of a soldier of fortune compounded of much of the spirit of "knights of old" with the most realistic modernity. And is the second long tale attempted by Mr. Davis, the first being his "Soldiers of Fortune."

Royal Macklin, the hero, is a young man of distinguished military ancestry, who is admitted to West Point, where he betrays more heart for drill and accoutrement than for study, and a propensity for flirtation, which leads in time to his breaking an important rule of the academy. Result—he is dismissed from the institution in his junior year. However, he sails away for Honduras, where he becomes an aide to Laguerre in his revolution against Alvarez, and where all his picturesque and striking adventures swing naturally into view. At the close of this South American war, he returns to the United States, and even though in love with a charming girl, leaves her and his country to join the French army at Tonquin, in which a commission is offered him by Laguerre. At the voice of war again he leaves home, love and country, and so the book ends. There are two girls in it, both beautiful and gracious young Americans, but the part they play is small. The earliest pages of the book, telling of the boy's youth, with his noble and simple-hearted old grandfather—a famous General—are most charming of all. The entire tale is told in a simple narrative style of great purity, delicacy and vigor. But

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we can scarcely forgive Mr. Davis for seeming to leave his tale half untold, for depriving us of what could so easily have been developed into a romance of depth and sweetness, unless he promises to write the sequel—to tell us the rest of Captain Macklin's spirited adventures, riding in the train of his mistress, war.

"I was no longer to be deceived," says Captain Macklin at the end. "The one and only thing I really loved, the one thing I understood and craved, was the free, homeless, untrammeled life of the soldier of fortune. I wanted to see the shells splash up the earth again, I wanted to throw my leg across a saddle, I wanted to sleep on a blanket by a campfire, I wanted the kiss and caress of danger, the joy which comes when the sword wins honor and victory together, and I wanted the clear, clean view of right and wrong that is given only to those who hourly walk with death."

Another interesting passage is that which tells the young cadet's attitude toward girls at West Point before he has tasted the realities of war.

"Flirtation," he says, "as I understood it, was a sort of game in which I honestly believed the whole world of men and women, of every class and age, were eagerly engaged. Indeed, I would have thought it rather ungallant and conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman had I not at once pretended to hold an ardent interest in every girl I met. This seems strange now, but from the age of fourteen up to the age of twenty, that was my way of regarding the girls I met, and even to-day I fear my attitude toward them has altered but slightly, for now, although I no longer pretend to care when I do not, I find it is the easiest attitude to assume toward most women. It is the simplest to slip into, just as I have certainly found it the one from which it is most difficult to escape."

Here is an original opinion delivered by the young warrior anent an old scandal:

"If a man is going to make a fool of himself, I personally would rather see him do it on account of a woman than for any other cause. For centuries Antony has been held up to the scorn of the world because he deserted his troops and his fleet and sacrificed the Roman Empire for the sake of Cleopatra. Of course that is the one thing a man cannot do, desert his men and betray his flag; but if he is going to make a bad break in life, I rather like his doing it for the love of a woman. And, after all, it is rather fine to have for once felt something in you so great that you placed it higher than the Roman Empire."

"Captain Macklin" is one of the best things Mr. Davis has done.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.50.

A Craigie Book With a Craigie Title.

Mrs. Craigie, under the uncompromising cognomen of John Oliver Hobbes, writes novels of strangely complicated title, about women decent people could not know. "Love and the Soul Hunters," she calls her latest, a vaguely beautiful title, which would fit dozens of novels or poems. The heroine essayed in all propriety is the beautiful English "young person"—Clementine Gloucester—but she shares the star part with the unmeetable Mme. de Montgenays, who, unknown to her, is her own mother. This woman, called "La Belle Valentine," is an American of the vulgar type who married an Englishman, became the mistress of a fabulously rich American, Cobden Duryee, a friend of her childhood, and when the book ends is about to be made the mother-in-law of a Prince. Between whiles she has won a continental notoriety as a professional dancer and as a professionally good-natured beauty. Here is one of the descriptions of her:

"She had altered entirely; the nut-brown hair was now of ebony blackness, her fresh complexion was now artificially white—a very smooth waxen white. She had shining gray eyes and vivid red lips, the upper of which had an elaborate Cupid's bow well defined by a brush. She did not appear to be more

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than thirty-five and her slim, supple figure was still that of an unmarried girl. No corset interfered with her admirable grace of movement; she wore a white lace gown, one row of superb black pearls round her throat, pearls in her ears, and a bunch of heliotrope in her belt."

Her character is of course mainly remarkable for its absence, but she has tact and a variety of vivacious moods. Clementine Gloucester, on the contrary, is all character. Only one personage in the book is stronger than she—Felshammer, the German, who loves her madly and is also secretary to the Prince, whom he tries to kill in a fit of jealousy. Here we have Clementine on her first authentic appearance:

"The person in the balcony was a girl of about two and twenty, with a clear, rosy skin, dark blue eyes, and coal black hair dressed in a foreign way with tortoise shell combs. She had a short upper lip, which just escaped silliness by a blemish in the shape of a small mole. Although she was English, her countenance had a Florentine mold; the nose was a little short, the brow a little broad, the chin slightly square. When she glanced up in response to the Prince's bow he thought her smile charming and her manner perfect."

Is that not a daintily, purely painted little portrait? She reads Peer Gynt, but is too sensible to have opinions, is ruled by common sense and her strong will in spite of her strong emotions. The situation of the mother and daughter is an old one in literature, here having the rather original point—that the mother owns to having no particular maternal instinct. She does not desire her daughter, though she desires her daughter's happiness in a good natured way. Felshammer and the Prince become interested in financial deals, through Cobden Duryee, and through a set of immensely wealthy financiers in London. These men have wives who are not in society, but rule wealthy sets of their own. One —Rachel Bickerstaff—is excellently conceived and drawn. "Here," she says of herself, "while I keep alone, the world looks large, and I can believe that people understand human nature. The first hour I spend in society and the first words I hear at a dinner or during some call show me that we are cramped, bigoted and false in nearly all our relations with others. To be rescued from narrowness, and forever, is all I ask of the future life—if there be such a thing." Is that not rather fine? So much for a few of Mrs. Craigie's women. Her men are equally well pictured, though Felshammer out-giants them all. The book is absorbingly interesting. But then I find her books admirable. I am extravagantly enamored of the dramatic force she puts into them, the keen psychological analysis of character, the knowledge of the world. Her worldliness is frank, intense, with idealism now and then cropping out in spite of itself. She makes no display of it.

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

Fish: How to Catch Them.

"Salmon and Trout," by Dean Sage and others, edited by Caspar Whitney, is a book no sport lover should be without. The authors are Dean Sage, C. H. Townsend, H. M. Smith and William C. Harris, while the illustrators include A. B. Frost, Tappan Adney, and Martin Justice. To add that it is published by the Macmillan Company sufficiently proves its worth. Among the subjects treated in three series of long, interesting articles are: "The Atlantic Salmon," by Dean Sage; "The Pacific Salmon," by C. H. Townsend and H. M. Smith, while the other half of the book is by William C. Harris, on "The Trouts of America." A well tabulated index is an accommodating feature for searchers after information.

A Spectator Sees San Francisco's Chinatown and Boston's Hotels

It is a wise man who knows his own country. That it is better for an American to spend his money and leisure in American sight-seeing is a truism that has been dinned into our ears so long that we have almost forgotten that it is true. "Seen by the Spectator" is published by the Outlook Company, being a compilation of the Spectator's observations, which originally appeared in the Out-

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look. The Spectator has gone through many American cities, resorts and sections, and in an almost Addisonian manner has drawn his conclusions. His remarks are quaintly refined, interesting and instructive; moreover, they refresh us with the knowledge that there is plenty to be seen at home, after all. What will interest us of California the most is his description of San Francisco's Chinatown.

"It has always seemed to the Spectator that all Chinamen were turned out of the same mould. Those he met in the street, in the cars, in the laundries, all looked alike. Recently he had occasion, however, to come into much closer contact with them, as they are in our Western Coast, and he discovered that their resemblance to one another was the result of the leveling tendency of distance; Chinamen, like babies, are distinguishable when you know them.

"In San Francisco there are men whose profession is to show visitors through Chinatown by lurid gaslight. Let it be said in justice and to their credit that they are entirely familiar with the district, acquainted with most of the Chinamen, sometimes master of a little patois, and thoroughly at home in the Chinese streets and swarming tenements. Naturally they could lead a stranger quickly and easily to the points of interest; direct to the joss house, for instance, where they keep on friendly terms with temple guardians by informing their parties that it is proper to purchase tapers at a joss house. They have on their list a small-foot woman. She can be seen in a stuffy room at the head of a narrow flight of stairs, and her foot, what there is of it, is well worth the climb. Her elder daughter's feet, although they do not show the same degree of painful care and diminutiveness, still fairly represent the Celestial ideal. * * * The 'high-toned' restaurant is visited, of course. The wealthy merchants of Chinatown use this as their club, their bank, and safety deposit vault. They have, back of the eating room, a heavy iron chest in which they store their valuables."

There is more of this, most of which we know already—but we do so love to have the light turned on us once in a while. In this gently discursive vein the Spectator takes a run through Boston, visits the Virginia springs, where Southern mint juleps cause as many ills as the waters can cure, and "does" the New York Bowery in political times. Here is a group of American essays that show a man his country.

Price $1.50.

"The Shakespeare Cyclopedia and New Glossary" is by John Phin, with introduction by the well-known authority on Shakespeare study, Edward Dowden, L.L. D., D. C. L., Litt. D., Professor of English in the Dublin University. The introduction is a splendid piece of work, and the book is worth reading for that alone, but the rest of it is also very valuable. It has been compiled not only for the profound scholar of Shakespeare, but is addressed to the ordinary reader who must understand the great works of the dramatist in order to fully enjoy them. The glossary explains the meaning of all words, as far as possible, and mooted questions in the text of the plays. It promises to be a very useful book to those reading Shakespeare, and is in the way of a complete Shakespeare dictionary which has been a long-felt want.

Price, $1.50. Published by the Industrial Publication Company, New York.

"A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology," is by George Campbell, published by Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas, and calls itself "The Keystone to the Arch of Science." The covers are ornamental azure in color.

"Master Frisky" is the name of a book by Clarence Hawkes, which is all about a wonderfully intelligent collie dog, and other animals who were his friends. The story is of course intended for children, and one of the new "Golden Hour" series of juvenile books gotten out by Thomas T. Crowell & Co., New York.

"The Herr Doctor," by Robert McDonald, is a pretty little comedy of a love story, the scene laid in Germany, and the heroine a lovely American heiress, fascinating as all heiresses are fascinating—in books.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., Publishers, New York.

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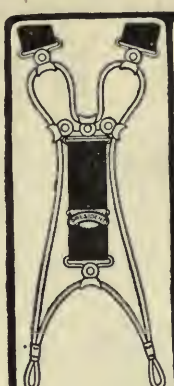

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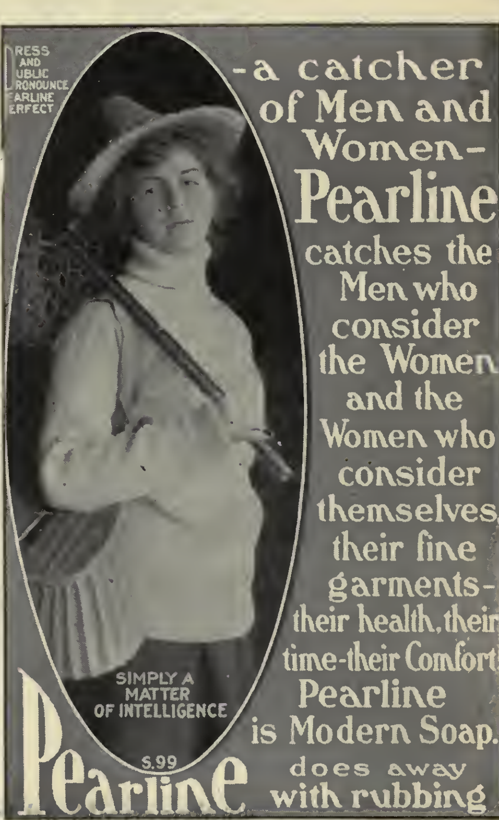

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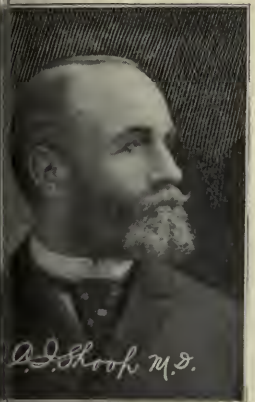

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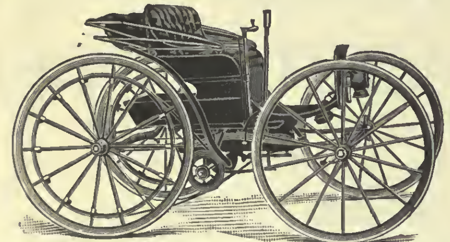

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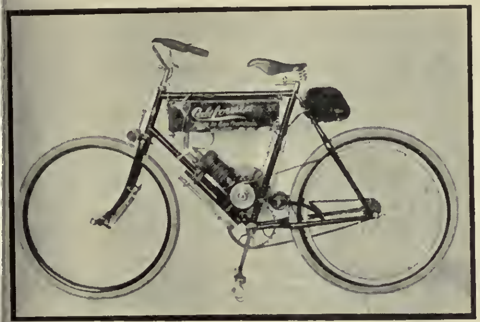

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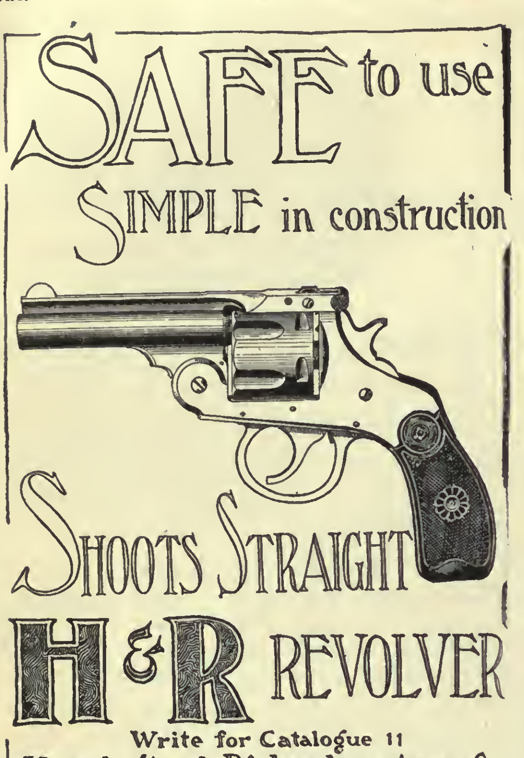

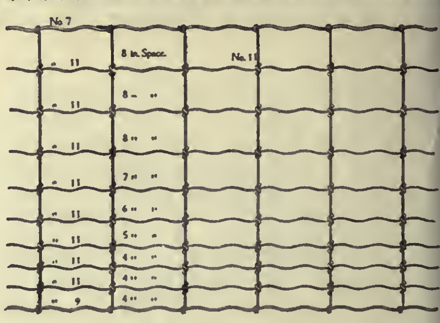

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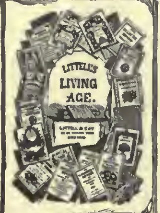

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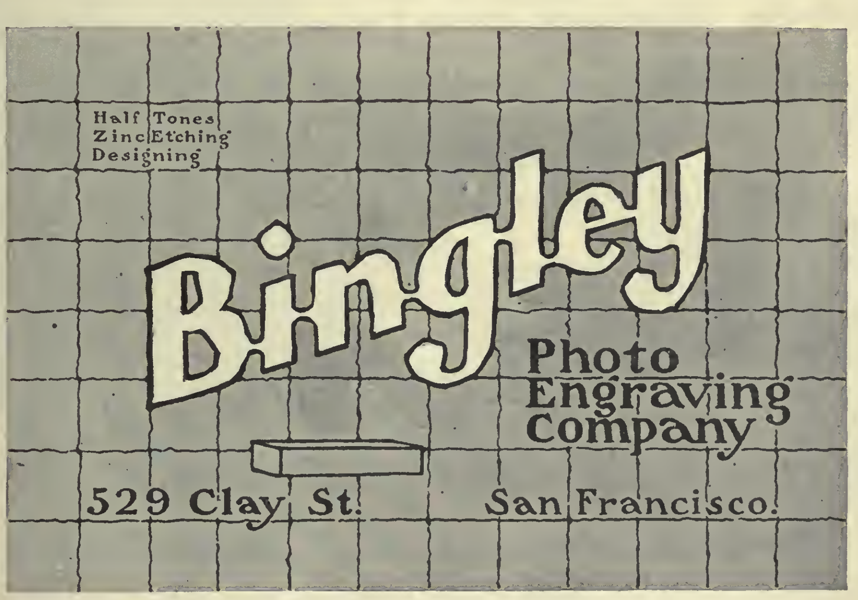

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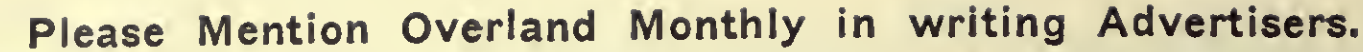

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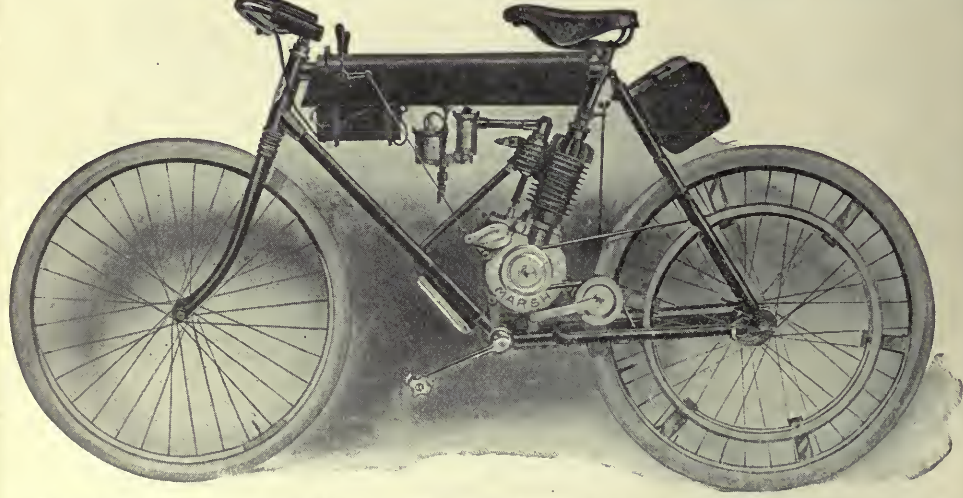

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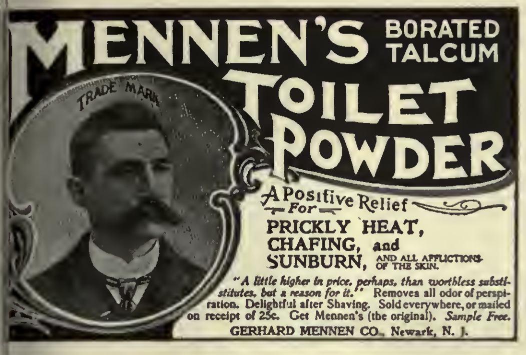

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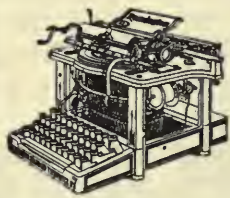

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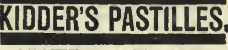

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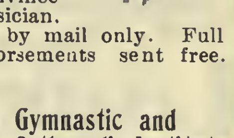

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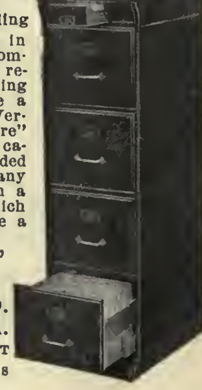

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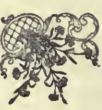

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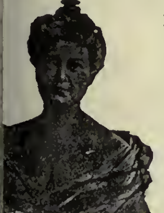

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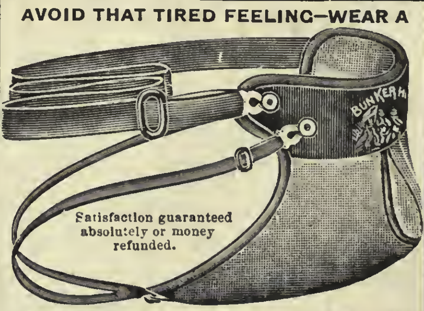

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Christmas Number

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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

DECEMBER, 1902

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(2) First Chapters of a New Story by the Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

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(3) A Most Enlightening Article on The United States Steel Corporation

Not by way of attack or defense, but just a fair, truthful account of how and why this great so-called Trust was organized, and how it carries on its business. Written by Henry Loomis Nelson, and one of an important series which THE CENTURY is printing on the different so-called Trusts.

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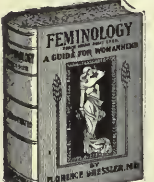

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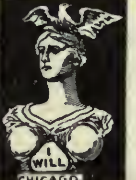

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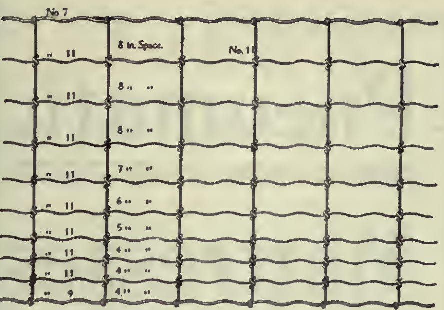

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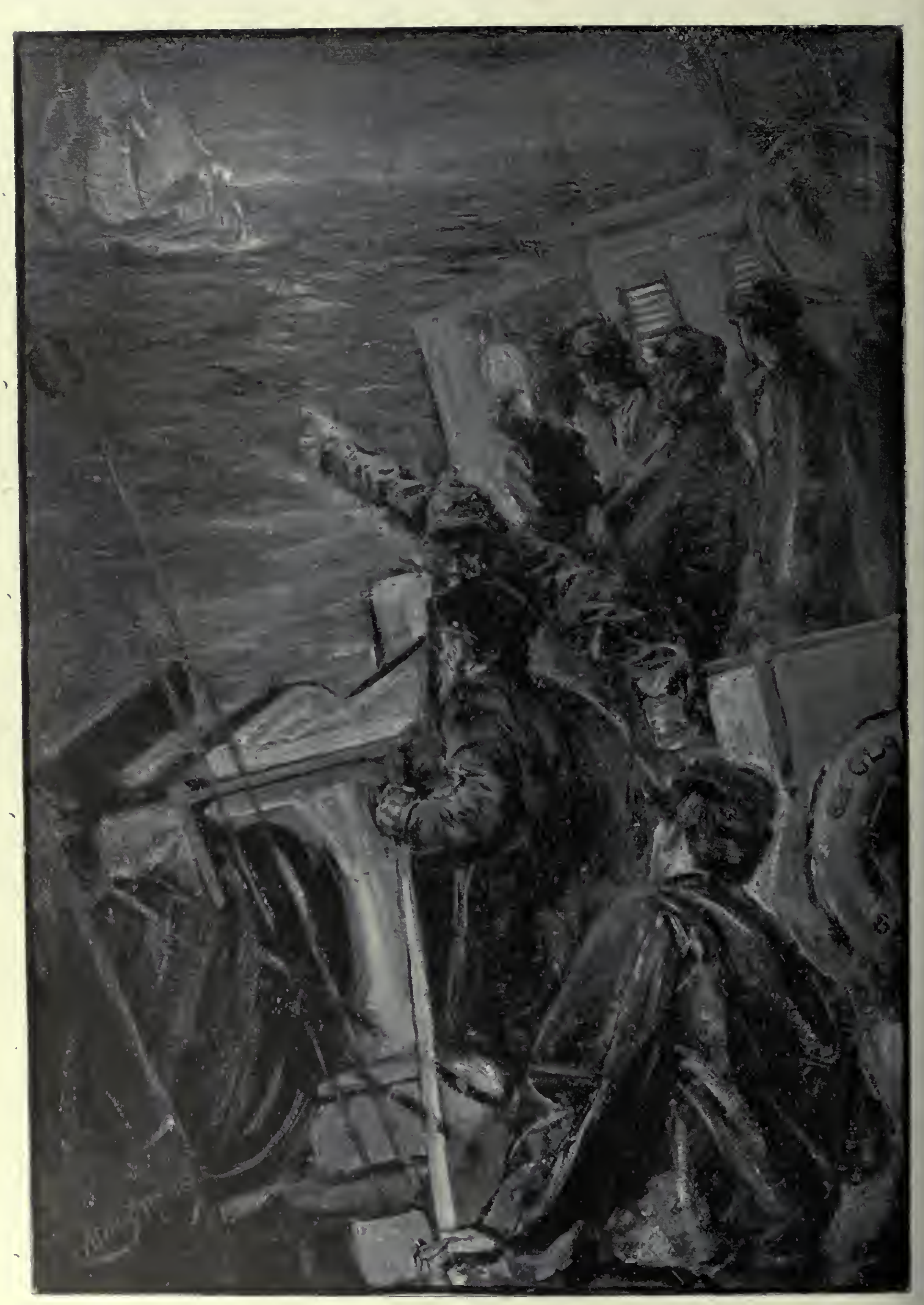

"God's mercy, what nyme do ye put to a ship like that?" ENGRAVED BY YOSEMITE PHOTO ENG. CO

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Overland Monthly

Vol. XL. December, 1902. No 6.

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VERY much of this story must remain untold, for the reason that if it were definitely known what business I had aboard the tramp steam-freighter Glarus, three hundred miles off the South American coast on a certain summer's day some few years ago, I would very likely be obliged to answer a great many personal and direct questions put by fussy and impertinent experts in maritime law—who are paid to be inquisitive. Also, I would get "Ally Bazan," Strokher and Hardenberg into trouble.

Suppose, on that certain summer's day, you had asked of Lloyd's agency where the Glarus was, and what was her destination and cargo. You would have been told that she was twenty days out from Callao, bound north to San Francisco in ballast; that she had been spoken by the bark Medea and the steamer Benevento; that she was reported to have blown out a cylinder head, but being manageable, was proceeding on her way under sail.

That is what Lloyd's would have answered.

If you know something of the ways of ships and what is expected of them, you will understand that the Glarus to be some half a dozen hundred miles south of where Lloyd's would have her, and to be still going south, under full steam, was a scandal that would have made her brothers and sisters ostracize her finally and forever.

And that is curious, too. Humans may indulge in vagaries innumerable, and may go far afield in the way of lying; but a ship may not so much as quibble without suspicion. The least lapse of "regularity," the least difficulty in squaring performance with intuition, and be-

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*Frank Norris died in San Francisco, October 25, 1902.

hold she is on the black list and her captain, owners, officers, agents and consignors, and even supercargoes are asked to explain.

And the Glarus was already on the blacklist. From the beginning her stars had been malign. As the Breda, she had first lost her reputation, seduced into a filibustering escapade down the South American coasts, where in the end a plain-clothes United States detective—that is to say a revenue cutter—arrested her off Buenos Ayres and brought her home, a prodigal daughter, besmirched and disgraced.

"For upwards of two hours it raged."

After that she was in some dreadful black-birding business in a far quarter of the South Pacific; and after that—her name changed finally to the Glarus—poached seals for a syndicate of Dutchmen who lived in Tacoma, and who afterwards built a club house out of what she earned.

And after that we got her.

We got her, I say, through Ryder's South Pacific Exploitation Company. The "President" had picked out a lovely, lively little deal for Hardenberg, Strakher and Ally Bazan (the three Black Crows), which he swore would make them "independent rich" the rest of their respective lives. It is a promising deal (B. 300 it is on Ryder's map), and if you want to know more about it you may write to ask Ryder what B. 300 is. If he chooses to tell you that is his affair.

For B. 300—let us confess it—is, as Hardenberg puts it, as crooked as a dog's hind leg. It is as risky as barratry. If you pull it off you may—after paying Ryder his share—divide sixty-five, or possibly sixty-seven, thousand dollars betwixt you and your associates. If you fail, and you are perilously like to fail, you will be sure to have a man or two of your companions shot, maybe yourself obliged to pistol certain people, and in the end fetch up at Tahiti, prisoner in a French patrol boat.

Observe that B. 300 is spoken of as still open. It is so, for the reason that the Three Black Crows did not pull it off. It still stands marked up in red ink on the map that hangs over Ryder's desk in the San Francisco office; and anyone can have a chance at it who will meet Cyrus Ryder's terms. Only he can't get the Glarus for the attempt.

For the trip to the island after B. 300 was the last occasion on which the Gla-

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rus will smell blue water or taste the trades. She will never clear again. She is lumber.

And yet the Glarus on this very blessed day of 1902 is riding to her buoys off Sausalito in San Francisco bay, complete in every detail (bar a broken propeller shaft), not a rope missing, not a screw loose, not a plank started—a perfectly equipped steam-freighter.

But you may go along the Front in San Francisco from Fisherman's Wharf to the China steamships' docks and shake your dollars under the seamen's noses, and if you so much as whisper Glarus they will edge suddenly off and look at you with scared suspicion, and then, as like as not, walk away without another word. No pilot will take the Glarus out; no captain will navigate her; no stoker will feed her fires; no sailor will walk her decks. The Glarus is suspect. She has seen a ghost.

* * * * * * *

It happened on our voyage to the Island after this same B. 300. We had stood well off from shore for day after day, and Hardenberg had shaped our course so far from the track of navigation that since the Benevento had hulled down and vanished over the horizon, no stitch of canvas nor smudge of smoke had we seen. We had passed the Equator long since, and would fetch a long circuit to the southard, and bear up against the Island by a circuitous route. This to avoid being spoken. It was tremendously essential that the Glarus should not be spoken. I suppose, no doubt, that it was the knowledge of our isolation that impressed me with the dreadful remoteness of our position. Certainly the sea in itself looks no different at a thousand than at a hundred miles from shore. But as day after day I came out on deck, at noon, after ascertaining our position on the chart (a mere pin point in a reach of empty paper), the sight of the ocean weighed down upon me with an infinitely great awesomeness —and I was no new hand to the high seas even then.

But at such times the Glarus seemed to me to be threading a loneliness beyond all words and beyond all conception desolate. Even in more populous waters, when no sail notches the line of the horizon, the propinquity of one's kind is nevertheless a thing understood, and to an unappreciated degree, comforting. Here, however, I knew we were out, far out in the desert. Never a keel for years upon years before us had parted these waters, never a sail had bellied to these winds. Perfunctorily, day in and day out we turned our eyes through long habit towards the horizon. But we knew, before the look, that the searching would be bootless. Forever and forever, under the pitiless sun and cold blue sky stretched the indigo of the ocean floor. The ether between the planets can be no less empty, no less void. I never, till that moment, could have so much as conceived the imagination of such loneliness, such utter stagnant abomination of desolation. In an open boat, bereft of comrades, I should have gone mad in thirty minutes.

I remember to have approximated the impression of such empty immensity only once before, in my younger days, when I lay on my back on a treeless, bushless mountain side, and stared up into the sky for the better part of an hour. You probably know the trick. If you do not, you must understand that if you look up at the blue long enough, steadily enough, the flatness of the thing begins little by little to expand, to give here and there; and the eye travels on and on and up and up, till at length (well for you that it lasts but the fraction of a second), you all at once see space. You generally stop there and cry out, and—your hands over your eyes—are only too glad to grovel close to the good old solid earth again. Just as I, so often on short voyage, was glad to wrench my eyes away from that horrid vacancy, to fasten them upon our sailless masts and stack, or to lay my grip upon the sooty smudged taffrail of the only thing that stood between me and the Outer Dark.

For we had come at last to that region of the Great Seas, where no ship goes, the silent sea of Coleridge and the Ancient One, the unplumbed, untracked, un-

charted Dreadfulness, primordial, hushed, and we were as much alone as a grain of star dust whirling in the empty space beyond Uranus and the ken of the greater telescopes.

So the Glarus plodded and churned her way onward. Every day and all day the same pale blue sky and unwinking sun bent over that moving speck. Every day and all day the same black-blue water-world, untouched by any known wind, smooth as a slab of syenite, colorful as an opal, stretched out and around and beyond and before and behind us, forever, illimitable, empty. Every day the smoke of our fires veiled the streaked whiteness of our wake. Every day Hardenberg (our skipper) at noon pricked a pin-hole in the chart that hung in the wheel house, and that showed we were so much father into the wilderness. Every day the world of men, of civilization, of newspapers, policemen, and street railways, receded, and we steamed on alone, lost and forgotten in that silent sea.

"Jolly lot o' room to turn raound in," observed Ally Bazan, the colonial, "withaout steppin' on y'r neigbor's toes."

"We're clean, clean out o' the track o' navigation," Hardenberg told him. "An' a blessed good thing for us, too. Nobody ever comes down into these waters. Ye couldn't pick no course here. Everything leads to nowhere."

"Might as well be in a bally balloon," said Strokher.

I shall not tell of the nature of the venture on which the Glarus was bound, further than to say it was not legitimate. It had to do with an ill thing done over two centuries ago. There was money in the venture, but it was to be gained by a violation of metes and bounds which are better left intact.

The island toward which we were heading is associated in the minds of men with a Horror. A Ship had called there once, two hundred years in advance of the Glarus—a ship not much unlike the crank high-prowed caravel of Hudson, and her company had landed, and having accomplished the evil they had set out to do, made shift to sail away. And then, just after the palms of the island had sunk from sight below the water's edge, the unspeakable had happened. The Death that was not Death had arisen from out the sea and stood before the Ship; and over it and the blight of the thing lay along the decks like mould, and the ship sweated in the terror of that which is yet without a name. Twenty men died in the first week, all but six in the second. These six, with the shadow of insanity upon them, made out to launch a boat, returned to the island and died there, after leaving a record of what had happened.

The six left the ship exactly as she was, sails all set, lanterns all lit, left her in the shadow of the Death that was not Death. The wind made at the time, they said, and as they bent to their bars, she sailed after them, for all the world like a thing refusing to abandon them or be herself abandoned, till the wind died down. Then they left her behind, and she stood there, becalmed, and watched them go. She was never heard of again.

Or was she—well, that's as may be.

But the main point of the whole affair to my notion, has always been this. The ship was the last friend of those six poor wretches who made back for the island with their poor chests of plunder. She was their guardian, as it were, would have defended and befriended them to the last; and also we, the Three Black Crows and myself, had no right under heaven, nor before the law of men, to come prying and peeping into this business—into this affair of the dead and buried past. There was sacrilege in it. We were no better than body snatchers.

* * * * * * *

When I heard the others complaining of the loneliness of our surroundings, I said nothing at first. I was no sailor man and I was on board only by tolerance. But I looked again at the maddening sameness of the horizon—the same vacant, void horizon that we had seen now for sixteen days on end, and felt in my wits and in my nerves that same formless rebellion and protest such as comes when the same note is reiter-

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ated over and over again.

It may seem a little thing that the mere fact of meeting with no other ship should have ground down the edge of the spirit. But let the incredulous—bound upon such a hazard as ours—sail straight into nothingness for sixteen days on end, seeing nothing but the sun, hearing nothing but the thresh of his own screw, and then put the question.

And yet, of all things, we desired no company. Stealth was our one great aim. But I think there were moments—toward the last—when the Three Crows would have welcomed even a cruiser.

Besides, there was more cause for depression, after all, than mere isolation.

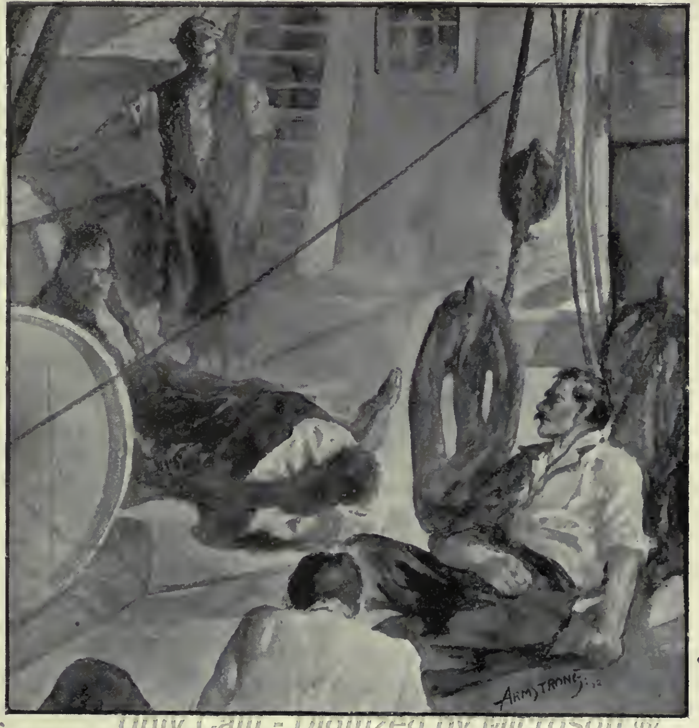
On the seventh day, Hardenberg and I were forward by the cat-head, adjusting the grain with some half-formed intent of spearing the porpoises that of late had begun to appear under our bows, and Hardenberg had been computing the number of days we were yet to run.

"We are some five hundred odd miles off that island by now," he said, "and she's doing her thirteen knots handsome. All's well so far—but do you know, I'd just as soon raise that point o' land as soon as convenient."

"How so?" said I, bending on the line. "Expect some weather?"

"Mr. Dixon," said he, giving me a curious glance, "the sea is a queer proposition, put it any ways. I've been a seafarin' man since I was as big as a minute, and I know the sea, and what's more, the Feel o' the Sea. Now, look out yonder. Nothin', hey? Nothin' but the same ol' skyline we've watched all the way out. The glass is as steady as a steeple, and this ol' hooker, I reckon, is as sound as the day she went off the ways. But just the same, if I were to home now, a-foolin' about Gloucester way in my little dough-dish—d'ye know what? I'd put into port. I sure would. Because why? Because I got the Feel o' the Sea, Mr. Dixon. I got the Feel o' the Sea."

I had heard old skippers say something of this before, and I cited to Hardenberg the experience of a skipper captain I



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"Twenty men died in the first week."

once knew who had turned turtle in a calm sea off Trincomalee. I asked him what this Feel of the Sea was warning him against just now (for on the high sea any premonition is a premonition of evil, not of good.) But he was not explicit.

"I don't know," he answered moodily, and as if in great perplexity, coiling the rope as he spoke. "I don't know. There's some blame thing or other close to us, I'll bet a hat. I don't know the name of it, Mr. Dixon, and I don't know the game of it, but there's a big Bird in the air, just out of sight som-eres, and," he suddenly exclaimed, smacking his knee and leaning forward, "I—don't—like—it—one —dam'—bit."

The same thing came up in our talk in the cabin that night, after the dinner was taken off, and we settled down to tobacco. Only, at this time, Hardenberg was on duty on the bridge. It was Ally Bazan who spoke instead.

"Seems to me," he hazarded, "as haow they's somethin' or other a-goin' to bump up, pretty blyme soon. I shouldn't be surprized, naow, y'know, if we piled her up on some bally uncharted reef along o' to-night and went strite daown afore we'd had a bloomin' charnce to s'y 'So long, gen'lemen all.'"

He laughed as he spoke, but when, just at that moment, a pan clattered in the galley, he jumped suddenly with an oath, and looked hard about the cabin.

Then Strokher confessed to a sense of distress also. He'd been having it since day before yesterday, it seemed.

"And I put it to you the glass is lovely," he said, "so it's no blow. I guess," he continued, "we're all a bit seedy and ship sore."

And whether or not this talk worked upon my own nerves, or whether in very truth the Feel of the Sea had found me also, I do not know; but I do know that after dinner that night, just before going to bed, a queer sense of apprehension came upon me, and that when I had come to my stateroom, after my turn upon deck, I became furiously angry with nobody in particular, because I could not at once find the matches. But here was a difference. The other men had been merely vaguely uncomfortable.

I could put a name to my uneasiness. I felt that we were being watched.

* * * * * * *

It was a strange ship's company we made after that. I speak only of the Crows and myself. We carried a scant crew of stokers, and there was also a chief engineer. But we saw so little of him that he did not count. The Crows and I gloomed on the quarter-deck from dawn to dark, silent, irritable, working upon each other's nerves till the creak of a block would make a man jump like cold steel laid to his flesh. We quarreled over absolute nothings, glowered at each other for half a word, and each one of us, at different times, was at some pains to declare that never in the course of his career had he been associated with such a disagreeable trio of brutes. Yet we were always together, and sought each other's company with painful insistence.

Only once were we all agreed, and that was when the cook, a Chinaman, spoiled a certain batch of biscuits. Unanimously we fell foul of the creature with so much vociferation as fish wives till he fled the cabin in actual fear of mishandling, leaving us suddenly seized with noisy hilarity—for the first time in a week. Hardenberg proposed a round of drinks from our single remaining case of beer. We stood up and formed an Elk's chain and then drained our glasses to each other's health with profound seriousness.

That same evening, I remember, we all sat on the quarter-deck till late and —oddly enough—related each one his life's history up to date; and then went down to the cabin for a game of euchre before turning in.

We had left Strokher on the bridge— it was his watch—and had forgotten all about him in the interest of the game, when—I suppose it was about one in the morning—I heard him whistle long and shrill. I laid down my cards and said:

"Hark!"

In the silence that followed we heard at first only the muffled lope of our engines, the cadenced snorting of the exhaust, and the ticking of Hardenberg's

big watch in his waistcoat that he had hung by the arm hole to the back of his chair. Then from the bridge, above our deck, prolonged, intoned—a wailing cry in the night—came Strokher's voice: "Sail oh-h-h."

And the cards fell from our hands, and, like men turned to stone, we sat looking at each other across the soiled red cloth for what seemed an immeasurably long minute.

Then stumbling and swearing, in a hysteria of hurry, we gained the deck.

There was a moon, very low and reddish, but no wind. The sea beyond the taffrail was as smooth as lava, and so still that the swells from the cutwater of the Glarus did not break as they rolled away from the bows.

I remember that I stood staring and blinking at the empty ocean—where the moonlight lay like a painted stripe reaching to the horizon—stupid and frowning, till Hardenberg, who had gone on ahead, cried:

"Not here—on the bridge!"

We joined Strokher, and as I came up the others were asking:

"Where? Where?"

And there, before he had pointed, I saw—we all of us saw——. And I heard Hardenberg's teeth come together like a spring trap, while Ally Bazan ducked as though to a blow, muttering:

"Gord'a mercy, what nyme do ye put to a ship like that?"

And after that no one spoke for a long minute, and we stood there, moveless black shadows, huddled together for the sake of the blessed elbow touch that means so incalculably much, looking off over our port quarter.

For the ship that we saw there—oh, she was not a half mile distant—was unlike any ship known to present day construction.

She was short, and high-pooped, and her stern, which was turned a little towards us, we could see, was set with curious windows, not unlike a house And on either side of this stern were two great iron cressets such as once were used to burn signal fires in. She had three masts with mighty yards swung 'thwart ship, but bare of all sails save a few rotting streamers. Here and there about her a tangled mass of rigging drooped and sagged.

And there she lay, in the red eye of the setting moon, in that solitary ocean, shadowy, antique, forlorn, a thing the most abandoned, the most sinister I ever remember to have seen.

Then Strokher began to explain volubly and with many repetitions.

"A derelict, of course. I was asleep; yes I was asleep. Gross neglect of duty. I say I was asleep—on watch. And we worked up to her. When I woke, why—you see, when I woke, there she was," he gave a weak little laugh, "and—and now, why, there she is, you see. I turned around and saw her sudden like—when I woke up, that is."

He laughed again, and as he laughed, the engines far below our feet gave a sudden hiccough. Something crashed and struck the ship's sides till we lurched as we stood. There was a shriek of steam, a shout—and then silence.

The noise of the machinery ceased; the Glarus slid through the still water, moving only by her own decreasing momentum.

Hardenberg sang, "Stand by!" and called down the tube to the engine room.

"What's up?"

I was standing close enough to him to hear the answer in a small faint voice:

"Shaft gone, sir."

"Broke?"

"Yes, sir."

Hardenberg faced about.

"Come below. We must talk." I do not think any of us cast a glance at the Other Ship again. Certainly I kept my eyes away from her. But as we started down the companionway, I laid my hand on Strokher's shoulder. The rest were ahead. I looked him straight between the eyes as I asked:

"Were you asleep? Is that why you saw her so suddenly?"

It is now five years since I asked the question. I am still waiting for Strokher's answer.

Well, our shaft was broken. That was flat. We went down into the engine room and saw the jagged fracture that

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was the symbol of our broken hopes. And in the course of the next five minutes' conversation with the chief, we found that, as we had not provided against such a contingency, there was to be no mending of it. We said nothing about the mishap coinciding with the appearance of the Other Ship. But I know we did not consider the break with any degree of surprise after a few moments.

We came up from the engine room and sat down to the cabin table.

"Now what?" said Hardenberg, by way of beginning.

Nobody answered at first.

It was by now three in the morning. I recall it all perfectly. The ports opposite where I sat were open and I could see. The moon was all but full set. The dawn was coming up with a copper murkiness over the edge of the world. All the stars were yet out. The sea, for all the red moon and copper dawn, was gray, and there, less than half a mile away, still lay our consort. I could see her through the portholes with each slow careening of the Glarus.

"I vote for the island," cried Ally Bazan, "shaft or no shaft. We rigs a bit o' syle, y'know——" and thereat the discussion began.

For upwards of two hours it raged, with loud words and shaken forefingers, and great noisy bangings of the table, and how it would have ended I do not know, but at last—it was then maybe five in the morning—the lookout passed word down to the cabin:

"Will you come on deck, gentlemen?" It was the mate who spoke, and the man was shaken—I could see that—to the very vitals of him. We started and stared at one another, and I watched little Ally Bazan go slowly white to the lips. And even then no word of the Ship, except as it might be this from Hardenberg:

"What is it? Good God Almighty, I'm no coward, but this thing is getting one too many for me."

Then without further speech he went on deck.

The air was cool. The sun was not yet up. It was that strange, queer mid-period between dark and dawn, when the night is over and the day not yet come, just the gray that is neither light nor dark, the dim dead blink as of the refracted light from extinct worlds.

We stood at the rail. We did not speak, we stood watching. It was so still that the drip of steam from some loosened pipe far below was plainly audible, and it sounded in that lifeless, silent grayness, like—God knows what—a death tick.

"You see," said the mate, speaking just above a whisper, "there's no mistake about it. She is moving—this way."

"Oh, a current, of course," Strokher tried to say cheerfully, "sets her toward us."

Would the morning never come?

Ally Bazan—his parents were Catholic—began to mutter to himself.

Then Hardenberg spoke aloud.

"I particularly don't want—that—out—there—to cross our bows. I don't want it to come to that. We must get some sails on her."

"And I put it to you as man to man," said Strokher, "where might be your wind."

He was right. The Glarus floated in absolute calm. On all that slab of ocean nothing moved but the Dead Ship.

She came on slowly; her bows, the high clumsy bows pointed toward us, the water turning from her forefoot. She came on; she was near at hand. We saw her plainly—saw the rotted planks, the crumbling rigging, the rust corroded metal work, the broken rail, the gaping deck, and I could imagine that the clean water broke away from her sides in refluent wavelets as though in recoil from a thing unclean. She made no sound. No single thing stirred aboard the hulk of her—but she moved.

We were helpless. The Glarus could stir no boat in any direction; we were chained to the spot. Nobody had thought to put out our lights, and they still burned on through the dawn, strangely out of place in their red and green garishness, like masquers surprised by daylight.

And in the silence of that empty ocean, in that queer half light between dawn

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"These six left the ship exactly as she was."

and day, at six o'clock, silent as the settling of the dead to the bottomless bottom ot the ocean, gray as fog, lonely, blind, soulless, voiceless, the Dead Ship crossed our bows.

I do not know how long after this the Ship disappeared, or what was the time of day when we at last pulled ourselves together. But we came to some sort of decision at last. This was to go on—under sail. We were too close to the Island now to turn back for—for a broken shaft.

The afternoon was spent fitting on the sails to her, and when after nightfall the wind at length came up fresh and favorable, I believe we all felt heartened and a deal more hardy—until the last canvass went aloft, and Hardenberg took the wheel.

We had drifted a good deal since the morning, and the bows of the Glarus were pointed homeward, but as soon as the breeze blew strong enough to get steerage way, Hardenberg put the wheel over, and as the booms swung across the deck headed for the island again.

We had not gone on this course half an hour—no, not twenty minutes—before the wind shifted a whole quarter of the compass and took the Glarus square in the teeth, so that there was nothing for it but to tack. And then the strangest thing befell.

I will make allowance for the fact that there was no center board nor keel to speak of to the Glarus. I will admit that the sails upon a nine hundred ton freighter are not calculated to speed her, nor steady her. I will even admit

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The old and the new.

buildings upon every street. There are brick business blocks with nothing in them but spider webs. There are broken sidewalks, and broken gates and fences, and desolation in the air.

Beyond National City is Chula Vista, and in Chula Vista there is a lemon orchard of one thousand acres, all being covered with beautiful lemon trees. There are pretty villas set back from the road, many of them with palms lining the driveways. At Chula Vista an old Mexican woman got off the train. She carried a large bundle tied in a colored cloth. With her was a little girl with black, innocent eyes.

Beyond Chula Vista is Otay, and in Otay there is a turn in the railroad track, an abandoned factory and one store. Aside from these distracting things there is a charming view of the Otay Valley. The train pauses long enough at Otay to leave a few boxes and a limp mail bag, and then puffs on, the cars rattling and screeching. The goddess of growing things may be wooed in the lower part of California only through tremendous effort. The abandonment of kindly nature is almost complete in the country. But where there is water there are green leaves, but there must be also unsleeping energy. This thought comes continually through the dusty windows of the creeping train. Every lemon tree in Chula Vista, and every planted thing in the Otay is a triumph over the adverse elements of a once dead earth.

The people in the car going to Tia Juana to set foot on foreign soil are, for the greater part, quite commonplace. Tney are of the tourist type, suggesting luncheons in paper bags, and inquisitiveness beyond the size of everything. The women wear crinkled gowns, and the men uncomfortable looking ties. Their conversation is desultory, detached phrases, punctuated with exclamations. There are a lot of children. They have on clumpy clothes and eat sticky things. They clamber continually on and off the cane seats, and run to the end of the car, where they get a drink of water from a tin urn with "ice" printed on it in frosted letters. Occastionally one of them returns balancing a dripping cup—a drink for the fussing baby.

The train wobbles on. The people wonder how near they are to Mexico. Some one says they should be there by this time. Cinders and smoke swirl through the open windows from the engine. The car door opens, and a brakesman hurries down the isle, the door slamming behind him. In a moment the train comes to a shaking stop. It is Tia Juana on the American side. There are busses waiting to take the people to the Mexican town. The station is on a bank above the dry bed of the Tia Juana river. On the opposite side is the Mexican settlement, then a long,

Our friends of the border.

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desert-like plain, and in the distance a chain of magnificent purple mountains running from east to west to the edge of the sea.

The people climb into the busses and the horses start down the dusty, winding road into the river bed. At this end of the excursion is Reuben, the guide. Reuben has been written about by every one who ever writes anything about Tia Juana, and those who cannot put him on paper put him in their kodaks. Reuben is a remarkable personage, well informed of the things of Tia Juana, and well able to tell of tnem. He wears an immense sombrero, gorgeously decorated with bullion and colored cords. He speaks Spanish like a Mexican, only his color and his good humored volubility suggesting his Dixie origin.

The 'bus grinds over the pebbles and rocks in the river bed, and rolls through the dry sand. Then there is the climb up the bank, a few tiny houses are passed and the church with crosses at each end. In a few seconds the horses are drawn up before Tia Juana postoffice, and Mexico is more than accomplished.

Tia Juana was once in the dry river-bed, a typical Mexican border place. One day the river happened to come by, and on its way to the sea took the town with it. When Tia Juana was rebuilt, the site on the bluff was selected. The houses in the main street are nearly all of common boards, rough and uninteresting, and look like a row in a min-

The oldest inhabitant.

An Indian street.

ing camp. The old adobe customs house stands in ruin on the edge of the bluff. Near it are some eucalyptus trees. There are a few Indian jacals scattered about, around which continually appear Indian women and children. In the doorway are the aduana or customs house stands the customs officer, smoking a cigarette. At his feet kneels a benighted gringo discharging the contents of a valise. Aside from this and the word "correo" over the postoffice, there is little to suggest the dominion of President Diaz. There are places in Alta California all the way from San Diego to San Jose more characteristically Mexican. The great thing to do in Tia Juana is to write home postal cards, which, it may be mentioned, are made in Germany. This takes up most of the time. There are objects for sale in the curio stores at remarkably reasonable prices —pottery and tiny busts, cigars and handkerchiefs. Out in the street picturesque little Mexican boys sell silver coins and miniature imitation tamales. An odd sight is a child about four years old, with shining black eyes, riding a white goat. An hour is a short time to pass in Tia Juana. There is more in the tiny place than can be seen in several days. A lifetime might be passed in the desert back of the town, looking out over the stretch of rock and cacti, and the changing desert lights, to the purple mountains stretching down to the sea. The

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Old Mexican Customs House.

wild fascination of the desert creeps to the edge of Tia Juana.

At the restaurant may be eaten a Mexican dinner in Mexico. A girl with pretty hair and eyes and a modest way of doing things, waits upon the table. Through the windows are sights of the garden, a well-kept place with a vine-covered trellis running from one end to the other. There is also a school house in Tia Juana, into which a glimpse is more than interesting.

It is time to leave Mexico. Reuben calls to the crowd. People scramble into the busses. The horses start down the bluff, plunge through the sand in the river bed, climb the bank on the American side of the line, and stop before the station where the dusty train is waiting with the stolid little engine in the front.

The bell rings and the train starts on the return trip. The people are talking of Mexico and Tia Juana, and exchanging opinions. Some are untying packages of pottery, and others pinning on badges made of the Mexican colors and a miniature tamale. One dear old lady is much relieved in being back with Uncle Sam. The children kneel in front of the windows, still looking for Mexico.

The train returns through the Otay Valley, making a detour to the Sweetwater Dam, said to be the largest piece of masonry in the world. It is an immense affair, almost 100 feet high. There is not much water behind it, but when the water does come, it will hold several million gallons, which are not to be sneezed at in the dry south valleys. From the top of the dam there is a view of the Sweetwater Valley, and the San Pedro mountains. Near by is San Miguel peak, sometimes compared with Vesuvius.

The train puffs back through the valley. At Olivewood a stop is made for an afternoon luncheon. It is served in the shade of olive trees. On each table is a glass of violets. The luncheon is typically Californian. There are green and ripe olives, oranges in slices and in marmalade and in round yellow skins.

Olivewood is beside National City, and between National City and San Diego there is a distance of only four miles. In a few minutes the funny little train is in the home depot, and the excursion to Tia Juana and foreign soil is at an end.

In San Diego the day is done. The last red light of the sun is in the sea beyond Coronado. There is quiet in the air and in the still water in the bay. The day is dead, too, in Tia Juana. The curio stores are closed, the customs house and the postoffice. The girl in the restaurant has put away her last dish, and is perhaps singing under the trellised vine. The little boys are at home with their coins, and the child with his white goat. The night air is blowing in the eucalyptus trees near the ruined aduana. Out on the desert the cacti sleep, and the sand sings with the stars the song of creation.

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The Strange Story of the House Opposite

BY GORDON H. GRANT

CARMEL Lieuchamps was an Englishman in everything else but name. Descended from refugees from the Reign of Terror, he lived in a suburb of London with his mother and sister; and, when I first made his acquaintance, in the early seventies, was fostering a mediocre talent for the fine arts. A peculiar individual was this Anglicized Frenchman—full of strange moods, reticent and communicative by turns, but the best of fellows at all times.

He and I took to each other from our meeting in the life class at "Heatherley's," and the two years spent in one another's society there served to cement us together as bosom friends who understood each other's whims to a nicety.

At the end of this period we determined to further pursue our chosen craft in Paris. Neither of us was overburdened with this world's goods, and, after casting about for a few days and getting settled at the classes, we chanced upon a studio—old and not too clean—whose chief virtue lay in its close proximity to the scene of our studies, and its cheapness.

Our atelier was in the Rue Palarbre, at one time quite a fashionable street, but now left to decay and to acquire the doubtful respect due to age and mildew.

Looking from our back windows one was rewarded with a view of similar remnants of faded glory, with a very quaint and interesting little burying ground intervening, the latter long since disused, and, as far as one could see, without entry or exit save by the process of wall scaling.

The headstones and monuments leaned at all angles and were so moss-grown and weather-worn that I doubt that if even minutely inspected they could have had aught to say regarding the identity of the dead and gone gentry to whose memory they were reverently erected.

Immediately opposite was a house which commanded our interest more than any of the others, in as much from what our estimable concierge had told us of its being haunted and the sense of periodical ghostly revels in commemoration of certain deeds of blood which had been committed under its gables.

Such old wives' talk aside, it was undoubtedly a fine old mansion, much beshuttered and boarded, and from all outward appearance long left to the rats and the supernatural visitors of Monsieur le Concierge's fancy.

After the elaborate ceremonies connected with our initiation at the school, work went on for the first few months in a commonplace fashion, neither of us making very remarkable strides in the world of paint.

From time to time, and only by patient waiting for such scraps of information as he chose to give me, I had learned something of the family history of my good friend.

Before the Reign of Terror the family of de Lieuchamps was of high standing, enjoying large wealth and favor at Court.

The branch to whom my fellow student belonged had their seat in Brittany, and his grandfather, Charles Charleton de Lieuchamps, on the first outbreak, took his wife to London and there lived out the rest of his days. At first he drew some revenue from lands which he owned in the Netherlands, but these were gradually sold, and after the old man's death the family had to depend on their own efforts for existence.

The main stem of the family, to the best of Carmel's knowledge, had perished by pike, pistolet and guillotine, and the vast estates confiscated.

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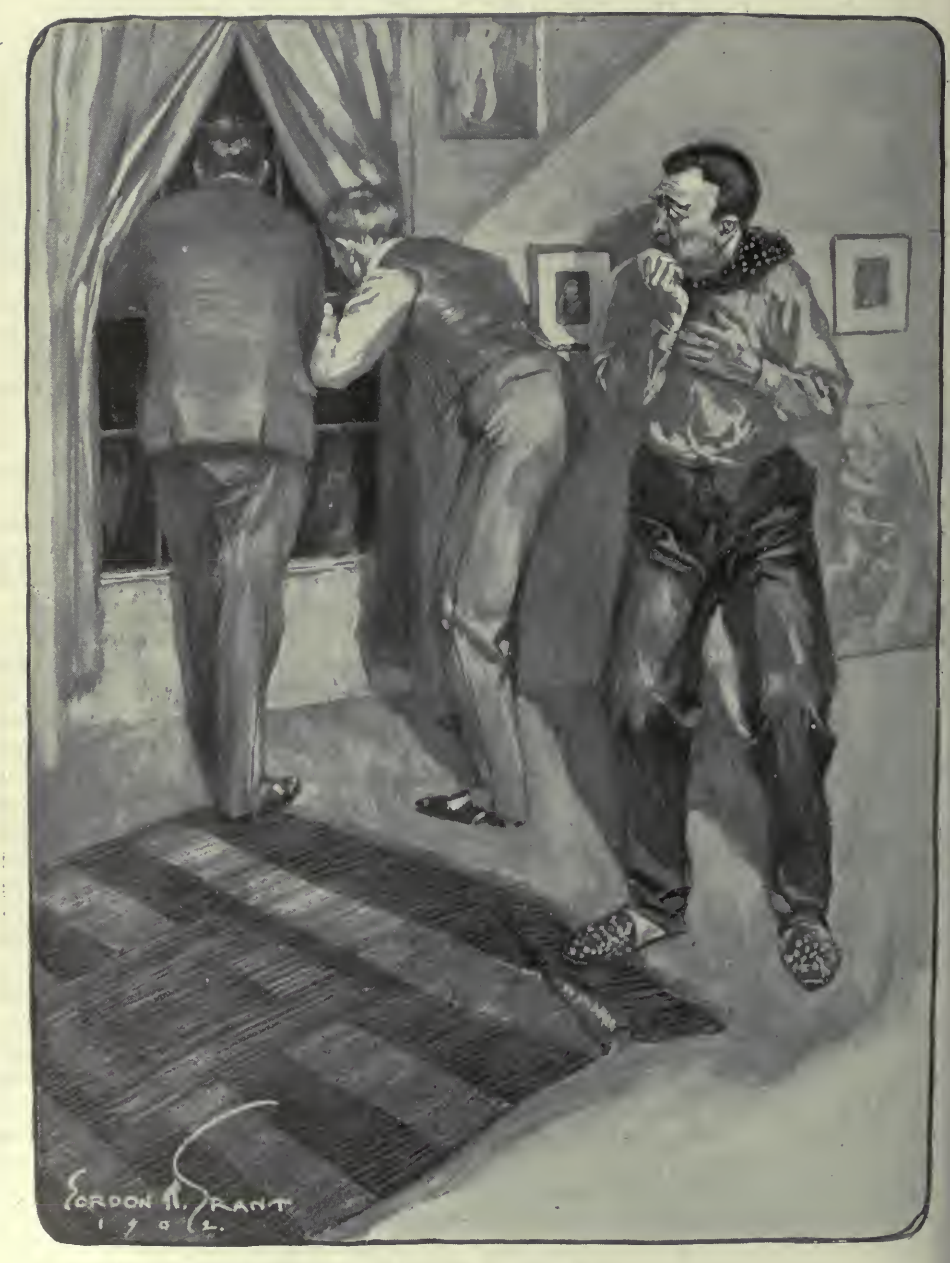

"'Oh, Monsieur Lieuchamps—the house opposite!"

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One night, late in December of our first year in the quarters I have described, we were startled by a heavy rapping on our door, followed by requests to open.

In spite of the terror which was manifest in its tones, we recognized the voice, Pierre's, the concierge. "Open, messieurs; it is I—Pierre—no one else, messieurs—open, please, messieurs." I threw the door open and admitted the man, who presented in his hatless condition the embodiment of terror.

"Oh, monsieur Lieuchamps, eh—eh, Monsieur Seymour—the house opposite—as I told you—it is all alight—look, messieurs—I have just seen shadows on the windows—did I not tell you, messieurs? Look."

Certainly the man had had a scare; his whole body was quaking, and he even avoided the window while Carmel and I drew aside the curtain and looked out into the darkness.

However much the house may have been illuminated when Pierre had seen it, there was nothing to bear out his tale from what we could discern. Not a spark was visible, and, after many assurances on Pierre's part that what he had told us was absolutely true, we managed to bundle him off to his quarters in the basement.

Naturally our conversation lingered on the subject for some time after his departure, and, just before retiring, I had another look at the grim old building.

What was my surprise at seeing in the lowest window a very tiny light, as from a candle, move across the room.

"Carmel," I exclaimed, "Come here. Pierre's yarn was not all imagination."

Together we turned to the window, but the light had vanished. An hour elapsed and it did not re-appear, so we abandoned our watch and went to bed, our interest in the haunted mansion redoubled.

Next night I spent some time watching the same window, but was not rewarded by the merest flicker.

A week passed before I saw the light again. The next time there was no mistaking the presence of a lighted candle, and I distinctly beheld a shadow pass on the dusty panes. The many tales we had heard from Pierre whetted our curiosity at this circumstance, and we decided to find the concierge and ask him to let us into the yard at the back of our own house, that we might climb the cemetery wall and make an investigation. Pierre readily enough opened the basement door, but when we laughingly invited him to accompany us he declined with a shudder and a warning to look out for ourselves, as he did not fancy the business at all.

Arrived among the ancient grave stones, we scrambled through the snow and stunted shrubs until we reached the wall of the old house.

Carefully avoiding making any noise, we crept warily along in the shadow of the wall and peered through the broken shutters into the room.

A candle stump was burning steadily in a tin candlestick on a rough deal table which stood in the center of the room. The surroundings revealed by its meagre light were of a very miscellaneous nature.

A three-legged stool, a spade, some empty sacks, and on the table beside the candlestick were a plate, knife and fork, oil cooking stove, a wine bottle, tin cup, some egg shells, bread and a few carpenter's tools.

In the shadow of the table we could make out a square black hole about two feet across, in the stone floor (the room had been a scullery when the house was tenanted) which had escaped our notice at first.

No sooner had we remarked upon it than a hand was thrust through the aperture, followed by a man's head and shoulders.

A moment later and the owner emerged entirely and immediately pulled up after him a well-filled sack.

A big, square-shouldered, powerful man he was, in laborer's overalls, peaked cap and sabots, whose face, or what we could see of his face through the earth and clay which clung to him freely from top to toe, betokened him a very ordinary member of the working class.

When he had hauled his load to the surface he shouldered it and bore it off to an adjoining room, where, by the shadow cast by a second candle which he lighted, we could see him emptying it upon the floor.

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Throwing the empty sack into the hole again, he descended himself, taking his candles with him and leaving the room in darkness.

After a futile wait of some twenty minutes or so, for his return, we abandoned the window and retraced our steps, thoroughly chilled, having gained little more than food for much guessing and conjecture.

Who was the man and what was he doing? The question recurred over and over again during the rest of the evening, eliciting many answers and solutions, all equally unsatisfactory.

Needless to say, every night found us both at the window eagerly waiting and conversing in whispers, but during the first four nights, except for a slight glimmer which Carmel says he saw in the opening in the floor, our campaign of curiosity was a fruitless one.

At length, on the fifth evening, at about 11:30, when our patience was strained to breaking tension, the candle was thrust through the hole and set down upon the floor.

This sudden illumination showed that the furniture of the room had been changed about, the table having been pushed against the wall, leaving the hole through the floor in plain view.

A trail of earth was visible from the hole to the door through which the mysterious man had taken his laden sacks.

This circumstance led us to the conclusion that he was occupied in digging some sort of excavation. But why?

An hour passed; the candle burned low on the edge of the hole, but still no man appeared.

This was discouraging work, and so, with one assent, we betook ourselves off across the cemetery, determined that henceforth for all we cared the man could dig to the Antipodes.

I led by a few feet, and when about half way across I suddenly felt the ground give way beneath me, and before I could utter a sound I was floundering in a hole fully six feet deep, with a ponderous headstone lying right across my two knees, pinning me securely in the damp pit. When Carmel had recovered from his astonishment he endeavored to release me from my position which was becoming more painful every minute, but after several ineffectual attempts he went off to get Pierre and a lantern, for the darkness only served to make my predicament more horrible.

He could not have been gone more than a minute when I distinctly heard a muffled groan, and felt a slight movement of the ground under me,

Three times the groan was repeated, but the movement ceased.

It instantly flashed across my mind that this hole into which I had fallen was the hand work of the man whose movements we had been spying upon—and was in reality a tunnel. And the horrible possibility occurred to me that he himself might at that moment be under the mass of earth and for all I knew, and could do to aid him, dying.

After what seemed an age of waiting Carmel returned with Pierre, a couple of the latter's cronies and a Gendarme.

Much prying and hauling at length delivered me from my prison, none the worse save for some trifling bruises and a bad scare.

I told the men of the groans I had heard and a few moments digging disclosed the body of a man—sure enough, the man of the deserted house.

A doctor was brought but could do no more than pronounce life extinct.

By this time dawn was fast approaching, and sleep being out of the question, Carmel and I dropped down into the tunnel while the gendarme went off to inform the morgue authorities. Guided by the glimmer of the candle still burning in the scullery, we groped our way, mostly on all fours, to the hole in the floor, where we emerged very much begrimed.

Carmel led the way to the door and started back with a cry on looking into the next room. The cause of his surprise was certainly grim enough. Ranged in a row on a shelf were upwards of ten skulls which had been encountered by the dead man in his burrowing, while a high pile of earth and bones revealed how he had disposed of the debris from the excavation.

As I touched the coat which hung on the scullery wall, a folded paper fell

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" . . . and pulled up after him a well filled sack."

from one of the pockets and as I stooped to pick it up, the first words that met my eye were M. Charles Charleton de Lieuchamps, and the address, Highgate Lane, Highgate, Londres, Angleterre.

"By George," shouted Carmel, "that's my grandfather, and that's where he lived when he first went to England; open it up—quick, man!" Clearing the table, he spread the old and discolored paper out carefully, and by the light which filtered dimly through the dirty window he perused it to the end. Too much dumbfounded to say a word, we stared at each other for fully half a minute before Carmel spoke.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Certainly it's very interesting and worth looking into," I replied. "The poor devil whose death I have been so innocently the cause of, evidently considered it sufficiently valid to undertake the engineering feat which caused his end."

"At all events," said Carmel, "into a notary's hands it goes, and we'll await developments."

"Great Scott, man, what if it should be true?" he added, with such a slap in the back for me that I bit my tongue.

Carefully buttoning up the precious find in his inner pocket, Carmel led the way back through the fatal tunnel, and so to the studio and hot coffee.

Comfortably settled, the mud and clay washed off, and all evidences of the night's happenings erased, the document was again brought out and scanned for any sign which would lead to a belief that it might be a hoax.

The dispatch, for such it was without doubt, written a great many years before, so that if it were a hoax, it was clearly not of recent conception.

It was dated August 16, 1793, and as I have said, addressed to Carmel's grandfather.

It set forth how that Edmond Pierre Xavier de Lieuchamps was shot on his own doorstep by a party of Revolutionists on the 6th day of August, 1793, and with great secrecy buried at dead of night in the adjoining graveyard by his wife and brother and two old servitors.

It told how, in order to guard against robbery, the family jewels and gold plate had been buried with him, the grave having been considered the safest place in those troublesome times.

Further information and instructions were contained in the letter as to how to recover the treasure by measurements, as there had purposely been no stone erected to mark the place.

The dispatch closed with a prayer for the welfare of the aforementioned Charles Charleton de Lieuchamps and his family, and stated that it was placed in the hands of Henri Lapin, a trusted servant of the ancient house of de Lieuchamps, and was by him to be conveyed with all haste to London.

The signatures were those of Jean Paul de Lieuchamps and Marie Henriette de Lieuchamps, brother and wife of the murdered man, and from a postscript it was evident that they feared for their own lives and expected little mercy at the hands of the mob.

By eleven o'clock the matter was in the hands of a notary with instructions to have a search made into the family history, to discover, if possible, what became of the wife and brother who drew up the letter, and also to ascertain to whom the old house then belonged.

Our feelings—in particular the feelings of Carmel—may well be imagined as we looked out upon the graveyard, making imaginary measurements, and wondering as to the amount of the treasure which might, or yet which might not, be there.

The anxiety and impatience which consumed the poor fellow excluded all work and study, and most of the time he spent at the window with his pipe between his teeth, standing the suspense fairly well for a man to whom a financial lift would be a sensation yet to be experienced.

On the morning of the third day we found that the notary had been busy indeed. He had proven beyond all question that the man and woman whose signatures we had had perished during the Terror, so that whatever was left of the estate devolved upon Carmel.

Furthermore, a permit had been obtained to excavate according to the directions contained in the dispatch.

Accordingly, next morning the meas-

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urements were made, and when the grave had been located a tent was erected over it, much to the astonishment of the neighbors who, as Pierre informed us, were much concerned as to what was going on under the canvas.

Four feet below the surface the workmen uncovered the top of a very much decayed coffin. The shallowness of the grave and the absence of any name plate on the coffin both indicated haste in burial, and gave us assurance that we were at the right spot.

Were the jewels in the coffin or underneath? was the question which presented itself. Rather than open the coffin unnecessarily it was decided to dig beneath first.

Shortly afterwards one of the workmen announced that he had found a box, and no sooner had this been passed up mid much excitement than the other man made a similar find.

Both boxes were of heavy copper, measuring roughly eighteen inches square by twelve deep, and were fastened merely by a clasp and pin.

Throwing back the lids, one was found to contain several cups and vases of gold, with jewel settings, while the other was fillea with several more gold cups and small leather bags of unset diamonds, rubies, pearls and a quantity of set pieces, bracelets, necklaces, and finger rings.

One of the latter I have worn ever since, a gift from Carmel, in memory of the wonderful turn of the wheel.

Why spin out my story further than to say that it has never been discovered what was the fate of Pierre Lapin or why his message was never delivered?

How came it into the hands of the mysterious man whom we saw at his ghastly tunneling so long after the boxes were secreted in their strange hiding place?

Suffice it that Carmel is now in full enjoyment of his wealth, has renovated one of the ancient country houses of the family, where he lives with his mother, his sister, his dogs and his guns.

I might add that he still paints bad pictures, which nobody buys, and I have been told that he disposes of them to deserving tenants in lieu of more conventional rent receipts.

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PHILIPPINES.

PORTO RICO.

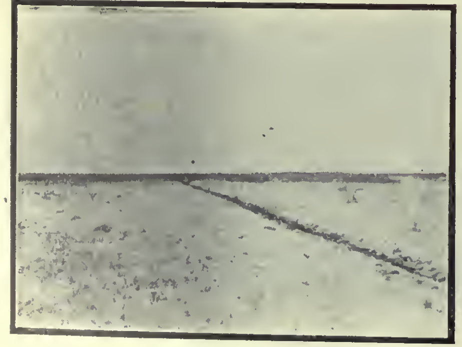
CHRISTMAS IN UNCLE SAM'S

Christmas in Southwestern Alaska

By J. M. SHAWHAN

(In explanation of the following, it is well to note that the party journeying across Alaska from Koeserefsky to Iliamna Bay consisted of twelve people, two horses, and two sleds, under the leadership of Norman R. Smith, a Seattle engineer. The survey was made in the interest o. the Trans-Alaska Company to endeavor to inaugurate a winter sled line operated by horses, with roadhouses at intervals, so as to make connection between the United States and Alaska points possible during the winter months.

This roadhouse trail was to precede the building of a railroad. The concentration of interests at Nome and at northern points of Alaska, as well as the falling off of travel to the gold fields, dampened the ardor of the promoters, and it seems now probable that the railroad project, as well as the roadhouse enterprise, has fallen through.)



The trail over the snow field.

BY reference to the map of Alaska, the Nushagak River, at an approxi- Kakwok will be found located on mate distance of eighty-five (85) miles from its mouth. Our first sight of Kakwok was on Sunday, December 8th, when "mushing" down the Nushagak from the Malchatna River, and were greeted by the rising of the beloved stars and stripes, a salute of three shots from an antique gun, the yelping of dogs, and the cordial "Chemayes" of the natives.

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On that day the thermometer registered sixteen degrees below zero. The weather was clear, a light wind was blowing, the snow covered the entire surface on the ground and our barometer registered an elevation two hundred feet above sea level.

We had been without food for two days, and were overjoyed by being furnished from the native Cachines with a mess of fine king salmon. We had expected at this point to have our larder re-enforced by supplies which had been sent for us to the mouth of the Nushagak river, but on our arrival at Kakwok, a letter was delivered to Mr. Smith from Mr. Raymond, who had charge of the Trans-Alaska stores, stating that it had been impossible, on account of the weather, to remove them from the cache in which they were stored at the head of tide water on Nushagak Bay.

Mr. Smith, on receipt of this letter, resolved to take our entire party to the Trans-Alaska cache, and reach Cook's Inlet by a return trip over Iliamna Lake.

Sunrise at 10 a. m. in the Tiko-hik Valley.

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The Trans-Atlantic Company's scow on the Nushagak. Photo by E. A. Hegg.

The natives at Kakwok were very hospitable, and, owing to the needs of the wardrobes of the different members of our party, in the way of mending mucklucks, coats, trousers, gloves, etc., we afforded the squaws quite a little revenue.

From the beginning of our acquaintance with the Kakwok Indians, they showed extreme reluctance to admitting us to their eglos; and, notwithstanding all the friendliness which we displayed, they seemed averse to taking us into their confidence. More friendly relations, however, were finally established through the dying son of the Tyone, (or chief) who sent a request for such delicacies as we could afford him during his illness. By diving into our numerous war bags we were able to send to him a smattering of prunes, sardines, apricots, dried apples, and one or two vials of jelly, which we had saved as individuals from a little private stock we had put in before beginning the voyage.

Mr. Smith, Webster Brown and myself paid the young chief a visit at this time, and noted that he had not many days to live. From the conversation we had with him it was evident that he was resigned to his fate, his main fear being that he would die before the arrival of the Presbyterian missionary who had charge of that portion of Alaska.

The next morning, owing to the conditions of our larder and the weather, we were all obliged to leave for the cache at the mouth of the Nushagak, where we arrived December 11th, in the evening.

On the 12th, after replenishing our supplies, we started again for Kakwok, but, owing to softening weather, the breaking up of the river and the consequent necessity of traveling overland, we did not arrive there until December 24th. Our camp was about two miles southwest of Kakwok, on low land, near the shores of the Nushagak River. The night before Christmas was spent by us speaking of the beloved ones at home, and speculating as to our chances of ever again reaching civilization. The night was superb; the moon shone brilliantly, throwing a silhouette of trees against the sides of our tent, the stillness of the

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night being accentuated by the great whiteness of frost and snow everywhere visible.

Christmas morning the thermometer registered twelve degrees below zero, the weather was overcast and the wind was blowing fresh from the west. For days past we had been praying for a cold snap, so that the river might be frozen hard enough to enable us to cross to the southern snore. Christmas morning was spent by most of us reading the few treasured letters received from home, prior to our departure from Nome, and in thinking of the dear ones awaiting our arrival. I may as well state here that it was our expectation and announcement that we would return to civilization on or before November 1st, and that we did not arrive at our destination until three months after that date. About twelve o'clock noon we became desperate on account of the delay, and resolved to bridge the river, which at this point was about thirteen hundred feet in width. We found on examination that the ice on the river did not exceed one inch in depth, which was too light to bear horses, while it was amply sufficient to bear the weight of our men. Most of our party were set at work building an ice bridge across the river, which, by way of explanation to the uninitiated, consists of heaping two ridges of snow three feet apart and filling the channel between with water, leaving it to freeze, so as to increase the thickness of the ice. That this was cold work, not to speak of dangerous work, can well be left to the reader's imagination. Not being one of the husky members of our party, I was relieved from the exacting labor of bridge building, and in the afternoon, in company with Surveyor Brown, I made my way to the village of Kakwok. On my arrival there I found the Indians had decorated their little Presbyterian church in expectation of the arrival of the minister. Weather conditions had prevented his coming, and disappointment was evident on the faces of all the natives.

I was cordially greeted, and was asked to call on the young Tyone, as he was not expected to live throughout the day. To those who have not descended into an Eskimo eglo, this invitation would seem of little moment; considering the fact, however, that these Indians as a class are perhaps as filthy a race as ever desecrated the earth—that morally, mentally and physically they are as wretched as well can be imagined—it can be understood that the pressing invitation was not received with a great deal of pleasure. On my arrival at the eglo, the Tyone of the village greeted me with a mournful "chemaye" (goodday) and conducted me through the tunnel leading to the sick boy's chamber. The boy was dying of consumption. The atmosphere was close and foul, the patient lay on a bunk covered with a lot of filthy skins and rags, infested with vermin. Beside him lay his chief treasures, consisting of a two ounce bottle of bear oil, a cheap print of a child's doll, a very much tattered small chromo of the Virgin Mary, and a large blue bead. The young chief was at least twenty years of age, and these treasures meant more to him than all of the stores

Some natives of Kakwok. Photo by E. A. Hegg.

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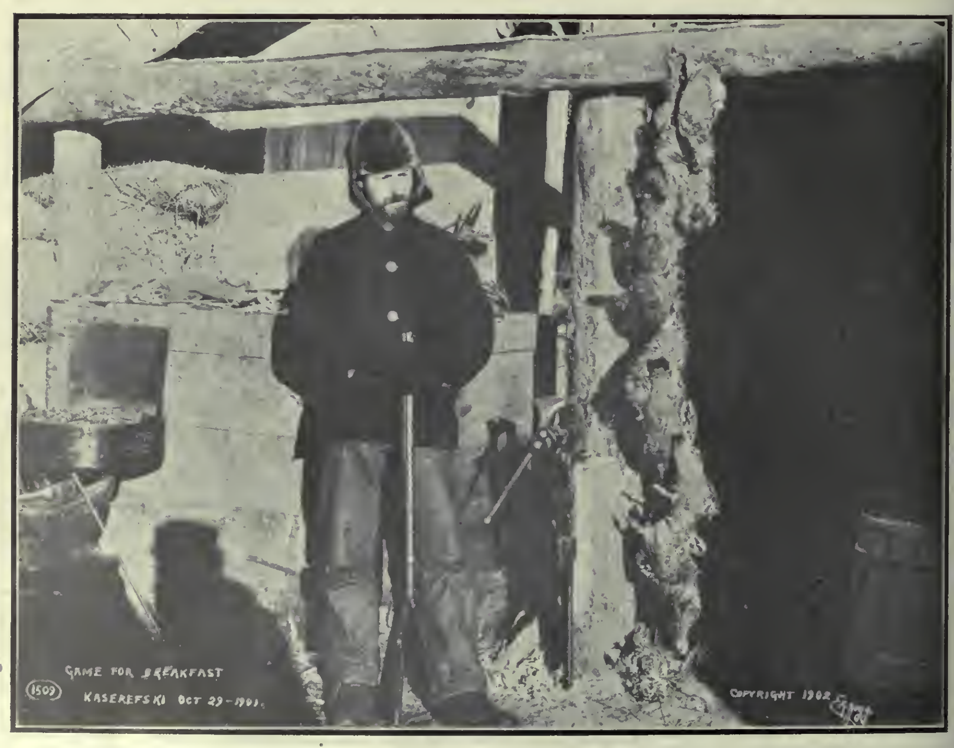
in civilization mean to a well-bred American child. I spent perhaps an hour in the eglo with the young chief, and found him resigned to his fate. I talked to him as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances, recited a few extracts from the Bible, with which he seemed familiar, and told him of my little ones at home, whom I expected and hoped to see, and I endeavored to cheer him as much as possible under the circumstances, so as to take his mind from his melancholy condition. Just before leaving I was much surprised to hear him hum the hymn of "Rock of Ages." His singing, like that of most Indians and Orientals, was in a high falsetto key. The pathetic face of the boy, the isolation from all the world, and the lack of material as well as spiritual comfort, struck me most forcibly, and, try as I would, I could not prevent the tears coming to my eyes from sympathy for the absolute loneliness of this poor soul on its swift way to its Maker.

He must have understood my feeling, for, when he had half chokingly finished the hymn, he asked me if I would not sing something for him. I have sung in many places in different parts of the world, have faced congregations in churches, rich and poor, have sung in opera at Nome before a motley crowd of gamblers, millionaires, cut-throats and women of the town, but never in my career have I been called upon to minister on an occasion where I was stranger, friend, pastor, congregation, and chief mourner. For a time I could think of nothing appropriate; but, as my mind emerged from the obscurity brought about by my wrought-up feelings, a hymn which I had sung in San Francisco with the Press Club Quartet at funerals came to my mind, and softly, though I must confess sobbingly, I sang as best I could "Still, Still With Thee." Having finished, the young chief held out his hand, which I pressed, and, seized with an extraordinary emotion, I knelt at his bedside and uttered



Mr. Shawhan in Arctic costume. Photo by E. A. Hegg.

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View of Kakwok on Nushagak River. Photo by E. A. Hegg.

a few prayers, almost forgotten by me through my long absence from civilization. As I finished, his "Amen" came to me like a shock.

On my exit from the place I found almost the entire population waiting for me, and by signs and broken language they indicated that as long as the minister had not arrived, they would like me to conduct their Christmas services or sing for them. I was escorted to the little church, and found it beautifully decorated with spruce bows and with cheap religious chromos. The sky was overcast, the cold west wind was blowing, and the face of Nature wore its chilliest aspect, all of which wore on my nerves, after the harrowing interview with the young Tyone. The air in the church was stifling, and I led my little congregation out into the chilly atmosphere, and began to sing for them 'Nearer my God to Thee." At first my voice was scarcely audible, but as I proceeded the old hymn brought up visions of home on occasions when I had sung it for loved and dear ones, and when I finished I had thoroughly awakened the phlegmatic spirit of the Indians to a strong appreciation of this beautiful religious song.

When I had finished I was greeted with hearty "ashectucks," (good) and remembering the day was Christmas, I sang as an encore the "Cantique de Noel." That my services were appreciated by the natives was evidenced by the fact that their eglos and cachines were opened to me and everything in their possession was freely offered for my acceptance.

For fear of showing that I did not appreciate their generosity, I accepted a few trinkets to bring home with me as remembrances of the occasion, and they are to-day among my most treasured possessions.

Snow began to fall as Surveyor Brown and myself left the village, and before reaching camp we were well nigh frozen. After dinner the evening was spent by our party telling of former Christmases at home, singing hymns, and listening to an impromptu sermon by one of our

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party who had formerly been a deacon in the Methodist Church. It had been our custom in crossing Alaska to retire by seven o'clock, but on this occasion, the first and the last, by the way, in the history of our traveling, we did not turn in until nearly midnight.

Before leaving the next morning a messenger came to inform us that the young Tyone had passed away during the night.

Christmas in the Philippines

By W. O. McGEEHAN.

THE loneliness of Christmas eve under the tropical moon, with the Southern Cross low in the sky. A feeling of depression seems to hover over the barracks, the air is hot and sickly, and the city of Manila seems unusually quiet. Christmas-tide brings memories which come more vividly to exiles. One of the men absently commenced to sing "My Old Kentucky Home," but a boot narrowly missing his head, reminded him that it was not barrack room etiquette to openly display any indication of softness. But even the licensed jesters are dull and silent to-night.

In spirit, the thirty thousand exiles of the Philippines are back again in their "ain countree." Sweetly and plaintively the "taps" are sounded and the men retire to the army cots, some to toss about feverishly, tortured by regret or remorse, others to dream of home seven thousand miles away.

Over at the Manila Quarantined Hospital, a collection of tents pitched on a small rise in the center of a marsh, everything is suggestively quiet. Even the sentry who paces up and down across the road leading up to it, does so noiselessly. Only the marsh gurgles faintly now and then.

A rumble of wheels and a hospital ambulance comes out from among the silent tents. The sentry backs to the extreme edge of the road, and the corporal of the pest house guard stands beside him with a lantern in his hand. As the ambulance draws near, the corporal uncovers, and the sentry comes to a "present." It is driven by an almost jet black Filipino, clad in a long, loose robe of white, and another similarly clad sits beside him.

"Quanto?" inquires the corporal.

"Quatro!" replies the driver nonchalantly.

"Four in the last three hours," mutters the corporal. "If the cholera keeps up at that rate they'll have to ship rookies by the boatload. Poor fellows! They don't even get their three volleys and taps."

Few of the Filipinos in the city sleep on this night. Later on the Catholic churches are thronged, and the midnight mass, a picturesque relic of the Spanish regime, is celebrated. Then the Filipinos seek their homes and no one stirs in Manila except the silent sentries.

Just before sunrise, the morning gun

A native beauty.

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Christmas letters in camp.

down near Ermita tears the misty air with a crash. Bugles all over the city blare reveille, and the soldiers tumble out of their cots.

"Merry Christmas, fellows!" bellows the first awakened, and "Merry Christmas!" rings through the barracks. "Merry Christmas, men!" say the captains when they come to hear the report of the morning roll call. The men seem to have unanimously decided to make the best of things as is characteristic of American soldiers.

The company cooks have been up and doing long before. The success of the celebration is largely in their hands, and they feel the responsibility. When perplexed they kick their Filipino or Chinese assistants in a more absorbed and vigorous manner than ever before.

They have fifty or sixty chickens apiece to roast, a hundred pies to bake, four or five kinds of vegetables to cook and—some of them dance up and down at intervals tearing their hair, for reputations are at stake to-day. If they do not get the heavier part of the work over before mid-day, they or one of their assistants will certainly be smitten by sunstroke and the dinner will be spoiled.

The men don their best khaki, and stroll through the barracks gate. Some go to visit Filipino friends, others seek the cafes to drink "Merry Christmas!"

The cock-pits are crowded to-day with excited Filipinos. Some of the best matches of the year are in progress. Many a poor Filipino who has starved his family to keep a pet bird in condition, loses the work of a year and all that he can beg or borrow on one stroke of one of those long razor-edge gaffs. All that remains is an exceedingly tough specimen of poultry that will make a very poor Christmas dinner. The darlings of the cock-pit, dead, are of as little use as "Imperial Caesars turned to clay."

Down at Pasay the race course is thronged with soldiers, natives and foreign residents. The event of the day is perhaps the mile race which is admitted to be between "Luzon" and "American Boy." Naturally the "pisos" back "Luzon," while the dollars speak of the Americans' confidence in "American Boy." But the Boy proves himself grossly unworthy of this confidence. He is a very bad second, and the Filipinos are

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Wash day on the Pasig.

enriched thereby. Still the Americans accept the defeat in a sportsmanlike manner.

One soldier remarks philosophically: "It's time the gu-gu won something, and a race is where they shine, especially when there are Americans anywhere around."

After the ceremony of "retreat" the mess call announces that Christmas dinner is served. The men march out to their respective company kitchens, where the cooks stand smiling in a self-satisfied manner, for they know that their work is good. A bottle or two of beer purchased out of the company mess funds are served out to each man and the soldiers proceed to dine and make merry.

Their officers fare almost sumptuously at the officers' mess, for cold storage makes it possible for them to procure all sorts of delicacies in or out of season. Blue points and roast pheasant are included in the menu. The corks pop and the glasses clink merrily from "Gentlemen, the President," until "Sweethearts and wives."

The foreign residents dine as well as any inhabitant of the civilized world at the English Hotel or the Hotel Oriente. At the former the English plum-pudding is very much in evidence. It

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Boatmen at Manila.

is also prominent on the ships that fly the Union Jack in the harbor. It is perhaps only a degree less popular than the American mince pie. The turkey, that immortal Yankee bird, is not present in any form. One had been shipped to an American Colonel a few weeks previously, but yesterday the feathered prize had disappeared mysteriously. Filipino servants are under grave suspicion. But, alas, it is highly probable that three or four of that Colonel's men are well qualified to account for it.

Filipino theatricals.

Even among the poorer natives who live on the cacos in the river and the evil-smelling canals, there is a quantity of "chow." Perhaps an extra allowance of rice, a bit of pork, or an extra fish or two.

The beggars along the Escolta do very well to-day. In former days they waited for "aguinaldo" (Christmas gift) in the name of God. They have now advanced so much mentally that they can demand "Christmas present" in English.

The lights begin to twinkle along the Lunetta, and the moonlight shimmers on the bay. The carriages begin to gather at the band-stand. Officers in uniform, civilians in white, American ladies, Mestizos and a few, a very few, daughters of Castile, drive around the concourse in carriages until "Home, Sweet Home" is played.

Across the barrack yard a soldier glides surreptitiously over to the grated window of the guard house. He hands a bottle to his "bunkie," who is incarcerated therein. "Merry Christmas, Billy!" he whispers. "We'll celebrate when you get out."

A hundred miles or more from Manila a company of American scouts are bivouacking in the hills. They have been over a month on the trail of Ruffiano, or some other bandit of similar name and disposition. All the time they have been foraging for food.

Corporal Riley is the hero of the hour. By a lucky shot he brought down a very lean pig, assuring the scouts that they would dine. The pig is hastily barbecued, and with the addition of a little rice and plenty of mountain water, constitutes the Christmas dinner. But the scouts are cheerful, for they can see the lights of Ruffiano's camp not far away.

"Merry Christmas, boys!" says the Captain. "We'll take it out of his hide before New Year's day."

And the scouts mount their tired ponies and disappear into the night.

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A Mestizo Christmas party.

Christmas in Hawaii and Samoa

By Franklin Austin.

INDEED, this is a small world of ours —and yearly it grows smaller; at least it seems so. Christmas-tide is celebrated, on the Pacific side, on American soil, under the starry banner from frozen Alaska even to the South Seas, below the Equator where Christmas comes a day earlier, and far west to the very gateway of the Orient. Thus the influence of the greatest nation on earth grows apace.

Only in one part of the great domain, over which the stars and stripes float, has Christmas no significance—in the Mohammedan Philippines. Here they know not the beneficence of Christian civilization nor the joys of Christmas-tide. There the day will be observed only by some poor teacher from far-away America, who, perchance, home-sick and heartsick, has escaped from a native village to some forest glen, and sitting on a warm, glossy bank among pale-faced ferns, will weep over the remembrance of the goose and plum pudding at home. So does Christmas follow the flag, if the constitution does not, even to this remote and unchristian part of America.

In Hawaii, of all Uncle Sam's Pacific insular possessions, is Christmas the least unreal, except for the tropical environment. From the earliest times, as far back as I can remember, the missionaries have taken pains to observe New England Christmas customs and teach them to the natives. It is a general holiday highly prized. In the morning the natives flock to their great stone churches while the afternoon is given over to feasting, the giving of gifts, especially to the children, being observed.

The place where I was born, in the town of Hilo, Island of Hawaii, is, perhaps, the only spot in all the tropics where snow can be seen on Christmas morning. The great mountain, Mauna Kea, which towers to the height of 14,000 feet, fifteen or twenty miles back of the town, is perpetually snow-capped. But at Christmas times the snowstorms on the mountain rage with great violence and the "white cap" reaches far down the mountain side. It is a glorious sight at dawn on Christmas day. The air at the lowlands is as balmy as that of June, but there, apparently right over

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Hawaiian waterfalls.

one's head, is a great expanse of beautiful snow, over which delicate tints, first of purple then light blue, followed by pink, flit after each other as the sun rises out of the sea at the distant horizon, until at last, as broad day dawns the shadows vanish and the glistening whiteness of the snow above, spreading like a canopy, almost blinds one. What a refreshing sight to one dwelling in the tropics who is Eastern born! I could not realize it then—not until I had passed many delightful Christmas days in the Eastern States.

Surf boat riding, Honolulu.

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A Tutuilan Chieftainess.

What is more, we had ice-cream in our town on Christmas eve made from real snow—there were no ice machines in those days. The day before Christmas a Kanaka was sent to the mountain, with a pack mule, to bring down snow enough to freeze the cream for the church festival on Christmas eve. It was a treat for the whole town, I can assure you. Everybody was invited, the godly and ungodly alike. Well can I remember the plight of a heartsick maiden from New England, visiting friends in Hilo. As Christmas-tide approached she grew home-sick and pensively watched the snow on the mountain the live-long day. But when the man came down with two large boxes of snow, one on either side of a pack mule, she buried her hands in the snow, washed her face in it, and had she not been restrained would have pelted the crowd with most precious and costly snow-balls. Thereafter she was the gayest of the company. Such is the influence of environment.

It was prior to the American acquisition of Tutuila that I visited Samoa, but the conditions are not much changed, especially with the natives and their customs. Even there in the smallest of America's new possessions, Christmas is generally observed. The natives, more primitive than the Hawaiians, are nevertheless Christianized, and have been taught by the missionaries to observe Christmas day.

Pago Pago bay, which nearly cuts the island of Tutuila in twain, is one of the finest harbors in the world, and the work of establishing an American naval station is fast progressing. The Island of Tutuila appears to have been formed around Pago Pago bay, inclosing in the basin a bit of placid sea, with but a small outlet to the tempestuous ocean. Around it the land rises in places very abruptly, to the height of 1,000 and 2,000 feet, culminating in mountains of 3,000 feet or more in height. Around this bay are numerous native villages, in which the majority of the inhabitants of the island (numbering between 3,000 and 4,000) live. None of the villages are distant more than three or four miles inland. The Oceanic Steamship Company steamers

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now touch at Pago Pago instead of at Apia, and it has become the distributing point for the Samoan Islands for American and Australian commerce.

The people of Samoa, amiable, loving, gay upon all occasions, take kindly to holidays and opportunities for feasting. Therefore, Christmas is looked forward to with pleasure, although it is doubtful if they realize its significance. The people have a beautiful custom in their villages which fits well with Christmas festivities. Each village has its local queen of ceremonies, chosen from its most beautiful maidens. She holds office until married, has a primitive court with numerous attendants, and is supported at public expense.

It is her duty to entertain all strangers and extend to them the courtesy and hospitality of the village. On Christmas day all interest centers around the court of the maiden queen of the village, and a great feast is given under her supervision. Everybody is invited and seated by her according to rank. Strangers in the village are always given a place of honor at the feast. The exchanges of gifts, bought by the guests, is also made under her supervision. Thus has our Christmas been grafted upon the most beautiful and ancient of Samoan customs. In the evening the tum-tum and dance close the Christmas festivities.

To the U. S. navy officers, their wives and marines at Pago Pago Christmas is not such a joyous day. Homesickness and recollections of home hang like a cloud over the dinner and Santa Claus is a strange personage amid cocoanut palms and flowers. Apia is a thoroughly German town and puts on a European air on Christmas day, while the Catholic missions attempt to attract the natives to their creed by imposing ceremonials.

Christmas in Porto Rico

By Paul G. Miller

CHRISTMAS in Porto Rico without the Christmas tree, Santa Claus, as we know him, the cold weather and the snow, does not mean to a Northerner what it does in the States or Europe. Still, the Porto Rican has a way of celebrating Christmas which is in harmony with his own tastes and surroundings. Here the celebration begins on the 24th of December, and continues till the 7th of January. For Christmas eve every family rich and poor prepares a feast according to its means, the poor people often denying themselves the

An American party, Porto Rico.

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necessities of life for weeks in order to be able to dine well on Christmas eve. In the towns there are balls where the people dance till midnight, at which hour everybody goes to mass. After mass is over, the dancing and feasting often continue till morning.

The custom of giving presents prevails here as in the States, only the children receive their presents from "Los Santos Reyes," the Holy Kings, instead of from Santa Claus.

On Christmas day church processions are common, the children especially being dressed in gorgeous costumes.

"El dia de Reyes," or January 6th, is the most important day of this season. This is the day for exchanging presents, singing, dancing, feasting, and the people from the towns take excursions to the country, spending the day in merrymaking.

The custom of singing aguinaldos is very prevalent among the country people. Armed with various small varieties of the guitar, the guicharo, made of a long gourd, and other rustic musical instruments, the children and even grown people go from house to house begging gifts in verses more or less bad, made according to the ability of the country bards, who in most cases are entirely illiterate. The custom is derived from a usage prevalent among the Spanish students, who go from house to house, and even from town to town, singing and playing musical instruments during the holiday season.

Since the coming of the "Gringo" the Porto Rican Christmas is taking on another aspect. The American flag and the Teutonic Christmas tree are becoming prominent details of the celebration. This is especially so in the cities, where the foreign influence is the most felt, but in the provinces the aguinaldos are still sung to the tinkling of the guitar, the stately procession fills the streets, on "El dia de Reyes," and "Los Santos Reyes" still takes the place elsewhere usurped by the more northern and less characteristic Santa Claus.

A Porto Rican Christmas carol.

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The Manufacture and Application of Glass in Art and Decoration

BY WILLIAM SCHROEDER

IT shall be my endeavor in this treatise to give a concise yet clear description of how art glass is made, and avoid all technical and professional terms that would not readily be understood by the layman.

Before entering upon the subject of art glass, it will be proper to review in brief the history of the art of making glass from its inception.

Unlike that of pottery, which had been discovered and practiced by different nations independently, it seems to have spread from a single center. The credit of the invention is given by the ancients to the Phoenicians.

As the story goes, some Phoenician merchants rested their cooking pots on some blocks of natron (subcarbonate of soda), they found glass produced by the union (under heat) of the alkali and the sand of the shore.

Historians give Egypt the credit of having invented it, and that the Phoenicians derived their knowledge from there. Whether this be so or not, they certainly employed it from a very early period and to a very large extent.

The earliest specimen of glass now in existence is at the British Museum. It was found at Thebes, and consists of a small lion's head of opaque blue glass of very fine color, but changed externally to an olive green. According to hieroglyphics on the same, it dates from the year 2483 B. C.

The exact date of the use of glass for windows is not known, but the use of it for that purpose was gradually extending at the time when Roman civilization sank under the torrent of German and Hunnish barbarism. Mica, alabaster and shells were used (also at that period) for admitting light into buildings.

Glass used in windows was cast on stones at that time, and the panes or

Christ and the innocents.
(Window painting by J. Brouchoud.)

lights were but small and of irregular shapes.

The largest pieces of window glass dating from the fourth century, A. D., were not longer than about four by six inches, of an uneven thickness and yellow-greenish tint.

Its surfaces were wavy, full of wart-like irregularities, and the body contained innumerable large and small bubbles; although admitting light, it gave at best but an indifferent view of external objects.

When windows were larger the small lights of glass were set in pierced slabs of marble or in frames of wood or bronze.

Painted windows.

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In those early times glass was used more extensively for ornaments, such as vases, urns, cups, etc., but as this is not exactly in line with the object of this article, I shall dispense with it, and continue with what we really want to consider, namely, glass for architectural purposes, but especially the ornamental, or art glass, that is translucent.

Up to the twelfth century only four different colored glasses for use in windows were generally known. They were red, blue, yellow and bottle green; at the last-named period an intense green and violet were added.

Glass was largely used in the immense windows of the churches of Rome (although as stated above the individual lights were very small), built between the third and tenth centuries. In the earlier part of this period most of it was probably colorless. The first mention of colored glass in a church window occurs in the time of Pope Leo III (795-816), but probably it was used at a much earlier date. In Persia, where the manufacture of glass had been carried on for many centuries, stained glass was also made, for in the tomb of Shah Abbas II, who died in 1666 at Kom, the windows were crystal, with gold and azure ornaments.

About the middle of the fourteenth century flashed ruby glass was invented. This was made the same way as now, the glass blower taking a lump of clear, molten glass on his blowpipe, and then inserting the same in the pot where the red or ruby glass was contained, and by blowing it the same as if only one material were on his pipe, a thin film was spread over the clear glass, which now had assumed the shape of a large bottle. The top and bottom were knocked off later, and then the bottle was heated again, cut longwise with a diamond and spread on an iron table, thus producing a rich translucent ruby glass.

Before this invention, the red or ruby glass was too opaque, and for that reason was seldom used.

In the fifteenth century blue and flash glass was also made.

Until the latter part of the thirteenth

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The vision of St. Mary Margaret of Alacoque, from a painting by M. G. Boreham.

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century, Venice had been the principal place for making glass, but at that time the glass houses were almost entirely transferred to Murano. At that place the first glass mirrors were made in 1317. Glass was made in France, Spain, Germany, and to some extent, also, in England, during the Roman Empire. In the last-named country it must have been of an inferior quality, for as late as 1447 glass is mentioned in a contract for the windows of the Beauchamps Chapel at Warwick, but disparagingly, as the contractor binds himself not to use it.

However, later on, England came to the fore, for we find that in the seventeenth century an important innovation was made, namely, the introduction of flint glass, made by using a large proportion of oxide of lead in combination with potash.

The following are bodies capable of yielding transparent glass:

		Earthy	
Acid	Alkaline	Colorless	Colored
		Oxides of	Oxides of
Silicia	Potassium	Lead	Iron
		Calcium	Manganese
Boracic acid	Sodium	Barium	Copper
		Strontium	Chromium
		Magnesium	Uranium
		Aluminium	Cobalt
		Zinc	Gold
		Thalium	Silver

Either of the acids, (silica being in the form of sand or crushed quartz) either,

The three Marys at the tomb.

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Window in the Columbarium of the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco.

or both of the alkalines, and a combination of the colorless oxides, are used to make clear glass, by fusing them at a very high temperature, in a melting pot or crucible.

Colored glass is made in the same way, with the exception that colored oxides are used. Oxide of gold produces the rich and beautiful ruby glass. Oxide of silver makes amber or gold stains; cobalt, sky blue; iron, a brown; copper, green, etc. At the present time antique glass is made in Germany and England.

It is a mistaken idea that the art of making this glass is, or has been, a lost one. It is the very reverse. Although they are imitating the old glass with all its imperfections, such as bubbles, streaks of color and variating thickness; they produce a glass far richer in tone and brilliancy of color than the ancients, not to speak of tints that they never dreamed of in olden days. This antique glass is very rarely used for anything else than figures; the flesh tints for heads, hands and feet, and the other colors and tints for background, drapery, etc.

Antique glass is blown like ordinary window glass. This is the reason of its brilliancy, which the glass made by casting does not possess. It is also flashed in different colors and tints, one of the latter being very valuable for the figure painter. It is the flesh tint, enabling him to etch away the color where the hair, whiskers or eyes are to be, and leaving them clear, to paint them in their natural colors.

France produces some very fine pink

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and ruby mottled glass; it is very expensive and its use limited. England furnishes muffled glass in crystal and all colors and tints, also cathedral glass; while the former is blown, the latter is cast on large iron tables and smoothed over with rollers while at a white heat.

The United States now surpasses any other country in the manufacture of glass for art purposes. This country produces all (with only two exceptions) the different kinds of glass mentioned so far, and of superior quality, and is the only country where the beautiful opalescent glass is made, either smooth surfaced, rippled, or in granite style, from snow white in all gradations of the cardinal colors, as well as thousands of different tints.

Only a few years ago I read articles in German art and glass journals, poohpoohing the idea of using this glass for "art glass windows," saying that only a perverted taste could find any beauty in them; but they have been quickly converted, for every industrial art exhibition held in large cities of Germany since then has had more and more beautiful examples of windows made of this (only shortly before despised), material. The same journals are now praising it, and explaining that many new and striking effects can be achieved with opalescent glass impossible to obtain with any other.

Agencies for the sale of American opalescent glass are to be found in all large cities of Europe. The United States also take the lead in other diversified glass, of which I will name a few: Oridoyant, a coarse rippled glass; meridian, a very brilliant wavy glass; crackled, which has the appearance of alligator skin, but not quite so rough; etruscan, which can be compared with freshly fallen hail upon a crystal sheet. All these different styles of glass are made clear as well as colored.

So far we have reviewed in a sketchy way the history and manufacture of glass, which is the principal raw material of the manufacturer of art glass.

Another material which is absolutely necessary for making art glass is lead. It is not only valuable for binding the different-sized pieces of glass together, but enhances the beauty of the same.

If two pieces of glass of different color or tint are placed side by side and viewed from the dark, the light passing through the glass into the spectator's eyes, the effect will be very unsatisfactory. Like magic this changes when a strip of lead is laid between the two pieces, each being luminous with its own individual color, yet blending beautifully with its neighbor.

The lead is also a great factor in bringing out the design in strong contours or outlines.

Lead in conjunction with glass was first mentioned by Leo, Cardinal Bishop of Ostra.

He describes the art glass in the windows of the St. Benedict church in the province of Caserta, Italy, which was rebuilt by the then Benedictine monk, and later Pope Victor III in 1066, saying that the glass was bound together with lead and strengthened with iron bars.

Before that time all glass was set

A German design.

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as before described in this article.

I will now proceed and explain how art glass is made, but I must disabuse the mind of my readers that may have an idea that the art is one easily acquired, for, to the contrary, it requires years of diligent study and especially natural talent and adaptability to master the art.

Aside from his practical accomplishments the designer and painter on glass must be a student of the vast literature on old and modern glass painting.

I may remark right here that among the old publications on this subject there are many of second and third grade; not all, therefore, that is old is good.

The Good Shepherd.

Edmund Levy said in his celebrated work, "Histoire de la peinture sur verre": "De nos jours le peintre sur verre ne peut plus, comme autre foi, ignorer l'histoire de son art." ("To-day the glass painter must not be ignorant, as heretofore, of the history of his art.")

William Warrington, in his work, "The History of Stained Glass, Etc., London, 1848," goes still further in his demands for theoretical knowledge on the part of the glass painter, for he deems it absolutely necessary for him to have thoroughly studied architecture, heraldry and other auxiliary sciences.

The impression exists to a certain extent among the public that the price of art glass should be estimated like any commodity, but this should not be, for there is a great difference according as the best glass or an inferior material is used, or whether the inceptive sketch, the finished drawing or cartoon, the selection of the colored glass, the painting and supervision of the leading, is done by a true artist or an inexperienced novice.

This explains the ofttimes seemingly great difference in price.

The tendency of many, when ordering art glass, to demand the cheapest, is degrading to the art, and they themselves suffer to the extent that they must hear it from connoisseurs, that it is an article of no value they have acquired, instead of a work of art, which grows on their regard as time elapses.

It is customary for the art glass painter to make colored sketches for windows, drawn to one-half or one inch scale; after these sketches have been accepted as satisfactory, if it is for a figure window, he makes a full-size cartoon on paper in crayon, showing all lights and shadows as well as the outlines.

Early Italian painters used smooth, whitewashed boards for this purpose, but now it is done on so-called eggshell surface paper.

The full-size drawing is laid on a thin and a heavy sheet of detail paper. Between the design and middle, as well

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as the lower paper, there are thin sheets of blackened paper; all these are fastened to the drawing table with thumbtacks, then all the lines are run over with a finely-pointed ivory pencil; when done, the drawing appears on the thin as well as on the thick paper, the former being the working drawing for the leader, while the latter is cut up by the glass-cutter for his patterns to cut the glass to correct size and shape.

If the paper were cut with an ordinary knife or scissors the glass with the lead would work out too large. To allow room for the lead a two-bladed knife, with the blades set nearly one-eighth of an inch (the thickness of the core or heart of the lead) was formerly used, but the cutting is now done with three bladed scissors.

The above processes have been accomplished under the supervision of the foreman of the lead room, who has full charge of the work under hand. By the aid of the small colored sketch he selects the different tints of glass from the stock-room; if in doubt he consults the artist.

The glass and working drawing are then given to the cutter, who lays the latter on the further side of the table and the former on his left side, so that the front part is clear for him to do his work.

Design for small window.

He puts a pattern on a piece of glass (he also has the small sketch to see where the different colored glasses go), and runs around the edge of the former with his diamond, nipping off the superfluous glass with a pair of pliers.

Previous to the 17th century hot pointed irons were used to do the glass cutting.

When all the glass for one window has been cut the pieces are taken to the artist's studio; he fastens them with wax to an easel, the principal part of which is a large plate glass, in their proper places. This glass is set against a window, so that the light is transmitted through it, and the painting (outlining and shading) is done while the figure and surrounding ornamentation is in a position as like as possible to when finished. All light from any other source is carefully excluded.

It would lead beyond the confines of a magazine article to dwell upon all the details of the work done by the artist.

For monumental painting only two colors and one stain are used, the colors being black and brown, the stain a rich golden yellow. The first mentioned are for outlining and shading of figures, ornaments, leaves, etc., and the latter for the halo or wherever deemed necessary by the artist to make the window perfect.

For this style of painting no other colors are required, as the glass selected already contains them. It was colored while a molten mass with ingredients mentioned previously. Glass made in this way is called pot-metal. Some few colors that are used in such a window are flashed as previously described, and contain more or less shading, which of course requires very little work by the artist.

As the name indicates, the style of painting just described is for churches and other monumental buildings, but very seldom used in residences, or, if so, in conjunction with mosaic work.

In cabinet painting (picture en apprêt) all colors and tints may be utilized. As this style of painting is done on clear glass it is appropriate for the windows

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from a short distance. Portraits, landscapes, etc., can be painted in their natural colors.

Many authorities condemn this style of glass painting for various reasons, principally because it is not in line with old traditions of the art, but further on the reader will find the true reason why the ancients did not employ more colors. One objection which, to my mind, is well founded, is that many parts of such a painted window are transparent; objects such as houses, passing clouds, etc., can be seen through them, thus marring the effect of the picture.

To some extent it is an oil painting on glass.

The ancient glass painter had but few vitrifying colors at his disposal, and these he generally prepared himself. The modern artist gets his colors just as the portrait or landscape artist gets his, all ready for painting. Flesh, as well as other tints, must be mixed, so that, when coming from the fire, they are as near to nature as possible; and this is the greatest difficulty, for a great many of the glass colors appear entirely different before and after the firing.

Mosaic art glass, without the aid of any painting whatever, is the most modern opalescent glass, with its magnincent iridescent colors, ennabling the art glass maker to produce the most wonderful creations.

Marine scenes, in daylight or at night, landscapes, flowers, arabesques—in fact, tnere is no limit, except the artist's fancy, as to what can be reproduced from nature or imagination.

Several years ago the opalescent glass makers added another material for the making of art glass; this is drapery and wing glass, the former for the drapery of figures, and the latter for wings of angels.

This glass is made by imitating, while in a half molten condition, the folds of cloth and feathers of wings, with iron tools, the side resting on the steel table remaining smooth (for this side it is cut with a diamond); while some of the folds are sometimes an inch or more in thickness. It requires quite a stock of this material to select the proper pieces for the desired effect.

The process of firing is one that requires a great deal of skill and careful attention, for if not properly done, all the preceding work on the glass may be for naught; if the manipulator gets too much heat on the same, it necessitates repainting them entirely; but it is worse if the fire has not been strong enough, for even the glass has to be renewed.

When the firing is successfully completed, the glass is taken to the leadroom where all the pieces are set together with came or glazier's lead. These are strands of lead with a groove on either side.

The artisan who sets the pieces of glass together does this on the outline tracing or working drawing, by first placing each piece in its proper position. He nails a straight edge along the edge of his work table, nearest him, along which he places a strand of border lead, pressing the glass into the groove of the same and keeping the glass temporarily in place with wire nails tacked into the table. These he draws out when placing the inside lead, and tacks them again alongside the next piece of glass, and so on to the finish.

When the entire panel is thus leaded together, the joints are soldered first on one side; then the panel is turned, and the other side is treated in the same way. Next the cementers take the light in charge, and rub in the cement (thin putty) with brushes, and clean it off with saw dust, which is also manipulated with brushes, but these are of somewhat stiffer bristles.

The cement fills up all spaces between the lead and glass, binding the two firmly together and making it weatherproof. Strengthening or saddle bars are placed horizontally, so that the lights will withstand any windstorm.

The leading of all styles of art glass is done in the same manner.

Most of the illustrations in this article are from photographs of windows made by the California Art Glass Works of this city, while the remainder are from cartoons and colored sketches of lights and windows also made by this firm.

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but of which no photographs were taken.

Munich is at present the art glass center, and sends its masterpieces to all quarters of the globe; but it is not alone its art glass that is thus scattered.

The very artists who make the same, those who have studied and labored many years at the capital of Bavaria, can be found wherever this beautiful art is appreciated; and so it happens that in this far distant land we are enabled to turn out examples of art glass fully equal to that furnished by that art glass center, and in some cases such novel and striking effects are achieved, by the aid of opalescent glass referred to before, that they are pronounced by critics even superior.

This may seem a bold assertion, but when the fact is stated, that the company referred to were awarded the grand silver medal and diploma on its exhibit of art glass at the World's International Exposition of Paris in 1900, where it was in competition with the very best manufacturers of this product from all parts of the globe, its justice is made clear.

This article was not written alone for the purpose of showing how art glass is made to those who are more or less familiar with it; the object is to awaken an interest in others who have heretofore given no thought to this subject, and also to illustrate that we, as a State, do not alone raise grain, produce, precious metals, wine and fruit, but that we are in the foreground in the fine arts also. I hope to have added my mite to the demonstration that the time has passed when Indians and cowboys dominated this garden spot of the world.

The Crucifixion (from a cartoon.)

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A SMOKY oil lamp bracketed on a house corner diffused scanty light over the market place, not enough to warn one away from frozen gutters and heaps of debris that cumbered the cobblestones, by no means enough to illumine the dark facades of the medieval German buildings, with their high, sharp roofs that looked down on the square nor the rugged church tower that looked down on them; but just enough flame there was to cast up fitful high-lights and shadows on the stone Saint Christoper who, in a Gothic niche built on the corner of an old patrician house, bore the Christ-child a-shoulder as he had borne him for the last half-dozen centuries.

Two figures well-wrapped in the capes of their overcoats emerged from the obscurity, paused a moment with an upward glance at the patient giant, and exchanged a word about the picturesque light on the quaint carving.

"What expression those old stone-hewers knew how to give their crudest works!" said the taller man, whose soft golden beard told of his young manhood. "See there, Rudolf, how the good fellow cranes his neck to gaze up into the face of his holy burden with such pious sentiments carved on his big, simple face."

"Yes, these big fellows are usually sentimentalists, especially the blonde giants. Look at Siegfried, for instance, your chief yellow-haired hero, lying flat under the trees listening to birds sing of Brünnhilde and slaying dragons and malignant dwarfs between times; could you imagine a little, dark, fat hero, like Napoleon, say, doing anything so purposeless? But, look you, even among the knights of the mahl-stick it's the same; where was my blonde Karl when I knocked and banged at his studio door this afternoon—pegging away at his 'Knights on the White Horse' for next Spring's hanging? No indeed, out in the woods dreaming of next Spring's violets—and the snow around him a foot deep!"

Karl flushed and smiled as they turned into the blind alley which in honor of its guardian bore the name "Saint Christopher's Lane." High above their heads the overhanging stories almost met, and one could see but a narrow strip of sky studded with stars; in truth, Saint Christopher's Lane was much like a tunnel, with the smoky lamp at one end and at the other pencils of light from chinks in the shattered windows of the Red Ox.

As the friends stood under a wrought iron figure of that animal which swung over the street, the tavern door flew open and light, babble and music burst forth.

The eyes of the elder man sparkled as they reflected the glow, and his full, red lips laughed under his swarthy beard as he joined in the chorus.

"Then spake the Lord of Rodenstein
Arouse ye, huntsmen wild!"

"What a superb scene!" he exclaimed,

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stopping short; "that yellow light dashed into the black alley, that glimpse of the fellows in there pounding beer mugs on the table, trolling out the ballad with their heads thrown back and mouths wide open, and above them all that thin fiddler, grinning astride a keg on the table.

"It would take a chap like Teniers or Brouwer to have done the sprawling figures; Franz Hals might have done such faces, the laughing ones, but that light which overfloods the low room, dances over the faces, filters through the shadows and blackens doubly the night out here, Donnerwetter! I doubt if I could do it myself, such a painting."

Karl laughed to himself as he remembered that this was the man whose "Angels at the Tomb" had given him his world fame.

As they crossed the threshold the source of light dazzled them; a huge Christmas tree stood inside the square of tables and its glittering tapers displayed a burlesque of the conventional trappings—red socks, sausages in strings, mouse-traps, cigars and limburger of double strength in tin-foil wrapping.

Around it reveled gray-beards, downy-beards and no-beards, for the Lukasgild was made up of artists, professors and students of art, and in the club room no distinctions were made by the sole law-giver, a laughing boy, whose badge of office was the flat velvet cap aslant his ear.

Hardly had he greeted the newcomers when he was called upon to assert his authority, and in order to silence the storm of welcome and jests that broke about him he rapped vigorously with his mug as a gavel, and roared, "Silentium, Silentium!"

In the sudden stillness that followed, an old hard-hearing professor, a man who had long since been knighted for his portrait of the King, was caught in the middle of a sentence and promptly punished.

"Worthy Herr Professor, Noble Herr Baron, I am grieved that one who will live in history as the instructor of my youth should fall under the ban of the law of which I am the administrator, but you know the penalty for disregarding Silentium, and I must see it enforced."

Whereupon the gray culprit solemnly emptied his mug at a draught till his beard stood upright, and a chorus of laughing "Prosit, Herr Professor!" echoed from all sides.

"Now," continued the leader, "we will turn to cantus four hundred seven and thirty," and he led the lusty vagabond catch,

"A thaler and a copper,
The both of them were mine;
The copper went for water,
The thaler went for wine.
Valeri, Valera."

At the end of each verse the company rose to touch mugs and drink a sup or two for good fellowship's sake.

"Karl, you don't put your heart into the song," protested the Master of Revels, as they sat down; "Are you dreaming of that brown-eyed model of yours who left you so basely? Take care I don't bring your thoughts back to the Lukasgild by appointing you auctioneer—Gretel, a beer," and as the bar-maid removed his stein, "Potzblitz, girl! you've been dropping two bullets into my saucer for every mugful. I swear I couldn't hold as many pints as you've given me credit for!"

"It's just the other way," giggled the girl, jerking her apron out of his hand, "Herr Fritz is the best patron of the house, so to the dozen bullets I always give him thirteen mugs."

"Well, make it fourteen to the dozen after this; I'm superstitious about thirteen. Karl, my boy, your stein is three-quarters full. I know what has spoiled your thirst; Hoch Amor, conqueror of Gambrinus!" Karl took refuge behind the Kneipzeitung, that journal and comic history of the club, but though his eyes were fixed on the unlicensed caricatures of comrades and professors, his mind saw not a line of them.

What his inward eye saw was a river bank, a low wall, behind which towered a row of poplars, vibrant with fluttering new leaves. Below them, a stone bench whose carving was green with the damp of a hundred Aprils. Under the bushes

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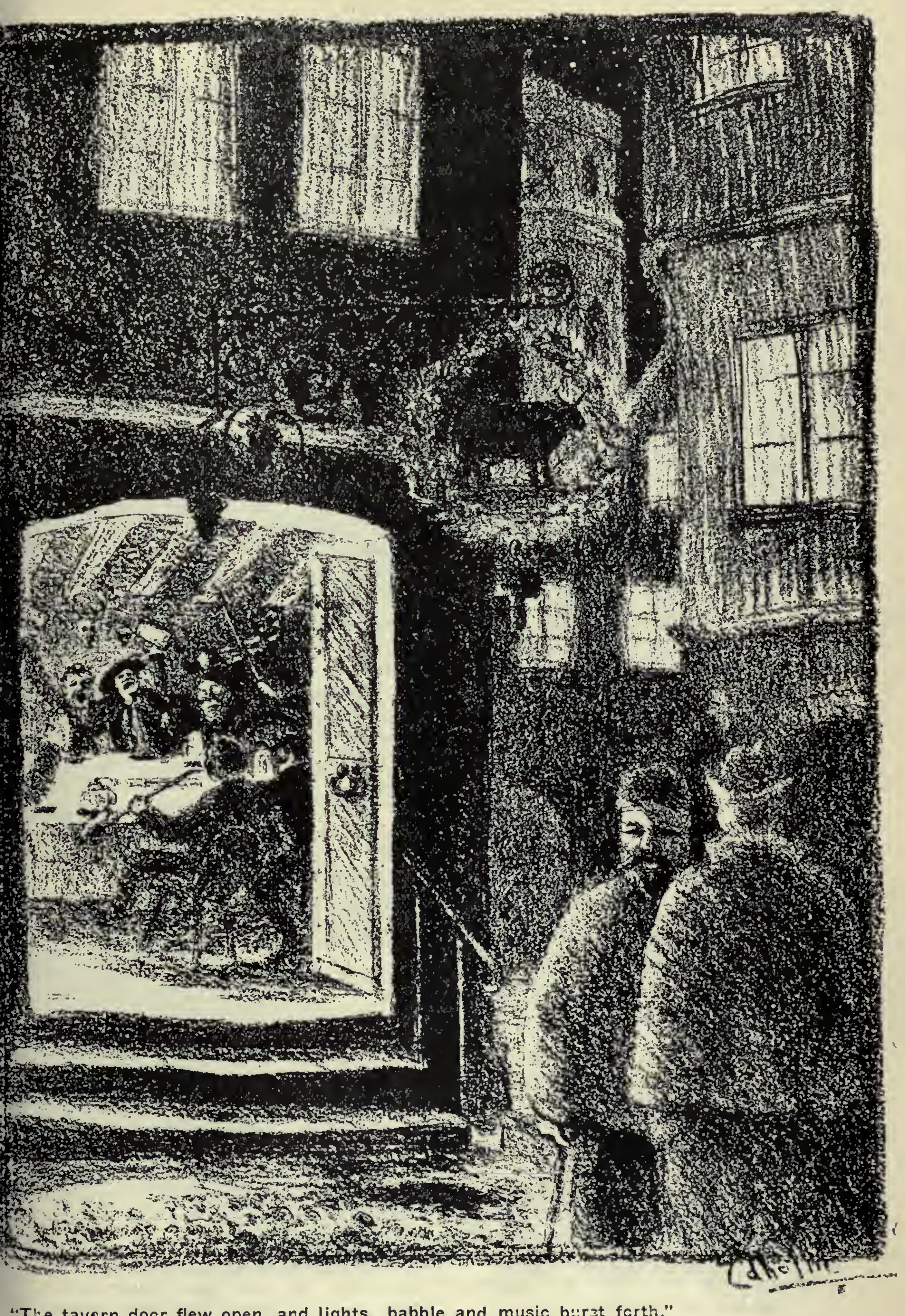

"The tavern door flew open, and lights, babble and music burst forth."

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round about were little hollows and hillocks; in the hollows lay melting snow, pierced by the green blades of daffodils, but on the sunny side of the mounds grew the first violets.

Above the heads of a pair of lovers an ousel uttered a long, clear note, ceased and sang again.

How deep, deep down one could see in those brown eyes! But they were too proud or too ashamed, and suddenly turned away.

With a start he awoke to the scene around him. The Master of Revels had given his cap to Rudolf, and, mounted on a table, was stripping the tree piece by piece. "How much is bid for this limburger? Twenty pfennig—twenty-five—a mark—gone at only a mark and strong as Hercules! but these cigars I now offer are still stronger; the lucky winner is requested not to smoke them in the club room. How much am I offered for these genuine Havanas, made in Germany?"

Finally the tree itself was auctioned and unexpectedly knocked down to the old professor, who regarded it rather helplessly. "Just the thing for your family, Herr Baron!" laughed the auctioneer, "take it home to the children," for the professor was a confirmed bachelor and woman-hater.

Meanwhile Fritz distributed Christmas packages, which when opened were found to contain expressions of good will from the boys or sly illusions to some pet failing.

Thus the Master of Revels himself, in recognition of his ever-present thirst, received a funnel; the professor, a volume of Schopenhauer's Studies in Pessimism, with a leaf turned down at the chapter on women, "that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race"; but Karl's gift from Rudolf was an original etching, "The Poplars," and penciled over the signature the lines

"High on a peak of the poplar an ousel a'resting and dreaming,
Pondering sings to himself, lingering pauses to listen;
As in the evening sunlight the river waves golden and glisten,
Stream from his golden flute melodies flowing and gleaming."

"And you know the spot!" exclaimed Karl. "Did you know that my thoughts were there this evening?"

"Yes, I fancied they were there, wandering with the brown-eyed model. You, Karl, with your lover's vision could make something finer of this motive, no doubt."

"What nonsense! I am not in love with any model, and besides, the girl you refer to is not in the profession. She is a seamstress, and a single week was as long as I could persuade her to stay in the studio."

"Well, I'm glad it's nothing serious," said, Rudolf, grave for the first time, "a man as poor as you or I has no right to be in love—at any rate, none to marry, if he is attached to his mistress, Art, for Art demands all his energies, and if he attempts to serve her and at the same time support a family both are bound to get short measure.

"No; if you must marry, marry to better yourself; otherwise you will have to make pot-boilers all your life.

"If you would succeed as an artist you must crush your human impulses, must be ruthless against what stands in your way, as is that greatest creator of the beautiful, Nature herself."

"Rudolf," answered Karl, "you have expressed in words what I have put into deed. My love for that girl was a beautiful weed that threatened a more precious growth. I have rooted it out for the sake of my Art."

Rudolf extended his glass. "Friend, there are few with whom I have drunk brotherhood; will you pledge me?"

Glass in hand Karl linked his arm with that of the elder man, and thus they drank; thenceforth "Thou and Thou" was the language between them and they were brothers according to the sacred rite of "Schmollis."

Stripped of its tinsel and gew-gaws, the Christmas tree burned serene and bright, the laughter was stilled, and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Rudolf rose and addressed the company: "Friends and brothers in art, a word as to the reason for our coming together may not be amiss. The Lukasgild is our household, the only family many of us have, and it is fitting that those memor-

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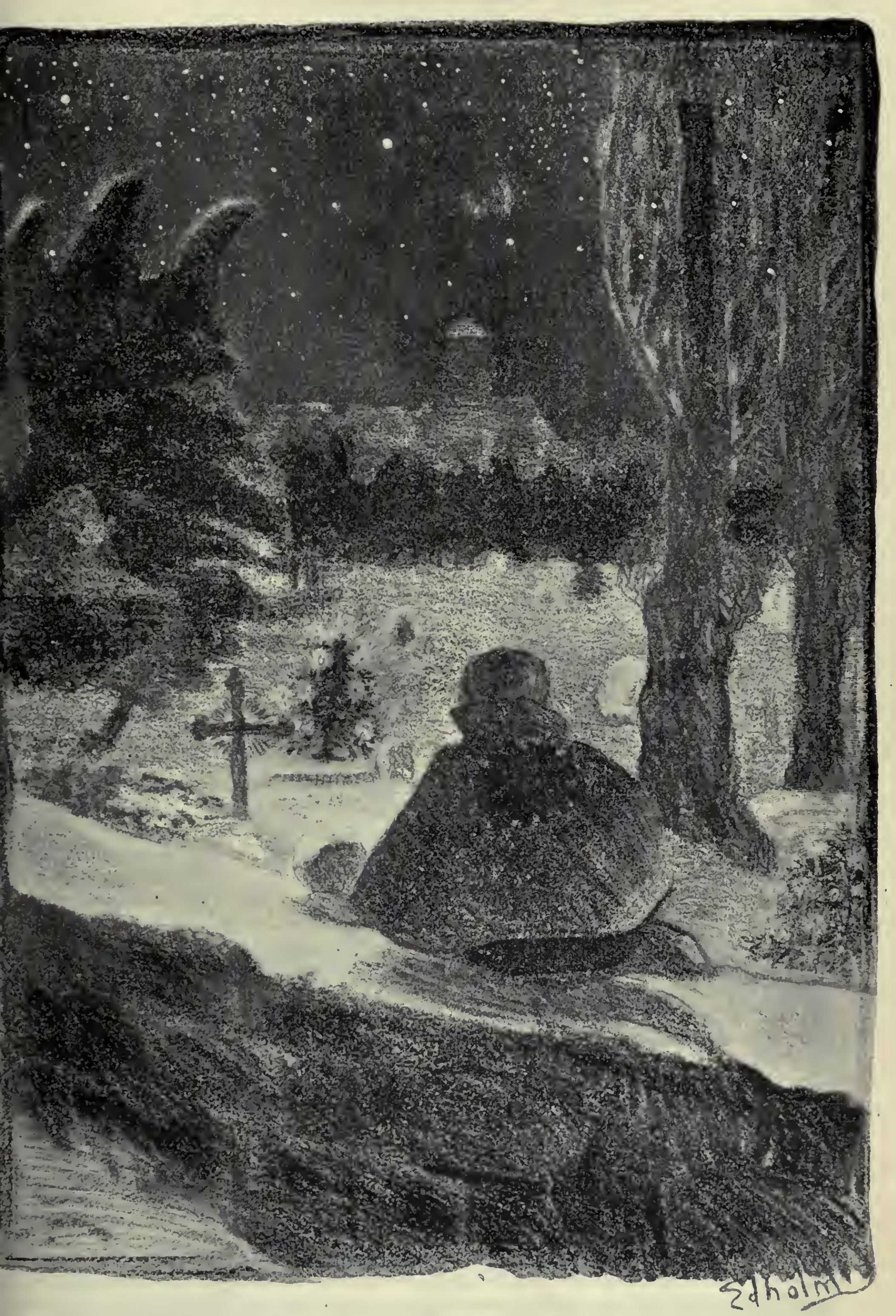

"A river bank, a low wall behind which towered a row of poplars."

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ies of our childhood that cluster about this happy season should find expression here, with a Christmas tree, good cheer and good fellowship.

"The love of the Christmas tree is deeply rooted in every German heart, though it beats in the furthest part of the globe. The wanderer in the wilds of the new world and the voyagers in mid-ocean burn tapers to the Christ-child this evening and sing the old Christmas songs of the Fatherland, and not a German home is dark and silent.

"I know a man without chick or child who lives in a garret and struggles for an ideal. I visited him a year ago to-night and found him alone as ever, but on his bare table stood a little fir tree decked with white tapers—to me they seemed like the lights about the coffin of his childhood.

"Friends, it is to keep ourselves from such heart-sickness that we gather to-night to be merry; yes, and if it makes us happy, even a little sentimental. You know the song composed long ago by a poor Tyrolese schoolmaster that has poured sweetness into every German heart. Shall we sing that song before the mood leaves us?"

And truly it was with a child's pure faith and joy in the Christmas tide that these men sang the simple carol.

> "Peaceful night, holy night,
> All doth sleep, nowhere light,
> Just the blessed and sacred pair,
> New-born babe with locks so fair."

"Good-night, Rudolf," said Karl, rising hastily, and swinging his overcoat about him as he plunged into the night.

As he hurried past the church tower he heard the heavy hammer rising over the bell; it fell once, twice, thrice; the three quarters. "In another quarter hour it will be Christmas day," he said. "I have a costly gift for my Art she shall have—my beautiful weed."

It was but a short walk through sleeping streets to the river bank; but a few paces down stream and he saw a low wall, and above it the row of poplars, between whose bare limbs shone the stars. It was the old grave yard.

The snow crackled under his tread; it was pure and fresh here away from the many trampling feet. As he threw back his cape to inhale the keen air, he brushed a drooping hemlock branch that sprang up lightened of its weight of snow.

Karl broke a spray. "For the grave of my dead love," he whispered.

Swinging himself on the wall he sat for a moment looking over the white mounds, mottled here and there with a dark growth of ivy. Many of the monuments were of the last century and were crumbling to decay; here a marble cross stood awry; yonder a heavy pedestal, black with age, was split, and the ivy fingered in its fissures and dragged at the urn that surrounded it.

But strangely out of place in this field of the dead seemed the little Christmas trees planted on the smaller graves. They were adorned with white roses, and white tapers burned pale little flames like the souls of dead children, hovering over their resting place.

Sliding to the ground, Karl traced the old way, so familiar and yet so strange. It was like a dear face on which Death had laid his hand.

There stood the gaunt poplars, silent now, without a leaf to sing in the light winds. Below them a block of marble marked a child's grave, and this, too, bore its lighted tree in token of some mother's love.

Here it was that they had spent one happy day—the last. They had met by chance; he was wandering aimlessly, sketch book in one pocket, a volume of Lenau in the other; he had stooped to read the inscription on this tablet, when some one spoke his name; he looked up and saw her seated on the old stone bench.

She had brought some fine sewing; it was so hard to work indoors when April was in the air, she said, and she was lonely in her room.

He rejoined that since she had left the studio his work dragged; her desertion was fatal to his inspiration. "Though I don't blame you for leaving the class-room," he hastened to add; "you are too sensitive to ever be a model." And in his heart he thought, "and too pure and

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proud and a thousand times too beautiful!"

Quickly the afternoon passed, and as they parted he plucked her a violet and asked: "Shall we meet here again?"

Spring, summer and autumn fled, and he had never returned.

For he realized in the night that it was Love that had knocked at the door of his heart, and between his Art and Love stood Poverty.

He had never returned——

As he gazed into the darkness he fancied that a draped figure, a statue of Resignation, had descended from one of the monuments. She was leaning against the gnarled trunk of a poplar; her face was turned toward where the current sounded under the hollow banks.

At his touch she started, but there was no surprise in the brown eyes. None when he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I was thinking of you," she said, softly; "do you know what I thought; that to share your struggles and your poverty, always, would make life worth keeping, but I was lonely and the dark water beyond the wall called to me when I remembered the violet from the child's grave, for I was afraid your love had died as it was born.

"See the little tree planted where the violet grew. When I lit the candles, many mothers were also here lighting their's, but I waited long after they had gone; and I answered the river 'When the last light goes out.'"

He drew her down on the little bank and held his cape around them both; the last taper threw into relief the chiselled surface of the stone; a field flower was graven on it and a verse—they had read it together one evening in April:

"Plant thy flowers around, though Winter closes the flowers;
Still with his fingers of dew, Spring will re-open them all.
Weep, but in weeping yet smile, I rest in our Earth-mother's bosom;
He who flowers awakes, He will awaken me, too."

On the church tower's narrow balcony, hanging high over the roofs of the town, glimmered the faint light of a watchman's lantern.

Around it the old schoolmaster had gathered his best singers, and they stood awaiting a signal.

It sounded. The hammer in the belfry rose and fell and struck out midnight.

At its last beat the young voices pealed forth joyously over the living city, where all slept; joyously over the dead city, where two happy ones watched, and the words they sang were those learned of angels:

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy!——"

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THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY ELIZABETH VORE

A LONG stretch of faintly stirring eucalyptus trees where the opalescent line of sky marked the horizon; a weather-stained adobe, almost in ruins under the shade of the swaying trees, and for a radius of several miles no other human habitation to be seen.

The man riding toward it, at as rapid a pace as his tired broncho could carry him, straightened up in the saddle and squared his broad shoulders; his eyes brightened as they rested upon the distant cabin, while a swift light of gladness entered his weary face. Humble and primitive as the abode was, it was home to "Mose" Anderson, and held all that for seven years had made his life worth living.

"The little kid'l be a-watchin' fer me, I'll bet the biggest nugget I hev dug in a fortnight," he said, and a smile, the tenderness of which contrasted oddly with his gruff voice, transformed his rugged face, which was characterized by strength rather than gentleness.

"'Don't fergit to come home fer Christmas,' says the little fellow last thing fore I started," he continued, talking to himself after the fashion of people who are much alone. "Fergit! Naw—I guess not! Forty claims wouldn't hev kept me. Poor little chap, it's a lonesome life with his daddy gone week in and week out, and only old Nita for company. The old girl is a-gittin' along in years, an' she ain't no companion fer a clever little feller like Andy. He needs amusin' and somebody to learn him right ways o' talkin' an' doin', better 'an a man kin. Nobody but an old Indian woman to talk to, exceptin' when I kin take a jant home now an' then. Poor delicate, sickly little chap. It looks like the Almighty aint' done jest fair by him."

He broke off abruptly and dashed his toil-hardened hand across his eyes.

"Gol-darn this here desert sand," he muttered savagely. "It gits into a feller's eyes wuss'en pizen. Thank the Lord I've done with sand hills fer a spell, an' am bound straight fer the promised land, where roses bloom, with Andy a-setting' under 'em, awatching fer his good-fer-nothin' dad. A good supper, too, an' a pipe by the fire. They ain't nuthin' like home.

"But 'tother life has its fascination, though, blamed if it don't. There's somethin' in that wonderful, silent desert that grows on a feller, an' he gits to hankerin' fer it, if he's long away. It's like a thing alive. Now sence I've been mining back yonder in them bleak hills they don't seem desolate no more. I swear I actly miss 'em; only fer Andy I'd stay there year in an' year out till I made my pile, an' then, by gum! I bel've I'd jest settle there as a stiddy proposition."

He rode on for a few rods in silence before he continued.

"Not that I've anything to complain of now. I've made wages, an' good wages, an' the prospect is flatterin' fer a big haul fer the boy by the time he needs it. Then there's the little ranch ahead that ain't likely to run away—on the very edge of the desert, yit as fertile land as a man needs. There's a livin' on it any day."

"By jingo!" he ejaculated, breaking off abruptly in his ruminating. "There's the little kid, fer certain! Watchin' fer me jest as I thought he would be. Lord love the little chap; I wisht his mother had lived to see him!"

There was a tremor in his voice, a minor strain mingled with its sudden joy, as drawing nearer he discerned a childish figure standing in the doorway of the cabin under the clambering roses

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and honeysuckles that half hid it. The last rays of the gorgeous sunset rested caressingly upon the shining head, and even at that distance the man's keen eyes could see the glad smile of welcome that transfigured the wan little face into almost unearthly beauty.

"By gum! A-watchin' fer me—God bless the little feller!" cried Mose, delightedly.

He touched his spurs with quick impatience to his pony's flanks and urged him to a gallop, for a thin, childish hand was waving a gay welcome, and a shrill little voice was shouting joyfully:

"Daddy! daddy! You comed fer Christmas, didn't you, daddy?"

Mose reined up at the door, and, leaping from the pony's back, had the fragile figure in his arms almost before his feet had touched the ground, while the pony walked contentedly off toward the stable.

"Come home fer Christmas!" he cried cheerfully. "Fer certain, Andy. I wouldn't miss old Santy Claus fer anything! You ain't no wuss, air you, little feller—no wuss 'an when I left home? Your a-comin' on all right an' gayly like, ain't you, honey?" He held the child away from him and scanned the pale little face with brooding tenderness. "You're a-growin' like snuff, now-a-days, ain't you, Andy?" he asked, anxiously.

"Growin' like snuff!" repeated Andy in his high, clear treble.

Mose lifted him to his broad shoulder and carried him shouting with glee into the house.

Since the day he was born, seven years before, Mose Anderson's only child—little Andy—had been a hopeless cripple. Lonely and oftentimes full of suffering his short life had been, and to add to its pathos, he had never known a mother's love, for his young mother had given her life for his. She had died with a smile on her lips, and Mose had learned then what a sublime thing is love, something which many a wiser man has gone through life without learning.

He had dug her grave himself by the side of the cabin under the shadow of the tall eucalyptus, and had buried her there by the little home she had blest and made happy, and, taking his motherless baby in his arms, with big sobs shaking his powerful shoulders and choking his voice, had vowed that, unworthy as he was of such a sublime sacrifice of love, he would show his undying gratitude by raising their boy as Katy would have wished him raised. Since then life had held for him only his son.

For seven years he had been loyal to his child's dead mother. Uncultured and rough of manner and speech though he was, he possessed a simple grandeur of soul a more brilliant man might well have envied, and he felt there were some things which may not be forgotten; and if, in his lonely life and the heart-hunger of starved affection, he found himself longing for a woman's gentle companionship, or discovered his thoughts straying toward a fair face and a pair of gentle brown eyes, that during the last six months had dawned upon the horizon of his life, he turned resolutely away from temptation, with a sort of dumb shame. If he were conscious of a thrill of joy when those clear, soft eyes had met his own in frank liking that seemed almost encouragement, he was conscious of as keen a pang following his involuntary joy as if he had done injury to the dead, whose life had been given unmurmuringly for love of him.

It was a hard battle the big, loyal, lonely man had fought, always with the same result—his life belonged to Katy; it had been bought with a price.

After supper on the evening of Mose's return, old Nita cleared away the dishes and then went off to bed. But Mose and Andy did not think of sleep yet. There was too much to talk about. A look of unutterable happiness rested upon the child's face—it was heaven to him when Daddy was at home. He sat on his father's knee, while the latter smoked his pipe before the open fire, and stretched his stalwart length out to the warmth of the burning eucalyptus logs, for the evenings were chilly.

Having finished his pipe, Mose laid it upon the shelf over the fire place, and drew Andy's bright head against

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his shoulders.

"Glad ter see pap, son?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes, daddy."

Only two words, but they held unutterable contentment, and Andy's thin little arms stole confidingly around his father's neck.

Mose uttered a low laugh.

"I'll bet now, you've plumb forgot that day ater to-morror is Christmas!" he said, banteringly.

"No, daddy, I aint' forgot," said Andy, soberly.

"Nope? Wall, that's queer—what's a little kid want with Christmas doins', I'd admire to know? I 'low now, you air layin' in fer a cart load of goodies an' jim-cracks, aigh?"

Andy's face brightened up in sudden hope, a wistful light flashed into the sweet blue eyes, lifted eagerly to Mose's beaming face.

"Daddy," he said, earnestly, "if you see Santy tell him I don't want goodies, please——"

"Aigh? Don't want goodies?" cried Mose, in great astonishment. "Why, Andy, you ain't goin' to have a sickness, air you? Not want goodies—wall, I'll swan!"

"No, daddy, please," said Andy, tremulously, his eager little face flushed with earnestness. "I don't want goodies, but I hope—oh, I do hope Santa Claus will bring me a mother!"

"Eh——!" said Mose, and said no other word. The clock ticked away the moments, and still he did not break the silence. Andy's mouth had a grieved droop, and began to quiver. He was bitterly disappointed. He made one more effort.

"A—a—mother, daddy," he said, timidly, "like the little boy had—at the house—where we et dinner in the town."

A deep pain tugged fiercely at Mose's heart; he bowed his head against the shining head resting upon his shoulders.

"Andy," he said, huskily, "the good God never gives little fellers but one mother. Moth—mothers is hard to git, Andy—an'—an' your mother is a angel in heaven, like I've told you a heap of times—an' we've set by her grave together, son."

"But, daddy——" There was a sob in the childish voice, choked bravely back—"couldn't I—have—a make-believe mother—till I go to mine?"

"A make-believe mother?" repeated Mose, slowly.

"Yes, daddy, dear. A play mother. It's so lonesome—an'—I ache inside of me." The pathetic little voice was like a stab to Mose's heart.

"Why, sonny, don't daddy count fer nuthing'? I try to make my little feller happy."

"But, daddy," Andy's moist little hand patted Mose's rough cheek comfortingly —"when you air gone it's—it's so lonesome, an' I ache so inside 'thout anybody that—I—I cry in the nights, daddy; it aches so inside of me. I do want Santy to bring me a play-mother, daddy dear."

"God!" said Mose, under his breath.

He was still again so long, that he thought Andy had fallen asleep, but—as he gently turned the saddened little face toward him, he saw that the blue eyes were bright and wakeful.

"Son," said Mose, awkwardly, a dull red creeping into his swarthy face, "had —had you thought of—wall, anybody in partickler you'd like fer a—play-mother, had you, Andy?"

Andy lifted his head from Mose's shoulder and sat úpright in his excitement, his eyes widened with new hope.

"Wouldn't Santy know a good one?" he asked, earnestly.

"Wall—you see, little 'un," said Mose, hesitatingly, "there is some things a pusson don't like to trust to old Santy—though he is certainly a good-natured old cuss—ahem!" Mose coughed hastily. "That was a slip of the tongue, Andy; I hope you won't never say cuss-words, son," he added sternly, "'cause it is only tarnal low-down fellers 'at does." He was silent again for a moment, while the child waited expectantly.

"Andy, do you remember seein' a beautiful lady where we et at the hotel, when I took you to the town?" he asked with some embarrassment; "a young lady with brown eyes an' wavy hair an'

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roses in her cheeks; she came an' took your little paw in her white hand an' asked you if you was sick, an' I told you she was a-teachin' the little kids in the town? A beautiful lady, Andy, that talks out of a grammar book an' has such dainty ways it strikes a man clean dumb."

"I 'member her daddy!" cried Andy, in shrill delight.

"Now spozen," said Mose, growing redder with every word. "Now spozen she keered to be a Christmas gift to a great, hulkin', awkward, good-fer-nuthin'—that is, I mean——" stammered Mose, getting hopelessly mixed, "to a little yaller-haired, delicate kid what is hankerin' fer a Christmas gift as answers that description——"

"Oh, daddy!" cried Andy, clasping his small hands ecstatically. "Daddy—do you 'spose she would?"

Mose drew the eager child closely to him, and, bending forward, he leaned his elbow on his knee, and, resting his chin in his hand, gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"Andy——" he said, slowly, "do you—'spose she would?"

But the shadow had not entirely lifted from Mose's heart—his soul was not at peace. Hours after Andy was asleep the moon looked down upon a figure kneeling by the grave under the eucalyptus trees. The wind swept through their branches with a sound like the surf, the moonlight lay in white flecks on the quiet mound where the man knelt alone.

"Katy, honey, you see how it is," cried Mose, hoarsely. "I couldn't ever fergit you—you little, pale, dead mother! I ain't a-fergittin' how you died—a-lovin' me in life an' facin' death bravely fer my sake. Lord God A'mighty——. There never was anything like it, an' there never will be."

"They ain't nobody kin ever take your place, Katy," murmured Mose, brokenly. "An' no good woman would want to, but they is some one—who is good an' true an' who kin make my life an' our little lad's brighter an' happier—an'—an' the little kid's asked fer her. God knows I don't want to grieve you, honey—if you could only give me a sign, dear!" said Mose, pleadingly, weeping as he had not wept even when Katy died.

Whether a sign was given to him or not is known only to Mose Anderson and his Maker. But, kneeling there in the silence of the night, a deep peace stole into his soul, and upon him fell a great calm that was like a benediction.

CONSTANCY.

BY CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

To give to thee a last fine word of praise
  At this dark moment of my love's undoing;
To speak thee well all down the bitter days
  That follow slow upon a fruitless wooing.

To think of thee as one set high apart,
  A changeless star within my night of sorrow,
And feel thy light fall on my turbid heart
  To lead me on and on—to life's to-morrow!

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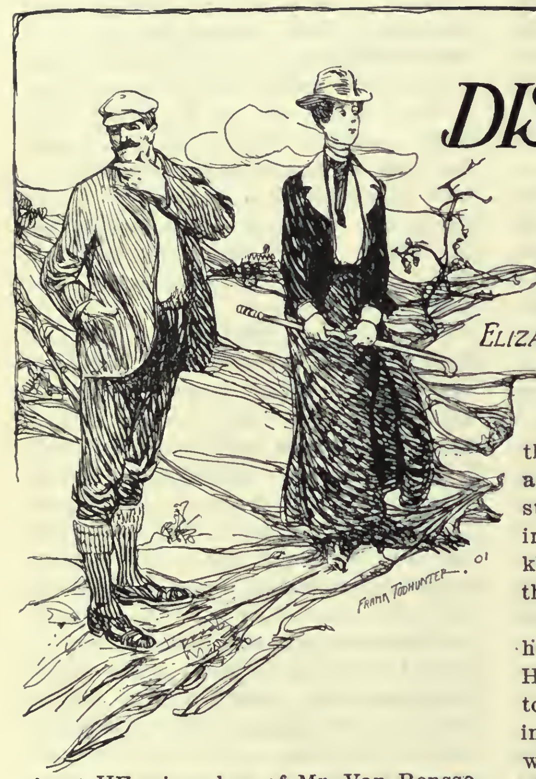

DISCIPLES OF MINERVA

BY

ELIZABETH FLORENCE GRAY

THE minor key of Mr. Van Rensselaer's thoughts jarred inharmoniously with the joyous melody of the sunshine, flowers and butterflies. He drummed impatiently on the table with his finger-tips, and wished it would rain. He regretted that he had told the maid he would wait for his friend. Mr. Van Rensselaer knew that Mr. Benton had the reputation of always being late, but he had supposed the man would at least be on time for an appointment at his own house. For the third time Mr. Van Rensselaer gazed into the cigar holder which stood on the table, vainly hoping that he might have overlooked that lotus blossom which brings a man forgetfulness of the worries of every day life. He would like to have blown away his unpleasant thoughts in wreaths of white smoke, but the holder was empty and also the case, which he took from his pocket. There was nothing for him to do but look out of the window and think, and that was the most unpleasant thing he could do. If he could only stop thinking he believed he could get in tune with the world again. The wrinkles in his forehead grew deeper and the drumming of his fingers louder.

He had been an idiot, he mused. There had been no need of quarreling with Helen because she thought it her duty to attend a meeting of the Tuesday morning Literary Club instead of playing golf with him, and there was no necessity of ridiculing the club because it deprived him of her society. It was certainly unkind to have insinuated that the literary aspiration of its members did not reach higher than the works of The Duchess, and it was not surprising that Helen cast on him a withering glance which plainly said that he had about as much knowledge of the real character of the average society girl as a fly has of the structure of the human body.

"Because we enjoy having a good time," said Helen, "is no reason why, twice each month, we can't fling aside the gaudy garments of Dame Fashion and put on the somber robes of the followers of Minerva. We shall listen to a paper on Browning at our next meeting, and I wish you might attend; it will be very instructive and interesting. I am sorry I can't play golf with you, but we are to consider a question of great importance at our business

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"'Yes, you are the first to arrive.'"

meeting, and I must be present. I would tell you what it is, but I don't believe you'd understand it." This last was added with a smile which had a suggestion of pity in it.

"Very well," he had remarked, "if you consider your club of giggling girls of more importance than——"

He was glad that Helen had defended her sex. He knew in his heart that he was unjust. Doubtless the meetings of this club were as impressive as those of the ancient Roman Senate, and probably, as Helen affirmed, the members did follow Robert's Rules of Order to the letter, but he was disappointed and had foolishly given vent to his feelings by slurring the club. He supposed that as far as Helen was concerned last evening's quarrel had erased all the bright-colored chalk marks of the previous week. But hark! There were voices in the next room, probably Miss Benton, his friend's sister, entertaining a morning caller.

"Yes, you are the first to arrive. It is long after the hour set for the meeting, so I think the others will be here soon."

Mr. Van Rensselaer was about to make himself known, when something arrested his footsteps and made him glad the sun was shining. It was only the swish of a silk-lined skirt, a drifting fragrance of violets and a voice which made him think of a still evening in summer when the sun was falling to sleep.

"Good morning," the voice said. "It is a pleasure to see you dear girls again. I know I'm late, but the members of this club never come on time, so I thought it wouldn't make any difference. Here come the rest of the girls."

The murmur of many voices and the sound of merry laughter seemed to mock the man who was seeking in vain for a way of escape. If he jumped from the window he certainly would break his bones, but he wondered if that would not be preferable to facing the crowd of girls and Helen's scornful eyes. Then it occurred to him that he might remain where he was until the discourse on Browning had been concluded and the members of the club had departed. He could then quietly leave the house and no one would know of his presence at the meeting. Besides, had not Helen said that she wished he could hear the paper? While he was debating the question a rap on the table sounded, and his heart gave a queer little twinge as the meeting was called to order by the voice he knew so well.

Fate had decided for him. It was out of the question to disturb the Tuesday Morning Literary Club after it has once begun its session. He glanced anxiously about the room and seemed relieved when his eyes rested on a comfortable looking couch. He didn't pretend to understand Browning, so he was prepared for a dull time. He wished someone had left a newspaper in the room.

"I am afraid," said the President, looking doubtfully around, "that we haven't a quorum."

"Why not omit calling the roll?" suggested Miss Benton. "If we don't know that there isn't a quorum we surely can't be blamed for transacting business."

"That's a clever idea, Mary," said the president. "We'll omit the roll call, and

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"'But the paper on Browning,' gasped the President."

listen to the minutes of the last meeting."

"I'm sorry, Helen, that I can't oblige you," said the recording secretary, quietly, "but I didn't have any paper at our last meeting, so I wrote the minutes on the fly-leaf of a library book I had with me, and then I forgot all about them and returned the book. If any of you girls are going to the library I wish you'd ask for it because I know I misspelled several words and I should be dreadfully mortified if anyone recognized my hand-writing."

Mr. Van Rensselaer heard the door open and the maid announce Miss Forbes. There was a commotion and a confused murmur in the adjoining room. Evidently the whole society, with the exception of Miss Mathews, whom he could see reclining luxuriantly on a divan, had hurried forward to welcome the new comer.

"Now, don't be partial," remarked Miss Mathews. "The recording secretary doesn't deserve a kiss, because she has lost the minutes. By the way, Lilian, we've just passed a motion that the penalty for being late is a kiss apiece for all members present. So begin with me and pass them around."

The president rapped on the table anu when order was at length restored she said in an impressive voice:

"I have a matter of great importance and interest to bring before you." There was a hush of expectancy. "We have been invited to join the Federation of Women's Clubs."

"Is that all," said Miss Forbes, the newcomer in a disappointed tone. "I thought you said it was interesting. I expected it was an invitation to a reception or something else that was nice."

"What is the Federation of Women's Clubs?" asked the recording secretary. "Is it a temperance organization, or has it something to do with women's suffrage?"

"I believe it is a union of all kinds of clubs," volunteered the president. "I'm going to try to persuade the Euchre Club I belong to to join. I don't know very

"'May I make a few remarks?' asked a demure and dignified girl."

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much about it, but Mrs. Brown thinks we ought to belong. She says it's a wonderful organization. I think we should do everything to please her, because, you remember, she let us have her house for a reception last spring. Mrs. Brown says that in union there is strength, and—and—I am afraid I've forgotten the rest, but she made it very plain to me that it would be best for us to join."

"Oh, girls," exclaimed the recording secretary, "do you think that if we joined this Federation, Mrs. Brown would let us have her house for another party? I have the prettiest designs for invitations for a Halloween party, and I——"

"I don't understand how you girls can consider for an instant the question of joining the Federation. Don't you know that if you join you have to ask a negro to belong to your club? I think it would be dreadful. Just imagine——"

"Oh, that would never do," came from several voices.

"I think you are mistaken, Lilian," said the President. "Mrs. Brown didn't say anything about negroes, and I think she would have if——"

"I guess I know what I'm talking about. Haven't you girls seen the headlines in the newspaper, 'The Color Question?' I am sure that if a club joins the Federation it is obliged to ask at least one darkie to become a member."

"Speaking of asking people to join, don't you think it would be nice to invite Miss Nellie McClure to belong to the Tuesday Morning Club?" asked Miss Benton. "She told my brother the other day that she thought——"

"He seemed relieved when his eyes rested on a comfortable-looking couch."

"Do you girls like her? She wears such queer clothes," remarked a girl who had just returned from Paris.

"She has a mighty swell cousin, anyhow—Mr. Leslie Van Rensselaer by name," said Miss Matthews. The man in the next room expanded his chest and

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buttoned up his coat. "That saying 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves' is untrue," he thought.

"His name is swell. That's one thing in the girl's favor," said the recording secretary. "Is he that tall, narrow man who rides around town in an automobile and wears such awfully loud clothes and green ties, the sight of which makes one seasick?"

The tables and chairs seemed to dance around Mr. Van Rensselaer. If he had been a woman he would probably have fainted, for he prided himself on his good taste in cravats.

"No, Julia, you are thinking of the wrong man," corrected Miss Benton. "His clothes are not half bad. I'm sure you have seen him. He has red hair and is freckled."

Mr. Van Rensselaer wiped the moisture from his forehead. He had always thought his hair auburn and he was under the impression that his freckles were not noticeable.

"If you girls don't know Mr. Van Rensselaer, I wish you wouldn't talk about him. He's a friend of mine, and one of the finest men I know," said Helen.

The man in the next room knew there was a dangerous light in the president's eyes. He recognized it in the ring of her voice. He was glad that the club members had slandered him, since it brought Helen so bravely to his defense.

"Besides, the question before the meeting concerns neither this gentleman nor his clothes, but as to whether or not we shall join the Federation."

"Well, I want you girls to understand," exclaimed the recording secretary, "that if Nellie M'cClure is related to that man who wears the loud clothes, I will never consent——"

"Oh, girls, that reminds me of the cutest nonsense poem about a young lady named Nell. Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed," resounded through the room.

"There was a young lady named Nell,
Who wasn't so much of a belle,
She'd sit on the sand
And hold her own hand,
And never catch on to the sell."

Loud applause followed the recital and a cry of "encore."

"I have an idea," exclaimed Miss Benton.

"No," came from all parts of the room.

"This is a literary club," she continued, "and one of its rules is that part of each meeting be devoted to literature. Let's omit the paper on Browning this week and discuss nonsense poetry."

That Miss Benton's suggestion was received with approval was shown by the loud clapping of hands. The President attempted to call the meeting to order.

"There is a subject under discussion," she remarked. "Does anyone make a motion?"

"I move that we ask her to join," said Miss Forbes.

"We are considering the question of the Federation," quietly remarked the president. "Your motion is out of order."

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it. I only made the motion because you seemed so anxious to have me. If you don't like my motion you can make one yourself."

A fog seemed to be enveloping Mr. Van Rensselaer's brain. Try as he would, he was unable to follow the train of thought running through the meeting. Yet the comfortable-looking couch had no attraction for him. He vaguely wondered if the president would make the motion. Nothing would have surprised him now. He must have misunderstood Helen. It could not be Robert's Rules of Order they were following.

A peal of girlish laughter interrupted his reflections.

"For goodness sake, Ethel," he heard some one say, "stop making those frantic gestures. If you want to say anything, say it. I've had my handkerchief in my mouth for the last five minutes and I should have suffocated if I had kept it there a second longer."

"I was trying to ask you if you would play ping-pong with me this afternoon," answered a quiet appearing girl in the corner. "I made signs to you because I didn't like to disturb the meeting."

"Is there any second to the motion?" The President had overlooked the fact that no motion had been made.

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"Yes, I second it," came from a dozen voices.

"It has been moved and seconded that the Tuesday Morning Literary Club join the Federation of——"

"Before you vote on this question may I make a few remarks?" asked a demure and dignified girl, who arose and waited for the recognition of the president.

Mr. Van Rensselaer drew a long breath of relief. There was at least one girl among these disciples of Minerva who understood this subject of Federation. She would put the matter clearly and concisely before the club and the members would be able to vote intelligently. Through the crack in the door the man could see her, quietly waiting for permission to speak.

"'Coward!' she exclaimed."

"Miss President, ladies and gentlemen." The man started; had he been discovered? "I mean, just ladies," she corrected herself. "I wish to invite the members of the Tuesday Morning Literary Club to a garden party at my home one week from to-day."

"How perfectly lovely! Of course we'll come!" was the eager response.

"All except Florence. I'll decline for her. It would really be too much exertion for——" Miss Benton's sentence ended in a smothered cry as a pillow was hurled in her direction.

"Don't you care, Flo. I'll send an acceptance for you," consoled the recording secretary. "There are sure to be dandy refreshments, and you wouldn't want to miss——" The same punishment was meeted out to the second offender.

"Girls," exclaimed Miss Forbes, jumping up from the floor, where she had seated herself after the manner of the Japanese. "It's half after twelve and I'm expected at a one o'clock luncheon. I'm sorry to leave you, but I must go."

"If it's as late as that, I guess we'll all have to go." The members of the club began to put on their wraps.

"But the paper on Browning?" gasped the President.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Miss Forbes interrupted, "that Alice Dinsmore sent word that the reading of one of Browning's poems gave her such a headache that she was obliged to go to bed, and hasn't been able to sit up since. So of course she couldn't write the paper. Good-bye, you dear little President. You don't mind if we hurry off and leave you, do you?"

Helen's eyes wandered despairingly around until they rested on the doorway of the next room. Then she raised her head proudly and an angry flush dyed her cheeks. Mr. Van Rensselaer could not look at her eyes. He felt as if a flint were being struck in his presence.

"Coward!" she exclaimed. "So you thought you would verify your statement of last evening by concealing yourself during our meeting. No; don't speak to me," as he tried to make an explanation. "You have played the part of a craven. You wait until I am alone and then you come to taunt me with the shortcomings of my sex. Did you hear it all?" she cried, leaning eagerly toward him. "About the red hair—and—and——"

"Yes, I heard it all," said the man, quietly, "about the red hair and also your brave defense of me. I thank you

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for what you said. I confess that I have been an uninvited guest at your meeting, but I was an unwilling one. Nevertheless, I assure you that I have found it both instructive and interesting. I only wish that you had given your consent to that discussion of nonsense poetry." There was a danger signal in Helen's eyes. "I—I assure you, Helen, my presence here was not premeditated. It is indeed as unexpected to me as to you."

"I might believe you," Helen replied, meditatively, "if you hadn't said such horrid things about the club last evening."

"The minutes of the last meeting have been lost," remarked the man calmly.

"You forget, Mr. Van Rensselaer, that there were two copies of those minutes. Mine are still in existence," replied Helen stiffly.

"I move that all copies of the minutes of the last meeting be destroyed," persisted Mr. Van Rensselaer.

"There is no second. Your motion is lost," Helen replied.

"I second the motion," came a voice from the hall. "I forgot my jacket, so came back after it. If you will put the question, Helen, I think you'll find the ayes have it."

CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED BY GRACE LUCE IRWIN

A Prairie Child's Biography.

To tell the simple story of a child's life simply is what Eleanor Gates has charmingly succeeded in doing in her book, "The Biography of a Prairie Girl." She had, to be sure, unhackneyed surroundings to tell about—the Indian-infested, cowboy-blessed, free outdoor life of the Western plains—but interest in the life of wild animals or pets, enjoyment in the exhilarating beauties of nature are as old as the language.

Miss Gates, by realistic, humorous, unaffected touches, makes us know beyond forgetting, and love beyond criticism, the bare-foot, yellow-haired little girl she draws, and the faithful, manly "big brothers." The little girl at the early age of four is tied on a horse in order to drive cattle off the fields, and the "big brothers" from earliest boyhood have gained courage and vigor from warring with the unleashed forces of nature about their prairie ranch. The descriptions Miss Gates gives us, of such aspects of nature, are particularly good. This, from the race with a prairie fire, is one of the best:

"The line of flying animals had now crossed the farm. The blaze seemed to be at the very flanks of the herd, licking up the dry weeds and grass from under their speeding feet. The biggest brother groaned as his eye swept the oncoming panic. * * * A bare three miles ahead lay the meadow, beyond which was the town and safety. The thundering host behind, at the rate it was coming, would catch them while they were crossing the wide basin, where the dropsied grass and blue joint were higher than the wild hay on the prairie about. There the herd would have to increase its running to escape the swifter-going fire; hence, there lay the greatest peril to the biggest brother and the little girl. In a few minutes the animals heading the rout were out of sight in the draw crossed a little while before by the buckboard. The fire followed them, creeping slowly down the farther hillside, where the growth was poor; but when it as well as the stock disappeared in the bottom,

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where the grass stood thick and tall, the narrow ravine top vomited smoke and flame like the mouth of a crater.

"In a terribly short space the stampede rushed up the bench and came on, a dense mass, horning and shouldering wildly."

The purity of diction and the aptly turned phrases are refreshing qualities. Miss Gates has written one of the successful books of the year.

Published by The Century Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

Stories of Superlative Finish. Miss Mary Cholmondelay is one of the best of modern novelists. Her plots are particularly dramatic and signicant, yet so restrained is her style, so correct her diction, that her books could in no way be called sensational. We have here her "Moth and Rust," an attractive volume, containing four short stories of superlative quality. The first story, which entitles the book, is the longest and best, being a marvel of construction, character building, and dramatic situation. Lady Anne Varney, one of the heroines, is a wonderfully fine woman, while Janet Black, poor, stupid, beautiful Janet, is equally interesting.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Price, $1.50.

The Kipling of The Klondike. Jack London's long novel, "A Daughter of the Snows," is brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. It is of course a story of the Klondike, containing many of the same elements which have made his numerous collections of short tales so popular. It is about Frona Welse, the vigorous and handsome daughter of Jacob Welse, a giant trader of Dawson, and also about the two men who were her lovers, Vance Corliss, and the craven-hearted Gregory St. Vincent. But outside and around these swirls the strenuous, hard, glittering, sordid, wild life of the mining camps. It is the best picture Mr. London has yet drawn of them, perhaps because it is the largest canvass. The book is full of thrilling situations, fascinatingly picturesque figures, all made real and vivid, true not only to the artistic sense, but to a deep knowledge of the heart of humanity. The underlying philosophy is optimistic because it concerns only the present one's life, and the perpetual compensation of mere living. Price, $1.50.

Dainty Stories with Dainty Pictures. "The Children of the Thornywreath" is a very pleasing book in every way. Its covers are tasteful—in a bright blue cloth, with gold figures and lettering. All through it are the most exquisite illustrations, full page and marginal drawings—all of children, by the well known artist, Miss Marion Holden. Her child pictures are quaint and inimitable. They have decorated every page of the book in the most charming way. The stories themselves, six in number, beside the introduction, are by Miss Gertrude Le Page, and they are not only quaint and amusing, they are beautiful and touching. Each is about some child or children in the hospital, culled in an artistic spirit, from Miss La Page's rich experiences among them as professional nurse. And we are at a loss to say which we prefer to read, of little Ah Quoi, who wished so eagerly to be American, of little Louis who longed for a visitor "all to himself," "Another Saint Elizabeth," "Maurice," of a "Fairy Story that Came True," or of "The Runaway." All are delicate, true, realistic and tender, with both humor and pathos. All have something to be proud of in this attractive book—the publishers, the author and the illustrator. It should be remembered that the proceeds of its sale are to be given to the Children's Hospital.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, Publishers. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Jordan's Philosophy. Lack of space this month forbids me to give the extended comment which such an important book as Dr. David Starr Jordan's "The Philosophy of Despair" seems to demand. The most affirmative dicta he has yet given (who is not noted for negative qualities when it comes to public utterance) are contained in this attack

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of his upon "The Philosophy of Despair." It is likely to be the book by which Dr. Jordan will be known as a thinker and analyst of social conditions of his age. It contains his most advanced thought, and evinces the keenest insight which he has yet shown. The lines of the dedicatory poem remind one much in diction and spirit of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's. "Though the meaning of time, space, existence lies beyond our reach," says Dr. Jordan, "yet some sort of solution of the infinite problem the human heart demands. We find in life a power for action, limited though this power may be. Life is action; and action is impossible if devoid of motive or hope." And elsewhere: "Thoreau says that 'there is no hope for you unless this bit of sod under your feet is the sweetest to you in the world—in any world.' Why not? Nowhere is the sky so blue, the grass so green, the sunshine so bright, the shade so welcome, as right here, now, to-day. No other blue sky, nor bright sunshine nor welcome shade exists for you. Other skies are bright to other men. They have been bright in the past and so will they be again, but yours are here and now. To-day is your day and mine, the only day in which we play our part."

He quotes in closing Tennyson's lines:

"I falter when I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares,
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. Price, 75 cents, or in flexible suede, $1.50.

Bengesian Essays. "The Romance of the Common-place'" is a small book of clever essays by Mr. Gelett Burgess, issued this month by Elder & Shepard. As is said in the introduction: "My nonsense gave, I conceit myself, no clue by which my real self might be discovered. My fiction I have been held somewhat responsible for, but escape for the story teller is always easy. Even in poetry a man may so cloak himself in metaphor that he may hope to be well enough disguised. But the essay is the most compromising form of literature possible, and even such filmy confidences and trivial gaieties as these write me down for what I am." Whicn is evidently considered sufficient motive for a book of essays. The name, I think a misnomer, as Mr. Burgess, instead of pointing out to us possibilities of romance in the "commonplace," tries to prove continually that only eccentricity or deviation from the usual, is amusing. He writes entertainingly of "Dining Out," "The Sense of Humor," "The Use of Fools," "Getting Acquainted," "Absolute Age," "A Defense of Slang," "The Science of Flattery," and about twenty allied subjects, the light philosophy underlying all endeavoring to prove that it is only possible to enjoy life by playing at it lightly as a game.

"Whether one uses one's skill on thrones or women, swords or pens, gold or fame, the game's the thing."

Price, $1.50.

Mr. Frederick Lawrence Knowles has filled a long-felt want by his compilation, "A Treasury of Humorous Poetry," which is a handsome volume, and very complete. It is dedicated to Mark Twain. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

The Macmillan Company have out an attractive book, "Old English Ballads," beautifully illustrated with decorative drawings by George Wharton Edwards. The introduction is by Hamlin Wright Mabie.

A book of charming poems, lyrical in quality, is "When the Birds Go North Again," by the well known poet, Ella Higginson. All the pages bear a cheerful, delicate and tender philosophy. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers. Price, $1.25.

"A Little Captive Lad," also issued by the Macmillan Company, is an interesting tale by Beulah Marie Dix. Cover design is attractive, print large and illustrations by Will Grefe.

Price, $1.50.

"The Adventures of Torqua" is a book for youths by Charles Frederick Holder, issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. It is a tale of olden times, without a dull page.

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The Outlook Company, New York, has republished in attractive book form the dozen papers by George Kennan, on the eruption of Mt. Pelee. It is called simply "Pelee." Illustrated by photographs by the author and drawings by George Varian.

Price, $1.50.

We have an exhaustive and interesting book in "The Poetry of Robert Browning," by Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., which is brought out by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York. Price, $1.50.

"Kuloskap: The Master" is the odd name of a book, containing translations of Algonquin or Indian poems, done by Charles Godfrey Leland (of Harvard) and John Dyneley Prince (of John's Hopkins.) Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, $2.

"A Prophet of the Real," the name of an immensely interesting modern novel by Esther Miller. It is above the average in plot, characterization and style. If you don't read it you are missing a very interesting and powerful love story. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Morgan Shepard's Appreciation of "Wayfarers."

I give herewith a brief sketch from the pen of Mr. Morgan Shepard anent Mrs. Katherine Hooker's beautiful and successful book, "Wayfarers in Italy":

Before Katherine Hooker wrote "Wayfarers in Italy" doubtless the common opinion was that a book of travel in that country would meet but a luke-warm reception. With some indifference we said "Italy is done to death, the field is exhausted by such writers as Symonds, Howells and Hewlitt. What new note is there to strike, where lie fresh meadows of fancy?"

"March was in full possession of the Riviera—at Hyeries and Mentone the days were warm and mild and daffodils were showing their delicate faces. We crossed the boundary of Italy." The first lines of "Wayfarers" seem like a soft but firm hand that leads us without our knowing we are being led into the very spirit of the land. Are we indifferent, or is apathy like a cloak upon us? Then does the charm and a breath of spring in these lines lure us to look, and win us to listen. With unhurried steps we are led "On the Lombard Plain." Lying before us are details before unnoticed. Color form and humanity are all new pictures, exquisitely painted by a woman of delicacy, sympathy and refinement.

Unbalanced enthusiasm finds no place in this book, but rather the much purified expression of a mind stored with knowledge, which touches and enlightens each step along the way. Italy becomes a real country. We are not absorbed in the book before us, rather do we tread the actual soil. This gift of narrative is remarkable.

The first pages of this unusual book impresses us with the thought that Mrs. Hooker's first desire is to make us see Italy as it is—and then to lead us to love the fair land of wonderful tradition and unique beauty. In this she succeeds—her very sincerity and charming, refined simplicity wins a waiting heart and holds even the laggard's fancy.

"Wayfarers" is a book that will live. It is a structure unique. It is a book which will kindly convert many a suspicious "practical." As a valuable guide to Italy we cannot imagine any work more complete or so abounding in fine suggestions. We are to plan to-day a journey to the lan. of Katherine Hooker's picturing, we would follow step by step the footprints of the "Wayfarers." We should first see with her eyes to learn what our eyes would add to our happiness. Florence is a fair reality—"the return to her is a keen delight. Simply to tread her streets, to stand upon her bridges, gives a thrill so moving that tears are not far from the surface. To explain a statement thus verging on the sentimental, to analyze the charm that is so consummate and at the same time to avoid emotional exaggeration, would not be easy." Katherine Hooker has found the beautiful border where tender, respecting sentiment lies, but but never once in her narrative, so full of love, are we for an instant cloyed by sweetness.

"Driving Through Tuscany," "April in

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the Marches," "In the Abruzzi," and "Roman Excursions" are some of the chapter headings. "The Heart of Nubria" is another chapter. Here is caught the sweet song of the nightingale. "Had not the nightingale been called plaintive, heart moving, the interpreter of Lovers and of the Night? This little minstrel had known the joys but not the pangs of love; had heard what Night says to the blissful but not the tortured. Melancholy had never been an inmate of his soft breast." The book blossoms with poetry.

At Lake Thasimento, we are touched to our very soul by an exquisitely pathetic story of "Two Old Fishermen." This chapter alone sparkles with the brilliance of pearls—or tears. "Then said the aged man, 'Signorina, you are wise. You have been educated and are learned. We cannot even read; we are poor and ignorant. Tell us, you who can understand these things, why is it that there is this great difference in the lot of us human creatures? They tell us God is good—then why are you rich and at ease, while we live the life of a dog?' 'Una Vitadi cane?' Alas! and alas! The questions of all questions, the crowning perplexity of this unfathomable world was tormenting those simple, humble souls, just as it has and ever will the wisest of us. Who can answer it?"

We may not enter with any completeness upon detailed description of "Wayfarers," nor is that needed. These words are merely the expressions of a convert. The work upon it, however, may not be overlooked—as a piece of book-making it stands pre-eminent. This beauty is chiefly due to the rare illustrations so lavishly used. They are from photographs made by Miss Marian Hooker (Katherine Hooker's daughter and companion Wayfarer.) We cannot conceive of more beautiful pictorial results than she has given. The pictures are faithful studies and unhackneyed.

Many of the subjects were entirely unknown to us, some we knew but never as Miss Hooker interprets them.

"Wayfarers in Italy." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $3.

Up Mount Hamilton on a Motor Cycle

By H. WALTER BURR

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MODERN invention is rapidly depriving mythical and legendary stories of their interest by making it possible for present-day men to easily surpass the wildest feats known to the heroes of old. The speed element is not a factor peculiarly incident to our present civilization. The slowness of natural methods of locomotion has been recognized by every age and condition, along with the possibility of increasing the rapidity of travel. Impressed with this fact, the ancients gave to their deity the attributes of fleetness, and whether it was Hermes who flew about under the sunny Grecian skies, or Mercury who carried the divine messages for the Roman favorites—or by whatever name the god of speed was known, he had a necessary existence in the heathen mind. When the fable writer found that he must remove Bellerephon over a great distance in a very short space of time, he invented Pegasus, the winged horse, and seated upon this fleet animal the brave youth made his way on his long and perilous journey in an incredibly short time.

Primitive legends are prophetic of future realizations. Given in the human

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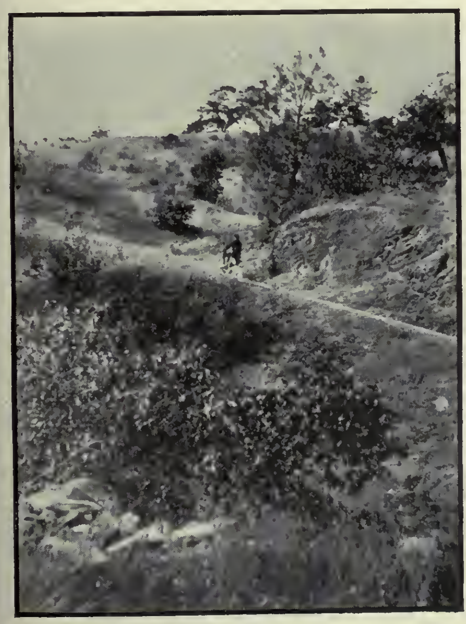
mind the admiration for speed, recent developments in motor vehicles need not be considered other than a natural sequence. Nearest to fulfilling the prophecies of mythology in giving speed to the individual traveler, and transporting him to inaccessible heights, is the motor bicycle. Mounted on this steed he consigns to oblivion the ancient worthies who were noted for their swift and perilous journeys. Pheidippides is behind in the race; Paul Revere has scarcely more than mounted; and Sheridan is still twenty miles away—when the motor wheel arrives.

Along with others, I inherited the speed craze, and although a novice with the motor wheel, the opportunity to ride one to Lick Observatory on the summit of Mount Hamilton, was much to my liking. Zest and interest were added to the prospective trip when those familiar with the conditions urged that it was impossible of accomplishment. The machine used was a California product, chosen because of its special adaptability for such a test. Contrary to the general impression, the motor wheel is a simple device, and the only requirement in



"Laughing at my doubts, she plunged through the dust and rolled up the grade."

running it successfully is an ordinary store of common sense. The entire weight of the wheel used was about seventy-five pounds, with the one-and-one-quarter horse power engine, the gasoline tank and the carbureter all inside the diamond frame. Fill your tank with gasoline, start the mixture in the carbureter, see that your machine is in proper condition—and you are ready to go. Mount, start the wheel with a couple of revolutions of the pedals, press the switch plug, and fly away at a speed of from five to twenty-five miles an hour at your own discretion.

The fifty mile trip from San Francisco to San Jose was a mere pleasure jaunt. To one accustomed to work his passage on an ordinary wheel it is like being transported to the seventh heaven to sit quietly astride the machine and be carried over the level and up the grades without putting forth the least effort. Do you wish to hasten by yonder slow-moving scavenger wagon? Throw the power on full force, and soon you are past with scarcely an unpleasant sensation. Soon the beautiful bay to the left attracts the attention, and one has the desire to linger beneath the picturesque trees that border the road on either side, and enjoy the scenery. Slow down to the rate of five miles an hour, and as you glide along without care or exertion, drink in the beauties of that fairy land that stretches all the way from Millbrae to San Jose. An automobile appears in the distance headed the same way, but the little engine is equal to every emergency, the wheel is soon past it, and ere long the automobile is left out of sight in the rear. A wheelman of the old school, pedaling his life out on every little incline, has a decidedly tired look when the rider astride the more modern article shoots past him and is lost in the distance. The towns along the line fly by in quick succession, one scarcely left behind until another appears. Children and older people open their eyes with wonder as the "no pushee, no pullee" concern goes by, and the dogs that are accustomed to impede the progress of the wheelman miss their calculation, and land in the road to find

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you a half a mile farther on. Such delight. Such exhilaration. Only he who has experienced it can fully comprehend.

Arrived at San Jose, preparations were made for the steeper ascent. The one who rides a motor-wheel must not overlook the fact that he is managing an engine—for the time being he is occupying the position of an engineer. If you will watch a railroad engineer when his train pulls into a station where it is to lie for a short time, you will see that he is very particular to investigate the condition of his engine, and to make sure that it is prepared for the next run. No less care is necessary with the motor wheel, and the only failure ever experienced is due to this lack of attention on the part of the operator. You could not expect a vehicle of such light weight to go a great distance at such speed, with the regular explosions of the engine taking place inside the diamond, and still need no attention. It is well to look to all the bolts and screws, to investigate the battery—in fact, to take a careful survey of the entire machine. This will insure a safe and happy trip without necessitating the profane coloring of the air over some mishap that is the result of carelessness.

After making a first acquaintance with the wheel; after having it carry you several miles, responding continually to your every impulse, one need not be ashamed to confess that he has acquired a genuine love for the little engine. He is apt to find himself personifying the machine, and addressing it as "old girl," "little goo-goo," or by some other name equally significant of good fellowship and affection. Neither does it dampen his ardor or lessen his loyalty when some spectator sneers and tells him he has "motor bugs." The rider experiences in continually greater degree the true man's love for his steed. He loses sight of the fact that it is an inanimate thing, and looks upon it as a faithful companion. It was with such a feeling that I prepared the engine for its run up the mountain-side.

Some idea of the test proposed for the motor wheel can be gained when it is remembered that Lick Observatory is situated at an altitude of 4,443 feet, while San Jose is at an altitude of only 86 feet. The entire elevation of the ascent to be made on a twenty-seven mile ride is 4357 feet, or an average of more than one hundred and sixty-one feet to the mile. However, an average does not give an adequate idea of the grades to be traversed, as a great deal of the time must be occupied in going down hills which are to be climbed again. In an air line the Observatory is only thirteen miles from San Jose, but as I looked at the mountain in the evening, I felt justified in sending the following postal to a friend:

> Arrived O. K.
> At San Jose.
> All went well—
> We came like Hell.
> In the morning at seven
> I started up toward Heaven.

That start was made under auspicious circumstances, the faithful wheel taking hold as though it knew something of the difficult journey before it, and was determined to show its ability to climb wherever there was a trail. The approach to the mountain is a picturesque

"The great white dome arises out of the ground so near that one is tempted to see if he cannot throw a pebble over it."

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drive, on either side of which is a row of tall trees, sometimes forming almost a perfect arch over the road. Further to the right and to the left stretch out the fruit ranches, the pride of Santa Clara County. The busy prune pickers stopped long enough from their work to call out a glad salute and wish a prosperous journey. This road, which is called Alum Rock avenue, appears to be almost on a level, because of the gradual slope of the surrounding land. Having no level with which to compare it, and seeing ahead the steep ascent of the mountain, one does not realize that he is climbing one of the steepest grades on the entire route. The little engine understands the situation, and the slackened speed tells you that you are climbing a hill when you thought you were riding on nearly level ground.

Now is the time for one to study to get the full power out of the engine without in any way impeding the progress of the wheel. This is one of the "tricks of the trade" that sometimes puzzles the novice, and he learns the proper combination just as so many other things are learned—while experimenting he happens onto it. Having once made the discovery, it becomes an instinct, and he cannot explain it to another—each must learn for himself. It is just possible that in climbing an extra little grade the engine may become slightly discouraged. It is not to be blamed, and the fault is probably with the operator. At such a time a round or two with the pedals, with about tne pressure one would use in riding over a plank floor, will be duly appreciated and the engine will respond readily in expressing its gratitude.

"Turn her loose, and guide her back down the mountain."

After a few miles ride the grade becomes still more difficult, on account of the numerous sharp turns encountered. While riding on an apparently straight road, one will suddenly come to a place where he must turn on rather short notice and go in exactly the opposite direction. When the citizens of Santa Clara County laid out this road at an expense of $100,000, it was for the convenience of stage coaches and not for the benefit of motor wheels; otherwise it would have been better had the road made a steeper ascent and turned fewer corners.

On we go, upgrade, making about twelve miles an hour, with scarcely any effort. In a short time the Grand View House is reached. The place is well-named. There stretches out before the traveler a regular panorama, which he is better able to enjoy because he is not worn out from the journey. The mountains roll downward until they blend with the valleys, where the fruit groves extend mile after mile. Farther away can be seen the cities and towns that dot the earth like children's play-houses, while still farther in the distance are the beautiful bay and the great ocean. All these grand sights of nature may be seen while riding along the mountain side.

Soon the road begins to lead downward, and the wheel bounds forward as the engine feels the strain removed, and recognizes that it is about to be granted a rest. This decline leads into Hall's Valley, which must be crossed before continuing the ascent. While the ride down hill is a pleasant diversion, neveretheless one rather regrets that having come thus near to the top

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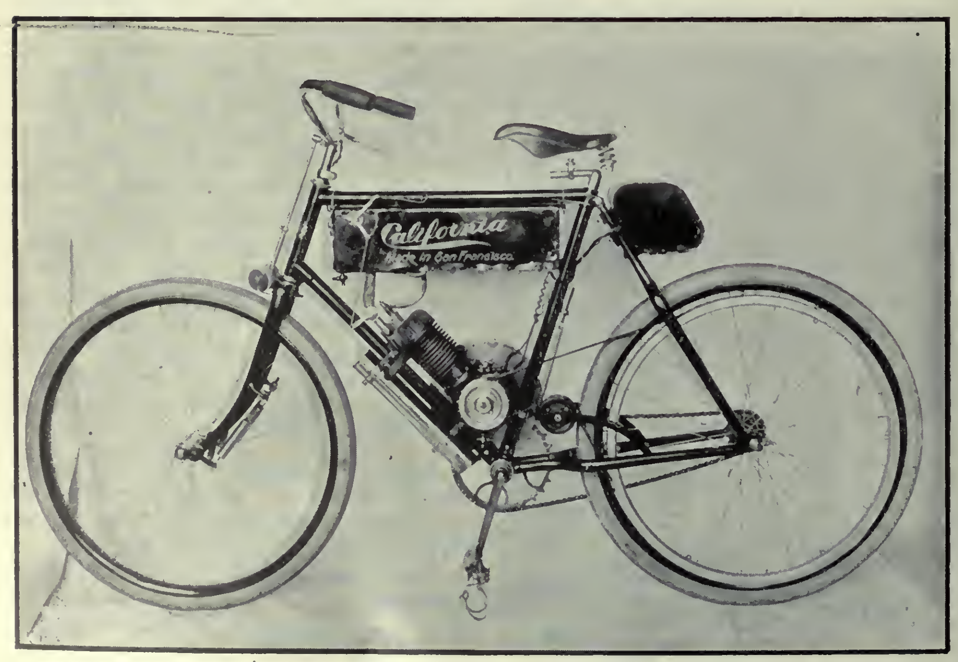
he must retrace his way downward, only to climb up on the other side. Yet the valley itself is not without its beauties of rock and tree and cliff, which well repay for the descent. After a brief ride beyond the valley there is another slight downward run to Smith's Creek. Here is the place for refreshments and to take another inventory of the wheel. Everything is in good order after the hard climb, and one's admiration for his engine reaches a high pitch.

From Smith's Creek it is just two miles in a direct line to the Observatory. The great white dome arises out of the ground so near that one is tempted to see if he cannot throw a pebble over it. But let him not congratulate himself that the journey is almost finished, for there are yet before him seven miles of the most circuitous road yet traveled. The engine seemed ready for the attempt, so together we rolled across the bridge and started to "buck the mountain." The road winds in and out like the path of a serpent, and frequently creeps so close to the precipice that one can look over the edge hundreds of feet below, and imagine himself and his wheel lying at the bottom in inverted order. However, no such accident occurred, and the wheel was easily steered, the engine doing its work with little assistance. Nearer and nearer we came to the great white dome that is now silhouetted against the sky, and now hidden entirely from view by a projecting rock. At the foot of an exceptionally steep incline I thought, "Surely the little engine will not make it." Laughing at my doubts she plunged through the dust, and rolled up the grade as though she were enjoying a pleasant pastime. Round and round the topmost peak we spun, the circuit narrowing down as we reached the summit, until finally we rolled out in front of the great Lick Observatory, having made the last and steepest run of seven miles in half an hour. After surveying the wonders of that noted place, nothing remained but to mount the faithful wheel, turn her loose, and guide her back down tne mountain on the road home.

No doubt the wild deer that still haunt the fastnesses of the country adjacent



"Mounted on this steed, he consigns to oblivion the ancient worthies who were noted for their swift and perilous journeys."

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A rest by the Dome.

to Mount Hamilton witnessed with some surprise the invasion of their realm when the great telescope and its accompanying machinery were hauled slowly up the mountain side and placed upon the very summit. Since then they have been accustomed to watch from a distance the toiling mountain teams and the slow stage coach laboriously wending their way upward, until the sight has become a familiar one. What must be their astonishment as they see this new invention gliding with ease over a road which others have found so difficult, proving that wherever a wagon has gone a motor-cycle can go.

A Discovery in Vibration

BY C. H. MITCHELL

N every age and in every country thousands upon thousands of people have sought for the Elixir of Life, or the Fabled Fountain, whose waters were supposed to have the virtues of restoring health and a youthful appearance. These people thought that life was worth living, and that in order to enjoy it to its fullest extent, health was necessary. Health is the basis of everything human; without it the millionaire's hoarded wealth is a drug to him; the epicure cannot indulge his ravenous appetite, and the laborer cannot earn nor eat his daily bread. Hot springs and cold springs are recommended for the various diseases of the body, and from antiquity we get hot air baths with massage treatment. Then, there is the Swedish, and other movements; and after these the electric shocks. All of these, perhaps, have their uses, and partly heal the system, or effect temporary cures, but none of them are thorough in treatment—they do not reach the brain, the seat of all trouble, or rather, the basis of all suffering.

A number of useful appliances have been invented, but each of them has a specialty—one is for rheumatism, another for throat troubles, still another for liver troubles, etc., but not one of these cover the field thoroughly. And for the reason that no one of the in-

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Dr. Francis King.

ventors has grasped and mastered the proper treatment, or rather the proper application of the vibratory movement as a curative agent. By vibratory movement I do not mean electricity, for there is a wide difference between them when applied to the human system, especially vibration relaxes and electricity contracts. Vibration creates a moisture, puts the blood into circulation by equalizing it and relaxing the rigid muscles. Electricity dries the tissues and burns out the nerves and injures the system in many other ways, which people who have tried this treatment will admit. Furthermore, the force of electricity cannot be lessened or increased to a proper degree when applied. The weak and the strong, no matter what complaint, receive the same degree of force. The application of the vibratory movement is different. It is regulated to suit the condition of the person receiving it—from 200 to 3,000 vibrations a minute. The knowledge of mechanical vibration is not new to the world, however. For many years, successful institutions have been established at Stockholm, Baden-Baden, New York, and in Battle Creek, Michigan, in which are demonstrated the value of vibratory movements as a curative agency. These institutions use a large number of mechanical appliances, some of them having plants costing $20,000. The machines are cumbersome, expensive, difficult to operate, and thus limit their use to certain centers and to the sanitariums.

Vibration means rapid motion back and forth, especially the repeated motion of the parts of an elastic body or medium. One complete movement of this kind from the time when the vibrating particle leaves its equilibrium position to the time it again passes through that position in the same direction is a complete vibration. Every impulse sends forth vibrations which tend to life or death. The length of vibratory waves determines color, as as it does sounds. In his work on "Harmonic Vibrations, or The Secret of Life," Dr. King explains the theory of Vibrations, as above stated, and takes the position that "all things are due to vibration, and that these vibrations are either harmonic or inharmonic." Dr. King carried on for years a successful professional practice, but owing to overwork was compelled to rest from mental labors. He was almost a physical wreck, for several years, but his restless brain finally evolved this work. It has met with a wide recognition and commendation, and its sale has been extensive throughout the United States, and in foreign countries. In this valuable scientific work Dr. King deals with the development of man on the physical, mental and subjective planes. He maintains that in order to reach the higher state of physical development it is necessary to cultivate the physical, mental and subjective man, synthetically. He bases all upon the law of vibration, and is the first to apply this law, in its thorough treatment by his invention of "King's Vibratory Massage Machine." His system is the most perfect, practical and rational means of mechanical and manual massage known to the scientific world, and the machine invented by him gives the most thorough results of any now in use. It combines the vibratory treatment of all others, and reaches every part of the system—the brain, the eye, the ear, etc., and the "waves" or vibrations are given with an evenness and gentleness that gives pleasure rather than pain to the subject. He

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holds in his book, and demonstrates it by his invention, that the successful results claimed by Christian Scientists, mental scientists, magnetic healers and the various other methods employed along these lines, are all due to vibration. He also shows clearly the power of mind over matter, and the transmission of this power by vibration, either by personal contact or through the medium of ether. He reasoned, also, that all physical conditions as well as mental, were the result of harmony or adjustment; or inharmony or maladjustment. Or that disease was due to an inharmonious adjustment of the vital forces of the physical man. He then experimented with various rates of vibration in order to discover the physical effects. The result was, the introduction of a fourth element in the physical adjustment. He saw that reflex action was an important factor in the development of either the higher or the lower man. This fourth element in the synthetic development of the entire man was the introduction of mechanical vibration. A number of experiments convinced him that all persons were subject to mechanical vibration in a peculiar manner, and that the results were immediately and invariably beneficial, if applied intelligently. Also, that these mechanical vibrations produced a harmonic or inharmonic effect, according to the pathologican and mental conditions, temperament, etc., of the individual. Thus, Dr. King was enabled to invent a vibratory instrument of universal applicability—capable of producing the vast range of desired effects. And what is more, with one brilliant conception and grand master stroke of inventive genius, he has overturned the entire system by introducing the vibratory hand. By this means, mechanical vibration is at once elevated to a higher sphere and possibility than was ever dreamed of or thought out by practitioners of the Swedish movement, medical gymnast, or masseur. The whole secret of the curative powers of this wonderful invention may be summarized in a few words: "The equalizing of the circulation, the stirring of every organ into action, the cleansing out of every channel of the circulation, the breaking down and ejection by nature of all waste tissue and the rebuilding of new and healthy cells, all of which is done in a wonderfully short space of time." The old corpuscular emission, or Newtonian theory of light, has long since been abandoned for the universally accepted theory of vibration, which was advanced as the agency of all phenomena —and now the doctrine of vibration is on the lips of every intelligent and progressive person. It does and will cure where a cure is possible. No strong drugs, no nauseous medicines or electricity are used. It is the twentieth century mode of practice. It stimulates the nerves and circulatory channels to their proper action, it equalizes the circulation, it is a scientific method for the preservation and restoration of health, it includes all the methods and movements of other appliances, and more: it speedily and thoroughly develops every part of the human system; it expands and strengthens the lungs as nothing else can do; it stimulates the action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels; it restores the vital forces of body and brain; it builds up new tissues, develops new flesh, and gives symmetry to the figure; it revitalizes and restores nerve energy, thus overcoming sleeplessness; it removes facial lines, so annoying to ladies; it cures nervousness,

Regular physician's office instrument.

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the cause of so much ill-temper; and it is unexcelled in its application for deafness, catarrh, and throat and lung troubles; it removes blackheads and moth patches from the face, and gives freshness, solidity and the appearance of new life to the skin; headache and neuralgia are immediately relieved; and it removes dandruff and other impurities from the scalp and generates a new growth of hair. There is no pain to the subject in any of these treatments. On the contrary they are agreeable and pleasant. In short, Dr. King's Vibratory Massage Machine is universal in its adaptability and treatment, combining, as above stated, every good quality possessed by all others, and possessing other new features that these do not. They are easy to manage, and the manner of self-treatment is easily learned. The construction of the machines are so simple that one can be his own masseur at his office or residence—a small, portable machine being invented for this special purpose.

Dr. King's invention is the only machine that graduates the vibrations—its range is from one degree to the greatest, and there is a different effect upon the person from each degree. The vibrations are lessened or increased according to the condition of the patient. With other machines the vibration is the same throughout the treatment. This gradation equalizes the system, stimulates the brain, and permeates every part of the body with equal force or gentleness, instead of giving the entire shock to one part of the body, as is the case with most others. This appliance is for all parts of the body and regulates every function of the body. It can be regulated to suit any condition of the human system by changing its speed. The faster the speed, the higher the rate or number of vibrations per minute, consequently the stroke is shorter. And the lower the speed the reverse is the result.

The method of creating vibration is by eccentrics—double eccentrics in the larger mechanics, and single eccentrics in the smaller instrument. By means of these eccentrics long or short strokes are given corresponding with various degrees of speed. These various degrees of speed are produced by means of an electric motor and speed regulator, and a combination of pulleys. Of course, the instrument can be and is run by water motor and foot power, or any mo-

Applying vibration through both hand terminals.

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tive power. No electricity whatever, it may be again stated, is applied to the patient, and yet electricity is unquestionably generated in the flesh of the person taking the treatment, for a tingling sensation is produced which permeates the entire body. It is not a "shock," so much dreaded by the public, but the sensation is mild and delightfully pleasant. The patient is seated in a cushioned arm chair, and belts are applied to the limbs or around the body, the head, arms or the face, as the case may be. The eccentrics are set opposite to each other, and the flesh seems to be held firmly and rotated back and forth. It is in reality a massage, but a massage so thorough, so regular in its application, and so rapid in movement that no masseur anywhere can give, and it can only be given by Dr. King's Vibratory Machine.

In this treatment, no matter how vigorous it may be given, there is no burning of the flesh, nor yet any weariness on the part of the patient. Every organ of the body receives a most thorough manipulation, and every atom of the body is acted upon—internally and externally. This is not done by any other system.

These instruments vary in size from the office appliance to the small portable machine. But all of them are easy to manipulate, and the manner is so simple that its workings can be explained in a few minutes. The instrument is noiseless, easy and smooth in its movements, and is always under the control of the operator. They are already in use in offices in all schools of practice—the allopath, the homeopath, etc. The physician can now send his patients to a skilled operator in his own office, where he can supervise the treatment, instead of sending them out as formerly to a masseur, where the patient sometimes receives a too vigorous treatment. From ten minutes to half an hour serves to give as vigorous exercise as one might get in half a day in walking or riding, and without putting forth a single effort or the loss of any vital force. Horseback riding does not give much exercise to the entire body, nor does it replenish the wasted system. Walking exercises the lower limbs, and perhaps to the detriment of other parts of the body, especially if it be violent, or long continued. Gymnastics exercise certain limbs, develops them abnormally, and at the expense of the other portions of the body. Calesthenics exercise the limbs, but with great effort on the part of the person. The internal organs are not treated. The vocal organs are very delicate, and can best be developed and cultivated by vibratory treatment, which requires no violent exercise, shouting, spouting or singing, and the straining of the delicate organs of the throat. Thus, this invention is a great benefit to the public, for health is not only ensured by its use, but life is lengthened. They are thus enabled, by the variety of machines, to take the treatment at their homes or at the physician's office. A number of these machines are already in use in the private houses of some of the wealthiest and most practical business men in San Francisco; also, in physicians' offices and in barber shops.

Illustration for face; used also for scalp.

A most valuable feature in this invention is that the operator has practically nothing to do in giving the belt effects—the belts are placed in position around the body or the limbs, the machine is set in motion, and that's all—the appliance does the work. Where the hand is used in manipulation, a small

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brush-like instrument is fitted to the hand and passed over the body. There is no exhaustion of vital force in the manipulation, but on the contrary it imparts a remarkable increase of vitality to the operator, so that instead of being exhausted after giving the treatment, he is really refreshed.

When delicate vibration is applied, the balls of the fingers are called into requisition. The most perfect and delicate work is done on the throat, nose, eyes, ears, neck, and the nerve centers. The effect is increased or diminished with the greatest nicety and most marvelous care. The instrument is so wonderfully constructed and adaptable in its mechanism that it can be regulated to the minutest degree—and at the same time perform its functions successfully and thoroughly.

Desiring to witness the workings of this remarkable machine, I called at the office of the inventor, Dr. King, room 22, Phelan Building, at 806 Market street. The doctor explained the workings in scientific terms, and then demonstrated them by inviting me to a seat in a revolving cushioned arm chair. It was with some misgivings that I took a seat, for I had my face sacrificed in experimenting with a Chicago scalp-lifter, and have had some sorrowful experiences with an electric belt manipulator. I shall not forget these experiences soon, as one of them is burned on my face and seared in my memory. As I took a seat in the revolving chair, Dr. King placed in front of me a highly polished instrument, unlike anything I have ever before seen. It occupied a space about two feet long, by one foot in width and three or four feet in height. A belt was placed around my body, and I was told to lean back against it—hard. Dr. King set the instrument in motion. The vibrations were slow at first, then they became fast and faster. The waves rolled around my back and up and down my body until it seemed as though every atom of my flesh was put into agitation or motion. A strange, though pleasant sensation, spread over me, thrilling my entire system as if a new life had crept through my very being. It reached from the roots of my thin hair to my feet. I felt as if I were charged with electric life, and yet not a particle of electricity was applied to me in any way. But more wonderful, and even more pleasant, was the sensation when Dr. King applied the high rate vibration through the hand, which was administered with the most delicate and variable adjustment and softness of touch. It is a sensation which cannot be conveyed in scientific or any other terms, for there are sensations that cannot be expressed, just as there are thoughts that cannot be put into speech. Following the treatment I felt a delicious sense of rest, of relaxation, a desire to sleep, an indifference to troubles, anxieties and cares of life, and my brain seemed to be quickened and fuller of ideas. I remarked to Dr. King that he had solved the problem —had discovered a remedy for all the ills of the flesh and the mind, and a remedy that does not inflict pain, nor require medicine.

Dr. King, the inventor and projector of this wonderful instrument and marvelous work, is about forty years of age. He has now perfected his great invention, one of the greatest of the age, which has brought and will bring renewed hope and blessings to thousands of suffering people. The United States has eminent scientists, but here in San Francisco a man unknown to the scientific world, but a power in his circle of influence, has quietly invented, developed and perfected an instrument which is destined to revolutionize methods of practice in the therapeutic world. San Francisco has had many inventors, and men who have improved upon old systems of mechanics, but none of them can be compared in general usefulness to the invention of Dr. King in its general usefulness to mankind. He has been granted patents, both in the United States and in foreign countries, on this instrument, which will doubtless cause his name to live in future ages with those of Bell, Watt, Franklin, Edison, and Marconi. What those men have done, and some of them are still doing for the progress of civilization, this invention will do for the advancement of physical development and perfect manhood.

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The Feather River, Yuba County.

Mountains and Valleys of Yuba County

BY CAROLINE M. OLNEY

"All of these and all I see,
Should be sung and sung by me,
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man"—

TO make known the vast possibilities of a land rich, fertile, productive, beautiful, where some kind of fruit ripens every month of the year, roses blossom from Christmas to Christmas, where neither snow nor ice abound, where out-of-door life embraces twelve months of the year, and where man is happy because he lives in comfort, surrounded by plenty. Such is the 393,800 acres or 965 square miles of a fair and beautiful country entitled Yuba County, centrally located in the great Sacramento Valley, surrounded by the counties of Sutter, Butte, Nevada, Placer and Plumas. Half mountainous, half valley, lying between the Honcut Creek on the north, Bear River on the south, the Feather on the west, with the Yuba River running its full length through the center.

Owing to the topography of the country its climate is not a matter of latitude and longitude; its average mean temperature is 50.1; mean summer, 78.3; mean annual, 64.2; while the rainfall is from 18 to 20 inches.

With all the natural advantages presented for irrigation these fertile lowlands produce, with little or none whatever, grapes, figs, pears, peaches, apples, prunes, apricots, cherries, walnuts, almonds and pecan nuts, besides berries of all kinds, all of which are ripe for the early markets and in demand, owing to excellence of quality. Citrus fruits from this section are ready for the market six weeks earlier than are the fruits of Southern California. A large demand both at home and abroad is supplied for cereals of fine quality, as well as for hops, hay and garden truck. Sheep, cattle, hogs, horses and mules are raised and shipped to different markets. Located here is the largest power house of the group owned by the Bay Counties Power Company, which transmits power the longest distance yet attained. And

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the mines which add their share to the world's wealth, contribute annually about $100,000 in gold and silver.

While the valley is so old that it boasts of the most ancient town in California, the mountainous section is seemingly so new and undeveloped that some f its timber lands are still held by the United States Government; but as one stands on some high precipice overlooking the scarred mountain sides, or down some deep canyon adorned by an old quartz mill, or into the great caverns from which the miners have taken millions upon millions of dollars in precious metal before the hand of the law was raised against hydraulic mining methods, or at the "Mighty King of the Forest" and his lesser brothers, the fir and the spruce, as they lift their stately heads heavenward, one remembers that here, too, are the sources of the beautiful snow-fed streams that sing as they flow:

Busy fruit dryers.

Dry Creek, Cal.

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"I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley.

"By thirteen hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

"With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel."

And as the merry stream babbles on, and you still stand and gaze at the wonderful panorama unfolded, the finger of Time points to the past, myriads of pictures pass before you, and the country seems old, old as time; yet, withal, wonderful in its future possibilities, when capital and the home-seeker shall become the moving powers for its further development and upbuilding.

D Street, Marysville.

City of Marysville

The county seat of Yuba County, with a population which exceeds 5,000, is situated at the junction of the Yuba and Feather Rivers on the line of the California and Oregon on the east, the San Francisco and Oroville on the west (Southern Pacific System), 52 miles from Sacramento, the State capital, and 142 miles from San Francisco, the metropolis of the West.

The city is well equipped with transportation facilities, being a terminal point, thus enjoying the same freight rates on Eastern shipments arriving as San Francisco, Sacramento and Los Angeles, and is an important shipping point and trading center for a vast territory, including the rich farming and mining section by which it is surrounded, and is considered one of the best business towns on the Coast.

Its streets are well paved with bitumen and macadam, its sidewalks are of cement, while the streets on either side are shaded by beautiful ornamental trees. The comfortable homes in their settings of magnificent orange and lemon trees, pretty lawns and gardens laden with a profusion of flowers of myriad variety, add much to the beauty of the city. Its banks (three in number) have combined deposits of $2,000,000, their aggregate capital, surplus and dividends being $648,000. Its business houses and public buildings, its seven churches and splendid public school system extending to every district in the country,with in easy reach of pupils, affords the best fa-

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Yuba County fruits.

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Ellis Lake, Marysville, Cal.

cilities for common school education, excellent teachers are employed at good salaries, and besides the High and Grammar schools in the city, additional educational advantages are presented by the College of Notre Dame and a business college. With the Marysville High School accredited to the State University and the two daily papers—all would do credit to a city of much larger growth credit to a city of much larger size.

Marysville is incorporated, and has at the head of its government an energetic and progressive young Mayor, who is supported by able officials. The city is soon to be bonded in the sum of

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Bathing resort near Marysville.

Hall of Records, Marysville.

$40,000, with which the sewer system is to be amplified and its water park, known as Ellis Lake, improved and beautified. Marysville will, as far as known, be the first city in Northern California to make the most of its opportunities by adding parks, drives and pleasure resorts to its premises.

The city is well lighted by electricity, being on the main line of the Bay Counties Power Company, of which the Marysville Gas & Electric Company is the distributing agent.

In its history Marysville is associated with some of the most striking incidents of early California life, and some of the nation's most prominent men at one time and another have resided here, among them Hon. Stephen J. Field, Hon. George C. Gorham, Noah Brooks, and John Q. Packard, the mining millionaire of Utah, who will in the near future erect an ever-lasting monument to himself in the form of a new library building, costing $75,000, to be the home of the Public Library, already established for many years.

Marysville is also well known through

Court House, Marysville.

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its manufacturing interests. The reputation of the product of its woolen mills, built in 1867, is known from ocean to ocean, and the demand for the superior quality of blankets, underwear, dress goods, flannel, lap robes, steamer shawls and other articles of woolen manufacture, far exceeds the supply. In 1899 the old plant was destroyed by fire, but in 1901 the mill was rebuilt on an enlarged basis, and is equipped with forty looms, which have a rated capacity of 480,000 yards of cloth a year. The place so long filled by the old Marysville Woolen Mills bids fair to be held indefinitely, as the policy of the present lessee is to follow strictly the methods which for thirty years made the business of his predecessors so successful. Although the trade has only been solicited a few months, orders enough have been received to justify a material enlargement of the plant, which insures a first class home market for the wool produced in Yuba County.

Another industry of great importance and interest is that of the Buckeye Flour Mills, one of the several plants of Sperry Flour Company whose reputation for a most excellent product is favorably known from the shores of the Pacific to the Orient. A few months since the old Buckeye Flour Mills, with their warehouses, were destroyed by fire, and there now stands on the old site a five-story brick building fully equipped with the best grade of modern machinery. The mills have a capacity of 600 barrels per day, and at present are being operated night and day. The motive power is electricity. The grain which supplies this mill is practically all grown in this section, and the output of flour and mill products supplies the trade of Northern California, Southern Oregon, State of Nevada, and is also largely exported, Hongkong being the principal market in the far East.

The Marysville Canning and Packing

Company gives, at fair wages, employment to a thousand women and girls during the fruit season of six months, besides affording an unlimited market for fruits and vegetables grown in this section. This concern disburses during the summer as much as six thousand dollars per week to its employees, all of which enters the arteries of commerce in the city of Marysville and does much to stimulate trade.

Twelve miles south of Marysville, by grain fields and stock farms, beautified by stately oaks, one reaches the enterprising and prosperous town of Wheatland, situated directly on the line of

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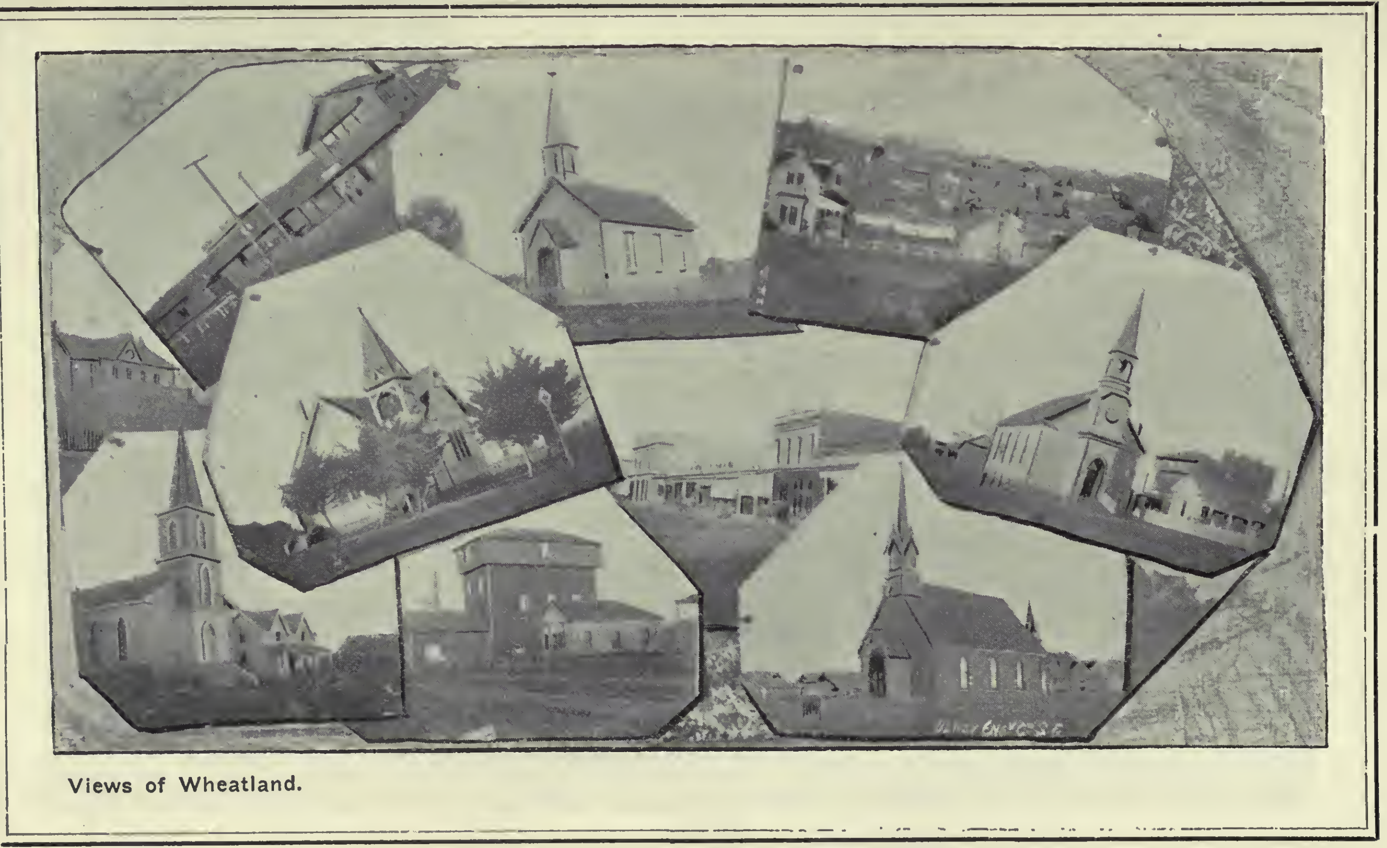

Views of Wheatland.

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Scenes in the hop fields, Wheatland.

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the California and Oregon (Southern Pacific System), and thirty miles from Sacramento, the State capital. Wheatland is well located on a ridge a little higher than the surrounding country, and has 1,000 inhabitants—with its pretty homes and gardens, its board of efficient city trustees, its well-kept streets, cement-paved sidewalks, its stores that meet all the needs of man, its Merchants & Farmers' Bank doing a good business both locally and at a distance, its modern hotel, which caters to the needs and comforts of the public, its finely built warehouses, its large shipments of hops, hay, grain, wool and livestock, its five churches, weekly paper, and a unanimous vote for bonds to the amount of $15,000 with which to build a High School. Wheatland certainly has much of which to be proud.

To the south, and tributary to Wheatland, along the banks of the Bear River, stretching from the low hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east to Dry Creek on the west, are the wonderfully fertile lands of the Bear River. Here are located the largest hop yards in the world. These yards afford employment to many men, women and children during the hop picking season, which commences about the 15th of August.

The first of February begins the first work of clearing up and stringing the yards. In the yards of D. P. Durst ninety men are employed for this particular work; later in the season one thousand persons find employment on these premises. During the past year the hops have been exported to London, but this season a portion has been shipped to San Francisco. The hops, after they are taken from the kiln where they are dried, are made into large bales, which weigh about 185 pounds, and are then ready for the market. With the high prices which prevail this year, the hop men seem not only cheerful but perfectly happy.

These lands are especially adapted to the needs of the man with a medium capital, who wishes to build a home and make for himself and family a comfortable living on a small farm. Land in this section can be purchased for $12 per acre for the red land, which is suited to the culture of olives and citrus fruits. The river land is held at about $14 per acre, and is the best in the world for grapes, bartlett pears and alfalfa. An orchard will bear the third year after setting out. Alfalfa will yield on an average seven tons to the acre, and will produce about five crops, affording three months' pasture. Alfalfa hay brings in the field $7 per ton. This seems like a good location for a creamery colony, as there is already built and well equipped in Wheatland a creamery, which at the present is closed, owing to lack of milk. The cheese factory of W. O. Olmstead produces from 65 to 85 pounds of cheese a day, which finds a ready market in San Francisco at 12½ cents a pound. This factory clears to the owner from fifty cows an average of $200 per month.

Some of the ranches in this section are stocked with sheep, which are kept for stock purposes. The lambs are shipped to San Francisco, where they bring $2.50 per head. Wool at all times brings fair prices.

Five miles from Wheatland, in the Bear River, are located four gold dredges, two of which are in active operation. This dredging company has secured sufficient land to keep these dredges at work for fifty years.

To the northeast of Marysville, some twelve miles, nestling among the foothills which fringe the eastern boundary of the Sacramento Valley, is the Brown's Valley District, of about 45,000

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The herder and his flock.

After the harvest.

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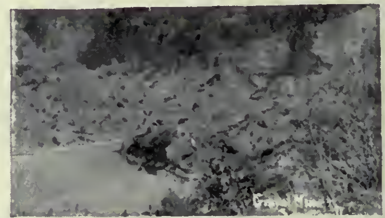
Wheat, Lumber, Dairy.

acres of choice land, which ranges in price from $5 to $25 per acre. An irrigating system (the property of the district), consisting of 100 miles of flume, canals, pipes and a head-dam across the North Yuba River, furnishes an unlimited supply of water, which is conducted over this entire acreage. Owing to the irrigating facilities and the sheltered position of this section, the choicest berries and deciduous, as well as citrus fruits, are grown and marketed at a good profit. Grapes are grown to perfection, while cereals and alfalfa are produced in abundance.

To the north of the town of Brown's Valley, and in the immediate vicinity, quartz mining is carried on, the leading mines being the Smethurst, Flag, Sweet Vengeance, Pennsylvania, Jefferson, and Donnebroge. The latter three mines, which have a record production of over a million and a half dollars in the past seven years, join and are under one management. The ore is crushed by a 20-stamp mill, the motive power being electricity. There are also a number of other quartz mines in this locality which promise well. The Cleveland placer mine has produced well for a number of years, and is still worked by an energetic county official.

With land at low prices and rich enough to grow anything man may wish to plant, a climate free from snow and mild in winter, with a moderate rainfall, this section seems to offer many advantages to those looking for investment.



Gravel mine.

To the east of Brown's Valley and eighteen miles from Marysville, is the town of Smartsville. This district is also noted for its fine fruits, both citrus and deciduous, and perhaps more especially for its production of fine oranges. This district has an advantage over some others, owing to the fact that it is well irrigated. On the south of the Yuba river in this locality are large placer mines, from which millions in gold have

Brown's Valley.

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been extracted, and where millions still remain. Thereabouts are to be found some good quartz claims which have been extensively developed. In the section lying to the south of Smartsville, and extending to the Bear River, and known as The Cabbage Patch, are rich mineral deposits of gold and copper which have been only slightly developed. However, to the east a couple of miles there is one valuable copper deposit from which much ore has been taken, and which is equipped with extensive machinery for crushing ore and manufacturing mineral paint. This section also produces fine fruits and cereals, and land can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

From tne earliest days of gold mining the Indiana Ranch District has been known as a rich mineral section. There are more than a dozen quartz mines in the course of development, among them the Good Title mine, which has recently been re-opened under a new management. The ore from this mine runs about seven or eight dollars a ton, the deposit ranging in thickness from seven to twelve feet. The Good Templar mine, which adjoins and is owned by the same company, secures to them an extensive and valuable mine. Still to the north is to be found the timber lands which surround tne towns of Challenge and Woodville, and which in the past have fed the saw mills located there with logs enough for them to turn out 8,000,000 feet of lumber a year. This was carried to Moore's Station through a flume costing $80,000. In this section is also the Miller mine, which is at the present time being successfully operated. Strawberry Valley, located at the extreme northeast corner of the county, was in early days noted for its rich gold mines, but of later years it is supported principally by the lumber industry. Very fine apples are grown in this section.

Thirty-one miles northeast of Marysville, in the midst of a district rich in farming, mining and fruit growing, is the town of Dobbins. Four miles from these points, over a little level country, then down a steep hill to the very banks of the north fork of the Yuba River, is Colgate, where the largest and most extensive of the group of power houses, owned by the Bay Counties Power Company, is located. With its peerless long-distance service, the electric current is delivered a distance of 220 miles, propelling the cars of Oakland, Alameda,

Yuba County.

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Old electric power house, Yuba County.

Berkeley, San Jose and Sacramento. Electricity is also furnished from this point for lighting purposes at Oakland, Sacramento, Woodland, Marysville, Martinez, Vallejo, Napa, San Jose, Benicia, Port Costa, Dixon, Nevada City, Grass Valley, and many other towns on its pole line. Power is also delivered to the Pacific Portland Cement Company, Benicia Tannery, Copper King Smelter, Benicia Agricultural Works, Selby Smelter, Marysville Pumping Station, Buckeye Flour Mills, Victor Mines, Brown's Valley, and the Marysville Woolen Mills. In Butte County, motive power is furnished to fourteen dredges, requiring about 2,000 H. P. This great plant has only one rival, and that enterprise is the

Colgate Power House, Pipe lines, Pinstock, and a section of flume.

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Showing switchboard, operating table, and 2,000 Kilowatt generators.

famous Niagara Falls system of New York State. However, after viewing the unique suspension bridge at Carquinez Straits, after a visit to the largest plant of the group owned by the Bay Counties Power Company, deriving its power from water flumed a distance of seven miles, which is then discharged into a penstock

Interior Colgate Power House.

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715 feet above the power house, from where it is conducted to the water wheels through five large pipes 30 inches in diameter, with seven generators connected to as many water wheels which deliver current to step up transformers at 2,500 volts, and these transformers in turn deliver current to the various lines at different voltages, which again in turn furnish power and light to the thousands of people for such a variety of purposes, it seems impossible for such a vast enterprise to have a rival, and were the most renowned electrician of the world installed as arbiter he would most surely decide the supremacy in favor of the Bay Counties Power Company. Some eight miles northeast of Dobbins is located Bullard's Bar and Oregon Hill, where in the years past many fortunes have been made by the miners who carried on surface mining. But those days are past, and quartz ledges are now being developed. To the east a few miles many large hydraulic mines were successfully operated, and here came into existence the town of Camptonville, picturesquely situated on the edge of a bluff, with a population not large but truly hospitable and generous. This little mountain town keeps itself in touch with the great world through a telephone and telegraphic system. The stores and postoffice are a benefit to all those living in this district, and its hotel, commodious and well conducted by a genial landlord and a pleasant hostess, who look to the comforts of the traveler, cannot be surpassed even in a more convenient locality. In every direction from Camptonville one encounters the beautiful, not to say the grand, in nature. Well-kept roads lead through forests of sugar pine, spruce and fir. As you gaze up to the very tops of these straight, symmetrical trees, and out through the great thicket where here and there glints the sunlight, and again look down to the cool green earth, your very soul seems to expand, and you drink in the grandeur, the beauty, the coolness that surrounds you. And in the great stillness you hear the Forest Hymn:

Diverting dam, 8 miles from power house.

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Scenes in the timber and mining districts.

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Among the mines of Yuba County.

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"Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All tnese fair ranges of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves to Thy breeze
And shot toward Heaven; the century living crow
Whose birth was in the tops, grew old and died
Among their branches—till at last they stood
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his maker."

Unexpectedly you are ushered into some clearing, where over-undulating hills are growing orchards of beautiful fruit, rich red apples bearing the limbs of the trees almost to the ground, peaches exquisite in coloring and luscious in flavor, and vineyards from which are picked black table grapes as large as cherries, wine grapes from which the finest wine is produced, and last, but not least, by the side of these fruits, are fields of ripened grain. (It may be mentioned that the black grapes took the first prize at the State Fair for three consecutive years notwithstanding the fact that they were transported by team.)

Passing again into the woods one is interested in the sawmills, the property of the Yuba Development Company, employing one hundred men and ten large teams, which haul its product to its yards at Grass Valley, Nevada County.

A number of quartz mines have been prospected in this section, and some are being re-opened, among which may be mentioned the Alaska and the Honeycomb. Nevada capitalists have become interestea in the latter and contemplate putting up a mill for the further development of the mine.

With all the advantages which present themselves, there seems an exceptional future of prosperity for the investor in Yuba County. Whether it be mining, lumbering, stockraising agriculture or horticulture, whichever may suit his calling, each man may choose for himself from nature's bounteous storehouse. These grand forests, plentiful streams and fruitful lands will not, even in the near future be as they are to-day, for the tide of immigration will be turned to this land, the welkin will once more ring with the song of the woodsman, the miner (with perhaps a new method), will delve for his gold, the horticulturist and agriculturist will be working side by side with one great and vital end in view; and he who is wise is he who early seeks and appreciates that which his Maker has provided for him to call his own.

(There has been no attempt made to give in this article statistics. Those interested may obtain such information by applying to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Marysville, Yuba County, California.)

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A rose cottage, Yuba County.

A Rubber Plantation as an Investment

BY J. S. CANNON

(Copyright, 1902, by J. S. Cannon.)

"For sure, large and permanent returns nothing equals a well-managed tropical plantation."—Sir Thomas Lipton.

THIS is the concise and pointed statement of a man who, through his extensive interests in tropical agriculture is in a position to know. It comes to us as the sentiment of the English business world which has been extensively interested in the various forms of tropical agriculture for centuries, voiced by one of her most sagacious merchants, a man who received his mercantile education largely in this country. It has been stated that sixty-five per cent of the total wealth of England has been derived directly from her extensive interests in tropical agriculture.

A few buildings and some laborers on a plantation.

Now that the United States is ready to invest money outside her own domain she finds conveniently at hand opportunities for the same line of development; opportunities which England was forced to go half way around the world to find. Mexico presents opportunities never equaled by the most favorably situated agricultural lands of the far East. As a result, Southern Mexico, a mere name in our school-boy days, is now attracting more attention at the hands of enterprising American investors than any other like territory.

Tropical Mexico is a country of mysteries; a veritable wonderland which, at the touch of the magician's wand, is waking into renewed life and vigor after a tropical somnolence of centuries, for we must remember that this territory is the Egypt of the Western Hemisphere, the cradle of its aboriginal races. When the banners of Ferdinand and Isabella were trailed across the desert sands, were forced over the towering mountains and dragged through the tangled tropical forests of the different sections of Mexico, there were ruins of imposing palaces and important cities lying deeply overgrown with rank tropical vegetation all through this tropical wonderland. The people who had lived there and developed important public works, drawing immense riches from the soil, had vanished ages before.

Nature works rapidly in a country where the temperature is always in the neighborhood of eighty degrees and the annual rainfall is from one hundred and sixty to two hundred inches extended over the entire year. Growths which would measure decades in the life of the lands with which we are familiar are but the work of a few seasons there. But so monumental was the work of these long-vanished people that quite considerable ruins still remain to excite the interest and study of the modern scholar. Even then Cortez recognized this tropical country as a land of promise. He secured title to vast tracts from the Spanish crown and mined it extensively for gold.

The successors of the ancient people who did such important work were of a different calibre, and for centuries the country has lain dormant, being enriched year after year by the accumulation of humus and detrital matter, so

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that we find here to-day the most wonderful soil in the world. The florist or gardener is satisfied with a few inches of such a soil; here it extends down for feet, every ounce of it carrying gold which needs only to be extracted by the searching roots of tropical verdure skillfully manipulated in the interests of man.

The territory to which these remarks apply is a comparatively small strip of land extending from the Gulf of Mexico toward the Pacific, and well toward the southern boundary of Mexico. A glance at the map of the world will reveal the remarkable advantages of a tropical country thus located, for it is nearer the northern nations of the world than any other tropical land; it is five hundred miles nearer Chicago and seventeen hundred miles nearer New York than the fruit regions of California; it is in the direct route of steamship traffic with Europe from the east coast, and with China and Japan from the west coast.

A bit of tropical forest.

The Mexican Government has long recognized the advantages which this territory offers, and when it attracted the attention of American capitalists the Government offered every inducement for speedy and systematic development. As a result the American invasion of Mexico is one of the recognized commercial movements of the times. American capital, brains and energy are being applied to the task of subduing the forests and developing the country in a way that can produce but one result. In fact, tropical agriculture in Mexico has progressed to the point which makes it clear that profits will be realized which overtop the wonderful results in Pacific Coast oil and mining developments. Capital is at once doubled on crossing the frontier; it finds plenty of laborers well adapted to the work; it pays for its labor and its native products in silver and sells its output for gold. It is necessary that we assume a new view point when we consider the subject of tropical agriculture. The proposition

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is so entirely different and the returns are so immensely greater than it is possible to derive from the most favored agricultural pursuits in temperate climates, that if we consider it as we do the wheat fields of Dakota or even the fruit lands of California the whole proposition looks overdrawn and chimerical. There are several important points to remember, the most important perhaps being that the tropical region which we have described is strictly limited. Now, if we ascertain what one of the tropical products demands the conditions presented by this territory and cannot be satisfactorily grown under any other conditions, we shall have found the product that will prove the most profitable in this tropical country.

Without a doubt, India rubber is the product which will yield the largest permanent returns to the grower. Some of the short-time crops may produce a heavier temporary revenue, but their period of production is so short and the cost of planting, caring for, harvesting and marketing the crop is so heavy that the net perpetual income is not to be compared with the life-long revenue yielded by a rubber orchard. At first thought the idea or raising rubber trees in orchards seems a bit incongruous, but we must recall that it is the history of all of the principal agricultural products that, as the demand for them increases man has invariably found it necessary to better the quality and increase the output by systematic cultivation.

Showing the luxuriant tropical growth.

The wild maize of our Western plains was an altogether different thing from the corn which goes to market by the thousands of carloads from the great Central West to-day. So, too, with cotton, and with all of the other leading agricultural products of our farms; the present product is the result of careful cultivation and selection.

Already a part of the revenue-producing plants of the tropics have been subjected to the same process. Coffee and tea and indigo, the various spices and some of the fruits are now raised on

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cultivated plantations from plants which have been vastly improved in productiveness through intelligent attention. Originally all of these products were gathered from the plants growing wild, in the same way India rubber is gathered to-uay.

The necessity of applying modern methods to rubber culture has developed rapidly during the last few years, owing to the constant broadening of the uses to which it is applied in the development of the latest achievements in science and manufacture. The consumption of crude rubber has nearly doubled since 1894. It is no longer possible for the world to depend on a precarious supply of rubber collected from the native trees by bands of irresponsible Indians. Under the lash of modern demand the world's production of crude rubber has been raised to 100,000,000 pounds per annum, but the extreme limit of production of rubber from wild rubber trees under existing conditions has about been reached. This is largely the fault of the Indian rubber gatherers, who, without thought of the future, have ruthlessly destroyed the trees in their effort to get from them every drop of the precious sap.

Manufacturers who employ rubber are thus confronted with rapidly advancing prices which must soon make it impossible to employ rubber in many places where it seems invaluable. Chemistry has failed them; every effort has been made to produce substitutes for rubber, but the best they have been able to accomplish is to devise certain compounds which can be used in a limited way to replace rubber in certain functions. Regarding rubber substitutes, the "India Rubber World," the most reliable and well informed of the rubber publications, in its issue of August, says:

"A good many people interested in rubber planting are unnecessarily disturbed by the announcements, which appear about every new moon, of some new 'substitute' that is going to 'revolutionize the rubber industry,' and, as a headline in one Boston newspaper expressed it, render 'rubber trees unnecessary.' Now, no article of commercial utility can be made of pure rubber, and in most products of the rubber factory a very considerable percentage of material other than rubber is required in the 'compounds' to produce the best results. The only value that any so-called rubber 'substitute' ever possessed was as an ingredient for mixing with rubber; the word 'substitute,' in fact, is a misnomer, for no substance yet discovered can be used to replace rubber entirely in the manufacture of goods. The increase in the number of useful compounding ingredients has had the effect

View of tropical orchard, the writer standing between two rows of trees one year old.

of lessening the cost of rubber goods without making them less serviceable, with the result of extending the use of such goods, and thereby increasing the demand for crude ruuver. The more good rubber substitutes, therefore, the better for the rubber planter. But not every 'substitute' so lavishly extolled in advance of a practical test ever comes into use. The less some people know about rubber the more certain they are that some waste factory product for which no other use can be imagined will make 'the best rubber substitute in the world.' But the producers of rubber, whether in plantations or in the forest, need not regard artificial rubber as a possibility until they find themselves able to pay for it with artificial gold as good as the native metal."

The ultimate relief of this condition must come from an increase in the supply of crude rubber. That can only be accomplished by the systematic cultivation of rubber trees where the conditions are most favorable to its cultiva-

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The laborers of tropical Mexico.

tion, where Americans can live comfortably and healthfully and where the product is within easy reach of the markets of the United States.

The rubber tree is indigenous to Mexico, and is found growing wild throughout the tropical forests which cover the regions we are describing. The tree is a hardy one and no parasite ever affects it. It grows in strong, compact form, and comes to maturity in about seven years from planting, but a rubber plantation can be made to yield a considerable income beginning with the fourth or fifth year after planting.

In 1897 Collis P. Huntington, whose business sagacity was never questioned, and who came into very close touch with the conditions prevailing in Mexico, said: "If I had my life to live over I would not wear it away in the hard struggle that falls to the lot of the railroad promoter. * * * I would go into the tropics of Mexico and grow rubber. It is better than gold, and it will make more millionaires than oil has made." This statement is already proving true, for, while rubber growing is still in its infancy, it is no longer in the experimental stage. It is demonstrated that the profit on a rubber orchard in its tenth year at present prices is more than Three Hundred Dollars per acre. The product of the cultivated Mexican rubber tree (Castilloa elastica) properly cured, ranks with the best grade of Para rubber. During the past three years Para has brought an average price of eighty-five cents to one dollar per pound, which means about seventy cents net to the Mexican planter at the orchard. It is this highest grade rubber which is in greatest demand. In face of the conditions which we have set forth above there can scarcely be any lowering of this price, and there is every likelihood that it will be higher.

A rubber orchard is planted with two hundred trees to the acre. These trees are tapped for the first time during the seventh year, when they should yield one pound of rubber each. From this time on the yield increases steadily to the fifteenth year, and does not begin to decline until the trees are about forty years old. The sap, when evaporated, becomes crude rubber; it is indestructible, easily handled, and can be marketed at the convenience of the producer. There is no export duty on rubber shipped out of Mexico and no import duty in the United States, therefore the

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producer receives the maximum return on his output.

As suggested above, the production of many tropical crops consumes a great part of the profit. With rubber it is quite different, for after the fifth year when the trees almost completely shade the ground, there is scarcely any outlay for orchard work. The expense of the orchard is confined almost entirely to the gathering of the sap, and labor is so plentiful and so cheap in Mexico that harvesting the rubber involves only a trifling outlay.

To acquire the land, covered with the virgin tropical forest—a dense tangle of all sorts of strong-growing tropical verdure—to clear away this growth, put out the rubber orchard and carry its development for seven or eight years involves a considerable outlay. It makes it impossible for a person of ordinary means to attempt the work individually. But the Americans of limited means would not be denied the opportunity to participate in the immense profits which it is plain to see abundant capital will reap from an investment in rubber growing.

To meet this demand from small investors co-operative plantations have been organized. Co-operative rubber growing offers numerous advantages. It enables you to secure a proportionate share of the immense profits that rubber growing will yield, while living in the United States and carrying on your regular vocation. To do this it is not necessary to make heavy investments at once, but under the plan of co-operative rubber growing you are enabled to pay the entire cost of your interests out of your regular income in monthly payments.

It may be asked by some inquiring mind why, if the return on the investment will amount to a hundred percent per annum, or even more, the organizers do not themselves develop the land and keep the stock, instead of allowing others to participate in the profits. You may be sure that the organizers of any such company have invested to the extent of their ability, but the economical handling of such a proposition demands that a considerable acreage be developed as a whole. The most successful plantations contain about five thousand acres. This insures economy in administration, the very highest skill in the management of all departments, an equipment of tools and appliances which minimize expenses, and many other advantages. This makes it necessary to enlist the support of investors and places rubber growing on the same footing as every other large enterprise when in its formative state. It is by this plan that railroads are built, that cable and telegraph lines are laid, that large mining enterprises are conducted. Moreover, the tropical agriculture which has enriched England and Holland has all been conducted under a similar plan.

Rubber growing is not a competitive business in the sense in which the term is customarily used. The man who is to-day interested in rubber is amply protected against early competition, and unless the world stands still, the demand will increase so rapidly that the price ten years hence will be higher than it is to-day. Allowing that the demand is not increased, we find that to produce the rubber which the world demanded last year required 50,000,000 trees, each yielding two pounds of crude rubber. It is manifest that there is ample market for all the rubber that Mexico can produce.

The wait for returns may seem a little tedious, but the investor has the assurance that every day brings him nearer the period of production and he waits patiently in the full knowledge that he could not have secured an annuity as great as his rubber interests will surely give him for ten times the investment. Insurance will not do it; speculation, barring all its uncertainties, will hardly do it; oil will not do it; mining will not do it with any degree of certainty; therefore the writer is free to say that to his knowledge there is no investment today for the person of moderate means that can equal a well managed rubber plantation, providing the investor is willing to wait a reasonable time for returns on his money.

The writer is indebted to the CONSERVATIVE RUBBER PRODUCTION COMPANY of San Francisco, Cal., for the photographs used in the above article.

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"How use doth breed a habit"

USE

Pears' Soap

ITS A GOOD HABIT

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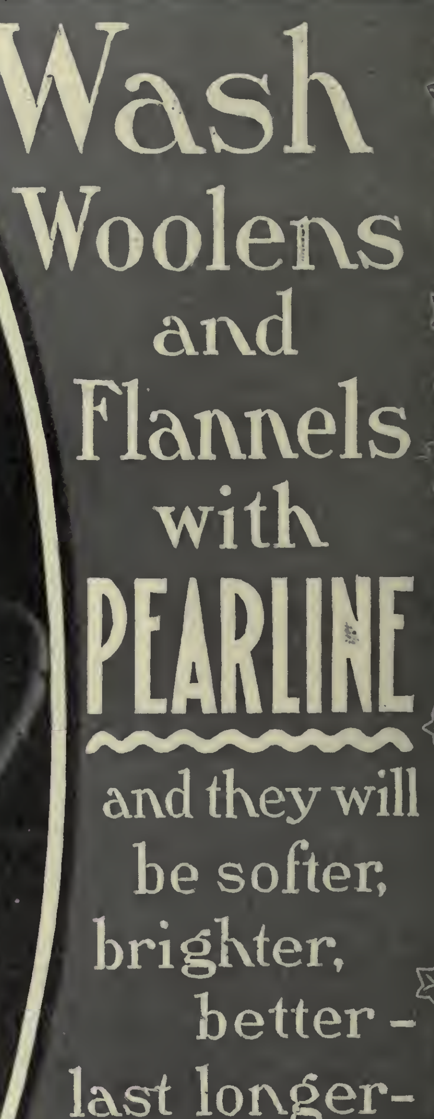
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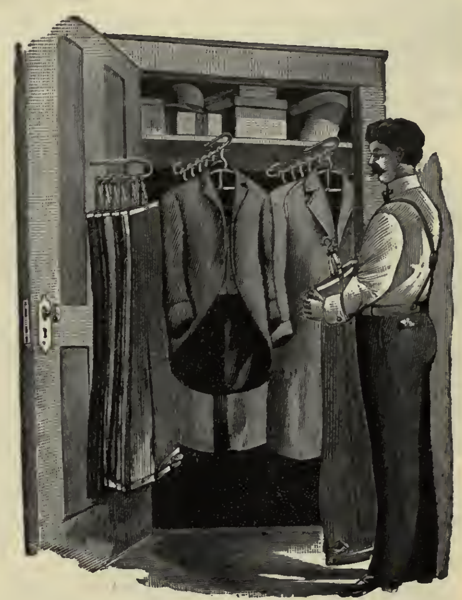

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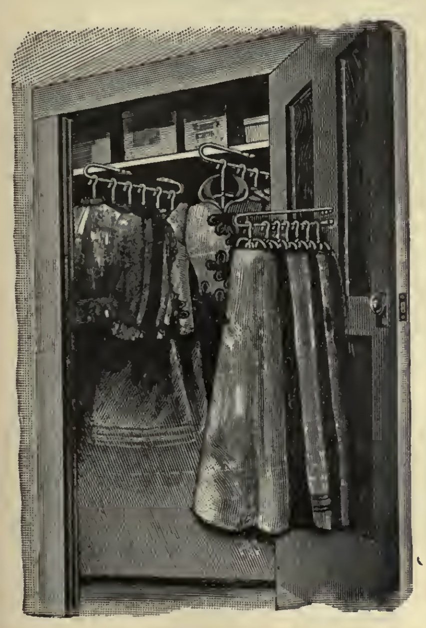

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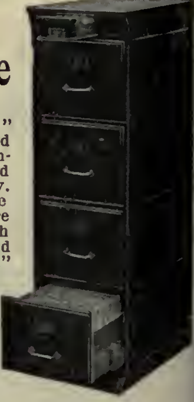

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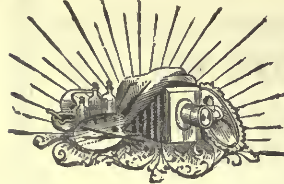

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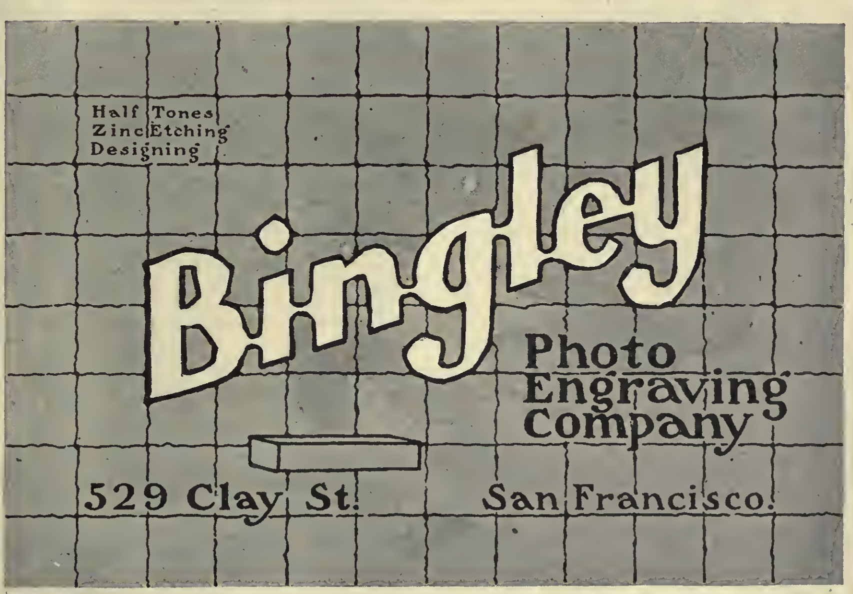

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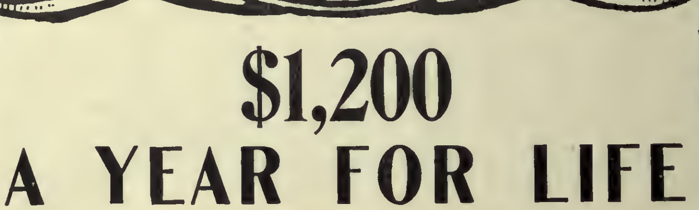

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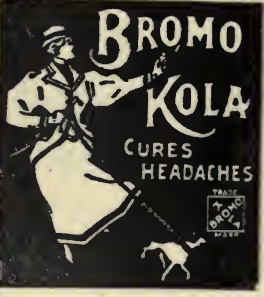

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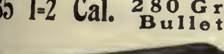

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LATOILA does its work instantaneously.

A few drops on the hair and a wonderful shampoo is instantly produced.

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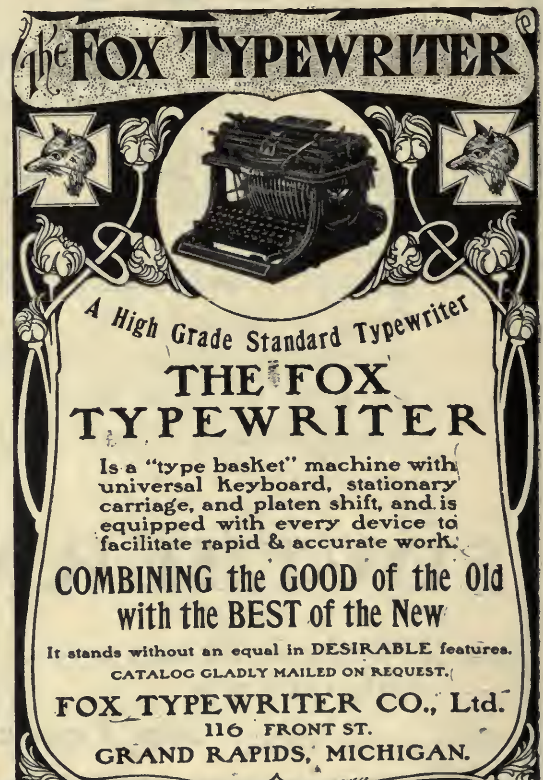

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Statement of Condition at close of Business, July 31, 1902

ASSETS

Loans	$12,197,869.32
Bonds, Stocks & Warrants	2,691,363.74
Real Estate	1,764,992.86
Miscellaneous Assets	11,784.93
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,314,958.30
Cash	3,833,093.24
	$22,214,062.39

LIABILITIES

Capital paid up	$ 500,000.00
Surplus	5,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	5,339,494.47
Deposits, Banks and Bankers	1,618,574.98
Deposits, Individual	9,005,992.94
	$22,214,062.39

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Reserve	900,000

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Capital Paid Up	$3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,340,026.08

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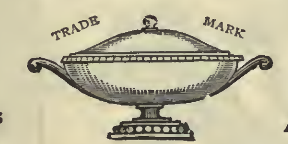

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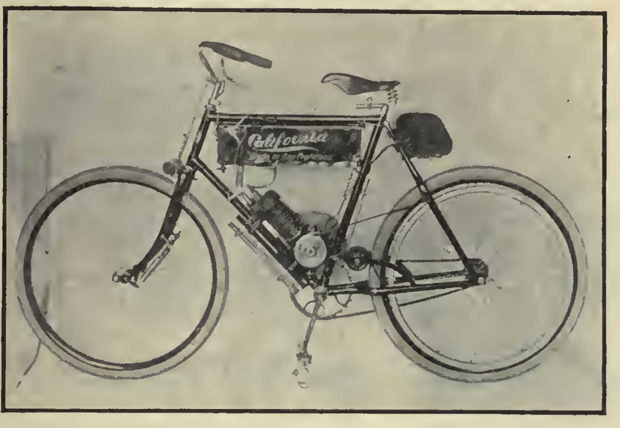

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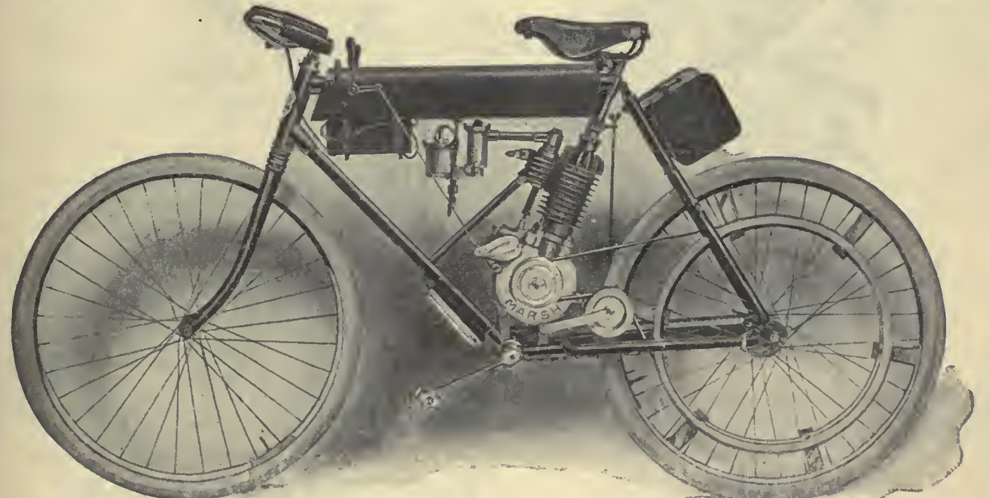

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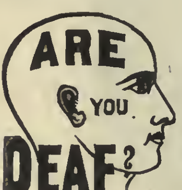

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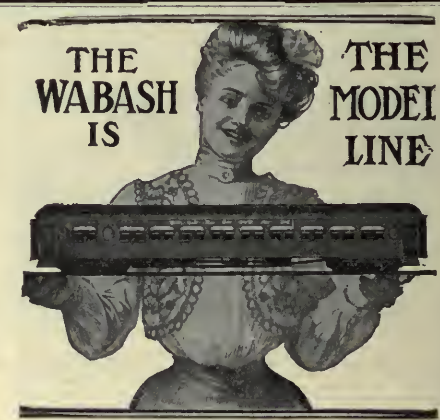

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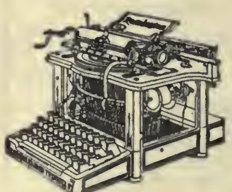

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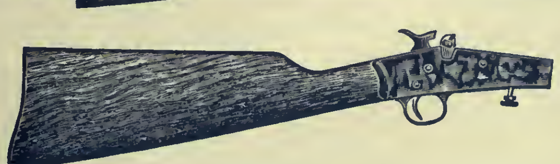

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